

FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

Bad for the Skin.

AN Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional spree. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face quite considerably.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from taking too much drink," said the man of God.

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson, "it make de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a fack."—*Ex.*

A Doctor's Carol

Come, fill the bowl with sauterne
And let the phenol flow,
And pass the nitroglycerin
To make our brave hearts glow.
Pour the beaker high with atropin
And drink to eyes that shine,
Let's have a song with our ergotin,
And I'll not ask for wine.
Let us pledge our health in castor oil,
With a hearty "bottoms up"
Valerian, with its spicy smell:
Shall refill the dripping cup.
Let normal solution and morphia
Flow faster through each vein,
While brave and fair, with glass in air,
Take up the glad refrain.
So let us sing: "Long live the germ,
The microbe and bacillus,
The grippe, the gout and the gay tapeworm,
As long as they don't kill us."

—*Indiana Medical Journal.*

But Still They Cured.

"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day?"
"Better," said the woman, "and gone to the field." "I thought so," said the doctor: "the leeches have cured him." "Oh, yes; they did him a great deal of good, but he could not take them all." "Take them all! Why how did you apply them?" "Oh, I managed it; I boiled one-half and fried the other. He got down the boiled ones nicely, and was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

"Umph," said the doctor, shaking his head, "all right if they have cured him, but they would have been better applied externally." "Well," said the woman, "I'll do so the next time; I'll make a poultice of them."

Thoroughly Sterilized.

"This towel," said the attendant in the germproof barber shop, "has been subjected to an extreme heat and is thoroughly sterilized. We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion."

"Good thing," commended the patron.

"This soap," went on the attendant, picking up the cake thereof, "has been debacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush are thoroughly antisepticized."

"Great scheme," said the patron.

"The chair in which you sit is given a daily bath in bichloride of mercury, while its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees, which is guaranteed to shrivel up any bacillus that happens along."

"Hot stuff," said the patron.

"The razor and lather brush are boiled before being used, and the lather cup is dryheated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs being concealed in it."

"Fine," said the patron.

"The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double-heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled. It is as pure as it can be made."

"Excellent," said the patron.

"Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze."

"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of a germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant.

"I am not the barber."

"You're not? Where is he?"

"They are boiling him, sir."—*Tit-Bits.*