Salisbury Speaks at the Lord Mayor's Banquet-He Jok+s About the Sackville Affair, and Talks of European Peace.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The procession to-day on the occa-sion of the induction into office of the new Lord Mayor was devoid of the usual pageautry, and was a tame affair generally. The weather was fine.

The usual banquet to the Cabinet Ministers was given at the Guildhall this even-Lord Salisbury delivered a long He denied that the Government had yielded to their opponents on the ques-tion of policy. They were never more resolute or more confident in advancing a policy which they honestly believed they could successfully execute. England had perhaps noticed that popular institutions existed to the westward. (Laughter.) Events in America would add more to the history of election eering than to the tory of politics. (Laughter and cheers.) If there was any complaint against the Washington statesmen it did not involve the two nations. (Cheers.) The Washington statesmen had not apparently commended themselves to the approval Americans. (Cheers.) In regard (Cheers.) of Europe, Lo to the peace of Europ Salisbury said it appeared of the rulers had an earnest and intense desire to maintain the peace. He trusted that they would continue in their present attitude. The only danger might be an outburst of the people of some country, who might disregard the wise counsel of those in power. Year after year saw larger armaments and vaster services for defensive purposes. If the process continued where would it end? He had heard ou good authority that five great powers maintained 12,000 000 of armed men. He did not suggest that that fact ought to diminish the confidence of the public in the maintenance of peace, but he thought that amid such preparation the English Government must not remain unready. (Cheers.) If England's commercial com-munity felt that the Government's power of protection was insufficient, the terror that would result would cause a greater loss than any expenditure necessary to maintain confidence. But European nations must view their armaments with

## A REMARKABLE COFFIN.

misgiving. England only sought to protect

her shores and her commerce.

Probably the Most Unique Casket Ever

Devised-A Wife's Strange Tribute. A Wilmington, Mass., despatch says: Dr. Henry Hiller died Monday evening and will be buried Sunday in the most expensive and elaborate coffin ever devised to hold the mortal remains of man. In order to avert this common fate of humanity or at least to lessen its force, Mrs. (Dr.) Hiller conceived the idea some years ago of pre-paring burial caskets for herself and her husband, which would not only rob the grave of its victory, but would express by their carved symbology the thought that life and death are one and the same in nature's grand economy.

Two vines creeping up from the foot of the lid meet about a human skull carved from nature. Out of the skull's left socket creeps a lizard, giving the death's socket creeps a lizard, giving the death's head a most ghastly appearance. A cater pillar crawls along the rim arcund the emblem of death, but round about are daisies and roses and a butterfly, while in the bottom of the vine is a bird. Above the plate and directly over the place where the heart of the deceased will be are branches of English and Arguing and branches of English and American oak intertwined. In place of a glass cover at the head there is a brass plate, cast and engraved, representing the river of death and the angel of death leading a fair maiden down through the reeds and grasses into Lethe's waters. In the horizon the sun is just sinking from sight. Below the river are engraved the words:

HENRY HILLER. In each lower corner is a stanza of poetry

All the panels of the lid have foliage and flowers, maple branches entwined with morning-glories and other symbols of nature's beautiful side, but mingled with them are snails and serpents and grasshoppers, a marsh fly and horrible dragons with ghastly grinning faces.

## A CHILD'S TERRIBLE VIGIL.

Locked Up All Night in a Cold and Disma

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Math-A New York despatch says: Mrs. Mathida Matheson, a widow residing at No. 55 Summit street, Brooklyn, has been in the habit of sending her 6-year-old daughter Maggie to the Industrial School at No. 139 Van Brant street every morning to be cared for during the day. One of her brothers always escorted the little girl to and from the school, which is conducted by the Children's Aid Society, and is a sort of day nursery. The children generally are quartered in rooms on the upper stories and fed in the basement. Mrs. Matheson said that shortly after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening she sent William for his sister. When he had rung the bell for several minutes a woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and informed him that Maggie had been sent home some time had not yet arrived, the mother was nearly crazy with fear. After searching the neigh borhood she gave the alarm to the police, but they were not able to find her. Matheson searched the streets all night, and about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning found Maggie, surrounded by a number of gentlemen, on Van Brunt street. Her eves vere inflamed and her cheeks swollen. was blue from the cold, and could hardly stand on her feet from exhaustion and fright. Mrs. Matheson said, after taking the child home, she told how, after being dismissed, she went down in the basement, where she fell asleep and remained so for some time. When she awoke she was unable to get out, but spent most of the night in screaming and crying. Nobody came until morning, when the 14 year-old son of the janitor descended the stairs and turned her into the street. Mrs. Matheson indignantly said: "They might have brought her home or sent me word that she was there, instead of turning her into the street in her broken down con

