

number among them the most dangerous drugs that we have. Laudanum or paregoric or some "Pain Killer" or "Soothing Sirup," or other form of opium, stands on every family medicine shelf, just as it did under the eaves of the bamboo hut of primitive man.

Alcohol in some form comes next, either as "Good Old Whiskey" or "pure, homemade wines" or cordials — many of them strong enough to blow your head off — or somebody's "Bitters" or "Tonic." *Take away opium and alcohol, and the backbone of the patent-medicine business would be broken inside of forty-eight hours,* because these are the only drugs known to science which will make any one, no matter what may be the matter with him, "feel better," for a little while, at least, after he takes them.

Why such dangerous drugs came into vogue at such an early period in the history of healing is not far to seek. Primitive man was not much addicted to minor ailments. Like animals in a state of nature, he could not afford to indulge in "functional" diseases, — like headache and hysteria and nervous dyspepsia and muscular rheumatism, — for he had to fight for his life every day, and sometimes two or three times a day; and if his head ached, or his arm or leg were stiff enough to handicap him more than ten per cent, he promptly fell by the wayside and was utilized for provender. Whenever he was sick, he was sick "for sure," as the vernacular has it; and he either died or got better with commendable promptness.

So that whenever either the Wise Woman or the Medicine Man was sent for, they usually found a pa-