

### The Office of the Great English Newspaper.

LONDON, September 5th.—I have just returned from a visit to the office of the *Times*, and you must understand that I have accomplished no small undertaking. To visit the offices of American newspapers is no uncommon thing. We should think a person was rather stupid who did not know all the ins and outs of our most important journals, but the English press evidently does not like to be looked at, else why does it wrap itself in such mysteries and masks? This is one of the most marked differences between English and American journalism—the difference in accessibility. Had I not been in the company of influential Britons I suppose I should have been taken to a lunatic asylum to-day for innocently asking to see the editor of the *Times*. I'm sure my sanity was doubted. Such madness was never attempted by the natives themselves. A visit to the *Times* is literally a progression, made up of many steps. First, you must obtain an order from the printer of the paper giving permission to visit the office at an appointed hour. The answer to your application will depend somewhat upon who makes the application. The next step is to find the place, and this is almost too much for the bump of locality even of a London caddy. Premise that London is as crooked as ten Bostons, and that nobody ever thinks of going to the *Times* office, and you may realize that the second step in the adventure is somewhat perilous. When our venerable driver had stopped the third time to enquire the way, I ventured to suggest that possibly he had been imbibing too freely, as is often the case with cabmen, and had lost his way. "Not at all," said my friends, "these men are not supposed to know where the *Times* is published." Wonder where the poor caddy thought the *Times* came from? He surely could not think it of celestial origin. But in more than one sense this miraculous paper comes from nobody knows where, like the papers of "John Whopper, the Newsboy." At last we pass under Temple Bar, mid visions of traitors' heads, swords and keys, on past Ludgate Hill into Water Lane, and here the cab can go no further. The rest of the way lies through alleys—"winding ways," anything but sweet; finally we emerge from high dark walls into a small, open court, and turning to the left we enter a door, over which is inscribed the name for which we have been searching. And this is the pilgrimage all people who have ever gone to see the *Times* have made ever since the year 1774, according to the chronology of our guide. For a century, then, this wonder of the world has been content to abide in the same place, without any regard to modern improvements or outside appearances. Our guide apologized many times for the disorganized condition of things, as extensive repairs were being made, and I observed that the only object of the repairs was security, with not the faintest suspicion of ornament. I could not help contrasting this dim, grim, and aged building with our own palaces of journalism. This, I thought, is a good commentary on the English character. From the peasant to the Queen, there is no disposition to move "out of the old house into the new." How such a people ever made the changes recorded in their history is hard to understand. It must be from a continued force in one direction acting upon itself.

I was surprised to learn that there are but 60,000 or 70,000 copies of the *Times* printed daily. The price, doubtless, limits its circulation; it costs three pennies, while the other dailies cost but one. It is pre-eminently the paper of the higher classes, not only in price but in its general make-up. This reminds me of a new definition of a gentleman I heard the other day. A stranger was inquiring of a tradesman about the people of a certain parish, and was informed it contained a great many gentlemen, whereupon the stranger asked what was meant by "gentlemen." "Why, sir," was the reply, "them as takes the *Times* regular by the year and pays for it." This is indeed, an enviable reputation. This speaks volumes for the "power of the press," when a newspaper is made the line of demarcation between gentlemen and vulgarians. But I fear the tradesman's definition would not be acceptable to all circles in England.