## An Unhappy Medical Student.

A Kingston despatch says: There is an unhappy student in the medical college here. He has been boycotted by his fellows, who have sworn to refuse to speak to him or recognize him in any way. He is accused of 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 twenty-four hours to leave the city Months afterwards it was discovered that he was not the culprit.

THE Duke of Argvll is very fond of bird and animals. At one time he imported to Inverary some moose deer. Canadian starlings, wild turkeys and musk rats as an experiment. The deer died, the rate and starlings have never been seen since, but the gobblers are doing well.

-Things do not always follow as a matter of course. A man who makes puns is not a pundit; neither is one who plays in a band

## THE YORK HERALD.

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WHOLE NO 1.580 NO. 21.

WHAT HEAVEN WILL BE LIKE.

Dr. Talmage on the Probable Experiences of Those Who Will Get There.

THE SENSES WILL SURVIVE.

A New York reporter has been asking various famous clergymen for their views

on heaven, "as seen by the eye of faith." Here is what Tahnage thinks: "I imagine that we shall do in heaven what we do on and I imagine that our tastes that are dominant now will be dominant then. One of the great satisfactions of heaven is in the fact that a man can follow his tastes there that he has possessed here. A great many persons cannot follow the tastes they naturally possess in this world because they have to encounter dif-ficulties in getting a livelihood. A man may be fond of music, yet here he is obliged to heave coal. Another has a fine taste for paintings, but on earth he can afford nothing better than a chromo. A woman may have an exquisite taste for beautiful flowers and can appreciate fine scenery, but she hardly ever sees anything outside of the city in which she lives or the dull routine of her home, where all her tastes are suppressed. In heaven her tastes will be gratified. A Christian astronomer when he dies will enter upon an enlarged sphere. He will have a better observatory at his disposal, a further reach of exploration. In heaven the astronomer will see these other worlds. He will see all that God has created. In other words he is going to be furnished with celestial rapid transit. He will be able to visit Jupiter before breakfast and after tea go to Mercury, after having spent the day with a few friends in Mars. The bodily Emitations that confine us will all be gone. The soul will be released and enjoy a freedom which will be delightful and expanding. On earth we can have no real or adequate conception of the human soul, no more than we can the aspirations of the bird we see confined in its cage. The soul is cabined up and has only a couple of windows an inch or two square to look through. In heaven the vision will be limitless,

its movement swifter than thought. My ideas of heaven have greatly changed. When I first entered the ministry I had imagined a poetic heaven; now it has become to me a home circle. We can do there whatever we please; our nature is enlarged there; we will enjoy more freedom, a higher state of existence, and go on improving through all eternity. We have an imperfact nature in this world, and here we cannot no as we please. We are bound down; our best moods have no scope, no freedom; we are tied down in a great many interces to unconvenial suprepriet to many instances to uncongenial pursuits to which we have become devoted by accident or the force of circumstances. In heaven all this will be charged. Locomotion will be rapid, and, to use a material idea, we shall be able to fly like the bird—that is, if we want to go anywhere the mere wish will accomplish it. This body of ours is the same in outward form that it was seven years ago, yet it is another

My idea is that in heaven our natures will be so enlarged, beautified and enriched that every delightful longing of the purified soul will be gratified, our sensibilities refined and southed, our tastes for the beautiful, the true the nable have full and perfect satisfaction. In short, heaven will be a state, a condition of happiness the extent and fulness of which no human mind can comprehend or fully understand. There will be no material life there, as the Spiritualists believe, but an immeasurably

a beatific existence, the glory of which will be equal to the glory and goodness of God." MORMONS IN THE NORTHWEST. Interview With a Delegate from the

enlarged sphere of existence, no time, no

space, no hindrance. To wish will be to do.

