

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

THE CITIZENS SHOULD CHOOSE.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the Globe will be found saying anything against the standing of the common council, now that two of its publishers are holding seats as aldermen. There does not, however, seem any good reason why it should go to the other extreme and try to persuade the people that the council is and always has been a model legislative body. This is practically the idea it tried to convey in a recent editorial, which it is pretty safe to assume, was written by somebody other than the recognized editor.

The Globe does not favor the idea that the council should be elected by a general vote of the citizens, and it denounces as a fallacy the theory that in such event a better class of men would offer. "It is impossible to conceive of better men than have composed the government of our city since the royal charter was granted nearly a hundred and ten years ago," it says, and it further points out that each of the four candidates for mayor had served at the civic board. From this it argues that the people are satisfied with such men as are now chosen by the wards, or they would have looked around for some better candidates. It therefore comes to this extraordinary conclusion:

But the important point is that which we have already made, viz., that the four candidates now up for the contest of Tuesday are ex-aldermen, and the inference to be drawn is that as the people have them as their candidates now vote for a civic position which goes by general vote, so if the whole body of aldermen were elected by a general vote the choice would be along just such gentlemen as now so ably and so intelligently—if not economically—administer our civic business.

A short time ago, when the condition of the civic accounts was disclosed, the Globe was vigorously calling for a halt among the "gentlemen who so ably and intelligently—if not economically—administer our civic business." Nor is it so very long ago since the same paper used to show how many times certain members made speeches at each meeting, and otherwise held up the aldermen to ridicule in their able and intelligent administration of civic affairs. That, however, is not to the point, but the radically defective reasoning of the Globe should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The people had nothing to do with bringing out any of the candidates. They all, including Mayor PETERS, put themselves in the field, and the vote showed that three of them were not wanted by a large majority. Mayor PETERS by refusing to be run by the cliques of the council in the past, gave a large number of people who have little faith in the aldermen as a body, reason to believe that they could trust him to keep order among that body, and to otherwise hold a tight rein over them.

It will, of course, be conceded that a man conversant with civic affairs is better fitted to be mayor than one ignorant of them, and a man who has served at the council is, on general principles, preferable to one who has not had the experience. Yet it is a remarkable and notorious fact in the history of St. John that at no time within present recollection has there been a council with more than a very small proportion of aldermen who could be considered as suitable candidates for the mayoralty. When the mayor was elected from the council there was some reason why good men should be willing to serve as aldermen, but even then the proportion of eligible men for the mayoralty was not large, though it was much greater than it has been, for at least a score of years past. As a matter of fact, some of the best men in the chair during recent years have had no previous experience in the council. This was notably the case with Dr. EARLE, who was in office during the very critical period of the Great Fire, and of CHARLES R. RAY, who succeeded him. Still later, for the few years before the election of Mayor LOCKHART neither Messrs. DEVEBER, THORNE or BARKER were elected from among the aldermen. Of the men who have graduated

from the council to the mayoralty in the past, it is a recognized fact that they were exceptions in the boards of which they were members. The principle of ward elections only has always been bad, and it always will be. The common council has never ceased to be a sort of a bye word among the people.

There are some honest, intelligent and in all respects worthy men in the present council, but how many of them could be thought of in connection with the mayoralty? If there are six out of the whole twenty-six, it is as much as a bargain, and of the six at least three, whatever may be their merits, would stand little chance in an election. Does anybody imagine that if the choice of aldermen were left to the general body of citizens there would be so large a proportion chosen to manage the affairs of the city who would be generally recognized as unfit in each instance to be in the chair of the mayor?

The Globe should look a little deeper into the matter the next time.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A story which has a number of the elements which enter into the composition of a sensational novel comes from Clarksville, Tennessee. The facts have come to light by the death of a leading and wealthy physician, who had them recorded in his private papers, and who kept the secret of a tragedy for twenty-eight years. In that tragedy he had been the chief actor, as he was also the sole custodian of the secret.

