THE MASHER.

"What is that, mother?"
"A masher, dear;
You will always find it standing here,
Posed on the corner of the street,
Proudly displaying its tiny feet,
Twirling its little ten-cent cane
And stupefying its tender brain
With the smoke of a paper cigarette,
Don't tocuh it, dear, it was raised a pet."
"Will it bite, mother?"
"Well, I should shout;
It will bite a free-lunch for all that's out."

READY RETORTS.

Some of the Good Things Uttered on the Spur of the Moment.

From Chamber's Journal.

The number of witty replies, ready retorts and "good things" generally attributed to Swift, Foote, Sydney Smith, Sheridan and other departed celebrities could doubtless considerably astonish those gentlemen were they to return to life. Happy thoughts are not confined to acknowledged wits, however. Most of us have sometimes had occasion to say, "What a good repertee such and such an answer would have been had we only thought of it in time!" But there is the rub. It is not given to every one, perhaps fortunately for the general peace, to be as ready at retort, for example, as the critic to whom the following question was addressed by an artist: "Don't you think it is about time I exhibited something?" "Yes; a little talent, for instance," was the reply. To a grocer who had retired from business, a friend said, "My dear fellow, you are looking thin; idleness does not agree with you." "Well, no," instantly replied the grocer; "I don't weigh so much as I did."

Another tradesman, a Quaker, who sold hats, was asked by a rustic the price of one. "Fifteen shillings" was the reply. The intending purchaser offered twelve shillings.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price."

"As you live," exclaimed the countryman; "then live more moderately, my friend."

A tailor and his son were doing a day's work at a farmhouse. The prudent house-wife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked at his son and said, "Jock, confound them that invented working by candle-light!" "Ay," replied young snip, "or daylight either!" You have no idea of the hard work there is in this business," said a canvasser to a shopkeeper. "I tell you it is either talking or walking from morning till night." "Beg pardon," replied the victim. "I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now please favor me with an exhibition of the walking part."

A sarcastic question may sometimes do duty for the severest of replies. "I never consider a dinner perfect without soup," said one man to another; "I always have soup when I dine." And do you ever have anything else?" returned the other. A punning retort is also at times very effective. "I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam; it's tough enough as it is," quickly replied the boarder. Another landlady, who tried to be smart, was as effectually silenced. "I think the goose has the advantage of you," she remarked to an expert boarder, who was carving. "Guess it has, mum, in age," was the ready retort.

"Here, waiter; what do you call this you've brought me?" inquired a customer.

Waiter—"Ham, sir; you ordered ham."

Customer—"When was it cooked?"

Waiter (snappishly)—"I don't know, sir; we don't put tags on with the date and time of cooking!"

Customer—"You ought to. This ham was cooked thirty or forty years ago. Bring me some that was cooked this year."

The customer does not at all times have the victory: sometimes it falls to the waiter. A bustling, fussy, "commercial," waiting impatiently for his dinner, called out to the waiter, "John, how long will that steak of mine be?" "Why," replied John quietly, "about the usual length, sir—about eight inches."

Two American gentlemen in the course of their travels stopped at a small cafe in the suburbs of Paris, for refreshments. Their repast was a light one, consisting of tea, toast and eggs; but the bill was a heavy one—nine francs in all. "Garcon," exclaimed one of the tourists, "how's this? Please explain."

"Well, you see, messieurs," explained the waiter, "two francs for the tea and seven francs for the eggs."

"Ah, then, eggs are very scarce about here?"

"No, monsieur; eggs are not scarce, but Americans are!"

"What do you mean by a cat-and-dog-life?" said a husband to his angry wife. "Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug; I wish men lived halt as agreeably with their wives."

"Stop!" said the lady. "Tie them together, and see how they will agree!" As ready, but more curious, was the reply of a nurse. She was telling about a man who had become so worn-out through intemperance that he could not keep any food on his stomach, when one of her listeners asked, "What does he live on, then?" "On his relations, ma'am," was the answer.

The replies given by impulsive children when scolded, and so forth, are often as apt as they are entertaining. In the country, for instance, a bright, little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc among the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though!" exclaimed her companion. "No; ineeed I won't," she answered; "I've got a grandmother." "Sophy, if you don't be quiet, I shalls have to whip you," said the father of a large family, who always left the disagreeable duty of punishing the unruly to his wife. "Pooh!" contemptuously retorted the little incorrigible he addressed, tossing her curly head, "you ain't the mother." "How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. "I'm not old," replied the little man; "I'm almost new."

Boy's retorts are, as may be expected, generally of the rude kind; as when a woman said to a youngster who had been impudent to her, "Little boy have you a mother?" "No; but dad wouldn't marry you if there wasn't a housekeeper in the whole blessed l nd," was the reply. "Charley," said a mother to her seven-year-ol l boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop and then you can talk." "But you never stop!" retorted the boy. Little Tommy was getting his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the operation. "Why, Tommy, you onghtn't to make such a fuss. I don't when my hair is combed." "Yes; but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

Equally pertinent was the answer given by a great musical composer to a remark. When a youth, he was clerk to a very rich, but exceedingly commonplace, in fact, stupid employer. One day, an acquaintance commisserated the clever lad on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not the master and he your clerk." "O, my friend," returned the youth, "do not say that. If he were my clerk what on earth could I do with him?"

Even clergymen cannot always hope to meet with the courtesy that draws the line at sharp rejoinders. "If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon." Some years ago, we were told, the Isle of Sheppey being an inconsiderable parish, and the income not very large, the vicar came there but once a month. The parishioners being much displeased at this, desired their clerk, who was that year church-warden also, to remonstrate with him as to his negligence. The clerk told the vicar the wishes of the parishioners; and the reply was, "Well, well; tell them if they give me ten pounds a year more, I will come to see them once a fortnight; and be sure to let me know their answer the next time I come." The next time he did come, he accordingly asked, and the clerk answered, "Sir, they say as how if you will excuse them ten pounds a year in their tithes, they will dispense with your coming at all!"

