

HEALTH.

MEDICAL VIRTUES OF ONIONS.

A mother writes: "Once a week invariably, and it was generally when we had cold meat minced, I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward to; this was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best medicines for expelling what most children suffer from—worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but chives also were they encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of chives in their little gardens. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time, till I told him, that they were good for anything else.

The above appeared in the Lancaster *New Era*, and having fallen under the eye of an experienced physician of that county, he writes as follows:

"The above ought to be published in letters of gold and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read it and remind their parents that no family ought to be without onions the whole year around. Plant old onions in the fall, and they will come up at least three weeks earlier in the spring than by spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw, as soon as they are fit to be eaten; do not miss treating them with a mess of raw onions three or four times a week. When they get too large, or too strong to be eaten raw, then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used.

Matches in Greenland.

The preacher is invariably resorted to, both by young men and maidens, as the matrimonial agent. A young man comes to the missionary house and says to him, "I want to marry." "Whom?" asks the missionary. "Have you any one in mind?" "Yes," answers the lover, "but she will not have me, I want you to speak to her." "Have you not spoken for yourself?" "Many times, but she always says 'No.'" "That is nothing," says the pastor; "you know the ways of maidens. Does she like you?" "It is difficult to find out. She will tell you." The pastor accordingly sends for the girl, who comes willingly enough, knowing well what the message means.

"Well, my daughter," he observes, "it is time you should think of marriage." "I never mean to marry," is her invariable and conventional answer. "That is a pity," says the minister, "because I have a good husband for thee." "Who is he?" she asks. The missionary then tells her his name—although she knows it as well as he does—and launches out into the lover's praise. He is strong, good looking, kindly; he caught two fine whales when his companions took none, or whatever else can be said to his repute. After the catalogue of his merits has been recited, the girl replies, "But I think him a good-for-nothing." "Ah, well," says the missionary, "thou art not wise. There is no lad can fling a harpoon as he can. I shall soon find him a wife." He then wishes the girl a good day, affecting to believe that the interview is over. But she is sure to linger, and after a blush and sigh she whispers, "So it is particularly your wish, Herr Pastor? I do not quite like him," with a deep sigh, "but if you—"

At this point she virtually hands over the business to the minister, who has to tell her that she knows she loves the lad; that she would not have come if she had not thought of accepting him, and that nothing is wanting but to ask the blessing of God upon their union.

The marriage, curiously enough, usually takes place on the very day on which the bride has emphatically protested that she will never have the bridegroom.

Apache Baby Life.

There is an astonishing amount of difference in the endurance shown by savage and civilized folk. Among us babies are treated "as if they might break," as the saying goes; but with the Indians their conditions of life are less finely balanced. Baby life among the Apaches is thus described in the *Oceana Monthly*:

Leaning against wagons and buildings are dozens of little baskets with baby Apaches sucking their fists therein. The baskets are of the regular Indian style, and the poor babies are strapped and laced into them tight and snug, nothing showing but the round, chubby face and two tiny fists.

Some squaws hang their baskets to the saddle-horn, because, if they are left standing on the ground, the dogs go round and lick the babies' faces, much to the little ones' discomfort. One rather frisky pony, with a baby on the horn of his saddle, wanders from the bunch and is immediately surrounded by a crowd of dogs.

Their barking starts him to trot, and with a shriek the mother rushes from her place in the line to catch him. But the pony doesn't want to be caught, and from a trot turns to a run, and away they fly—the basket flapping on his side only making him run the harder.

No one seems sorry for the poor baby, whose yells are drowned in the general burst of laughter that goes up.

Finally the strap that holds the basket breaks, down comes poor baby, thump, to the ground, face down, and the pony, after running a few more rods, is caught by a boy, while the distracted mother picks up her unfortunate infant, and immediately unlacing the deerskin cover, takes it out to assure herself it is sound in body after its rather risky ried and fall.

Juan Aminte, a Mexican telegraph operator, was in his coffin and about to be buried when an outside operator heard taps inside which said in the telegraph language, "I am alive." It appears that presence of mind is sometimes a good thing to have even at one's own funeral.—[Chicago Journal. What wonderful luck it was that one of the parties at the funeral happened to be a telegraph operator. If the corpse had only been rapping to a lot of gnomes that didn't know the alphabet, who would have suspected that it was alive?—[Bowling Courier.

