the atmosphere was unfortunately not rav-orable to good results. The photographer, however, succeeded in securing several negatives. The post mortem examination lasted two hours, and was of the most thorough character. Every indication as to the manner in which the murderer con-ducted his awful work was carefully noted, ducted his awful work was carefully noted, as well as the position of every organ and larger pieces of fi-sh. The surgeons' report will be of an exhaustive character, but it will not be made public until they give evidence at the coroner's inquest.

Dr. Forbes Winslow says the murder is the work of the same homicidal lunatio who committed the other ortimes in Whitechapel. The harrowing details point to this conclusion.

THE SORNE OF THE TRACEDIES.

Whitechapel is, I fear, becoming a much maligned district. It is not altogether the modern Alastia that, from much we have lately heard, many people may naturally infer it to be. It is a quarter of eastern London containing not less than 60,000 inhabitants; but it is the most thickly populated and the poorest part of London, and the criminal element here is proportionately large. To a stranger by day the place has no other appearance than that of a very basy, crowded neighborhood, full of large warehouses and stores, and the streets so blocked with traffic that a timid person may be a quarter of an hour waiting for a chance to cross a road. Whitechapel is conterminous to the Thames and some of the large dockyards, and in addition to the stationary has a large foreign population. In the evening is the time to see Whitchapel to advantage, when the large houses are closed down and the hum of traffic has hushed for the day; then the women without bonnets and the men without coats take their case in the street, in front of the bars, and at the theatres that throng the neighborhood. On Saturday evening the place

hushed for the day; then the women without bonnets and the men without coats take their case in the street, in front of the bare, and at the theatres that throng the neighborhood. On Saturday evening the place is en fete, for three reasons—because every one has some money, because no one hurries home (not having to rise early in the morning), and because a large portion of the denizons are of the Hebrew p-rausaion, who after sanset go in for a "rare high time." Here, then, is to be seen a strange mixture of rowdyism and villainy, struggling poverty and drunken destitution, half naked impudence and fiaunting vice, fine clothes and fissh jewellery. Following is a graphic description of something that can be seen there, by the gifted pen of George Sims, whose knowledge of London is, like the late Mr. Weller's, both "extensive and peculiar":

We had not been surveying the busy some many minutes what a scene Whitechapel road is on Saturday night!—before we heard a ory, and instantly there was a rnah towards a gateway. It was only two ladies quarrelling; but as we hurried up a small boy saluted us with a grin and exclaimed, "Ere ye har, guy'nor! This way to the murder! Triple murder up his court!" There was a roar of laughter, and, the true cause of the case being ascertained, the crowd dispersed. The border line between the horrible and the grotesque has grown very fine in Whitechapel of late. There has probably been a revulsion of feeling, and the inhabitants have relieved their overstrained nerves by laughing. Certainly last Saturday night; although another murder was confidently expected, the general body of sightsness was making light of the matter. Along the pavement, which for many a mileishedged with shooting galleries and vario is arrangements based upon the six shrows-apenny principle, plenty of themses would cure seven Jack doctor may in missishedged with shooting galleries and vario is arrangements based upon the six shrows-apenny principle, plenty of the matter. Along the pavement, which for themses woul

Six Children at a Birth.

A Dallas, Tex., despatch says: Mrs.
Judge Hirsch, of Navarro County, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 3rd. The mother and children are doing well, and the father is trying to be happy. A reporter who visited the homestead found about 100 people present, all examining the babies. There are four boys and two girls. The father. George Hirsch, is 31 and his wife 27. They have been married five years and have three children besides the recent accession. Hirsch is of German descent and has named the boys Frederick, Mills, Cleveland and Thurman. The girls are Victoris and Louise. All are perfectly proportioned, but very small. The babies all seem healthy. The Hirsch family is poor, and the mother is a large, healthy woman. The babies are all tagged to preserve their identity.

poor, and the mosner as more proposed by the serve their identity.

An Unhappy Medical Student.

A Kingston despatch says: There is an unhappy student in the medical college here. He has been boycosted by his fellows, who have sworn to refuse to speak to him or recognize him in any way. He is accused telling the police the hiding place of the resurrected bodies recently recovered. He denies the accusation. Some years ago a student for similar work was given a student for similar work was given a student for similar work was given as the way not the oulprit.

A great "salt place" is contemplated in Salt Lake City, Utah. The main part of the first of the grant of the structure will have all the sprake and diamond glister of the greatice places, and with the difference in the salt phalace's favor that heat would not melt or dim its glories in the least.

The bodies are all tagged to preserve the intervent of the first of the grant of the grant of the grant of the first of the grant of the first of the grant of the first of the grant of the first of the first

Feminine Retaliation.

A Washington despatch says: The Evening Post yesterday had the following: "One day this week Miss West, daughter of the late English Minister, was in a store on the Avenue, and with her was a well-known member of the Italian Legation. While they were talking over a purchase Mrs. Cleveland's carriage drove up to the herb and she came in. She spoke to the gentleman and for a moment talked with him, and then stepped toward Miss West and extended her hand in greeting. But the young lady would have none of it. She had not quite forgotten how Mrs. Cleveland's husband had snubbed her father, and with a haughty grace she folded her hands in front of her and turned her back on the President's wife. It was embarrassing, very embarrassing, not only to the two parties at interest, but also to the gentleman, and Mrs. Cleveland relieved it by transacting her business and going without the usual parting salutations.

A Palsee of Salt. At a meeting of the Provincial Health Board, in Toronto yesterday, a letter from a doctor in Guelph was read, enclosing a sample of the wool batting found in a mattress direct from the manufacturer's hands. It was a collection of the odds and end a bout the floor of a woolen factory, including the sweepings. It had an offensive smell and was stated to have a most pernicious effect on the health of the unfortunate people who have to elsep on such beds. The letter concluded by urging upon the Board of Health the necessity of pressing on the Government to have an inspector appointed wherever such manufactures exist, with power to prevent such "abominable outrages upon the health of the unsuspecting public."

