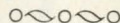
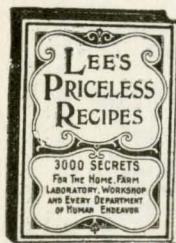


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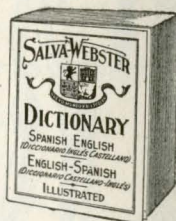


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JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY.

VOL. IV.

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No. 10

DR. A. T. STILL'S DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY FEB. 1st 1898.

BEFORE handing to you your diplomas, which you have earned by faithful and hard study, having passed satisfactory examinations in all branches:— It has been ordered by the trustees of the A. S. O. who have been constituted and legally authorized by the state of Missouri to issue certificates of qualification to all who shall have passed such examination. Such certificates are usually called diplomas. That you may the better understand what is meant by diploma I will give the definition of the word as given by the revised Encyclopedia dictionary by Hunter and Morris, English and American:

"Diploma: A writing or document conferring some power, authority, privilege, or honor, usually under seal and signed by a duly authorized official. Diplomas are given to graduates of a university on their taking their degrees; to clergymen who are licensed to officiate; to physicians, civil engineers, etc., authorizing them to practice their profession."

All diplomas have local and significant values. Local because they cannot extend beyond the jurisdiction of the grantor. Instance: A diploma granted in the state of Missouri has no power to go beyond the boundary of said state. But by courtesy and the rules of reciprocity a diploma issued in the state of Missouri may be respected in the State of Illinois and other states of this Union. A commission or diploma issued by the U. S. government is only good within its jurisdiction.

As each state has its individual statutes by which it is governed and you are receiving a diploma from the state of Missouri, after conforming to the laws of other states you will be permitted to practice, in such states that do not have prohibitory laws. A number of states do not have any statute law that would bar the practice of Osteopathy; also four states by legislative act have legalized Osteopathy within their limits, Missouri from whom you receive this document being among the number. I have the honor at this time to hand to you your diplomas, on whose face appear the names of the Professors of the American School of Osteopathy.

By many who are ignorant and jealous of this system you will be advised that you should attend some medical college for the purpose of learning the use of drugs. When such advice is given, remember you have passed a rigid exam-

ination in all branches taught in medical colleges, as is shown on the face of your diplomas. No doubt your qualifications have made you competent to teach 75 per cent of all such persons for twelve months. I would advise you to examine them and if you find them professional blanks close the conversation and pass on.

Osteopathy has no use for drugs as remedies, but a great use for chemistry when dealing with poisons and antidotes. It recognizes and has a useful place for surgery in both of which you have been well informed.

I will now draw your attention to the significant value of the diploma. If you have any power of reason you must know, and I will say you do know, that only by comparison can we arrive at an absolute knowledge of the difference in value of all things.

In speaking of the significant value and the comparative difference and moral force existing between two diplomas, one from a long and well established institution of learning that has the wealth to furnish all things necessary to a finished education, which school has been very careful in selecting experienced persons to fill the chairs in all departments, and the graduates who have completed their full course in all the branches necessary to that profession, be it law, medicine, sculpture, or any of the skilled arts, and whose graduates have gone forth into the world and proven by their work that such school or schools had the ability to give the necessary and useful information. Now in order to compare we will take a diploma from a school whose character has not been established, would you not arrive at the conclusion by comparison that there was a difference in the significant value between the two documents.

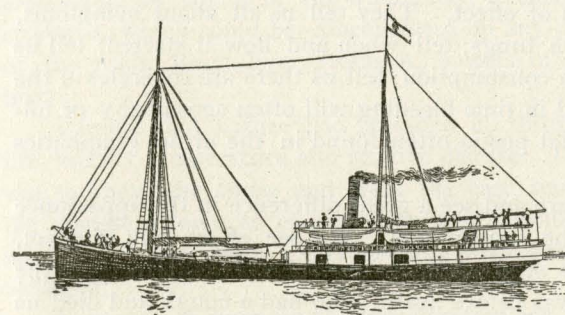
With due respect for all others we will take one from the world renowned medical university of Edinburgh Scotland, whose thoroughness in all branches, is today established beyond doubt or inquiry. Would'nt your judgment say, give me my diploma from an old established institution.

This comparison has been between old and established medical institutions for the purpose of bringing before your minds a foundation upon which you can decide whether you want established merit or prospective merit. As the American School of Osteopathy is the oldest and best prepared to teach the principles of Osteopathy, I believe that your diplomas will best sustain you in any part of the world. Because it has been as carefully guarded as any mother has ever guarded and cared for her children, morally, intellectually and justly, for one purpose only, which was to unfold the principles whereby life and health could be sustained by natural law, which requires no assistance but rest and nourishment, when all parts of the human system are in their natural positions.

On this foundation Osteopathy has stood for twenty years, and successfully combatted diseases of all kinds, without the aid of drugs. To the intellectually strong: the principles of Osteopathy will crown you with success, provided you adhere to them, while the wavering man will fall by the way-side.

OUT ON THE OCEAN.

I SUPPOSE all who have passed, by hard study, to the degree of Diplomate of Osteopathy, feel they have learned all "pap" knows and more too. But as I am "old and childish" I can talk and tell the children funny stories for their amusement. I wont lie if I do talk. I will say I was very poor when I stepped on the iron clad battle ship for a voyage on the seas of stern realities. My wealth was ten dollars which was the full measure of all my financial credit. I could borrow no more. I was poorly clad and had but one friend who would



stand by me, and that was my mother's grit that was in my blood which considered to back down was a shame and disgrace. I used the tactics of experience, economy, truth and industry. I studied all cases that came to be treated, I broke the bones so I could get the marrow to eat. I needed mental strength. No diet ever helped me but the marrow of mental perserverance. Many bones were hard to break, but I found good fat marrow every time. As I ate I grew stronger in my mental powers.

Now my little girls and boys, I never saw the sun shine twenty-four hours at a time. I have seen it rise nice and clear, and long before night of the same day, I have seen cyclones of wind, fire, hail and rain, ruin crops of great promise, and the wealthy man who ate his dinner in joy and hope, also ate his supper in poverty and despair.

Of course you never will be ruined by hailstones nor human leeches, because you know what button to touch to make storms burst far away from you and kill the rascals before they confidence your pocket and head. You never will be toyed around by business men who never did any business, but run business schemes and rob honest men of their earnings.

Haven't we learned in two years that "Pap" is a business fool? Why he could be rich, but he has no business git to him. Just give us an open field to plan and fight business battles and you will see what muscle can do. He says drones hover around honey and eat but do not make any. I did'nt know what he meant by drones, I supposed it was to walk home if we failed. I'll never do that; I will take my bicycle with me. I'm no drone if that is what he meant.

I asked Pap what he meant by drones, leeches and such words. He said it was your neighbor's calf sucking my cow. Why I have'nt got a cow to suck: it can't be that. Go again and tell him to make it plain so we can understand what he means. Well, this is jist what he said, go off and 'larn' as I did.

Good-bye, little boys.

PAP.

MY OBSERVATIONS IN LUNG DISEASES.

AS VOLUMES have been written during all the centuries of the great past on lung diseases each pen has generally been directed to irritation, coughs and waste of lungs. We learn from these writers very little if anything at all. Little is said of cause, but much of effect. They tell us all about symptoms, and substances coughed from the lungs; tell when and how it started; tell us that ulcers and abscesses go with consumption; tell us there are tubercles in the lungs, and others will form, and in time bleeding will often accompany or follow a hard spell of coughing; that pus is often found in the urine, lymphatics and blood.

By the microscope we compare and see a great difference in the appearance of the consumpted lung, and the healthy one. We see effect, talk of effect, treat effect, and our researches stop when we conclude in council, that the child is as its father or mother was before death, who had a cough and died as their parents had before them. Thus we decide we have a case of hereditary consumption. This is their opinion and assertion. But they have failed to prove by any fact that consumption is hereditary, that a child was ever born with consumption or the seeds of tuberculosis in its blood or body.

With all this array of assumed wisdom we learn nothing of cause. And the writers have never seen nor said anything except on effect, if we are to judge by their writings. The thought of hunting for cause had never entered their minds, neither has the gravity of the subject. If we judge them by their actions, they felt that to go beyond effect would be criminal, and their search-light of farther investigation ceases to shine.

Thus all hope is removed from the sufferer when he is told by the symptomatologist that he has hereditary consumption.

I think it is a very serious matter to read the death sentence to a human being from the bench of stale habit, and by the judge who rises with dignity and says to the person, guilty or not guilty you must die. Such judges are stationed in every city, town and village all over the world.

I know this to be true. You also know this to be a correct statement. Having spent the entire one-fourth of a century to acquaint myself with the human system, and the lungs in particular, by anatomical, physiological, experimental and practical knowledge, in working with the human body in its wisely constructed machinery, with its battery of force, its engine of supply, its chemical laboratory, its nutrient provision, its power of renovation and purification, a machine of such high perfection, that the spirit of life can joyfully dwell therein, I began to reason thus: that as so much wisdom had been displayed in the construction of man with all parts and principles blending in harmony, surely the power and quality must exist to dissolve and expel all tardy and improper accumulations from all parts, and keep and maintain it in such condition during natural life.

With this thought in view I began the search for a better knowledge of

the exact reasons why one should begin with a cold and cough himself to death, which cough in many cases had lasted for a great number of years.

I believed that God was right, and had made the machine in the highest order of perfection. In this view I examined the greater and lesser nerves of nutrition, motion and sensation. I separated the nerves by division. I blended by association all nerves of the whole body to ascertain if by union there was not strength, which could be concentrated on any part of the system for the relief of the brain, heart, liver, stomach, bowels, or any branch or division of the body.

I found that nature had provided all things necessary to sustain animal life, modify temperature and remove disease. I found but one trouble and that was to know the cause and treat the case accordingly. To me the cause of the disease known as consumption was absolutely plain, and easily comprehended. I have been experimenting with good results. No bad effects have followed.

I expect to keep up the investigation for an indefinite time. The whys and hows I get those results I shall not publish nor communicate until a later date. I want to extend my experimenting through the four seasons of one more year, in order to make as scientific and truthful a report as possible, as a successful experimenter, with that dread disease consumption, which I believe has very little right to take and keep possession of the lungs, the cause of which I think is plainly indicated.

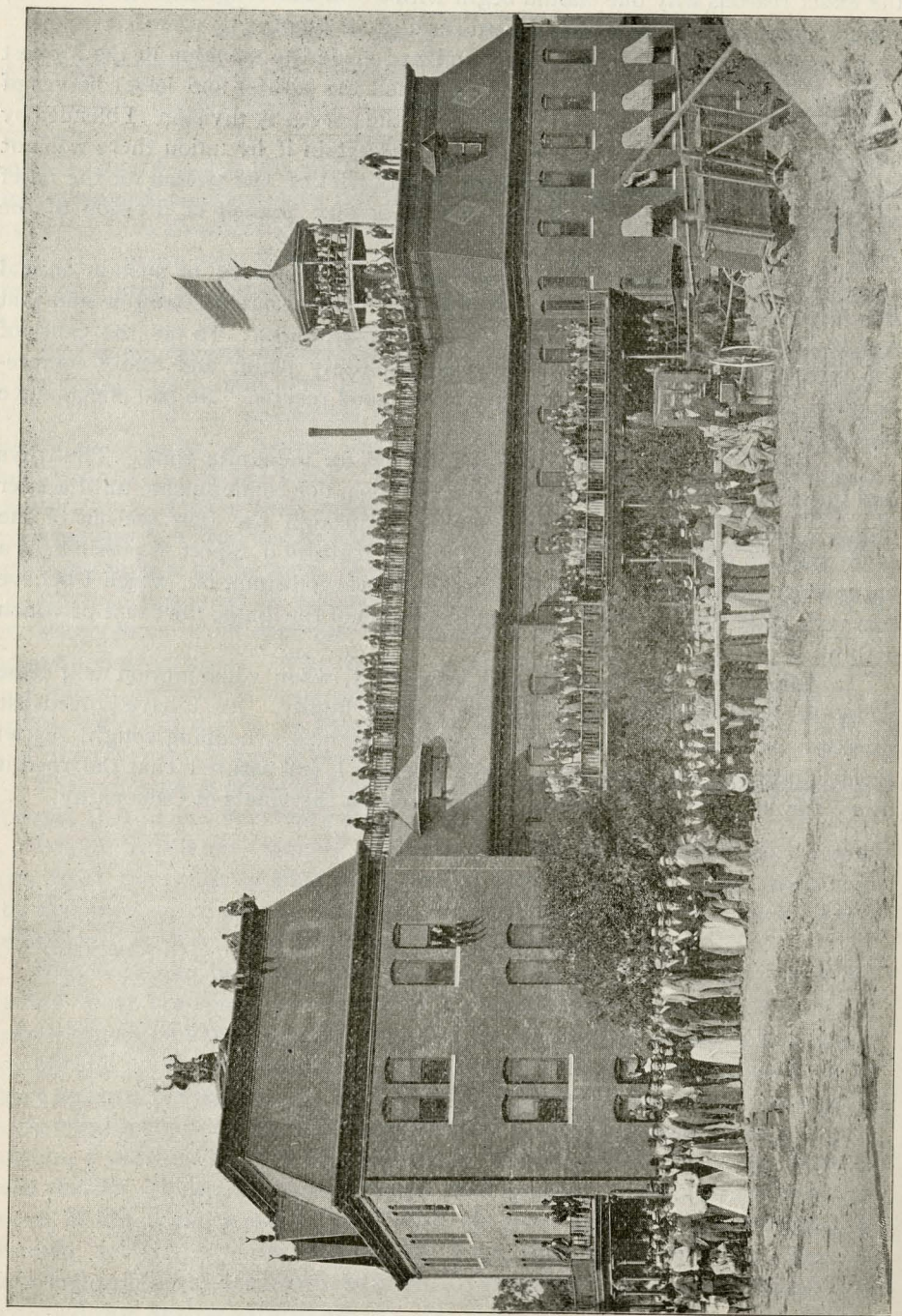
I believe the time is short, and very short, when consumption will cease to be the most dreaded disease of the human family. As I have solved the question and removed the dread of measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, flux and many other diseases I feel assured that the road is open, the journey easy, and the victory mine by the tenets of Osteopathy.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. A. T. STILL.*

