

**THE PRESS**

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FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 16, 1877  
**Gossip and Gleanings.**  
An imaginary quality—A lady's age.  
Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop

than when we soar.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but  
curse to the evil.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop  
as hastily.

No other living thing can go so slow as a  
boy on an errand.

What is the use of saying, "His one

When a Milwaukee paper remarked, recently, "The lilac bushes are budding," reader said excitedly, "You lilac Satan."

An old-fashioned judge has decided that railroad companies must pay for killing employees just as though they were passengers.

Two hearts that beat as one are singularly oblivious to mud. We never knew a man in love to circulate a petition for a new pavement or an additional lamp-post.

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The "Journal of Satan's Disciples" is a nice name for a publication they have just started in Sicily. There are lots of the same kind of journals in our own country, but they haven't come out so frankly yet.

A veteran observer says that "Old friends are like old boots. We never realize how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish perhaps but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted."

ment outside his daily labor, we doubt if the entrance of ambition into that pursuit does not take away half its charm, in destroying all its restfulness.—*London Spectator*.

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A critic, alluding to an amateur dramatic club in Santa Cruz, says: "Colonel Shaw, the new editor of the *Sentinel*, will be a valuable acquisition to the club. As Hamlet, he is excelled by few professionals, and he dances a barn-door jig in a style never before

As men have moveable heads, which they can turn to the right or left, forward or backward, they should not from mere contrariness fasten on themselves, as blinkers prejudice, stupidity, caprice and obstinacy which prevent their seeing anything but what is s'raight before them. Even distinguished talents cultivated between such blinkers may become a mania.

Cabman—(more in sorrow than in anger, though.) Oh, no, mum, I didn't go to hint at my eightpence was too little, nor as that there dorg o' yours has jolly well took his sixpence out o' my cushions; I only meant to say as it was Christmas time, and I wishes you and all sich kind hearted ladies the compliments of the season.

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"How do you like the clam song?" asked

an old lady of her daughter, as they stepped into the street, after a popular concert. "Clara's song!" exclaimed the young lady in astonishment. "why, what do you refer to, mother?" "Why the first song she sang." "Oh, you mean 'Shells of the Ocean,' don't you, mother?" "Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about oysters, clams, anyway, and you know I do like them so well."

who was in the habit of shooting on Sunday, but after a while this Sabbath breaker joined the church. One day the minister to whom the church he belonged met a friend of the farmer, and said, "do you see any difference in Mr. P—, since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," replied the friend, "a great difference. Before he, when out to shoot on Sunday, he carried his gun over his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

Let the wind and the waves of adversity blow and dash around you, if they will; but keep on the path of rectitude, and you will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip, with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name, heed her not. Carry yourself self erect; let your course be straightforward, and, by the serenity of your countenance and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would speak ill of you.

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LONG AGO.

Two roses bloomed upon a tree;  
Their white leaves fouled with every swaying.  
I bent to gather one, while she  
Plucked off the other, crying saying,  
"When things do grow, and cling like this,  
And death's shadow approacheth loath  
To take but one, 'twere greater bliss  
To both for death to smite them both."

Lost love! Dead love! They come and go,  
The summers with their sun and flowers,  
Their songs of birds. I only know  
There is a blight upon the hours.

No sun is like the once bright sun  
That shone upon that golden weather,  
In which she said those flowers were one,  
And death should spare or smite together,  
*Athenaeum.*

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**Fashion Gossip.**

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**COUNTRY FURNISHING.**

An English correspondent writes: Perhaps those curious in such matters would be glad to hear how the country house of a well-known connoisseur in matters of taste is fur-

nished. Each bedroom is of a different color, but in all other respects alike. The carpet, throughout are black; the panels, wainscots, doors, and furniture are also all black, with little gilding introduced. The walls are newspapered, but are covered with the same cretonne as the curtains and bed furniture. Each bed has an eider-down quilt covered with the same cretonne, and each window has plain muslin curtains, with goffered frills as well as cretonne curtains. Black is coming into vogue to the north in the decoration of houses.

great variety of new articles. The upholsterers and lace workers are beginning to see the furniture lace never shows to such advantage as on black velvet or black satin, relieved by colored bows, either for writing or tea tables, mantel pieces, brackets and the like. Thick linen-backed satin is more durable than velvet, for soap and water carefully applied will make it as good as new.

**TABLE DECORATIONS.**

In selecting flowers for the decoration of the dinner table at this season of the year, care should be taken that they are of a color which will stand artificial light, as it is the

that they will mostly be seen. Many of the present most delicate and lovely tints by day light appear when under artificial light are dull and indistinct. Take some of our mauves and yellow for example. For this purpose there is nothing more effective than white and scarlet. Of course, the stands must be regulated according to the size of the table, but a table should never be overcrowded, for if overdone, it looks even worse than one only half done; and the same may be said in regard to the arranging of the flowers in the stands. Above everything, crowding and excess should be avoided, for no matter how

The fashion of wearing small caps still contains even among quite young unmarried ladies. They are made of Swiss muslin and ornamented with ribbons, lace, and flowers. Some are Dolly Varden, others Charlotte Corday, while even the Normandy peasant cap, with high pointed crown and ruffled round the base, has been copied in diminished dimensions and adopted by young

married ladies. The favorite material for hair bows still remains colored China crepe.











