

no better and she could eat nothing. A more careful examination of the spots showed that they were indeed much darker, and not so nicely shaded at the lower edge, as formerly. They had also a distinct waxy gloss; so much so that I was induced to touch them. This the patient did not seem to relish, but she did not wince the very slightest under the test. To the feel they gave a sticky sensation like half dried varnish.

Bacon says that "he that enquireth much shall hear much," and now that my curiosity was aroused as to the true nature of the "spots," and having the very slightest shade of suspicion that they were *put on*, I determined to learn all that I could of their nature by a series of cross examinations, and now there occurred to my mind the *experimentum crucis*. I must wet them and see how they stood the test, I accordingly wet the top of one of my little fingers, *horribile dictu*, in my mouth, concealing this, however, from the patient, and in feeling the patient's forehead for any unnatural heat that might account for the headache of which she complained, brought the wet finger tip over one of the spots, and marvellous to relate, the color was communicated to the finger. Without giving the patient time to reflect, I wet the corner of my pocket handkerchief, and proceeded leisurely to wipe off the artistically applied coloring matter, and continued the process till not a vestige of the spots remained. The next part of the proceedings would make, I have since thought, a capital grooping for *chef d'ouvres*; and although it does not come strictly under the medical history of the case, I am induced to describe it.

Imagine, then, the patient sitting quite demurely and with a look of injured innocence, while the doctor with a *nonchallance* which had to be assumed for the *nonce* (for it won't do let patients or their friends see that one is surprised by any unexpected turn a case may take) quietly washing the patient's face, and the mother looking on with a half-enquiring, half-puzzled expression, and you have the picture.

The first word spoken during the performance was by the patient, who said in the utmost simplicity, and, without the *drawl*, "Oh, dear me! does it come off?" The mother next spoke, the language of conviction. "Dear me, A., you must have put the black on." Patient, again, with childlike simplicity and innocence, "Dear mother! Do you think I could do that?" By this time the face washing was completed, and not a blemish remained on the fair patient's really very interesting, and rather handsome face. And now, (doctor *loquitur*), "if you did not put it on, the medicine has put it out through the skin, and there is no chance of it coming back again. Patient. "I'm so glad." She then, evidently becoming convinced that the farce had gone far enough, bowed politely to the doctor, and retired, followed by her bewildered parent.