

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 German street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

THE DEVIL AND THE PRESS.

A worthy clergyman of this city, who charms many by his eloquent sermons, is understood to have a deep rooted and invincible aversion to the devil and the newspapers. It is but justice to him to say that he does not usually couple them together in his discourses, whatever he may do in his heart, and while there is no evidence that he considers the devil the more objectionable of the two, he gives him much more frequent abuse. Possibly this is due to a recognition of the fact that, whatever may be the intention the devil reaches more people than does the press, and has therefore a considerably greater potentiality for evil.

It is reported that while catechizing a Sunday school, recently, this worthy clergyman asked the children to name a habit he had in mind which men would be the better for giving up. One child answered "rum," another "cigarettes," and another "tobacco," but when all had guessed in vain, the catechist replied that he had meant "newspapers." There were some men, he said who spent ten cents or more every week in buying the wretched newspapers, and if every man would stop doing so, and give what he saved to the MEADLEY memorial, the fund would soon be as large as was required. He would not save anything by it himself, he added, because he never spent any money in buying newspapers.

It is not likely that any of the children went home with the impression that newspapers in the abstract are among the great curses which are permitted to afflict the human race. This might have been the case a few hundred years ago, when some well meaning people were under the impression that the art of printing was an invention of the evil one, or later when the merry STUARTS objected to newspapers in England, but it cannot happen now. For good or for evil, the newspapers have got beyond the stage when either the church or the state can affect their great and growing power over the people.

Exclusive of magazines and class periodicals, there are about 15,000 newspapers in the United States and Canada. They are few in number as compared with the churches of various creeds and sects, but they reach and enter into the lives of a vastly larger number of people. It may be a pity that it is so, but the fact is patent. The newspaper with any sort of a circulation reaches more people every time it appears than is reached by the most popular preacher in any sermon he preaches, unless his sermons are published in a newspaper. Supposing a preacher in St. John has the large average of 500 hearers every time he delivers a sermon, he reaches only one individual for every one hundred and twenty reached by PROGRESS every time it is issued. Each year, too, as the ignorance of the human race yields more and more to the influence of education the number of newspaper readers, the world over, increases. The human race will not stop reading "the wretched newspapers."

Perhaps it is just as well that they will not. While it may be quite true that the mission given to the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost was purely a teaching mission and that they received the gift of tongues rather than the invention of printing, that the instruction should be by word of mouth and not by published works, yet even the secular newspaper is not without its use as an aid to the church in the present age of the world. It may be that a good many men could now stop reading newspapers and be none the worse for it, but if they never had read newspapers would their minds be as well fitted to appreciate pulpit truths as they now are? What kind of a world would we have now if there were no newspapers? What would be the condition of society if nobody read the newspapers now? What kind of a memorial would be erected to Bishop MEADLEY if the funds came only from the people who do not read

newspapers, and in what future era of the world would it be finished? The secular newspapers undoubtedly publish much that is not helpful to a growth in grace, but this is usually simply a narration of the wickedness of mankind. It is not an age in which people can be kept ignorant of what is happening. It may be that too much prominence is given to the bad side of life and too little to the good side, but even the inspired writers of the Old Testament have depicted scenes and incidents which painfully illustrate the villainy of man when left to work out his own evil nature. The secular press can be made more potent for good than it is, and a comparison of journalism past and present will show that its tone is vastly higher now than it was in the past. At any rate, for better or worse, it is the great power of the world, and the pulpit should seek to enlist it as an auxiliary rather than to consider it, even at its worst, as an opponent. This is the view taken by the majority of the clergymen. They need all the help the world can give them in the combat against ignorance, folly and vice. They can find no human help more powerful than the press, even "the wretched newspapers."

AN APOSTLE OF MOHAMMED.

Some time ago, PROGRESS gave an account of the proposed Mohammedan mission of ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, formerly United States consul at Manila. Mr. WEBB was at that time lecturing in Asia, and had declared his intention of coming to America to convert his fellow-countrymen to the Musselman faith. He believed that it was only necessary to disabuse the minds of intelligent people of the prejudice and ignorance with which they are clouded, in order for his propaganda to meet with success on the Western continent. Since then, Mr. WEBB has arrived in New York and began his work.