At the time mentioned, in 1865, the Rev. A. M. FELTNER, rector of the church at Clarksville, suddenly disappeared, as mysteriously as men occasionally vanish from human view in this province. No trace of him could be found, but as his wife had died a few days before it was believed the clergyman had become demented and either wandered away to some distant part of the continent or drowned himself in the river that flows through the state. The search was abandoned, and Dr. FOUTENAY, who had been the family physician, adopted the two children thus doubly orphaned, and cared for them as his own. To the day of his death, they regarded him as their benefactor, and by his will they share his large fortune between them.

Yet in all this time of twenty-eight years the doctor knew what had become of Mr. FELTNER. The paper found last week was a confession.

The doctor attended Mrs. FELTNER in her last illness, the confession narrates, and was very much interested in her case which was a very peculiar one. When she died he was most anxious to make a full investigation of the case, and in order to gratify his professional zeal he determined to steal the body. Going to the grave alone, by night, he removed the remains and was just about to replace the earth when he received a violent blow from behind. Turning around he found himself face to face with the bereaved husband.

The clergyman, wild with excitement at this outrage at his wife's grave again attacked the doctor, and the latter seizing the shovel defended himself. Hoping to stun his assailant he struck him a blow on the head, but the shovel crushed the temple and caused instant death. Placing the body of the dead man in the empty coffin, the doctor refilled the grave, and hastened away with the body of the woman. That he must have been a man of extraordinary nerve is shown by the fact that he completed the autopsy and recorded the result of his researches as coolly and methodically as if he were following out the routine of an ordinary hospital dissection. This done, he buried the body in the cellar of his house, where it was found the other day, adopted the children and pursued his way in life as though nothing had happened. If he felt any remorse, he gave no sign of it, but it is more than probable he fully acquitted himself in his own conscience of any blame in the matter.

Just what course he should have taken may be more easy to suggest than to put in practice by any one in the same dilemma. While his stealing the body of the woman was an illegal act, it is tolerably certain that he considered he was engaged in it for the benefit of humanity. He did not intend to kill the clergyman, but having done so, he was placed in a position where everything would be lost to him by making a confession, while, as he looked at it, no possible benefit could accrue to the living or the dead. He therefore held his peace, and it is probable that the statement found after his death was made rather as a matter of record than in consequence of any pangs of conscience. The whole story is a very remarkable one indeed.

Referring to "the annual mockery of a pretended fast day" in Massachusetts, a New York paper remarks that "fasting, as a religious exercise, a means of grace, was long since given up, conscientiously given up, by nearly all members of protestant christian sects." This is quite true, yet it was the founder of a leading protestant denomination, JOHN WESLEY, who declared that one could no more attain to a state of grace without fasting than without prayer. The fast days prescribed by a governor or king, for that matter, can never take hold of the people, however, because they are not binding on the conscience. It is a very different matter when fasting and abstinence at stated times are commandments of a church. As such they always

have been and always will be observed, whatever legislators and governors, or kings, may have to say about it.

Away back in 1794 a law was passed in Pennsylvania in regard to what the good men of that day were pleased to term "Sabbath desecration." The law has never been repealed, and now a body known as the Law and Order Society, of Pittsburg, is trying to enforce some of the provisions in regard to working between midnight on Saturday and midnight on Sunday. The newspapers seem to be one of the points of attack. That the Sunday newspapers should be made an object of attack is not to be wondered at, but the aggressive cranks who compose the society in question are not satisfied to stop there, and they propose to proceed against the proprietors of Monday morning papers on which work is done before midnight on Sunday. The world seems to be moving either too fast or too slow in that part of America.

A Columbian Liberty Bell is to be cast for the Chicago exposition, and all sorts of things are being contributed for the purpose, some of which are about as unsuitable material for bell metal as can be imagined. A good many people seem to have the idea that the more silver there is in a bell the more clear will be its sound, but it requires a very slight knowledge of metals to understand that the effect will be the very reverse. The state of Idaho wanted the privilege of making this particular bell entirely of native silver, but had such an absurd idea been carried out there would have been a failure as regarded any sonorous properties. There will be a good deal of silver in it, in any case, but the makers will probably see that there is not enough to spoil its tone and make it literally a dumb-bell.

