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NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Courage; oh! fainting heart, be brave;
Drown not God's blessed sunshine in thy tears;
Swiftly thy life is flowing, wave on wave,
Into the cold, dark bosom of the grave;
Swiftly and surely nears
The earthly end of all thy hopes and fears.

Duty implores thee! Pause not now
To mourn o'er broken dreams. Such grief is vain;
Cast off the gloom and shadow from thy brow,
And in the sight of Heaven, sternly vow,
Never in woe or pain,
To doubt God's wisdom or his truth again.

Courage; God knows what is the best
For us, in this blind life of anxious care;
Do what thou can'st for good, and leave the rest
To Him whose name is ever to be blest;
Courage; oh! why despair?
Trust, and believe, and pray. Action is prayer!

Up, ere the dew of youth be gone.
Work, ere the frost of death thy pulses chill;
Let the brave sword of truth be boldly drawn,
And, in the name of right, walk firmly on,
So shall life's every ill
Bow to the triumph of thy conquering will.

Over the cross shineth the crown;
Better than thou, for truth have fought and died;
Bravely bare up, though earthly hope go down;
Stand to thy faith, though the world scoff and frown,
Angels are on thy side,
And Heaven about thee, let what will betide.

Courage; "whatever is, is right!"
Believe it, and fear not; God is our fate;
Darkly comes down earth's drear and solemn night,
Grandly in heaven beameth eternal light;
Peace, restless soul, and wait,
God's angels, once like thee, were desolate.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again,

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the some-time guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

NOT A CHICKEN.

At precisely two o'clock by the bells, the other morning, a policeman who was walking up Cornhill street caught sight of a negro who was skulking along a fence, and he called upon him to stop.

"Ize in a big hurry to ketch de mawnin train fur Baltimore!" called back the African.

The officer threatened to shoot if he did not stop, and the skulker halted.

"Does you imagine that I hez dun got a chicken heah?" he asked, as the officer approached.

"Yes, sir—that's just exactly what I imagine."

"And if I hezn't got a chicken I kin go right up to de depo', kin I?"

"I guess you can."

"Well, sah, den gaze on dis yere and tell me if de name is chicken!" said the man as he pulled a big goose around in front of him.

The officer went back on his word, and took the negro under arrest, and the victim was explaining:

"Whar's de use tryin' to git along wid dem p'licemen? De best way is to drop de goose an' make fur de woods."

☞ Two dogs fought in a Kentucky pit until both were disabled; and then their masters fought with pistols until one was mortally wounded.

☞ A bill was introduced in the Nevada Legislature by a Chinaman. It was a wash bill against one of the members, and was lobbied by its author.

A FOGGY NIGHT.

A broad, blue river, rippling and sparkling on its way to sea. Widening, too, as it flows on, first between high-wooded banks, then by low-lying farms, and then, just before it reaches the narrow inlet, spreading out into almost a lake. Here the stream is broken into many channels by sedgy islands half-covered at high water. Flocks of snipe and redwinged blackbirds fly to and fro, or settle down among the sedge, the red epaulettes glancing gaily in the dark green or against the clear blue sky.—Among the islands the water rushes deep and swift, at ebb tide hurrying down to meet the breakers; the "white sea horse" that gallop in over the bar, tossing their flowing manes, and at flood tide going back with almost equal force to where the wide stream flows more gently over sandy shallows and into deep covers and bends on the low shore.

On each side of the river are flat meadow lands, covered with rich swamp grasses in every shade of purple, green and brown. Here and there the ground is broken by clear pools, where water lilies float, guarded on all sides by red cardinal flowers, blue and white marsh gentian, and behind them helmet flowers and tall milk weeds wave, trying to shake themselves free from the close embrace of pink convolulus and yellow, thread like bind-weed.

On one side the meadows are bounded by clumps of holly, pines and cedars and tangled thickets of smilax; on the other stretch low, white sand cliffs covered with pale sea-grass, and sloping down to the blue, sunny plain of waters, that to-day is dotted with white sails of fishing smacks which this morning crossed the bar.

All is clear, peaceful, bright—intensely bright under the August sun.

