

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes is in his 76th year.

Messrs. J. A. Carveth & Co. have opened a medical book-store in the Arcade. They have a full list of the latest editions and publications.

In London, a man fell in a drunken fit and broke his neck. The jury found out that his grandfather had died of a broken neck, and brought in as their verdict, "Died by the hereditary visitation of God."—*Lancet and Clinic.*

The *Columbus Medical Journal* prints among its advertisements the following notice as a gentle reminder to its subscribers, that journalistic anæmia is only prevented by the practical support of the profession:—"Cholera or no cholera, you must give us one dose of your greenbacks to prevent an attack for the amount due on your subscription. 'Remember that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure!'"

CONVERSATION IN THE OFFICE OF A LADY PRACTITIONER.—Lady Patient—"Doctor, I came to see if you would attend me in my coming trouble." "Certainly; when do you expect to be confined?" "On the 5th of January." The doctor turned to her obstetric list and found that she was previously engaged for that date, for she replied: "I am sorry, very sorry that I cannot: that is the day I expect to be confined myself."

MIRYACHIT—INCONVENIENCE OF A DISEASE OF IMITATION.—The complaint is a dangerous one. There is a new disease, called in Russia "Miryachit," and in Java "Lata." The person affected by this disease is compelled to imitate anything he sees or hears. A doctor, dining with a friend, had just explained to him the nature of the disease, when the host, pushing forward a bottle of the best "Encore," said: "Try that, doctor, it's ten years old." The doctor mixed a stiff glass, and, about half

emptying it, smacked his lips, remarking, "Tip-top, sir." Suddenly, Barney, an Irish butler, who had been present during the doctor's explanation, seized the bottle, and filling a tumbler, emptied it at a gulp, and smacking his lips, shouted, "Tip-top, sir." "What the deuce do you mean by that!" shouted the infuriated host. "Begorra, sir," replied Barney, humbly, "Shure, I'm afeard I'm afflicted wud the latha."—*British Medical Journal.*

THE MODERN VIA AD ASTRA.

A MEDICAL FABLE.

Once upon a time a poor but humane physician was riding along a road which led by a dark forest, when he saw by the wayside a sick and miserable dog which had lain down to die. Moved with pity he got down from his carriage, picked up the poor animal tenderly, and gave it some food and drink. Suddenly the dog vanished, and he saw standing before him a beautiful fairy.

"You have saved me from a miserable doom by your compassion," she said. "Command now anything you wish and it shall be yours."

The astonished physician replied, "I am a poor man. I should like to be rich."

The fairy waved her wand, and extended to him a piece of paper and a bottle filled with a dark-coloured fluid. "Here," she said, "is a prescription for an Infallible Compound Hair-Restorer. It will never fail, and it has been indorsed by all the leading clergymen on both continents. The world is yours! Do you wish more?"

"I am a quiet man," replied the doctor, "and little known. I should like to be famous."

"You shall be more; you shall be immortal." Waving her wand again, she presented to him a small, dark, and curiously shaped instrument. "See," she exclaimed, "it is a new and 'Unquestionably Perfect Pessary.' It radically restores every malposition. Your name is blown into the side. Generations of suffering women and successful doctors will read and bless you. I have tried it myself," she added, blushing a little, and vanished.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*