Despite of the predictions of certain wiseacres, and in the face of the common council's resolution in opposition to the bill of the Tax Reduction Association has become law, and at the date of this writing only needs the governor's assent. So far as appears from the report the provision allowing defaulting taxpayers to vote has not been changed. If it has not, a great mistake has been made. Apart from the fact that there is a large proportion of tax defaulters who can be "bought cheap," it is a wrong principle that a man who cannot vote for even an alderman can vote for or against a radical change in the city charter. The list used in the election last Tuesday, is the list from which the vote on a plebiscite should be taken.

All who have any interest in the culture of hyacinths will be interested in the very complete paper contributed to this issue by Mr. JAMES DEATH, which appears on the fifteenth page. The writer is an enthusiast on the subject and his remarks are the result of valuable experience. It will be seen that he makes a generous offer to any non-sectarian charity, which may desire to make an exhibit of his valuable collection.

PERSONAL AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Chas. B. Robertson of the dry goods firm of Messrs Daniel and Robertson, went to New York this week on a business trip, looking for the latest American novelties in their line. This is the only dry goods store in the city that has four plate glass windows for the display of their goods. While not as large as some others, they afford an excellent opportunity to give a varied and beautiful display, which was well taken advantage of during Easter week especially, and is always utilized so that the windows are attractive and pleasing.

Mr. Smith, of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co., has returned from the old country where he has been on a purchasing trip for the firm. Since he went away the firm have moved into their new premises, which are proving more than satisfactory in every respect.

The Dark Side of City Life.

A DANGEROUS HOLE is reported by the police at the corner of Carmarthen and Mecklenburg streets.—Sun.

A RATHER COLD JOB—that of a workman is Rankine's slip, yesterday afternoon. He was engaged in putting a shoe on the steamer Flushing, and while performing his work he had to remain in the water.—Telegraph.

HE IS WANTED.—A well known citizen got himself disliked yesterday by springing the following on a crowd of civilized mortals: "The painters will get lots of work now graining up the elevator at Sand point."—Sun.

OVER THE WHARF.—While going aboard the Digby schooner, Freddie Stevens, lying at the South wharf, yesterday, Albert Hersey, a sailor of that vessel, fell over the wharf. The water in the slip was only about three feet deep and he had no difficulty in wading ashore. Hersey was not hurt by the fall.—Telegraph.

A COW AT LARGE.—A cow running at large on Union street, near the Old Fellows' hall, last night, gave three ladies quite a bad scare. They were walking down towards Mill street, when the cow made for them. Their presence of mind in separating probably saved them from injury. The cow was caught by some men before it had gone far.—Sun.

Latest Styles for Dogs.

A dog tailor flourishes in Paris. This tailor is a woman, and her reception rooms cunningly cater to both mistress and pet. Here Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water bowls and biscuit jars, to refresh him during the trying-on processes. Here are the daintiest water-color pattern books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Reverie. Oh, the merry days of childhood, When we wandered glad and free, In the dim shades of the will-wood— How the dream comes back to me! And I seem to view the tresses Of long sunny golden hair, And again I feel the kisses Of the lips so free from care. And I see deep-blue eyes gleaming, Sparkling in their wonted glee; And I see the ringlets, streaming Back from the faces dear to me. How they played low in the wildwood, Building up bright dreams of joy! Happy is fast fleeting childhood; Happy, gay, without alloy. But those faces sweet have perished, Gone the frowns so fair to view And the friends—those friends I cherished— Now are sleeping—neath the yew. They are resting 'neath the daisies, Where the glad flowers peep, They have left life's solemn mazes For a long and dreamless sleep. But the friends I loved in childhood— Oh, those friends! I miss them so; For they're absent from the wildwood— Absent from the valley low. How I long for those I cherished, Mourn for faces young and fair; But the ones I loved have perished— Oh! I miss them everywhere. Frederick, N. B. S. H.