Members of the cloth are not always above severely criticising one another's failings. It is related of that most eloquent of English clergymen, Robert Hall, that he once—disgusted by the egotism and conceit of a preacher who with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence challenged his admiration of a sermon—was provoked to say. "Yes; there was one very fine passage of your discourse, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so; which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

The legal profession may naturally be expected to develop the powers of repartee. There is a well-known anecdote of a judge saying, "One at a time, gentlemen," when a donkey brayed outside the court just as a lawyer was eloquently holding forth; and the lawyer retaliated later on by remarking, "There was a strange echo in court," on the judge when interrupted, absently inquiring the cause of the very same noise.

Another story, in which the same too often despised animal figures, may not be so well known. A country laird, who had been lately elected to the office of a county magistrate, meeting a clerical gentleman on horseback, attempted jocularity by remarking that he was more ambitious than his master, who was content to ride upon an ass. "They canna be gotten noe," said the minister, "for they 're a' made justices of the peace."

Even lawyers, with all their smartness and assurance, don't always come off best in a wordy duel. An attorney said to an Irishman, his client, "Why don't you pay me that six-and-eight-pence?" "Why, faith, because I do not owe it to you." "Not owe it to me? Yes, you do; it's for the opinion you had of me." "That's good, indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life. "Equally good was the retort made to Serjeant Cockle by a witness. In a trial of a right of fishery he asked the witness, "Don't you love fish?" "Ay," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I dunna like cockle sauce with it."

An agent canvassing a voter and getting many evasive replies to his cross-examination, at last exclaimed sharply, "Confound your quibbling! Tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean." "They are the same as my landlord's." "And what are your landlord's opinions?" "Faix, his opinion is that I won't pay him the last half-year's rent; and I'm of the same opinion myself."

The Irishman who on asking an intruder in his cabin what he wanted, and receiving the answer, "Nothing," said he would find it in the jug where the whisky was, had an equal in promptness in a New Yorker, whom an "uncertain" acquaintance addressed as follows: "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," observed the gentleman. "Well," said the short man, "suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five dollars, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.

"What do you mean by standing here with your hands in your pockets?" asked an employer, addressing a rather indolent workman. "Nothing much; 'spect you'd be making a noise if I had them in yours," replied the incorrigible. "Did you get her photo., when you were away?" said one freshman to another. "Well—ah!—the fact is," returned his companion, "she gave me her negative?"

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to an intoxicated fellow leaning in a maudling fashion against a post. "I have been practising at a glass," was the reply. Remarkable quickness at repartee was displayed by an actor at the Belleville Theatre, when some one threw the head of a goose on the stage. Advancing to the front, the player said. "Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance."

Not many would feel in much humor for joking, we should think, after the excitement of catching a thief in one's house, yet here is an instance of the contrary. A burglar was caught by a gentleman in the back drawing-room, and a policeman sent for at once. "You ought to be grateful to me," said the thief, "instead of treating me like this 'ere. I only came in to tell you the front door was open, and I feared you'd get robbed." "Excellent reasoning, no doubt, my friend," said the householder; "but on wrong premises, I fancy!"

A lady who had asked a sailor why a ship was called "she," received the unvaliant reply that it was because her rigging cost so much. Equally smart was the reply of the sea captain who was invited to meet the committee of a society for, the evangelization of Africa. When asked, "Do the subjects of the king of Dahomey keep Sunday?" he replied, "Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on."

Perhaps as much presence of mind as shown in any of the above instances was displayed on the following occasion: A young gentleman getting into a railway carriage happened to press the foot of a young lady, who was sitting next to the door. The damsel, contracting her pretty brow into a frown, ejaculated, "You clumsy wretch!" Many men would have looked foolish and apologized; but he exclaimed, "My dear young lady, you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon." Her frowns instantly changed into smiles, and the injury was forgotten.

Miscellany.

Another opportunity for the gallant West Pointers to put themselves on record for or against the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments is to be afforded in a few days, when a colored cadet from Georgia is to be installed among them. The name of the possible embryo martyr is Lemuel W. Livingston, and he comes from Madison county, Fla., where he ranked ahead of three or four white competitors in the examination for competition.

The health of the city of Memphis, Tenn., was never so good in July as it is now. There is less sickness and less mortality than ever before known at this season of the year. The yellow fever epidemics at Memphis taught the people of that city severe lessons, but they profited by them by cleansing the place, introducing an excellent water supply and establishing a thorough system of drainage. The result is a healthy city at a comparatively insignificant outlay.

The Rondout (N. Y.) Courier tells the following: A singular accident happened to a horse in Saugerties, New York, the other day. In performing some act for his own personal advantage, presumably removing a fly from his ear, the unfortunate animal kicked one of his hind feet into his mouth in such a manner that his own unaided efforts, though vigorous and prolonged, were insufficient to extricate it. In this condition he was discovered struggling upon the floor of his stall. The heel corks of the shoes were found to be caught behind his upper teeth and imbedded in the roof of his mouth, from which blood was flowing freely. There was fear that the animal would break his neck before he could be released, but he finally escaped without injury, excepting a sore jaw and several loose teeth.

The forty-seventh is not the first congress which has protracted its session from December to August. The first session of the forty-fourth congress lasted 254 days, from December 5, 1875, to August 15, 1876. The thirty-fourth congress continued its first session from December 3, 1855, to August 18, 1856, in all 260 days. The thirty-third congress continued its first session 246 days, adjourning August 7, 1854. The thirty-second congress' first session lasted 275 days, to August 31, 1852, while the thirty-first congress beat all others before or since, sitting from December 3, 1849, to September 30, 1850, in all 302 days. All other congresses which sat all winter took care to get away from Washington before the dog-days.

Large beer gardens form one of the chief sights of German life, but notably so in Munich, the capital of the erratic Louis, King of Bavaria. It is no poetic license to say that in Munich beer flows more freely than water. The men and woman, the boys and the girls, whole families, frequent the beer garden daily, and at every meal beer is the customary beverage. The average glass is a liter, or one and three-fourths pints, and delicate girls drink several of these at a sitting. At these beer gardens may be nightly found thousands of people of all classes, from the court to the workshops, listening to fine orchestras, with foaming glasses of bock before them. On Sunday nights many of these gardens have dances; and the people, who an hour before bowed in prayer at the churches, are now tripping the light fantastic toe to the music of Mozart, or flying to and fro in the mazes of the Blue Danube. The German sees nothing inconsistent in spending the Sabbath in dancing, beer-drinking and theater-going. The most pious of the people go from the church to the beer gardens, and the pastor himself may often be found uniting with his flock in their Sunday afternoon gambols.

