

of the following as a sample of the workings of the human mind. A public school girl of fifteen came to call the other day; she was telling me about the death of the baby ^{just} said she, "The doctor looked through her and saw that she had a hole in her heart, and everything she ate & drank went right through the hole." After this, conversation lagged a little while I meditated on the peculiarities of the New England heart. "There has been a great crime in New York," resumed my entertainer. "Jack the slagger" killed one hundred and twenty persons yesterday, and they say he will kill more today." "What do you think of that!" she is looked upon as a bright girl too.

I notice that the organ seems quite low when I leave off the support. I also observe that there is quite a discharge of mucus. However, I am careful to use warm water and boric acid after each wearing of the instrument.

I expect to go to Boston in about two weeks in order to arrange for my head and butter for the winter.

Nothing has turned up, as yet, despite my persistent waiting, and the time worn proverb that all things come to him who waits.

I got so into the habit of thinking of jokes, whenever the glass thermometer had rendered me speechless, that it takes my little professional talk to get me going. What do you think