ANCIENT CLASSICAL TESTIMONY TO CHRISTIANITY.

BY J. C. HIDDEN, D. D.

An intelligent and thoughtful Christian woman recently said to me, "I have sometimes been puzzled by the question asked me by skeptics, 'If Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament, be true, why have we no evidence coming down to us from the classical Latin writers of that period?'"

Not long ago, a famous Baptist editor in a large Northern city said to me, "I have seen it stated recently, in a religious paper published in this city, that there are no references to Christ in any of the ancient classical authors. Is this true?" I replied that it was not true, as I could prove; and as it may be worth while to do this publicly, I have taken the trouble to investigate the question with some care, and shall now proceed to set forth the results of that investigation.

That none of the earlier Latin authors have a word to say about Christianity is true. They all died before there was any Christianity. Julius Caesar died 44 B. C.; Cicero, 43; Sallust, 34; Virgil, 19; Horace, 8; Ovid, A. D. 18; Livy, A. D. 17. They were all dead years before Christ began to preach. Seneca was born B. C. 2; Tacitus and Pliny the Younger, A. D. 61; and Suetonius, A. D. 70. These, then, are the authors whom we must consult; and it is a striking fact that three out of the four do mention the existence of Christianity, and that Pliny and Tacitus both give very important statements about its progress and power. Pliny was governor of the province of Bithynia in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, 98-117. Now here is

PLINY'S LETTER TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

"It is a rule, sir, which I inviolably observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts; for, who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those persons who are Christians I am unacquainted, not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to the ages of the guilty, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon; or, if a man has been once a Christian, it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession are punishable; in all these points I am greatly doubtful.

"In the meanwhile, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confessed, I repeated the question twice, adding threats at the same time; and if they still persevered, I ordered them to be immediately punished. For I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being citizens of Rome, I directed that they should be conveyed thither. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case) while it was actually under prosecution, several instances of the same nature occurred. An information was presented to me without any name subscribed, containing a charge against several persons; these upon examination, denied that they were, or had ever been, Christians. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and frankincense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing it said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances. I thought it proper to discharge them.

"Some among those who were accused by a witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned, indeed, they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error was, that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ, as a god, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery; never to break their word, nor deny a trust when called upon to deliver it up; after which, it was their custom to separate, and then re-assemble, to eat in a common harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desist after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your own commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. In consequence of this their declaration, I judged it the more necessary to endeavour to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious functions but all I could discover was, that these people were actuated by an absurd and excessive superstition. I deemed it expedient, therefore, to adjourn all further proceedings in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration; more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes.

"In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are revived; to which I must add, there is again also a general demand for the victims, which for some time past had met with few purchasers. From the circumstances I have mentioned, it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their own error.

Now read the Emperor's Reply.

"The method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in the proceedings against those Christians who were brought before you, is extremely proper; as it is not possible to lay down any fixed rule by which to act in all cases of this nature. But I would not

have you officiously enter into any inquiries concerning them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime should be proved, they must be punished, with the restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Information without the accuser's name subscribed, ought not to be received in prosecutions of any sort, as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the equity of my government."

Now here is not only a very distinct reference to the existence and rapid spread of Christianity at this period, but a solid proof of the fact that the Christians of that early age held the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, whom they worshipped "as a god."

So far as I am aware, no critic has ever questioned the genuineness and authenticity of Pliny's letter to Trajan, quoted above. It is the 97th of Pliny's letters, as published in William Melnoth's edition, Boston, 1809.

New Bedford, Mass.

VARIETY.

A travelling doctor who holds forth in Indiana has his bills read:—"If not hung by a mob I shall reach this place about—"

Some odd dinner customs still prevail. The Romans used to recline at their banquets, and the habit of lying at public dinners still prevails.

A writer on political economy says:—"It's the little leaks that tell." Yes, indeed, a little leak will give you away as fast as an overgrown onion.

A real estate agent in Southern California recently posted the following notice on a piece of land:—"For Sale Cheap. The Best Climate on the Pacific Coast. The Land Traced In."