An act of Christian heroism which ought not to go unrecorded was performed last Wednesday evening near Newport, Charles county, Md. The Baltimore Sun describes it: "A colored man, Louis Matthews, a victim of small-pox, lay dead in his cabin. In the room with the dead man were his wife and two small children suffering with the same disease. Of course, every one avoided the cabin, fearing the contagion. A gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. Julian Norris, had a grave dug about 200 yards from the house, and a coffin was placed near it. The Rev. J. A. Cunnane, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Newport, who had been visiting the stricken family, at once took it upon himself to bury the dead. Unaided he took the coffin to the cabin, placed therein the loathsome corpse, and, mustering extraordinary strength, transferred the coffined corpse to a wheelbarrow, conveyed it to the grave and buried it, performing all the labor alone. Thus he, who had been priest and physician to the sick man, became also undertaker and sexton. There are heroes who never drew a sword.

A PAUPER'S CHILD.

A Wife's Attempt to Deceive Her Husband—A Strange Case in a Philadelphia Almshouse.

A child was recently purchased from a pauper mother in the Philadelphia almhouse by a woman who desired to make her husband believe she was a mother. The rules of the almshouse having been violated, the case was heard of outside, and a correspondent of the New York Herald proceeded to investigate, with the following extraordinary result:

A reporter was dispatched at once to No. 220 Brown street, a locality quite near to the large fire of Sunday last. The building is two stories in height, and the ground floor is occupied by a grocer of unusually prosperous appearance for the neighborhood. The sign bears the words "Lohmeyer Brothers," and the exact locality is the southwest corner of St. John and Brown streets. The neighborhood is filled with Germans, the houses all wear evidence of thrift and comfort. Henry W. Lohmeyer was found at the door of his shop. He is apparently about thirty-six years old, pale, cadaverous, and shrewd. He stated subsequently that he had been left a considerable fortune by his father. Making sure that the right man had been found, the resolution offered by Poor Guardian Lane and printed among the routine proceedings was shown him. Lohmeyer read it over, carelessly at first, and with a look of surprise said:

"Well, that's pretty bad on the guardians; but I can't think any woman would do such a wrong."

He then turned, laid down the paper, and fixed the netting over the baby carriage that up to this moment the writer had not observed, and in which lay a sleeping child—the child!

"Your child?" was asked carlessly.

"My child," he answered fondly. "She was born this spring, and is growing finely."

A young woman, undeniably handsome, was seen moving about the room back of the shop. She was humming a bit of some melody. Just at this moment somebody entered. He was a young man, doubtless a relative. He spoke to the proprietor of the store, then moved toward the door of the back room evidently to speak to the lady, Mrs. Lohmeyer. The incident was hardly noticed, however. The writer was still standing by the child's wagon.

"The little one is very pretty," he ventured to say.

"Yes, indeed, as pretty as her mother, bless her!" was the reply of the man.

At that moment there was a startling shriek from the woman, who had fled from the door-way into the room. The friend of the family who had just come in had told her that the people at the guardians' office were all talking about her case; that the poor guardians had ordered an investigation, and that the child would be taken from her. The narrative was even more briefly repeated to the husband.

In accents of terror and despair, pale, and with tears starting from her eyes, she half stammered, half shrieked to her husband: "I am the woman!" Then she explained: "I knew I should never have a child; you, my husband, longed for one. This course was suggested to me. Jennie read it in a book. I have deceived you."

"Then that is the child of a pauper, born at the almshouse—and not yours at all?" pointing toward the sleeping infant.

"No, it is not mine. I am childless," and she wept bitterly.

Meanwhile the infant in the wagon, just outside the door, woke up and cried for a mother, but nobody moved. It was, after all, the real sufferer.

"Who could have told my secret?" bewailed the self-convicted wife. "Only two men at the alms house knew it—Mr. Marks and Mr. Daly. Mr. Marks is dead, and I thought my secret equally dead in Mr. Daly's breast. He was so good—so kind to me. I told him all—my hopes and my cruel disappointment. I am sorry—"

"Well?" said the husband, abruptly.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then I have been deceived. It is not my child, but an imposter?"

"I thought you would be a happier man."

There was a silence for a moment. Then husband and wife talked together in whispers for a few moments. At the end of that time Mr. Lohmeyer had somewhat recovered his calmness.

"We are going to the almshouse," he said firmly.

"Yes, we are going at once," said the wife.

"Together?" the friend of the family asked.

"Yes, indeed," said he. We are going to settle this. It is dreadful."

"Will they take away the baby?" she asked. And she stooped down and kissed the child.

When the reporter again visited the Lohmeyer residence this evening there seemed to have been a complete reconciliation. The supposed father went over the details again. He said, "my wife has told me everything. She had a previous agreement with the mother, and paid her $10 for the baby. I said I would go to the alms house, but I have changed my mind. I shall keep the child. To tell the truth I have become greatly attached to it. Well, this has been a terrible shock to me. I believed implicitly at first in the child's parentage, but the child shall not suffer because of another's wrong."

Gen. Auguste Alexandre Ducrot, the well known French general, is dead.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Unfortunate Infatuation Which a Memphis Lady Entertains for a Well Known Gentleman.

From the Memphis Appeal.

The strangest thing in the world is a woman's infatuation for a man. It does not necessarily require encouragement. It may be rebuffed and argued with, but it grows on apace, feeding upon itself. It is impossible to account for. What is this subtle magnetism that makes a woman forget her dignity and love the man who never can return her love? Why this persistence in a hopeless cause? Is it something within her that looks beyond unfavorable surroundings and a conviction that it will be all right at sometime? Whatever it may be it is futile to speculate upon. Every day we see women who have remained faithful to their ideals, disappointed ones patiently waiting for time to correct mistakes, and poor infatuated creatures that hope against hope. How many such mistakes are made in the world!