Farewell. The hour draws near, when I must bid adieu To thee, sweet village, nestling in the vale By Fundy's waters, whose most varied hue, Sends witching beauty, to each hill and dale. The glowing sunshine ush'ring in the day, When glad birds carol forth their matin song! The curling mists, which 'er thy waters lay The beautiful morn'g's glories to prolong. The waters of thy bay, a radiance had At morn, and eve, caught from the heavens face As stooped to kiss them, like a lover, glad, His maiden coy, at happy tyrting places. Farewell, to pleasant walks, which at the eventide Whist cynthia's silvery beams did sweet enchantment lend. As sunset merged in twilight's hour, no more will bide With me, my friends, and fond contentment send. Farewell dear babbling brook, that by the way side lay, Where willows weep and pink wild roses grow, Where oft at morning, and the sweet mid-day, I gathered mosses, green and bud and blow. Farewell to each dear spot, a sad farewell, Where you and I my friends were wont to meet, And mem'ry's fond will cause my eyes to fill At thought of happiest hours we passed in converse sweet. Smith's Cove, N. S. June 22, 1891. R.

Trailing Arbutus or May Flower. Sweetest blossom on the brow of May! Born mid withered leaves and mosses grey, Where so late the chilly snow-drift lay. Waxed white thy clustered buds unclose, Deepening where a wandering sunbeam glows; With all thoughts of home and country dear; Loned for, fragrant firstling of the year, Sweet harbinger of hope, when skies are drear. Here flowers are springing all about our feet, Primrose, and daffodil, and violet sweet; In this fair isle, where spring and summer meet. But ah! we miss our childhood's friends and thee, The twin-flowers dainty bells, our wild rose tree; In woodland haunts, where winds blow fresh and free.

The flash of firefly in the perfumed dusk! The hum of insect life in noontide hush! Where in warm pastures luscious strawberries blush. But sweeter thoughts around thee smile and glow, Thou flower of faith! sheltered by winter's snow Waking to beauty from the sleep below. Bloom on through distant Mays of happy years Whisper thy lesson sweet to charm our fears; Our hearts remember thee and home—with tears. A NEW BRUNSWICKER ABROAD. Isle of Wight, March 25.

My Pipe. Many a time, in the night, strange things appear to my eye, As the breath from my briar-wood pipe sails up between me and the sky. Last night a beautiful spirit arose with the curling smoke; O! I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread out its hands and spoke, Saying: "I am 't' soul of the briar; we grew at the foot of a tree. Where lovers would come in the twilight, two ever, for company. Where lovers would come in the morning—ever but two together; When the flowers were full in their bloom, the birds In their song and feather. Where lovers would come in the noon-time, loitering—never but two, Looking in each other's eyes, like the pigeons that kiss and coo. And O! the honeyed words that came when the lips were parted, And the passion that glowed in eyes, and the lightning looks that darted! Enough; Love dwells in the pipe—so ever it glows with fire! I am the soul of the bush and spirits call me SWEET-BRIER.

In June Time. What is it, beloved, we mean to do, You and I, in the wretched June weather; So high above us, the heaven's clear blue, All things forgotten see two together? Wandering on, till the west is fading Out of its passionate heart, the glow; Shadows all deepening, folding, and shading The cherry tree, with its blooms of snow. See the wee aster, pale, in the fairlight Glow of the night, like a flock of foam— Linger long in the dreamy starlight, Wide awake keeping, to see you go home. Hear the lush music of leaves, ashiver, See the white sheen of the harbor-bar Glimmer and dimple, all in a quiver, Enkilted with gold from the laughing star. Oh! my dear one, my heart is yearning Deep in its inmost depths, through and through, Waiting the June-time with sunsets burning, With rapture and glory, roses and you. SEAWEED.

Adrift. A line of foam, a bright blue sky, A sandy bar in the deep blue sea, A white-winged ship that rocking lies— And a dream of love to me. A seagull circling in the air, A mass of seaweed, seaward tost, A scent of brine, a heart's despair— And a dream of life forever lost. YETTA.

HOW TO PLAY CINCH.

