What Fetched Them. (Dedicated to the 13th Band). The toons wich the perfesser would perform with sech eclaw Would melt the toughest mountain

Would ment the toughest mountain gentleman I ever asw—
Sech touchin' opry music ez the Trovytory sort.
The soilum "Mizer Reery"

'nd the thrillin' "Keely Mort";
Or sometimes from "Lee Grand Dooshess a triffe he would play a triffe he would play, Or morsoze from a opry boof Or morsoze from a opry book
to drive dull care away;
Or, feelin' kind uv serieus, he'd
discourse somewhat in C,
The wich he called a opus—
whatever that may be;
But the toons that fetched the likker from

the critics in the crowd Wuz not the high-toned ones, Perfesser Vere de Blaw allowed.

'Twuz' Dearest May,' 'nd " Bonnie Doon,"
'nd the ballad uv "Ben Bolt,"
Ez wuz regarded by all odds ez Vere de Blaw's best holt; Then there wuz "Darlin' Nellie Gray, 'nd" dettin' on the Stile,"
And" Seein' Nellie Home," 'nd " Nancy Lee And "Annie Lisie,"
And "Silver Threads Among the Gold,"
'nd "The Gal That Winked at Me,
And "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till,"
and "The Cot Beside the Sea.;" Your opry airs is good enough for them ez likes to pay Their money for the truck ez cant be got no other way; But opry to a miner is a hin and holler thing-

The music that he pines for is the songs he used to sing.

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Oh," Maude cried. "Eight dollars a week and a home at the Cedars, instead of four dollars a week and boarding around. Of course I will go, though not until my present engagement expires. This will not be until sometime in March," and she began to wonder if she could endure it so long and, now that the pressure was lifting, how she had ever borne it at ail.

But whatever may be the nature of our surroundings time passes quickly, and leaves behind a sense of nearly as much pleasure as pair, and when at last the closing days of school came, it was with genuine feelings of regret that Maude said good-bye to the pupils she had learned to love and the patrons who had been so kind to her.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE CEDARS.

It had cost Grace a struggle before she decided to take Maude as her companion, and she had been driven past the little log house among the hills and through the Bush district, that she might judge for herself of the girl's surroundings. The day was raw and blustering and great banks of snow were piled against the fences and lay heaped up in the road unbroken save by a footpath made by children's feet.

And it is through this she walks in the morning and then sits all day in that dingy room. I don't believe I should like it, Grace thought, and that night she wrote to Maude, offering her a situation with her-

for herself. She had seen Maude and "Oh, Maude," Grace said, "I would ably. Together they went through the ably. Together they went through the ably. Together they grass pleasant Richland woods, where the grass pleasant Richland woods and adjusted her shawl about her beginning to blossom, she sat waiting for Max standing up in it and waving his hat and Grace had learned much from her of she continued, as if she would assers her her former life and of Spring Farm, which right to him and hold it against the world. she was going to buy back. Max's name, however, was not mentioned, although he lighted from the carriage and came eagerly were consessed in the minus of bosh, and lorward, she stole away, feeling that it was and once shrough the little log house which Max expressed a create would come not for her to witness the meeting of the oftener to the Cedars if Maude were there. She could not be jealous of the girl, and yet she was bringing her to the Cedars for Max toward him, with the effort to rise which rather than for herself, and this detracted a little from her pleasure when she began occupy. Such a prestry robm it was, just in less than a year?" Max answered, as over her own, with a bow window looking he drew her face down to his bosom and to fit up the room her companion was to across the valley where the lake lay sleeping, and on to the hills and the log schoolhouse, which, had it been higher, might have been discerned above the hills which surrounded it. A room all pink and white, with roses and lilies everywhere, and a bright fire in the grate before which a But with him there beside her morbid willow chair was standing and a Maltese kitten sleeping, when Maude was ushered into it by Jane, Miss Raynor's maid.