AFTER many delays and vexatious disappointments, Dr. Still's book is at last out. It contains his autobiography, with a history of the discovery of Osteopathy, the founding of the American School of Osteopathy, and lectures and essays from the doctor on the science of which he is the discoverer. It is a handsome volume of four hundred and sixty pages, beautifully bound with a gilded stamp of the doctor on the back. The heaviest and best book paper has been used, the text printed from clear bold type, with fifty-two handsome illustrations, many of which are from original half tone drawings by the eminent New York artist, Carter. The book is gotten up without regard to cost, and in mechanical appearance will compare with any other publication in the United States. But it is the contents of the volume that will most interest the thinking world. To the thousands who have known Dr. Still only as the close student, the lecturer, and successful scientific demonstrator, his appearance in the role of author will be a revelation. The style is wholly original, peculiar to the doctor himself, but charming. It bears the impress of the doctor's characteristics, possessing all his wonderful realism which at the same time gives it a charm that I can find in no other modern writer. The work most wonderfully combines all the elements of romance, poetry, philosophy, and science. It is the richest in figurative language of any work it has been my pleasure to examine, while the quaint sayings, and pungent philosophy of the doctor make it one of the remarkable productions of the age.

The first ten chapters, comprising one hundred and forty-three pages are devoted to the doctor's autobiography, which includes his discovery of the wonderful science of Osteopathy, and the founding of the American School of Osteopathy. From earliest childhood the thought of healing by other means than drugs seems to have been uppermost in his mind. Even when a boy, by a swing he discovered a method of curing himself of headaches. The doctor's long life struggle has been told in those ten chapters. His boyhood days on the frontier, his experience in the log school house, sitting on a horse's skull for a two fold purpose, as a punishment, and "to acquire horse sense," his mishaps at sheep shearing time, playing circuit rider with a calf for a steed, and his hunting adventures are amusing and interesting. Then follows the struggle over the slavery question, and his marriage and removal to Kansas where he engaged in the practice of medicine for which he had previously fitted himself. His services as a member of the Free-State legislature form the theme for many a thrilling adventure, one of which was riding a mule on a log across a stream. He was contemporaneous with James Lane, John Brown and many other prominent Free-Soilers of the day. He took an active part during the war. At one time was one of Fremont's surgeons, and in the last years of the war, served as Major of the 21st Kansas militia, participating in some of the



AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY.

severe engagements with Price on the border. When the war was over Dr. Still's work on his new discovery really commenced.

The doctor draws a pathetic picture of four members of his family dying almost at the same time from that dread disease, spinal meningitis. It was at this point in his life he lost all faith in drugs, for all that medical skill could do, had been done to save his loved ones. He threw aside all he knew of the science and began anew to study the art of healing from nature. The history of every reformer in science, religion, or politics, is filled with pathos. When we think of the gloomy lives of Gallileo, Newton and Morse, how they were ridiculed as fanatics and called insane, we can appreciate the feelings of this greater philosopher, A. T. Still, when he says:

"I sit here, drink and redrink from that cup which has never leaked a drop of sorrow that did not fall on me somewhere so as to enter the river that reached my heart."

His book, however, has but little of the sombre shades in it, only just enough to lift the curtain and give us a glimpse of that heart so long saddened. In soliloquy on page 135 he says:

"Days and years may come and go, seeming to show us trees loaded with ripe fruit and heaven's perfume, blending with this life, and inviting us to lay down our bundles of care and feast forever. But to-morrow comes with facts written by the red ink of defeat, opens all along the line, attacks and cuts down the green trees of hope, to decay in sight of the one whose hopes are blasted."

Figures never before found in print, proverbs that are new, and fields of thought never before explored are spread before the reader. Death, that grim monster so dreaded by all, loses half its terrors under the definition given by Dr. Still.

"Death is the completed development of the sum total of effect, to a finished work of nature." Where can a more perfect definition of death be found. In the hands of this deep thinker death instead of man's chief enemy becomes his chief friend. It is "the sum total of effect to a finished work of nature."

After the first ten chapters which include his autobiography and history of the discovery of the science of Osteopathy, he enters into the discussion of the science which includes a number of his lectures delivered before the American School of Osteopathy. Though the entire book will be appreciated by every one, it is those lectures and writings on the wonderful science of Osteopathy which will most interest the Osteopath, and perhaps the general reader. His plain common sense philosophy will not only be appreciated by Osteopaths, but the whole reading world. We will give a sample from one of his scientific chapters on the subject:

"To make the sick well is no duty of the operator, but to adjust a part or whole of the system that the rivers of life may flow in and irrigate the famishing fields. We should stop and consider at the point of irrigation how often the mains should be opened to supply the ditches, how long the sun of life should shine upon that crop, to do its duties of nourishing and vitalizing them according to individual demands. I have said to heal the sick is a duty that belongs to another division of operators, and not the hewers of timber, nor muscles of force, but to the rivers of life only. To irrigate too much is as detrimental as too little or not at all. How much? is the all important question to solve. The kind and quality must be supplied at the right time and place only. If this fluid is in the brain, open the river

and they will expell all driftwood and proceed at once to the duties of their division, which is life with all its harmony."

Not only is the book rich in figures, but allegory forms one means of conveying his thought. The allegory of Joshua and the three diseases has been beautifully illustrated in a full page, half tone cut by the artist. His business allegory in which he illustrates the causes of success is illustrated by six half tone engravings. This allegory is given to demonstrate three phazes of human failures. The first is lack of self-reliance, the second the danger of being too accommodating in going security, and third extravagance. In the first part of the allegory, he is baffled in every effort to succeed in life, deceived by friends, until he wanders into the wilderness and sits down at the root of the tree of knowledge to rest and sleep. He is struck a blow and knocked down by the ram of reason, and leaping to his feet climbs high into the tree of knowledge which he finds covered with labels, and letters. He pauses at the letter S and find *Success* the definition of which is: "Success is the reward of personal effort and confidence in self to solve the problem of life."

He follows this motto and becomes a success, until he is persuaded by friends to go surety when the ram of reason appears again in a most mysterious manner and saves him. He next finds the ram of reason, chastising him for extravagance which has led to mortgages, on the home, to procure unnecessary luxuries.

The book is filled with philosophy and advice which makes it useful in any household. Page after page reveals new beauties while the soul drinks in wisdom from every line. Every thought is original, and every expression new. The style has all the freshness and vigor of youth, while the thought shows the wisdom of years. As an illustration of one of the beauties of style we quote the following:

"Through all the darksome night I lay enchained in slumbers thrall, but with the first faint flush of the dewy morn I arose and wandered forth.

"All nature seemed to wait in hushed expectancy. With the iron hand of will I barred the gate of memory, shut out the past with all its old ideas. My soul took on a receptive attitude, my ear was tuned to Nature's rythmic harmony. Afar o'er the billows of the briny deep I saw faint shafts of light arise, enriching with rosy tint the pallor of the dawn. I saw the red disc of the sun peep forth, then spring—full-orbed and fiery—from night's embrace, and kiss the world to waking beauty. My spirit was o'erwhelmed with the unmeasureable magnitude of the deific plan on which the universe is constructed. Standing on the border of the land where the waves from fancy's sea break on the shores of fact, I saw with the mental orb a beauteous vision in the sky. With pen of truth dipped in imagination's ruddy ink, I paint the picture as it came to me * * * * *"

Can thought be more sublime? Can more poetry be found in any of the classics? What has been quoted is but a taste of the bounteous feast spread for the reader. It is a work, scientific and at the same time poetic, with alternating shades of pathos and humor making it palatable, and then when read and digested, one feels that one has gained something, which cannot be said of all books published to-day. There is a lifetime study between the covers of this work.

J. R. M.

* "Autobiography of Andrew T. Still" 460 pages, 52 illustrations. Price \$5.00. Published by the author, Kirksville, Mo.

"BACTERIAPHOBIA."

THE germ theory of the causation of disease is being abandoned by the more liberal minded and enlightened members of the medical profession. It is going the way of the countless fads of "regularism." Experience has demonstrated that there is no more suitable soil for the cultivation of the fad microbe than the regular medical profession. Fads in "new operations" and "specifics" come and go with the regularity of clock-work, while behind them might be heard the industrious ticking of the medicine and instrument manufacturers and in their wake follows the prosperous undertaker.

The germ fad, however, has endured longer and assumed greater proportions than most medical fads because there is a little truth mixed up with it. This grain of truth is the fact that peculiar micro-organisms are present in a great many diseases; that they can be isolated and cultivated in suitable soil, and if introduced into an animal body of sufficiently reduced vitality will produce the same, or a similar *manifestation* of disease as existed where they first grew. But the all-important thing which the microbist has utterly failed to prove is that micro organisms are the first cause of disease. Before one of these so-called disease germs can live and multiply, the animal body must be *out of order* and in a consequent condition of reduced vitality. "Behind the "microbe cause" of disease there must be a first cause of lowered vitality, either local or general. This first cause is the cause that occupies the attention of the Osteopath. If the human machinery is in line mechanically, with unobstructed nerve and blood supply to all parts, and is furnished sufficient fuel (food, light, air and water) to keep up the vital "steam," there need be no fear of micro-organisms, which are products and not causes of the disorders called "disease."

It is a matter of considerable gratification to the Osteopath to note the more advanced medical thinkers deserting this germ theory. One of the ablest physicians of Delaware, Dr. J. S. Prettyman, has contributed some valuable literature to the medical press along this line. He terms the germ craze "Bacteriaphobia." An article entitled "Tuberculosis and Bacteriaphobia" from his pen in the New York Medical Record, will be especially appreciated by Osteopaths. While it is not entirely Osteopathic—does not go deep enough for "first cause"—it is along Osteopathic lines. Dr. Prettyman says:

"Some five or six years ago, when Dr. Koch first brought out his tuberculin claim, I wrote you a brief note which was published in the Medical Record, stating that "tuberculosis is a disease of malnutrition, the result of a defective organization, either hereditary or acquired." In that brief article I also warned the profession against what appeared to be the coming craze named as the latter part of the title to this article. Since that time, in spite of the bacteriaphobia which seems to have seized upon the great and learned medical men of the whole earth, I am more than ever confirmed in the truth of that statement. That this form of disease is the result of malnutrition, its own common English name clearly indicates. It is a consumption, a wasting away. Why do its victims waste away? There is but one answer to this question; they waste away because they are badly nourished.

Nutrition is defective. Does this grow out of the condition of the lungs? Are the lungs the primary organs of nutrition? Do the lungs make blood? The truth is that pulmonary tuberculosis is not the primary, but the secondary condition. So also are all the local manifestations of the disease. The primary condition is found in the blood-making organs. The organization fails to make a full supply of pure and perfect blood for its own absolute needs, and the result is a dyscrasia: bad blood, defective blood, autotoxæmia. Such blood contaminates the whole organism and specially the lungs, and more especially the upper lobes of the lungs, because the whole blood stream courses through these organs and the toxins entangled in the lung cells are retained there and become the foci of pulmonary irritation, inflammation, and ulceration; "more especially in the upper lobes," first, because there the circulation is weaker and more easily obstructed.

The real seat of the disease is in the chylipoietic viscera and is organic; that is, it has its origin in defective digesting and assimilating organs. They fail to convert the food into healthy blood in sufficient quantity to maintain a normal physiological condition. This is the root of disease, and what is called the tuberculous bacilli are the outgrowth of it after it becomes seated in the lungs, where the atmosphere has access to the deposit and comes in contact with it. These are from without and not from within.

The first symptoms of the disease are connected with the abdominal organs and are manifested in the form of indigestion, constipation, congestion, eructation, borborygms, etc., followed by headache, a slight intermitting fever, and finally by cough, etc. Sometimes the first suspicion of the disease is aroused by a pulmonary hemorrhage bursting forth from heavily congested lungs, the result of the dyscrasia which has been gradually creeping upon the patient so insidiously that it is not suspected. There had been no thought of tubercle, but only of a general malaise attributed to want of exercise, or indigestion, or some of the other pulmonary symptoms. During this premonitory period, this malaise stage, a careful inspection will manifest a periodicity of action in the system, with temperature normal or subnormal at some period between midnight and midday and above normal at some part of the period between midday and midnight. This periodicity generally continues and increases to the end; unless indeed the disease is subdued or greatly mitigated. Fistula in ano and appendicitis are both indications of an organic predisposition to tuberculosis; so also is typhoid fever, but when it is successfully passed through, it seems, for a time at least, and perhaps forever in some cases, to immunize the organization against any further tendency to tuberculous deposition. The root of this fever we all know to be enteric. The same may, in some measure, also be true of appendicitis, fistula, and tuberculous joint.

