THE "SEVEN DIALS."

A Thieves' Roost and Rendezvous in the Heart of London.

(London Correspondent Courier-Journal.)

Dickens has made the "Seven Dials" famous. It is the roost and rendezvous of the "Forty Thieves," and scores of the most abandoned and desperate dare-devils to be found in the precincts of the wicked metropolis. Strange to say, it is in the heart of the city, and within a few squares of some of the principal streets. It is a "near cut" to many important places, if you don't get your throat cut on the way. As I stated before, seven streets radiate from its hub, and you drift into it from almost any direction. It gets its name from the fact that formerly each of the seven buildings that face upon the square had a clock on its front—hence "The Seven Dials."

A walk of a few minutes brought us to the centre of the "Seven Dials." We were now about to enter *in medias res* sure enough. The inspector stepped up to the policeman on duty, and, gently exhibiting his card and some sort of insignia, exchanged a few words *sotto voce*. The shrill whistle of the policeman sounded and another uniformed knight bobbed up serenely, as though from the bowels of the earth.

We formed a procession eight strong, and set out down one of the dreariest streets, followed by a villainous crowd, who were certain that an arrest was going to be made. A short distance and we stopped in front of a dilapidated old building. One of the policemen went to the head of the column and the other brought up the rear, while we moved on the enemy. We groped our way, Indian file, through dark hallways, down a narrow staircase, into a dimly-lighted cellar room filled with ferocious and crestfallen characters. They were of all ages, from the 16-year-old boy to the hoary head. They were taking their sorry suppers, and our visit was a surprise party.

It was a sight I shall never forget. They were the toughest of the tough, and their photographs would make our American rogues' gallery blush. It was a study to see the various expressions of the hard, hellish, crime-stamped faces. Some affected an air of indifference to our presence, and went on munching their meals without looking up. Others gazed at us with an assumed air of innocence, which seemed to say, "You are shockingly rude to even suspicion me." A few did not disguise their displeasure at our unannounced call, and corrugated their brows and snarled and showed their teeth like dogs. The youngest, a boy of not over 16, as soon as he got over his scare, "guyed us," and offered to treat to the stale beer in his pewter tankard. His bravado sat sadly on such young shoulders. A man stood in front of the fireplace who had evidently seen better days. His eyes were fixed on the floor, and he never once lifted them. His clothes were seedy, but a trifle neater than those about him, and a badly demoralized plug hat raised him several degrees above his surroundings. His features were deeply furrowed by vice, but through the hard lines you could read a few traces of former respectability. An old man, whose sharp, sly, sneaking face seems to have inherited sin as a birthright, was feeding himself from a pocketful of uncooked vegetables, which he had no doubt stolen from some green grocer or market stand.

The most individual character was a rather young, stout-built man in whose face there was scarcely an indication of a human being. There was a fearful fascination in his face that held you with a snake-like charm. His features were square, bold and British. His nose lay flat on his face, and his large, yellowish-gray eyes had the wide-open roll and eagerness of a panther. His expression seemed to say: "I could lap blood and deem it a dainty dish." He sat bolt-upright, with a cap on his head, and glared full upon us. I have never seen such a face, and am at a loss how to describe it. It appeared to be a nature but a bit above the brute, and unconscious of its degradation. It was a scene worthy of Dickens' pen or a great painter's brush. If it was not a hothouse of hades, I am no judge. When we had fully surveyed the scene the inspector asked us, as a matter of form, if we "recognized any one," and upon our responding in the negative we filed out as we came in, the police parading with presented batons. A few jeers and "guys" were fired at us as we departed. The inspector always asked us in these dens if "we recognized any one," as he was supposed to be in search of a culprit. Had the thieves thought otherwise, there would have been a row at once, as they are not fond of visitors chaperoned by bluecoats. We were told that the proprietor of the wretched den we had visited was wealthy, pulled the reins over a pair and lived in sumptuous style. He never sees the place, but collects through an agent. His father, it seems, gave his personal supervision to a similar ranche until he got seven years for receiving stolen goods, and his rookery was razed to the ground by order of the City Council. Our route took us to a tenement structure down an alley where 600 of these wretches, male and female, are sheltered and fed as so many swine. The policeman on duty said the guests were nearly all out at that hour, and that many of them did not get in until after midnight. We boarded the underground railway and had a look through east London, notorious in criminal annals. Hundreds of abandoned people herd together in that district, where they are fed and housed by wholesale at a small figure. A man or woman superintendent has charge, and sees that their meals, such as they are, are served up satisfactorily. The inspector told us that he had made many of his most noted arrests in this district.