He delivered a lecture on his adopted faith not long ago. It was given at a private house to a circle of friends and acquaintances who were anxious to be enlightened on the merits of his faith. The adoption of the oriental costume is not part of the faith, in this part of the world, and so Mr. WEBB appeared in evening dress, just as any common Christian would do. And from the fact that such phrases as, "isn't it" and the like were part of his vernacular, it may be assumed that he is not strictly adherent to the oriental idiom.

Mr. WEBB claims to be an educationalist rather than a missionary. His declared mission to America is to establish a Mohammedan newspaper and to publish books by which the Americans can learn more of the ways of Islam than the average man is likely to obtain by any other means at his disposal in this country. A part, and an important part, of the work will be to disabuse the people of many preconceived and erroneous ideas. One of these is in regard to polygamy.

The true follower of the Prophet, says Mr. WEBB, can not marry as many wives as he wishes. That used to be the way among the Arabs, before MOHAMMED'S advent, but that good man was a reformer of customs in this respect. He decreed that a man could marry no more than from one to four wives, according to his circumstances, and thus placed a limit somewhere, which is more than is done among the Mormons of Christian America. According to him, too, MOHAMMED was a dress reformer, and now the women of the orient are horrified and scandalized at what they hear of the attire in which women appear in public in Christian countries. Mr. WEBB, however, seems to have no idea that a plurality of wives will be recognized generally when America is converted, but he does claim that in the matter of morality generally the Musselman in the abstract is far and away beyond the Christian.

In another important respect, too, he draws a comparison unfavorable to our boasted civilization. The Mohammedans are temperate, and no genuine follower of the Prophet will saturate his interior economy with whiskey.

The meaning of the word Islam is "resignation to God," and the principle it strives to teach is that all men are brothers and stand on the same level, the rich and the poor alike. This too, is what Christianity teaches, and indeed in nearly all of the features of Mohammedanism worthy of consideration there is a close copying of the precepts of the New Testament. The trouble is that a very small proportion of nominal Christians try to live up to what they are taught, while it is claimed the Mohammedans do. This, however, may be only Mr. WEBB'S fortunate experience, for no system of itself can make a man morally better unless he tries to live up to it. A Christianized Turk in America may make a good citizen, while a Mohammedan Yankee in Arabia may break all records as a violator of the commands of the Koran. If the mosque devotees of Constantinople are a morally better people than the church goers of New York, it is probably because they lack the pernicious activity of their American cousins, and not because they have any better teaching, whatever Mr. WEBB may think. Unfortunately for his argument, however, there are some pretty tough Turks, as all the world knows, but Mr. WEBB gets rid of them in a very summary manner. "I do not pretend to say that the Mohammedans

in general carry out the precepts of MOHAMMED as he wished," he explains, after having previously given the idea that all true Musselmans were nearly perfect. "Neither," he adds, "do the Christians carry out the precepts of JESUS. In the Philippine Islands the Christians are the most ignorant and superstitious people I ever saw. Yet they pass as Christians. You must not judge Islam by the Mohammedans you see about the streets of Bagdad or Bombay or Cairo. Judge it by the educated and intelligent and enlightened followers it has. Judge it by the teachings of the Koran. Read the Bible, then, read the Koran. And if any fair-minded man does not say that the Koran is the better book, I'll eat it."

The latter declaration would imply that Mr. WEBB differs from COL. INGERSOLL by having a religion of some kind, but that both are a unit in their opinion of the Christian Bible. The Apostle of Islam, indeed, remarks that he does not consider the Old Testament at all proper, and that, with God's help, his two little girls shall never read it. He, however, seems to approve of christianity, as far as it goes, but thinks the Koran superior to the New Testament as a moral guide. "The moral teachings of all systems, of Islam, of Buddhism, of Christianity are the same," he says. All the great inspired teachers taught the same ethical code. The only question is which has formulated it so that it shall be the best guide to men. There is the esoteric side to Mohammedanism, for the educated, for the enlightened. There is the exoteric side for the ignorant masses. The same is true of Christianity."