If the above intimated theory of this dreadful enemy of the human race be true, or chiefly so, the practical uselessness of all prevailing modes of treatment will be manifest, and especially those founded upon the bacteriological theory. Tuberculin injections have been demonstrated a failure; so also has the creosote treatment, and indeed all methods may be said to have come to naught. Now let us do better. How? Abandon all bacteriaphobia and come down to a rational method of treatment. Let all high-flier theories like bacteriology, specific medication, and all such foolishness go. I have sometimes said that physicians know everything that can be known, except how to cure disease. The reason for such a remark grows out of the fact that their remedies are not well directed to this end. They are too often impelled by the thought that something must be done, and something too that must produce clearly manifested results, whether these results are toward the normal or the abnormal. Homœopathy should have taught us long ago to beware of too clearly manifested results, unless we are absolutely sure that they are in the physiological and not the pathological direction. I knew of a case that occurred in your great city of New York, where a very prominent gentleman, like most city gentlemen a high liver and of very full habit, though only forty-four years of age and of strong constitution, after dining out in the evening, was taken in the middle of the night with a bad fit of indigestion and a "big doctor" was called in to relieve him. The patient's heart was badly oppressed from plethora and general stagnation of the circulation, accompanied by abdominal pain. The doctor injected hypodermically one-half grain of morphine, which soon relieved the patient, who fell asleep and never awoke any more to the things of this world!

"OSTEOPATHY ON TRIAL."

UNDER the above heading the Daily Standard, published at Ogden, Utah, of date January 29th, gives quite a full account of the trial and acquittal of Wm. Hartford, D. O., on a suit brought against him at the instigation of the "regular" M. D's of Ogden.

The charge against Dr. Hartford was "practicing medicine without a license from the State Medical Board." The standard says:

"A large number of spectators and witnesses were present, and after the case had been presented the argument of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Peery, was made upon the technical meaning of the word "treat" and "treatment," as used in the statutes. The attorney for the defense argued that Mr. Hartford did "manipulate," not "treat," and that there was therefore no violation of the statute. The matter was taken under advisement by the justice, and the decision will be rendered Thursday morning.

The case opened by reading the complaint and R. H. Thorburn, the witness, who was operated upon, was placed upon the stand. He testified that he had been treated by Mr. Hartford for dislocated ankle; that he had been cured; that no medicine was used.

F. B. Devoto, of the Recorder's office, was next placed on the stand and swore that Mr. Hartford had no license to practice medicine on record at the Recorder's office.

Dr. Brick, a member of the state medical board testified that the Board had issued no certificate to Mr. Hartford, nor would they issue one, as he considered Osteopathy a "rank fake."

Prosecution rested and the defense placed Ernest E. Stevens upon the stand. Mr. Stevens testified that he had been injured by a fall some three years ago; had been treated by a number of physicians. His hip was dislocated; never received any benefits or relief until he was treated by Mr. Hartford. Was much improved and had thrown away one cane and no medicine had been used by Mr. Hartford.

Ad Kuhn was the next witness and said that he had been in the care of Mr. Hartford for general debility. Was greatly improved. No medicine was used.

C. C. Galt was treated for nervous debility; was cured.

J. A. Gillis, manager of the Pacific hotel, had been a sufferer from stomach and heart trouble for years. Had taken a trip east to see specialists. Returned and tried Mr. Hartford. Was completely cured. No medicine used.

Mr. Gillis was also a patient of Mr. Hartford for trouble and pains in the head. Was much benefitted.

F. W. Chambers, advertising agent of the Standard, testified that he had varicose veins; had used a cane for a year or more; was cured, and used the cane for kindling wood.

G. H. Islaub, postmaster testified that his little girl had had St. Vitus dance; Mr. Hartford had helped her wonderfully. Mr. Islaub was also being treated for nervous trouble and was improving.

Mrs. Chas. Kent testified that her daughter had never walked, and had an everted eye; her speech was also effected; Mr. Hartford had corrected the condition of the eye and greatly improved the child.

Miss M. B. Martin said she had not walked, except with crutches, for three years. Her hip was dislocated and she was given up as incurable. Walks freely now. Cured in six weeks by Mr. Hartford.

The arguments were then made by the attorneys, and the case submitted and by Justice Ternes taken under advisement.

Justice Ternes, after due consideration of all the points involved found for

the defendant and ordered his discharge from arrest. In summing up the case Justice Ternes said:

"This is an action brought by the state of Utah against William Hartford, the complaint charging that the defendant has engaged in the practice of medicine without first having obtained a license, by treating one Richard Thorburn for a sprained ankle and is prosecuted under section 1736 of the revised statutes of Utah, (1898) which reads as follows: "Any person practicing medicine, surgery, or obstetrics within this state without holding a lawful certificate or license or otherwise contrary to the provisions of this title, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

It appears from the evidence that the defendant has been practicing in the city of Ogden, that science known as Osteopathy by manipulating, rubbing and kneading with the hands, the injured part of those who have applied to him for relief. The question now is whether or not the practice of Osteopathy is the practice of medicine and in violation of the foregoing statute. If so then defendant is guilty as charged, he having admitted at the trial that he had taken out no license to practice medicine.

The whole question it was agreed by respective counsel, hinges on the word "treat" in section 1735 of the revised statutes of Utah (1898) which reads as follows:

"Any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine within the meaning of this title, who shall treat, operate upon, or prescribe for any physical ailment of another for a fee, or who shall hold himself out by means of signs, cards, advertisements, or otherwise as a physician or surgeon."

It is a fundamental principle of law that penal statutes as against the prisoner should be construed *strictly* and in his favor *liberally*. This construction must, however, not be taken as against him so strict or in his favor so liberal, as to defeat the obvious intent of the legislature.

If the language of a statute is ambiguous, vague or uncertain, we must try and ascertain the intent of the legislature in the enactment of it. So with the section under which the complaint in this case has been brought. The prosecution claims that in-as-much as the word "treat" is used in the section referred to and the defendant has been giving *treatment* for the cure of the physical ailment of the witness Thorburn, that defendant must be guilty of the offense charged.

The strict construction of this section appears to be that if any person, for a fee, without having first obtained the required license or certificate therefor, practice medicine by *treating*, prescribing or operating upon mankind for the cure of human ailment, that he is liable. The legislative intent, in my opinion was, when they inserted the word "treat" in the section, that a person should *treat* with respect to medicine and drugs—prescribing drugs and medicine and operating with surgical instruments.

It certainly appears from the evidence in this case that, as some of the witnesses have termed it, "treatments" were given and the manipulations were resorted to with the hands. To say that such *treatment* falls within the foregoing section would be to accuse those who give Turkish baths and barbers who *treat* a person's head with their hands, of a misdemeanor.

To sum up matters, I am of the opinion that if the defendant had used or employed drugs or medicine in connection with the treatments he gave, he would be liable; but, as it stands now, I believe it to be entirely devoid of justice to hold the defendant guilty.



GRADUATING CLASS—FEBRUARY, 1898.

FEBRUARY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

MEMORIAL HALL, at the A. T. Still Infirmary, never contained a larger or more brilliant and representative audience, than that which assembled on the evening of the 1st of February, to witness the graduation of the May (1896) class, of the American School of Osteopathy. Indeed, hundreds of people, many of whom had come long distances to be present, were turned away long before the exercises commenced, owing to their inability to gain admittance.

The hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. Palms, hot-house plants and festoons of the class colors—pink and green—had been used with taste and discretion, and was brilliantly lighted with scores of incandescent electric lights.

Miss Gehr presided at the piano, and the exercises opened with a grand march, during which the graduates—forty-nine in number—entered and took their assigned places on the rostrum.

C. M. T. Hulett, dean of the institution, called the vast audience to attention, and in a few well chosen and graceful remarks of greeting announced the opening of the program.

Owing to the illness of Dr. A. T. Still, discoverer and founder of Osteopathy, a change was made from the previously printed program, and his place supplied by Judge Andrew Ellison, of this city.

After a song by the glee club, Dr. C. E. Still delivered the address to the class.

DR. C. E. STILL'S ADDRESS.

If ever there was a time in my life when I was embarrassed, this is the time; this is the exact moment. I have often wished that I possessed the gift of oratory and the graces of diction with which some are blessed, but I have it not. I cannot, however, forego making an acknowledgment for the honor of the invitation which brings me here. It would have been far more agreeable to me to have been a silent listener on this occasion, freed of the responsibility of an address. I wish more than ever before in my life for the power to speak as I feel. This is a time when the wisest words are wanted, and the careless should be unspoken. We meet here tonight to do honor to a science that has heightened human aspirations and broadened the field of opportunity for the races of men. A science that has leaped from within the bounds of our own country and now belongs to mankind and the ages.

You are asked, what has given it such power? We answer, the very fact that it invites investigation rather than evades examination and criticism. I have the honor of being chosen to represent the trustees and faculty of the American School of Osteopathy on this, your graduating day. This is the day of all others that should flush your capillary circulation. Of course, I do and I

have a right to feel proud to think that you young men and women are going forth to do Osteopathic battle with disease in this great universe. Long may you live and I hope you may never regret the day when you laid aside your prejudice and enlisted in the Osteopathic cause. I hope you will appreciate the efforts we have made in your behalf. Under the circumstances with which everything new has to contend we have done our best; angels could do no more.

One glance at the American School of Osteopathy today, and the strides she has taken since you have matriculated: a thought of what difficulties and embarrassments we have, and are continually overcoming, should make you, ladies and gentlemen, feel proud of the old ship that has shown her worth in many a conflict. Two years ago when you joined us, we had nothing to offer, no place to call our own. Now we have five states in which we can register our diplomas, and meet our patients—not like fugitives from justice but with all the grace and dignity that legislation can command. We know that in trying to teach the subject of which, as yet, no text books are written, the duties of the teacher as well as the student are not easy ones, and we hope the young men and women who are about to leave the portals of this institution to mingle with the outer world will act with us, and help perpetuate a system of treating disease that courts investigation. I do not know of a man as yet that has investigated Osteopathy that does not pronounce it a science. Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not remember the name of a single shining light in the medical profession that does say medicine is a science. Of course, some little country pill doctor would speak of the science of medicine. In the glowing terms which the investigators speak of your chosen profession and the criticism of medicine within its own ranks by such able men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Ashley Cooper and the great Parisian physician, Menendee, who say above their own signatures that medicine is not a science, what have you to fear.

Man is the crowning form in the great scale of earthly existence. The laws which rule his mind and body constitute a perfect system of human life. They solve all the great problems which concern the future happiness and destiny of man. And this is all brought within the reach of such scientific proof that it can be understood alike by all persons. In life, the mind and body perpetually respond to each other; they are higher and lower parts in the same scale of harmony. We must study the structure of the body in order to understand the wonderful mechanism of the mind.

We then examine the physical structure of man as a basis from which to consider his mental life as an individual.

This science gathers the rich harvest of many centuries of human culture. Among all the civilized nations of the past times we find fragments of truth are united into a practical system. But these fragments were impractical. They could not be applied in actual life, until the uniting laws were discovered.

Now then, in conclusion, the happy memory of your kindness and confidence will abide in my grateful heart forever. My sole ambition is to meet your expectation, and I bespeak your cordial co-operation and support that our institution may be orderly and dignified. Be honest in your convictions; true Osteopaths, faithful to your patients, and industrious. Live so the world will need you, and the parents that love you will be proud of your success.

RESPONSE BY D. B. MACAULEY.

D. B. Macauley, member of the graduating class, responded on behalf of the class:

Dr. C. E. Still, Members of the Board of Trustees and Faculty, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am indeed honored, and I feel it deeply, in being chosen by my class to speak in its behalf tonight, and the honor is enhanced by the audience which I am to address.

This occasion is an auspicious one, and one long looked forward to by the members of the May class of '96. During our work of the last two years there has been with us as a more or less realized undercurrent, the thought that some day we would graduate. During the early days of our course the time seemed so far off, and there seemed so much to accomplish before its coming, that our ideas of graduation were rather vague and purely impersonal.

True, other people had graduated; we could see evidences of that fact round about us; and we knew that still others would graduate before us, so we would have a chance to see how it was done—but that the day would actually come when we ourselves would sit on this platform and stretch forth our hands to receive the diplomas signifying that our school work was behind us and not looming interminably before us, was hardly realized. At times certain events, epochs in our school life, brought nearer the surface this underlying current, but the change was only momentary, and it was covered again by the demands upon our interest of our daily tasks. Such an epoch was the day of our final examination in Descriptive Anatomy prior to taking up the work to follow. Then we felt indeed that we had passed the first milestone of the journey toward our goal. But there were many steps and a rough road still before us, and the end of each succeeding term gave us to realize that time was passing. But the event that brought home to us most closely this fact was the Commencement of the class ahead of us last June. It did not require a great stretch of the imagination that night to picture ourselves in the places of those others—and we knew then that the time was short until there would be other exercises, and we would be the victims.

During all these two years, whenever we did think definitely of this occasion, it was of how glad we would be when we graduated and were ready to begin actual work. And now that the day is here we are glad—but it is not an unmixed joy—there are elements of sorrow in this occasion and it is deeply tinged with solemnity.

