

A HEMORIST'S CAREER.

Story of the Eventful Life of "M. Quad."

Charles B. Lewis, better known as "M. Quad" of the Detroit *Free Press*, has written a comedy, and Mr. and Mrs. Alf Weyman, the celebrated actor and actress, will soon put it on the stage in that city.

Lewis is truly a remarkable man. He began life a poor printer—so poor, in fact, that his proofs, after being read by the editor, looked like a map of Upper Canada. When he broke out he enlisted in the Sixth Michigan cavalry, and served gallantly until its close—and for nearly a year afterward, as the regiment, after the surrender of Lee, was sent to Fort Bridger, Utah, and was not mustered out until February, 1866. On the Yellowstone, in May, 1865, the command fought one of the bloodiest Indian battles in history, in which the gallant Col. Kidd, while riding at the head of his command in the same heroic manner as Custer, fell pierced with twenty-seven arrows. After the war Lewis returned to Michigan almost penniless, and again took up the stick and rule. Through the assistance of George Peck (who was once a congressman from Michigan), editor of the *State Journal*, in which paper he had occasionally contributed, he secured a situation as local editor on the Maysville (Ky.) *Bulletin*. While en route to Maysville, to enter upon the duties of the only lucrative office he had ever received, the Mississippi river, blew up, killing and wounding some forty persons and more or less injuring all the others. Lewis, horribly scalded and disfigured, was blown some fifteen yards, landing on the bank of the river. When picked up, life appeared to be extinct, and his appearance was such that he was mistaken for a negro, loaded into a cart and driven to the dead-house. On exhibiting signs of life he was removed to a hospital, and, after weeks of intense suffering, began to mend. When at last able to leave that institution, he found his Maysville position had long been filled, and he returned to Maysville and sought employment he happened into the office of the *Pontiac Jacksonian*, and, with out copy, set from the case an article headed, "How it Feels to be Blown Up." The article was humorous and graphic to a remarkable degree, and there are few publications in America in which it has not appeared. It may be said of Lewis that "he went to bed one night, and awoke in the morning and found himself famous." He used the steamboat company, and recovered \$10,000. This sum he invested in *Free Press* stock, and has ever since been an attaché of that paper, though for years he has contributed to the columns of Eastern literary periodicals. In 1874 he published a book of selections, entitled "Quad's Odds," which ran through several editions, and a half interest in which he sold for \$12,000. In a recent letter to the writer, Mr. Lewis states that his weekly income is now \$210, making a magnificent annuity of some \$10,000.

Quad has but one eccentricity, or "weakness," as it is called, and that is peanuts, of which he is very fond. It is doubtful if there has been a moment during the past ten years when his coat-pockets did not contain peanuts. He never passes a huckster's stall on the street without pausing to reach around to see if his stock of this peculiar vegetable needs replenishing. If he meets a child crying on the street, he never inquires the cause, but stops, reaches into his coat-pockets, loads the tearful youngster up with a double-handful of peanuts, and hurries on his way. Sighting a newsboy or bootblack ahead, whose countenance indicates cold weather or depressed business, he gets ready a handful of peanuts, calls "Here, boy," and the transfer is made without once breaking his pace. Lewis claims that two cents' worth of peanuts, judiciously bestowed, will carry more satisfaction to a human heart—while the action encourages it to brace up against the world—than a \$500 gift to pay off a church debt.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

