

vest pocket full; still it was enough to show that some more of that estate was gone. The druggist was getting along in years, and he commenced to correspond with me. I have been the best correspondent he has. He is the sweetest-natured man I ever saw; always mild and polite, and never wants to hurry me at all. I get a letter from him every now and then, and he never refers to my form as a skeleton; he says:

“Well, how is it getting along—is it in good repair?”

I got a nice message from him recently—said he was getting old and the property was depreciating in value; if I could let him have a part of it now he would give time on the balance. Think of the graceful way in which he does everything—the generosity of it all. You cannot find a finer character than that. It is the gracious characteristic of all druggists.—Mark Twain.

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I find that the Resinol Ointment is especially beneficial and efficacious in eruptive and irritating skin diseases. Your Soap is also very good for shaving, as it keeps the skin soft and in healthy condition.—Dr. Miguel Abelardo Egas, Quito, Ecuador.

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THE FEES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Under the above title, D'Arcy Power has recently contributed to *Janus* an interesting little paper on the emoluments of physicians at various periods. With the art of a practised writer, he at once arrests his reader's attention by reminding him of two physicians whose custom it was never to receive a fee at all—namely, the “unmercenary” saints, Cosmas and Damian. At the opposite extreme comes the fee which Mr. Power has omitted to recall—namely, that received by Democedes, of Crotona, who as a prisoner was in the service of Darius Hystaspes at Susa. Darius had dislocated his foot at the ankle-joint, and Democedes was called in after the failure of an Egyptian surgeon. His treatment was successful, and he was thereupon presented with two golden fetters, a delicate allusion to his position. Having delighted Darius by asking him “whether he meant to double his punishment,” that monarch told him to go through the harem as the man who had saved the king's life. The ladies each gave him a golden vessel piled up with *slators*, so many of which fell on the floor that the slave who conducted him made a handsome fortune by picking them up. He was afterwards called