

A physician of this city is so largely guided by current medical literature, that his orders from his druggist reflect, for three weeks in succession, the experiments suggested by the books he has been reading; each new book entails a three weeks' run on a new drug, and the physician, who kindly accords the druggist the possession of some perceptive power, solves the problem of his tri-weekly shifts by saying, "the fact is, the people in this neighborhood are all suffering from one disease." In the interest of the landlords, we must needs refrain from disclosing the neighborhood which is visited by a new form of disease every three weeks. The poor deluded people are of course satisfied that they had "the best advice," and dry their tears with the assurance that "the time had come," that "everything was done that could be done," and that Dr. Gammon was most attentive, when he happened to be sober!

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.

"I was once sitting by the side of a worthy old dame from the land of Erin, who was heaping abuse on homœopathic doctors. Her daughter lay at the point of death; her sentiments were expressed in the following fashion:—'I tell you what, sur, I wasn't going to have my daughter kilt with them little pills. 'When I came, I soon sent them doctors off, and I sent to (Ontarian) London, for Dr. G—, and I tell ye what he did: he took two quarts and a half of blood from her; he put two blisters, one on achcalf of her legs, he put another on her back, and another on her belly; give me the man who knows his business!'" (This mode of practice *effectually* stayed puerperal and all other fevers.)

Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, called on a colored minister, and inquired, "Why is it that you are not able to work the miracles which the Apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils." The minister replied, "Don't know about that, doctor, I 'spect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, doctor, and I is alive yet."

UGLY.

The case of a girl in a New York Hospital puzzled the doctors; they wanted a *subject for dissection*, and expected her to be ready for them the following day; they were disappointed at finding this not to be the case; the poor girl is said not to have manifested any appearance of approaching dissolution, but the accommodating house surgeon promised the *subject should be ready the next day*; that day came, and *she was ready*, according to promise.

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