Remedies Worth Trying.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, referring to his recovery from a dangerous illness, says: "I mention this illness that I may tell you how easily I was cured. I was in bed, I could not breathe. My physician was summoned to take a flat-iron and heat it as hot as I could bear; but a double fold of flannel on the painful part and move the iron to and fro on the flannel. I was cured by enchantment. My doctor told me that some time since a professor in one of our colleges, after suffering some days with neuralgia in the head, which he himself tried to cure, sent for the former, who prescribed a hot flat-iron. The next time the doctor saw the professor the latter exclaimed with mock anger: 'I really shall not pay you any fee! I had no sooner applied the heated iron than all pain vanished! That is as simple as good day; surely you cannot expect a fee for it?' My physician was summoned recently to the bedside of a woman who had neuralgia in both sides and so violent she alarmed the whole neighborhood by the screams which her intolerable anguish wrung from her. She was taken from her bed and borne near the fire. In such severe cases a heated iron is not energetic enough. He has an iron rod fastened in an ivory handle. He heats this rod to white heat (which causes less pain than red heat) and applies it very slightly to the seat of pain, first in longitudinal, then in latitudinal lines. The application is so light that no trace is left but red lines on the epidermis, which are soon effaced. In twenty minutes the woman walked back to bed and the third day afterward quitted it entirely freed from neuralgia. This instrument is not to be entrusted to awkward hands. Three weeks ago one of our brilliant artists was invited to shoot by the owner of a chateau in whose grounds there are wild fowls in abundance. He woke, the morning after arrival at this gentleman's house, with sciatica in his right thigh. He could not leave his bed. The nearest doctor who sent for. 'I can do nothing which will give you immediate relief.' The artist is a patient of my physician. He told the doctor what to do. The latter declined taking the responsibility of any such violent treatment. 'But I assume all responsibility.' The doctor applied an iron rod heated to white heat, but so awkwardly that the artist has scars the size of a five-franc piece on his thigh. He was nevertheless cured, and enjoyed a week's sport without one other twitch of pain.

The electric light on the Cunard wharf is working well, and it is now proposed to light the harbor with these machines. One placed on Fort Independence and another on Cunard wharf would enable a vessel to enter the harbor in the darkest night or densest fog.—*Boston Advertiser.*

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Spilling a Bombshell.

When Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the South of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be; and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea.

One could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct. He had a half-holiday on his birthday, and he went down to the seaport town of M—, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematics, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail the ship, he was taught how to coil a rope and to help wash the deck. He was a ship's boy—not a midshipman.

When poor Tom found out this lamentable fact, he made up his mind that he would run away the first time the vessel touched a port. But when she did reach a port, he re-made up his mind, and concluded to stay on board.

By a little observation he found that it would be a difficult and dangerous thing for him to try to run away, and besides he had no money to take him home. It would be better, he thought, to stay on board the ship, where he had made some friends, and where he was getting on a good deal better than any other ship-boy. For the under-officers soon found out that Tom was made of sterner stuff than the other boys, and they could not help thinking, too, that he had been a great fool to come on board in such a position. But they did not tell him so, for that would have helped no one, and might have spoiled a very good ship's boy.

Tom wrote home whenever he had a chance, and he had some long letters from his family, which were forwarded to him with the other letters for the ship.

But after he had been on board the *Hector* about six months, he got a short letter, which pleased him more than anything in the letter line he had ever received. This told him that as his friends had become convinced that he was really very much attached to a life on the sea, and that as his officers had reported well of him, they had obtained for him an appointment as midshipman.

Now Tom was happy. Now he would really learn mathematics and navigation, and now he had a chance to work himself up into a good position. It would seem as if this thoughtless boy had been rewarded for running away from school, and giving his family so much anxiety and trouble. But things sometimes happen that way, though it does not do to trust to any such good fortune. In a few years, Tom often regretted that he had not stayed at school and finished portions of his education which had to be entirely neglected on board ship. And he also had some immediate cause for repentance, for he found that some of his companions were very willing to joke about the ship as he had come among them, although they knew that he was just as much of a gentleman as any of them.

In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the *Hector* was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the *Hector* fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "*Hector*" needed rather more attention, and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the *Hector's* deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

The Cliff-Dwellers.

Long before Columbus' discovery, probably early in the Christian era, civilization began in America. Five distinct native civilizations are known to have existed: one in Peru, one in Yucatan, one in Mexico, one in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado, and one in the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.

The latter were mound-builders, who worked the copper mines of Lake Superior and worshipped the American eagle. The New Mexican race we call the Pueblos, or town-builders, and toward the close of their career the Cliff-dwellers.

When the whites came to this continent the Peruvians and the civilizations of Yucatan and Mexico were flourishing; the Cliff-dwellers had nearly disappeared, and the Mound-builders had been swept away and replaced by barbarous northern hordes. Living in a moist land rich in wood, they built of nothing but wood, and most of their works perished with them; but the New Mexican people occupied a dry, elevated and barren country abounding in plateaus and cliffs, where agriculture, requiring irrigation, could be carried on only along the borders of the few and widely-separated streams, or where water could be stored in reservoirs. The region was and is a desert, in which settlements mark oases. Wherever the Pueblos could cultivate the ground they built towns of stone or sun-burnt brick, the only material at hand in this nearly-woodless land. They raised cotton, corn, pumpkins, beans and other vegetables, had domestic animals, and were quite advanced in weaving, pottery-making, and other primitive arts. At one time they occupied every available spot in eastern Arizona, New Mexico and southern Colorado; but the natural conditions of climate and topography forbade that any great accumulations of wealth should repay the endless patience of their toil. A bare subsistence was all that could be wrung from the desert land.

