

ed at great expense from all quarters of the globe, and would cure all the ills that flesh was heir to. Cures were warranted in every case, or the money refunded on the following evening. After this harangue he said the medicine was for sale at \$1 per bottle, until 300 bottles had been sold, as it was an invariable rule to sell only that number on any one evening. Immediately a frenzied mob rushed pell-mell to the end of the chariot, each one holding aloft a silver dollar. He had previously announced that no change would be made, and that every one to get the medicine should have a dollar ready in his hand. In half an hour 300 bottles had been sold, the empty trunk closed with a bang and the statement made that no more could be had until the following evening, although there was yet a great multitude clamoring for more.

Curiosity again led me to the plaza the next evening, and I went early. The initial performance was a free tooth-pulling, to last thirty minutes. He said he was the king-pin of tooth-pullers, and I believe he was. The rapidity of his work was a marvel. He snatched from various jaws about 250 teeth, including the good ones, within the limit, throwing them from his forceps right and left among his audience. Those operated upon were wrought to such a frenzy of excitement and wonder that each one, without an exception, declared that no pain whatever had been experienced. A call was then made for the 300 who had bought medicine on the previous evening to mount the chariot and tell what the medicine had done for them.

From every quarter men and women, both white and colored, pressed forward to give their experience. Their stories were grotesque and curious enough, but no matter what their ailments, cures had resulted in every case. At the end of half an hour, while the experience meeting was at its acme, the fakir abruptly closed it, saying, in a regretful voice, that the rest would have to wait until the next evening to tell of their cures, as he now wanted those to come forward who had not been cured by the medicine bought on the previous evening. He stood in silence with folded arms for three minutes. No one having come forward, the voice of this arrant charlatan rang out in stentorian tones, "All, all have been cured. We have cured every-

one." Then another 300 bottles were sold in a jiffy, I myself being one of the fortunate purchasers.

The chief of this outfit stopped in the hotel where I was. After dinner the next day I made his acquaintance in the smoking room, saying I was a doctor, too; that I had attended two of his soirées, bought his medicine and was greatly interested in it. I surprised him by the statement that his medicine was made by William S. Merrell & Co., wholesale druggists, of Cincinnati, and that it was the fluid extract of podophyllin. He stared for some moments, but made no reply. I continued: "I know Merrell's fluid extract, as his process of its manufacture is peculiar, and differs from other manufacturers in this, that he exhausts the root by percolation with alcohol, ether and glycerine, giving the product a sweetish taste and a slight ethereal odor." The man asked if I was also a chemist. I replied, "Yes, I once lectured in a medical college in Cincinnati on drugs and their uses, and I can readily tell fluid extracts by their taste, odor and physical characteristics." After some hesitation he said, "Yes, it is Merrell's podophyllin and nothing else." I inquired if he attributed all his success to the medicine. He answered, "No, for once in Missouri the mandrake ran out before a new lot arrived. We found something like it in a drug store of the town, and the people got well just the same. If people believe you can cure them, and have faith in your medicine, they get well anyway, or they think they do, which is the same thing."

The fakirs remained one week, sold 2100 bottles, and presumably cured 2100 people, as no one came forward to reclaim his dollar for the medicine, which was contained in a two-drachm vial of 120 drops. A dose was one drop after each meal in one tablespoonful of water.—Geo. R. Patton, M. D., in Suggestions.

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All true opinions are living, and they show their life by being capable of change. But their change is that of a tree—not of a cloud.—Ruskin.

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