

I am sure that all my readers are of that mind. We all want the truth, and if there be a law by which we may be guided in the selection of a curative agent in any and all curative cases, for the love of God and humanity let's lay aside all preconceived opinions and press into the light. That there is such a law, immutable and universal as the law of gravity, I know from the ten thousand experiences incident to many years of bedside and office practice. That which proved a stumbling block to me is the thing that confronts many (if not all) of my readers: the immateriality of the dose. I remarked manytimes that I could not conscientiously trust the life of a seriously sick person upon anything less than material doses of medicine. And now I will proceed to relate as nearly as possible the series of circumstances and experiences which have made me all that is implied in the word "Homoeopath."

I was not born with a gold spoon in my mouth, and when I graduated I was obliged to borrow five dollars to get out of town with. I hung out my shingle in a little town in the northwest corner of Ohio, and how I managed to keep soul and body together for the first few months I do not care to relate. But I know that I was so fearful that I would not do all possible for the few patients who came my way that I usually called for three glasses of water, medicated them with my homeopathic tinctures, and caused them to be given in half hourly or hourly alternation. I did this on the shot gun principle, "if one does not hit one of the others will." This utterly unscientific method reaped its legitimate fruit. I encountered failures much oftener than howling successes, bills for current expenses crowded me until I was many times tempted to throw my books, medicine cases and instruments into the Maumee River and become a cowboy, or anything else that promised a life of action. But Providence ruled otherwise.

One morning I sat in my little office, not a thing in sight so far as business was concerned, and I had an attack of the blues of the darkest navy type. An old gentleman appeared at the door and inquired, "Is the doctor in?" I arose and proclaimed myself to be that gentleman. He looked a moment at my beardless face, towering figure of five feet six inches, one hundred and twenty pounds

avoirdupois, and then he took on that exasperatingly quizzical look that all callow followers of Esculapius must encounter, and asked, "Ain't you a good deal of a boy to be a doctor?" I was obliged to plead guilty to the charge, but assured him so earnestly that I would outgrow it in time if allowed the opportunity that I believe he was more than half convinced; at any rate he took me with him to see a babe which had been given up to die by all the other physicians of the town. I found my patient to be the most unpromising specimen of humanity I had ever seen. It was a three months old babe, emaciated to the last possible degree, and I could see no possibility of getting my reputation out of this case. I did the best I could in the way of examination, called for the usual plurality of glasses of water and teaspoons, set the alternation machine into motion, made a very guarded and unpromising prognosis and left. Next morning I called and to my surprise found matters about statu quo. I had not expected to find him alive. For the first time it occurred so me that there might be a fighting chance for the babe. So I sat down by his crib and made the most careful study of his symptoms of which I was capable. The history of the case was this: He was the eighth of a family of as healthy children as could be found anywhere. No heredity was traceable on either side. He was a beautiful, plump boy until the sixth week of his life, when he began to scream with pain. This he continued to do until a doctor was called in. He diagnosed colic and treated it for that trouble. But the babe continued to scream night and day when not under the influence of anodynes. One doctor after another had been called, and a counsel of several of them had at last been held, and they left the child to die within a few hours. They had never determined the diagnosis; or, at least, could not agree upon it. So I sat by the crib and studied the symptoms as I have said. Purely objective symptoms, as a matter of course, were all I had to go upon, and there was but one of them that was in the least degree prominent or peculiar. It was this: He would kick and scream with all his puny might for a moment or two, then would suddenly fall asleep. In not longer than three minutes he would awake with a shock of pain,