

PERSONAL.

Dr. W. H. Phillips has removed from Cape May, N. J., to 56 W. Cheltenham avenue, Germantown, Pa.

Dr. Geo. A. Pridham has removed from 3743 Brown street to 724 North Fortieth street, Philadelphia.

Dr. A. L. Butler has removed from Challis, Idaho, to Butte City, Mont. The tailor can at least always suit himself.

Dr. Chas. W. Stiles will remove, on Dec. 1st, from Newberryport, Mass., to New Britain, Conn.

The Editor of the *American Journal of Surgery and Gynecology* has an imagination that beats sentimental Tommy's.

"It is not what code do you follow? But what kind of man you are?"
—*Medical Record*.

The *Australian Homœopathic Gazette* has suspended publication for lack of sufficient support.

FOR SALE An established practice of \$4,000 per year in a growing village of one thousand inhabitants within fifty miles of New York. Office furniture, medicines, instruments, books and road outfit included. An unusual opportunity for a good man. For particulars address M. M., CARE OF BOERICKE & TAFEL, 15 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Turkeys should begin taking Phytolacca Berry Tablets.

Dr. Charles M. Benham has removed from Spring City to Phoenixville, Pa.

Dr. Chas. H. Hubbard has opened an office at 1618 Arch street, Philadelphia. Eye, ear, nose and throat only.

Not long ago a contributor to a medical journal wrote of the "epileptic habit."

WANTED A good live homœopathic physician in Norfolk, Litchfield county, Conn., vacancy caused by the death of Dr. B. C. Gidman. A good country practice for the right man. For further particulars call on or address Mrs. Gidman, Norfolk, Conn., or Plumb Brown, Jr., M. D., 503 State street, Springfield, Mass.

Piper methysticum is being advertised as "A Wonderful Discovery," a "blood purifier."

Nutrico Food still continues to be a great favorite with all who use it.

There is one forward man who is always popular—he who is forward in paying his bills.

Dr. C. Sigmund Raue's paper in this number of the *RECORDER*, shows that his father's mantle has descended on worthy shoulders.

A live wire dosen't look it.

The cyclone now gives the blizzard the right of way.

Put away that little button, it's all settled.

Keep your eyes open for Quay's book on nose and throat. It is a good one.

For dyspeptic troubles brought on by eating something cold try *Bellis perrenis*.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC RECORDER.

VOL. XI. LANCASTER, PA., DECEMBER, 1896. No. 12.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. CHARLES G. RAUE.

By Joseph C. Guernsey, A. M., M. D.*

It is with feelings of genuine, though necessarily sad, satisfaction that I add my tribute of affection and reminiscence to what has already been said of him in honor of whose memory we are met here to-night.

Affectionate in disposition and lovable by nature; gentle in manner but unswerving in his conviction of the truth; wholly unselfish and ever ready to oblige; hearty and whole-souled in his greetings; sincere in all his words and deeds; strong in character and firm of purpose; true to his friends; loyal to Homœopathy; a willing and able teacher and assistant to his younger and less skilled bretheren was DR. CHARLES G. RAUE.

Who cannot look back and recall the glow of pleasure occasioned by receiving that hearty nod of recognition when driving by him; or his genial and cheery "Well! how goes it?" when meeting him in person, accompanied by that clasp of the hand that sent the life blood bounding with quickened impulse through the arteries and warmed the heart.

In beginning my reminiscences of Dr. Raue I vainly look back and search for the time in my life when I did not know him. If there was such a period I cannot recall it. But when it comes to the time of my direct association with him—ah, yes! then I *can* answer, for I was one of those whom he called "my boys." Twenty-six years ago this autumn, over a quarter of a century ago, I matriculated as a student in the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia—and at that time a most important member of the Faculty was Prof. Chas. G. Raue. How well I remember his entrance to the lecture room! Most of

* Read at Dr. Raue's Memorial Meeting, October 17, 1896.

the Professors came in the back way and suddenly appeared upon the platform before the students. Dr. Raue did not. He drove up to the old college on Filbert street and climbed those old stone steps just as we students did, came in by the front door as we did and walked through the room up on to the platform amidst a whirlwind of applause. In those days a favorite song of the students was John Brown's body, not then so hackneyed as now! But no matter how intent we were on this song or another, the entrance of our beloved Professor quickly changed the chorus to "*Raue* is marching along," and then came the stormy applause.