True, our school work is over, we have not the fear of examinations hanging over us; we do not have to wonder if we will pass or not, we know that we are sure of our diplomas, and we stand face to face with the future ready to grapple it the best we can. But it is hard to turn our backs upon the past—a sorrow to lay down our school life and class life here and feel that it is over. It has been a pleasant and profitable time—this introduction of ours to the great Truths of Osteopathy—two years of congenial, earnest work under able lead-

I wish to express to our fellow-students our pleasure in having made their acquaintance and, we trust, friendship; and to hope that we all shall be ever close-linked in the brotherhood of Osteopathy, the science which is the triumph of common sense in therapeutics. It needs not, in behalf of this class, I should offer incense on the shrine of Osteopathy. Let our presence here tonight, with all that it signifies, testify to our love for and faith in this noble science. Love and faith that led us to adopt it as our life work at a time when, even two short years ago, it had not reached its present unassailable position in the minds and hearts of the public. As much louder as are deeds than words, so much stronger is such voiceless testimony than any words which I could speak.

I wish to thank the October class for their beautiful decoration of the hall—and to thank all who so kindly assist us tonight.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, let me express to you our gratification in your presence on this occasion.

Then followed an address by Judge Andrew Ellison, of Kirksville, who had been hastily chosen to fill the portion on the program made vacant by the illness of Dr. A. T. Still:

JUDGE ANDREW ELLISON'S ADDRESS.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen:—While it appears to be manifest destiny for these separations to occur, still they are always accompanied by feelings of sadness, mingled with pleasure. There comes a rattle in the family circle when those who have been its joy and perhaps its pride, must in the very nature of things leave the old roof and walk forth, to alone carve a destiny that may be full of weal or woe. It is a serious occasion. No parent ever experienced it without solemn and serious thoughts—no child ever entered upon it without a tinge of sadness and apprehension.

Not unlike the separation and scattering of families is the commencement day of a college. The real commencement of your studies. The real commencement of a career. For two long years as a band of brothers and sisters you have, under this parental roof, received instructions from an earnest, faithful and anxious Faculty who now call you the children of its brain, and, as you depart for your respective fields, it places into the hands of each the well lighted torch of a new science and say to you to hasten on that it may never become extinguished.

In the annual dispersal of classes from all colleges, whether in law, medicine or theology, there have been a few who utterly failed, a very few who became eminent—while the majority passed over and down the declivity of life only respectable in attainments and humble in fortune. Of you more is expected, and if it be proper to use the term, much more is demanded.

You leave this new but already great institution bearing its commission certifying to the world that you are prepared to treat most of the ills of man without the use of the knife or drugs.

The most compact organization of modern times—the medical association of the world, having a plurality of agents in every hamlet, is full armed and

aggressive against you, and from every path and lane and street and square you must expect a perfect fusilade of abuse—criticism and ridicule.

More than a thousand years the people—the masses—have accepted other theories, and being generally conservative may, for a while, prefer to endure the ills they have, than fly to those they know not of. But these obstacles are not unsurmountable. Comparatively a few years ago these beautiful lights would have been extinguished by the theologians and scholars of the world as being the work of the evil one and therefore unscientific. Then those voiceful telephone wires that enable the preacher to visit the sick from his room, the banker to reach his creditors from his desk, the politician to lay his wires without a railroad pass, the lover to court without holding a hand and the noble and unsuspecting and unsuspecting wife to keep informed where her husband is not, from which she can infer where he is; the wires, I say, would then have been converted by scholars into instruments of torture for those who invented or used them. But mark the change. The world now wonders how it ever got along without them.

So after awhile it will be with you. The light of your new science will illuminate every dark sick chamber, and reason will be staggered that in seeking the "healing art" she neglected so long the very front door of nature, and sought to alleviate human suffering and pain by traveling hidden by-paths and lanes.

I would impress upon you the very great importance of ever keeping in view the primary object of your profession. It is to heal—to cure and to alleviate. Riches are but a secondary consideration. Carry with you the desire and determination to do good to others. Do this as a true philanthropist and devotee to your science, and riches will follow fast enough. If at any time tempted to subordinate success for wealth recall the long and weary years of toil, sacrifice and poverty of your noble president—the sage and philosopher of the Mississippi Valley, and I have every confidence in the result.

Remember always the sick chamber is a sacred precinct into which, sordid motives and impure thoughts should never enter. There at least, you should always be a gentleman—always a lady. Considering fair ability, nothing can be more conducive to success than good habits and modesty. Avoid the evils of intemperance, for what can be more beastly, repulsive and shocking in the sick chamber than one with mind and body debauched by the demon of drink, and he who invites you to the sick couch of wife or daughter, pays you a high personal compliment, and has the right to exact of you the greatest degree of care and skill, and the most delicate and perfect decorum as a lady or gentleman.

Be not disturbed by the great number of graduates annually made. The world is wide and half a century cannot fill the great want. For if Osteopathy is what I believe it to be, it belongs not only to Missouri; not to the United States, but to the world. In going forth, be brave, for a new science hates a coward. Be truthful, for the world hates a liar. Be candid, because nothing

is so loathsome as the hypocrite. Be charitable, for charity is born of Heaven.

And to you young ladies, I would say a word in confidence: Yours is a noble calling. Always as women you are ministering angels to the poor, the sick, and the needy; and you have taken upon yourselves the additional dignity of a profession, which will only add knowledge and wisdom to an already pure heart. To become eminent in your profession you need not become masculine, you need not become unsexed. For when pity or pain call for your services, nothing that soothes and heals can be immodest, for unto the pure all things are pure.

Ladies and gentlemen:—In conclusion, what can I say as to the future of this institution? The wildest dream cannot compass it. It first conquered Adair county, then this imperial state. Then state after state fell into line until it will soon become a race which shall next emancipate herself from an encrusted empiricism and stand upon the pinnacle of advanced thought and bid welcome to the genuine Osteopath. Upon our north is Canada, an empire of itself; upon our southern boundary lies Old Mexico, where 400 years ago existed an ancient civilization rivaling our own, which was destroyed in the name of philosophy and morality, and whose traditions, science is now vainly seeking to restore. Still farther south is Peru from whose ancient civilization we might learn much that is true in civil engineering and political economy, but for the fact that all was sacrificed in the name of so-called science and truth. Thence on and on through all the Central and South American Republics—embracing a land and soil richer in products and minerals than that of the ancient Egyptians. All these are at our door.

Then a little way out into 'old ocean' lies Cuba, the gem of the Antilles, which, in the natural course of events, will soon be ours; all—all of these laden with physical infirmities are waiting your arrival, from which I draw this lesson, that if this great institution is managed wisely and well, its graduates will not, within this generation, crowd one another, but within five years the old city of Mexico, the ancient seat of the proud Montezumas will likely contain and maintain an institution—a branch of this which will put superstition to shame, and so-called science to the blush.

Then afterwards Peru, the ancient home of the great Incas, will be invaded by this new scientific colossus, and instead of shrines and relics working cures for all the ills of man, Osteopathy will conquer pestilence and re-invigorate a decaying race. It is said Alexander wept because he had no new worlds to conquer. Osteopathy has yet the world before it, and from almost every quarter she is invited to "come and dwell among us." Womankind pleads to her through the convulsed lips of maternity. Childhood pleads to her with sunken eyes and pallid cheeks. Manhood pleads to her with palsied limbs and trembling steps. Who then can check her progress? Not persecution, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. Not ridicule, for the restored to health become your monuments of truth and able advocates. Nothing then but your own indifference and neglect of opportunities can. Therefore, be self-re-

liant, Be earnest. Be studious, and ever continue to study that human frame, "so wonderfully and fearfully made."

The Diplomas were presented to the members of the class by Prof. Wm. Smith, of the faculty, in his own inimitable style. As a preface to the presentation of the diplomas Prof. Smith said:

ADDRESS OF PROF. WM. SMITH.

It is all very well to say that the next event upon the program is the presentation of diplomas: but there is one thing which has first to be attended to. This large audience has the right to know something of the persons upon whom these diplomas are to be conferred. Ladies and gentlemen, the persons whom you see seated upon this platform are the members of the celebrated May '96 class, a class which has covered itself with fame ever since its advent to this institution. Immediately upon the organization of this class its members decided that they must select class colors, they chose "pink and GREEN," why the latter color was incorporated I cannot tell, nor can I tell what need there was for any pink in the matter at all. Then they felt that if they did not have a representative animal to represent them, an animal to which they could forever look with pride, whose characteristics they might endeavor—no matter how humbly—to live up to, life would be but a dreary waste. They cast their eyes upon the animal kingdom, their first thought was the eagle, but the United States in the first place, and Dr. Still in the second had monopolized that very much over-rated bird. Then the lion entered the massive brain of the class, but the terrors of being taken for Anglomaniacs deterred them. The tiger was the property of the Democratic party in New York, and the Republicans had selected the elephant and the rooster. What was to be done? They decided that they wished a distinctively western animal, this being to some extent a Western School. An idea entered a mind, whose mind I cannot tell, and the picture of the mighty mountain Pike's Peak focussed itself upon the retina of an individual. The Observatory on the top of that mountain owes itself to a western animal; without the labors of the humble burro it could not exist nor would there now be any railroad up the dirt pile without that same member of the zoological kingdom. The burro was taken as the class Patron Saint, and from that day to this every member of the class has faithfully endeavored to copy its life and habits. They realized that the burro when it set its front feet firmly down, hinted that it meant to remain where it was and was impervious to argument or kindly hint; that when it elevated its hind feet it was apt to carry something backward. They realized this. Further, let me point out that others realized fully the fitness of the emblems for you will note that the members of the October '98 class, who have undertaken and so beautifully carried out the decoration of this hall have decorated the statute of Saint Burro in a suggestive manner; he is equipped with a halter of pink and green, intimating that unless held by stronger bonds than mere duty he would wander away hence ere he had any legal right to do so, (dare I hint

that it might be to engage in practice;) further you will observe that the bonds upon the hind pedal appendages of our friend are of the same hue as the halter; in other words our friend is hobbled, not only to prevent wandering but to restrain ardor in the use of the weapons with which a beneficent Nature has provided him.

Joking apart, these are our graduates, a representative class of our students; men and women who have done good and faithful work here for the past twenty months, who have studied well and diligently and are now fitted to go out into the great world and carry the Osteopathic message to suffering humanity. As one of their teachers I am not ashamed of them, but lest I say too much and lead to their self overestimation I will now simply call upon them to come forward and receive from our worthy Vice-President the fruit of their labors, an Osteopathic diploma.

The following is a full list of the graduates:

- | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Bailey, H. E. | Kirksville, Missouri | Hulett, Mrs. Adelaide. . . . | Lawrence, Kansas |
| Banning, John W. | LaPlata, Missouri | Ilgenfritz, Harry F. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Beeman, E. E. | Kirksville, Missouri | Johnson, Mrs. Alice. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Brown, Leander S. | Fort Collins, Colorado | Johnson, Norman S. | Horton, Kansas |
| Burke, Mrs. Anna M. | Kirksville, Missouri | Johnston, Willie H. | Canton, Illinois |
| Campbell, Arthur D. | Kirksville, Missouri | Kellogg, Howard G. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Cole, M. D. | Kirksville, Missouri | Landes, Agnes V. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Conner, D. L. | Kirksville, Missouri | Landes, Mrs. Mae. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Cluett, Frank G. | St. Louis, Missouri | Little, Chas. W. | Des Moines, Iowa |
| Densmore, O. | Mason City, Iowa | Macaulay, Daniel B. | Chicago, Illinois |
| Ely, William E. | Kirksville, Missouri | Matthews, S. C. | Pattonsburg, Missouri |
| Ely, Mrs. Anna L. | Kirksville, Missouri | McCoy, Chas. K. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Fletcher, William A. | Kirksville, Missouri | McLain, Harry C. | Wellsville, Kansas |
| Gentry, Benton F. | Kirksville, Missouri | Miller, Frank C. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Green, Ginevra L. | Kirksville, Missouri | Miller, Mrs. Sadie Hart, | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Green, W. E. | Kirksville, Missouri | Prickett, Orson B. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Hart, Lawrence M. | Kirksville, Missouri | Shaw, Dudley H. | Maroa, Illinois |
| Hartford, Isaac J. | Queen City, Missouri | Smiley, William M. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Harlan, Mrs. F. J. | Webb City, Missouri | Smith, LeRoy. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Hibbitts, Ulysses M. | Kirksville, Missouri | Spangler, Harvey L. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Holme, T. L. | Bolckow, Missouri | Turner, Mrs. Mary N. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Hook, Otis. | Kirksville, Missouri | Underwood, Evelyn. | Kansas City, Missouri |
| Hook, Virgil A. | Pond Creek, Oklahoma | Willard, Alice Nevada. | Kirksville, Missouri |
| Hudleson, Mark E. | Bevier, Missouri | Williams, Roger K. | Council Bluffs, Iowa |
| Hulett, Marcia Ione. | Edgerton, Kansas | | |

TALKS WITH PATIENTS.

FEBRUARY has, like its predecessors, been a busy month, not only for the JOURNAL and for the American School of Osteopathy, in which the largest class ever enrolled started in the study of the science of healing without medicine, but it has been equally busy in the Infirmary department. Of the many hundreds of cases successfully treated this month space will admit of a description of but a few.



