

a—a—resident here?" To which the stranger replied meekly, "Yes, I am." "But," insisted the visitor, "you are not—you cannot be—the least mentally afflicted?" And the other replied, "Well, I have an inconceivable predilection. In fact, you see this piece of chalk. Wherever I go I can't resist the temptation to write bad language on the walls. My keeper has nothing to do but walk behind me with a wet sponge and rub it out, but he has a hard time, for I write very rapidly. I was three damns ahead up to 7.30, and I have just written 'hell' five times on your back!"

—The conveniences of our modern inventions are, to an extent, off-set by drawbacks. For instance, the telephone with the mischievous girl at the central office. A secular contemporary reports the following case: A husband calls up a doctor and tells him his wife has "a severe pain in the back of her neck, and complains of a sort of goneness in the stomach." "She has malarial colic," returns the man of medicine. "What shall I do for her?" asks the now anxious husband. The wicked girl at the central now switched off to a machinist who was talking to a saw-mill man about his boiler, and this is the advice which falls on the husband's tympanum: "I think she's covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, then take a hose and hitch it on the fire-plug and wash her out." The doctor and the husband do not now speak as they pass by, and the doctor has found the telephone too expensive a luxury for further continuance.

AN ABBOT AND HIS ERRING PARISHIONER.—*Lyon Médical* quotes the following edifying tale from the *Journal de Médecine de Bordeaux*. The ecclesiastics, as is well known, have fallen into the bad habit of dabbling in medicine and pharmacy, pretending to know them as well as the Gospels. An abbot named X— was lately the victim of this unfortunate propensity. One of his female parishioners, finding herself in great suffering, consulted a physician in the neighborhood, who regretted to find that she had a well-marked gonorrhœa, and accordingly prescribed copaiba and cubebs in liberal doses. Before taking *these poisons*, the fair one thought it prudent to ask the curate what he thought of them. The latter looked at the prescription and exclaimed, "Balsamics, those are used for the chest. Yours is weak. You can take them." And, generous to the last, he wrote these words across the prescription, "Furnish at my personal expense." The story goes on to say that an occasional