When, therefore, the northern tribes began to crowd down upon the scattered settlements, these wild men of the chase, who, having neither property nor fixed homes, had everything to gain and nothing to lose in the struggle, slowly wore out the strength of the more civilized race. While the services of every man, woman and child must have been needed in agriculture to secure a living, a large proportion of the male population were in arms resisting the increasing incursions of nomads. Weakened by battle and famine, the gentler race, who had treasured and developed the sacred germ of human progress, abandoned their cities in the valleys and took refuge in ledges of almost inaccessible cliffs. Here they built themselves stone houses, not to be approached except by ladders, and supported themselves on what could be raised along streams at the foot of the rocks. All of this transpired before the fifteenth century.

When the Spaniards first penetrated into New Mexico, they heard fabulous tales of seven inhabited cities, full of gold and silver, perched on the summit of a high rock. They vainly endeavored to cross the deserts separating them from these so-called cities of Cibola. Almost nothing was known of them until a United States government expedition, overcoming great obstacles, encamped finally at the foot of the escarpment plateau, on whose top stand the seven Mogul towns. They found a civilized agricultural people, clad in cotton and woolen garments, engaged in weaving, engaged in cultivating maize, vegetables and fruit, but also men of the chase, and thoroughly warlike.

This is the only surviving remnant of that once-powerful people, who, driven from the valleys to the cliffs, perished at last by the hands of the wild tribes we are now exterminating.—*Albany Journal.*

Latent Forces.

A Kansas mule, of the brindle denomination, was standing in a pasture field, backed up uncomfortably close to a mid-eyed Texas steer. The mule was not feeling in a very good humor. He had lost his railroad ticket, or had a note to lift, or somebody had kicked his dog or something. Anyhow, he was cross, and feeling just ready to do something mean the first chance he got. By and by a careless swish of the Texan's tail gave him the longed-for provocation, and before the mule got his heels back to the ground, the Texan thought somebody had shot him with a double-barreled cannon. And then the steer slowly turned his head, and opened wide his clear, pensive eyes, and without swearing or catching his breath or saying a word, he just lifted one of his hind legs about eight feet from the ground and tapped the astonished mule with his cloven hoof, right where he lived. And the mule curled up in a knot and gasped, "Oh, bleeding heart!" And then he leaped up against a tree to catch his breath, and sat down on the ground and opened his mouth to get air, and finally he laid down and held his legs up in the air and said, in a husky whisper, that if he could only die and be over with it, he would be glad. But he got over it a little after a while, and as he was limping sadly toward the fence, trying to think just how it happened, and wondering just where he was hit, he met his mother, who noticed his useful countenance and his painful locomotion.

"Well," she said, "and what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," the mule said faintly.

"Oh, nothing. I have just kicked a book agent."

"Heaven save us," said his mother with derisive accent, "I thought you had more sense."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Second-hand Suit.

A big one hundred and eighty pounder, whose long legs and bulky body were jammed into a second-hand suit of clothes two sizes too small, entered the Central station yesterday with his ear bleeding and a bunch on his jaw. As soon as he was encouraged to speak he began:

"Well, to begin on, I'm a nass, and to end, I'm a fool!"

"I've got that down," said the captain, as he made notes on a sheet of paper.

"You see," continued Bulky, "I wanted to get my tin-type taken, and I wanted it took with a red necktie on. Red just shows off gorgeous on a tin-type, and this one of mine was going clear to Injany."

"That's down."

"Well, I went to a clothing store down here, and the fellow he bowed and shook hands, and he had red neckties ranging all the way from fifteen cents to three million dollars apiece. I got one—here, she is. I don't claim to know anything about carpets, but I do believe I kin pick out the best red necktie of any kind of my inches in North America. The all right, I'm satisfied with the tie; but just put your eyes on this suit of clothes!"

"I've seen better fits and more harmony in colors," observed the captain.

