

machine and an ice-cream freezer. With this interesting engine he claimed to produce the "genuine X-rays," and had several patients whom he was treating for piles and catarrh by its beneficent application. He had it drawn up with all its wheels close to his office window next to the post-office, and was at work there by the hour in his shirt sleeves, solemnly turning the crank, where all the townsmen could in their awe observe. The patients, however, were kept at the other end of the machine and could not be seen from the street, nor did they probably wish to. Beside him there were three other quacks in the community, though none of them so well stricken in years: two in Antrium, and one more in Seminole. Of regular practitioners there were only Champney and good old Janes, a tall, polished fellow, ten years our senior, and an ornament to the profession, who did me more than one good turn later on. Champney told me that the four charlatans looked upon us as interlopers, very much as physicians usually do quacks. The villagers had no opinion on the matter whatever, but accepted us all without question, just as they did the diseases for which they called us. I never saw it in that light before, but I noticed afterwards that old Grubb turned his crank with a sort of supercilious air when he saw me stare up at him, as much as to say, "You haven't one of these things." But I learned a great deal from Champney while we were driving that long, golden autumn afternoon through forest and farmside. It was so pleasant to drive on mile after mile, and here was one of the compensations of a rural practice the first day. Another was in the charlatans.

Disregarding Champney's attitude, I lost no time in making the acquaintance of the whole four. They received me at first with frigid reserve, but this soon melted (perceiving my guilelessness) into the most effusive *bonhomie*, and I must say (though I never told Champney) I found them uncommonly interesting, even though they were beyond the pale. I became positively fascinated with them presently, particularly the mesmeric healer and the stomach specialist. But I didn't make much headway with old Grubb, for he saw through me, I imagine. And if it was ill-done by me to consort with the unclean—well, the regular practitioners in this region are not much better. The average is very low. A superficial knowledge of therapeutics, and a little crude surgical handiwork picked up in two four-month courses of study at some cheap little out of the way college. Many are graduates of "Correspondence Universities," of which there are a very great number in the large cities. In these institutions of learning you "study medicine at night." The text-books employed in these nocturnal studies consist of half a dozen quiz pamphlets, and the whole makes up a sort of medical Chautauqua which is very edifying in