At night it is no less beautiful than by day. The full moon rises over the black pines, flooding the land with its pure brightness; the river is a rippling sheet of silver and the dark shore is touched with light. Seaward all form is lost, for the low banks and the dim river are wrapped in silvery vapor, through which comes faintly the music of the sea.

I long to float down into that shadowy region, to seek I know not what possibilities of poetry and beauty, and as I gaze, lo, a white, ghostly shape steals through the silver mist; silently it draws near, grows larger and more defined, and the moon gleams on the large sail of a pleasure boat. A sound of music floats to me on the still night air, the boat passes out of sight. We bring our skiff to the shore and unwillingly leave behind us the bright fairy-land, half fearing that it may vanish in the night.

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I had come down at the end of a hot, dusty summer in town to the old farm-house by the river where my cousin Norris and his wife had been passing the summer, and this land by the sea was to me a paradise, a place of restful beauty, a Lotus-land of peace.

Such at least were my first impressions on the evening after my arrival, when, having spent the afternoon and evening on the water, we left the river and walked up through the dark, sweet smelling cedar grove. On reaching the house, Norris proposed that I should be introduced to our host and hostess. I readily agreed, and we went into the large old fashioned kitchen, where we found Captain Wilson and his wife sitting by an open wood fire, for the August night was chilly. Being duly presented, I sat down with them to enjoy the comfortable blaze, and began to speak of the beauty of the country and the pleasure I had had that day in the boating. "Indeed," I remarked, "I felt as though I could float on there forever."

"It is all good enough this kind of weather," Mrs. Wilson said, "but come down here in the spring and fall rains or a rainy spell in winter. I guess you'd not like it so well then. For my part, I never could see why people set such store by the boating. I'm sure I can't see the sense in it, and I haven't been in a boat for over fifteen years, would you believe that?"

"Is it possible! Why do you dislike boating so much?"

"Well, I never did like it, but I was in a boat once too often, and I've kept out of them since."

"I tell my wife if she wants to see the sense in boats she'd better be down at the shore in a big nor'easter in winter and see the wreckers go out to a vessel and bring to land the whole crew safe."

Our conversation then turned to the wreckers and their work on this dangerous coast, and many evening after that the old sailor entertained us with accounts of his adventures at sea and in the wrecking service. But I did not forget Mrs. Wilson's allusion to an adventure of her own, and one night towards the end of my visit I referred to it, and again asked her why she had not been in a boat for so long a time.

"Well," she replied, "I was in a boat once when I had too much of it I would not be paid to go in one now. But that's a long story."

"Do let us hear it then by all means," I said.

"Perhaps you won't think it's much of a story after all," Mrs. Wilson said apologetically, "but it's something I'll never forget as long as I live. It was about fifteen years ago this next November that I got word my sister was very sick, and they wanted me to come over at once and see her. She then lived nearly opposite our landing on the other side of the river—maybe you noticed that white house back among the trees. Well, my husband wasn't home—he'd gone to the village, and I didn't dare to wait till he got back. So I left word for him that I'd be home for supper, gave the baby into the care of the hired girl and started across the river with my eldest boy Ned. He was about twelve years old. It was three o'clock then, and I remember thinking we'd be back by tea-time. We got over safe enough, for Ned pulled a strong oar and the wind was in our favor. I found my sister very low, and I stayed with her till near six o'clock, for I couldn't bear to leave her. But at last we started home, for I knew they'd be expecting us back to supper.

"When we came out of the house it was nearly dark, and there was such a thick fog we could hardly see an arm's length before us. If it hadn't been for my baby I'd have turned back; as it was, I wanted to ask one of the neighbors to go over with us. But Ned wouldn't hear to it: he insisted he could row back as well as not, and if he pulled steady it was easy enough to keep a straight line across. So we got into the boat and was pushed off."

"What sort of a boat was it?" I inquired.

"Why, one of those little flat-bottomed boats, you know. I never did like to get into one of them, they tip over so easy. Well, at first I could see Ned rowing steady, but the fog seemed to grow thicker and thicker, creeping up from the sea, till it had spread over the flats and wrapped round us so at last I could now make out even the the outline of my boy. For a while we talked a little, but after that I just sat still, thinking of my poor sick sister.