His lectures were instructive in character and he possessed a most genial manner and happy method of delivering them, while all the time the kindest smiles brightened his truly intellectual face.

But he passes before me in other views. I see him a genial and welcome member of the company which was wont to assemble at Dr. Hering's on Saturday nights—and what a famous coterie that was—such men as Hering, Raue, Henry N. Guernsey, Lippe, Dunham, Thomas Moore, Fellger, Lilienthal and others from home and abroad.

Reports of brilliant cures, made homœopathically with the single remedy, often with a single dose in a high potency, abounded. Cases of intermittent fever which had lasted long and had baffled the bungling methods of the old school and the inexperienced young homœopathic practitioners, fell into the hands of these incomparable masters to be wholly cured without the use of *Quinine*; hemorrhoids of the most painful kind surrendered to the well directed shot (*i. e.*, pellets) of the expert; tumors vanished under the correctly chosen similitum instead of the knife, etc. All such cures were wrought by these masters; they carefully studied the symptoms and skillfully fitted the remedy thereto. Deep and earnest were the discussions at these meetings of the questions, "When treating a chronic case which is the best day of the week to give or repeat the dose; on Sunday, day of rest, *i. e.*, an off day, or a regular working day when all the usual habits of life are kept up"? Also, whether to give or repeat the dose just before an aggravation or after it? Particular attention was paid to the necessity of being perfectly sure whether new symptoms appearing in a case, or a marked increase in the old symptoms, was *an increase of the disease or an*

aggravation of the remedy. The importance of watching for an aggravation of the remedy so as to stop the medicine was dwelt upon.

The men I have mentioned above were prominent among the standard bearers—the "Old Guard" of Homœopathy. At times it seems impossible that I have met with and known intimately all those grand old men, among whom no one was better known, or more beloved, or more willing to give of his ample store of learning than was Dr. Raue. He was the last to linger of all his confreres, the last link that bound us of the now with those of the then. His departure completed the gap that separates those who did the sowing and left us to do the reaping.

His sincere and untiring devotion to the laws and principles of Homœopathy during his whole professional career is evident from his writings; he contributed liberally to the literature of medicine, both in German and English publications. From 1870 to 1875 he edited "The Yearly Record of Homœopathic Literature," which contained extracts and notices of the most important matters from the leading journals of Homœopathy from all countries. His "Special Pathology and Diagnosis with Therapeutic Hints," published in 1867, proved such a success that it has been steadily used as a Text-book in all American Homœopathic Colleges ever since its first appearance. It has run through three large (and each time improved) editions and lately a greatly enlarged and improved fourth edition has been issued. In his book, "Psychology as a Natural Science applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena," he shows a profound and scholarly knowledge of his subject, deep original reflection and a scientific accuracy in his deductions. The book has been well received and most favorably reviewed by the *savants* of that branch of learning. This striking sentence closes his chapter on *Separation of Soul from Body*: "When the soul departs from the body it leaves as a perfectly organized being of immaterial forces, as fully substantial as any living body ever was in this world, with this difference only, it cannot be reached by any mechanical or chemical means of detection. It is then and there the same soul it was before, beautiful or ugly, good or bad, wise or foolish, corresponding exactly to the development which it has attained while associated with material forces." Page 378.

I recall the committee meetings, held at Dr. Fellger's, to prepare for Dr. Hering's jubilee—50 years a doctor—and I see Dr. Raue, all aglow with affectionate interest, present at every meeting, taking an active part in making his friend's jubilee the grand success it proved to be.

I remember him as an absolutely honest man in thought and in deed—as one whose very nature shunned and recoiled from all shows, pretence and hypocrisy, and as a hearty hater of all workers of iniquity.

I never knew any one in whom a grateful spirit was more manifest. No reminiscence of Dr. Raue can come to one's mind that does not recall this big hearted trait of his. It was impossible to do the slightest favor for him that did not reap in return a warmth of gratitude that exceeded all bounds of proportion to the favor done him.

I never met a more lovable character. He was wholly incapable of any meanness or underhanded transaction; he was not resentful or revengeful. I have seen him grieved, and the dear man, too open hearted to mask his feelings and too sincere to pretend indifference, could not conceal his wounded sensibilities. With a heart naturally full of peace and good will to men, deceit had no place in it. He could not be hypocritical—his likes and dislikes were too plainly seen in his words and manner for that. He could no more assume a liking for those he disliked than he could suppress his affection for those he loved.

