

HEALTH.

A Triumph of Surgery.

Every part of the human frame, bone, muscle, blood, flesh, sinew, ligament, has a clearly defined reason for existence, except one—a little pouch, cylindrical in shape, about six inches long and of the thickness of a lead pencil. This pouch is known as the vermiform appendix. It is situated at the lower end of the large intestine. Its position is such that a small seed such as a grape seed, could, by a rare chance, work its way into the pouch. When such an accident happens, the appendix causes acute pain, and death has generally ensued in such cases, medical history informs us. Some time ago the Hon. Edward Rose, lately a captain in the Tenth English Hussars, of which the Prince of Wales is the nominal colonel, swallowed a grape seed, which worked its way into his vermiform appendix. Excruciating pain followed. He consulted the most successful specialists in surgery in England and France, and was told that the special operation sometimes undertaken to amputate the pouch was one of the most difficult and dangerous ones known to surgery. No one of those surgeons whom he consulted displayed any eagerness to undertake the operation, and Captain Rose was treated medicinally. In his case the difficulty of an operation was all the greater on account of his corpulence and large abdominal girth. Eventually the captain decided to consult an American specialist, Dr. Bull, consulting surgeon at Saint Luke's Hospital, New York City, who had lately performed a successful operation on a sufferer from the same trouble. The operation was performed by Dr. Bull after two days of careful preparation; and resulted in the complete recovery of Captain Rose. It lasted two hours and a half during which time Captain Rose was kept under the influence of ether. The first incision revealed the astonishing fact that the subject's abdominal wall had a thickness of four inches! To add to this difficulty the vermiform appendix was found to be abnormally bent up behind the large intestine. The appendix was amputated. For the two days following Captain Rose's condition was critical. After that, in spite of a complication of the grip, he began to mend rapidly, and he was discharged from the hospital sound and well.

Sleeplessness and Its Cure.

We live in an age of nervousness. Weakness of nerves is the proof of an over-refined civilization, which overexcites the active life and weakens the negative. Whole nations have already been ruined on this account; Rousseau prophesied the ruin of all civilized Europe. This destruction will certainly be for some time deferred, but it is a melancholy fact that the number of those who suffer from nervousness and sleeplessness is greatly increasing. The animal life cannot continue an unbroken activity, either in work or enjoyment; from time to time the nerves are exhausted; life returns periodically into the condition of unconsciousness; man in the natural order of things, needs sleep as well as food. Sleeplessness emaciates man, weakens him; and a continual loss of sleep leads, under great suffering, to death.

The celebrated physician and chemist, Max von Pettenkofer, has ascertained, from careful experiments, that even by slight exertions proportionally more carbonic acid is secreted than the quantity of oxygen amounts to which is taken up in that time and used for the production of the outgoing carbonic acid. The now absolutely necessary balance is found in sleep, during which not only half as much oxygen is consumed, but twice as much is taken up. The need of sleep is thus the warning of nature that the time has come when the disproportion between the expenditure, supply and stock on hand of oxygen has reached its extreme limit, and that it is necessary, through frugal use and heavy supply, to replenish the stock. This adjustment is most energetic during the first two or three hours, from which it follows that sleep is then soundest. A healthy, normal sleep ordinarily lasts seven hours.

The causes of sleeplessness may be different, but they always affect the brain, which is the evil to be kept in mind during an attempt at recovery. As already stated, every disturbance of the brain signifies a sleepless night; and nothing is more wretched and exhaustive than when one hunts for his nightly sleep as a pressing need, and fails to find it. Then arises a feverish heat and restlessness, a wild succession of phantasms appears, and if one falls at last into a short morning slumber, even this is not refreshing, but only exhausting. Even the disturbance of habits excites sleeplessness; for example, a strange bed, strange diet, or unusual events of the day. Though this is only temporary, it particularly affects such patients as suffer from chronic sleeplessness. This has its origin in continual physical and mental over-exertion, in great trouble or anxiety. Further, intemperance and glutony produce sleeplessness, as well as hunger and thirst. For too many attacks the best cure is a physical and mental strengthening by means of continued measured diet.