These moral speculations are occasioned by the contemplation of a strange case of infatuation—and yet not strange when we consider woman's heart—that developed yesterday. Considerable excitement was occasioned on Carolina street, Fort Pickering, by the report that Mrs. Dora L. Sharp, widow of the late Judge J. L. Sharp, had tried to commit suicide by poisoning. Investigation showed the report to have been true. The cause of the attempt lies in that part of nature that is stranger than fiction. Mrs. Sharp has been the victim of a most remarkable infatuation, and from it has resulted suffering to herself and great pain to a worthy gentleman, Capt. Robert M. Leech. About two years ago she met this gentleman casually, and fell very much in love with him. He, however, did not reeiprocate; in fact, for some time he was totally unaware of her feeling toward him. He was very much surprised when he began to receive tender letters from her. These he always returned, and in fact did everything he could to discourage her. He conceived the idea that perhaps she was not of sound mind. A short time ago he happened to go to church with his daughter and a lady. Mrs. Sharp saw him. Shorly afterwards she sent for him to come to her. She reproached him bitterly for going with the lady to church. He didn't know what to make of it. She asked him to look over her deeds and other papers and see if her estate was all right.

"My dear madam,, said he, "if I were to undertake it I would be twice as long as anybody else, and I wouldn't know any more about it when I was through than I did at first. You ought to get you lawyer to examine your estate."

This did not suit her at all. She wanted him to examine the papers. Thinking that perhaps she was pushed for money, he offered to lend her any amount she needed. She said she did not need any money. She wanted his love, and she wanted him to marry her. She had plenty of property. At the word marry, he thought it time to leave. This was not the end of it. She sent him costly presents which he returned. She gave his little girl a handsome diamond pin, which he had returned. Mrs. Sharp thought some one was interfering in the matter, and was keeping her letters and presents from him. Day before yesterday she met him on the street, and again pleaded with him. He told her, as gently as he could, that she ought not to go on that way. She said she was going to kill herself. He told her laughingly, not to do that, as a coffin would cost $100, and it was too expensive. He did not suppose for a moment that she would do it. She said that he would see she loved him better than he thought. She had made her will in his favor, and asked him to take care of her sister. Yesterday he was very much horrified when the news was brought to him that she really attempted to take her life. The affair is very lamentable. Capt. Leach is very much distressed about the matter and is afraid that his position should be misconstrued, but he has acted, it seems, most honorably throughout. He says he entertains the highest respect for Mrs. Sharp; that she is a lady in every sense of the word, but that she is a momaniac on this subject. The captain said that on his honor his relations with her had been only those above set forth.

From last accounts Mrs. Sharp was improving and was expected to recover.

Personal Gossip.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's coadjutor in evangelistic work, arrived at Montreal from England a few days ago, en route to his home in Newcastle, Pa., where he will remain for a few weeks' rest, and then rejoin Mr. Moody in England early in September.

Mayor Green, of Boston, although a bachelor, and a man of retiring disposition and scholastic tastes, is an ardent lover of children, and is never so happy as when he is giving the little ones some unexpected enjoyment in the form of a ride or a treat to bonbons.

At Hagerstown, Md., a young lady named Jennie Boggs attracted unusual attention by the thickness and length of her hair, and about a week ago some unknown marauder entered her apartment and deprived her of the precious tresses. Illness set in, and culminated in her death Saturday night. It is supposed she died of a broken heart at the loss of her hair.

In many respects the marriage of the Duke of Westminister to Lady Caroline Cavendish in London on Saturday was a notable event. The ducal bridegroom has arrived at his 59th year, while the comely bride from the house of Cavendish has not yet emerged from her teens. The duke of Westminister of today, the bridegroom, is the grandson of the Lord Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor who was the supporter of Pitt and the reform of '31. The house of Cavendish has recently come prominently before the American reading public through the slaughter of Lord Frederick Charles (the second son of the present duke of Devonshire) in Phœnix Park the 6th of last May. The family has always been a strong one—second, indeed, in that respect to none in the English peerage.

The Hon. W. J. Hendricks, of Frankfort, Ky., once undertook to give a lesson in politeness, and this, according to his story, was the result: He was sitting in his office one day, when his colored office boy entered with his hat on and singing, "Dar's one mo' ribber to cross." Mr. Hendricks was impressed with the boy's want of politeness, and said to him: "Look here, sir, that's no way to enter my office. You need a lesson in behavior. Now, you take a seat in my chair, and act just as though you were proprietor—just as I do, and I will go out and come in just as you should," whereupon he laid down his cigar and went out of the door. In a moment he returned, and there sat the boy with his feet perched upon the table, a copy of the revised statutes of the United States open in his lap and the half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked down over one eye. The teacher of manners entered quietly with his hat in his hand, but had not fairly gotten into the room before the darkey looked up and said: "Jack, you d—d rascal, pick up that spittoon, clean it quick, and then come in heah, sah, and black my boots—do you heah?" Jack was kicked out, but was soon reinstated.

Nearly fifteen years ago the daughter of Mrs. J. J. Bowers of Hudson, Mich., a little more than two years old, was stolen from her parents while they were living at Sandusky, Ohio, and long years of anxious search failed to reveal her whereabouts. It was believed at the time that the child was abducted by a band of gypsy-like people, who were camped in the vicinity. The first part of this month, a lady living at Genoa, a small town near Toledo, Ohio, who formerly lived at Sandusky, wrote to Mrs. Bowers that she thought she had discovered her long lost daughter, who was living with a good family in the neighborhood. Correspondence and an interview followed, and a few days ago Mrs. Bowers had the inexpressible joy of reclaiming her child and taking her home with her. It appears that fourteen years ago the authorities at Genoa discovered a child in the possession of a band of roving people, and, feeling satisfied it was not their own, took it from them. It was then bound out to a farmer in the vicinity, whose family she lived with ever since, receiving the best of treatment. The meeting of the mother and daughter settled all doubts in the matter, and both were delighted.

AN ELEPHANT ON A TEAR.

One of Barnum's Herd Sets Out to Have Some Fun—and Has it.

From the Troy Times.