Something of the Style of Progressive Whist and Euchre. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—When on a visit to the Western States, some few months ago, I frequently was invited to evening "cinch" parties. Never having either heard of, or seen played with cards a game of that name in this country, it was naturally new to me and quite interesting, and as it afterwards proved very enjoyable, when I learned to play it, which of course I did, and have often wondered to myself how it had so happened that it never reached St. John; where progressive whist and euchre parties reign supreme, as progressive cinch does from Chicago to the Pacific slope, and when reading the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a day or two ago, I noticed the rules for playing cinch given by a correspondent and have much pleasure in recommending them to any readers of PROGRESS that care to try the game. It is very simple when once learned, and is played on exactly the same principles (the progressive part I mean) as whist and euchre. A READER OF PROGRESS. Cedar Cliff, St. John Co., April 12.

In playing cinch the dealer deals nine cards to the four players, who play partners; three cards are dealt each round. The player to the left of the dealer offers anything from one to fourteen, the last being the highest number of points that can be made; the offer goes around, the dealer having the last bid. When the highest offer is made the player making it announces the trump; every player proceeds to discard all cards not trumps and the dealer deals to each the number of cards called for, not exceeding six. Six is the hand. The player making the highest bid leads with a trump. If the trump is a spade, the five spot of spades and the five of clubs are the pedros, counting five each. The two spot of the trump is low, the ten spot is game, and the jack counts one, while the ace is of course high. The count is therefore high, low, jack, game, two pedros, or fourteen in all. The game is played as follows: High and low count for the player; the remainder must be made, the player making the offer and the trump must make as many as is bid or else the set-back is counted against that side; the other side may make all they can. If the trump is red the pedros are the five of hearts and diamonds, big pedro being the five of the trumps. The ace, king and queen of the trump card take your pedros, game and jack, if played by your opponents, and count for them. Fourteen points is game, and in progressive cinch the person making the highest number of games takes the first prize, and the one the lowest the booty. PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Martin Butler, the well known and versatile editor of Butler's Journal, writes this paper that he proposes to spend a few days in this city next week in the interest of his unique sheet. He does not call it unique, but those who have read PROGRESS carefully for the past year or two will certainly conclude that the selections which it has printed from Mr. Butler's Journal entitles it to that adjective. Martin Butler is a man of marked ability who began to earn his own living at an early period in his life, and unfortunately for him, lost his right arm by an accident. Since then he has turned his attention to literary work, and earned an honest dollar in whatever way he could to provide a home for his aged mother and himself. The subscription price of his Journal is only thirty-five cents and it is worth it. Butler himself deserves what sympathy and encouragement can be given him.

Making Good Photos. Mr. J. H. Connelley has quickly established himself a splendid reputation as photographer and his services appear to be in demand on many sides. He returned some days ago from a visit to Wolfville where he arranged to take the students of the college in a group and do much other work for them besides. The grouping of the portraits of the Amateur Minstrels of this city that appeared in the windows this week, in his work, though all of the portraits do not bear his imprint. The grouping of the engraving that appears in PROGRESS today is also the work of Mr. Connelley.

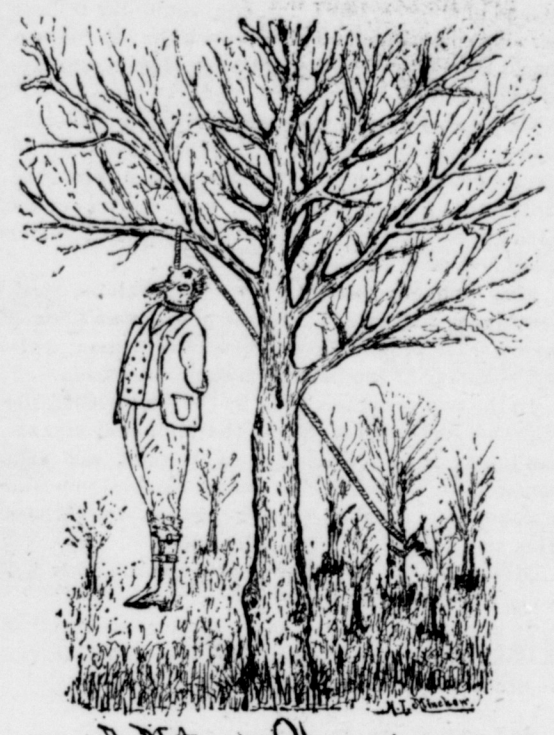
Now For a Sea Trip. The three boat a week season of the International Steamship Company begins Monday, and the popular line will begin to divide the patronage with the railways. There are very many people who prefer a sea trip when they are tolerably sure that the good fare provided by such stewards as Messrs. Bond and Leonard will not go towards the support of the fishes. The three trip service is of equal convenience to merchants, many of whom in both the winter and summer seasons depend upon the service almost entirely to bring their goods forward.

