- "With silliness beyond compute, You hold dihung don't dilute, That weakening strengthens, we dispute, Both can't be right. Which think you will Fair Science suit? She holds the light.
- ** The scientists have held, I see, One fact with all facts must agree. Come, bring your strongest drug to me— No man is able To tell what e'en its name may be Without the label.
- ** A long, long time you'll have to wait Ere 'Varsities both learned and great With such as you affiliate. Do you expect Fair Science will with error mate ? What folly next !

" It looks as if Dr. Chismore were growing old and sour and hard to please. For my part, I think promotion of homeopathy a high duty imposed by the sense of humor. Even with homeopathy this is a sad enough world, but one shudders to think what a world it was in the pre-Hahnemann period, when a considerable part of our fellowcreatures could command nothing more absurd wherewith to tickle themselves than that faulty entertainment, a clown grinning through a horse-collar. The clown with his horse-collar and his grin is nearly extinct, and everywhere we have his inimitable successor, the homeoperator, accentuating the austerity of his countenance, and with studied solemnity uttering the great central truth of his science. That truth, as I understand and love it, is this : The way to make a sick man well is to make him a little sicker-the less sick the better-just enough sicker so that he will not know that he is any sicker, but nature will find out that he is sick. And Dr. Chismore, who has always been thought to love a joke, would deny this humorist a roof under which to stand dry-clad and expound his thesis when it is raining cats and cabbages !"

HE.—" I am really surprised at Dr. White. After being our family doctor for years, and treating me for all sorts of things, and to think of all the money we've paid him, too !"

She .--- "What has he done?"

He.—" He wouldn't let me pass for the life insurance company! ' --Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.