

CALLING THE DOCTOR.

The following item from the *Louisville Medical News* illustrates one of the ways in which medicine is practiced in that city:

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home through the dense fog, which the writer is reliably informed hangs over the city at 3 a.m., he passed the house of a well-known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the city gas company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose; and after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted. "Well."

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply; "but, being a doctor, I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation, "O, by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts. There is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts, too. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor, who was beginning to feel as though his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport, shooting, this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle and laughed like a hyena digging up a fat missionary.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M.D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth a hastily-compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and asafetida squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt-front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good night. Come again, soon, you funny dog, you. Bye-bye."

TREATMENT OF LARYNGISMUS STRIDULUS.

W. H. Day, M.D., physician to the Samaritan Hospital for women and children, writes, in the *Medical Press and Circular*, Feb. 12th, 1880—

The first indications are to remove all exciting causes. If the bowels are disordered they should be set right as soon as possible by proper aperients, and healthy digestion promoted. If the child has taken a heavy meal, or indigestible food, an emetic may be advisable; and should the gums be swollen, and dentition appear to invite the complaint, they ought to be scarified. The child should occupy an airy apartment, and noise and excitement be precluded. If seen during the paroxysm it should be kept in an upright position, and the windows opened, so that it may be encouraged to breathe. In severe cases, especially if a convulsion threaten, it may be immersed in a warm bath, while cold water is sprinkled at the same time over the face. Dr. Morley Rooke recorded a case of laryngismus stridulus in a child nine months old, where occlusion of the larynx during the fit produced symptoms like those of "a recently drowned person." The little patient "showed no sign of life" when first seen in the seizure; the lips were blue and swollen, the face a livid grey, and the eyes half closed and glassy. Dr. Rooke thrust his finger between the teeth to the fauces, when the child gave a short heave and a gasp; on repeating the movement inspiration took place, and in a few more seconds breathing ensued. On two more occasions, when occlusion of the larynx was equally severe, a similar manœuvre brought round the child. This is a mode of treatment well worth bearing in mind when the child threatens to die from spasm of the glottis. The cure was completed by bromide of potassium, which was taken for eleven months. Dr. Wardell also points out the beneficial effect of "rotating the finger in the throat" in these cases; it induces an attempt to vomit, when the laryngeal muscles become relaxed, and air is admitted into the trachea. He says