

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Peck's Sun: A few months since a half dozen newspaper men were sitting in the cosy rooms of the Chicago Press Club, talking of things connected with their business, and changes that had taken place in the last decade, when one of the editors turned to a middle-aged man whose hair was originally red, but who had not much left to show, and said:

"But the greatest change of all has come over this dude, boys. Ten or a dozen years ago he was one of the red-hottest writers in the West, always warming it to a political enemy or anybody who was prominent. The paper he edited was a chronic grumbler, never could see any good in anybody, and to-day he is publishing a successful paper which is full of the greatest kindness to all the people, and never says a thing that could offend the most fastidious. I have often wondered what made the change. Speak out, old man, and tell us."

The rest of the crowd insisted on knowing what had caused the change, so the warm-haired editor said, after lighting a cigar:

"Well, boys, if you insist on it, here goes. Heretofore, when anybody has asked me what has caused the change in my style of writing, I have said that I found the new way had the most money in it. That is true, but that is not the cause of the change. As you well know, my early editorial experience was of a sensational nature. I was employed by those who seemed to delight in making enemies by saying mean things, and when I went in business for myself the habit followed me. I knew I could write as mean things as anybody in the business, and my greatest delight was to have some other newspaper pitch into me. I had a chip on my shoulder constantly, to speak figuratively, and was aching for some one to knock it off, or tread on the tail of my editorial coat. To think of it now, I must have been one of these smart Alecks we read about. It was not safe for an editor to allude to me in his paper, for I would say something mean or sarcastic that would make him my enemy. I gloried in quarrels, and when I went to an editorial convention half the editors were not on speaking terms with me. In the town I was living in the editors were all by the ears and wouldn't recognize each other on the streets. It was a constant fight, and 'the idiot who runs the opposition sheet over the way,' or 'the feeble-minded lunatic who, in his sane moments, contracts to pay his board, and stands off his landlady when in his normal condition,' etc. Life was one continued round of newspaper quarrels, and I don't believe I had a friend in the profession, unless it was somebody I had not got around to in my general abuse. One day my little 18-months-old baby was taken very sick, and for a week I was constantly at his bedside, and those I would naturally have abused got a rest. Finally death took the little one away, and I was completely broken down. During the interval between the death and the funeral I thought over my course, and how mean I had been to everybody, and I would have given the world if I could have recalled some of the mean things I had said of my neighbors, and I forgave everything that had been said about me. The next evening I picked up a paper published by one of my rivals, and there was such a touching notice of the death of my baby that I could have hugged 'the idiot who ran the opposition sheet.' Not a word in the article but would convey the impression that the editor was my dear brother, and there was a wealth of sorrow and condolence expressed for those who mourned. Other papers, whose editors I had abused, spoke in even more kindly terms, and when the funeral occurred there were three of the men to whom I had been the meanest, acting as pall-bearers, and tenderly conveying the body of my baby to the dust. At the close of the exercises they all shook hands with me, and there were genuine tears in their eyes as they saw my agony. As I pressed their hands harder than I ever pressed men's hands before or since, they knew better than I could have told them that all animosity had entirely passed out of my heart, and that I was their friend forever after. When I could do so without breaking down completely, I called upon them, and though nothing was said about the past, they knew and I knew that my work as a newspaper fiend was over. From that day, gentlemen, I have tried never to write an article that would cause pain to any man, woman or child on the face of God's green earth. I have made many persons happy in the years that have passed since the day that my journalistic enemies lowered the body of my baby into the grave, have written much that would amuse, but never a word that would harm, or cause a heart-ache, or make any person sorry it was written. Now, instead of enemies everywhere who would do me an injury, I have friends among all the people that I know, from little children to the gray-haired fathers and mothers, and that kind of literature pays, because it has brought not only friends but money in plenty. Now, there are no persons I am proud to meet and greet than the 'idiots and demented fiends who published alleged papers over the way.' That is the cause of the change in my style, the death of my baby, and the kindness I received at the hands of those I had abused." And the red-haired man lit his cigar, which had gone out, and went out onto Clark street, thinking deeply, leaving the other editors with tears in their eyes, also thinking deeply.

If the legs are not hollow, why is it they get drunk so easily?

The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity. A physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Wellington every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's Safe Cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat*.

The City of Seoul, Corea.