"Fits! Why, these clothes were built for a yearling calf, while I'm a three-year-old elephant! Harmony! Why, here's brown, black, red, green and saddle-color, all in heap!"

"Well, why did you get 'em?"

"Yes, why did I get 'em?" repeated the man as he fell into a chair. "Write me down as another fool, and draw a line under the fool. These are clothes hung there in that store, and when that 'ere man smiled and bowed and offered 'em to me for fifteen dollars I had no more idea of takin' 'em than you have of eatin' alligator-steak for dinner. Then his wife bowed and smiled and offered 'em to me for thirteen, and said I had the prettiest pair of shoulders she ever saw. Then the old man knocked off another dollar and said the clothes once belonged to a millionaire here, and that when I got into 'em and walked up the street every hat would come off to glorify me."

"And you believed it?"

"Believed it! I riz me down as an idiot—a nass—a fool—who don't know 'nuff to chaw slippery-shin! Of course, I believed it! One of 'em was praisin' my legs, and the other my shoulders, and both smiling and bowing, and I took these duds at seven dollars—shoot me, if I didn't!"

"And pedestrians took off their hats to you, did they?"

"Did they! That's the meanest thing of all! I thought these 'ere things 'sposin' they belonged to a millionaire, but I hadn't got a block from the store when a big-necked ruff dances up to me, calls me Jim the Kicker, and says he's going to lick me for giving him away to the police. These 'ere duds sold me right out in a minit, and I got a couple of cents on the head which have kept my brains playin' pull-away ever since the boys helped me up."

"And what do you want me to do—make an arrest?"

"Arrest be hanged!" shouted Bulky as he jumped up. "Do you s'pose I'm a squealer? Do I cry when I get bitten? Never! I can perish, but I cannot squeal! Forward!"

He started for the river, an officer following at a distance, but he changed his mind about suiciding, and was last seen sitting on a barrel of Akron cement peeling a herring with one hand and pulling down his vest with the other, while an old apple woman was saying:

"I s'pose ye was driven into them clothes by machinery; but what sort of machinery it is that'll drive ye out of 'em is more than a poor old woman like me has business to know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Decision on Politeness.

Certain persons, who think it an evidence of being a good fellow to call gentlemen with whom they have only a slight acquaintance by their first names, may be edified upon reading that a decision on politeness was recently given by the supreme court at Boston. A hotel clerk sued his employers, who had discharged him before his time was up, for alleging that he had injured their business by being too familiar with guests in addressing them by their Christian names or surnames only. The court said: "To address a person by his Christian name, unless the parties have been intimately connected, socially and otherwise, is uncalled-for familiarity, and, therefore, insulting to the party so addressed. To address a party by his surname only shows a want of respect, and would imply that the party so addressed was beneath the party addressing; therefore it is discourteous, and would be considered insulting. To speak of employers by their surname only shows a great want of respect on the part of the employee toward the employer. While it may be customary for a person to address his junior clerks or under servants by their Christian or surnames, to address others so shows a want of respect, and the party so addressed would naturally evade contact in the future with any one who had previously so addressed him."

Politeness, added the court, costs nothing; but the want of it had cost the plaintiff the loss of his situation. The complaint was dismissed, with costs.

Strange Murder Agents.

The reported attempt of the king of Burnah to procure the murder of the claimant of his crown is a fair sample of the way in which state questions are settled in the east, where political assassination has for ages been one of the recognized functions of government. The commonest method of accomplishing this is, of course, by armed violence; but where this happens to be impracticable, other and yet darker means are employed. One of the most singular of these is to mix with the doomed man's food a tiger's whiskers chopped small, which, from the internal inflammation caused by them, make the victim's death merely a question of time. The same result is produced by the employment of diamond-dust, a device which received unexpected publicity three or four years ago, in consequence of the attempt made by the late gawkwar of Baroda upon the life of Colonel Phayre, the British resident at his court. But the most formidable of all these hidden weapons is the subtle poison extracted from the common thorn apple, which attacks the mind instead of the body, and which, administered in doses too small for detection, has converted many a brave and gifted leader into a gibbering idiot.

The total present strength of the regular British army is about 200,000, of which about half are absent from the country in India and the colonies.

Facts About Printing.

Movable types for printing were not used until the fifteenth century.

Books were printed by the Chinese and other eastern nations from engraved blocks long before the invention of type.