"I guess nearly an hour must have passed when I noticed Ned was rowing slow and irregular—I could tell by the sound of the oars—and I asked him if he didn't think we were near home.

"We ought to be, mother," says he, and I knew from the way he spoke he was tired and worried. He stopped rowing now and stood up in the boat.

"I can't make out the shore, can you?" says he; but I couldn't see anything but the blackness all around. I could hear the water lapping against the side of the boat and the noise of the breakers—and they weren't very far away—that frightened me.

"Then Ned began to row again, but as if he was tired and discouraged, and soon stopped.

"I can't row any more, mother," says he, "the tide's against us. I don't make an inch, and I can't find out where we are."

"You'll have to rest and then try again, Ned," says I. "If I could help you row I would but you know I can't. Just try a little more, and we'll soon get to shore." He didn't answer, and we sat still; but I knew by the motion of the boat that we were drifting. I knew too that it was ebb-tide, and there was a strong current towards the sea. You've noticed, haven't you, what a strong current there is in some parts of the river?

"'Ned,' I said, after a few minutes, trying hard to speak cheerful and not let him know how anxious I felt, 'you must make one more effort. A few pulls will surely bring us to land.' So Ned took the oars once more and pretty soon, to our great relief, we felt the bottom of the boat scrape against the sand, and another stroke of the oars brought us to land.—Ned got out and began to haul the boat up, but immediately cried out, 'It ain't our shore at all! I declare if we ain't by Captain Moore's!' That was a few rods below where we'd started from. The boat had turned 'round, must likely pulled about by the current, and here we were, farther than ever from home.

"What to do I didn't know. Ned was tired out, and I was afraid to venture with him alone again. At last I proposed that we'd try and find our way to Captain Moore's and ask some one to row us over, and this time Ned, poor child, was glad enough to do it. We had some trouble to find the path that led up through the wood. However, we did get on it at last, and felt our way to the house. Captain Moore was out, but Jim Lewis, a young man who worked for him, was there, and he agreed to take us across, though Mrs. Moore wanted us to stop there all night. And, indeed, I'd have been tempted to stop, for I felt dreadful nervous when I thought of the dark and the fog and the strong tide, but my baby was always in my mind—I kept thinking he must be crying for me—and of course I'd have risked any thing to go to him.

"It was about eight when we left Moore's. When we got to the river Jim said he'd take Captain Moore's boat across to come back in, and proposed, as it was more comfortable, that I should get in it and we'd tow ours. So we started, our boat fastened behind, with Ned in it.—Jim hadn't been here long and didn't know much about rowing, and neither of us thought how much harder that would make the pulling. It's queer Ned didn't think of it but I guess he was too tired.

"As I said before, it was ebb-tide and the water rushing out to sea very fast. I never saw such a black sky, and the fog that thick it seemed you couldn't breathe. As we put off from land once more and went out into the darkness, I remembered all I'd heard about people being lost in the fog. I thought of my husband and baby and my sister, and a horrible feeling came over me that I'd never see them again. And all the time it was getting damper and colder and blacker.

"'We don't seem to keep a straight line,' Jim said, after he's been rowing what seemed a long, long time. 'The other boat or the tide or something swings us round so. We'd ought to be near across, but the water's as deep as ever.' I knew, though I didn't say so, that we were not going across, for I heard the sound of the sea, at first very faint and far off, now getting louder every minute, and at ebb-tide we might easily be caught in the current near the mouth of the river and carried out to the breakers. Such a thing has happened.

"Well, for perhaps half an hour neither of us had spoken, and I was so frightened I'd almost forgotten about out boat, when Jim remarked it was easier rowing than before. Then all of a sudden he stopped rowing, leaned past me and felt in the stern of the boat; then made an exclamation as if he was scared. 'What is it?' said I, somehow knowing right away what was the matter. 'I thought so—the boat's loose, by George, and the Lord knows where she is now.'

"It seemed as if that was too much! I felt all confused, and I think I told Jim that he must find my boy—he must turn back. 'If I only knew which way to turn back,' says he, and began hallooing and calling Ned. But there was no answer.

