

dreamt dreams of the Whitechapel murderer. He published a portrait of "the gentleman" in the current number of the *Mirror*. Mr. Cumberland thus describes the murderer's face: "It was thin and oval in shape. The eyes were dark and prominent, showing plenty of white. The brow was narrow, and the chin somewhat pointed. The complexion was sallow—somewhere between that of a Maltese and a Parsee. The nose was somewhat Semitic in shape, and formed a prominent feature of the face. The formation of the mouth I could not see; it was shaded by a black moustache. Beyond the hair on the upper lip the face was bare. There was a wild intensity about the dark, full eyes that fascinated me as I gazed into them. They were the eyes of a mesmerist. Stuart Cumberland thinks the assassin will commit another murder and then be caught. What a sigh of relief will go up when that is accomplished. In his last murder he was disturbed, and did not take any portion of the body with him, as in the case of the previous victims. There are many theories put forth as to who the fellow is. Some say he is a sailor, others a butcher, and the doctors name him a religious maniac, which is the most probable.

There has occurred quite a crisis in the Durham coal trade. The men have been petitioning their employers for an increase of 20 per cent. It seems that the Durham miners' wages were much below the average of the country. The employers offered 5 per cent at once and an additional 5 per cent in three months, or submit the matter to arbitration. The union took the matter in hand and had a ballot of the whole country to ascertain what were the feelings of the men, and the return shows 34 to 1 in favor of a strike as against the masters' offer of two 5 per cent advances or arbitration. There are large collieries where the ballot was practically unanimous in favor of no strike, but at the same time they passed resolutions urging the officials to press for and accept an immediate 10 per cent advance as a final settlement. A further vote will be taken before anything definite can be done.

The Cleveland miners' officials have also been balloting on the question of whether the employers' offer of 5 per cent should be accepted or not. The result of the ballot is not made known yet, but a very strong feeling exists against accepting the terms offered. The men consider the prices now warrant them in demanding the full 10 per cent.

A little friction has been caused between the Manchester tramway men and their employers owing to notices having been placed in some of the train cars asking the aid of the public in preventing fraud, and offering a reward of £10 for information leading to the conviction of any of the conductors who break any of the company's bye-laws. The notice intimates that fraud has been practiced for some time by the employees. Twenty of the men

struck at once, and their places were quickly filled. A general meeting was called and the action of the management condemned, the men threatening to come out on strike if the notices are not removed and their comrades reinstated. The treatment by the company of "half-starved, underpaid men, working 16 hours a day," was severely commented on. The need for organization was recognized, and 260 of those present gave in their names as members of a combination to be called the "Amalgamated Association of Car Drivers, Guards and Busmen," which was declared duly formed. They also appointed a deputation to wait on the directors, with a view to the removal of the grievances.

The Shah of Persia has at last visited the north. There was very little excitement over the event. There were the decorations, and the only thing the Shah will think about are the Mayor's lunch and Armstrong's works at Elswick. He is a rather ordinary-looking individual, his diamonds and jewelry possessing greater attractions than his person. His majesty wears spectacles, is very dark, and takes particular notice of English ladies.

"A short time ago an East London Wesleyan minister wrote a book with the strange title of 'The Devil's Mission of Amusement.' Another minister thereupon felt moved to take up the cudgels on behalf of harmless fun, and published a book or pamphlet called 'Is Amusement Devilish?' A theological professor at the Wesleyan conference called attention to some statements made in the latter work which he thought unguarded. With the curious triangular duel thus started the public will probably not concern itself much; but it will await with interest the next volume from the pen of the very original author of 'The Devil's Mission.' The title, I believe, has not yet been selected, but the choice lies between 'Is Seven Hours' Sleep Satanic?' 'The Sinfulness of Country Walks,' and 'Lawn Tennis a Short Cut to Perdition.'

The subject of Irish affairs has been once more brought prominently before English readers by the publication of articles in the *Western Daily Mercury* from the pen of the editor, Mr. Whitfield, who has been paying a visit to the Emerald Isle. They have been published in pamphlet form under the title, "Who are the Conspirators? or, Ireland's Criminals and Their Crimes." Speaking of the success of coercion in Ireland he says:

"Ireland seems to be steadily drifting into a condition of most deplorable decay, the evidences of which are apparent wherever one goes, and are common to every class of the community, save the salaried and privileged. The scenes of devastation to be witnessed, the harrowing uncertainty of small populations, the exasperating espionage and oppression, the existence in every direction of groups who have been in prison or who are doomed to go there, are but too plainly relieved by the cheery greetings of little

colonies of evicted or expectant." "These," adds the writer, "are experiences that can never be forgotten."

What is it that amid so much suffering and persecution keeps the people from lawless outbreaks and restrains them from taking criminal revenge on their enemies and oppressors? Is it the coercion act? Not much. But it is, as Mr. Whitefield points out, the fact that "the victims retain their confidence in early deliverance and certain restitution," from the effected success of Mr. Gladstone's policy. That policy has spoken hope to the country and turned lawless into law-abiding Ireland.

Since I last wrote you the weather has considerably changed and we have had a return of St. Swithin's weather. It rained on that important day, and is it not written:

St. Swithin's Day, gif ye do rain, for forty
days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, an' ye be fair, for forty
days 'twill rain nae mair?

Nevertheless, it was much needed. As a result vegetation is looking well, and the grain is in fine condition. Some of the showers being heavy and the wind strong, a good deal of grain has been beaten down, but the present outlook is a bright one and fruit is more plentiful this year than for many years past.

TRAMP.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, England,
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HASTE AND HEALTH.

Nowadays men begin to die before they learn how to live. There are no more Methusalehs. The race is being railroaded along at steam speed. People are too hurried to think of health—are under too much pressure to pause for physiology. They bolt their meals, race for the cars, jump for the boat.

Those who live fast do not live well. The steady, moderate, methodical man does more work and better than one who tries to do in a day the work of a week. The racer gives out sooner than the plodding draught horse. There is nothing which can be won by work in this world that can make amends for shortened and enfeebled lives.

The farmer who hurries to his field by early dawn is a fool. The mechanic who works after dark and seven days in the week is a fool. They are simply wasting nature's reserve fund of force, wasting all that is worth living for in this world. They are not only fools, but sinners. Right living is the only rewarded righteousness on earth. Disease is the devil of this world.

Now, there is no gain in haste and overwork in the long run. The farmer gets tired and gives out at noon. The mechanic is soon unable to sleep nights, and fails at 45. The student who sits up nights ere long becomes disqualified for study. He shakes and walks totteringly. His constitution becomes shattered, and he is obliged to take to his bed. Fret and worry, disease and death are unprofitable returns for an effort to force nature.—S. H. Preston in *Journal of Health*