The first type were wood. The same material is still much used for the larger varieties of letters.

Johannes Gutenberg is generally believed to have been the first to manufacture movable types.

An edition of Donatus was the first book printed from movable types.

The finest letters were characters imitating handwriting. Printing was introduced into Paris in 1740; into London four years later.

Roman type was first made in 1465. Italic about the year 1500.

Type founding was a part of the business of a printer, and was declared a distinct art by a decree of the Star Chamber.

The largest-sized type used for books is great primer; the smaller sizes are English, pica, small pica, long primer, bourgeois, brevier, minion, nonpareil, agate, pearl, diamond and brilliant.

Pearl is the smallest type found in ordinary printing offices.

In America printers are paid by the 1,000 ems (M), an em being equivalent to about two letters. In England the matter is measured by ems (N), 2,000 of which equal 1,000 ems.

A good compositor will set, correct and distribute about 6,000 ems a day of ten hours. Several of the New York newspapers are printed from stereotype plates, which are prepared with great rapidity and melted over for use again in printing the next edition. So rapidly is this work performed that in some instances forms have been got ready for the press in twenty minutes after the last page had been given to the stereotyper.

The hand press was invented in 1450 and is still used, without any important improvement, in the majority of country newspaper offices.

Ink rollers are made of a mixture of molasses and glue, and were invented by one Gannal, a glue manufacturer of Paris.

The first newspaper ever printed by steam was the *London Times* of Nov. 28, 1814.

The World's Largest Diamonds.

A story comes from Partail, India, where diamonds are usually found—Golconda being the place where they are merely cut and polished—that the largest diamond in the world has lately been discovered there. It is said to weigh 400 carats, thirty-three carats more than the famous stone belonging to the Rajah of Mattau. The story is, in all probability, much bigger than the diamond, and both will be likely to diminish under careful examination. Great diamonds are interesting, because they nearly always have curious and romantic histories. The Regent or Pitt diamond, 136 1/2 carats, cut, found in Hyderabad, was taken to England by Pitt, grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham, and sold by him to the due d'Orleans for a sum equivalent to \$650,000. It ornamented the sword-belt of Napoleon; was taken by the Prussians at Waterloo, and is now among the crown jewels of the emperor of Germany. The Sancl, another celebrated stone, once belonged to Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, where he fell. It then passed to the hands of Anton, king of Portugal, and he, being embarrassed, disposed of it for \$20,000. Then it was purchased, after divers changes, by a Frenchman named Sancl, whence its designation. One of his descendants, having been sent as ambassador to Henry III., at Soize, the king demanded the jewel as a pledge. The servant, carrying it to the monarch, was waylaid by robbers and murdered, but not before he had swallowed the diamond. His master, confident of his fidelity, caused the body to be opened, and found the precious stone. After a while it was secured by the government of Great Britain, and James II. carried it to France in 1688. After varied fortunes, Louis XV. got hold of it and wore it at his coronation. Then it passed from hand, and was bought, fifty odd years since by a Russian nobleman, for \$400,000, and is said to belong now to one of his heirs. As it is too valuable for almost anybody to keep, it will continue, no doubt, as the years go on, to add to its memorable history. Diamonds supply most of the romance of precious stones.

Sick-Room Hints.

Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive if no one suspect that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is this decision more blessed than in a sick-room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced, all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true—there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper—but she is not loud. Though quiet, however, she never walks tip-toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above-board. She knows no diplomacy or finesse, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not pester. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skillfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She carries one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, at the right time she knows how to conceal.

Hobbies.

It is estimated that there are in Philadelphia not less than 2,000 collections of old coins and autographs. The hobby is confined entirely to the male sex. Speaker Randall has a fondness for specimens of the golden currency, and is the proud possessor of a collection comprising a specimen of every gold coin which has been coined in the United States. Simon Gratz, ex-President of the board of education, has the reputation of possessing the largest collection of autographs in existence in this country. William S. Vaux, a cousin of the ex-mayor of that name, has an immense collection of old paper money and coins—among the latter being a fine 1804 cent, which has an extraordinary value. Perhaps the largest collection in America is in the possession of a Tenard druggist. His accumulations, the labor of over thirty years, are valued at \$75,000. Among things, a complete collection of copper, silver and gold issues of the United States, together with a nearly complete set of the old colonial coins.

An International Exposition at New York in 1883.