It is probable Mr. Webb will secure converts to Islam in the United States, where there is always a certain proportion of the loose fish whose religion consists of negations and who are stumbling around after a faith that they can adopt. Buddhism has or did have, disciples in Boston and there is no reason why Mohammedanism should not fare equally as well. It will doubtless be some time, however, before Mr. Webb's new Mohammedan newspaper will be established on a paying basis. There is not much money in the propagation of abstract philosophy in these times.

NEVER MIND THE DEBT.

The common council, on Thursday, refused to entertain an amendment by Ald. BAXTER by which some check would be put on the expenditure for streets during the coming year. The street department is already thirty thousand dollars in debt and at the rate things have been going there is every probability that the sum will be largely increased. A resolution of the board of works, indeed, has made a show of an intention to watch matters by providing that the director of works and the chamberlain make monthly reports as to the work done, the number of men employed and the liability incurred. Ald. BAXTER wanted to go beyond this and provide that, except in cases of emergencies, no fresh expenditures be made for streets, unless by order of the board, until the present indebtedness is wiped out. His motion did not meet with favor for several reasons. One of these was that it seemed to express more than it intended and some of the aldermen had an idea that all expenditure for streets was to be stopped. The longest and loudest "speech" made on the subject was based on this erroneous supposition. Ald. BAXTER, in closing the debate, explained that he was simply trying to get a check upon the expenditure, and not to stop any work that was necessary, but by this time a number of the council had made up their minds to vote against his amendment, and so it was easily defeated.

Another reason for the defeat of the proposition was that it emanated from a young member of the board and that he belonged to Carleton. The narrow, sectional feeling was very clearly shown in the irrelevant remarks of Ald. CHESLEY in regard to the ferry, and even Ald. BLIZARD, who seemed to understand the matter no better than some of the others, had to drag in something personal in regard to Ald. BAXTER and Carleton. Other members did the same thing. The matter was not discussed on its merits at all. In fact, the proceedings did not rise to the dignity of a discussion. It was a squabble, and the mayor was fully justified in his remark that he was ashamed of the council.

The true meaning of the proposition was that the council should have some control over the director of public safety, and that the work now undertaken of that official's mere will and motion should be at least known to the board of works before it was undertaken. It is a pity either that the intention had not been more clearly expressed, or that there had not been an intelligent debate on it. Whatever may have been its merits, however, the fact that it came from the junior alderman from Carleton was enough to excite personal and sectional antagonism sufficient to kill it.

An English paper says that the sign of "Keep to the right" is affixed to the lamp-posts in Edinburgh for the guidance of pedestrians. In the cities of the United States people keep to the right because they have been educated to it, and they can always tell a green Down-Easter by his blundering to the left and getting in everybody's way. It is a pity St. John had not some

signs on the lamp-posts for the information of a good many of the public, especially as there is a city bye-law which directs that pedestrians shall keep to the right.

SCHOOL GIRLS SPEAK OUT.

They Tell Why They Think That One Session Should be Enough.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: There has been a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to the movement we are making towards having one session in the high school every day. A great many people think we are trying to "run the school," as one gentleman expressed it; but we are not, we only want more time to devote to the study of our lessons, and we have not time now getting out at the hour we do. The girls from the North and West End often do not get home until five o'clock. I know it is often very late when we girls, living right in the city, get home, and of course it would be worse for the girls having long distances to walk, and it is impossible to get the lessons learned perfectly in so short a time.

All the teachers with the exception of Miss Mowatt have very kindly aided and encouraged us. Of course we expected some opposition, but are very sorry to have the influence of a teacher against us.

Most all the scholars, with the exception of a number of the girls in Miss Mowatt's room, signed the petition. We are very grateful to the teachers for sympathy, and cannot help respecting those teachers far more, who have so kindly helped and encouraged us. POLLY.

Going To Rush Business.