Colony at Lees Creek. An Ottawa despatch says: Canada will have to wrestle with the Mormon question next. Messrs. Card, Lyman and Taylor, three members of the Mormon Church, are bere. They represent the Mormon settlement at Lees Creek, N.W.T., and came to Ostawa on business with the Interior Department. The delegates are desirous of eenring a town site at Lees Creek. Mr. Card was interviewed by a reporter yesterday. He said: "We have numerous let-ters of introduction, and before going home He said : " We have numerous letwe will visit Montreal. The colony consists We do not exclude other Christians from the sottlement. Our business is combined ranching and farming, but not on a large scale

"Do you propose to practice polygamy?" and believe in Him as strongly as any sect on the face of the earth."

"In what essential particular do you

differ from orthodox Christianity?"
"The great difference is that we believe in modern as well as ancient revelation. through the medium of prophets, seers and ravelators. We will not do any proselvtisng in any particular place."

ls your Church gaining ground ?" "It is in a prosperous condition, despite persecution by the American Government. The faith was revealed to Joseph Smith, our first prophet, in 1830. Our adherents now number half a million and apart from Urah we have colonies in Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada. The settlement in the Northwest is not the inception of a movement to transfer our entire Church to the protection of the The harrowing details point to this con

It is Different When You Win.

Mr. Boggs-1 invested a few dollars in ti :ket in a lottery a spell ago, Amanda, and Mrs. Boggs (horrified) - Oh, Mr. Boggs

To think that I should ever be a gambler's

Mr. Boggs-And it drew a \$15,000 prize Mrs. Boggs (hugging him rapturously)-Oh, you dear old Boggsy! Now I can Now I can have a sealskin sacque. Can't I?

Premature Age. Customer-" Is that horse fast?" Dealer—"Well, he's not so fast as h weed to be, but he's a fine horse yet."

"He looks awfully old." "Yes; he was fast in his youth, you ANOTHER LONDON HORROR

Body a Woman, Terribly Mutilated, Discovered.

THE RIPPER" ONCE MORE.

earth in our most clevated moods. The Enormous Increase of the British Navy constitution of our minds will not change, Contemplated.

MEDICAL AND POLICE SURMISES.

The Police Management Discussed in Parliament.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHITECHAPEL A last (Friday) night's London cable remains of the latest victim of the murder fiend refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held. Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body was, and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope of running the assassin down with their assistance has been abandoned. The murdered woman told a companion last evening that she was without money, and unless she obtained a supply she would commit suicide. It has been learned that a man respectably dressed accosted the victim and offered her money. They went to her lodgings on the second floor of the Dorset street house. No noise was heard during the night, and nothing was known of the murder until the landlady went to the room early this morning to ask for her rent. The first thing she saw on entering the room were the woman's breasts and viscera lying on a table. Dorset street is short and narrow. and is situated close to Mitre square and Hanbury street.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE HORROR. The murder which took place in Spitalfields, Whitechapel district, on Friday morning, is undeniably a continuation of the series which was for a while inter-rupted for want of opportunity or inclination. In this case the murderer worked leisurely, as is made evident by the fact that the killing was done in a room front-ing on the street on the ground floor and within a few yards of a temporary police station whence officers issued hourly to patrol the district. Although the metropolitan police system is not yet discredited the bloodhound theory is entirely thrown out, since the murder was not discovered until 10 o'clock in the morning, while the

streets were teeming with people and traffic was going on uninterruptedly. Gen. Sir Charles Warren was early on the scene and told a reporter that all the precaution in the world could not prevent the work of such murderers. The sole chance remaining to the police, he said, was to catch them red handed, and their change of tactics increased the difficulty. In the open air, where the killing has been done hitherto, the chance of their apprehension was slight, but in the case of an indoor world at the case of a sector of a sector of the sector o In each lower corner is a stanza of poetry composed by Mrs. (Dr.) Hiller.

