

amount, but I can procure it for you." Well, what will it cost?" "Four hundred and seventy-five dollars."

He went to another, and what would it cost? He had not that quantity, but he could get it for him. What would it cost? Four hundred and eighty dollars. And, after trying three or four times, he went back to the advertiser and said he could not do any better, and the advertiser was getting ready to use a few grains of this ounce that he had prescribed.

Occasionally wry-neck follows measles. The muscles of the neck get stiff and contracted, and turn the head. That is rather a wearisome thing when it occurs. It occurs exceptionally, and frequently requires a good deal of patience on the part of the physician, and I cannot tell you of any particular prescription, or any method of treatment that is of special aid.

Anasarca not unfrequently follows scarlet fever. It is a very much less frequent sequela of measles, and yet it does from time to time occur, and acts in the same way, with the same symptoms, the same developments with reference to the tendency to convulsions, the tendency to the production of inflammatory action, particularly about the heart and pericardium, and will require the same treatment. But its unfrequent occurrence will give you a little satisfaction. That is, as you are coming to the end of a case you will not consider that, as a matter of course, this cedema or anasarca is to occur.—*New York Medical Record.*

THE OPIUM-HABIT—A POSSIBLE ANTI- NOTE.

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It is not my purpose to enter into a lengthy dissertation upon this "social evil;" yet such a dissertation would be by no means inappropriate, seeing how great is the evil of the opium-habit, and how poor and insufficient the literature bearing on its treatment and cure. No people so well know the uniform evil effects of opium-eating as the medical fraternity. De Quincy and others have founded the pernicious notion among the laity that there is a something far more exhilarating, far more divine in the intoxication produced by opium than in the commoner intoxication of alcohol.

Few people, comparatively speaking, need look beyond personal experience to know that the poet has not been niggard of his coloring when singing the praises of the rosy juice. The majority of mankind has too vividly imprinted in memory the clouded intellect, headache, and nausea following bibulation to bow unqualified assent to the poet's ecstatic verses recounting the virtues of "the generous wine." On the contrary, happily, so far as we Americans are concerned, what the vast majority of us know of the opium-habit is gained from

hearsay, and is, as is well known to the doctor, unreal in the extreme. It has been my lot, like that of most practitioners, to come in contact with opium-eaters, and I will positively affirm that I have yet to see one who even approximated in his nature the "happy-go-lucky" character of the drunkard. Opium-eating is a curse without any qualifying dispensation—a black cloud in a sunless life. Unlike alcohol, it cannot be said of opium that its constant use improves the vital powers of the enfeebled. No debates as to its food properties ever have or ever can be held. It is simply a powerful drug, useful in time of great physical distress, and pernicious beyond the power of pen to portray when once it fastens itself upon the mortal frame as a daily necessity.

To be able to cure the opium-habit has been the laudable ambition of many a worthy doctor and the vaunted claim of many a blatant quack. I believe that so far as the literature of medicine goes to-day we have no remedy with any claims whatsoever as a curative of this habit. Those doctors who have succeeded in reforming any of its victims have, I believe I am safe in saying, done so by aiding the weak resolves of their patients with their own strong will and influence. If any medical man has yet discovered a *cure* for opium-eating, I am sure the medical world is not aware of it.

Recent experience has led me, in view of the facts just stated, to hope that I have discovered a cure. What it is and how I came to use it may be briefly told as follows: In looking over the different remedies which various drug-houses have kindly donated to the University Dispensary, I read upon the back of a bottle of fluid ext. of coca, made by Parke, Davis & Co., that this drug "produces a gently excitant effect; is asserted to support the strength for a considerable time without food; in large doses produces a general excitation of the circulatory and nervous system, imparting increased vigor to the muscles as well as to the intellect, with an indescribable feeling of satisfaction amounting altogether sometimes to a species of delirium, not followed by feelings of languor or depression," etc., etc. At this time I was treating in private practice an obstinate case of cardiac irregularity due to a somewhat dissolute life, and not amenable to either belladonna, digitalis, or tonics. I started the patient on coca. From dropping one beat in every four, his heart went, with increasing doses of the drug, to one in seven, one in twenty-one, one in thirty-eight, and finally a cure. The absolute relief and cheer that a good, big dose of coca imparted to this patient were wonderful to observe. I had hardly begun with this case before a similar but even worse case of cardiac exhaustion, with irregular action, offered at the University Chest Clinic for treatment. To be brief, he got coca and got well. In both cases hypochondriasis was a marked symptom, and was speedily cured.

In March last I was sent for in great haste by