When the Asiatic elephants in Barnum's herd reached the bridge crossing over to Green Island last night, to be put on a train for Gloversville, Emperor, the largest of the quadrupeds, refused to go through the dark passage-way, and, attracted no doubt by the electric lights, walked leisurely down River street. Three smaller elephants accustomed to following the larger one, also went down River street. The shouts of the trainers frightened the usually stolid quartette, and turning into First street they struck a pretty fast gait. A keeper caught up with Emperor, but he was open to no negotiations, and made such unfriendly demonstrations that the trainer kept a safe distance away. At Adams street the big elephant fell and the smaller ones stumbled over him, but they got on their feet again, and went at a good jog down town. Emperor was attracted by the light in the Rensselaer rail mill, and dashing through the open passage, entered the lower room. He was followed by his companions, who seemed to enjoy the light. A panic ensued among the workmen, who hid in every possible place until the huge beasts had taken their departure. Emperor lingered the longest, and on his way out knocked down Michael Casey and a lady who was with him. They received a rough shock, but otherwise are unhurt. When Emperor got outside he stepped on some red-hot rails which had just come from the rolls, and, giving an awful roar of pain, started up Madison street running to second.

When Emperor reached First street he was smarting with pain from his burns, and seeing Patrick Maher, a workman at Burden's, he hit him in the stomach with his trunk, knocking him completely out of time. Emperor continued across vacant lots, and near the corner of Van Buren and First streets came silently behind Patrick Burns, who was returning from work, and threw him over an embankment. Mrs. Burns who was with her husband, was knocked down. Lizzie Prentice, a sister of Mrs. Burns, in trying to get out of the animal's way, fell and was seriously hurt.

The enraged elephant turned into Second street and ran down as far as Tyler street. On his way he picked up a barrel and threw it through Thomas Hendickson's barn. Turning into Tyler street he saw Michael Minehan, 55 years old, smoking a pipe, and tossed him against a fence, knocking several boards into splinters. Mr. Minehan has three broken ribs, an injured spine, and a body that is black and blue with bruises. Emperor continued down Union street to Polk, where he met Edward Burke, 18 years old, and employed at the Empire foundry. He tossed him in the air, sprained his arm and hands, tore his clothes, and badly bruised his body.

The huge beast ran down Polk street and turned into the railroad track and continued on his way to the steel works. Mrs. Langley was standing in the door of her husband's saloon, and Emperor making a rush caught her around the body with his trunk. David Murphy was standing by, and pulling out a revolver discharged the weapon. He was so excited that he missed the beast, which, thoroughly frightened, scampered down the track to the steel works. Mrs. Langley went into convulsions, and Dr. Harvie for a time despaired of resuscitating her

When Emperor reached Stow street he ran up the [illegible] Fourth. On his way he saw Patrick Molten in front of his residence, and, picking him up, threw him against a locked door, which gave way and Patrick landed all in a heap. Mrs. Molten had her eight-month-old baby in her arms, and, as she ran for the door, the elephant struck her with his trunk and threw her up seven steps of the first flight of stairs. The appearance of Mrs. Molten's face, breast and arms would give a person the idea that she had gone through a threshing machine. Mr. Molten's left shoulder is dislocated. Entering Fourth street from Stow street, Emperor saw John Mara and immediately knocked him down and tried to trample him. A rod further on Jerry Barlow was standing in his doorway and and was knocked down. Mara's arms are very sore, two of his ribs are broken, his eyes are black, and where the elephant stepped an him, near the groin, a rupture is feared.

The runaway continued down Fourth to Mill street, and going over the bridge struck Water street. He ran down Batavia street to the steel works, entered the brilliantly lighted building, and endeavored to destroy several red hot steel blooms. He met with such a warm repulse that he ran rapidly to the river, jumped in and swam to Burden's blast furnace, half a mile away. His burns caused him frightful pain, and landing at Burden's, he knocked a fence into splinters, and rushed into the mill.

The men were startled and the enraged beast, howling terrifically, chased them around. Emperor slashed around with his trunk, throwing fragments of iron all over the building, and then made his way up Main street. Officer Kennedy saw a huge black object like a cloud coming up, and drew his club. He ran to the middle of the street, and the elephant, swerving to one side, caught up Patrick Kennedy's wagon and threw it twenty feet against a tree-box.

The big beast was evidently feeling good, and threw himself violently against the side of Leving's chapel. Seeing he could not wreck the solid stone masonary, he went for Corning's fence, and crushed it as easy as if it was paper. He was evidently suffering great pain from his burns, and going into Corning's garden rolled himself around in the turnip patch, completely ruining it and doing damage to the extent of $150.

The residents of the hill were all alarmed at this time, and the Catholics, who predominate in the vicinity were much exercised over a report that Emperor was demolishing tombstones in St. Joseph's cemetery. A hundred excited men and women ran to the burial ground, and saw the elephant gazing contemplatively at a tombstone. He was quickly driven out. Incensed at the crowd, he went into De Freest's farm and destroyed $300 worth of growing oats and corn. He lay in the fields and rolled over and over crushing the growing crops.

It required a good deal of coaxing before the indignant elephant would allow his keeper to approach, but finally he became docile and allowed a rope to be tied around his neck. He was then led around by Francis avenue and down to Fourth street. A large crowd followed at a safe distance. At 7 o'clock the beast reached the Green Island freight yard, where he met the other three runaways, and an affectionate meeting ensued.

A "swell" charitable performance was recently given in Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, at which not only were the audience composed of persons with noble, and even royal blood in their veins, but the performers with a single exception belonged to the aristocracy of the land. The exception was Miss Agnes B. Huntington, a young American, who has been studying at Leipsic, and who is regarded as the coming contralto singer of the period.

The positive announcement is made that President Arthur will visit Minnesota in September.

PAROXYSMAL.

The preacher knew, I've not the slighest doubt,
When calling on my young and pretty wife,
That I was not at home, but had gone out;
But I returned and never in my life
Beheld a sight that caused me more surprise,
I thought they each disliked the other quite,
And really I could scarce believe my eyes;
The preacher had an arm about her tight.
Her head upon the preacher's shoulder lay.
One arm around the preacher's neck was wound,
And while they stood there in that loving way,
Their lips met! yes, they kissed; I heard the sound—
Why did not I rush in—the preacher kill?
Was I not wild with rage? Oh, not at all,
They threatened to repeat it. Hope they will;
Our preacher is a woman—that is all.