Sleeplessness arising through grief, care, or sorrow, must be cured by a strong will and recreation. Nurture and education of the mind are as necessary and wholesome as that of the body. The will is to be exercised and strengthened, for very much may be done by will power, through diverting the mind from the sorrows and disagreeable occurrences of the day, by compelling one's self to think of indifferent matters. One must not yield to despondency or despair, but consider that trouble and anxiety will not make things better, but weaken the health, which is the first necessity toward a joyful life of usefulness. One already enfeebled by sleeplessness must necessarily change his way of living. Change of place, other associates, other scenes will be helpful and quieting; but if the patient is already completely conquered, then, for entire physical and mental health, careful nursing and good nourishment are needed, and at intervals of from two to three hours, light digestible food must be brought. Also rubbing of the body has been proved healing in the highest degree, because the bodily activity is strengthened throughout, while the mechanical pressure on the brain, nerves, and bowels, accelerates the circulation of the blood and the digestion. Hippocrates learned, two thousand years ago, that the body was hardened by vigorous, softened by gentle, and made healthy by moderate rubbing.

Both in severe and light cases of sleeplessness opiates should be avoided. Sad to say,

however, most men seize these forcible means of cure, rather than the natural way through dieting in the widest sense. Many take morphine or hydrochlorate, where some simple domestic means, such as cold water on the forehead and drinks of cooling fruit juices, would procure sleep. When, however, opiates are no longer to be avoided, they should not even then be used without a physician's prescription. To become accustomed to the use of opiates is in the highest degree objectionable, because the sleep which is thus recalled, is never refreshing like that which is natural, and because the doses must be continually increased if they remain effective. Complete destruction of the nervous system is the certain and enduring result of such habits.

RECENT FLOODS IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS.

Enormous Damages.

The dire results of the late floods in the Northern Highlands, which were by far the most disastrous ever known, so far as living memory or written records go, are now severely felt. The sweeping away of bridges and buildings, the destruction of roads, fences, &c., and the damage done to property generally, are now found to have been underestimated by the newspaper reports. In the districts of Argyll, Boss-shire, and Bonarbridge, Sutherlandshire, the damage done has been immense. The value of live stock and farm produce swept away, together with roads, bridges, fences, embankments, buildings, and boats destroyed, is estimated at an aggregate of upwards of £20,000. The greatest loss of all is the destruction of the grand old iron viaduct across the Kyle of Sutherland, at Bonarbridge, which was the only road connection between Easter Ross and Sutherland. By this catastrophe traffic has been completely paralysed, and indescribable inconvenience has been caused to the populous districts on both sides of the Kyle. How the monthly markets can be held under existing circumstances is a problem. Since the disaster communication of a kind has been kept up by a cable supplied by private munificence.

A Strange Story of the Sea.

Particulars have been received of the White Star steamer Runic, which arrived at New York on the 3d inst. from Liverpool, having fallen in with a large derelict ship named the Florida, of Porsgrund, laden with timber, on the 29th ult., at 7 p. m., in lat. 44.50, long. 42.46, bound from Havana to Norway. She had her sails set, and had the Norwegian flag flying at her foremast. She is 1204 tons register, and had a crew of 25 men, whose fate is enshrouded in mystery. Speaking of the matter, Captain Thompson, of the Runic, said:—"Early on the morning of the day we sighted the Florida. About 7 o'clock the mate reported from the bridge that a big ship was lying dead ahead, and appeared to be in trouble. I went out on the bridge, and about two miles away on the port bow I saw a full-rigged ship with the ensign at half-mast. She looked weatherly enough, and I did not imagine she was deserted. We veered up a point or two for a nearer inspection, and passed her almost 20 yards off. I could see right down the whole length of the deck just as you can look down on the pier. There was not a soul to be seen. The ship was clearly deserted. The report that side lights were burning is not true. There was not the sign of a light on the vessel. The wheel was lashed, and the ship was broadside to the sea." "Why did you not stop and investigate?" was asked. "Simply because time is the first consideration with a White Star Ship. If there had been a soul on board I would have stopped. I hailed repeatedly, but there was no answer. There was a great head sea running, and to have stopped the Runic, turned steamed back, launched boats, and board the Florida without assistance would have been the matter of three hours or more. It was not to be thought of. I am confident that the Florida could not have been abandoned more than twelve hours. The heavy gale of the day previous would have torn the ensign to rags. The topgallant sails were set aback and the others were stowed down as neat as a new pin." "Were the boats all there?" "There were a couple of boats on the skids, but two tackles were up and hanging at the weather starboard clews as if the longboat had been put. Of course this is only a conjecture, as I do not even know whether she had a longboat or not. The whole thing looked queer to me. If the crew had been long away the two tackles would have been 'unrove' by the wind. As it was they were all as taut as wax. The ship appeared to be in good condition. I do not think the crew ever deserted her except for another vessel."