A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine.

The cheerful man or woman is infinitely less likely to succumb to disease and infection than the discontented and unbappy. When we found a soldier in the general hospital during the war, discontented and homesick, we made no delay in getting him a furlough, well assured from previous observation that few under such conditions would recover. On the other hand, no sickness was so threatening and no wound so severe but that we had hope of his recovery when we found him plucky, oberful and hopeful. We fear that too few physicians and attendants upon the sicknofew parents and children and neighbors—are well enough versed in psychology. Of all the misfortunes that befall the sick, none is greater than the visitation of a long-and-and-visaged physician or clergyman. One of the greatest blessings of the Christian religion is that it imparts to its sincere possessor a contentment with the present and a hopefulness of the future, a obserfulness and happiness, that not only preserve health in the individual, but exert a healthful influence on others.—

Bulletis of the Iowa Board of Health.

He Was Green.

City Editor (to a new reporter)—" You say this man was blown up by a can of nitro-glycerine, but you don't say whether he is dead or alive."

New Reporter—" I waited around there four or five hours, but couldn't learn it."

City Editor—" Why couldn't you learn it?"

New Reporter—" Because he hadn't some down when I left."—Binghamton Republican.

California papers note that a great

California papers note that a great change has come over the old mountain mining counties. The mines are no more, but in their stead are orchards and forests. Bartists pear trees growing in quartz piles, and a dense growth of young woodlands oreeping down over the shandoned workings are among the things that would astonish the old forty niner.

A round Syracuse lady has become so addicted to the use of cloves that her health in the old the state of the state The New Soc Canal.

The new canal at the Canadian Sault will cost from two and a half to three million dollars. The contract calls for its completion by May, 1892.

So great is the competition among the steamboat companies running between the Clyde and the north of Ireland that passengers have been carried from Glasgow to Londonderry for 6d a head.

| The case of the

Harper's Bazar.

Lawyer—That coat's too long, the wais oat is too long; in fact the whole suit coat is too long; in the saw too long.

Tailor—I am very sorry sir; but I always supposed gentlemen of your profession preferred long suits.

"And how are we to-day, madam?"

"Well, doctor, the cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"

r of a

—Things do not always follow as a

meenensive pundit; neither is one who plays in
a bandit.

What rapture, were that beaute Upon my breast reclining, And every gleaming, g-iden th Were round my ingers twinin Wherever in the world I'd be That would be joy enough for z But, gracious I what do we beh The damsel sweet is crying : Her rippling locks of shimmerin Upon the floor are lying; And to recover them she aprings "Tis nothing but a wig, by jings

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone-And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks Kind and sweet to their own folks The girls that are wanted are wise girl That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile and a soft word The wresh of the household sway.

The girls that are wanted are girls of a Whom fashion can new-facedve; Who cas follow whatever is prestly. And dare what is stilly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful who court what a thing will cost, who use with a prodent, generous has But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearis.
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to gradle in loving arms.
The strongest and fraffest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
There are few who can understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls.
There's a constant, steady demand.

An Old Maid's Soliloguy Just think, if I'd have merried him. What a terrible life I'd have had-A wife, a housemaid, a mother— Heigho! if I'm not glad To think that no man living
Has the least of a claim on mor
I can spend my time or my mor
Just as it pleases me.

There's a maxim that greatly distur-Yot 'tis truestu-der the sun; A man works from sunrise to sanset, But a woman's work never is done.

No routine of duties domestic To make me worry or fret; No man to look frowningly jealous If my Maltese cat I pet. And yet I know that he loved me, And I cared for him, too, in a way But I thought it was wise not to mar And I told him so one day.

Just think! he is gone, and forever To tread earth's pathway alone; But p-rhaps he may flud another— My rashness I almost atone.

Now, when I think of his kindness, How many and gallant his acts; I could trust him as a child would a father I'm talking slucerely of facts. Yet sometimes, in spite of my freedom, I think of him fondly 'tis true, For a heart is a heart that keeps beating, Though the mind holds its practical view

Heigho! I will sing though an old maid; I've done as I pleased from the start, And to me this still seems far bette Than having a home and a heart.

Japanese Hush-a-Bye Baby Song.

"Nenne no omori doko ye itta ?
Ano yama koste a-sato ye itta. ?
C-sat. no o-niyaga nasi morata ?
Donden, taiko, ni sho no luye,
Oki-sgari kobeshi, ni inu hariko,
Hoya wa il ko da,
Roja kobeshi, ni mu hariko,
Hoya wa il ko da,
Translation,
Hush-a-byo, byeé Husha-bya byes Darling baby is so good,

Darling baby is so good,

Where is nursis goile, where did she go? Over mountains far away to the town I know. What buys she for baby dear, in the village store?

Cymbal, drums, flutes, and oh! plenty, plenty

The state of the control of the cont

Paying an Election Bet.
Charlie Campbell, of the Datroit Custom
House, yeaterday wheeled Bob Oakman in
a wheelbarrow from the Russell House to
Jefferson avenue and back. A brass band
preceded them, and a howing mob followed. This was in payment of a bos
made by Campbell that Cleveland would
be elected.

-"It is no longer fashionable," says the Boston Journal, "to wear flowers in the atreet, but it is considered correct to

Or a bunch of volete in the hand."

—Conjugal love cannot be preserved in family jars.

It is now asserted that Sir Clare Ford, British Minister at Madrid, will succeed Lord Sackville at Washington, though Sir Clare Ford personally is rather disinclined to quit his present post.