MANNERS IN KENTUCKY.

BY GEN. W. W. DUFFIELD.

From the Detroit Free Press.

BIG LEATHERWOOD, KY.—The stores at the shire towns of the mountain counties are the great centers of news and gossip. From these points all the information of the outer world is obtained and distributed orally. each mountaineer who visits the town carefully collects all information on matters foreign and domestic which on his return home he details to his neighbors, who call upon him for the purpose.

Your correspondent's article "In Kentucky Wilds," has been well received at the South. The local papers have reprinted it, and as these papers are taken by the store-keepers at the county-seats the mountaineers have thus learned that "a chiel's amang 'em taken' notes," and are very curious to have the article read. They are well pleased with their appearance in print, and the fact of such publication has been circulated far and wide. As the incident referred to was of recent occurrence and well remembered each man after hearing the article read and expressing satisfaction at its contents repairs at once to your correspondent for congratulation and compliment. After a hearty grasp of the band he is informed:

"That ar was a masterpiece you writ for the Free Press,' or "Thar's a pow'ful piece of your'n in the paper."

Thus, even in this secluded spot, fame has found your currespondent out, and he is reaping the fruit of literary greatness. As these compliments are tendered while trying to unravel the mysteries of the very complicated Kentucky land department, rendered still more intricate by the inexperience and want of skill of mountain surveyors, they are not always pleasant or opportune. But if fame is a plant of rapid growth it is short-lived, and very soon both congratulation and compliment will cease.

He who spends the summer in these mountains must be content to live a primitive life, dispensing with every luxury, and often too glad to obtain even the necessaries of life. If he tramp the mountains all day, he must find food and shelter at the rude cabin near which night overtakes him. His host will be both kind and hospitable, who will do everything in his power to entertain him and furnish him with the very best his cabin contains. His ablutions must be made at the nearest "branch" or brook, using his own pocket-handkerchief as a towel. His food will consist largely of pork and corn bread, for his host rarely has any other. If he has no appetite for these delicacies he must go to bed supperless. If he is thirsty he must be content with pure water or sour milk drunken from a gourd, as tea, coffee, sugar, cups and spoons are unknown. No luxurious bed awaits him. He must sleep on the floor with a single coverlid as his sole protection. The cabin contains but one room, no windows, and in this narrow space all the food cooked and eaten, and all the men, women and children of the family sleep together. Often during the night he will be roused by the sharp, shrill cry of the ever present baby, or soothed by the plaintive croon of the mother who lulls it to rest. Nor is this the only cause of wakefulness. Both forest leaves and mountain cabins are filled with all manner of creeping things, which crawl and bite. In the forest wood ticks and black spiders cover the foliage, and little black gnats fill the air, so small as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, but very perceptible to the naked hand and cheek. In the cabins the dogs sleep on the floor, and the pigs beneath the house, which is thus filled with fleas. The rotten logs of which the cabins are built swarm with gray lizards, centipedes and bed-bugs. Rattlesnakes and copperheads are very abundant, and at night often creep into the cabins in pursuit of rats and mice. His days spent in the forest may be "pleasant," but his nights are not "nights of peace," but one of constant battle with fleas and bed-bugs, snakes and lizards.

The mountaineers are a pure race. Shut off from all intercourse with the outer world they have married and intermarried among themselves with no mixture whatever of foreign blood. The type of feature is the true Anglo-Norman, closely allied to the pure Greek. The women are nearly all blondes, with fair hair and blue eyes, and some of the younger ones are singularly beautiful. The line separating the lips has the graceful curve of cupid's bow, and the straight and finely chisled nose, and prominent, rounded and dimpled chin closely resemble those of the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus de Milo.

Before the war of the rebellion the wealthy Blue grass region had many slaves and was therefore strongly secessionist. But these mountain people were to poor too hold slaves, and from the natural antipathy always existing between rich and poor, they took the opposite side and were intensely Union. As republicans they still retain the same personal hatred to the blue grass democrats, and this mountain region is the only portion of Kentucky electing republican congressman and circuit judge. Members of opposite political parties have the same bitter personal hatred existing during the war, and local justice is often administered accordingly.

During the summer of 1862 the rebel Gen. Humphrey Marshal made frequent raids from Virginia through this section, capturing horses and cattle and disarming the union home guards. A member of the home guard having lost his pistol in one of these raids brought suit before a mountain justice of the peace several years after the war and sought to secure its value of his more wealthy neighbor, a sturdy and well-to-do democratic farmer. No testimony was offered to show that the defendant had ever seen the pistol and proof was introduced to show that he had kept aloof from the "late unpleasantness;" had taken no part on either side, but stayed at home on his farm and had nothing whatever to do with the capture of the pistol. The republican plaintiff's suit was seriouly damaged by this testimony, when the court, in its own proper person, came to the rescue and remarked.

"I'd like to ax this yere defendant a question."

"All right," said the defendant; "fire away, 'squire."

"Be you a rebel?" asked the court.

"No," said the defendant; "I don't belong to neither side and did't fit in neether army."

"Be you a dimocart?" asked the court.

"Yes," said the defendant, "I gin'ly votes that thar ticket."

"Then," said the 'squire, "this yeare co't fines you for that thar pistol and enters judgment agin you for twenty-five dollars and costs of this yeare suit, and issoos ex' cution 'kordin'."

As an appeal to a higher tribunal have been a more costly process than paying up the judgment, the republican plaintiff thus recovered more then twice the value of his pistol.

While stopping at a mountain cabin for a gourd of cold water, your correspondent witnessed one of those encounters which showed the bitter personal hatred still existing between the opposite parties.

A young mountaineer of democratic parentage wooed and won a republican maiden. The state of affairs was discovered, the democratic suitor forbidden the premises, and the girl securely housed and closely watched. But love in the mountains, as in the plains, laughs at locksmiths. The girl escaped, married her lover, and began housekeeping at the little cabin on the mountain side. This was regarded as a gross effront by the brothers and cousins of the girl, and resented accordingly. Twice the young husband had been attacked in his own house, but both attacks had been successfully resisted.