Mrs. Thompson, of Brooklyn, Iowa, returned to her home two weeks since. Quite by accident the reporter met this lady on the eve of her departure and received from her own lips a brief statement of her case. Ten years or more ago Mrs. Thompson was severely injured by a fall. Soon after heart trouble of a very severe character developed and from that time on she was a confirmed invalid. The attacks were both frequent and severe in their character. The old school M. D's diagnosed her case as angina pectoris, and prescribed nitroglycerine and other drugs, but without any perceptible permanent benefit. So the weary years dragged along until a few months ago and she began to hear some wonderful stories about a drugless cure for diseases, called Osteopathy. Like so many others she resolved to try it as a sort of "folorn hope" arguing to herself that if Osteopathy used no drugs, she could not at any event be injured by giving it a trial. Eight weeks ago she came to the A. T. Still Infirmary, leaving her collection of drugs at home. Her rapid recovery has been a surprise to herself. A more happy or more grateful person would be hard to find. "I intend to make a present of my nitroglycerine and other drugs to my former physician," said the lady, "for I never expect to use them any more. If I should need any more treatment, I shall certainly employ Osteopathy hereafter."



The daily Register, published at Sherman, Texas, of February 8, says:

Mrs. R. J. Cunningham returned today from a four months' absence at the A. T. Still Infirmary at Kirksville, Mo., where she went to be treated for an injury to her ankle. Nearly two years ago she was run down by a bicycle and the bones of one of her ankles fractured necessitating the use of crutches. So excellent has been the treatment given her that she has entirely dispensed with them and returns permanently cured.



The happiest man in Kirksville is Mr. Edwin C. Johnson whose home is in Hutchinson, Kansas. He arrived here on the 22d of January, 1897, and has been taking treatment since at the A. T. Still Infirmary. To a representative of the Saturday Mail he made this statement. "My case is of seventeen years standing. My trouble was caused by a combination of scarlet fever and measles when I was nine years old. The condition that these two diseases left me in was a contraction of the deep muscles on the right side of my neck, which drew the second and third cervical vertebrae to the right side producing a stiffness of the neck. At first my neck was weak and fell forward and my chin

rested on my breast when I did not support it with my hand. I had the best medical and surgical attention from the first, that Indianapolis, Ind., afforded. I was compelled to wear braces for three years. The last one made and recommended by Dr. Allen's National Surgical Institute of Indianapolis. I was under their treatment for two years and the braces I wore held my head in such a position that it caused my neck to become stiff and in a set position, keeping me in a constant strain causing my head to ache continually. I was finally compelled to lay aside the brace and give up all hopes of ever being cured or benefitted. In the fall of 1896 I first heard of Dr. A. T. Still, and the new method of treatment, Osteopathy, through a friend of mine, Dr. J. C. Hall, who had been greatly helped by Osteopathy. The benefit I received was marked from the beginning. Friends here who knew of my condition when I first came began to notice an improvement in a few weeks. The improvement I have received here has been slow but certain ever since. My general health is much better and I feel like a new man. One thing I have noticed this winter is that the cold weather does not hurt me at all, while last winter I thought I would freeze. I attribute this to a better circulation. I made up my mind when I came here, to stay as long as there was any chance for me to be benefitted. I have noticed during my stay here that a great many people make the mistake of becoming discouraged and go home before they have given Osteopathy a fair trial. My idea of Osteopathy is that it is Nature assisted by the operator and that you must not expect too great results in too short a time. I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to all who are connected with this great institution, and to all the doctors who have so kindly treated me. I feel now that I have something to live for, since the treatment has put new life in me and made me ambitious for the future. I am not well yet, and may never be a normal man, but I intend to stay here at least another year and I shall always speak in praise of this wonderful science. May it grow and its influence fill the world. I say "down with drugs and forward with Osteopathy."

★

We are able with this issue of the JOURNAL to give a most interesting interview with one of our patients from the far off country of Montana, who is here for treatment for epilepsy, having been afflicted for nearly a score of years. The subject of this sketch, Mr. Geo. H. Scott, a newspaper-man, well known in the Northwest, including the Coast, desires to say a word for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"My affliction—epilepsy—has handicapped me in my work, said Mr. Scott, for about twenty years and being an insidious disease has grown worse all the time. The relief I have received at this Infirmary of Osteopathy during the past seven months of treatment is much more than I expected, and I feel that I am about cured for I have gone sixty days without suffering from a spasm. I was sick at the hotel on the night of my arrival, but after I commenced the treatment by this new science, denominated Osteopathy, I escaped having another spasm for fifty-one days, something very, very unusual for me, as my sick spells were quite regular, coming about every twenty-eight or thirty days. For a number of years the spells have been so severe that I would be prostrated three or four days at a time.

I was not familiar with this new science and hardly spent four weeks investigating the methods of treatment and debating upon the matter of coming here. And it all came about in the following manner: I was doing editorial work, temporarily, on the Daily Yellowstone Journal at Miles City, Custer county, Montana, in the absence of the editor Hon. S. Gordon, who was in the East interviewing the head of our

present administration and getting a pen picture of "Greater New York." I was very unfortunate during the six weeks spent in Miles City being taken with spasms quite often as well as suffering more than usual. A friend of mine living there, Mr. A. M. Riley, book-keeper in the State National bank, had become acquainted in some manner with this Infirmary, and he sent your Secretary a letter after advising with me.

I had already decided to come, and the day I was preparing to leave I received a letter from my mother at Seattle, Washington, containing a clipping from the Seattle (Wash.) Post Intelligencer, which gave an associated press report account of Senator J. B. Foraker and family returning from Kirksville Mo., to their home in Washington, D. C. and that the results of their visit to the Infirmary, where they had been to have their little son Arthur, treated, had been most satisfactory, indeed.

After my arrival, as I stated before, I was sick at the hotel, but the first day I was able the D. O.'s care fully examined my case and the result of the diagnosis was that the cause, the very first thing they look for and then undertake to remove the trouble, seemed to be something wrong with the circulation of the blood, and the treatment to be given was to be about the base of the brain, the neck and spinal cord. This seemed a strange piece of news to me, for the M. D.'s had in their innocence (?) declared it to be something else and had been administering the very, very strongest drugs, which they expected would remove other troubles, they knew not what; and echo answereth no, so she must be out visiting.

As to dieting, the patients here are instructed to eat just what they want, with moderation. The demands of the system should always be listened to and if adhered to, in the majority of cases, will prove satisfactory. I began to feel much better from the very first after receiving this new treatment, for I soon found out that it was no mystery, but that the D. O.'s simply understood the anatomy of the corporeal system perfectly; that was all; nothing more. I felt so much better than for years that I began to advise my friends in the West who seemed interested in my case, and among the scores to answer and congratulate me on the brightness of the horizon for the future I am pleased to offer the following:

ST. PAUL, MINN., August 3, 1897.

MR. GEO. H. SCOTT, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—Dear Sir: Yours of July 20, received and I am pleased to note that you are on the way to speedy recovery. I trust that you will not be disappointed and that the treatment you are receiving will produce all that you anticipate.

Yours Truly,
CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. & T. A., N. P. R.

Now I desire to say that I admire the author of the next letter who has enabled me from time to time to explore the Rocky Mountains and describe their beauties in pen pictures without "counting ties!"

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 20, 1897.

MR. GEO. H. SCOTT, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the copy of the JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY you mailed me, and have been interested in looking it over. I am sincerely glad that you have been benefited by your stay in Kirksville, and hope your health will continue to improve.

Yours Truly, F. I. WHITNEY,
Gen. Pass. & T. A. Gr't N. R.

I am greatly pleased to offer you this letter, for it was the Journal I was representing while traveling in the East last winter, and the honorable gentleman who subscribes to it is the senior editor of the Rocky Mountain Husbandman, at White Sulphur Springs, Montana.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONT., Nov. 6, 1897.

MR. GEO. H. SCOTT, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—My Dear Sir: I have just returned from a two months stay away from home and find several letters from you. I am glad to receive them and to learn from your last one that you are so much improved. Your friends generally will be much pleased to learn of your recovery and as for my part I hope it may come around very soon. Having been ill a long time it cannot be expected that you will get well at once and if you finally recover your health in two years it will be well. There are several doctors from Dr. Still's Infirmary, I believe, now in this state, and I hear that they are working wonders. Your case is probably one of the worst and if you are cured it will be a great advertisement for the doctor. You spoke of my wife's niece, Miss Mina Newbury. The trouble with her hand was caused by a spasm which she had when young. Of course it comes from the spine. Do you really think that the doctor can cure her so that she will have the use of her hand and arm again? If so, I shall see what can be done toward having her treated. We will take the liberty of publishing an extract from your letter next week that your friends about the state may know how you are getting along. With wishes for your speedy recovery, I am,

Yours Truly,
W. H. SUTHERLIN.

The next letter is simply an expression of scores of people through one man. The Colonel's name is a household word in the 'Treasure' state and the Hon. S. Gordon is an ex-member of the State Legislature from Custer county. I remember him particularly well, for he is the party who gave me the privilege of holding down his editorial tripod while he went East last spring, leaving the "Great American Desert" long enough for the President to pass the dessert, his pie being in the form of Register of the land office of his district.

MILES CITY, MONT., Dec. 3, 1897.

My Dear George:—Replying to the social portion of your letter of the 30th, I am truly pleased to hear such good reports from you and hope that you may be permanently cured.

Yours Truly,
S. GORDON.

I have scores of such letters, but I will only give you one more. I appreciate this very much, for the magnanimous writer seems to be much pleased. He is state Senator from Yellowstone county.

BILLINGS MONT., Dec. 6th, 1897.

GEO. H. SCOTT, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of Nov. 30, and am glad to hear from you. I have wondered what became of you as I had not seen you for some time. I notice that you are hopeful of recovery, and I sincerely hope that your expectations will be realized. I have heard a number of very flattering reports and testimonials regarding the Osteopathy treatment, and am very glad that you are fortunate in being under their treatment. Please remember me to Major N. J. Isdell of Pony. I heard of his injury some time ago and have frequently inquired about him, but have not learned as to his condition. I hope he will soon be restored to health. With best wishes for your health and prosperity I remain,
Very Truly,
A. L. BABCOCK.

I have been here at the Infirmary taking treatment for over seven months, and Feb. 6th made sixty days since I experienced any real bad affects from my malady. It is a long, long time for me. The first thing after arriving here I skipped fifty-one days the next seventy-five, now it is three score days, and I do not expect to have any more, for I am feeling so well. I have been able to increase my weight to 140 pounds—weighing 120 on my arrival, July 22nd. I believe this most welcome news to like sufferers should be heralded to the four cardinal points. And I consider it worthy of investigation by all who are afflicted in any manner. And there is no need of economizing with the truth, either, in giving good reports of the great work that is being accomplished at this Infirmary, for those who are able to leave here after having been afflicted in some manner, perfectly restored to health again, is truth of itself, for there is enough that is true in the wonderful progress in the art of healing, and I doubt if any physician wishes to claim more than can honestly be claimed for his profession. It is realized by the best of us today, and, of course, physicians are included in this list, that medicine is in a state of transition, and no man can predict what will be the practice of the future.

I have learned more of the true philosophy of the cause and the cure of this wonderful disease since coming here than I ever learned before in all my travels while seeking relief from this malady. As a rule the general treatment of this most troublesome sickness is seldom satisfactory, and usually the M. D's fail to benefit the patients who are invariably prostrated in time by it. But the Osteopaths for some good reason seem to win a victory over the most of the distressing types of the epileptics who come here to this Infirmary for treatment, for the D. O's are able, by their superior knowledge of anatomy, to locate the cause and remove the trouble.

I am very sure, without soliciting their willingness to do so, that the author of anyone of the above letters will kindly answer any correspondence relating to my case, for they all knew of my sad condition in the past before coming to your Infirmary.

SCHOOL, AND INFIRMARY NOTES.

The weekly meetings of the Sojourner's Club continues to grow in interest and attendance.

Mr. O. Densmore, of the May class, contemplates locating at Princeton, Ill., about the middle of April.

Dr. Otis Hook and Dr. Agnes Landes will locate in Emporia, Kansas, after April 1st, for the practice of Osteopathy.

Dr. Adolph Goodman, of Kansas City, visited his alma mater, during the recent graduation exercises.

The April '97, class recently surprised Prof. Proctor by the presentation of a handsome cane and umbrella.

Chas. Corbin, D. O., of Montpelier, Vermont, is home on a visit to his parents, in this city.

Albert Fisher, D. O., recently of Little Falls, N. Y., has opened an office at Syracuse, in the Savings Bank building.

Mrs. Myron Miller, D. O., graduate of the May class, contemplates locating at Bloomington, Indiana, for the practice of Osteopathy.

Memorial Hall will accommodate an audience of nearly one thousand people when taxed to its utmost capacity, but it was totally inadequate to the occasion on Feb. 1st when the May class graduation exercises were held. Hundreds were unable to gain admittance.

Dr. Chas. A. Peterson, who has been practicing in the west has returned to complete his course in the American School of Osteopathy.

Mr. John Carter, of Chicago, publisher of Carter's Magazine, was a recent visitor at the A. T. Still Infirmary. An illustrated article on Osteopathy will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Ligon, of Okolona, Mississippi, have entered the February class at the American School of Osteopathy. Mrs. Ligon made many warm friends and admirers during her former visit as a patient.

The grand jury at St. Paul recently refused to indict F. D. Parker, D. O., and J. W. Henderson, D. O., for practicing Osteopathy. They were arested at the instigation of the State Medical Board.