The panelled sides of the tid are wrought no less beautifully than the top. In the centre of one side is a globe on wings, representing time; on the other is a burning urn, a symbol of death. On one of the end panels of the lid au owl—the bird of the night—holds a field mouse lightly in its claws; on the other end panel are a bat and two serpents.

of ours is the same 10 outward form that the work of such murders. The sole is was seven years ago, yet it is another body. It is not the same to catch them red-handed, and their change of tactics increased the difficulty. In the open air, where the killing has been done years, yet it is there. We lose this body at death, and we are promised another body at the resurrection. But that body will be a spiritual body. It is the perpetrator was almost barren of ruition. This latest murder will undoubted two serpents. since he has left no clues not marked over every delightful longing of the purified soul by the officers investigating the previous will be satisfied. Our higher appirations cases. The most annoying feature of the case is that the arrest of a number of inno

cent persons will have to be repeated. The opinion of Archibald Forbes and Mr. Winslow, that the assassin is a homicidal maniac, is confirmed by the latest murder and the prediction has become general that another murder will soon follow. brutality of the mutilation to which the last body was subject surpasses all the others. In the room to which the corps was taken chunks of flesh and portions of the viscers were strewn on the floor and

Convbeare asked the question whether it was true that another woman had been murdered in London? General Warren the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, he said, ought to be superseded by an officer accustomed to investigating crime. The question was greeted by cries of "Oh

said that notice must be given of the question in the usual way.

Mr. Conybeare replied—I have given private notice.

signed to which Mr. Smith, the Govern

At 1 o'clock in the morning Mary Jane "Do you propose to practice polygamy?" had been heard by a fellow lodger crooning "We do not propose to break the laws of a drunken song, perhaps to the murderer. the country," was the response. "We are Christians. We believe in Jesus Christ, when the body was discovered, is all a when the body was discovered, is all a hideous blank. Before the post morten examination a photographer was set to the atmosphere was unfortunately not favorable to good results. The photographer lasted two hours, and was of the most thorough character. Every indication as to the manner in which the murderer conducted his awful work was carefully noted

> dence at the coroner's inquest.
> Dr. Forbes Winslow says the murder is the work of the same homicidal lunatic who committed the other crimes in Whitechapel.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDIES. Whitechapel is, I fear, becoming a much maligned district. It is not altogether the modern Alsatia 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 busy, 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 s conterminous to the Thames and some

tion. In the evening is the time to see Whitechapel to advantage, when the large houses are closed down and the hum of traffic has hushed for the day; then the women withhome (not having to rise early in the morning), and because a large portion of the denizens are of the Hebrew persuasion, who after sunset go in for a "rare high time." Here, then, is to be seen a strange mixture of rowand flaunting vice, fine clothes and flash 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.

"'Erc ye har, guv'nor! This way to the murder! Triple murder up this 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 confimany a mile is hedged with shorting galleries and various arrangements based upon the six throws a penny principle, plenty of hoarse voiced ruffians were line a penny puzzle, in which the purzle was so nad Jack the Ripper. Jack was upon every tongue, male and female last Saturday night. The costermonger hawking bis goods dragged him in; the quack doctor assured the crowd that his marvellous medicine would cure even tack of his evil propensities; and at the penny shows, out. propensities; and at the penny shows, outside which the most ghas y pictures of "the seven victims," all gathes and crimson drops, were exhibited, the proprietors made many a facetious regrence local Terror. Just past the Pavilion Theatre we came on a gentleman who was standing in the roadway and banging an empty bloater box with a big stick. As con as he had obtained an audience we delivered himself as follows: "Tenny-brooze! Tennybrooze! If there's any gent as was here when I give Tennybrooze for the Seesirwitch I'd be werry much obliged if he'd come forward. I give every one as bought my enverlope Tennybrooze when he was 20 to 1, and now I've got another enverlope 'ere what's got the winner of the Cambridge. If there's any one as 'ears my voice ternite as was here when I give it, he'll p'raps say so. I haint Duglis 'All, and I haint Jack Dickinson, but my brother's the 'end jockey in a big racin' stable, and my information's the best as

money can buy, though I sell it in White-chapel for a penny. I belong to White-chapel, and I like to do my neighbors a good turn. I haint Johnny the Ripper. syldently he hadn't a rabing audience, for the sale was slack, and, cursing his speckets and took the certain winner of the specific speci

his pockets and took the certain winner of "the Cambridge" off with him to another oitch. I'm afraid he hadn't backed his the last stage of raggedness, and as he been out six hours and hadn't earned his

ROCKING STONE.