The Strange Freak of a young Lady.

Shortly before nine o'clock on Friday night Mr. Bridger, of the Great Western Railway Gloucester (Eng.) received a wire from Mr. Evanson, handed in at Shrewsbury, to the effect that his sister, the young lady who left her clothing in a railway carriage at Gloucester, and dressed in a blue, overtaken and was safe. After a fruitless journey to Monmouth on Thursday night, Mr. Evanson, it seems, went on to Hereford, where, after inquiries, he discovered that she had slept there on Wednesday night. The landlady of the coffee tavern where she stayed was quite certain as to her identity, although the young lady was attired in boy's clothing, which the police have found had been purchased at Gloucester early on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Evanson remarking at the time that she required them for charity. She also visited a local hair-dresser and quite astonished the man by demanding that her hair should be cut short. On being reconstituted with, she replied that her head was bad, and that a Reading lady had advised her to have her hair cut. After she had spent the night in Hereford, her brother ascertained that she had booked to Shrewsbury, evidently with the idea of reaching Liverpool. Since a child, it appears, she has been imbued with the idea of going to sea, and some years ago she attempted a similar freak to that which she has just practised.

A few nights ago a band of masked men broke into a house in Minin, Austria, occupied by a young widow. They found their way into her bedroom, bound her securely to the bed, saturated her clothes with petroleum and set her on fire, and remained, unmoved by the victim's agonies, until the body was a charred mass.

LOST IN THE RUSSIAN WILDS.

A True Story of Siberia.

In this day the newspaper drag-net is closely woven and diligently drawn, but a good story sometimes escapes. This story, or rather hint of a story, from the far and desolate regions of Siberia seems to me the most unique instance in some time.

Several weeks ago a New York daily printed in an obscure place a paragraph about a startling happening in eastern Siberia. Although I read it attentively, as it interested me and recurred to me again and again, I have not been able to find it since. A few days ago, however, there was another paragraph, printed in the same obscure way, which makes the loss of the first of no consequence. Here it is:

"St. Petersburg, June 18.—The Russian government appears to have abandoned all hope of discovering the fate of Captain Alexandre Maximovitch Osersky, who in 1890 left Irkootsk, Siberia, in command of a military guard which was escorting to St. Petersburg a transport-train laden with gold ore of the value of several million rubles. Since then absolutely nothing has been heard of officers, men, or train."

Such an indefinite and imaginary view of Siberia's unexplored vastness is current that many people will at first glance see nothing startling in this. It is true that strange, unconventional things do happen in Siberia. But this is startling enough to have aroused the astonishment of even the Russians themselves.

The facts in the above despatch may be supplemented by some which were set forth in the first despatch. The guard consisted of about seventy-five men, all of whom were thoroughly familiar with the parts of Siberia to be traversed. The caravan set out late in January, 1890, and was last seen a few days later about two hundred miles to the west of Irkootsk, at one of the post-houses at which it stopped for the night. A week after the disappearance had been definitely traced, the Russian government set about setting it in the most elaborate manner. The Czar issued an ukase commanding all Siberian subjects to aid in the search. Couriers were sent to the Tartar tribes along the route both north and south. Scouting parties went over the entire territory so far as was practicable. Traders across the great Chinese desert to the south were questioned and the machinery of the Chinese government called in aid. So for a year and four months the search was kept up. The result has been told already. Not a bag of gold, not a recognizable skeleton, gun, or bit of uniform was found, and the mystery has been left to time and chance for unravelling.

The road from Irkootsk, three thousand miles and more across mountains and plains to the frontier of Russia, where the railroad from St. Petersburg ends, is a military highway much travelled, and dotted at distances of twenty miles with post-houses. It is not as smooth and easy as the River-side Drive, but it is a perfectly plain road, from which former perils were thought to have been banished entirely. Yet somewhere between two post-houses in the mountainous part of the road which lies between Lake Baikal and the level plain to the west, this considerable caravan vanished away, leaving not a trace behind.