In nearly all the places we could hear the word "wanted" softly passed as soon as we crossed the threshold. That meant a warrant was out as they thought, and it showed they were accustomed to the appearance of such documents. Almost invariably those we saw braced themselves with a rigid would-be expression of innocence, which was painfully artificial from the suddenness with which it had been masqued.

It is rumored that the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland will this year be the Marquis of Lorne.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Up to the 10th instant the British Government has chartered seventy transports in connection with the Soudan campaign. This is the largest business of this kind since the Crimean war. The number has not yet reached its limit, however, and it may not improbably reach a hundred before the demands of the campaign are satisfied.

The late Gen. Gordon's sisters have declined the annuity which Mr. Gladstone offered to them. The General left three sisters, one of whom is unmarried, and they are all residing at Southampton. He had two brothers, one of whom, Enderby Gordon, died many years ago. The survivor is Sir Henry W. Gordon, K.C.B. Gen. Gordon's sisters last heard direct from Khartoum in November.

In a recently published volume entitled "Biographical Sketches," by the Hon. L. A. Tollemache, the writer records the opinion of the late Lord Lansdowne, a distinguished orator himself, and for many years leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, that Mr. Bright, as an orator, was fully equal to Charles James Fox, and that none of Mr. Fox's contemporaries were equal to Mr. Gladstone.

Time was, and not so long ago, when the use of the thermometer was comparatively occasional, but now it is employed to such good practical purpose and in so many ways, that it is becoming almost as important an instrument as a time-piece. Uniformity in these heat-pieces is, therefore, essential in their cheapest forms. In Germany the Government has been asked to establish a legalized standard, the petitioners citing the frequency of accidents caused by badly-constructed instruments.

Nottaway County, Virginia, the region inhabited by the first settlers, and made interesting by reminiscences of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas, is fast returning to its primeval condition. "In twenty years it will be a wilderness," prophecies a visitor. The residents are old and sad. The young have gone to more promising regions. Deer browse where cattle fed, and the oak and pine cover great plantations where the negro once cultivated corn and tobacco.

Germany continues to deserve its reputation as the best educated country in the world. Statistics which have just been published show that out of 150,000 Germans who in the course of last year became liable to military service, considerably less than 1½ per cent. were illiterate. Of the Wurtemburg recruits, every one, without exception, could both read and write; and it was only in the eastern provinces and districts of Prussia that anything approaching to an unsatisfactory educational average was observed.

The question whether money found in a shop belongs to the keeper of the place or the finder is often disputed. A writer in the *Pharmaceutical Record* relates that a customer in a drug store once picked up a dollar note from the floor between two parallel counters. He inquired if any one in the store had lost it, and, finding they had not, he appropriated it. His claims to it being disputed, the case was submitted to a lawyer, who said: "The open passage between the two counters was dedicated to the public, not in fee simple, but as a highway which they were invited to occupy for purposes of traffic." So the finder kept the dollar.

California prejudice against the heathen Chinee is latest illustrated in a cruel trick played upon Mr. Ah Gow, or, in more elegant English, Mr. Alphonso, who is a genuine Chinaman playing a part in the "Danites" in a San Francisco theatre. In the second act, when pursued by the miners, he attempts to hide by pulling a barrel over his head and shoulders and squatting upon the floor. When extricated the blood was streaming down his face from an ugly scalp wound caused by a projecting nail. It was found that some one, supposed to be a stage hand, had driven three sharp-pointed nails into the barrel in such a way that the Chinaman could scarcely escape serious injury. And while Mr. Gow was in agony, McKee Rankin, his manager, was justly indignant.

Miss Sartorius, in her book on the Soudan and Egypt, says: "Every village has its pigeon houses, looking like great mud cones, and in the evening the owners go out and call them in. But when a man wants to get hold of extra pigeons, instead of calling them he frightens the pigeons away. They do not understand this, keep circling above and swoop down now and then toward their houses. Other pigeons, seeing this commotion, join them, and as soon as the man sees there are enough he hides. The whole of the birds, old and new, then go into the house, and the man returning shuts them in. This would be a fine business if it were not that all of them do the same thing, and, therefore, each gets caught in his turn. They know this perfectly well, but no Egyptian fellah could resist the temptation of cheating his neighbor."