"I can't remember what I did or said: when I think of that time the same dreadful feeling comes over me that I had then, when my boy was drifting out alone in that little boat to sea. I thought he must have got beyond hearing before we missed him, and there was no chance that he could row against the tide, tired as he was. Then Jim began to row again, but in an uncertain sort of way, stopping every now and then to shout. Once we thought there was an answer, but after that we couldn't hear a sound.

"At last we gave up calling, and I felt then there was no hope of ever finding Ned or getting ashore. Jim said he was going to try and get me safe home first, and then start out again with my husband and other men to help him. I had to own that was the best plan, but it made me shudder to think what might happen to Ned in the meantime. I don't know how long it was after we lost a boat—it seemed like hours—but at last we touched shore.

"Oh, how glad I was! Jim landed and walked a little way; then he came back and said he thought we were near the end of Sandy Point.'

"'How near was that to your home?' I asked.

"'Why,' continued Mrs. Wilson, 'it's on this side of the river, a mile or two below here. I was thankful to be even that near home, and I told Jim we'd better leave the boat and walk along the shore to our landing, and so to the house. It was a long, wet walk, but I was willing to try it. So Jim pulled the boat up and we started, as we supposed, toward the shore, keeping close to the water's edge to guide us. But pretty soon the ground began to get very soft, and Sandy Point is all pebbly and hard. Jim got down on his hands and knees and presently he said: 'We're at the end of the darned point; the shore's in the other direction, so we must be still on the same side of the river. It's that there point down by the flats, confound it.'

"Oh! I never felt so done out in all my life, as I did when he said that. We were within a mile of the sea, farther than ever from home, and my boy gone! I just couldn't help it; I burst out crying, and Jim stood by me, not knowing, I suppose, what to do next.

"But pretty soon he gave a shout, and was answered by another quite near. I stopped crying and listened; sure enough there was the sound of oars and the gleam of a light through the fog. Then I heard my husband's voice; I called and he answered, and soon he'd come up beside us.

"Squire Green was with him, and they say they'd been out since seven o'clock looking for us. 'But where's Ned?' was the first thing almost the Captain said. So I told him all about it, and begged them to go and find my boy. I suppose I talked in a wild kind of a way, for I heard Squire Green saying they must get home first as quick as possible, for I was cold and nervous. They would take me to our landing, they said, and then start out to look for Ned, and Jim was to find his way back to Captain Moore's.

"Well, they put me in their boat and started, the two men pulling steadily together, and only stopping sometimes to call 'Ned!' 'Ned!' But they got no answer. 'I never felt the current so strong here,' I heard Squire Green say; 'one man I should think could hardly row against it.' My husband didn't answer. I guess he, like me, was thinking of our little boy out along in the current.

"So we went on for some time. I was too worn out to think; I only was conscious that my feet and limbs were getting almost numb with cold. There seemed to be water in the boat, and the two men spoke anxiously together in low tones. 'Pull harder, Wilson; she'll last if we hurry,' I heard Squire Green say, and they rowed faster and faster. Suddenly the boat bumped against something in the dark. My husband held up the lantern and exclaimed, 'Thank God, he's safe!' I roused myself, opened my eyes and saw beside us our boat, and in the bottom of it my Ned, fast asleep."

"But I should think it would have been farther down by that time if it was adrift."

"Yes, but," said Mrs. Wilson, "it was stopped, and by what, do you think? Why, a good many years before that there'd been a little vessel wrecked in the inlet. I'll tell you it was that very wreck the captain was telling you about the other night, the time of that great storm of 185—. Well, it all broke up, the part of the hull was washed in past the flats and when the water went down it stuck in the mud out in the middle of the river. It was covered at high water, but at low tide a couple of beams stood up out of water. It was always a great bother to the boats, for it was right in the main channel: the folks around here after talked of getting it away somehow, but they never did and it's always seemed to me since that it was just put there by Providence to save our child. For, would you believe, the boat had drifted down on to it and lodged between the two beams, not fast, but just kept there till we came up against it, and it was the Lord's guiding that brought us to it, for they had been trying to keep away from where they thought the wreck was.

