

You see how much more susceptible of deception the wild West is than New York and New England. The excellent New England lady has since died, in spite of X.'s prescriptions, and the eminent metropolitan clergyman did not recover from his disease by means of X.'s prescription. I cannot but admire X.'s ingenuity, however. At home he despised physic, and wrought all by his omnipotent hand. For the absent he prescribed as above. By these ingenious and thrifty acts he acquired a competence, and became a connoisseur in fruit-growing at his country place.

There is flourishing just now a rich and famous quack, who lives near New York, but who finds much of his harvest among the intellectual people of Boston. A gentleman who had been worried by his friends and family to submit a lock of his sick child's hair to this man, at length consented, and, taking a pair of shears to sever a ringlet from her head, he observed that her hair was very similar in color to that of a pet dog lying on the pillow beside her. So he snipped off one of the poodle's curls and sent it. It is needless to add that the child's disease was very correctly described by return of mail!

Of course, quacks always take refuge in something that has an air of mystery. Why a clairvoyant should know any more than anybody else, or why an Indian remedy or an Egyptian doctor should be valuable, it would puzzle one to tell. You have only to peruse the board fences and dead walls to understand how much quackery depends on this love of far-fetchedness.

When I was but a little boy, my brother and myself discovered that the lime made by burning the shells of some species of clams or mussels which are very abundant on the Ohio served excellently to polish silver ware—better, perhaps, than the articles now sold for the purpose. What boy has not made his wonderful invention at some period of his life? We were in-

tent on making our fortunes. We manufactured ugly pasteboard boxes, and put up a quantity of shell lime. We could not peddle it ourselves without sacrificing the dignity of the family. There was, however, a venerable junkman, with a hand-cart, who went about the streets of New Albany in that time. On application to him he consented, after trying it, to sell it for us on commission. We delivered the whole stock at once. The junkman wanted a name for it. By dint of looking steadfastly at the Venetian blinds in the window, one of us originated the name of "Venetian Polish." But the junk-dealer said that would not do. People liked French things. So he proceeded to dub it "French Venetian Polish," and, without listening to any remonstrances on our part, he marched off, sold the article, but forgot to make any return to the manufacturers. I often think that many patent nostrums are named about as intelligently as our poor "French Venetian Polish."

I have heard, or read, that there was in one of the larger western towns a man who called himself an "Indian doctor," who was all the vogue, to the great chagrin of the regular physicians. At last he had an amputation to perform, and the consulting physicians, regardless of the patient, stood off to see the ignorant man make a fool of himself. To their surprise, he performed the operation well. One of the doctors took him aside and inquired how he knew so much of surgery, upon which the quack showed a diploma, saying that he knew he should starve if he did not pretend to quackery. Upon this being reported to the others, one of them said: "We'll ruin him now," which they did by reporting everywhere that he was a regularly educated physician.

Indian medicine among the Indians themselves is, for the most part, blind superstition and arrant imposture. The savages can dress wounds fairly well, and