Worderful Rock That Stands on a Pennsyl-

Imagine a stone, in size containing about

ive hundred cubic feet, in shape nearly as

ound as an orange, in weight not less than

80,000 pounds or 40 tons, and so nicely

palanced upon a rock that a child 10 year

of age by pushing against either the north

or south side can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of a hundred men with-

out levers or other appliences would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position.

Such is the celebrated rocking stone on the

arm of J. McLaury, two miles west of

Monticello. This is one of the greatest

natural curiosities in our whole country.

What sculptor could chisel out a piece of

marble of its size and then poise it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a

touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it.

Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded

numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary speci-

men of its class. Around and under the rock are of a totally different structure.

The table on which it rests is a hard stone

nearly as firm and close grained as the

came this wonder and how?-Philadelphia

Six Children at a Birth.

A Dallas, Tex., despatch says: Mrs. Judge Hirsch, of Navarro County, gave

trying to be happy. A reporter who visited the homestead found about 100 peo-

From whence

bluestone of our quarries.

vania Farm.

geons gave way at the spectacle. In the House of Commons last night Mr.

The Speaker called "Order! order!" and

The Speaker—The notice must be made in writing.
Mr. Cunningham Graham then asked whether General Warren had already re-

ment leader, replied, "No."

examination a photographer was set to work in the court and house. The state of however, succeeded in securing several negatives. The post mortem examination succeeded in securing several as well as the position of every organ and larger pieces of flesh. The surgeons' report will be of an exhaustive character, but it will not be made public until they give evi-

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. Good Cause for Forgetfuluess. Wife (tenderly)-Do you remember,

> Mr. Hardup-No, dear; I've been so embarrassed since we were married that I have forgotten all about it.

A little 4-year-old girl in Macon, Ga. of the large dockyards, and in addition to Sam makes the payment under the arrears the stationary has a large foreign popula of pension law.

TWO GHOST STORIES

Was it a Dream ?

A press telegram relates that Stephen out bonnets and the men without coats take | Pearl Andrews and Courtlandt Palmer had their ease in the street, in front of the bars, an agreement that the one dying first and at the theatres that throng the neighborhood. On Saturday evening the place the survivor a certain message. The exact is en fete, for three reasons—because every words of the message were fixed upon, and one has some money, because no one hurries as neither the meaning nor wording of the message was known except to these two, the receipt of it by the survivor would go a good ways towards proving life beyond the grave. Andrews, the noted spiritualist, died first, but although in the flesh familiar dyism and villainy, struggling poverty and with most leading mediums of this country, drunken destitution, half naked impudence bis disembodied spirit found no means to send the significant words fixed upon to Palmer, the materialist, and the latter went to his grave unconvinced of the life of the soul after the death of the body. The willow when the general possible of London is, like the late Mr. Weller's, both "extensive and peculiar": a dissimilar but hardly more satisfactory we had not been surveying the busy scene many minutes what a scene Whitechapel some unusual medicalism hung out his shingle in a small city in the State of New A lack of patients rapidly taught a cry, and instantly there was a rush York. A lack of patients rapidly taught towards a gateway. It was only two ladies him the need of patience, and ere many quarrelling; but as we burried up a small months he was confronted by grim boy saluted us with a grin and exclaimed, necessity, the mother of invention. His office was on the second floor, and nearly all the front wall of the building between the sill of his windows and the tops of the windows below was occupied by the sign of a wholesale liquor dealer, who did business on the first floor. With the doctor's family occupying a position as companion and friend of the wife and in some measure governess for the children, night, although another murder was confidently expected, the general body of sight of the matter. Along the pavement, which for many a mile is hedged with shooting galleries and various arrangements local trace. tion and then business. Accepting her views ho had painted a long, narrow sign

John Baxter, Wholesale Dealer in Liquors.

