

his urine and forced to get out of bed six times a night. He comes back eating patent bread without starch, drinking glycerine for sugar, and only getting up twice a night, and forever praising the good physician who has done so much for him. A third goes to a surgeon with a suppurating hip-joint, and in a few weeks finds himself without any joint at all, and the limb three inches shorter than its fellow. Yet he has sense enough to be grateful. Not so with the dermatologist. A young man introduces himself with a face like a nutmeg grater, and because, in two months, he happens to have a pimple remaining on the chin and another on his forehead, denounces the unhappy skin-man as no good, and indignantly repudiates the modest bill, he, with great perturbation of spirit, ventures to submit.

Another reason of want of better success lies, most peculiarly, with the patient himself. Humanity is fond of swilling drugs. Put a man upon his back and order him to swallow so many teaspoonsful or glassesful so many times daily, and he is perfectly content. Tell the same man to wash his face three times a day, let drugs alone and go about his business, and the chances are ten to one against his doing it two days in succession. Now the treatment in dermatology is largely with the patient himself, and largely on the outside. It is true we often give drugs, but frequently more with a view to pandering to the prejudices of the patient than anything else. Our stand-byes are largely hygienic rules and outward applications, and these it seems to be against the nature of man to apply. Like the German professor in "Trilby," upon rising in the morning, he carefully searches before a looking-glass for a particularly grimy spot upon his face, daintily dips the tips of his fingers in the water, moistens his face with it, glances at his hands, with the remark "I guess that they will do for a day or two yet," and goes on his way rejoicing. He is convinced that all eruptions of the skin are the effects of "bad blood," and a sort of safety-valve to the system. More than once it has been my fortune to have to assure a doubting woman, that, notwithstanding the opinion of some eminent medical authority, it *was* perfectly safe to cure a salt-rheum of the hands, or an acne of the forehead. Nevertheless, she went away with the impression that it was "better out than in."

Of the one hundred and fifty cases under review, twenty-two, or fourteen and two-thirds per cent. were of some variety of *acne*. The indurated type comprised five, the vulgar, or ordinary form,