Old Jacob Hobbs, of Mississippi, buried \$22,000 in gold during the war, was killed before he told anybody of the spot, and his own son Obadiah has been hunting for the yellow boys ever since without any luck. Recently he hung himself to a tree, and in digging his grave the long-lost fortune was turned up. Luck comes to some men after death.

The latest craze among New York ladies is a "hair album"—gentlemen's hair. Young men are besought for a lock of hair, and the request is such a flattering one that they are only too happy to comply when the right damsels apply. The contribution is tied with a blue ribbon and goes into the "hair album" along with the hair of a crowd of other fellows. Over it will be written the name, age, color of eyes, date of receiving the memento, and general remarks as to personal appearance, etc., which may or may not be complimentary, as the album is never to be seen by any other than feminine eyes. The young ladies are as proud of their trophies as an Indian warrior is of the scalps he takes.

Buttermilk for Hot Weather.

A great physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages, and further compared its effects on the system to the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have been sifted through, filling every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. Its medicinal properties cannot be overrated, and it should be freely used by all who can get it. Every one who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather, and let tea, coffee, and water alone. For the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, I may add that in the churning of it the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice and contains properties that readily assimilate with it, with very little wear upon the digestive organs.

The Picture Was Recognized.

Two children 5 and 7 years old were looking at the pictures in a book of humorous cartoons a day or two ago and enjoyed the pastime exceedingly. Finally they turned to the representation of an intoxicated individual whose better-half was enforcing more temperate principles with the end of a broom-handle. As this picture came to view the mother, who was looking on, asked the elder child if he knew what it portrayed, and the response was prompt:—"It's papa taming home from the tub, and you beatin' him like you did under night." The mother was greatly abashed; the father, whose experience had been cited, dropped his paper and left the room, while a couple of callers who were present at the time laughed immoderately at the child's innocent revelation.

Engaging Manners.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish, the sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—that will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

The London *Gas and Water Review* says that a further advance has just been made in utilizing hydrocarbons for steam-raising on board ship. A legitimate objection to the adoption of liquid fuel at sea, under certain circumstances, has been that the use of steam for the diffusion of the oil in the boiler furnaces, entails a considerable loss of fresh water from the boilers. As this loss has to be made good by salt water on long ocean voyages, the density of the water is rapidly raised to a dangerous point. This, is, however, entirely overcome by the system adopted.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"One fmg dat convinces me dat de Lawd am a good Lawd," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "an' de way He puts up wid human natur'. One has only to put on his hat an' take a walk aroun' de block to convince himself dat if we had any odder Lawd 'cept de one we've got dar would be a powerful shakin' up of dis airth ebry day in de week an' twice on Sunday.

"Las' week Pickles Smith went off fishin. He had no bizness to reason dat he'd eben git a bite, but he just sot down an' figgered dat he'd bring home six tons of bass an' pickered. He went an' he fished, an' he bobbed an' he spit on his bait, an' he cotched one leedle sun bass about as big as a two-cent piece. He cum home mad as a wet hen, an' de way he took on 'skipped Thursday evenin' pray'r meetin' was awful to har. De fact dat he hasn't been jerked outter his butes an' tied up in fo' hard knots proves how willin de Lawd ar' to gin human natur anoder chance.

"A few days ago Trustee Pullback drawed \$25 outter de back—his savings fur de last ten y'ars—an' purchased him a mule. He calkerated dat mule was worf \$75, an' dat he had made de biggest kind of a bargain. He slapped himself on de leg an' chucked, an' he went to pray'r meetin' an' sung til he could be heard a mile, but arter fo' days he went out to de ba'n an' found dat mule stone dead. Den what happened? He sulked, an' ripped, an' cussed, an' he declar'd dat de Lawd was agin him. De Lawd was all right as long as Pickle was makin' \$50, but all wrong when he was losing \$25. He am heah to-night an' still alive an' in good health, which are proof agin dat de Lawd forgives ninety an' nine times, an' realizes the weakness of human natur'!

"I war' passin' a saloon de odder day in which war' sekin or eight drunken men. Drink war' makin' beasts of 'em. Drink war' takin' bread from de mouts of dier children. Drink war' soakin' up their brains, bluntin' deir manhood, an' dullin' ebry sentiment of goodness in deir hearts. If I had been de Lawd I should hev brung about an' expulshun to lift dat hull bizness sky-high, an' to hev sent de saloon-keeper about a mile higher dan anybody else, but dat saloon am dar' yit, and de same crowd kin be found dar any day, and dat's proof of sich forbearance an' liberality as we kin skeerce'y comprehend.