"Now," says the Captain, as soon as he found our boat was all sound, "we must get right into our boat. Quick, Mary, he says to me, 'there's not a moment to lose. This one's leaking fast; in a minute she'll go down!' I didn't realize till afterward the new danger we'd just escaped; but they hurried to bring the boats alongside, and in the dark almost lifted me from one to the other.

"We left the old boat there in the river and soon through the fog we saw firelight. 'Squire Greene shouted 'All right!' and there came from the shore a real hearty cheer in answer. In another minute we'd landed beside a great bonfire, and the neighbors were all around us. When we got home it was 12 a'clock, and if ever I was glad to be in this old kitchen it was then.

"I've never been in a boat since, even in the day time, and a misty evening always bring to me mind that night in the fog.

* * * * * * * *

On going to my room that night I looked from my window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the river. But the moon had hidden behind a cloud, and a thick, white fog was spread, like a clammy shroud, over river, sea and land. In the dard cedar wood a tree toad croaked predictions of coming rain.

And I knew that at the inlet the dark sedge was shivering in the rising east wind, while the wates flowed through the darkness out to sea, where float wrecks of vessels lost on foggy nights.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

The noblest motive is the public good.—*Virgil.*

Whilst thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head.—*Shakespeare.*

Truth is at the bottom of a well, and the well has apparently caved in.

The value of a man's education cannot be estimated by the price he paid for it.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."—*Epictetus.*

A long life without rest or peace in God is nothing but a long martyrdom.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not up his wings.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

If every man would only take the advice he gives to other people he would be happy.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

A sheep rauch of 640,000 acres has just been surveyed in Menard county, Texas, for a Tennessee breeder.

A Kentucky debating society has been discussing the question—"Which is the bottom of a buckwheat cake?"

Rats used to abound in Paris before the siege, but now no complaints about them are heard. They were eaten away.

A small boy in Garrett county, Md., recently cut off two of his sister's toes with an ax "for fun."

Caroline Lambert, of Omaha, lived to be a hundred years old, and was then burned to death in a kerosene accident.

An Iowa paper speaks of a man having been lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw ever so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou art raw and ulcerous.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

Be firm, but be not too hasty to decide. Weigh well before you act, but having weighed, act promptly and abide the result. This is a test of judgment.

The good are said to die young, but according to insurance statistics a New England clergyman lives to be sixty-five years old.

Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on the harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Henry of France and Navarre wore a rich daggar at his belt during the ceremony of his marriage to his Marguerite, and this dagger has just been sold in Paris for about $2,500.

IDLENESS.—It is a great mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

THE DETROIT SOLOMON.

AN HOUR AT CENTRAL STATION COURT.

IT WASN'T DU SHAY.

"Poor Mrs. Du Shay!" sighed his Honor, as a corpulent female with short hair and red face was passed out.

"Who's Du Shay?" she replied. "I'd have you to know I'm Mrs. Linline."

"Linline is just as good a name as fishline. We'll skip that and make some circuitous inquiries in regard to that disturbance on Baubein street."

"Who's disturbed any Beaubien streets?" she demanded.

"Woman, it has come to my ears that your conduct on a certain portion of Beaubien street at 10 o'clock last evening was highly reprehensible."

"Who's he?"

"Don't you understand me?"

"How can I understand them big words? I don't go round school houses, do I? I'm an honest woman, and when another woman comes out and says I stole wood from her yard I'm going to defend my reputation, I am!"

"Some drunk—more fight—bad temper," he mused. "Do you plead guilty?"

"I plead that she called me a thief."

"And what did you do?"

"I didn't run around the corner, your Honor."

"Mrs. Linline, here are half a dozen of your neighbors who say that you make yourself a terror to them. You roam around like a loose cinnamon bear, cuffing children, striking women and daring men to knock a chip off your shoulder."

"Show me them as says so!"

"I shall have to show you about sixty days."

"Can I go down to Wyandotte and speak with my sister's husband?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then I'll——"

Then she went into the corridor.

HE WASN'T A TOPER.

"Is this Archibald Columbus?" asked his Honor of a six-footer.

"It are, sir."

