

in June, 1874, like a burst of sunshine, the whole truth dawned on my mind, that I was gradually approaching a science by study, research and observation that would be a great benefit to the world."

Turn from this to page 177, and all the way through the chapter, we are informed how bad former systems of medicine are, and how excellent are the fruits of osteopathy. He states that he had been visited by visions in the night, and goes on to give an account of one of these. From this account we find, on page 181, that "nearly five hundred had been delivered without a single laceration, the use of forceps or a drug. And not a death, no case of labor lasting more than an hour." All this was done by osteopathy. Such visions are altogether too rare! Why does kind Providence not send such visions to others? They are sorely needed!

In 1853 we learn that he was with his father doctoring the Indians, who suffered from erysipelas, fever, flux, pneumonia and cholera. He tells us that the Indians made two holes in the ground and lay across these, vomiting into one and purging into the other; and that this "was not much more ridiculous than are some of the treatments used by some of the so-called scientific doctors of medicine."

On page 58 we come upon the following about his family: "She is now the mother of four children living—three boys and one girl. All are leaders in this division of one of the greatest wars ever known on earth—the war of truth under the banner of osteopathy." This would make the man without humor in his nature laugh.

During the time of the pro-slavery agitation he tells, on page 65, of the following incident: He was riding through the woods to visit a Mrs. Jones, when he came upon Captain Owens and his men. Capt. Owens spoke thus: "When you are sick, go for him; he saved my wife's life from an attack of cholera, and I know him to be *successful in any place* you have a mind to put him." This is by all means too modest even for an *autobiography*.

On page 87 we find an account of the death of three of his children from meningitis. After some questioning as to why they died in the midst of prayers and pills, he concludes thus: "Believing that a loving, intelligent Maker of man had deposited in his body in some place or throughout the whole system, drugs in abundance to cure all infirmities, on every voyage of exploration I have been able to bring back a cargo of indisputable truths that all the remedies necessary to health exist in the human body. They are administered by adjusting the body in such manner that the remedies may naturally associate themselves together, hear the cries, and relieve the afflicted. I have never failed to find all remedies in plain view on the front shelves and in the storehouse of the infinite—the human body."