I well remember, and so do many of you, the last time we saw him in this room. It was on January 28, 1895, when the Hahnemann Club, of this city, was giving a series of lectures on materia medica. Dr. Raue was invited to open the course, and he did so with a most entertaining and instructive lecture on "The Homœopathic Materia Medica and Kindred Subjects." It was a wild, snowy night, but this room was crowded with attentive and delighted listeners. At the end of his lecture he was surrounded by his audience, who showered congratulations upon him. He greatly enjoyed meeting so many of his friends, and remained for some time holding an impromptu reception. We little thought it was the last time we were to hear him speak in public.

I love to recall that second story back room of his, his own private study—private indeed, but never closed to his personal

friends. How we can see him now, sitting in his special chair in his own corner, his ample writing table before him, his well-filled shelves of books at his very elbow. I am glad that his family preserve the room just as he left it, and that they continue to meet and gather there just as they did when "Papa" was alive.

Dr. Raue has left behind him two sons, able and well-trained in the science of medicine—one of them connected with this college, as his father was before him. We look to them to carry on the work so ably begun by their father, and we can express no better wish for their welfare than to have it said at the termination of their life's journey the words which can so truthfully be spoken of their father—"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

A marked trait of his deserves special mention. He was not content with being a simple follower in the footsteps of others; his intellect was too great for that. He loved to tread in unknown paths—to study and investigate for himself, and his deductions from such studies were worthy the attention of scientists. For his conclusions were not hastily arrived at nor his views advanced until he had secured some positive data wherewith to substantiate what appeared to him as new truths.

Turning yet again, I see him as the genial and hearty host in his own home. In this respect no one excelled him. He loved his friends, and he loved to have them call upon him singly, or, better still, to gather about him in social reunions of an evening. What exceptionally happy times those were! As guest after guest entered the room and approached him, Dr. Raue's welcome was so warm and earnest that it seemed to each one as though he or she was the special favorite of the occasion. Who of us can forget those birthday nights of his? A few days previous to such an anniversary his good wife—not in any way behind her dear husband in hospitality—would go around and say: "Next Tuesday is the doctor's birthday; you and your family must come and spend the evening with him." Oh, what good times we did have then, when wit and wisdom and music and good cheer and the extreme happiness of all reigned supreme. No one enjoyed those times more than Dr. Raue himself. Do you ask why? The answer is easy. It was because he took his highest pleasure in making others happy. It will be good for us all to remember that trait of his, and to practice it as he did.

No memory has he left behind him which will be more lovingly cherished than his relation to children. Recall his image to your minds for a moment; think of his rotund and jolly figure; compare his appearance with that of "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring," etc.; of what personage are you instantly reminded with benevolent countenance and flowing white hair?—Kris Kringle, of course, and by this loving name my children and many other children knew him. It is hard to conceive of any human being presenting a closer appearance to that delightful myth, and Dr. Raue enjoyed hugely this epithet of "Kris Kringle" among the little ones.

I see Dr. Raue in another aspect—as the consulting physician. What a cheering presence was his in the sick-room, and how hopeful and encouraging he always was of the patient's recovery. "Yes!" he would say, in response to the anxious and often tearful inquiry as to whether there was any hope for the sick one. "Death" was not a pleasing topic with Dr. Raue; his nature was too bright, too sunny, too radiant with love and good humor, to harbor thoughts of cold, dark death. But he was not unmindful of the end of mortality, and years before his earthly career closed he had ordered and arranged for the disposition of his natural remains by cremation.

In full accord with the sweet and gentle life he had lived, so he passed his last days. Not feeling at all well, and desirous of being in his own home he was driven there from his son's place in New Jersey—where he had been spending some weeks—on one of the hot days of last August; and on the way he thought not of himself, but expressed anxiety lest the horses should suffer from the heat. On his arrival in the city I was summoned to attend him, as I had on previous occasions, in what this time proved to be his last illness—just as eleven years ago he had attended my father in *his* late illness. Dr. Raue did not suffer from any acute disease; it was a slow fading out of his vitality. Gradually he became weaker and weaker; the frightful heat of those never to be forgotten days and nights told heavily upon his strength. He was faithfully and lovingly attended and waited upon by his devoted wife and children and his loving niece, Ernestina. Not only did they grant his every wish, but they seemed to anticipate his every want. On some days his lamp of life so brightened that we dared hope the ad-

vent of cooler weather would bring him increased strength and allow him to remain with us for some time longer. But it was not to be. He had fought the good fight, and the seal of immortality was soon to be his.

