

If he uses either he is sure to be found out, to be served up by an unfeeling reporter in the newspapers, to be set upon by the coroner, to be handled, and probed and analyzed by the doctors, and then thrust into a dishonored grave. How much wiser is the man who, wearying of the world's annoyances, arranges to slip quietly out of it, regretted, eulogized, and in a fair way for a monument! He never tells his disgust for life, but takes the true way to be rid of it, by sleeping in a close cupboard on a feather bed, omitting to wear flannel, smoking a dozen cigars a day, drugging liberally when sick, and when well testing personally every new patent medicine, by keeping the Sabbath as a day for unusually hard mental work, by being too busy to make the acquaintance of his own baby, by nursing the blues, cultivating melancholy, and by sleeping till near noon, and watching till near morning. Such a man comes to his conclusions long before his time, and may enjoy the rich consciousness of having anticipated years of sorrows, and preventing a half a lifetime of worrying annoyances. When he has ended his suicidal job, weeping friends eulogize his imprudencies as the zeal of a too active mind, and the same hour that they lament their results in his own case, point the young to him as a model.

#### On the Inhalation of Medicated Vapor in Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

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(Concluded from our last.)

evening hectic—followed by night sweats, leaving him exceedingly languid and depressed until after breakfast. Copious expectoration from early in the morning until nearly noon, of a stringy, tenacious mucus, streaked with yellow matter of different shades, and often containing little cheese-like granular bodies, that had a gritty feel between the fingers—occasionally appeared those flocculent masses, which the French call nummular sputa, but very rarely streaked with blood. Auscultation and percussion revealed great dullness over the sub-

scapular regions of both lungs, pectoriligny with very indistinct vesicular murmur, cavernous respiration, bronchial mucus rale, with that peculiar click which is thought to be one of the most pathognomonic signs of softened tubercle, particularly distinguishable in the upper sub-scapular and sub-clavicular regions of the left lung. The patient was very weak, and when I first saw him could hardly walk from the bed to the sofa—seldom even went to the window, and dared not attempt to breathe the open air, in short, he presented all the symptoms of confirmed phthisis. His case seemed so desperate that I could not give his friends the slightest ground for hope, for I had none myself, but I encouraged him to make a trial of homeopathic remedies, particularly advising the new process of applying these remedies directly to the lungs by inhalation. The novelty of the method and its consonance with his own ideas of medication gave him a stimulus he had not before, and he made every effort in his power to second and carry out all my advice and directions. The medicines used were calcarea, phosphorus, phosphoric-acid, arsenic, and sulphur, with occasional doses of hyoscinus and conium at night for his cough. These medicines were inhaled twice a day, and taken by the mouth twice a day, using sometimes calcarea in the morning and phosphoric-acid at night, or combining the two in one solution in alcohol and simple syrup. Contrary to my expectations, his most troublesome symptoms were relieved in the course of three weeks, the cough and dyspnoea yielding first, then the expectoration improving in character and diminishing in quantity, then at last the chill and hectic fever with the night sweats disappeared, although the latter symptom appeared occasionally for six months or more. His appetite and muscular strength returned, so that in two months he could walk two miles a day, and in three months he was able to go South, where he spent two or three months, still continuing the treatment. He came from the South in the summer, very much improved in every