"Oh, it is so lovely," Maude thought, as she looked about her, wondering if it were not a dream from which she should presently awake.

went on it came to be real to her and she was I am growing so tired and sad." conscious of a deep and growing affection for the woman who was so kind to her and who treated her like an equal rather than a hired companion. Together they read and talked of the books which Maude liked best, and gradually Grace learned of the dream-life Maude had led before coming to Richland and of the people who had deserted her among the hills, but who in this more congenial atmosphere came trooping back, legions of them, and crowding her brain until she had to tell of the them, and of the two lives she was living, the ideal and the real. She was sitting on a stool at Grace's feet, with her face flushed with excitement as she talked of the Kimbarks and Websters, and Angeline Mason, who were all with her now as they had place where Grace was could be made stronger, deeper feeling, which absorbed

Mande?

when the great sorrow came. That was 14 Graham, and do you like her as well as years ago next June. I am 33, and Max ever?"

She said this last more to herself than to Maude, who started slightly, for this was the first time his name had been mentioned

since she came to the Cedars. have never spoken to you of Mr. Gordon although I know you have met him You fully, and once showing her round white were with him on the train from Albany to arms to the elbows as her wide sleeves fell

Canandaigus; he told me of you." back in the did!" Maude exclaimed with a frame. ring in her voice which made Grace's heart beat a little faster, but she went calmly on: " She is not tall enough. Go and help her "Yes he was greatly interested in you, and nothing lost max went along the although he did not then know who you terrace to where Maude was standing, her awester perhaps because she knew it must be about I do without the max decrease to where Maude was standing, her awester perhaps because she knew it must be a second of the max decrease to where Maude was standing, her awester perhaps because she knew it must be a second of the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to the max decrease to where Maude was standing to the max decrease to the m were; but he knows now. He is coming face flushed with exercise and her eyes not be.

here soon. We have been engaged ever shining like stars as she gave him her hand since I was 17 and he was 21; 14 years ago and said, "Good morning, Mr. Gordon. the 20th of June we were to have been I am Maude Graham. Perhaps you rememmarried. Everything was ready; my ber me." bridal dress and veil had been been brought "How home, and I tried them on one morning to see how I looked in them. I was beautiful, morning Miss Graham. I have come to Max said, and I think he told the truth; help you. Miss Raynor thinks it had for for a woman may certainly know whether the face she sees in the mirror be pretty or not, and the picture I saw was very fair, while he, who stood beside me, was splendid ing up as it was beating now, with him in his young manhood. How I loved him; there beside her holding the vine while she more, I fear, than I loved God, and for that I was punished, -oh, so dreadfully and his arm once thrown out to keep her punished. We rode together that afternoon, Max and I, and I was wondering if there were ever a girl as happy as myself and pitying women I met because they had no Max beside them, when suddenly my horse reared, frightened by a dog, and I was months of agony which followed I cannot immensely. She has filled the house with and loving, when he at last said good-night tell you, except that I prayed to die and so her city friends, and has made some changes, and went to his own room and the selfthrown upon a sharp curb-stone. Of the be rid of pain. The injury was in my spine, and I have never walked in all the 14 years since. But Max has been true to me and would have married me had I allowed it. But I cannot burden him with a cripple, and sometimes I wish, or think I do, that he would find someone younger, fairer than am, on whom to lavish his love. He would make a wife so happy. And yet it would be hard for me, I love him so much.

dear he is to me." She was crying softly now, and Maude was crying, too; and as she smoothed the snow white hair and kissed the brow on which lines were beginning to show, she said, "He will never find a sweeter face than yours."

Oh, Max; I don't believe he knows how

To her Max Gordon now was only the betrothed husband of her mistress; and still she found herself looking forward to his visit with a keen interest, wondering what he would say to her, and if his eyes would kindle at the sight of her as they had done when she saw him in the church at Laurei hill. He was to come the 20th, the anniversary of the day which was to have been his bridal day, and when the morning came Grace said to Maude, "I'd like to would be too much like Dickens', Miss

Havershaw? "Yes, yes," Maude answered quickly, feeling that faded satin and lace of 14 years standing would be sadly out of place. You are levely in those light gowns you

wear so much," she said. So Grace wore the dress which Maude selected for her; a soft woollen fabric of a or Maude's interest in him. creamy tint with a blue shawl, the color of her eyes, thrown around her and a bunch of June pinks, Max's favorite flowers at her belt. Then, when she was ready, Maude wheeled her out on to the piazza, where and felt that it was in more senses than they waited for their visitor.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAX AT THE CEDARS.

lunch was nearly ready before they saw the

But Maude did not hear her, for as Max

" Dear Max, you are not changed are you?" Grace cried, extending her arms she involuntarily made so often, and which was pitiful to see.
"Changed, darling? How could I change

stroked her snowy hair.