On the morning of August 20th, I found him in an apparently unconscious state, taking no notice of anything and seemingly hearing no sound. I leaned over him, took his hands in mine, and said: "Dr. Raue! do you not know me?" His two hands quickly and perceptibly tightened on mine, and for a brief space of time retained their clasp. That was the last sign of recognition I ever received from him. During the day he failed rapidly, and his end was evidently very near. He scarcely breathed during that long night, and as the sun rose early on Friday morning, August 21st, his spirit rose with it and returned to the God who gave it. It was his firm conviction, and he delighted to believe, that the cessation of one's natural life did not terminate his association with those still on earth. Be that as it may, the spirit of kindness and love which emanated from Dr. Raue's very essence and being will ever linger in the hearts and minds of all who knew him. But he has not gone from us; he has only moved on to God, and God is here! No! Dr. Raue has not left us. Such men as Dr. Raue never die. They are like trees planted by the rivers of water and their leaves shall not wither. He still lives and will continue to live in the affections of all who knew him—for to know him was to love him. Every right step we take will lead us closer to him; each duty done will shorten by one link the chain that binds us to him.

MISCELLANEOUS JOTTINGS.

By Dr. George Herring.

I copy the following paragraph, showing the difficulties with which Homœopathy has to contend, from an old number of the *American Homœopathist*:

"Long study and much experience in the use of homœopathic medicines will eventually fix in the mind a more or less perfect picture of the different remedies; but the fitting together of the remedy and the disease to obtain the simillimum, is often as difficult as the fitting together of a Chinese puzzle; hence the various attempts to overcome the laboriousness of the task by

the aid of key-notes, characteristic symptoms, therapeutic hints, etc., all of which admirably fulfill their purpose, but nevertheless still serve to confound the novice in Homœopathy with an embarrassment of riches."

When reading over the long catalogue of symptoms caused by some particular drug, especially a polychrest, one is sometimes disposed to exclaim, "Surely, this medicine will cure every symptom that flesh is heir to!" It does, indeed, seem too good to be true. Therefore, what wonder if some should doubt.

Intuition. There is something to be said in favor of *intuition* in prescribing. Some men appear to be specially endowed for therapeutic practice, whilst others must vigorously work out their simillimums. I have myself sometimes been impressed, so to speak, to give a certain medicine in certain cases, and sometimes rather an unlikely medicine, too. Very often the medicine so given has been most beneficial. To be sure, intuition must have its foundation in knowledge, but we can well imagine that of two men who have spent an equal time in study, one of them will then be better competent to treat his patient than the other. This must be from intuition. *Poeta nascitur non fit.* And may we not apply this adage to every other art; even to therapeutics?

Thus I believe in Homœopathy as an art as well as a science.

The *toute ensemble* of a patient will sometimes suggest the remedy. I have often said to myself, when looking at a patient, "This is a *Belladonna* patient; or, this is a *Pulsatilla* patient; or, this is a *Calcarea* patient;" and so on. And usually this impression has proved correct.

Dr. Cumming's Simile.

Rev. Dr. Cumming, a somewhat celebrated man in his day, once said, in a speech at Exeter Hall, that the question was sometimes asked as to what part of Great Britain spoke the best English; and Dr. Cumming gave it as his opinion that the man who spoke the best English was he who spoke it so that no one could tell from *what part* of Britain he came. The reverend gentleman then applied this to religious sects, and said that the man who preached so that no one could tell to what denomination he belonged was the best preacher.

How would this simile apply to *medicine*? Not taking an isolated case, but the practice of a whole year. I would not

myself venture to give an opinion. At the same time we might, I think, often with advantage imitate the lawyers and "leave a wide margin."

A Curious Illustration.

I was one day conversing with the house surgeon of a Provincial infirmary, a straightforward, bluff, and a hearty fellow, yet not without his prejudices. He was ignorant of Homœopathy and wished to remain so; he did not wish to "prove all things." Amongst other incidents he was telling me about was his skill in diagnosing and differentiating between this, that, and the other; and he finished his discourse with this curious illustration: "Yes, I could tell the difference just as certainly as I could pick out the homœopaths in any mixed gathering of doctors." Under the circumstances of the occasion I thought it discreet to be silent, otherwise I should have been curious to ask "By what signs, Dr. C—, would you form your diagnosis between the allopath and the homœopath?" Evidently I myself would not have been one of the "picked" ones; but whether I ought to have considered this a compliment or not, I am unable to say.

