

bougie for the required distance and then another pinhole was made into which the end of the wire was again threaded into the hollow of the longie and drawn tight. The two ends of the wire were then attached to a connecting tip to which the wire from the positive pole was attached.

At the request of several colleagues I have handed one of these to Messrs. Waite & Bartlett, the well known manufacturers of electrodes, who will in future keep them in stock. It may be objected that they will wear out, but I have found that one of them would generally last through the treatment of one case, and their price is so low that we can afford to throw it away. The best means of keeping them clean is to wash them with soap and water at the end of an application and then put them in a jar of pure glycerine until required again. The small part of the bougie at the end not covered with metal is a great safeguard, as burning a hole in the uterus is thus prevented, an accident which is possible when the metallic end of sound is pressed firmly against the fundus uteri and a heavy current turned on.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE OVARIES?

By Robt. T. Morris, M.D., New York.

Jennie is not well nowadays. Do you remember what a tomboy of a girl she used to be, and how hearty and rosy she was before her marriage two years ago last September? There ought to be a baby in the family by this time; but her cheeks are very pale and she does not often get down town of late to do shopping. 'Twas an untamed bachelor who described woman as an artistically prepared object with a pain in its back and constipated bowels, but that description fits Jennie now, poor thing! and there's more than that to say too, for there are pelvic pains and distress that never leave her for a moment. One acute attack of pelvic peritonitis she has had, and another will come on before long. Dr. Grebb examined her the other day. He asked her to lie down upon the bed and then without loosening the corset he poked a cold sturdy finger into the vagina and make out as well as he could that the uterus was retroverted. So he took down a pessary in the afternoon and fitted it snugly. He did not feel the ovaries and tubes, because somehow or

another he never did seem to have much luck at finding them and he wondered if anybody really ever did if the truth were told. "Come up to the office on Monday, Jennie," he said cheerily, "and we'll see if that pessary has'nt made a change. I've had lots of cases that picked right straight up just as soon as we got the uterus in place." But the pessary started up the old irritation of the bladder and the neuralgia of the left leg, and then came a flush upon the pallid cheeks, but no one would have mistaken it for the color that Dr. Grebb wanted to see. Mrs. Harvey was a sympathetic caller when she led her romping little Joe in to see her former gay schoolmate "Oh, Jennie," she said, "I wouldn't have that horrid old Grebb around me His cases always go like yours. If you would only call in my doctor—Doctor Selker—he's just too lovely for anything, and you will be just as well as I am if you only give him a chance to help you." What a pleasant face Dr. Selker showed at the door next day, and as he laid his hat and gloves gracefully upon the table and told grandma that she was looking younger every year, and patted Rover's head until the shaggy black tail wagged hard and fast in response, anybody could tell that he was a kind man who would do all he could to help a sufferer, especially one whom he had known as a boyhood friend. "Jennie! Ah, yes! more than your share of trouble, haven't you, poor girl," he said with feeling. She was lying upon a lounge in her mother Hubbard wrapper. "I won't hurt you a bit," said he, "but in order to find out exactly what the matter is I must make an examination. Neen't move any! There now! Sort of unpleasant, isn't it, but you know we doctors must do it if we are going to do our duty by little patients who put confidence in us." So Dr. Selker examined just as Dr. Grebb had done and found the same thing and a little more, that the uterus did not move very freely and there was a good deal of tenderness up in there somewhere. "Pelvic cellulitis! Hot douches are the thing for you," he said confidently. Didn't Dr. Grebb say there was pelvic cellulitis? Oh, well! Oversight on his part! Grebb is a good fellow, but sometimes a little careless about all the points in a case."

A week passed and Jennie was better. "Told you so!" said Dr. Selker. "Hot douches always do that, and now, Jennie, you just keep on with them, and you won't need to see us doctors any more."

How could Jennie know that when she married her Sam he had a trifling gleet that Dr. Grebb had said wouldn't be any obstacle to marriage? But her whom he loved so dearly, he had attacked, and had fired at her a weapon loaded with a charge more cruel than buckshot; so that years of suffering were to be her lot. The hot douching made her better but it tired