

my recent experiments I have discontinued the use of hypodermic medication.

The drugs were delivered to me so late in August of last year that the preventive treatment could not be carried out, but in no case of the eight or ten on which I tried the treatment at the commencement of the attack was there anything but remarkable results even when the enemy had been in full control for two weeks.

Permit me to append a letter from a Brooklyn clergyman, which is a good sample of the general estimation in which the drug is held by some of the worst cases on record :

GRACE CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y..

December 12, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. CURTIS: Before I left Brooklyn I wanted to write and tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for the relief which you gave me from hay fever during the past summer and autumn, but the rush of moving prevented my doing so. However, you must listen to my refrain, and it may interest you.

In August, 1889, I had my first attack of hay-fever, when I was living in Wethersfield, Conn., from which place I removed to Brooklyn at the close of the month just mentioned. Regularly, every year since, on August 19, except in 1894, when it came on August 21, the hay-fever appeared. In three days my eyes would be so inflamed and bloodshot, that a few minutes with the newspaper was as much reading as I could do; my nose became swollen, and the edges of the nostrils had to be rubbed with salve after the paroxysms of sneezing to prevent them from cracking open. At least one-half of the time I could not breathe through either nostril, and panted with open mouth like a dog; in bed at night I had to prop myself up with pillows to catch any sleep at all; I had no appetite; no anything. This condition would last into October, taper off in November, gradually disappearing after the arrival of the killing frosts. My attack this year had been running several days before I received your medicine, and I was astonished at the abatement of the enemy in forty-eight hours. You know the rest of the story—good appetite, sleep at night, and only enough of a touch of hay fever for me to know that I was prone to the attack of the fiend.

Perhaps you will now understand why I consider myself to be

Most gratefully and sincerely yours

B_____.