"If I should sot out to be an infidel I should sot short as I looked at the sun an' moon—at de mountains an' valleys—at de brooks an' forest—each one a proof of de power of an infinite bein'. If I should sot out to deny de Lawd, I wouldn't hev to go a block to find plenty of proofs dat He not only exists an' rules an' am present wid us, but dat His gentleness an' forgivng disposishun ar' all dat stands between us an' sich a rattlin' of dry bones as would keep de har on eand from Sunday mawnin' to Saturday night."

A PROPOSITION ACCEPTED.

Some time since Judge Chewo gave a garden party. In order to have the affair as *recherche* as possible he borrowed a bust of Plato from the club museum and fastened it in a crotch of a plum tree. It added greatly to the picturesqueness of the affair, and the Judge's heart was beginning to swell with pride, when some unknown assassin in the street flung a rock at the bust and shivered it into a hundred fragments. The Judge was notified that he must replace the bust if it cost him a million dollars, and for the past four weeks he has been in a terrible state of mind. At this meeting he announced that he had utterly failed to secure a bust, but he had a proposition to offer. In place of the bust of Plato he would furnish one of Columbus and another of Goethe, and he would sign a pledge never to give another garden party as long as he lived.

Sir Isaac Walpole, Givedam Jones, Whalebone Howker, Colonel Cabiff and others made brief speeches favoring the acceptance of the proposition, and the President finally said:

"We will accept it, but let dis be a sad warnin' to you'all. My eye will be kept on de jedge fur de next few months, an' in case he ar' found layin' wires fur anoder ga'den party, sunthin' will transpire to ripple a furrow of sadness across his classick brow."

ASTRONOMICAL.

The quarterly report of the Committee on Astronomy asserted that no radical changes had taken place in the heavens during the last three months. As to whether the spots on the sun had any influence on the weather the committee were divided, but each faction stood ready to be convinced. The estimated distance of the sun from the earth, as carefully revised by the committee, was only 600 miles. This is knocking off a heap of miles, but the four men figured it all out on a barn floor and are ready to stand by the chalk-marks. The remarkably hot weather for the past month is attributed to the increased motion of the earth as it revolves on its axis. This motion will begin to decrease about the middle of August, and one paper collar will then last a man from ten days to two weeks.

On motion of Judge Cahoots the report was accepted and adopted.

A BAD MOVE.

Whalebone Howker has lately been on the jury in the Recorder's Court, and has also held a successful birthday party, and the two events have served to make him very pompous. He occupied a front seat at the meeting, crossed his legs like a banker, and glared around him with the greatest complacency. After the report of the Committee on Astronomy had been made he arose and said:

"Misser Chairman, I move dat de Committee on Finance be instructed to purchase a chiny toilet set an' plate-glass mirror fur de blue aunty-room. I, fur one, has got tired of washin' in a tin basin an' wipin' on a piece of coffee sack."

"W—what's dat?" exclaimed Brother Gardner as soon as he could get his voice, "you—you want a chiny set, an' a lookin' glass, an' some towels wid a red bo'ler! Brudder Howker, sot down! You ar' fustly fined twenty-six thousand dollars an' costs, an' secondly, I declar' you suspended from de club fur a period of three months! I hev had an eye on you fur de past month, sah, an' hev bin anticipatin' some sich break. You are a man who can't stan' prosperaty, sah. When you hev got three biled shirts, sah, an' two yaller vests together you feel dat you own all de co'ner lots in Detroit. I knowed yer fadder well. He was a much better man dan you, an' yit he went b'arfut all summer, washed his face in a trough of water, an' he was lucky to find a piece of straw tick fur a towel. De Secretary will record de sentences in full, an' I shall see dat it ar' properly carried out."

IN VAIN.

"K—kin I withdraw de moshun, sah?" asked the humbled Howker as his pulse increased to 180 a minute.

"No, sah! A moshun which incloeds chiny sets an' red bo'lered towels kin neber be withdrawn when once presented to dis club! De culprit will be removed by de back stairway, an' de meetin' will close itself up fur one week."

Blunderheads in Boats.