"No relation to the late Christopher Columbus?"

"Not a relaish."

"While Christopher Columbus discovered America, the police discovered you."

"I s'spose they did, sir."

"Discovered you lying in a vacant lot last night, so drunk that it took two officers to bring you down."

"I s'pose it was that way."

"Well, what excuse can you make for such conduct?"

"My excuse, sir, is that I don't know anything about it any more than you do."

"Are you willing to take my statement?"

"No, sir, I never saw you before."

"Well, I guess my statement will have to stand in this case," remarked his Honor.

"You haven't entered a plea, have no defense, and I must find you guilty."

"Judge, do you regard me as a common drunkard?" asked the prisoner.

"You look as if something ailed you. You are six feet high, thin as a clothesline, and your voice hasn't any meat in it."

"I am not a toper, sir. What ails me is bankruptcy of the liver."

"I never heard of that disease."

"I presume not, but that's what ails me. I have to take cod liver oil in the morning, salts at noon, and paregoric in the evening, and if you had seen as much sorrow as I have, you wouldn't sit up there with a double chin on you."

"Be a little more choice in your language, Mr. Columbus."

"Well, it makes me mad when I think of what I've gone through with," replied the prisoner.

"You want to go home, don't you?"

"I do."

"And your file-like voice will be heard in this land no more?"

"My voice is my voice, and if they'll give me my hat I'll go, for I don't like to be wasting time."

He went.

Then Bijah cried out that the session was over, and the crowd filed out and left him to shovel up the peanut shucks and apple-cores.

WIT IN COURT.—The wit of a judge has sometimes been more conspicuous than his wisdom or his respect for the law. A curious old story, given in one of the publications of the Camden Society, may be taken as an illustration of this. The story is headed, "Much Justice and little Law," and runs thus: "There was a business that could not be conducted by a single justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a prerogative asse, would needs convent the parties before him. One, being a shrewd, understanding, plaine fellow, told him he thought his worshippe was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficient for the business. 'Why, sirrha,' sayes he 'am I not a justice of the peace?' 'Yes, an't please your worshippe.' 'And am I not a justice of the quorum?' 'Yes sir.' 'Why, then, sirrha,' says he, 'there is two justices for you;' and so he entered like a foole into the cause."

☞ He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

WHITE HOUSE WHITEWASH.

A correspondent wishes the receipt given some years since for the whitewash used on the east end of the White House. For her benefit and the benefit of others, it is repeated. Take one-half bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine seive or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dust. *It should be put on hot*, and for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Fine or coarse brushes may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Buildings or fences covered with it will take a much longer time to burn than if they were painted with oil paint. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade desired. Spanish brown will make a reddish pink when stirred in, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown makes a reddish stone color; yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mixed with lime; it destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel.—*New York Tribune.*

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up that man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune. Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire take?"

"The man played with fire and thoughtlessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"

"Yes, lot and all. All gone, slick and clean."

"That's singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire—and then I don't see how it could burn the lot."

"No, it was not a large fire, nor a very hot fire. Indeed it was so small that it attracted but little attention.

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You have not told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years—and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about one hundred and fifty dollars worth every year, until it was all gone."

"I can't understand you yet. Tell me all about it."

"Well, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars a month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year; and that, in twenty-one years, would amount to $3,750, besides all the interest. Now the whole sum wouldn't be far from ten thousand dollars. That would buy a fine house and lot. It would pay for a large farm in the country."

"Whew! I guess you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years; but I didn't know that it cost as much as that. And I haven't any house of my own; have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house—and all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which though it might be so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.

☞ Some business men think they are so well known that it is not necessary for them to advertise, but while they are congratulating themselves on their own popularity, some live man steps in, and by judicious advertising, secures all the new as well as many of the old customers, and builds up a trade that was not deemed possible by the "well-known merchant." The old settlers are passing away, and their places are being filled by new comers, who invariably consult the columns of the local papers to see who are the *live* business men, for they know they will do better with them, than with those who don't want to increase their trade.

Glory follows in the train of great men, and increases after their death, for envy does not long survive them; nay, it sometimes dies before them.—*Plutarch.*

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