A happening like this in a country so beset with bitterest weather, so full of unknown places and peoples, is most suggestive. What terrible, what unheard of fate can have overtaken these seventy-five human beings and these several hundred horses and these great bags of gold ore?

This caravan was journeying in the midst of a Siberian winter. There were snows of incredible depth, there were swift and cutting winds. The road lay through mountains scarred and seamed by the attack of the sharpest elements from an immense antiquity. Old and untrodden forests of boundless extent were all about.

In the winter-time packs of fierce wolves sweep through these forests in great numbers. They are frenzied with hunger, and often rabid from the bites of mad wolves. They eat one another, and attack any party of travellers that may be abroad. It may be that some pack, of a size not known before, fell upon this caravan, which was driven or had wandered from the main road into the forest. Then the wolves, after a long fight conquered, and men and beasts were devoured, and skeletons and gold now lie in an out-of-the-way place where no man will ever find them.

Although the length and strength of the arm of the Great White Czar, and the perils which await those who depart from the road, are well known, it may be that part of the guard conspired to seize the treasure, and make off with it across the desert of Gobi to Chinese ports. If this be true, and if the faithful part of the guard was killed, the thieves may have perished miserably of hunger or thirst in trying to cross the desert. Or some restless band of Tartars may have wiped the guard from the face of the earth, and the treasure may now be turned into arms and powder of warriors, bracelets and anklets for flat-nosed Tartar women.

So relentless is Russian vengeance, and so vigorous is the terror of it, that it seems improbable that the caravan vanished through human agency. The severity of the weather suggests that it may have lost the road during some blinding downpour of snow. Wandering about, a crash of ice and rock from an overhanging precipice may have dashed horses and men to the bottom of some mountain gorge so deep so dark that not even a vulture could seek them out.

There are crevasses in these mountains, and a frozen cover often hides them. There may have been a sound of splintering ice, the shrieks of men helpless in the face of swift and certain death, and then a yawning of the bowels of the earth.

In this disappearance there is material for the most vigorous imagination to work upon without limit. It is not a small and defenceless party that is to be accounted for. It is a large caravan, well armed, well acquainted with the road, well prepared to meet any form of danger.

The road was constantly travelled; the Tartar tribes to the north and south see and hear all that goes on. The place of disappearance was between post-houses but twenty miles apart, and within easy reach of any one who might have escaped from the destroying fate. The more it is considered the more the amazement of the Russian government is understood. It is hard to recall an occurrence so mysterious, so uncanny. No natural theory seems to account for the total annihilating of so large a number of living things.

You can feel the cruel fangs of arctic winds; you can see ten thousand wolves as they sweep through the marble forest, shrieking as they go. The snows are falling. The caravan of burdened horses, and of men in the heavy, strange dress of a Siberian winter is toiling along. Then—the caravan vanishes. Where? How? You cannot tell. You cannot imagine. The wild winter rages on, and that is all. Captain Osersky and his seventy-five men were and are not. This is no ghost story, but in arousing a "creepy" feeling, it comes nearer a ghost story, than any tale I ever heard when the lamps were unlit, and the fire light glistened on the wide, fascinated eyes of the children.—[Harper's Weekly]

FASTEST TRAIN RECORDS.

U. S. Flights And British Runs.

Until the end of last year (says the Pall Mall Gazette) Great Britain, the home of the first railway, had continuously led the world in speed. The Americans, however, have been gradually creeping up to English speeds, and recently put on a train from New York to Buffalo, which excels our runs not only in speed, but in the weight carried. A comparison of the East and West Coast Scotch expresses, as these are the only long-distance trains in the world which approach it. The fastest trains on the Continent of Europe are those run by the Prussian State between Hamburg and Berlin, which just touch 50 miles an hour, but the distance is only 177 miles. They are, however, at least five miles an hour quicker than the trains of the International Sleeping Car Company, who are now advertising that their trains are the fastest on the continent of Europe—quite an unfounded claim. The gradients between London and Perth by the West Coast route are distinctly worse than those of America, but the line between New York and Buffalo has 14 miles heavy grades, many severe curves, and the weight of train (exclusive of locomotive) is about 160 tons; that of the English train up to Preston, where it drops the Lake district carriages, is about 130 tons, after that about 80 tons. The American train has, we believe, only been late six times, and has frequently made up as much as 33 minutes, while two engines are never used, one locomotive of the ordinary American type, coupled driving wheels, 6ft 6in in diameter, being employed. This engine has been found to do its work so easily that in the spring it is proposed to add another car of 27 tons to the American train. The English train, beyond Preston at any rate, has generally two engines, and altogether it looks as if our English locomotives were falling behind the American in the work which they perform, since the Perth train often loses time. Surely it ought to be worth the while of one of our great English lines to bring over an American locomotive and give it an unbiased trial, as the Americans are doing with our locomotives.