Grace was not thinking of a physical change. Indeed, she scarcely knew what she did mean, for she was not herself conscious how strong an idea had taken possession of her that she was losing Max. fears vanished, and letting her head rest upon his arm, she said, "I don't know, Max; only things come back to me to-day and I am thinking of 14 years ago and that I am 14 years older than I was then, and crippled and helpless and faded, while you are as young as ever. Oh, Max, stay by But it was no dream and as the days me till the last. It will not be for long.

Grace hardly knew what she was saying, or why as she said it, Maude Graham's come between herself and Max, any more than he could have told why he was so might. Did he?" the girl in black, whom he had seen in the the riding whip Maude held in her hand. vaguely wondering what had become of distance quite as soon as he had seen the woman in the chair. During his journey Grace and Maude had beeen equally in his mind, and he was conscious of a feeling that the Cedars held an added attraction for him because the latter was there; and now, when he began to have a faint preception of Grace's meaning, though he did not associate it with Maude, he felt haif guilty because he had for a moment thought any been at home, and all as real to her as pleasanter than she could make it. Taking Miss Raynor was herself. Laying her her face between his hands he looked at it hand upon the girl's brown curis, Grace more closely, noticing with a pang that it said, half laughingly, "And so you are go had grown thinner and paler and that ing to write a book. Well, I believe all there were lines about the eyes and mouth, girls have some such aspirations. I had while the bine veins stood out full and it once but it was swallowed up by some distinct upon the forehead shaded by the asked himself, resolving that nothing she leaned back in her chair and seemed to she was just as dear to him as in the days he was thinking of anything except the Here, Grace's voice trembled a little as should be lacking on his part to prove that be thinking. Then rousing herself, she when they were young and the future seked suddenly, "How old are you, bright before them. He did not even speak "Nineteen this month," was Maude's trying to train a refactory honeysuckle over reply, and Grace went on: "Just my age a tail frame. Then he said," Is that Miss

"Yes, better and better every day," was Grace's reply. It was a little awkward at first to have a stranger with me continually, but I am accustomed to her now, and that," Max said, letting the whip fall and couldn't part with her. She is very dear to taking Maude's hand in his, as he said After a moment Grace continued: I me," she continued, while Max listened and watched the girl, moving about so graceback in her efforts to reach the top of the

' She oughtn't to do that," Grace said. "Yes he was greatly interested in you, Max," and nothing loth Max went along the nerve thrill with a sudden joy, all the

"How could I forget you," sprang to Max's lips, but he said instead, "Good your heart to reach so high."

Maude could have told him that her heart had not beaten one half as fast while reachtied it to its place, his hands touching hers from failing as she stumbled backward. It took a long time to fix that honeysuckle, and Maxhad leisure to tell Maude of a call made upon her mother only a week before. "Spring Farm is looking its loveliest, with

the roses and lillies in bloom," he said. and Angie, my sister, is enjoying it of which I think you would approve. Your mother does, but when she wanted to cut down that apple tree in the corner I would not let her do it. You remember it, don't

"Oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude exclaimed Don't let her touch that tree. My play. house was under it, and there the people

used to come to see me.' He did not know who the people were, for he had never heard of Maude's brain children—the Kimbricks and the Websters and could hardly have understood, if he had; but Maude's voice was very pathetic and the eyes which looked at him were full of tears, moving him strangely and making him very earnest in his manner as he assured her that every tree and shrub should be kept intact for her.