People who lay down carpets across the pavement for the convenience of their guests will do well to note the case of Watson against Ellis, decided in England by Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, on appeal from the Bloomsbury County Court. Colonel Ellis gave a dinner party in Portland place, and laid a strip of carpet from his house to the roadway for the benefit of those bidden to the feast. Mrs. Watson fell over the carpet and hurt herself, and a jury awarded her £50 damages. The Colonel appealed, but the decision was upheld, the Lord Chief Justice remarking that the public had an uncontrollable right to use the highway, and that those who laid down carpets thereon must take the consequences. As Lord Coleridge observed, this adds a new terror to dinner parties, or rather to the responsibilities of those who give them.

Practical jokes are out of date, and generally exhibit a great lack of originality, as well as of a sense of propriety, in their perpetrators; but an exception to this general disapproval may fairly be made in favor of the individual at Warwick whose fun took the form of a government injunction against all time-pieces, large and small, which persisted in bearing twelve figures on their faces instead of twenty-four. He issued a bogus notice headed, "The Clocks and Watches Act, 1885," and bearing the royal arms, warning the public that all persons exhibiting a clock or timepiece in any public place, hotel, inn, etc., must within fourteen days from the date hereof, have the dials and works altered to the new code, under certain serious penalties. Warwick is one of the most old-world towns in England, though connected with civilization, in the shape of Leamington, by a tramway, and the indignation aroused among the honest burghers by this high-handed proceeding is said to have been considerable. There is no doubt that Mr. Gladstone came in for a full share of their objurgation.

The year before the Franco-Prussian war General A. von Roon, Prussian Minister of War, caused to be published and jointly edited with Oscar Peschel a treatise on ethnology. He had been mainly instrumental in the creation of the new German military system, and desired to cultivate in the German army a knowledge of the natural laws by which races tend to spread and diffuse themselves. The London *Lancet* thinks that some such study would be useful now to teach British soldiers, and especially British politicians, the uselessness of waging war against the overpowering forces of nature. It is an exciting political question just now whether the Soudan should be permanently occupied or not. There will be ample British blood shed, and slaughter enough of the semi-civilized races of the Soudan now struggling with religious fanaticism over this question. Our contemporary does not doubt the ultimate triumph of British arms in the field, but it does doubt the possibility of any permanent occupation of the Soudan. No European race has yet succeeded in colonising the valley of the Nile. All attempts to propagate Europeans in this district have failed, though every civilising nation has tried it in turn. The people now are the same as in the days of the Pharaohs, and so they will remain, whatever statesmen and warriors may desire to the contrary. Natural laws affecting the diffusion of races will not yield to military or political exigencies. The sooner this truth is realized the better. It was an axiom of the great Napoleon after his Egyptian campaign not again to wage war with a desert.

Trees in the Far North.

Popular impressions are often far from the truth, and in regard to the arctic regions they are undoubtedly so. A treeless land would be, in the opinion of most people, the idea which would suggest itself in regard to the regions in question. Yet this, though true, is not all the truth. Within the arctic circle are found trees often forming considerable, though stunted, forests. In eastern Siberia pines and other trees come down almost to the water's edge, while all over western Siberia, arctic Russia and Lapland the tree limit runs within the arctic circle; trees extend even to the North Cape. In Greenland we find, even in the most southerly part of it, no herbage more worthy of the name of tree than the stunted birch which, in the more sheltered valleys of that country, equally inappropriately named with Iceland, attains the proportion of little shrubs; and it is not until we come to the milder latitude of the Pacific that the tree line, which has described a southerly curve in the cold regions of central North America, again rises to the north, and until we reach the shores of Behring Strait we find nothing which we can dignify by the name of trees. The wooded banks of the Yukon River in Alaska touch the arctic circle, and forests of white spruce are formed on the Noatak, a river which infringes on the arctic circle. In Lapland the spruce ceases at the 68th parallel, and Scotch fir at the 69th; but in Norway, probably owing to the warm gulf stream, which sweeps along the coast and into the arctic sea, at least as far as Nova Zembla, we find forests of Scotch firs 60 feet high as far north as Altenfjord, and birches 45 feet high in an equally northern latitude. In latitude 70 deg. 28 min. the hardy Scotch fir still maintains its ground, though the spruce fails a degree or so further south. In the vicinity of Hammerfest, in Lapland, in 70 deg. 45 m. N., there are dwarf alders and aspens, bird cherries, rasps and currants. In the Scandinavian peninsula, probably also owing to the warmth which a sea in addition to a current of higher temperature affords, barley is cultivated as far north as the 70th parallel, the latitude of Cisco Island on the Greenland coast.