In the compositors' room we found about 100 type setters, most of them young boys. After the proof has been corrected, each additional mistake is fined a shilling. This rule, though hard upon the poor boys at first, proves an admirable discipline, insuring the greatest care. The process of making the moulds and the casts was the most interesting sight in the building. We witnessed the making of the *Times* of September 6th from the paper emulsion forming the mold, the molten lead poured into this mold and pressed by a cylinder, to the issuing of the fresh, damp sheets from the press at the rate of 20,000 copies per hour. I expected to see several common presses in this office, but instead found but four double-cylinder Walter presses. I was informed that a ten-cylinder press was formerly used, but that it required fifteen or twenty hands, and could not work so rapidly as the two-cylinder, hence it was abandoned. There were in this room also two of Davies' patent folding machines, that worked with the care of human hands, though far more rapidly. The presses are worked by two twelve horse power engines. The readers' and reporters' rooms are at the top of the building, and the pen-scratching that is perpetrated there is beyond computation. The publishing room is the only one that is at all American. Here the rush of the news-vendors for the first chance is so great that policemen are necessary to keep the peace. I tried to ascertain the average daily cost of all this work, but no one in the building knew anything outside of his own department. I never saw such perfect illustrations of working in a groove. It's the poor man's only chance; he has but time to learn one thing, and it is at the peril of starvation that he thinks of anything else. The larger the city, the deeper the grooves and the harder to get into or out of them.

The employees in the building number about four hundred, and I believe not a woman among them. The *Times* office is the last place in the world in which to look for an experiment; things must be tried and proved to gain admission there. Two telegraphic machines are employed in the office, one communicating with the House of Parliament, the other with the Continent for the use of foreign correspondents. As I looked upon the hundreds of bound volumes of this great advocate of Great Britain, I thought of the history they contained, the life of the world for one hundred years; just as though a photographer might take a picture of you each day of your life from your birth; recording each passing change, that you scarcely thought a change, till you had compared the first with the last picture. So in a certain sense may the world find itself in an upper room of the office of the *Times* photographed in all its varied expressions and changes of countenance, all its boasted improvements. In looking upon the first picture, and the one we have seen taken to-day, who can say which is the better world?

One leaves this office impressed that it is a place where the greatest possible amount of work is accomplished with the least possible show. After we had retraced our steps to the Ludgate Hill Station I said to one of our party, "Can you tell me where the *Times* office is?" its locality being still a mystery to me, for I saw no names on the alleys or court to which they led. Nevertheless the place has a name, which I am informed, is Printing House Square, Blackfriars.—*Cor. Chicago Post.*

Dr. Liederman, director of the United States mint, is another financier (theoretically at least), who is of opinion that the financial crash will hasten the resumption of specie payments. He is represented as saying that he would not be surprised if this consummation were brought about within a month, and silver coin should be a medium of circulation at currency rates. He has issued the requisite orders to all the mints, for largely increasing the coinage, and says that more bullion will be coined during the next three months than at any previous time in the same period. In view of the prospective return of specie it might be well for those who expect to lug around a pound or so of quarters, half-dollars, and dollars to get their pockets strengthened before they "load up."—*Washington Star.*

### Horrors of the Dissecting Room.

PICKLING THE DEAD—HOW BODIES ARE PREPARED FOR DISSECTION.

Complaints having been made of certain pits under the old University buildings on Ninth street, Philadelphia, Mr. Daniel P. Reed, Inspector, was sent to examine the place, and made the following report:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25th, 1873.  
To Mr. Addicks, Health Officer.

SIR—In compliance with your instructions I visited the premises, Ninth street, above Chesnut, formerly occupied by the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. In the cellar of said building I found several vaults containing pits filled with the remains of human beings, and was informed that said pits would average about sixty feet deep. I tried to lower an ignited candle in one of the pits that was partially filled, but the gas put out the light within six inches from the top. I then tried a dark lantern with the same result. All through the said cellar portions of human beings could be found, and the stench arising therefrom was stifling. Not only in the cellar, but throughout the entire building, I found the remains of skull bones. Very respectfully,

DANIEL P. REED.

Inspector Ninth District.

A correspondent of the *Enquirer* who inspected the building, gives this account of what he saw:

As the door of the apartment was flung open a disagreeable and nauseating odor floated out, that told of a charnel house in close proximity. It was a damp, barn-like room, with a brick floor, beneath which were several well filled with human bones, while in the centre of the room were found large boxes, that resembled the cases in which coffins are deposited for burial. To the writer the situation was not as pleasant and comfortable as it might have been, yet, determining to see all the horrors of the place, he faced the music.