"You know you are going to buy it back, he continued, laughingly, as they walked slowly toward the house where Grace was waiting to be taken in to lunch. You will

"Yes, and I shall do it, too. see; it may be many years, but I trust you to keep it for me," Maude said, and he replied, "You may trust me with anything, and I shall not disappoint you." The talk by the honeysuckle was one of the many which wear my wedding gown; do you think it took place while Max was at the Cedars, for Grace was too unselfish to keep him chained to her side, and insisted that he should enjoy what there was to enjoy in the way of rides and drives in the neighborhood, and as she could not go with him she sent Maude in her stead, even though she knew the danger there was in it, for she was not insensible to Max's admiration for the girl, "If Max is true to me to the last, and he

will be, it is all I ask," she thought and gave no sign of the ache in her heart, when she saw him going from her with Maude one. "If he is happy I am happy too," she would say to herself, as she sat alone hour after hour, while Max and Maude explored the country in every direction.

Sometimes they drove together, but oftwhen the crocuses and snowdrops were just open carriage turn into the grounds with and never looked better than when on horsehad given her and which fitted her admir-Isn't he handsome and grand, my Max," was like a mossy carpet beneath their and the brook was the only sound which broke the summer stillness; then again they galloped over the hills and round the lake, and once through the Bush district, up to wish to see. It was past the hour for for school. Teacher and scholars had gone home, and tying their horses to the fence they went into the dingy room and sat down side by side upon one of the wooden benches and just where a ray of sunlight removed her hat and was fanning herself he had intended doing, for Grace was loth fell upon Maude's face and hair, for she had with it. She was very beautiful, with that to let him go, and the soft haze of early halo around her head, Max thought, as he sat to his question, "How could you endure it bye, promising to come at Christmas if it here?" she told him of her terrible homesickness during the first weeks of her life as a school teacher.

"Ilonged so for mother and Johnnie," she said, "and was always thinking of them and the dear old home, and and sometimes of you, too, before I received your

"Of me," Max said, moving a little nearer letter. while she went on, "Yes I've wanted to tell you how angry I was because you bought our home. I wrote you something about it, you remember, but I did not tell you half how bitter I felt. I know now you were not to blame, but I did not think so then, and said some harsh things of you to

"No, Archie has only told me pleasant things of you. I think he is very fond of you," and he looked straight into Maude's

face, waiting for her reply. It was surely nothing to him whether Archie were fond of Maude, or she were fend of Archie, and yet her answer was very reassuring, and lifted from his heart a little

shadow resting there. "Yes," Maude said, without the slightest change in voice or expression, " Archie and I are good friends. I have known him and played with him and quarrelled with him ever since I was a child, so that he seems more like a brother than anything else."

"Oh, ye-es," Max resumed, with a feeling of relief, as he let his arm rest on the high desk behind her, so that if she moved ever so little it would touch her.

the sunlight playing on her hair and the shy look in her eyes as, in a presty apologetic way, she told how she had disliked him and credited him with all the trouble which had come upon them since her

"Why I thought I hated you," she said father's death. with energy. "Hated me! Oh, Mande, you don't hate me now, I hope—I could not bear

again, "You don't hate me now?" "No, no; oh no. I-oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude began but stopped abruptly, startled by something in the eyes of the man who had never called her Maude before, and whose voice had never sounded as it did now, making every

Have you forgotten her ? " He had forgotten her for one delirious

moment, but she came back to him with a throb of pain and self-repreach that he had allowed himself to swerve in the slightest degree from his loyalty to her.

'I am not a man but a traitor," he said to himself, as he helped Maude into her saddle and then vaulted into his own.

The ride home was a comparatively silent one, for both knew that they had not been quite true to the woman who welcomed them so sweetly and asked so many questions about their ride and what they had seen. Poor Grace; she did not in the least understand why Maude lavished so much attention upon her that evening, or why Max lingered longer than usual at her side, or why his voice was so tender

"I was a villan," he said, as he recalled that little episode in the school house when to have put his around Maude Graham and hold her for a moment would have been like heaven to him.