AN ENGLISH FLYING MACHINE.

It is Made Like a Fox and Has Immense Wings.

The flying machine which has long been in process of manufacture by Messrs. J. Shaw & Sons, engineers, Coventry, is now completed. Exactly a year ago Major Moore placed a contract in Shaw & Sons' hands for the manufacture of a machine according to the anatomy of the flying bat, but when the machine was nearly completed Major Moore, guided by extensive experiments in India, changed the model, and Shaw and Sons had to draw out a second estimate for a machine to be constructed on the lines of a flying fox. This is the machine that is now completed, after being six months in the course of manufacture. What particularly strikes the visitor on a first glance is the immense size of the wings, each one of which measures 17ft 6in by 8ft 6in in the widest part. For the present they are covered with calico, but when attached to the box and electric motors will have double-woven silk, specially prepared, stretched on; the silk will cover the box as well as the wings. A closer inspection shows how carefully the anatomy of the flying fox has been followed. There are seven bones, leading off with two of 8ft and 10ft long, and finishing with one of 12ft, and are manufactured of best weldless steel tubes, with brass-bushed joints; each joint and bearing had been forged, and this is the work that has delayed the completion of the machine. The tips of the wings are flexible. The head is formed of a loop of steel tubing, covered with silk, continuous without break from the body and wings. The tail is of tapering tubes, in prolongation of the side or upper edges of the box which forms the body. Returning to the wings, which are of concave shape, each will have a sweep of 24ft. 12 up and 12 down, and are expected to make 50 strokes per minute. They are to be thoroughly tested, and when supported from the hinge only will have to bear a distributed load of 4lb. per superficial foot when the machine is turned on its back. Each wing is 120lb in weight and the machine, with the box and motors, is expected to turn the scale at 700lb. The motors, which are being made in London, will be of three-horse power. The box is 13ft high by 3ft 5in long, and at the base will be fixed small wheels, so that when the machine alights it will run along the ground. It is also intended to carry a parachute with the machine to ensure a safe journey to the earth if the silk should become torn or the motor fail to act. The total cost of the machine will be about £1000. It has not yet been decided when the initial trial will take place. An application has been received from Birmingham for the machine to be exhibited in that city.

Reported Execution of a Chinese General.

A telegram from a private source which has reached Paris via Singapore, states that General Tchong-ki-Tong, a former Chinese diplomatist in the French capital, has been executed in the prison of Tientsin. The Emperor of China is reported to have shown great unwillingness to sign the death-warrant; but the chief members of the Old Chinese party prevailed, their arguments being that General Tchong-ki-Tong had betrayed the interests of the empire, and had pledged himself in 1899 to support French influence. It was discovered too, it is said, that the General had embraced the Christian faith, and had endeavoured to obtain an audience of Leo XIII. with a view to developing the Christian missions in the Chinese Empire. These negotiations fell through because the Vatican held General Tchong-ki-Tong in suspicion. General Tchong-ki-Tong's wife is a European and a Christian.

FROM SHIP TO SHORE.

Making a Landing Through the Breakers.

Selecting a landing place, the men wait for an opportunity. By lying outside and watching the breakers, they find that after a certain number of heavy ones there is a quiet interval, and after several counts they know when to expect this interval and take advantage of it. If there are but two or three lines of bad breakers near a seemingly steep beach, a bold dash, bows on, during this interval of quiet, will probably land them high and dry.

