

Her entire family were allopathic in their ideas, and insisted that she have one of that school to treat her. A few days ago she came into my office, entirely recovered, and told me the following story.

Her father's physician was called, declared it to be undoubtedly tuberculosis, but upon examination of the sputum found nothing. He obliged her to give up her work; sent her to a neighboring town with a trained nurse, filled her full of medicine, and within a month had her in such a deplorable condition that she could not leave her bed from weakness, and still coughing incessantly. She was then placed in the hands of another physician, who again insisted upon tuberculosis, but could find nothing under the microscope. She continued to fail, and allopath No. 3 was called. He started out on the same theory, but the microscope revealed nothing, so she was taken to her home and two trained nurses employed. This allopath No. 3, not being able to find anything in the sputum, examined her blood, and lo and behold, found it loaded with "sewerage gas". This last man, I understand really to be an eclectic physician, who knows "how to cure malaria better than any man on earth," but refuses to tell what he gives. I should really like to know, and if possible shall ascertain, because in three months time, he made a perfect cure of the case. She also told me that for ten years, several times in the month, the cellar of the building where she worked was flooded with sewerage water to such an extent that she could always tell it was there by the odor which pervaded the building.

About all I learned from this case is not to be disturbed by conditions which the microscope pretends to reveal, and second is, to prescribe according to the symptoms, and not for the name of the ailment, as I certainly did in this case.

*Case VII.* Mr. G., age sixty, a remarkable specimen of the American business man, both mentally and physically,

so far as results go, came to me early in 1892, complaining of intense nervousness in his head and legs, as he termed it; very restless and very irritable, and gave me the following history.

Since he was a boy he had had a very extensive eczema, covering at times his arms and legs below the knee. Seven years ago, having made all the money he wanted, he took his family to Europe, and for four years did little or nothing but place himself under the treatment of every celebrated gout or skin doctor of any importance, with the hope that his eczema could be cured, but it was all in vain, for he returned, after spending many thousands of dollars, without the slightest beneficial effect to his eczema. He was more successful, however, in New York, for he found a quack in the lower part of the city, who covered him with some sort of a preparation, which caused the eczema to disappear. Soon after its disappearance, the nervousness and irritability presented itself, and he did not know until he came to me, sixteen months before his death, that the suppressed eczema was the cause of his anguish, for such it was. I showed him that nothing could be done to give him relief, or even save his life unless the eczema were driven to the surface again. After thirteen months treatment, and I am told he never remained with any physician half that length of time before, the eczema re-appeared and he was relieved. During the Spring he insisted upon going South, and met at his hotel the patient of a mongrel homœopath, who told him of something that he had used for his eczema, by the advice of his physician, which had cured it, and he only came South to get over his cough. Mr. G. wrote me, giving the name of the preparation, and of the able mongrel homœopath who had prescribed it. I positively forbade its use, and by return mail was warned that if I did not give my permission, he should go to the aforesaid physician. I wrote him to go and be hanged, and he did. He used the



stuff, became rapidly worse, went to twelve physicians during the next three months, and then gave up the ghost, with what was said to be cancer of the stomach. Two days before his death, he sent for me, and now comes the interesting part of the case.

Immediately on using the first application, the eruption disappeared, but within ten days, he began to vomit. This led him to leave the mongrel homœopath, and he went to a stomach doctor, who laundried his stomach in the most approved fashion, but with unsatisfactory results. The trouble was then declared to be in the liver, and he called a liver doctor, who declared the trouble to be cancer. This made him angry, and he called another liver doctor, who said it was not cancer. This led him to call in a general pathologist, who thought it was his kidneys. So they called in a kidney doctor, and so on, until the job lots gave him up to die from incessant vomiting which they could not control. At this stage of the game it was impossible for me to do anything for the patient, except to assure him that "I told you it would be so." However, I held the fort, and as all these men were anxious for a post mortem, I consented. Now, one curious feature of this case is that during all the confusion which followed so many doctors being present at once in the house, a member of the family took a lock of his hair to a Root and Herb Spiritualist Doctor, somewhere in the region of the Five Points. This man went into a trance, the hair was placed in his hand, and he described accurately the symptoms of the patient and stated that there was an ulcer in the second stomach. I knew nothing about this statement given to the family by the Clarivoyant until about to enter the room with the other physicians, where the post mortem was to take place. I was requested by the wife of the deceased not to open the letter or speak of it until after the other doctors had expressed their opinions, and the post mortem had been completed. There were seven or eight physicians, besides myself, present at the

post mortem. One man said it was cancer of the liver; another man swore that his liver was perfectly normal; another man said the trouble was in the kidneys; some did not say anything, and so on through the list. I asserted that it was the suppressed eczema, but where it could be found, or in what form, I would not undertake to say, as I had not been with the patient during any of the disturbance following the suppression of the eczema. One of the physicians ventured the suggestion that my ideas were damn nonsense; another physician remarked that the aforesaid physician was a damn blatherskite. Finally, after searching each organ, an ulcerated patch as large as a silver dollar was discovered well below the stomach. I then informed the gentlemen that I held a diagnosis in my hand, which was to be read at this time, and to our utter surprise, the clarivoyant had exactly described the state of affairs, to the disgust and annoyance of the learned faculty.

I have no doubt had the man followed my instructions, he would have continued to improve and avoided his premature and painful death.

*Second Day—Evening Session.*

The Secretary read a letter from Dr. Maro F. Underwood of San Francisco, Cal., announcing the downfall of an Eclectic Homœopathic Hospital in that city, as a direct result of the progress of Hahnemannian Homœopathy among the people in San Francisco.

BUREAU OF SURGERY.

HOWARD CRUTCHER, M. D., CHAIRMAN.

A CASE OF WARTS.

A. MCNEIL, M. D., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. M. N., fifty-four, portly, vigorous, every function is performed without a jar. He is bald on vertex, anterior thereto his hair is thin and gray.