

In the Chimney Corner.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

What do you see in the fire my darling? Golden haired lassie beside my knee...

SLOW AND SURE.

James Lingard, an old and solid city merchant, had in his employ two nephews, who had every opportunity of studying in the counting room...

This was a long speech for the old merchant, yet after a moment's pause he added:

"I have one thing more to say. This is all I propose to do for you. You have five times the capital I started with, and with it you must sink or swim."

His nephews thanked him heartily, and at once took measures to go into business. John Warren secured a modest shop at a moderate rent, and determined to do business on a cash basis...

Stephen Grey had larger ideas. He hired a shop at three times the rent, pushed his credit to the utmost, and made a great show at the outset.

Both young men were engaged, and both soon married. Here again, a difference was manifested.

John Warren hired a small, neat cottage just out of London, and furnished it in a cheap, inexpensive manner.

"I'm not going to live like a pauper," he said loftily.

"But you cannot afford such a house, Stephen," asked his cousin.

"My business profits will be much greater than yours," he answered. "I begin where you will be five years hence."

"Perhaps so," said John shrewdly. "But where will you be then?"

"Don't fear of me," said Stephen confidently; "I'm ashamed of you for not showing more enterprise. You've immured yourself in an obscure shop, where you will do next to no business."

"I don't know about that. I'd rather be slow and sure. It's better to hug the shore than get wrecked in mid-ocean."

"Perhaps so, but I know I am on the way to fortune. Ten years from now I shall have turned my five thousand pounds into a hundred thousand, while you may possibly have fifteen."

"I see you are not to be convinced."

"Nor you, I suppose."

"A lean of ten thousand pounds would give me a chance to right myself. Will you come to my help, Mr. Lingard?"

said Stephen one day about this time, in rather an insulting tone, to his cousin.

"I have no reason to complain of mine," said John, "it has served me well."

"But not so well as mine."

"It is hardly time to feel sure of that yet," said John.

"I don't agree with you. I shall keep on as I have begun. Indeed, I shall extend my operations. I am in treaty for a larger store, and—"

"For a larger store?" exclaimed John, surprised.

"Yes; it may suit you to poke along at a snail's pace, but I boast a little more enterprise."

"You can't expect things will always be as favorable as they have been this last year."

"We must take things as they come, of course, but when the sun shines, it's the time to make hay."

"I hope you will make plenty of it, and be ready for a shower, if that should come."

"Trust me for that. I know what I'm about. You'd better follow my example."

"How, move in to a larger store?"

"Yes, take this one which I am about to leave."

John shook his head.

"It is too large for me," he said. "I am not yet ready to enlarge my operations beyond my present limit."

"Well, it's good advice I'm giving you, whether you take it or not."

"I've no doubt you think so, Stephen, I hope you will meet with no reverse to shake your faith in your motto."

So the two cousins again separated, and each continued to do business in his own way.

But circumstances still favored Stephen. The rise in price continued, though not to as great an extent and his stock being larger, he cleared another five thousand pounds.

He began to think of himself and destined to be lucky, and in no danger of any reverses.

But at the end of the third year, which was less favorable, he barely held his own.

Still, he was worth fifteen thousand pounds. The tide had turned, and he should have taken in sail.

But this he saw no necessity for doing. So for two years longer he kept on his way.

In that time goods fell very considerably. His stock was very large, and his losses also very large.

His property had shrunk to eight thousand dollars, while John's had increased to nine thousand, and he was now the richer of the two.

John now felt authorized in renting a somewhat larger shop, while Stephen remained in his own.

I shall not be able, nor would it be interesting, to detail the varying fortunes of the succeeding years.

ment, anger and envy. John Warren to be placed so far above his head!

"Why is this?" he asked in an unsteady voice.

"It is because John Warren is a good, reliable business man. Had you shown the same good judgment, sagacity and moderation I should have taken you also into partnership; but I tell you frankly, I cannot trust my business in your hands."

Stephen left the office abruptly, angry and mortified. He was glad eventually to accept the clerkship, being utterly wrecked in business.