Within twenty-four hours the doctor was famous in the city, and, thanks to the pens of the reporters, within forty, eight hours his name had gone all over the Shate. His lack of patients ended. The yone and studing of the Methodist Church, was a fearles free-thicker. She was not a spiritulist, but an houest inquirer as to the futur. She had marvellous mastery of planchate, but explained it without allowing spitual interference. However, she believe that if mind did not exist beyond matter, mere snould be some way of making it known to the living, as she of making it known to the living, as she firmly held in the supremacy of mind over the body on earth. While discussing these and like topics, an agreement was entered into between this lady and the writer to the effect that the one dying first, if still retaining spiritual life, should return and set all the doubts of the survivor at rest. Years passed away, the writer had been for love firms a resident of Minnester and ther cognizant of the sermon, she gave no sign so far as I know. No message relative to that or any other ideas or experiences after death came back at that time. Some months after a member of a secret Order, to which I belonged, died. He was not an intimate friend, press of business kept me from the funeral and there was nothing to impress it on my mind—surely nothing to nnect it with my compact with the dead

Another year went by. Then one morning, after I had been some time awake and as I was lazily summoning resolution to get out of bed, a singular thing happened. wall of the room or posite the bed, and directly in front of my eyes, became a stone wall. That this change caused me no surprice was the only experience making this seem like a dream. Piercing the stone wall was an arch about eight feet high and opening into a passageway which I knew to be of interminable length. Into this arch way from the long passage approached the dead member of the secret Order already alluded to. He was fully clothed in uni form he had no right to wear except in transacting business for the society under orders. He bore orders in the manner customary in the society. He gave me the salute due from him to one holding the position I had attained since his death. He spoke clearly, plainly, He spoke clearly, plainly, Her duties are such as to render it impossible to return herself to give you and I now the most astonished man on too few parents and children and neigh but greater wonder and an excitement momentarily increasing, which made it birth to six children on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 3rd. The mother and children are doing well, and the father is bad been nothing up my mind or surroundings for weeks previously likely to call up such a vision. I do not explain the affair, nor regard it as significant. It left me only confident that I was not sleeping at the time. Whatever illusion or delusion may have deceived me, it was not, in my

ple 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 opinion, a dream.

Recently I read of the doctor as a great and have three children, besides the recent leader in some mind or faith cure move-ment in Chicago. Just how it differs from and has named the boys Frederick, Mills. rest I never took the trouble to find Cleveland and Thurman. The girls are Victoria and Louise. All are perfectly out, but as his medicalism is different from orthodoxism so his faith differs from other faiths or his cures from other cures In interviews given to press representa to day identically the theories held by the lady but which he scouted while she was a member of his family. Ferhans she has converted him by posthumous argument. The foregoing is a record of facts and actual Charles, how embarrassed you were when experiences -St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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 has just got \$600 for a father who is dead and has the assurance of \$19.50 a month from now until she is 16 years old. Uncle creeping down over the abandoned workings are among the things that would astonish the old forty-niner.

CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

What is the Proper Temperature for Chill

With November's chill days, furnace fires are aglow, and the great stove in th cellar has begun its season's work. After watching sick beds in rooms heated by steam, by open fires, by stoves and by furnace heat, I am decidedly in favor of the last, provided sufficient moisture be added to the heated air before its comes into living rooms. Steam heat is too dry, open fires cannot keep up an even temperature nor warm a room in northern midwinter and stoves burn oxygen from air too rapidly without providing a fresh supply. In a certain house where professional duty led me every day of last December, there was me every day of last December, there was not a daily variation of temperature of two degrees from 70° Fahrenheit the whole month. Plants grew luxuriantly and flowered in wide halls, and climbing vines converted more than one room into an amateur conservatory. The master, a man of leisure and scientific mind, told me that his delightful winter home was heated by two furnaces; that he had discarded steam after a year's trial and was satisfied. Ventilation was fully provided for, and the sick chamber, whence my patient soon emerged, was attractive enough, even to one who was leaving for summer islands of the Caribbean. What is essential, from a sanitary point, in heating houses, is to have temperature even throughout. There is probably no better way of catching cold, of laying foundation for pneumonia or bron chitis than stepping out of a warm bed into a cold or cool hall. Every skin pore is one isleep, and the insidious chill that has proved forerunner to so many dangereus diseases of chest and throat, sends one shivering back to blankets that are some time in getting warmed up again. While sleeping, room temperature should be lower than the rest of the house, kept so by open windows, and if this suggestion is followed there can be no harm done by needful nightly wanderings. A proper range at night is 60 to 65 degrees rahrenheit. Beside the bed of those who are given to these nocturnal excursions should always stand a pair of bedroom slippers, ready to be slipped ou at short notice; for coal to be slipped on at short notice: for cool currents of air are always playing about floors, and bare ankles are exceedingly sensitive to small temperature variations There is a change of late years in the winter heat of American homes. With almost universal substitution of better forms of

