

Miscellaneous.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MAID.—The supreme court of Vermont has decided, in an action of indictment for adultery, that a maiden is "a young unmarried female, not necessarily a virgin."

A PLETHORA OF DOCTORS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—There has again been an increase to the already overcrowded ranks of the British medical practitioner. The roll for 1897 exceeded that of 1896 by 950, and the roll for 1898 has upon it 619 more names than that for 1897. The whole number of practitioners in the empire is 34,903, of whom 15,400 practise in the English provinces, and 6,081 in London, leaving 13,422 distributed throughout Scotland, Ireland, Wales, colonial stations, foreign places, and the Army, Navy and Indian medical services.—*Phil. Med. Journal*.

KIPLING ON DOCTORS.—Rudyard Kipling, at the annual dinner of the Harveian Society of London, replied to the toast of "The Visitors." He said he had been thrown much in the company of medical men in all parts of the world, and he admired them. He had seen them going to certain death with no hope of reward, because it was "business." He had also seen them handling cholera and smallpox, and when dying therefrom wiring for a substitute. He had seen them in Vermont manage a practice twenty miles in each direction, driving horses through eight feet of snow to attend an operation ten miles away, and digging their horses out of the snow and proceeding. It was one of the proudest things of his life, he said, to have been associated with "real fighting men of this class."—*Medical Age*.

SANDY'S SALVATION.—An' hoo's the guidwife, Sandy?" said one farmer to another, as they met in the market place and exchanged snuff boxes. "Did ye no hear that she's dead and buried?" said Sandy solemnly. "Dear me!" exclaimed the friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?" "Ay, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we hadna time to send for the doctor, sae I gaed her a bit pouther that I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa, and that I had got frae the doctor mysel', but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna ve'ra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankfu' for I didna tak' the pouther mysel'."—*Spare Moments*.