"I was false to Grace, although I did notmean it, and God helping me I will never

Then, as he remembered the expression be so again." of the eyes which had looked up so shyly at him, he said aloud, "Could I win her, were I free? But that is impossible. May God forgive me for the thought. Oh, why has Grace thrown her so much in my way She surely is to blame for that, while Iwell, I am a fool and a knave and a sneak He called himself a great many hard

names that night, and registered a vow that so long as Grace lived, and he said he hoped she would live forever he would be true to her no matter how strong the temptation placed in his way. It was a fierce battle Max fought, but he came off conqueror, and the meeting between himself and Maude next morning was as natural as if to neither of them had ever come a moment when they had a glimpse of the happiness which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been theirs. Maude, too, had had her hours of remorse and contrition and close questioning to as the cause of the strange joy which had thrilled every nerve when Max Gordon called her Mande, and asked

her if she hated him. "Hate him! Never!" she thought but I have been false to the truest, beet woman that ever lived. She trusted her

over to me, and-

She did not quite know what she had done, but whatever it was it should not be repeated. There were to be no more rides or drives, or talks alone with Max. And when next day Grace suggested that she go with him to an adjoining town where a fair was to be held, she took refuge in a headache and insisted that Grace should go herself, while Max, too, encouraged it, and tried to believe that he was just as happy with her beside him as he would have been with the young back and adjusted her shawl about her es hoofs, and the singing of the birds shoulders and arranged her bonnet strings, so glad that you are going instead of myself."

This was for the benefit of Max, at whom she nodded a little defiantly, and who understood her meaning as well as if she had put it into words. Everything was over between them and he accepted the eituation, and during the remainder of his stay at the Cedars devoted himself to Grace with an assiduity worthy of the most ardent lover. He even remained longer than Richland hills when he at last said good.

CHAPTER IX.

GOOD-BYE, MAX; GOOD-BYE.

It was a cold, stormy afternoon in March. The thermometer marked six below zero, and the snow which had fallen the day before was tossed by the wind in no taxes nor imposts of any kind, and great white clouds, which sifted through every crevice of the house at the Cedars, and beat against the window from which Mande Graham was looking anxiously out into the storm for the carriage which had monies all beyond the boundaries of the been sent to meet the train in which Max town or in the neighboring village of Gordon was expected. He had not kept his promise to be with Grace at Christmas. An important law-suit had detained him, and it as would be necessary for him to go to miscroscopic republic are several cencould not tell just when he would be at the is rich. The language which they speak Cedars again.

All through the autumn Grace had been failing, while a cold taken in November, had left her with a cough, which clung to her persistently. Still she kept up, looking forward to the holidays when Max would be with her. But when she found he was not coming she lost all courage, and Maude was alarmed to see how rapidly she failed. Nearly all the day she lay upon the couch in her bedroom, while Grace read or sang to her or talked with her of the book which Maude herself. Grace was a careful and recognized Max Gordon in the hero and Bush district and its people furnished material for the plet, and more than one be trusted with the care of the insane.—
boy who had called Mand schoolma am figured in its pages, while Grace was everywhere, permeating the whole with her sweetness and purity.

"I shall dedonate it to you," Mande said to her one day, and Grace replied : "That will be kind; but I shall not be here to see it, for before your book is published I shall be lying under the flowers in Mt. Auburn. want you to take me there, if Maxis not

"Oh, Miss Raynor," Mand cried, dropphere to do it." ing her MB. and sinking upon her knees beside the couch where Grace was lying, "you must not talk that way. I can't lose you, the dearest friend I ever had. What should I do without you, and what would

At the mention of Max's name a faint

Wrenching her hand from his and spring smile played around Grace's white lips, ing to her feet she said, "It is growing and lifting her thin hand she laid it caresalate, and Miss Raynor is waiting for us. ingly upon the girl's brown hair as she said : Max will be sorry for a while, but after a time there will be a change, and I shall be only a memory. Tell him I was willing, and that although it was hard at first, it was easy at the last."