The lid of one of the boxes was taken off, which disclosed to view the body of a female in readiness for the knife and scalpel of the student. The corpse had been thoroughly injected and the flesh, what little there was upon the bones—was hard and clammy. Another lid was removed, and the body of a middle aged man was seen. The reporter was told that three other bodies were contained in the boxes underneath, all prepared for the work of dissection.

Other horrors were in waiting, for taking a few steps towards a large vat which stood in the northern end of the room, the enterprising and case-hardened attendant removed a heavy covering, when floating in brine was revealed the sight of two other bodies—one that of a man, and the other of an aged gray-haired woman. The corpses were floating in the water side by side, over a couple of other bodies, and all were in process of "pickling," having been injected, and now ready to go "up stairs," for manipulation, dismemberment and dissection.

The manner of preservation was then explained. First, the body is stretched upon a slab and the throat opened wide enough to admit of a small tube which is thrust down the neck to a spot where the arteries centre, by which the blood is distributed throughout the body; then a strong solution of liquid (chloride of zinc) is syringed into the corpse, which penetrates the entire body. After this operation the windpipe is plugged and the body cast into the vat for pickling in salt and water.

### Two Horns in a Dilemma.

The *Alta California* tells this reminiscence of a political campaign in that State. When J—McC—e was seeking the nomination for the Legislature some time ago, he satisfied himself that he had secured a majority of the votes in the Convention, and began to conjure how he should thank the members for the honor. But his thoughts would not flow, so he called on a barrister not overburdened with cases, and hired him to write a little speech. Jim read the manuscript carefully, and committed it to memory, practiced it several times before the glass, and finally told his wife that he was sure of the nomination, he had thought of a few remarks to make before the

Convention, and he would like her opinion of the speech. He delivered it in good style, with appropriate gestures, and received the enthusiastic compliments of his wife. "Why, that is first rate! A very good speech. I didn't think you had so much eloquence in you!" Jim chuckled to himself. Now everything was serene, and all he had to do was to wait his turn for the nomination. Just before his name was reached, one of the candidates came forward and made the identical speech that Jim had committed to memory! "Fortunately," says Jim, "I was not nominated, or I don't know what I should have done." But he did go to the lawyer who furnished the speech and said:

"What do you mean by this treatment? The speech you said you wrote for me was delivered, word for word, by one of the nominees! How is that?"

"Well, that is a curious coincidence. The fact is, I wrote that speech nearly six years ago, for Senator C—y, and he didn't use it! I suppose he must have given it to that other fellow. Well, well; but that is a curious coincidence."

### DIED.

In the 20th Ward, October 7th, of consumption of the bowels, GEORGE ARTHUR, son of John and Mary E. Lyon, aged 6 months.

In Farmington, Davis Co., Oct. 5th, MARGARET EVANS, daughter of James W. and Jane Stewart, aged 6 weeks and 10 days.

ONE OF THE most interesting sections of the Fair is that occupied by the Howe Sewing Machine Co. In addition to samples of the various styles of machines manufactured by this Company are some very ingenious portraits or fancy pictures, worked in white silk on a black ground, to show the beauty and excellence of the stitch made by this machine. No matter when we visited the Fair, we always found this portion of the hall crowded with interested visitors examining that triumph of inventive genius, the Howe Sewing Machine. The Emerson Piano, which adds so much to the pleasures of the exhibition, we are informed, is placed there by the liberality of this Company. ds&w 1c

### ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession one light bay or sorrel horse MULE, about eight years old branded J K on left shoulder and L on left thigh. If not claimed and taken away will be sold at public auction on Thursday, October 8, 1873, at 2 o'clock p.m., at the Estray Pound in this City.