John Warren is at this time, his uncle being deceased, the head of the great firm, and a very rich man. Stephen is a disappointed man, but he has only himself to thank for it.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The reports which have been sent out from Hartford, Conn., in regard to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's being demented, are denied.

A Pretty American Countess.

I saw another American at Lucerne whom without knowing, I hold in high regard. I met her with her husband and a serious faced sister of charity looking at the pathetic inscriptions in the quaint little cemetery which surrounded the old Hofkirche.

A New Side to a Vital Subject.

At a recent entertainment in Newark, a dozen of the most desirable young society men, were regaled with viands prepared by the first young ladies of the city.

ABOUT SOCIETY LIFE.

Brazilian Women.

Society in Brazil is divided in three distinct classes—the aristocrats, the middle and the lower classes.

Works Through Over a Century Old.

Captain Jack Haynes, the engineer in charge of the elevator engine at the Fagan building, is 102 years old.

Tongue-tied wimmin are very scarce and very valuable.

SNAKE-POISON AS A MEDICINE.

A Man Who Considers Cobra Venom an Antidote for Cholera.

An editorial on the experiments made in the United States with the venom of cobras and rattlesnakes appeared in the Republic last year, and it is followed by the receipt of a letter from Mr. F. A. Perroux of Cooper's lane, Calcutta, East India.

He incloses a copy of a letter addressed to the Surgeon General at Washington informing him that cobra venom has been used in India as an antidote to cholera through hypodermic injection in small quantities.

Each person in the company takes a pencil and a sheet of paper and draws upon the top of the paper a picture describing something "which they have in their minds, such as a storm at sea."

A Valuable Machine.

There is now on exhibition at Washington a machine which it is claimed will enable American cotton planters to sell \$25,000,000 worth of cotton-seed which they cannot sell now for want of a market.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is a grate art to be superior to others without letting them know it.

Wherever the tree of benevolence takes root it sends forth branches above the sky.

Prosperity is like wine—large doses of it are pretty sure to reveal a man's true character.

When the good man dies, the tears are shed which he in life prevented from flowing.

You can often determine the value of a man's character from the character of his enemies.

Happiness is often at our side and we pass her by; Misfortune is far off and we rush to meet her.

True genius lurketh under cover while arrogance stalks abroad in the full light of day.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but by that time the funeral of some one's character is all over.

There is not much future for a young man who has learned how to spend a fortune before he knows how to make one.

Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and of ten times we call a man cold when he is only sad.

All successful flirts have sharp eyes—one eye they keep on you and one on the other fellow.

Vanity is called a discredited pashu, but the good things that men do can often be traced to their vanity than to their virtue.

Don't never provees, yung man; for if yu provees wrong, nobody will forget it, and if yu provees right nobody will remember it.

Excentricity when they are natural are sum indikashun of a superior mind; those who think different from others are apt tew akkt different.

Skurrility iz hiz trade; yu never kan make him ashamed, but he iz sure tew make yu.

Once in a great while Fortune will actually hunt for a man, but generally those who are favored with her smiles have to woo them.

It is a great piece of folly for a man to be always ready to meet trouble half way. If he would put all the journey on trouble he might never meet it.

A household without children is a bell without a clapper. The latent sound would be beautiful enough were there something to awaken it.

Have a purpose. A worthy purpose will speedily free the mind and spirit of the mumps and measles, dyspepsia and languor.

The sympathies of people are always with the unfortunate, because the people know they are so liable to be unfortunate themselves.

The prizes of life that are really worth having are seldom obtained by a mere stroke of luck. Usually they have to be toiled for strenuously and waited for patiently.

The truly virtuous do not very easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors, for if others may do amiss, then may these also speak amiss; man is frail and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fall in words.

Self-forgetfulness in love for others has a foremost place in our ideal of character, and our deep homage, as representing the true end of humanity.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, think of your wife, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of billiousness, exercise, go slow and easy.

There is a point in generosity beyond which a man's duty to himself, to his family, and to society at large forbids him to go. There stop. Let no flattery, no representations, however plausible, induce you to take one step beyond it.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided, if we could tread but six inches above the crust of the world. Physically we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.