The Saint John Cycle Company have leased the Singer Rink Building as a permanent business stand, and are fitting up a sales-room there for Bicycles, Tricycles and Cycle sundries. After the ice is off the floor they intend to open up the Bicycle Academy. They will also be open to let the building for entertainments, bazaars, etc., during the year. They have secured the sole agency for the Maritime Provinces for the following well known lines: Raleigh Cycle Co., Nottingham England Singer Co., Coventry England Western Wheel Works, Chicago Ill., Garford Saddle Co., Elyria Ohio. Samples of all these lines are now on view at their sales-room and can be seen by all interested in cycling. The Raleigh Safety is the wheel ridden by Trimmerman, champion cyclist of the world. The reputation of the Singer is well known and is considered among the best High Grade wheels.

Good, Better, Best.

The large and attractive announcement of Messrs. A. P. Tippet & Co., on the third page of this paper may be regarded in the light of opening the bicycling buying season. Mr. Tippet has just returned from the old country and while there completed arrangements to handle three high class machines beside the Quadrant which has become such a prime favorite in this country. A large shipment of the machines were shipped from England some time ago and will probably be in this city before PROGRESS is printed. Those interested in the pleasurable and healthful pastime or the invigorating sport will find it to much interest to call upon or write to the general agents, A. P. Tippet & Co.

To Help Run The Country.

To pay nearly \$17000 in custom duties must make a firm consider whether free trade would not be a good thing for the country, but it is a nice thing to be able to draw a check for \$17000, and something to be proud of to have a trade that demands a Spring importation calling for such an amount of duty. Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison made the entry on Thursday at the Custom house, and it is said to be the largest single payment made for that purpose in this City.

Going To Rush Things.

The Hawker Medicine Company propose to introduce their preparations through the medium of two good men, Mr. Percy Chestnut, who will interview the trade in the larger places in the province, and Mr. Frank Wheaton, formerly with H. Paxton Baird, of Woodstock, who will start through the province with a team and do the country thoroughly.

A Change of Name.

Messrs. Coles & Sharp will succeed the firm of Messrs. Coles, Parsons & Sharp; Mr. Parsons retiring from the business. The concern has made an enviable record since it started and Messrs. Coles & Sharp will spare no effort to increase their business. Their spring stock is very complete, including a splendid line of Model Grand ranges.

More Business Than Ever.

Messrs. Scovill Fraser & Co. have bought out the New Royal clothing store from Mr. R. W. Leitch and will sell his stock at a great discount from former prices. Mr. W. F. Fraser, of the firm went to New York, Thursday, for new spring novelties and from there will journey to Montreal to buy goods for the coming seasons.

To Practice In This City.

Dr. H. D. Fritz has completed his studies necessary to the practice of a specialist in eye, ear, throat and nose diseases, and has opened an office in this city, at 66 Sidney street. Dr. Fritz was a physician for some years in Nova Scotia, but has decided to practice now in his native city.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To-Morrow.

Bind up a dream, and give it me Before this dull day closes, And in the garlands let there be The thorns as well as roses; Weave violets in, and greenest bays, Weave violets for my sorrow, Sad flowers for the yesterday, White lilies for to-morrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace Beyond the gates of even, Where whispers of the soul's release Seem mystic hints of heaven, And so I needs must borrow A hope of that swift coming dawn, The promise of to-morrow.

Forever more to-morrow lends Bright visions of completeness; True lovers and their steadfast friends With faces full of sweetness! But, backwards, all seems dim and gray, And vaguely touched with sorrow, I care not for the yesterday, If I may have to-morrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed; I weep not for its going; Its phantoms weird no more I heed Than west winds wildly blowing; Press onward, eye, and upward, heart, While I my gladness borrow, For hope and I shall never part While I can have to-morrow.

Frederick, N. B. S. H. McKEE.

My Girl-Wife.

She is a bonny winsome little creature, A help-meet set to guide me from above; To share and sympathize in joys and sorrows This girl-wife, who has claimed my heart's deep love.