Much more frequently, however, the water will shoal far out from the shore, and many lines of breakers will have to be passed. The quiet interval will be too short to allow a boat to reach the shore. Only courage, coolness, quickness, and good judgment can save the men in the battle for life which must then be fought. They select a place where the breakers seem to roll in parallel to the beach and not slanting, and then they row toward them as close as they can with safety, and turn the boats bow out to sea. Next, they back in rapidly when the quiet time comes, but keep the boats bow pointed squarely at the breakers. The lull is too soon over, and the battle begins. A mountainous sea comes rolling in and mounting upward from a rounded crest to a thin green edge, which tumbles above them. Then the nearer side seems to pause, and from the green edge sweeps hussing backward a curling, feathery spray, as the farther side of the wave seems to rush over the nearer, and descend with a crashing roar in overwhelming volumes of whitened surf. If the little boat is caught in this deluge, she may be thrown end over end, or slued so far around that the next sea will roll her over and over; and even if skilful management should keep her head to sea she would soon be completely swamped. These points where the seas break must then be eluded as often as possible, but only experience and judgment can tell how to pass them with more than occasional success. By pulling a few strokes toward the sea, a wave may pass under the boat just before it breaks. Then what a ride they have! More swiftly than by express train they are shot shoreward by a mighty power utterly beyond control. The roar around them is frightful, and the swirling, broken water terrifying; but while that speeding lasts they are safe. Every effort is always made to keep on the back of that shore rushing wave. It was an enemy a moment before, but now it is a guiding friend. The boatmen back in upon it with all their might, but watching all the time for the next wave to rise and form for attack.

When the welcome shore is close at hand the helmsman presses down the boom or shaft of the steering-oar; otherwise the blade would suddenly catch in the sand, the boat would rush over it, and as it pivoted in the oarlock the oar would fling the man far astern. Lucky would he be if there was still water to fall upon!

When the boat touches the bottom, all hands spring overboard, and seizing her gunwales, rush her high upon the beach; otherwise the waves would do this for them, probably broadside on, and in a very ruthless manner, perhaps breaking bones and crushing the boat, as if angry at the men's escape.

Dr. Peters on African Wonders.

Lively news is received from German Africa. Two expeditions are now on the move. One intends to restore the caravan route from the Mountain Kilima-Njaro to the Victoria Nyanza lake. It was got up by the East Africa company with money raised by the Anti-Slavery lottery. It is composed of 200 carriers and fifty soldiers, and is led by Dr. Bauman, who expects to be able to return to the coast in about twelve months. The other expedition is led by Dr. Peters, and travels from the Kilima-Njaro to the Soda lake, where Herr Ehlers found large quantities of soda a few years ago. Dr. Peters has now improved upon Ehlers and reports a find of immense quantities of salt-peter with gas wells of sulphur, bromide, and chlorine. These reports of Dr. Peters are received with great caution, because none of the numerous travelers that passed these parts in former times ever reported such deposits. Dr. Peters is credited a certain amount of inaccuracy, which lends color to the doubts expressed regarding his reports.

Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has inspired a German author of the name of Hertzka to write a book entitled "Freeland," in which he proposes to found a communistic colony in a valley near Mount Kenia in eastern Africa. The region is described by all the travelers that passed it as an earthly paradise. Twenty-eight societies, with a total membership of about a thousand, have been formed all over the country, the members declaring themselves to be willing to go to Kenia. One enthusiastic disciple has given to the association the enormous sum of \$10,000—that is, \$10 a head—to start them in the enterprise, the remainder of the members not having any dollars, or cents either, to invest. But here the speculative mind of the schemers has come to their assistance. The Kenia region is located within the sphere of British influence, so that the would-be German colonists can not count on any help in the fatherland. They say therefore that the British nation, being recognized the colonizing race par excellence, ought to assist them to go to Kenia and prove to the world that the idea of communism can be made an astounding practical success. So far the British pockets have remained closed against the Hertzkaities. Now the latter have sent an exploring expedition of two to Kenia, the report of which is anxiously expected. A member of the German imperial family is said to be deeply interested in the scheme. Is it because William would be glad to have a mild Siberia where to send those that dare to criticize his government? It would be a way to show them how to "shake the dust of Germany from off their feet."

The Sunniest Spot in the British Isles.

Persons intending to take a journey in search of sunshine without going beyond the British Islands must direct their steps to Jersey. It appears from the observations of the sunshine-recorder for ten years that that little islet is the brightest spot within the limits of the four seas. Falmouth is the next, and there are several stations on the south coast almost equally well off. It is hardly necessary to name the place which carries off the palm for sunlessness. In the City of London there was no registered sunshine at all in December, 1884, in January, 1885, or December, 1890. Seven years ago, therefore, London was without sunshine for two consecutive months.