Dr. L. B. Smith, who has been practicing Osteopathy in Illinois, has gone to Seattle to seek a new location. He visited the American School of Osteopathy during the recent commencement exercises.

A review of Dr. A. T. Still's autobiography appears in this issue of the JOURNAL. The work is now ready for delivery to subscribers, and for sale to the public. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of the price which is \$5.00. All orders should be addressed to A. T. Still, Book Department, Kirksville, Mo.

Information has been received that Dr. M. W. Bailey, who received his diploma from the American School of Osteopathy on December 1st, and located at Blue Springs, Nebraska, last month, is enjoying an excellent and paying practice. A recent attempt of the M. D's to prevent his practice was frustrated by an active public protest on the part of the citizens of that place and vicinity.

The Board of Trustees of the American School of Osteopathy have adopted the rule

that hereafter no student will be allowed to practice Osteopathy until he shall have completed the full term of twenty months. The only exception to this rule is that a student who has completed three terms of five months each may act as an assistant to a graduate of the school.

A paragraph from the "Capitol" published at Los Angeles, California, says that Governor Briggs, of North Dakota, a recent patient of the A. T. Still Infirmary, is spending the winter in Southern California. The Capitol says: "In an interview accorded a representative of the Capitol, he spoke in the highest terms of the science, (Osteopathy) and the capable gentlemen who are connected with the college in this city."

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

FROM SENATOR FORAKER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 19th., 1898.—
Dr. A. T. Still: I write to acknowledge the receipt of your autobiography, and to thank you for your thoughtful kindness in remembering me with a copy of the same. I shall read it with great interest and delight. Sincerely wishing you a long life and ever increasing happiness and honor, I remain,
Very truly yours,
J. B. FORAKER.

FROM HON. DANIEL KIEFER.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 11, 1898.
EDITOR JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY:
DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., as also Dr. Still's book. Please say to the doctor that I note with pleasure his autograph in my copy, and the fact that mine was the first sent out, gives it additional value. I look forward to reading the work with much pleasure. I would like to be here fifty years hence to see the recognition given Osteopathy and Dr. Still. At that time the possession of a copy of the first sent out of his work and that containing his own autograph will be something to be proud of.

Sincerely Yours,
DANIEL KIEFER.

The Journal of Osteopathy.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY.

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A LAW that protects the citizens of a state against frauds and impostors in any line of business or profession, is proper and just, but it should never be made the means of fostering a class interest, or be allowed to stand as a barrier to progress in any conceivable direction. It is not safe to permit any profession to draw the line, or to dictate what shall or shall not be allowed as regards itself. Human nature is eminently selfish and the so-called liberal professions are not exempted from this common weakness. It is far better to err on the side of personal liberty, than on the side of private interest, however specious may be its claim. Law makers might better consult the desires and the wishes of the great body of their constituents, whom they are supposed to represent; and at all events be very loth to commit the dictation of repressive legislation to any small fraction of the public, however learned that fraction may profess to be, or whatever claims it may set up as to its own preeminent fitness. The history of the world, has been the history of the battle of crystalized privilege against progress and discovery in religion, art, medicine and mechanics, but in the end it has always been compelled to yield. Osteopathy just at present is the focus for the hostility of the old systems of combatting disease, and entrenched conservatism and prejudice, backed by class interest are repeating the same tactics they have always used against all progress in every profession.

OSTEOPATHY and medicine will not mix. This is not because Osteopaths are prejudiced, but because the theory of medicine is diametrically opposed to Osteopathic princi-

ples. If the drug theory is right, then Osteopathy is wrong—all wrong. If Osteopathy is the correct principle, then the whole drug theory rests on a false basis. In fact, any system of healing that clings to the old idea that drugs possess curative properties, is contrary to the Osteopathic philosophy and there can be no good reason why the two systems—so directly opposed—should ever be practiced together. No man can understand both systems and believe both to be true. As well try to believe he is going north and south at the same time. If he pretends to believe both, it is good evidence that he knows little about either.

In a recent note, H. E. Patterson, D. O., who, with his wife, Alice M. Patterson, D. O., is located at the "Magnolia," St. Augustine, Fla., says: "I am sorry not to have been able to complete my article on typhoid fever for the March issue, but I cannot get it entirely finished. I have spent quite a lot of time on it but find it a big subject. Our practice is growing very rapidly. It may outgrow our strength if it keeps on."

THE first number of the "Southern Journal of Osteopathy" has reached our table. It is published monthly, at Franklin, Kentucky, by the Southern School of Osteopathy. It is a handsomely printed magazine of thirty-two pages and a cover. Price 50 cents per annum.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

THE JOURNAL files are short on the following numbers: January, February, March, April and May, 1895; April and December, 1896; May and July, 1897.

Friends who will send to this office any of the above numbers will receive credit upon the JOURNAL subscription books at the rate of ten cents for each number. This credit may be applied as desired by the party sending the numbers, either upon his own subscription or upon subscriptions of others. The JOURNAL will also consider it a great favor if friends will kindly look among their old papers and forward any of these numbers to this office at once.

The Journal of Osteopathy, for February, is highly instructive and important reading. It is certainly quite a departure to be cured of disease without the use of medicine.—Huntington, Pa., Journal.

PROFESSOR J. MARTIN LITTLEJOHN.

WITH the opening of the February term of the American School of Osteopathy, Prof. J. Martin Littlejohn, recently President of Amity College, College Springs, Iowa, was chosen to the chair of Physiology, and to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. M. W. Pressly.

Prof. Littlejohn comes to the institution bearing the very highest credentials of character and scholarship. The following sketch written by one conversant with Prof. Littlejohn's career as a scientist and a student will be of special interest to all friends and patrons of the school:

"J. Martin Littlejohn was born in the city of Glasgow. When three years old he went to one of the old parish schools in his native city afterwards completing his primary education in the public schools of the city. On the removal of his father to Ireland he attended the Academy at Coleraine, gaining three first class prizes in the academy and two successive years being a classical and scientific prizeman in the Intermediate Education Examinations conducted by the National Government and open to scholars of all the secondary schools in Ireland. Afterwards he attended Glasgow University, completing the undergraduate course, under the old regulations, which required proficiency in languages, philosophy, science and mathematics in order to graduation, with prizes in philosophy and the University scholarship in science. He then studied theology, was ordained in 1886 and taught theology during the winter of 1886-1887. In 1888 he returned to his *alma mater* where he took up the special study of classical languages, graduating M. A. in 1889. Following this he specialized in Divinity and its kindred sciences, studying in three different seminaries in Europe and taking the B. D. (Bachelor of Divinity degree) in 1890. During the next two years he studied law, graduating in 1892 with first place in Legal Science (LL. B.) and the University Medal in the department of medicine. At the same commencement he received for special research exhibited in a dissertation the Henderson Fellowship. In 1892 he became University Fellow in Columbia University, N. Y., completing the Doctorate course (Ph. D.) in one year by special permission of the University council. In the summer and fall of 1893 he visited Europe for the purpose of investigating the field of Medieval Literature with the result that early in 1894 he presented to Columbia a Doctorial Thesis entitled "The Political Theory of the Schoolmen and Grotius." During his undergraduate course in Glasgow he was tutor in science and languages at the University. In 1890 he was appointed Principal of Rosemont College and in 1894 he was elected to the Presidency of Amity College, College Springs, Iowa. By his labors the courses of the College were extended and their scope widened in conformity with the spirit of liberal education. He is a Fellow of the Society of Science, London, England, and a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the largest scientific associations in the world devoted to the general fields of Science, Economics and Politics. In addition to these he has twice been the recipient of the degrees of D. D. and LL. D. in recognition of his work in the field of education and his scholarship. His examiners for the LL. D. degree in commending him to Columbia, said, "In his examinations of the degree of LL. D. he acquitted himself with great distinction. I have no hesitation in saying that he will be an ornament to any University with which he becomes connected." (Robert J. Younger, M. A. LL. D. Barrister, Edinburgh, Scotland.) Dr. W. A. Dunning of Columbia with whom he was most intimately associated in his researches in Philosophy, says "That his work has proved him to be very thoroughly equipped in all that pertains to politics and philosophy." On tendering his resignation of the Presidency of Amity College last summer the directors adopted the following minute: "We recognize in Dr. J. M. Littlejohn one of the ablest ministers and ripest of scholars, and as an educator he has no superior. A refined gentleman, a true Christian, his influence has always been on the side of right and the best interest of education, his aim in life being to lift up and stimulate the educational interests of the whole community."

Letters From Graduates.

J. W. Sullivan, D. O., Chicago.

JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY.—In this epistle in place of writing as to any special cases under our care at present. I will devote a few lines to the meeting of the Physicians Club of Chicago, on Monday evening, Jan. 31st, at which I had the honor of addressing a meeting of Chicago's representative surgeons and general practitioners, on the subject of Osteopathy, and its relation to medicine and surgery. The invitation came to me unsolicited, and Dr. Smith, who was with me, and I were treated most kindly, my remarks were received with close attention, and all criticisms were expressed in a friendly spirit; of course, I found just what I expected to find, that these people had a totally erroneous idea of what Osteopathy is and what it is based upon. For example, we found on our arrival that Dr. Dorsey, the curator at the Field Columbian Museum and expert Osteologist, was present for the purpose of taking us to task on the subject of Osteology. They imagined, of course, that we claimed to treat the bones themselves in handling disease; instead of using the bones as agents in our regular work. Prof. Coe of Northwestern University, was present to scare us out of his pasture if we strayed in it. His special field is "Psychology." Their idea has been that our cases are mostly hysterical girls not seriously affected, though they overlook the fact that even in a case of this character, some of themselves have had the case for from one to twenty years at a good income perhaps and never in all this time has the case been so diagnosed; but as soon as the Osteopath takes the case and cures it, just then the regular physician who has exhausted all his arts, discovers that the case is a simple hysterical one. It surely reflects on themselves as diagnosticians and I think on sober thought they will discontinue that foolish expression. It is worn out. If

it is true that simple mental suggestion does as much as they give it credit for doing, why not have an annex or room added to their regular prescription room in which some of this suggestion could be utilized.

On the whole I consider the meeting one of vast moment to Osteopathy. The gentlemen of the regular school have learned some of its principles, and the fact of their invitation having been extended me to meet with them, means, the dawn of another era in Osteopathy's brilliant course. The doctors were all anxious to meet the discoverer of Osteopathy, Dr. A. T. Still, and if at any time he should come to Chicago he would be most respectfully listened to and treated.

Yours,

J. H. SULLIVAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Mollie Baldwin, D. O., Waco, Texas.

Since I left Missouri in November I have been among those who had never heard of Osteopathy. It is amusing to see people stop, pose and spell aloud from my sign.

Am located at 828 Austin Avenue, close to the business center on the main car line. I have done business since the first day, but not as extensively yet as I would like. I have refused offers in other states and expect to stay here until it gets too warm to work. It is very pleasant here now though we keep a fire most of the time.

My first case was one of paralysis of certain nerves of deglutition. The trouble also affected the patient's speech. The hyoid bone was held out of line by a contracture and this was the cause of the entire trouble. Under Osteopathic treatment the patient has about recovered.

Next was Jas. B. Baker, a retired capitalist who has suffered for thirteen years from a lightning stroke. He has improved from the first. He spent several months of the

past year under treatment in New York and Boston.

Mr. Phillips of Hico, Texas, a former patient of the Infirmary, sent me a friend who was visiting Texas from Bay City, Michigan. He was very much pleased as I relieved him of a severe prickling in his hands and feet, which had incapacitated him for office work.

I have several other cases that promise good recovery, and hope to report them later.

MOLLIE BALDWIN, D. O.

Waco, Texas.

Dr. Clara Martin, Jacksonville, Fla.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have located in Jacksonville, Florida and like it very much here.

I will mention a few of my cases that I handled in Durham, North Carolina:

One was a woman who had her arm broken. The doctors took her to the hospital and removed a piece of the bone. She stayed there six months. Her arm kept getting worse. The whole arm and hand was swollen, and looked like it might burst. From the elbow it was purple. The doctors told her they would have to amputate it. In six weeks, under Osteopathic treatment, she had good use of her arm and can do her own work. She suffers no pain now,

I was called in to see a little boy who was very sick. He acted like a crazy person. I found a dislocation in the cervical region, inquiring into the case I found he had fallen out of a window on his head. One treatment cured him.

I had one case of chronic diarrhoea which was cured in two week's treatment.

CLARA MARTIN, D. O.

Jacksonville, Fla.

H. W. Emeny, D. O., Magnolia, Miss.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I am very glad indeed to be able to report that my efforts to introduce the science, and establish a practice in the Sunny South have been very gratifying. I came here on the 21st of last November to open up an office and have enjoyed a very good practice with good results. I have recently opened an office in New Orleans and hereafter will spend three days of each week there.

One of the best and most interesting cases

I have treated thus far is that of Miss. Ada Gill, daughter of the banker, of this place. On November 28th, the young lady was taken with a very high fever and immediately took to her bed. From this time on she gradually grew worse. A few days later the family physician, a regular allopath, was called in, and after treating the case a week pronounced it typhoid fever. During the previous summer two members of the family had died with the same disease and the parents unwilling to see the third child follow in the same path as the other two, decided to discharge the family physician and give Osteopathy a trial. After ten days treatment the patient recovered entirely and to-day she is as healthy and strong as ever. This is one of the many evidences of what Osteopathy is doing for suffering humanity in this place. Wishing the JOURNAL and all fellow-Osteopaths grand success in the future, I am

Yours truly,

HARRY W. EMENY, D. O.