This place looms up before you with high towers in Chinese style pierced by cannon, and the city is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet in height, and built of solid stone. You may think you are about to enter some grand city with stately abodes, but on passing through the gate you find only thatched cottages, very wide streets, and scarcely any trees; and you are surprised that so grand a wall should be thought necessary to protect so insignificant a town. But there are throngs of people there, and bullocks and ponies laden with merchandise are passing you constantly. In the broad, open spaces called market places are groups of donkeys laden with vegetables, and bulls almost covered out of sight with loads of brushwood to be used as fuel. Along the little brooks which run through the city are washerwomen with their clothes-lines. The Coreans build their houses by erecting four pillars or posts at the corners, and filling in the walls with mud. The better houses of the wealthy are faced with stone, pointed with cement. Though these are better in quality than those of the poor, they are much the same style. You enter a house through a sliding door or window about three feet high, consisting of a light wooden frame work papered over to exclude the air and admit the light. There is a good house a veranda upon which the shoes of the inmates and visitors are left while they enter. In this tidy custom the Coreans resemble the Japanese; but the hollow space under the floor of the house, which is filled in winter with warm air, reminds you of the Chinese.

Grant and Stephens.

The following story is credited to Gen. Grant: He said that when the famous Peace Commission called on him and President Lincoln, in Virginia, he saw Alexander H. Stephens for the first time. He had often heard much of the Southern statesman, and had supposed him to be a very little man; but on seeing him in company with the other Commissioners he thought him astonishingly big. Stephens wore a huge overcoat, made of some rude material—coarse, the General said, than any Canadian cloth he had ever seen. The collar was more comprehensive than any he had come across, the tails touched the ground, and the circumference was in keeping with the rest of the ample proportions. In Grant's headquarters Stephens took off the coat and revealed himself the slender and in every way diminutive man he had been represented to be. It was the garment that had afforded bulk. The Peace Commission went up on the York River to see Lincoln, and a few days later the President came down to meet Grant.

"Did you see Stephens?" Lincoln asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Grant.

"See him in his overcoat?"

"Yes, sir."

"See him take it off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," and Lincoln roared with laughter, "ain't that the littlest ear out of the biggest shuck you ever saw in your life?"

Grant told the story with gusto, and seemed to especially recall Lincoln's quick sense of the ludicrous.

A Newly Discovered Metal.

Norwegium is the name of a newly discovered malleable metal of white color, with a tinge of brown. It presents when pure a metallic luster, but specific gravity is 9.4441. At 350 deg. C. on exposure to the atmosphere becomes coated with a thin film of oxide; its hardness is about that of copper, and it melts. It was found while examining a piece of nickel ore from Kragero, Norway.

A REAL King Charles dog weighs, when in good condition, about eight pounds, has a small, round head, a full, round hazel eye of great brightness and expression, a very short nose, fine drooping ears with black silky hair on them that almost touches the ground; a soft, long, black coat; delicate limbs fringed down behind each leg with hair of a rich tan; a graceful tail; tan at the side of the mouth and sometimes under the chin and on the eyebrows. There must be no white except a "tick" on the breast.

"S. n." said an old lawyer to a client that he thought was not telling him the truth, "never deceive a lawyer by lying to him about your case when he lies it in hand. He can attend to that branch of the business himself a great deal more efficiently than you can."

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Diplomacy and Chinaware.

M. Renan, in introducing De Lesseps to the French Academy, told a little story illustrative of the childish jealousy of the barbarian against which the wise diplomat has so carefully to guard. It was of Said Pasha and the Suez Canal matter that Renan was speaking: "The barbarian is always a child, and this friendship might have been broken like a goblet. This you knew; and in the whole relationship your rich and supple readiness appears. It is only the strongest natures which know how to deal with barbarians. Said had in this journey a service of Sevres china, and you had another. In spite of all precautions, the service of the Viceroy was broken to atoms, while yours was complete. This would never answer, and so, one day, the well-trained camel who carried your equipments was replaced by one almost wild, and specially lively. Nor did you care to change back again. It was but a few minutes before your Sevres service also flew in pieces. The Viceroy broke out into laughter, and the enterprise of the Isthmus was saved."

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Obscure Men Happiest in Wedlock.

No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king. No less a hero to her, though he is not to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. If he is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a very exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected.—*Alabama Baptist*.

"I HAVE sold hundreds, I might almost say thousands, of lots to Germans," said a Buffalo real-estate man, "and have noted one significant fact: The moment a German takes to whisky he's gone. He may swallow beer, ale, wine, and cider enough to float a ship, and yet pull through and pay for his lot, but old rye will lay him out. When a whisky-drinking German wants to deal with me I say 'No' with an emphasis that makes his teeth rattle."

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

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