While waiting for the water to be brought from the spring, four young men, cousins of the wife, were seen coming down the mountain path, each armed with a long, old-fashioned rifle of the leather stocking, and Daniel Boone pattern, and from their right shoulders hung the equally old-fashioned powder-horn and ball-pouch, to the inner portion of which the sheath for the knife was fastened.

The young husband shouted danger in the air and made his preparations accordingly for the coming struggle. He slowly entered his cabin, took down his long rifle from its wooden hooks, examined the priming and carefully placed it near the door, with his heavy ax beside it, and then took post with folded arms beside these weapons.

The young wife, anxious for peace, stepped to the front to parley with the enemy, and as the young men halted at the fence before the house, resting their rifles against it, she addressed them in the sweetest tones and with that peculiar rising inflexion on the last syllable which mountain women assume when desirous of playing the agreeable.

"Howd' ye, boys?" she said; "and how do you make it?"

This overture was received by "the boys" with a gruff "Howd' ye Marthy?" The leader of the attacking party then addressed the young husband with the customary salutation used in the mountains, "How d'ye, Mark;" to which Mark promptly responded by throwing down the gauntlet at once.

"Jack," he said, "I don't take no how d'ye from fellers who come hyere to raise a furse."

"We don't come to raise no furse, Mark," said Jack, "but that dog goned cow of yourn's bin in my co'n all night and I'll reckon you'll have to pay for it."

"P'raps I will, Jack," said Mark, "but I reckon you'll have to build a better fence roun' it afore I do."

Again the young wife interposed as peacemaker.

"Look h'yere boys," she said, "that thar cow b'longs to me and I don't want no such cuttin's up 'bout her. I'll pay for that thar co'n, Jack, w'thout no more furse."

Had Mark accepted this compromise the difficulty would probably have been adjusted. But his blood was up and he was utterly averse to being bullied at his own door and before his young wife, and he replied promptly:

"Ne'ery a red Marthy, ne'ery a red, till he builds a better fence;" and he waved his hand to his wife to retire from the field. The young wife understood and obeyed the signal, retiring to the shelter of a mass of rock on the right of the cabin where, with both hands pressed to her breast, she awaited the issue of the struggle which she now saw was inevitable. Jack also realized that the time for action had come and took up the gauntlet at once.

"That thar fence's better'n any fence you got," he said.

"No, 'tain't, neither," said Mark. "Them post's all rotten, and can't keep a cat out."

This reply seemed to render Jack furious, and he replied: "You're a liar, and I'll cut your cowardly black heart out."

Drawing a large stone from his pocket, he hurled it with all his force, striking Mark in the pit of the stomach and bringing him to his knees; then drawing his sheath-knife, Jack dashed madly at the door.

Pale with pain, his white lips quivering with anger, Mark, still on his knees, seized his long rifle and levelled it at his assailant, speaking in the low tone and brief words of concentrated passion.

"Keep off, or I shoot," he said.

The three young men at the fence levelled their rifles at Mark, and shouted simultaneously:

"Let him shoot if he dar, Jack."

Mark knew that the discharge of his own piece would bring upon him the fire of these three rifles, which, in his exposed position, was certain death. He therefore reserved his fire, but kept his rifle steadily pointed at his advancing enemy. His steady bearing was too much for Jack, who replaced his knife and fell back with his face to the enemy until he regained the fence and once more resumed his weapon.

Loud shouts of derision and contempt were now poured out upon Mark by the four young men at the fence. "I dar' you to come out." "The skulking coward darsn't do it." "Marthy's braver nor him; she doesn't skulk ne'er a bit." "He darsn't shoot nobody; he's afeerd."

Mark bore this shower of abuse patiently without reply of any kind until he had recovered from the effects of the blow. Then he sprang quickly to his feet and sought shelter behind the logs of his cabin on the left of the door, standing at the "ready" with only the muzzle of his rifle projecting beyond the house. This sudden action completely surprised his assailants who delivered the fire of their four rifles, each one aiming to strike Mark through the crevices between the logs.

Then supposing him wounded or dead the entire party charged fiercely for the door, Jack leading.

Mark was unhurt and calmly awaiting the attack. As Jack neared the door Mark's rifle rang out its sharp whip-like report and the fatal bullet pierced his brain. Then as two of the other assailants gained the door Mark's deadly ax came into play. One fell cloven through the head and the other received a terrible blow on the side of the neck, nearly severing it from the body. Dismayed by this reception the fourth assailant turned and fled fast down the mountain side. Mark sprang for his rifle and tried hard to load it while this last enemy was in sight, but long before the bullet was rammed home he was hidden by the intervening foliage.

Then, surrounded by the bodies of the dead and dying of his fallen enemies, the stout Anglo-Saxon, who for the third time had successfully defended his house and home against superior forces, thus adcressed his young wife:

"They're licked out agin Marthy, and I reckon we'ed better clear up things."

A Statue for Chief Justice Marshal.

From the Springfield Mass. Republican.

The movement to erect a statue to Chief Justice Marshall at Washington has brought to light an interesting bit of history which will result in doubling the value of the memorial of the great jurist. Congress voted $20,000 for the purpose at the last session, but before anything further could be done it came to light that the Pennsylvania Bar Association undertook to raise a fund for the same purpose as far back as 1835. The subscriptions reached $3,000, and then stopped for some unexplained reason, and the money was intrusted to a lawyer and was gradually forgotten. But the lawyer was honest as well as thrifty, and invested the moneys so judiciously that when he died his papers showed the association to be credited with a fund of twenty thousand dollars. This money, it has now been arranged, is to be used for the purchase of the statue of Marshall at Washington; while the twenty thousand dollars appropriated by congress will be devoted to the pedestal. W. W. Story has been commissioned to do the work, and the choice is a very happy one, not only because of his ability as a sculptor, but because he is the son of one of Marshall's dearest friends.

The Texas cattle fever prevails to a great extent in the vincinity of Steubenville, Ohio, among cattle recently brought from the southwest. A large proportion of the animals have died.

A MASSACHUSETTS CASE.

The Romance Which a Breach of Promise Suit Revealed.