Magnolia, Miss.

Drs. M. T. and M. F. ayes, Burlington, Vt.

It affords us pleasure to respond to a request from our alma mater for a letter telling of our work since leaving the school in June last. After arriving in the Green Mountain State we opened an office in Morrisville, Vermont, where we met with fair success. We remained there for about two months when we were solicited to come to Burlington, the metropolis of the state. As Morrisville is only a small village and not centrally located, we decided to go to Burlington.

Since beginning our work we have had a variety of cases. Among them a case of incipient consumption which yielded after two months treatment.

Another is the case of a man who was suffering excruciating pain in the knee. On examination found dislocation of the hip which was reduced in one treatment. We have been quite successful with asthma, diabetes, eye troubles and diseases of women.

Thanking you for past favors and wishing success to all our co-workers in the field, we remain

Yours truly,

M. T. AND FLORENCE MAYES.

Burlington, Vt.

Dr. A. M. King, Salt Lake, Utah.

I am glad to say that my practice is improving very nicely and that I am "getting results" that are very gratifying to myself and pleasing to the patients. I find the people here taking very kindly to Osteopathy and look for a constantly increasing practice.

Wishing that this year may be the best in the history of Osteopathy, and the JOURNAL may still continue to grow better and better.

I am,
Very truly yours,
A. M. KING, D. O.
Salt Lake, Utah.

Dr. G. J. Helmer, New York City.

Dr. Geo. J. Helmer, Osteopathy's able advocate in New York City, is too busy to prepare a letter this month, but encloses a letter from one of his patients, which tells the kind of work Dr. Helmer is doing. The patient says:

BROOKLYN, JAN. 12, 1898.

I wish to give a few words in praise of Osteopathy. Thanksgiving Day I was taken suddenly ill: My mouth and throat dried up and throat became ulcerated. The family doctor prescribed for me. Some days I was taking four or five different kinds of medicine, but to no purpose.

For about sixteen days I could not eat and existed on peptonoids. I asked the doctor what he could do to start the saliva, and he suggested mercury.

Then hearing of the wonderful success of diplomate Helmer in different cases, I thought I would see what he could do for me.

With the help of my brother, I visited diplomate Helmer of 106 Madison Avenue, corner 31st, New York City.

I had lost a great deal of flesh, my skin was without color, and I could hardly walk. After two days of treatment I was able to eat and my throat was healed in one week. In one month I was restored to my usual health without one drop of medicine which seemed strange to me.

I shall always remember the kind and skillful treatment of diplomate Helmer and the science of Osteopathy.

Sincerely yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. A. F. CHEESMAN.
Some time ago a resident of Flushing had

a peculiar accident which caused much suffering and for months no relief could be found. Finally the patient went to Kirksville, Missouri, where, in a short time, the pain was gone, because the cause had been removed. Flushing, though an old and very conservative town, was, in this way, interested in the new science of Osteopathy, and about forty of her citizens have been treated by Dr. G. J. Helmer.

"The writer has been suffering for years from conditions attendant upon a very disordered circulation. Many physicians were consulted with widely different verdicts, and though much strong medicine was taken no permanent relief was promised. It was suggested that Dr. Helmer should be seen. After examination, the doctor said he could give relief, and results have more than verified his words, and though only with him as yet but a short time the improvement has been remarkable. The writer is most enthusiastic on this subject and gladly gives this testimony for Osteopathy and all it has accomplished in this case."

Dr. R. M. Buckmaster, Moncton, N. B.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Have been thinking for some time I would let you hear from Osteopathy up in this corner of the world, but have had so much to do that I have not had time. Osteopathy is gaining friends here every day. The M. D's have been a little rough on me up here but I hope next week to give them all a good treatment in way of a bill to legalize the practice. The bill is to come before the house about the 15th inst., and we have some pretty strong supporters.

The following letter is from one of my patients:

MONCTON, N. B.

I feel as though I would like to give my testimony as well as others, and tell just what Osteopathy has done for me.

About eleven months ago my health completely broke down. Had been treated by home doctors but felt as though I was getting no better. Went to Dr. Buckmaster for treatment and began to feel better from the first treatment. My symptoms were: Very great dizziness, aching in top of head and sometimes felt like tight bands were around

my head; eye sight would become dim when trying to sew or read, also pain in the back. Have received a very few treatments from Dr. Buckmaster, but am almost cured.

Thanks to Osteopathy and Dr. Buckmaster.
MRS. W. E. DONOLD.

I will keep the JOURNAL posted regarding the legislation referred to.

Yours,
R. M. BUCKMASTER, D. O.
Moncton, N. B.

J. R. and E. H. Shackelford, D. O., Nashville, Tenn.

JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY.—We are meeting with very good success here in our practice, and our patients are all well pleased with Osteopathic treatment. Our practice is with the best people of Nashville. The case we reported last month is entirely well. The following case is that of Mr. Barnes, of Olmstead, Kentucky, as he writes. We have several very interesting cases to report after a while:

"Osteopathy has done for me, what medicine failed to do, or could not do. I would be an ingrate indeed if I did not say a word for Osteopathy. And to help enlighten suffering humanity in regard to the great science.

"In November, 1895, I was taken sick with liver trouble, and a severe pain in my right side, sometimes making a barrel hoop out of me. This pain was nearly constant unless I was doped with three or four doses of morphine. I gradually grew worse, being given all the liver medicines known to the profession (medical) at that time. My physician told some of my friends that I was bound to die, and could not get well.

I suffered in this way until April, 1896. Then my M. D. told me to get a lot of turnip greens and eat them as they would do me more good than all the medicine in his saddle-bags. I thought my chances exceedingly slim, if I had to depend on turnip greens to cure me. (I did not know as much then as I do now.) About this time another physician was called in, and said he could help me. Credit to whom it is due. He did me lots of good. About this time, however, I heard of Osteopathy, and commenced the treatment. I had taken fifty-four bottles in

eight months, (hypodermically,) but after the third Osteopathic treatment I quit the use of morphine entirely, and could eat any and everything I wanted. My liver and kidneys were normal in their duties. During my first month's treatment, I had one spell with my stomach. Drs. Shackelford were called in and gave me relief in five minutes, and the next day I felt well, when before that time it would take from two to four doses of morphine to ease me, and then left me to go half bent and a big knot in my stomach, and starve myself for three or four more days. Medicine did me no good; from a skeleton of seventy-four pounds, I became a man of 138 pounds.

CLARENCE BARNES.
Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 10, 1898.

Dr. J. R. Warner, Boulder, Colo.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—One of my first cases in Boulder was little Arthur Miller, aged four, who had suffered since a babe at regular intervals, with an abscess just under the right eye. He had made the rounds of the local practitioners,—also two specialists—but only obtained temporary relief by lancing.

When brought to me the affected integument was turgid with blood highly sensitive and swollen. I found both the nerve and blood supply to the part interfered with, and by correcting the same the inflammation subsided, and the case was discharged as cured in a week's time.

Another case of interest was a baby ten months old, who had what the family pill doctor called bronchial pneumonia, but getting steadily worse on ipecac and expectant treatment. They called an Osteopath. The child's condition aroused my pity for a practitioner of whatever school who so wonderfully got bronchial pneumonia and cerebro spinal fever mixed up. By Osteopathy the child recovered in two days time.

Yours,
JOHN R. WARNER, D. O.
Boulder, Col., Dec. 15, 1897.

Dr. M. Machin, Keokuk, Iowa.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I take great pleasure in reading "letters from graduates." Will

mention one case. Mrs. A., forty years of age, case heart trouble, came to me having sinking spells about every hour, could not move quickly or go up stairs without one of those "spells." On examination I found the left side depressed, clavicle down at acromion end, and up and forward at the sternal end, all the ribs crowded together. The first Osteopathic treatment relieved those "spells" and in five weeks she was dismissed cured, and is better than for years. I mention this case, as we receive so many letters from patients who say their doctors say they have heart disease, when their trouble is only a structural, not organic trouble or disease.

Success to Osteopathy and the JOURNAL.
M. MACHIN, D. O.
Keokuk, Iowa.

Drs. Cockrell and Osborne, St. Joseph, Mo.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I will comply with your invitation and contribute a few lines, to the graduates' department, of cases treated nearly a year ago. My object in so doing is this: to show that Osteopathic treatment is of lasting benefit, and does not "wear" off as soon as you have completed the course of treatment.

Mr. C. came to me and wanted to know if I could do him any good. I asked, "What is the matter with you?" His reply was, "That is what I came to you for, to find out." On examination I found the fourth rib dislocated producing asthma, which he said he had had for twenty years, and that the slightest cold would bring on a bad attack, and that he had just recovered from a two weeks attack and a number of times he was not expected to live." I continued the examination and found a very stiff neck, headache, bronchial trouble, pleurisy, and a stiff back so he could not bend. I gave him six treatments and after the second he has been free from asthma. I saw him the other day and he said he felt like a new man.

Mr. W. came to my office, nearly the same time, he suffered with terrible headache. On examination I found the trouble all in the neck. He said that when a boy, a heavy stick fell on the back of his head and he had suffered with the headache ever since. A very few treatments cured him and he tells me now that he never enjoyed as good health in his life as he has this summer, and has no return of the headache.

Mr. T. had been constipated a long time, had taken a number of different medicines and found no lasting relief; after one month of treatment he was cured, and has not been troubled with it since.

I am always glad to read the letters from graduates and to know where they are, and what they are doing and would like to see more.

I am doing a very nice business now, and it does me good to meet an old patient and have him tell me how much good I have done him. I met one yesterday, whom I treated last summer for indigestion, and he said he never felt better in his life. "I tell you Doctor," he says, "You did wonders for me."

Success to all graduates and the JOURNAL.
Respt,
J. H. OSBORNE, D. O.
1310 Francis St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. J. W. Henderson, St. Paul, Minn.

Recently Drs. Parker and Henderson of St. Paul, were arrested for practicing Osteopathy, on complaint of the state medical board of Minnesota. Dr. Henderson, in a note to the JOURNAL, dated Jan. 21st, says: "The cases against Dr. Parker and myself were dismissed. The grand jury, after a consideration of Dr. Parker's case thought it unnecessary to even consider mine. I was charged with prescribing for a lady whom I never even treated. The prosecution has only served to advertise the science."

THE OSTEOPATH.

A NOVEL.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

AUTHOR OF "COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS," "HAWAII," "HISTORICAL STORIES OF MISSOURI," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MAE BURTON AND THE TRAMP.

THE long sunny afternoon seemed as if it would never draw to a close. The day was warm and mild, not hot or sultry. Gumptionville was one of those delightful villages buried in the heart of a rich agricultural district. Each cottage had its garden, and some an orchard. Farms came quite up to the incorporate limits, and the plow boy's whistle could be heard from the doorway of the home in the suburbs. It was quiet and pleasant, but not dull. Hidden away from the annoyances and vexations of the busy world it seemed a pleasant place to pause and rest from all dull care. Its streets abounded in shade trees. The willow, elm, maple, and walnut grew in the village while some of the lawns had delightful evergreens, and flower gardens.

Situated in the farthest suburb of the village half embowered in trees and shrubs was the neat little cottage of the widow Burton. Mrs. Burton's husband died several years before, and she lived quite alone with her daughter in her neat little cottage. Mae was a pretty maid of eighteen summers, who taught the village school for forty dollars per month, while her mother did sewing, and thus they managed to keep the wolf from the door, pay their taxes, and the interest on the mortgage which the sickness and death of the father had placed over the little home.

Mae had eyes of azure and hair of sunshine with a face that was charming, and teeth like rows of pearl. Her faultless form and matchless beauty made her the attraction of all who met her. She had many sweethearts some of wealth, who would gladly have paid off the incumbrance on the little home for the pleasure of calling her wife; but among all her lovers she seemed to prefer the tall manly young fellow who was so bold as to defy Dr. Bugg at the meeting of the Gumption County Medical Society. Though Horace Crandal was a rash youth, he was nevertheless lucky in capturing such a matchless beauty as Mae.

Mae had heard her lover had dared defy the champion of drugs and espouse the new theory. The rumor had flown on the wings of lightning. His conduct was declared to be scandalous, and Aunt Rachel Meadelcrust, who bore the intelligence, thought Horace would not have done it, if his mind had not been "addled." She had known Horace every since he was a baby, and a better boy never lived, but since he had had that spell of sickness, and had been down to Kirksville to see that "Osteopathy" humbug, she had noticed that he was not exactly right, though to save her life she couldn't imagine what they had done to Horace to drive him crazy.

These remarks were in keeping with the theory the doctors advanced and people grasped at it freely.

"I was in thar myself," Aunt Rachel went on to say, "an' I tell ye 'f ever there was a pair o' crazy eyes, he had 'em."

The doctors and their friends gave credence to the story, and Horace was annoyed to find himself the object of all eyes. The children avoided him, and people talked strangely in groups and pointed at him as he passed.

His business took him beyond the village some distance, so it was late in the afternoon when he returned through it. Mae was standing at the gate gazing up the street when he galloped up to her, and dismounted. Horace was greeted with a smile, and in a voice like a silver bell said:

"I knew you would come."

"Of course you did," he answered. "You knew I could not go home without passing, and I could not pass without seeing you," he laughingly remarked, dismounting and approaching the gate.

"Oh Horace I've heard something awful about you," said Mae.