Debts.

I have noticed; that is, I used to notice in former days, that many practitioners of the old school allowed their accounts to stand unpaid. Many of them—those in easy circumstances—did not even send in their bills at all. I used to be at a loss how to account for this, but now I think I know. I believe it often arises from a most commendable conscientiousness. The doctor feels conscious that he has done no good, and is therefore too honest to expect any payment. However, this does not speak well for his mode of practice. A homœopath, on the other hand, always looks for a just settlement of the debt due to him because he is conscious that the *quid pro quo* should be rendered.

Diet.

There is no doubt that a man's happiness depends a good deal on his diet. The other day I took up my note-book, intending to copy out something for THE RECORDER, but had no sooner done this than I felt it to be an impossibility to proceed further on account of the depression I experienced. So I closed the book and took a hand-mirror to look at my tongue. This seemed to indicate that a dose of Schussler's *Natrum phos.* would

do good, which I at once took. After a while the depression diminished and I began to speculate on the cause of this malaise. I then remembered that on the previous day I had partaken of some pastry to dinner, followed by cake and marmalade at tea, and to these I naturally attributed the depression. No writer ought to indulge in pastry, cake and marmalade on the same day, I reflected. There are other indigestible things besides these, but then every man is a law to himself on dietetics, as in morals.

P. S. I should not have said *morals*, but *moral responsibility*.

Another idea. An intelligent man will very often be better able to tell the doctor than the doctor will be able to tell *him*, what food he should take. The doctor can sometimes only make a guess, whereas the patient can speak experimentally.

Another Theory on Dynamization.

I was speaking one day to a homœopathic chemist on the subject of dynamization. He said: "I believe that high dilutions are efficacious or non-efficacious according to the character of the man who makes them. The *good* man imparts to the dilution a *magnetic influence* which makes it efficient. For this reason I always prefer to make these dilutions myself."

You see we are not without frank and original thinkers in England.

Trivialities.

I sometimes think there is not much more to be said about medicine now. We are all posted up in our *materia medica*, from *Aconitum* to *Zincum*. As for new remedies, not many of them come to stay. They create only an evanescent interest and therefore it is hardly worth while spend time over them. So what are we to do to keep our journals a going? Perhaps Dr. Bradford can give us some more biographies, for biography is always interesting. For my own part I am going to deal mostly in trivialities, which will suit my mental idiosyncrasy better than the discussion of profound scientific problems. For instance if it were put to me whether I would profer going to hear a lecture on pathology by a distinguished professor or going to a lecture by such a man as the late Artemus Ward, I should unhesitatingly choose the latter. Why only last night, instead of writing to THE RECORDER giving my own latest discoveries, I spent half the evening in trying to come to decision as to whether

I might or might not venture to go through the insalubrious atmosphere of London in November, to attend a great Presbyterian gathering half a mile away! The clans were to assemble at 8 o'clock. The time came and went, and I still sat in vexatious irresolution. Finally I took up a book. Was it the *Organon*? Ah, no, it was *Rasselas*! But I wish this to be kept a secret.

Now if I choose sometimes to speak on trivial matters I shall find myself in good company—in company with the great Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, *e. g.* This colossal mind has recently been unbending itself in a humorous book. The learned reviewers may treat the book somewhat scornfully, but for my part I am glad to find that the doctor's feet touch the earth, although his spirit often wanders amongst the stars, contemplating the wonders of the celestial worlds. Why even Mr. Gladstone has been know to indulge in a joke or two, although for the most part he dwells with Butler in the regions of abstract thought. And the G. O. M., of Germany also, whose labors in the domain of medicine have not yet been fully appreciated, could relax into an arm-chair, smoke his pipe and chat with his friends. We do not, any of us, yearn for an everlasting reign of science.

A Rival to the Bromides.

The following is copied from one of the London papers.

"The Tannhäuser is a nervous sedative as powerful as *Valerians* or the *Bromides*, and will relieve nervous tension, producing a quiet and peaceful state of mind."

I have often thought that music should be more employed than it is in asylums for the insane. Probably nothing promises better results than *music* in a great many cases of insanity. Can we not call to mind the effect which music had upon Saul when David played the harp to him. And see the prominence which is given to music in the churches to-day!

