

at riddles hard as Samsou's as to an animal with a honeycomb inside. In fact, every malady is an Enigma, and when the doctor gives you over, he "gives it up."

A few weeks ago, one of these puzzles, and a very intricate one, was proposed to the faculty at a metropolitan hospital. The disorder was desperate: the patient writhed and groaned in agony—but his *lights* as usual threw none on the subject. In the meantime the case made a noise, and medical men of all degrees and descriptions, magnetizers, homoiopaths, hydropathists, mad doctors, sane doctors, quack doctors, and even horse doctors, flocked to the ward, inspected the symptoms, and then debated and disputed on the nature of the disease. It was in the brain, the heart, the liver, the nerves, the muscles, the skin, the blood, the kidneys, the "globes of the lungs," "the momentum," "the pancras," "the capilaire vessels," and "the gutty sereny." Then for its nature; it was chronic, and acute, and intermittent, and contagious, and "ketching," and "inflammable," and "hereditary," and "eclectic," and heaven knows what besides. Howe-

ver, the discussion ended in a complete wrangle, and every doctor being mounted on his own theory, never was there such a scene since the Grand Combat of Hobby Horses at the end of Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal!

"*It's in his STOMACH!*" finally shouted the House Surgeon,—after the departing disputants,—"*it's in his stomach!*"

The poor patient, who in the interval had been listening between his groans, no sooner heard this decision than his head seemed twitched by a spasm, that also produced a violent wink of the left eye. At the same time he beckoned to the surgeon—

"You're all right, doctor—as right as a trivet."

"I know I am," said the surgeon, "*it's in your stomach.*"

"*It is in my stomach, sure enough.*"

"Yes—flying gout!"

"Flying what!" exclaimed the patient.

"No sich luck, doctor," and he made a sign for the surgeon to put his ear near his lips, "*it's six Hogs and a Bull, and I've swaller'd 'em.*"

### THE BALL ROOM—BY LAVINIA DICK.

FLOWERS, gems, and the peachy bloom of the young beauty, the fascinating smiles of the coquette, mingled in harmony together—we seemed moving in a world of grace and fragrance. The elegant girls and women, the thrilling music, all worked a new magic within man's heart—the magic of the ball-room. It was a fairy land to the outward eye, the rich scented and coloured flowers garlanding the recesses, the fair forms and bright blushes flitting amongst them—oh! I know not which was fairest to look upon, the Camellia rose or her rival sister the budding beauty;—which sweetest, the heliotrope's silence-scented words, or the whispered ones of the lady and her lover. To me there was no thorn near the flower, no worm in the bud; the chaperons seemed kindly spirits watching over the destinies of their delicate charges, and peace, hope, and love floated aloft, three wingless angels, on the clouds of per-

fume which was the air of this temple of the Graces. The fair girls greeted each other with smiles, and seemed to exult in the loveliness of their companions; nay, I heard many a blue eyed nymph extol the dark orbs of a rival planet, and vaunt the superior charms of a sister star's figure and sense. But as the night wore away, a mist cleared from before my eyes, and vanished with the flower fragrancy and bloom, the freshness of the cheek and the robe. I looked again, and what a change! There was a trace of earth and its passions every where; the bloom on the cheek concealed ill the workings of the heart within. I read envy, hatred, and malice in the blue eye as in the hazel; and she who talked of her rival's figure, slyly hinted at its too exuberant proportions, or praised an ankle when she knew that the foot could not pass sans reproche.