

**TOWN TALK.**

Continued from page 12.

**An Idyll of Whitechapel.**

"Where the carrion is, there will the eagles gather," and while we cannot blame the eagles, we think the conditions and surroundings of this suburban retreat if not its morals are sadly in need of purification. A little bird has poured into our ear an up-to-date account of the doings of the society queens of that locality and the live ones that there nightly take up their lair. On a recent afternoon Mr. Charles O. and Tommy W. paid a visit to the "Clog House" kept by Miss Maud S. of broken window fame, and as this lady has a decided aversion to persons not of her color. She gave them a very cool reception. Addressing Tommy she said: "You had better go home, Tommy or, your wife (who is kitchen maid at a more respectable resort farther down town, at which place Tommy also makes his home), will be up here looking for you." "No dangah ob dat," replied Tommy, "she is too toney to put her foot into dis dirty hole." At this imputation cast on the respectability of her premises the proprietress waxed wrothy and ordered them both out of the house. They went. Another Tommy, who makes it his home at the above lady's institution and is on terms of the strictest confidence with her she began giving a rating to for having given queen H— the money wherewith to provide herself with two square faces. "Tommy," she says, "you are not using me square and I don't like you very well; there is only one man in the city whom I love and that is F— a (gentleman who follows the same business) who is now lying in the bed over there" Tom only says: "Is that so?" With that Maud took up a chair and began beating a tattoo with it on the stove. "Don't do that, Maud," he says. "To h— with you, you d—d Englishman," she replies, in no loving tone. "I like that fellow over there in the bed better than you." With that she seized a burning lamp and dashed it forcibly on the floor, breaking it into a thousand pieces and very nearly starting a general conflagration. With that the visitors, O. and H. went home and went to bed while Tommy and F. remained for the night. At about three in the morning O. and H. were aroused from their downy couch by the arrival of two travellers, a colored man and white girl from the Mills. They got up and let

them in, and under the influence of the exhilarating spirits that they brought with them they danced it out until morning.

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**Prof. Alexander,**

The famous phrenologist is creating quite a furore by his clever discourses on phrenology and his remarkable deliniation of the characters and temperaments of the subjects who sit for his manipulations. On his opening night, after a clever and instructive discourse on phrenology he called for four gentlemen to come forward and have their heads examined, and no less prominent men were nominated than Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, Geo. F. Gregory, the editor of THE JOURNAL and Mr. William Lemont.

The audience were remarkably attentive during the examination and frequently burst into loud and prolonged applause as some distinctive trait of any of the subjects was disclosed with unerring fidelity.

He is in every respect a wonderful man, and reads the mind of man as an open book. His remarks upon parental discipline should go home to the heart of many a parent.

Anderson & Walker prefer a large trade and small profits, rather than a small trade and excessive profits. See their goods and prices.

**Should Be Punished.**

The circumstances in connection with the death of Mabel Tapley's child disclose a shocking state of affairs. The perpetrator of the deed, whoever it may be, should be hunted down and severely punished.

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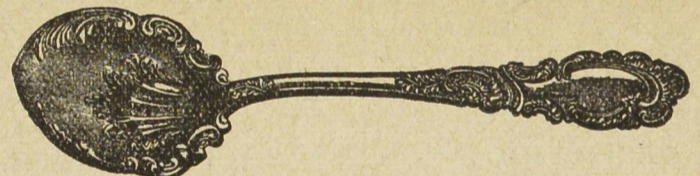
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