Dr. Quin.

I contemplate sending to THE RECORDER a very interesting reminiscence of a distinguished man, Dr. Quin, the founder of Homœopathy in England. It will be taken from the *Homœopathic Review* of thirty-five years ago. The present generation are in danger of forgetting the great service of Dr. Quin; but this will serve to remind them.

London, England.

**IRIS VERSICOLOR AND CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND
CHRONIC ECZEMA AFFECTING THE FACE.**

By R. K. Gosh.

An infant, nine months old, had an attack of diarrhœa, or muco-enteritis, as nosologists call it. The child had also a patch of eczematous eruption on the left cheek, originally of the size of a rupee, and freely discharging (on scratching) sticky, watery matter. The patch of eczema commenced on the twenty-eighth day of the birth of the child. Allopathic treatment was adopted for the eczema, but without benefit. The patch (in spite of the treatment) spread on the right side as far as the nose, and on the left side as far as the left ear. The child was under allopathic treatment for diarrhœa for fifteen days. On the sixteenth day the child had an attack of serous-diarrhœa, with vomiting of similar matter. The allopathic physicians were attending the child. One of them candidly told the father of the child that allopathic medicines would "kill the patient," and that a homœopathic physician should be called. I was sent for at 2 P. M. I found that the stools, and matter vomited were of a serous-acid nature; the urine was suppressed; there were cramps in the hands and the legs; the extremities were icy-cold; there were cold sweats over the forehead; the eyes were sunken in their sockets; there was sharp pain in the abdomen, on account of which the child attempted to press her abdomen often with her bent knees and cried bitterly; pulse was not perceptible at the wrist; the patient was very restless and wanted to drink every minute.

I prescribed *Iris versicolor* IX, in half-a-drop doses, a dose every hour. The first dose of *Iris* was given at 3 P. M. At 5 P. M. the patient passed a stool which consisted of mucus, fœcal matter, mixed with bile, and with acid smell. There was no vomiting since *Iris* had been taken. I saw her at 5:30 P. M. I found the pulse was rising; the extremities, which had been very cold in the beginning, had begun to be warm; the eyes looked a little more natural than at first. No urine had been passed lately. At 9:30 P. M. a consistent fœcal, bilious stool was passed, having much acid smell, and with about four ounces of urine. I saw the child at 10 P. M.; I found the pulse was fairly perceptible at the wrist and had become steady; her whole body had become warm and she seemed to be

comfortable. I prescribed no medicine and came away. The next morning I was sent for again. When I saw the child I found the pulse steadier even than the previous day. I prescribed *Iris versicolor* again, but the 3d potency, three doses daily. Next morning I was again sent for, and I found the child doing well. She had passed three stools, consisting of fœcal matter, bilious, and with some trace of mucus in them. She had also passed along with the stools large quantities of urine. Her pulse was natural, and also her countenance. I prescribed *Iris vers.* 3x again, three doses only daily. Next morning, when examining her, I found the patch of eczema on the face, of which I have made mention before, was scaling off here and there. The eczema was evidently declining; but I did not understand how it could be. The grandfather of the child said he had heard that such eruptions disappeared on taking homœopathic medicines internally, and so he thought the medicine which had been prescribed for the cholera must have had some virtue by which it cured the eczematous eruptions. Coming home I referred to Hale's *New Remedies*, 5th edition, Vol. II (Therapeutics), article *Iris versicolor*, where, on page 401, in paragraphs 2 and 3, the following remarks occur: "It has been found very useful in pustular eruptions on the head and face (tinea, prurigo, crusta lactea, eczema, &c.), especially in children." I now prescribed *Iris vers.* 3x in half-a-drop doses, three doses daily for a week, and the patch of eczema scaled off, leaving a brown scar in the affected parts. This occurred in July, 1892. I saw the child in September last, when I learnt there had been no recurrence of the eczema.

For the last three years I have been trying *Iris vers.* in cholera infantum and eczema, and with great success. I have kept clinical records of the cases which I have treated with *Iris vers.*, records which I shall publish as soon as circumstances permit.

Nababpur, Dacca, East Bengal, India, March 18, 1896.

STATISTICS show the seasons of the year when scarlet fever and diphtheria are most severe, are almost directly reversed; scarlet fever being most fatal in the spring, and diphtheria in the fall and early winter. Pseudo-diphtheria, however, is apt to prevail largely in late winter and spring.—*Reporter.*