Attention has been often called to the loss of life every season by boating accidents, and though the means of avoiding them have been frequently published, they continue. The principal cause of such tragedies may be attributed to the ignorance of those who attempt to manage boats. A young man who has been down the harbor a few times and has escaped accident, too often considers himself qualified to sail a boat under all circumstances, and when beset by a squall, loses his head and while he is trying to collect his thoughts a capsizes takes place, and loss of life ensues. Besides, sailboats are generally ballasted with stones or iron which sink them when filled with water.

The boats of ships of war, which carry sails, are ballasted with water in small casks or breakers, so that when overturned and filled with water, the ballast helps to keep them afloat. A boat free from stones or iron ballast, even if filled with water has sufficient buoyancy to float, and to bear up those who may be in her, until rescued. Boats, too, ought to have life preservers in them, but above all should never be entrusted to the care of those who are not accustomed to manage them.

Spritsails are dangerous in squally weather, because it is difficult to unsprit them and dangerous at the same time. If a boat has two masts, two men must stand up, and if by the wind, their weight against the masts increases the leverage and tends to overturn the boat. Lugsails are much safer, but neither the sheets nor the hall-yards should be made fast; they should be kept in hand ready to be let go in an instant. Shipmasters generally are indifferent boat managers, for lack of experience, and this is also true of seamen generally. Unless trained in the use of boats before they go to sea they will have but little opportunity afterwards; hence the great passenger steamers have their men exercised in the use of boats every time they are in port. Whalers and ships of war are exceptions to this general rule.

It is estimated that some 50 lives are lost annually in Boston bay and harbor by boat accidents, most of which could have been avoided by common prudence. Why not have sailboats which carry passengers numbered, and those who have charge of them licensed? Our steamers which carry passengers are inspected at certain periods every year before they receive certificates of safety; why not sailboats? The recent terrible loss of life by the capsizing of the yacht *Mystery* shows the necessity of licensing sailboats as well as steamers.

How to Learn to Swim.

The first thing to be done is to learn to duck without minding it. Hold your breath and put your head under water several times whenever you bathe. You may probably strangle a bit at first, but the ducking will become less and less disagreeable, until the disinclination to go under water nearly or quite disappears. Of course the bather need not make a martyr of himself by spending his whole time in the practice of ducking. He may splash about as much as he likes. Some acquire the necessary indifference to being under water almost at once. When it is acquired, let the bather select a place where the water is just deep enough for him to sit upon the bottom with head and shoulders out of water. Then let him take a full breath, distending the lungs, and placing his arms by his sides, lie down on his back on the bottom. If unsuccessful, partially expel the air from the lungs and try again. After having found out by actual experiment how easy it is to lie down on your back under water, go out to the full length of your rope and, holding your breath, pull yourself in toward the shore, hand over hand, not letting your feet touch bottom on any account until your breath runs out or you run aground. No matter whether you go under or not, no matter whether you keep yourself right side up or not, go right on hauling yourself toward the shore, hand over hand, till you reach shoal water.

When you can run yourself ashore with ease and certainty you will probably have discovered that most of the passage is made at or near the surface of the water, and possibly you will have learned after a fashion to keep your balance and pull yourself ashore with your nose above water. When you can do this you can breathe through your nose during the passage, and as soon as you can breathe comfortably while hauling yourself ashore you are ready for the next step, namely, try to pull yourself ashore using one hand for the rope and paddling with the other hand. This is not a very easy thing to do, and in all probability before you accomplish it you will find yourself paddling with both hands and kicking with both feet—that is to say, swimming. As soon as you find that you can keep yourself right-side up, and your eyes and nose above water, you have learned the great secret, and swimming with the most approved, and scientific stroke will follow according to your opportunities and ambition.

The *Electric Review* says:—"Many will be surprised by the statement that more than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country by street-cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the general manager to be only one half the cost of horse-power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horses are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton, Wis., and Denver. Electric railways are either in course of construction or under contract in twelve other cities, and in thirty-seven companies have been formed or other steps taken for the building of such roads. Upon none of the roads now in operation in this country, however, is force supplied by storage batteries attached to the cars. In most cases power is communicated by an over-head conductor.

Dr. Mackenzie reports that the growth in the Crown Prince's throat is now so slight that he expects the trouble will cease altogether.