We publish an interesting and important communication in advocacy of holding the next American international exposition in this city in 1883. That there will be such a festival held in America within ten years admits of no doubt; for, in spite of much mismanagement, of inevitable dissatisfaction on the part of many exhibitors, and positive losses incurred by some, it is certain the Centennial exposition of 1876 has resulted in great benefit to American industry and commerce. That the next occasion of the kind should be carefully and scientifically prearranged in such manner as to secure the greatest possible advantages, both material and moral, is a self-evident proposition. The two important decisions which require to be made without loss of time are place and date.

In respect to the former subject a final decision is easy. While Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other ambitious cities would offer a hearty welcome to the next international festival, there is no city that can dispute either the pre-eminence claims or the exceptional facilities of the metropolis of America. That question may be regarded as settled. In respect to the date, it must be remembered that this is a matter upon which the wishes, the convenience and the interests of other nations must be consulted. The number of such nations, however, is small, and the probabilities of their action can be estimated without much difficulty. Germany and England have not held expositions for several years, and, as our correspondent points out, both are discussing the advisability of such an exposition for 1885. There should never be an interval of less than two years between such festivals, so that it will be safe to concede to London and Berlin a pre-emption to the years 1885 and 1887. Although little has yet been said on the subject, it may be set down as an absolute certainty that France will in 1889 celebrate the centenary of her great revolution with an exposition surpassing in magnificence every previous festival of the kind. It is equally certain that America as a whole will celebrate in a similar manner in 1892 the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

We must, therefore, appoint our next exposition in view of the above facts. The date should, if possible, commemorate an important national anniversary; it should be as nearly as possible intermediate between 1876 and 1892; it should not conflict with dates to which other nations have a superior claim; it should be neither so far off as to paralyze present interest, nor so near as to afford insufficient time for due preparation. All of these conditions are fulfilled by the year 1883, the centenary of our acknowledged independence and of the evacuation of the city of New York by the British troops.—*New York Herald.*

True Success.

"—the men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least."

It was a favorite remark of an old sea captain whom Causcur knew, that he learned in youth never to talk about anything that he had determined upon. "Men waste their energy in talk," he would say, "and have none left for their enterprises. But if they are wise enough to keep still, and devote themselves to doing, they will find that their actions speak for themselves and that talk is unnecessary." Good advice this, but many find it hard to follow. Man is a social animal, and there is a certain pleasure in discussing one's plans with a friend and enjoying their fruits in anticipation. Some go through the world in a cold-blooded, calculating way, seeking advantage at every turn, and doubtless finding it, but are they, after all, not the best patterns to model after? Is not a little human weakness of this sort rather amiable, on the whole? It certainly is true that he who keeps his mouth shut and his ears open, lays deep plans, and watches his opportunity as a cat watches to take the fatal spring, stands a better chance of what the world calls success than the more confiding kind. But what is success? Is it simply to lay up store of this world's goods? The many so view it, but those who have looked deeper feel that he is most truly successful who has borne his share of life's burdens and troubles, who has opened his heart to his fellow-men, whose thoughts have not been of self alone, and the workings of whose mind have not been wholly concealed. Of course prudence is to be observed, and care must be taken in the choice of confidants. And moreover

"—still keep something to yourself!
You scarcely tell to any."

But don't seal up the windows of your soul too tightly. It needs an occasional airing.—*Causcur in Boston Transcript.*

"Picayunes."

Circumstances alter cases—in court.
Greenbacks in politics are old issues.
Hearing the murmur of the mighty ocean the river ran down to sea.

The soldiers who cry for quarters are those who stand out on the picket-line in freezing weather.

The man who prepares his own tombstone and monument, can show to the world exactly what he thinks of himself.

Lord Bacon has said: "It is not the desire of change that should bring about the change, but the need of it." This, however, makes no change in a man's pocket.

A writer of facts for farmers says hens do not lay well after they are three years old. They set well, however, and can be sold for spring chickens.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Advertising.

While the advertiser eats and sleeps, printers, steam engines and printing presses are at work for him, trains and steamers are bearing his words all over the land, and thousands of men are reading with more or less interest the messages he sends them through the columns of his local paper. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or so eloquently as you may do with the newspaper-man's assistance.—*Friars Point Gazette.*

Facts speak for themselves. A woman's tongue is a severe fact.