

Miscellaneous.

The Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, Mr. Ernest Hart, was urgently pressed to contest a seat for Parliament as a Gladstone liberal; but his health was such that he was positively forbidden to undertake the contest.—*Medical Record*.

OF COURSE!—Professor (to class in surgery) —“The right leg of this patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, Mr. Sorter, what would you do in a case of this kind?” Sorter—“I’d limp, too.”—*Journal of Reconstructives*.

THE MILK DIET.—“Why will you persist in drinking tea and coffee?” asked the doctor. “A milk diet is the healthiest, it contains all the elements of the human blood.” “Very true,” replied Boggs, swallowing a third cup of coffee, “but then, you know, I am not blood thirsty.”—*Medical World*.

Dr. I. Hun Su, of Peking, China, treats uncomplicated typhoid fever very successfully with the following prescription:

R. Three inches dried umbilical cord.
One dried snake skin.
One fresh tom-cat’s head.

M. Boil in five pints of water for two hours and strain. Sig. Tablespoonful every four hours.

NEWS FROM BELOW.—The managing editor of the CANADIAN PRACTITIONER, who is now in Vienna, has been heard from. He reports that his satanic majesty, while on a recent visit to this planet for a cargo of sulphur, was shown a sample of iodoform. He immediately countermanded the sulphur order and substituted iodoform, saying, “Not in all my realms below does any perfume so please my senses.” In other words, the odor of iodoform beats sheol.

A veracious newspaper story comes from the West of a man who, in a fit of despondency, swallowed a bottle of somebody’s hair restorer,

and on his death, with obscure symptoms, some years later, the whole abdominal cavity was found to be lined with a thick growth of hair, attesting the unfailling action of the hair persuader; which sounds like the chestnut regarding a kindred remedy, which, being accidentally spilled on the floor, produced a door mat.—*Boston Med. and Surg. Journal*.

A NEW SPECIES OF TAPEWORM.—Dr. Curran, in the *Southern Practitioner*, writes that some of his townsmen go to Los Angeles for treatment, and return home with yards of tapeworm in bottles, very handsome and doubtless worth all they cost, “warranted to last in any climate,” as they are celluloid. The ingenuity of the nation that originated wooden nutmegs has, it appears, made great strides. It started with imitating the products of “the spicy breezes that blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;” it has now succeeded in manufacturing imitations of the inhabitants of another region where the breezes, however favoring, are not so pleasantly spicy.

ARTIFICIAL IMPREGNATION.—This subject has been discussed, and has its advocates. The *Gazette Hebdomadaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie* reviews at length a new novel with the suggestive title of “Le Faiseur d’Hommes.” The romance is nothing more nor less than a plea in favor of artificial impregnation; the *dramatis personæ* are a childless count and countess and a highly scientific physician. A certain abbe is also introduced, in order to fill out the religious side of the picture. Not to enter into the details of the subject, which are better suited for a treatise on gynæcology than for a popular novel, it suffices to say that the experiment is successful, the result being a son, who is afterwards known at court as the “child of the syringe.” He should have been called “a son of a gun.”—*Gaillard’s Med.*

AD HOMINEM.—First Doctor—“I am sorry to see you in this condition, Doc. Who is prescribing for you?” Second Doctor—“I am, myself.” First Doctor—“Great Scot! Don’t do it! You are committing suicide!”—*Puck*.