The sun-beams linger in her golden tresses, Content and mirth, dwells in her clear brown eyes; And she, despite her tender years and shyness, Has proved herself both womanly and wise.

She rises while the dew-drops glisten the clover "Her daily round of duties" never shrinks; And while I'm ploughing far off in the meadow, I hear her sweet voice singing, as she works.

Then when my labour for the day is ended, My slow pace quickens as I near the gate; Because I know how eagerly her bright eyes Are looking for me, when I'm over late.

My home is always kept in perfect order; Beneath her magic touch all things seem fair; Even the flowers that bloom about the door-way Each day grow sweeter from her watchful care.

Sometimes when feeling restless and disheartened, My patience vexed with many little trials, Her cheerful face and loving words of comfort Soon smoothe the deepest wrinkles into smiles.

So though my home is but a humble cottage And wealth and fame are strangers to my life, I envy not a king his throne and palace While I have close beside me my girl-wife.

JOSEPHINE THOMPSON.

Switzerland, July, 1892.

O wonderful Alps! how can I thank my God, That he hath given this great joy to me? Your shining heights my feet have never trod; It is enough, that I your glorious beauty see.

Enough to touch the sunset's lingering kiss I flush your white brows to rosy flame, while gold Mingled with tints of velvet amethyst, Steal o'er your nearer mountains fold on fold.

Between your mist wreaths, faintest slopes of green, Where, like a bird, the Switzer's chalet clings, Pine covered and dim—a cloud-laden vision seen; And gleaming far below, the cataract's flashing wings.

Your giant forms, at midnight I have seen, A awful and stern, and cold, in that still hour; While one warm star shone radiantly between, Like love, triumphant over pride and power.

Your changing loveliness may trifling seem, To those who oft your perilous pathway dare, To me your beauty—long has been a dream! And thus to gaze on you—an answered prayer.

I know, the God who piled yon height on height, For each small flower that gems your vastness cares, And so your grandeur lifts me to the light, Where He who makes me glad, that gladness shares!

A NEW BRUNSWICKER ABROAD.

The Sabbath Day.

How calm the Sabbath day, on which we meet Within the courts of Christ's own House of prayer, In simple emblems there His presence greet, And joyfully our faith and hope declare.

The cares of daily life are laid aside, The mind is fixed upon Redeeming love, The Holy Spirit does with us abide, And looks upon us from His throne above.

We realize a foretaste of that peace, The peace which comes to those who love the Lord And seek the path he trod of duty, grace, So plainly marked in His most Holy Word.

O strengthen that within us, by thy power, That wavering thought, that faint desire far thee, Guard us O God, in love, guide every hour, Through Jesus thine, grant peace eternally.

FEBO.

Dry Away Those Tears, Dear.

Dry away those tears, dear; Tune thy heart to laughter Heavy rain drops clear the way For the sunshine after.

Clouds that veil the sky now, All so bleak and dreary, Will be wiped away soon By our God, my dearie.

Mellowed by our tear drops, Hallowed by our prayers, Brighter will our days be With our whitening hairs.

Dry away those tears, dear; Why so full of sadness? Hearts so filled with love and trust Should be full of gladness.

WILHELM MEISTER.

The Dead Poet.

A. T. ORBIT, OCT. 6, 1893. Deep stillness falls to-day upon the trees, At Auldworth where our English laureate lies, In that last sleep in which his closing eyes Beheld the pilot of the mystic seas.

Death holds him lovingly as did the knees That bore him, when his breath in restful sighs, Was gently drawn from soft-embracing skies; To move the earth with living harmonies.

That variant music, tender or sublime, Shall echo with the footfalls of the race Adown the dimmest avenues of time; Yet keep we silence for a little space, While glory, half withdrawn from every clime, Illumes the white-robed singer's resting place.

C. B. N.

The pins that the Salem witches used to stick into their victims, and the seal with which their death warrants were stamped, are preserved in one of the public offices of the old city.

GOT A CORNER ON THE COIN.

How a Scotchman Had a Bright Idea and Doubled the Collections.