Levi Wilson, a self-styled doctor, is languishing in the Providence (R. I.) jail in default of $100,000 bail, a Miss Hattie Engly of Umbridge having sued him for $50,000 damages for seduction and breach of promise, and her father for a like sum. It is a curious case. A few years ago Wilson came to Umbridge, very poor and illiterate, and boarded with Hattie's father. Hattie taught him to read and write, and in the course of a few months it was given out that they were married. Wilson himself introduced the girl as his wife, and no one suspected that their relations were at all improper. Two children were born to them, and apparently they were very happy. Very suddenly Wilson began to be in receipt of considerable money. From what source he received it was always a mystery. A year and a half ago Wilson began to take steps to separate from Miss Engly, and then the fact leaked out, for the first time, so it is claimed, that the two had never been married. He offered her $50,000 to give him a release from all demands upon him, and had a paper drawn up to that effect, which she signed, but without receiving the money. After this Wilson deserted her entirely, and neither paid her the $50,000 nor contributed to her support. It also transpires he was paying court to another young woman in Umbridge, and had made overtures of marriage to her. The mysterious part of the business is Wilson's immense income, and where it came from. It is estimated that some months he receives as high as $10,000.

A later dispatch says this mystery has been fathomed, and the details given briefly make a most remarkable and interesting story. Eight years ago Wilson was working for low wages in a cotton mill in Umbridge. Becoming dissatisfied for some reason Wilson started on a tramp for Worcester, Mass., in search of probably a better situation. In passing through a heavy tract of woods he discovered the hut of a sick hermit, whom he, having some professional skill, cared for. This hermit is alleged to be the son of a wealthy Worcester manufacturer, and a fugitive from justice, who was reported dead. During the hiding, being of a mechanical turn of mind, he had conceived an idea in coiling wire, and in gratitude to Wilson, after the hermit had recovered, proceeded to Worcester, explained the idea in turn to the firm of Washington & Moen, the noted wire manufacturers, and from this came the barbed fence wire. The hermit soon after this went to Europe by the aid of Wilson, where he now resides and has since been visited by Wilson. In addition to some $300,000 received from one of the partners of the Worcester firm, it is alleged that Wilson has been paid great sums for the care of the hermit, who, it is supposed is his partner's son. Both members of the firm have left Worcester to avoid questioning. A few years ago Wilson agreed to give the secrect of his life to a reporter, but soon decided to withhold the facts; but the above has since been found to be the truth as to how Wilson came by his wealth.

Where the Actors Summer.

Mckee Rankin owns an island in the Detroit River; has a fine house, a game-keeper, and preserves game. Frank Mayo, when he cleared $50,000 on Davy Crockett, built a lodge in a vast Pennsylvania willderness and called it "Crockett, Lodge." An uncontrollable impulse to play Macbeth last season cost him $10,000. Lester Wallack has a elegant residence at Stamford, Conn., with a harbor in which he keeps his magnificent yacht Columbia. Clara Morris has a beautiful home at Riverdale, on the Hudson. It has an exquisite park, grand old shade trees and charming views. Clara has horses, dogs and an obedient husband. Clara Louise Kellogg is at Saratoga. Anne Louise Cary, (Mrs. Raymond,) is in the Adirondacks. Annie Pixley is fishing in Lake Ontario. Jim Collier and Bartley Campbell are attending glove fights in New York. Mary Anderson is at Long Branch, where she is so jealously guarded that she is not allowed to have a berth in her steam-yacht, for fear she might be tempted to stay out all night. Perhaps if Mary were a resolute girl and staid out all night once, even if she had to sleep on the lounge, the berth might follow. Sara Jewett occupies "Sabine Cottage," Gloucester, Massachusetts. Addie Detchon is at Newport, with other swells of the ocean. Lawrence Barrett is in London. Charley Backus is in Paris, trying to get some one to tell him the French for doughnuts and pie! and Fannie Davenport, after a painstaking and lachrymose farewell tour before going abroad to star for three years, has settled down in a small Pennsylvania town. Jun. Booth keeps a hotel in Manchester, Mass.; John Gilbert, Mr. Bowers and "The Jibbenoissay," Joe Proctor, have cottages in the same place. Charlie Thorne, Aldrich and Parsloe have cottages at Nantasket, Mass. Robson and Crane have cottages at Cohassett. Mr. Harold Forsberg is summering at Schumacher's, in Washington. It is from that popular political exile Mr. Forsberg acquires the liquid accent for Legree in the German version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Ireland and Philadelphia.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Crime then is neither so frequent nor of so aggravating a character in Ireland as in England and Scotland, nor even as in Philadelphia. Why then has Ireland so bad a reputation for lawlessness in America? Because a report of every assault and every murder is cabled over here to influence American opinion. Supposing that, in 1879, a sensational account of each of the forty-seven homicides committed in Philadelphia had been cabled over to England, what would Europe thought of that most respectable city? I have shown that Ireland's proportion of murders that year should have been three hundred in order to put her on an equality with Philadelphia, and yet there were only four murders in Ireland. Supposing that every murder committed in the United States during the last ten years had been announced by cable in England, and elaborately commented on by the English press, what would have been thought about us in Europe? England has a vital interest in conciliating American good-will on this Irish question, and therefore she spares no trouble and no expense to malign Ireland here. I do not mean official England only, and not democratic England at all, but the entire aristocratic ring that supports Irish landlordism and English feudalism as well.

A Fancy of the Hour.

A table for the parlor, which is the fancy of the hour, and which is pretty enough to be popular for a long time and to be more than a passing fancy, is made of any kind of well-seasoned wood. It may have a square or diamond shaped top; it has round legs, put on at each corner; there are braces also that go from one leg to the other. A beautiful covering for one is dark green velvet; this is tacked down on the under side. If economy is no object, pretty silver clasps can be put on at each corner. The legs are wound with alternate bands of the velvet and of cardinal satin ribbon; the ribbon is tied in a bow at each corner; the braces are bound with the velvet alone; the wood of which the table is made is nowhere exposed to view. This is a handsome table to stand in a bay window and to hold a small piece of statuary.

The color of the velvet must of course be in accord with the general tone of the parlor, but the shades of olive so popular now are pretty with almost anything. There is a richness about the greens of the present day which brighter colors do not possess.