heaters for old time stoves, and better understanding of ordinary health law by the people, has come a cooling down of the affocating temperature that made our he mes dry forcing-houses and sont our prople out into the wintry cold about as ell fitted to face it as if they were naked, recept in rooms where sick are, or aged pear cons, mercury should never rise above pent ions, mercury should heve the range, 70 of, nor fall below 65°. A narrow range, 70 of the within such limits lies the zone calth. Foreigners coming here in cold weather used to find our houses insupport ably hot; and more than one visiting medical man has said to me, "Now I see one of the causes at work to produce American nervousness."-- American Magazine for No-

good turn. I haint Johnny the Ripper.
I'm Johnny the Tipper, (Roars of laughter in the crowd.) Yus; Johnny the Tipper, what give yer Tennybrooze; and here I've got the winner of the Cambridge at 20 to 1, and it's one penny." Johnny the Tipper then went round with his envelopes, but evidently he hadn't a rating audience, for the calle was slack. and, cursing his The Turf. Lord Randolph Churchill, says "Rapier" in the London Illustrated Sporting News, Oct. 27th, has taken to dreaming winners, and, what is a very great deal more, dreaming them accurately. In a vision a few nights since His Lordship dreamed that No. 22 (Veracity) on the card had won the Cambridgeshire, and, being a practical dreamer with a belief in himself, he backed No. 22 to win him £1,000. There is no doubt about this most recent addition to the list For one moment he may have doubted whether he was a flyer at dreams after all, for the first number put up by the judge was "2" (Tenebreuse), and we began to wonder how it was we had missed the white jacket and green cap, but "2" was speedily taken down. The judge had told his man to hoist "22," but the chattering round his box made his voice inaudible and so caused the mistake. However, the "22" was soon put up, and Lord Randolph

> new accomplishment and had won £1,000 A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a

Medicine. The cheerful man or woman is infinitely ss likely to succumb to disease and in ection than the discontented and unhappy. 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 perfectly naturally, and with official servation that few under such conditions gravity: "Miss —— instructs me to tell would recover. On the other hand, no sick-you that there is a life beyond the grave. ness was so threatening and no wound so severe but that we had hope of his re covery when we found him plucky, cheerful any information." He saluted again and and hopeful. We fear that too few disappeared, the arch and wall were gone, physicians and attendants upon the sick the face of the earth, was staring at the bors—are well enough versed in psychology, familiar features of my room. There was no consciousness of an awakening, no none is greater than the visitation of a sensation of having slept since early dawn, long-and-sad-visaged physician or clergyman. One of the greatest blessings of th Christian religion is that it imparts to its difficult to drass. So far as I know there sincere possessor a contentment with the present and a hopofulness of the future, a cheerfulness and happiness, that not only preserve health in the individual, bu Bulletin of the Iowa Board of Health.

The Edinburgh Agriculturist states that during the last nine months there were exported from Scotland 2,954 Clydesdale stallions. Of the number exported 1,671, or more than one half, went to British States.

A Oueer Lottery.

" What a lottery marriage is!" exclaimed Cors. "Why, there's Mary Andrews she's married De Smythe—rather stupid but the best catch of the season." "Yes," assented Miss Snyder. "But it is a queer lottery. She drew a blank that

is worth ten thousand a year.' The Modern Cane.

First Dude-Bajove, ole chappie, you've ohgotten voah walking stick to nigh Second Dude-Didn't fonget it; too tired to carry it.

-How can you say that a man contracts

At the Beach Hotel Hop.

How lightly through the dance she trips!
How tastefully she dresses!
What eyes, what cheeks, what lips!
What lovely golden tresses!
Ah, surely, ne'er, o'er shoulders fair,
Rolled such a wealth of golden hair!