What did she mean? Maude asked herself, while her thoughts went back to that summer afternoon in the log school-house on the hill, when Max Gordon's eyes and voice had in them a tone and look born of more than mere friendship. Did Grace know? Had she guessed the truth? Maude wondered, as, conscience-stricken, she laid her burning cheek against the pale one upon the pillow. There was silence a moment, and when Grace spoke again she said: "It is nearly time for Max to be starting for Europe, or I should send for him to come, I wish so much to see him. once more before I die."

(To be Continued).

Telegraphing to a Moving Train.

The idea of telegraphing to moving trains had its inception as early as 1853; but of the many forms suggested all were impracticable in that they involved a mechanical contact between the train and the stationary conductor. Obviously, it is not feasible to make a circuit, either through a sliding arm projecting from a car or by so modifying the track of a railroad that its rails may be utilized as electric conductors. But that this may be done by induction there can be no doubt, for its feasibility has been shown in daily practice upon the lines of the Lehigh Valley Railroad for the past two years. A moving train may now receive messages passing along a neighboring wire almost as readily as New York communicates with Philadelphia by ordinary methods. Nor does the great speed of the train interfere with successful communication. If it could attain the velocity of a meteor, signals upon the wire would fly across the intervening space, inductively impressing themselves upon the metal roofs of the cars with the same certainty as if the cars were motionless upon the side track; and it is not even essential that the train and the line be separated by a clear air space, for non-conducting or non-magnetic substances may be interposed without impeding transmission. During the memorable blizzard of March, 1888, the capacity of the system, in this particular, was subjected to an instructive test on the Lehigh road.—Charles L. Buckingham is Scribner.

Open Your Winows at Night.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe as night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twentyfour hours. One could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of and then, kissing her fondly, said, "I am the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock as night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut-a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within. Sanitary World.

A Model Republic.

The smallest republic in the world is not San Marino, nor Andorra, nor Moresnet, but the tiny Republic of Goust, in the Pyrenees, which contains less than one hundred inhabitants, all of which are Romanists. The sole occupation of these people is the weaving of wool and silk. Their government consists of an assembly of old men, called the Council. They pay therefore have need of no collectors. They have neither mayor, priest, nor physician. They baptize their children, bury their dead, and perform their marriage cerewife he must go away from home to find her. Among the peaceful residents of this London immediately after its close; he tenarians. No one is really poor, and none their numbers, manners, and oustoms have remained unchanged for several centuries.

An Asylum Horror.

The United States will not be a civilized nation as long as such scenes occur as are said to be witnessed at the insane asylum at Rochester, Minn. The saddest phase of the affair is that this is not a private sanitarium, but the State Insane Hospital of Minnesota. Weak girls and women have had actually been commenced, and in which been thrown to the floor and stamped upon Grace was almost as much interested as and pounded with brutal fists. They have been shut up in a cell naked, with no beddiscriminating critic, and if Maude were a ding, and food refused to them till they success she would owe much of it to the were almost famished. Such ferocious kind friend whose sympathy and advice brutality seems incredible. The insane were so invaluable. A portion of every day require in their treatment the atmost she wrote, and every evening read what she patience and kindness that human nature love-making. Indeed, he did not know that had written to Grace, who smiled as she is capable of. They oftentimes, it is true, knew that Maude was weaving the tale to realize that they are at no time remostly from her own experience. Even the sponsible. But only those who can constantly realize this and act on it are fit to

Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Professor in the University College, London, England, Examiner in the Royal College of Surgeons, calls attention to the fact that headache, dizziness, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, derangements of the digestive organs, are common symptoms of kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these symptoms by removing the cause and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

Wibble-" I wonder why ministers alwave wear long-tailed coats?" Wabble-If you were a commery minister with a \$300 salary, and a large family, you wouldn't ask such a fool question as that." -Terre Haute Express.

JACK

Vivid Desc

Whitschapel

WHERE

How does t pear to a st what I went t of the London company with and a specia wheeler" and past the Bank Cornhill, who followed up B derground dri as " Dirty Die it would be in with a visit dates back n years ago Dir acters of Long hold Words de Dirty Dick's rules that go that no perso person to be error admitte permitted.

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