Carriages Made Their Reputation. PROGRESS has considerable pleasure in introducing an old and reliable firm of carriage manufacturers, Messrs. Price & Shaw, to its readers this week. Their advertisement appears on the sixth page and at this particular season it will remind very many people that they need a good vehicle for the rapidly advancing summer season. Messrs. Price & Shaw make splendid wagons, they stake their reputation upon their work and it has not suffered in any instance.

From Ontario and Springhill. Mr. Thomas Dean, of the country market, has some choice beef from Ontario and Springhill for his customers. It is quite equal to the Cornwallis product that he has advertised lately.

BUTTER DID THE WORK.

Captain Davis Was Equal to the Pirates in an Emergency. Sea-captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates roamed up and down the English Channel, the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland, with a cargo which consisted mainly of butter. He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen bearing down upon him. In vain all sails were spread: every moment brought the pirate nearer. The men were at their wits' ends, but the captain knew a thing or two. He ordered the men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck. In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could hardly keep on their legs. On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly. But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed with pistol in one hand and drawn sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many rats. One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the cabin boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite port hole. No one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the Evil One. They hurried back into their own vessel, cut loose and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few barrels of butter.



A Meteoric Observation. High Tide 1893.

FOREIGN MILLIONAIRES.

The Richest Men in Various Portions of The World. The richest man in Austria-Hungary is the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, whose private fortune is more than £14,000,000. Among the richest of his subjects are Duke Esterhazy, Count Karolyi, Count Balfy, Count Festetics, Count Andrássy, and Harkanyi, the banker, none of whom are worth less than £2,000,000. In Russia, the Czar holds, as to wealth, much the same position as Francis Joseph does in Austria, but he has several subjects who are well on in the matter of millions. The Czar's annual income from his private estates exceeds \$2,000,000, and the Nobel Brothers, the Standard Oil men of Russia, are worth from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 apiece, while the fortunes of the Demidoffs come to about the same. The richest man in South Africa, and the richest diamond merchant in the world, is B. I. Barnato, of Kimberley. He is worth \$30,000,000, all of it made since 1876. After Barnato, the richest man in South Africa is Cecil J. Rhodes. He possesses great force of character and splendid mental gifts, and is far and away the greatest white man his portion of the world has thus far produced. How Qua, a merchant of Canton, is the richest man in China. He is said to be worth ten millions. He owns an enormous number of houses in the most crowded districts of Canton, together with extensive rich plantations and tea gardens. How Qua's wealth came to him by inheritance, and there are some four hundred of his poorer relatives living on his bounty. James Tayson of Queensland, is the richest man Australia can show. He accumulated his \$25,000,000, in sheep and cattle farming.

Mixed Marriages. English girls are now being warned against marriage with the "amiable and well-educated young gentlemen of color," who hail from the British West Indies. Perhaps, as the islands of sugar and rum are becoming more popular than they used to be among tourists, there is some real ground for this caution. Of course, it is the old story of white "society" resolutely tabooing the faintest suspicion of "the tar brush," as many a young wife has doubtless found to her cost, though a West Indian is in some respects a much better husband than a Hindoo. Still it seems to me that the last word and the best word is said when it is stated frankly that all "mixed" marriages are, from every point of view, undesirable.

Jules Verne at Home. Jules Verne writes his extraordinary stories in a study perched at the top of the tower of his Amiens house. The room is crowded with charts, electrical apparatus, and the various scientific instruments with which the author surrounds himself when he is elaborating imaginary adventures. Verne is most abstemious for a Frenchman, drinking cider in preference to wine, and shunning tobacco. He is a very painstaking composer, and rewrites his manuscript several times before sending it to the printer. He says that his boyish liking for wonder tales started him to explore the field of authorship in which he had been so successful.