JOSEPH HORNE,  
District Pound Keeper.  
S. L. City, Oct. 7th, 1873. ds&w 1c

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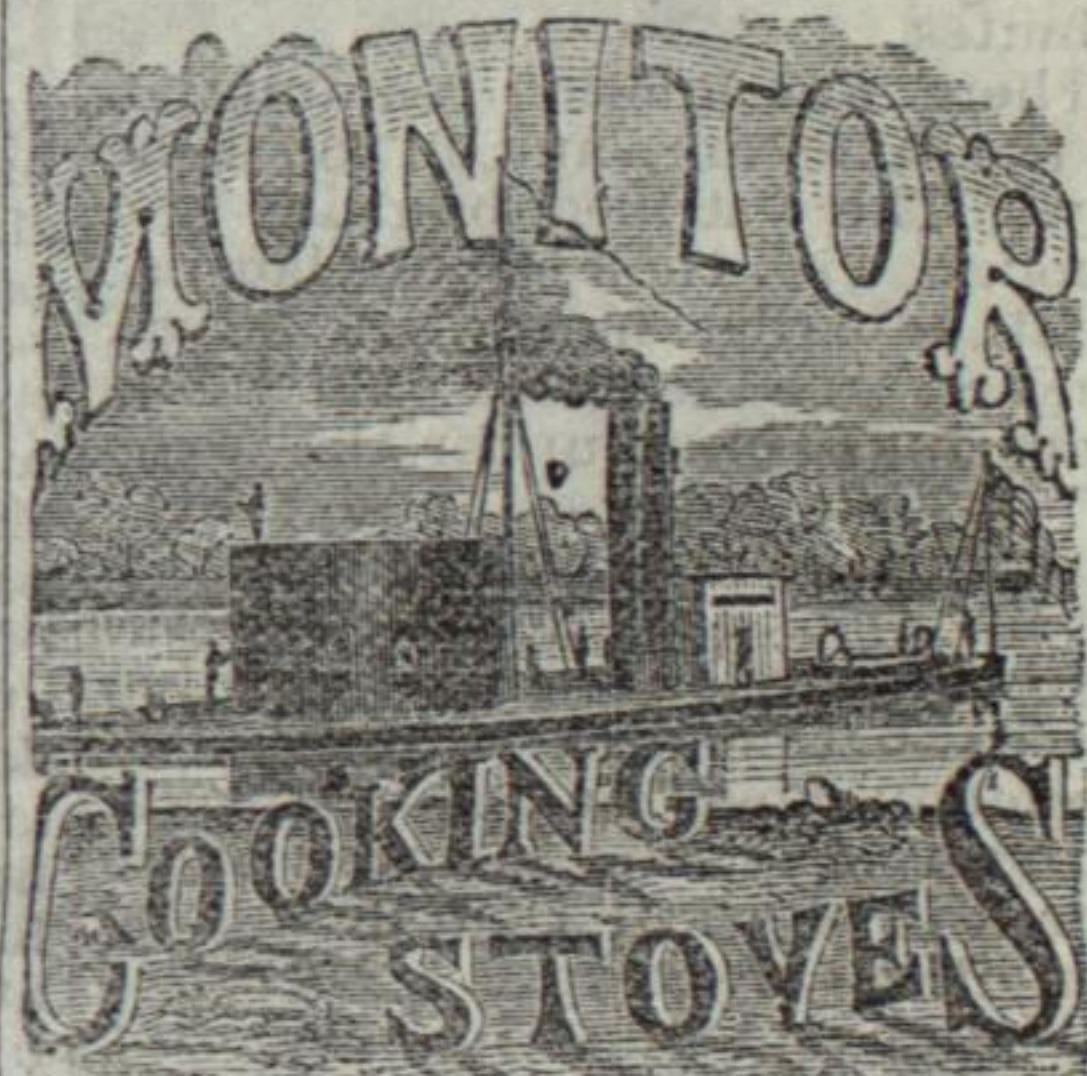
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