In every dancing trees we read
The oft-repeated story:
That lovely woman's hair, indeed,
Is lovely woman's glory.
Love lurks among the tresses fair,
And every ringlet is a snare.

Oh, rare and radiant maid, at thee On, rare and radiant maid, at thee
How many eyes are glancing!
Around thy snowy neck they see
The golden ripples daneing;
And thou art deemed an angel bright,
Dropped down to grace the ball to-night.

What rapture, were that beauteous head Upon my breast reclining, And every gleaming, golden thread Were round my fingers twining; Wherever in the world I'd be That would be joy enough for me!

But, gracious! what do we behold? The damsel sweet is crying; Her rippling locks of shimmering gold Upon the floor are lying; And to recover them she springs— 'Tis nothing but a wig, by Jings!

THE PLACE OF CRUCIFIXION.

Where Was the Real Calvary of the New Testament ?

(Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson in the November Century.)

The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old ound in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bediepements of another and elements of a product of the stairs. bedizenments of candles and altar shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorus but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space, left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are comnim suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the Apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled; "Awake, thou Adam, that sleepest (for thus the former versions read in the text), and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee." The art-people say this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced. Cany any man of skull is introduced. Cany any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something moreperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive imposters daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that devo-tees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thou-sands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true be-lievers away with an infinite disgust and house doep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?

WORE ONE GOWN ALL SEASON.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde Surprises Her Society Associates—Style of the Dress. It uss long been the cause of hissing and reproach on the part of tedious and dis-cursive reformers that women must rival the Athenians in their desire for new things wherewith to clothe themselves and flaunt within the radius of the male regard. If a gown is a good one—a becoming and a beautiful gown—they ask: "Why must a female consider it a reason for shame and sorrow that she must wear it many times And then we are told that in the days o our grandmothers it was not thus; that owns then were handed down from mother to daughter, and a woman's best frock remained her best frock for a without causing her a pang. Those can believe such tales who choose, but at all events it is true and vouched for by verscious Americans just now returning from the season in London that Mrs. Oscar Wilde, one of the acknowledged beauties of the world's capital, has worn one evenand one only, ing gown, entire three months which make the fashionable period of society there.
The esthete designed it for her himself, and it is eminently becoming, being made of pale pink China crape, embroidered with gold and in the extreme of the directoire styles. Of course pale pink crape will not last out a season. It is almost needless to suggest that at the end of three months it would have probably changed to deep gray, but while the material was constantly reawoke to the fact that he had developed a newed the model remained the same. Mrs. Wilde has a beautiful, a perfect figure. She is tall, and while well rounded is lithe and inuous, and there is not an angle about her, therefore she can afford to wear that extreme type of directoire fashions which pitilessly display the faults of a woman's outlines, and beside whose revelations those of the bathing dress are as nothing. This eccentricity on the part of the esthetic's vife caused infinite talk. People pelieve their eyes when they met her night after night in the same gown. It came to such a pass that when they knew she was on the list of the invited the guests always selves as to whether she would have the courage to wear the pink gown again. When she appeared—always in the pink gown—a would pass over the waiting audience and the women would raise their eyebrows expressively at each other.—New York

They All Shirk It.

Before one of the Liverpool revising barristers a claim was made on the part of John Pritchard, whose qualification con-sisted of freehold houses in Howe street, and whose residence was described as "Rhosllanerchrugog, near Ruabon." Mr. France (to the friend who appeared for Mr. Pritchard)—" You say that Mr. Pritchard lives at —; you know the place." (Laughter.) The Applicant—"Where?" Mr. France—"Oh, I can't pronounce it (loud laughter), and I must leave it to Mr. Leader. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Leader—" Does he live at Rose—; you know where I mean? Applicant—"Yes, he lives there." " Well, we must accept that for I can't for the life of me pronounce the word. It is sufficient to strangle one. (Great laughter.) The vote was allowed.

Ran in the Family.

Bessie (just home from boarding school)-I'm delighted to see you, mamma." (Kisses her.)

Mamma (regarding her suspiciously-"Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long moustache l''

—" It is no longer fashionable," says the Boston Journal, "to wear flowers in the street, but it is considered correct to debts when he is constantly expanding carry two or three roses, a cluster of pinks or a bunch of violets in the hand."