In a certain very small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterised by lavish liberality. Time after time the minister has vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something; but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotsman, who had recently come to the place and joined the church, was not long until he noticed this state of affairs; and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell 'em what," he said to one of the officials, "if you mak' me treasurer, I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted; and sure enough, the collections began to increase, until, by the time he had stated, they were nearly twice as much as formerly.

"How have you managed it, Mr. Sandyman?" said the pastor to him one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot; but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk, I saw, mainly gave threepenny bits. Well, when I got the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked out the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number o' threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have maist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give saxpences, at least, instead. Sae that's the way the collections are doubled."

And the pastor went away declaring that every Scotsman is a born financier.—Caswell's Journal.

Something About Henri Marteau.

The sensation of the musical year, is M. Henri Marteau—Faderswki, although as financially and artistically successful as ever, is now old—but the young French violinist is new, beautiful, talented and of engaging manners, and the ladies are not less enthusiastic over him than they were about the Polish virtuoso. The handsome boy has not yet lost the trick of blushing, and when the feminine portion of the Darnrosh and Seid audiences throw kisses to him, his reddening cheeks are by no means the least of his physical attractions. But although great efforts have been tempted to make a social lion of Marteau he remains devoted to his art and steadily averse to matrimony. He is only 18 years of age, born in Rheims, France, in 1874. His father was a amateur violinist and president of the Rheims Philharmonic Society, his mother a talented pianist and pupil of Clara Schumann. When the youngster was hardly 5 years old Sivori discovered his talent and entreated Mme. Marteau to allow her son to become an artist. On obtaining her consent the maestro hurried home, and selecting a violin from his collection, presented it to the boy. Next day Henri began his studies under Bunzl, the famous Swiss musician. After three years' tuition under this master the boy went to Paris and improved his talent by assiduous study of M. Leonard's method. So pleased was this instructor with his pupil's skill that he bequeathed to Henri his favourite violin, a priceless Cremona, which the young virtuoso now plays. At the age of 10 the boy made his professional debut before an audience of 2500 people in the Rheims Cathedral. His subsequent career has been triumphant. He has performed in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Dresden, with distinguished success. Last summer Marteau won the first prize at the Paris Conservatory. His income is about \$20,000 a year, and he is a very eligible match in all particulars. But Henri Marteau only blushes at the ardor of his admirers and refuses to propose to them.

Ta-Ra-Ra In Africa.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" has just reached Sierra Leone, and according to reports, it has just touched the natives in their most susceptible spot. At a recent concert, attended by a large free-list gallery audience made up of natives, mostly clad in shirts only, one of the singers gave Ta-ra-ra "with the usual gymnastic accompaniments." "The effect was magical," says the report. "The native audience rose to their feet, kicked up their legs, and howled their 'Boom-de-ay's' in their vernacular. The more timorous portion of the audience retired, the concert was stopped, and the whole place was given up to the devotees of 'Ta-ra-ra.' The seats offered no obstacles to the performance of the dance, and the yells of the singers were heard all over the vicinity." At last reports Ta-ra-ra was in possession of the coast.

Where Oscar Lives.

Oscar Wilde lives near the Chelsea Embankment, London, and his home, which is decorated by designs from the late Mr. Godwin, is unlike all other houses. The dining-room is white, with half a steel running round the wall, and save for the table and chairs has no furniture. His study walls are deep red, and the room has a Pompeian character; the eastern room has a huge divan and latticed window; some blocks of marble are let into the wall, and an inscription is painted on a central beam. The drawing-room ceiling is painted, etchings are let into the walls, and it has quaint settles with high white backs and sage-green cushions.

How to Open A new Book.

William Matthews in "Modern Book-binding" gives this advice on how to open a book: Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves.

Got Even With The Company.

A gentleman was sitting in the waiting-room of a station on the New York & New England Railroad, when an Irishman turned away from the ticket office and said to him. "I have got the best of this old corporation for once in my life," said he. "How is that, Pat?" "I have bought a round-trip ticket to New York and back, and"—in a whisper—"I ain't comin' back."