Deaths from Hiccoughs.

Mention was made in yesterday's *Times* that there had been three deaths in this city already this week from a mysterious malady, the only specific symptom of which was hiccoughs. Physicians were disposed to regard this merely as a coincidence, but later developments make the matter more serious, and the subject is proving very puzzling to several of our leading physicians. A *Times* reporter learned yesterday that there are two more cases which were in a very critical condition last night, and death seemed inevitable.—*Chattanooga Times.*

Too Conspicuous.

Mrs. De Bangs—No, John, I am not going to church with you.

Mr. De Bangs—Not going to church! Why, what's the matter?

"It does me no good at all. People stare at me so I can't pay any attention to the services."

"Oh! come now; you must be mistaken. Why, what is there about you to stare at?"

"My old bonnet."

She wore a new one the next Sunday.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The British brewers last year paid $45,000,000 in taxes and exported more than $7,500,000 worth of beer.

Never sit on a damp cushion, moist ground, or a marble or stone step if you wish to avoid a sore throat.

A flagstaff at Mount Vernon, Washington Territory, 14[illegible] feet high, is claimed to be one of the longest unspliced spars in the United States.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of I used two bottles of Hop

"Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it

"All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. Mrs. Fannie Green.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000 done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N.Y.

So. Bloomingville, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs,—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. Boone.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Successful experiments have been recently made at Cincinnati with the new electric railway brake. The trial was made with a heavy coal train of ten cars, each car weighing, empty, about eleven tons and having a tonnage capacity of 40,000 pounds. The loaded train, with full steam on, was put to a speed of 48 miles per hour on a down grade of 68 feet to the mile, and brought to a dead stop in 37½ seconds after putting on the brake, the distance run in that time being 445 yards, exact measurement.

How Pale You Are!

is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have to mention, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, apprises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Pallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheek.

Maine proposes to go for the drinker as well as the seller and to punish him by imprisonment for the first offence.

Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the corn crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C Polson & Co, proprietors, Kingston.

General Grant's physicians have decided not to perform the difficult operation which has been contemplated on account of the patient's lack of vital power.

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

The natural gas companies of Pittsburg have spent $3,500,000 on their plant and have pipe lines extending 219 miles; but with all this redundant enterprise they have not the sharpness to discover a way to prevent their odorless commodity from leaking out of the pipes and to stop the daily explosions.

If you have catarrh, use the sures remedy—Dr. Sage's.

New York trades people, says *Town Topics*, complain that they have greater difficulty this year in collecting their accounts against delinquent fashionables than they had during the year just closed. A bright man at one of the clubs the other evening summed the whole matter up by saying: "A member of New York society must either have wealth or the appearance of it."

A mesmerist named Townsend has hired "subjects" who presented themselves at his lectures in Chicago, and, under the supposed influence of mesmerism, underwent painful tests. One of them failed to get his wages, and exposed the fraud, declaring that the endurance was simply due to practice and nerve. In the presence of physicians, and without any "mesmerism," this man was prodded with needles, burned with lighted cigars, and had cayenne pepper thrown in his eyes. He swallowed the bitterest drugs and submitted to all sorts of torture without the slightest perceptible tremor, and allowed needles to be inserted under the finger nails or through the tongue without wincing.

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it be hooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

Surf bathing has commenced in San Diego, Cal., and the whole town bathes every day in the sea.

——Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes.

The apathy in Boston upon reception of the new date of the end of the world recalls the reply of Theodore Parker when informed by a Millerite of the pending destruction of our planet: "That does not concern me," said Parker, "for I live in Boston."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to Cancerous Humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of Bearing Down, causing Pain, Weight and Backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

Its purpose is SOLELY for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does ALL it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this remedy is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 17 Church Street, Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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Detroit, Mich. Circulars free.

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