"What was it?"

"Did you have trouble with Dr. Bugg to-day?"

"Not very much; he made a false statement and I corrected him, that was all," Horace answered, slipping his arm through the bridle rein while his beautiful sorrell horse nipped the grass growing close under the picket fence. He leaned on the gate and their faces being very close together, it was not necessary for them to talk very loud in order to hear each other.

"Horace why did you say anything to him?"

"I did not intend to Mae, but the old fraud became unbearable. He assailed my truthfulness and intelligence."

"How?"

"I can not recall his exact words now, but he stormed and tore about, and said that Osteopathy was a humbug, that I pretended to be cured and I was not. I then told the people that Osteopathy had saved my life, after the doctors had declared I could not live."

"I hope Horace that you will not antagonize him further. He is very angry at your upholding this new science."

"I realize that Mae, but I must acknowledge the truth. Osteopathy saved my life, and I will defend it. He cannot harm me, for he has not power to do so, I shall not meet him again. I suppose for on the twenty-seventh of next month I will close up the trade, receive my money and set out for Kirksville, to enter the October class."

"Horace are you sure you are cured?"

"I know it Mae, why should any doubt it?" he laughed merrily.

Her cheek blanched, her eyes drooped, and after a moment she said:

"They have started the report that this Osteopathy cure of yours is only a hallucination."

He laughed and returned:

"If this is madness there is method in it, as they will see, before I am through with it."

"What did you mean Horace?"

"I intend to take the full course of twenty months, two years at Dr. Still's school of Osteopathy, and will return here to practice the art of healing without medicine right in their midst. They will then learn the truth of the new science by actual demonstration."

She was silent, but a more hopeful look came over her face and she felt that the rumors which had been started to poison her mind against her lover were false. Aunt Rachel Mendelcrust had impressed on her mind that the very appearance of the eyes of her lover indicated insanity. She tried hard to believe that what Aunt Rachel said was false, but nevertheless her words had left a strong impression on her, which she was unwilling to admit.

He spoke so encouragingly that the color again came into her cheeks, and she smiled hopefully as he pictured a golden future; how he would return a graduate and open an office in that self-same village, and they would then be married, and build a neat cottage for a home.

The sun was low when he finally mounted his horse and wafting a kiss as he galloped

away, dashed down the road leaving a cloud of dust behind. She lingered long at the gate gazing down the broad thoroughfare where her lover had disappeared, and was about to retire to the house when she discovered a man approaching. His face was covered with a short stubby beard and his rough dirty appearance indicated the tramp.

"The second one I have seen to-day," she thought. Though she feared him her heart went out for the unfortunate wanderer, when he said:

"For God sake young lady give me a bite to eat, I am starving! If you have any work I can do, I'll do it willingly."

He had the professional whine and air of the tramp to such a degree, that there could be no mistaking. She went to the house and soon returned with bread, butter and a sandwich.

"I always like to earn my bread and afore I eat it mam, an' if you've any work I'd be glad to do it."

"Thank you I have none," she answered.

"I beg pardon mam but would ye mind me axin' ye a few questions?" said the tramp leaning against the gate at a respectful distance while he began to nibble at his sandwich. Strange to say, she had lost her fear of the man, and answered:

"Certainly."

"Have ye seen any o' my kind around to-day?"

She reflected a moment and answered.

"Yes, there was one other."

"Was he a kinder trim young feller?"

"He was not very old, but his clothes were the worse for wear."

"Did he hev somethin' in his hand?"

"He had what looked to be an old medicine case."

"That's him."

"Who?"

"The doctor. Ye see we got a doctor with us ye know. Et's allers best t' hev a doctor along for some o' th' boys git sick, an' then accidents happen. But I wanted to know when he went away."

"Did you come to town together?" she asked.

"Nome. Dock's been actin' mighty queer for th' last few days, an' the fust chance he got give us other boys th' slip."

Mae was not interested in the tramps story and wondered why she stood listening to him, yet some strange fascination held her at the gate, and she asked:

"Why did he give you the slip?"

"Well ma'm that's the question I'd like t' know myself. Thought maybe he'd gone to Kirksville, an' I went thar to see, but he hadn't."

The late conversation with her lover had firmly fixed Kirksville in her mind, and she asked:

"Have you been to Kirksville?"

"Many a time mum."

"Do you know a Dr. Still, who has a college?"

"Certainly, he's the Osteopath, what cured me of pneumonia. Found me most dead, in a box car. Took me out, hired a room an' bed for me, give me plenty t' eat, cured me in three days, when Dock,—our Dock had given me up t' die. Then when I went t' come away he put five dollars in my hand an' in his odd way, half in earnest an' half jokin' said.

"Go your way an' sin no more."

"I want t' tell ye mum if thar's a man on top o dirt as is a noble, whole souled feller, it's Dr. Still."

"Does he cure many people?"

"Thousands on' em."

"Where do they come from?"

"All over the world. I tell ye they come from every country. I saw lots o' people from

England, and lots from Germany, from every State in the Union, an' the Sandwich Islands."

"Of what ailments does he cure them?"

"Of all ailments, measles, mumps, scarlet fever, bright's diseases of the kidneys, liver complaints, fevers, small pox, whooping cough, consumption, fits, rickets, paralysis, blindness, deafness, and every other thing you ever heard of."

"Does he?" she began but her voice trembled so she could not finish the sentence. She came closer to him and asked. "Does he cure insanity?"

"Yes; some o' the craziest people any one ever saw are cured there. They knock out insanity every pop. I went back a few months after I was cured an' got a job a shovelin' dirt in some new buildin's the doctor was puttin' up. I was there two weeks an' saw all kinds o' cases bein' treated by him and his operators, and most of 'em cured too."

The tramp having finished his sandwich began work upon his bread and butter, while he extolled the greatness and generosity of Dr. Still, declaring him one of the greatest men that ever lived.

"The doctors are all opposed to him," she ventured to say.

"No wonder. He's doin' all the business an' knockin' 'em out. Ye see mum he says drugs hez got to go. Ets eatin' up people's stomachs, jist as I'm a eatin' this bread an' butter, and pizinin' their blood. He can cure without, an' does cure more cases without drugs than hev ever bin cured with 'em."

"Oh I wish I could believe as you."

"Why mum? got some one sick as wants t' give Osteopathy a trial?"

"No, no, but my—the—that is a very dear friend wants to go there and study the science, and the people say he is crazy."

The tramp laughed long and loud, and becoming emboldened by her frank manner replied:

"Course mum ye'll find the doctors allers a sayin' that any one is crazy as wants t' study Osteopathy. Why they'd send him to the asylum if they could, but lem me tell you mum 'f you war down at Kirksville an' see the hundreds studyin' the new science in the college, an' the thousands who are proof o' its abilities t' cure, you'd say its a mighty convenient kind o' craziness to hev. Now 'f I wasn't a tramp I'd be an Osteopath. If a man wants to be a gentleman an' do a lot o' good in this world an' git rich, he should be an Osteopath. If he wants to have a good time an' see lots o' sights, why be a tramp. I choose the tramp for my part."

By this time he had finished his bread and butter, and bidding her good afternoon walked leisurely down the road. The evening was advancing, and it was already dusk. Soon the form was lost in the gloom of coming night, and she turned away with a sigh saying:

"Although he is a tramp he may be telling a truth and I believe him. Yes it is entrenched ignorance and blind prejudice which influences the decision of the doctors. Horace insane? Horace mad? the idea is ridiculous," and she returned to the house.

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CHAPTER IV.

TIM AND ANDY.

It was the second day after the meeting of the Gumption county medical society that Tim Smith went out into the field to his work. The day was pleasant, and Tim who was never a believer in "over exertion," lingered under the shade of a tree to recover his breath and fan his heated face.

His work on this day consisted in digging post holes, but he lit his cob pipe and smoked a few whiffs before he went at it. Then he seized a spade and worked for an hour, and returned to the shade of the tree again.

Tim's mind was more occupied than his hands. He was busy with some great problem. It would not do for Tim, an uneducated farmer to dispute what one of the greatest and most enlightened minds he had ever known declared to be true, but Tim had what he called a "knock down argument" that confuted the theories of the scientists.

Tim returned to the tree again fanned himself a moment with his hat and throwing it on the ground, and taking short walks back and forth, with his hands on his hips, began to ruminate:

"It's strange that Horace got well, when them big doctors said he couldn't. Does seem to me as if them big doctors are mad at Horace for gittin' well. They look as if its a slander on their established science. Well they said he'd die, an' he didn't. Shows how much they know 'bout it, an' now they're goin' 'round sayin' az he's crazy because he interrupted Dock Bugg tother day; why it's all dern nonsense."

He went back to the tree where his hat was, and sat down near a large jolly looking stone jug filled with nothing stronger however than the coolest of spring water. The tree was near the lane, and looking up he saw a farmer in his shirt sleeves riding an old dapple gray horse down the lane at a jog of a trot. Little spurts of dust could be seen as the feet of the horse struck the road.

"Hello Tim what ye doin' there?" called the horseman.

"Restin', come over."

Tim was glad of any excuse to keep from work, and his neighbor being in no hurry, and hungry for conversation with some one, was willing to accept the smallest excuse for a chat. He slid off his dapple gray, made the horse fast to one of the stakes of the fence, and climbing over came to where his neighbor sat, and threw himself on the grass.

"Wall Mix, whats the news?" asked Tim.

"Nothin' only as I came through town, I heard Horace Crandal was crazy."

"Crazy, why I saw him yisterday."

"Guess he was crazy all the same." Mix returned. "They say he went into the meetin' o' the medical society an' jist like't' a broke it up, and called Dock Bugg a liar an' tore on awful, an' Dock Bugg, he said he'd end his days in a mad house, 'cause he had softenin' o' the brain."

Tim took a chew of tobacco, and looking at his neighbor from the corner of his eyes returned:

"Look here Mix, it's all a derved lie an' I know it, cos I was there."

"But ye mought a been there an' seen 'im, but you would't a been apt t' a known it like one az is better acquainted with science."

"Science the devil; I reckon I aint a fool, no not by a jug full. Why I want t' tell ye Mix, this is all a put up job on Horace. He fell twenty-five feet out 'o a tree. I saw him an' it's a blamed wonder he warn't killed. He war sick a long time an' these fool doctors give him up t' die. He went off to a place called Kirksville whar they've got somethin' called Osteopathy and it cured him. Now he comes back well an' that's all thar is o' it."

"No it aint. His body seems cured but he's a failin' up here," and the speaker touched his forehead.

"I don't believe hit a bit more'n you an' I."

"Well that's what they say."

"Yes they say a hull passel o' lies."

"Dr. Grimshaw he's the smartest man in town, an' some one said he thort he'd break down soon."

"Yes an' I tell ye that Grimshaw is the biggest rascal in town too," declared Tim. "Now I saw Dock Grimshaw as I come away from Gumptionville. He war a lookin so thunderin' wise I was most afraid to speak to him. He jist said everything by sayin' nothin'. I never saw sich a feller as Dock Grimshaw, why I believe he's got more meanness in him, than a four months old pup."

"Better be keerful how ye talk Tim, he's a powerful man."

"Yes powerful bad man I want ter tell ye that. I don't believe Grimshaw would stop at anything he wanted to do if he wanted t' do it rale bad. Say did ye hear about him a tryin' t' cut out Horace?"

"No."

"Well ye see Horace is stuck on the widder Burton's gal, an' they say they're a goin' to be married soon as he graduates in Osteopathy. Well this Dock Grimshaw's tryin' t' shine around this gal, but he can't cutter a little bit."

"Maybe that accounts for him saying Horace is a goin' crazy."

"Course it does. That 'counts for him not wantin Horace to go t' Kirksville t' study Osteopathy. If he don't go there and study, why theu he wont marry the gal—see."

"Don't believe Grimshaw cares much for any o' th' gals. I never see him 'bout many. He don't seem t' keer for anything only 't read them old musty books o' his. He's allers got one a readin' until I think maybe he's studyin' up how to be a witch or sellin' hisself t' th' devil like a feller I once hearn Parson Willis tell about."

"I jist tell ye what's th' fact neighbor Mix, if that air feller aint already sold hisself to th' devil, no one ever did."

This conversation would not have been very pleasant for Dr. Grimshaw had he been able to hear it. The manner of the doctor had been marked with mystery from the time he came to the village. His pale studious face, his thin white hands, his solemn demeanor had always caused comment among the superstitious people in the country. From Horace's insanity the subject drifted to the doctor, and finally Mix happening to remember that he had a mission to perform said he must go, and rising bade his friend good bye and left.

Tim again lighting his pipe proceeded to smoke in silence. Tim was very much exercised over the events of the day before. He was a friend of Horace and disliked Dr. Bugg, who had doctored a child of his into the grave and sued Tim for one hundred dollars for the job. What caused Tim most anxiety was the remarks of Dr. Grimshaw. Grimshaw was a member of the "Board of Insanity," and might take advantage of any rumor to declare Horace insane.

"Well it's all a pack 'o lies I don't keer what they say."

"Hello yer takin it quite comfortable over there!" called a voice from the fence.

Looking up he saw a man shabbily attired with all the evidence of a knight of the road gazing at him through the rails.

"Come over, come over an' rest," cried Tim notwithstanding he discovered that the man was a tramp.

"I'll jist do that thing," the stranger returned in that easy nonchalant style made reckless by adversity. "I want to say my rural friend that you have all the appearance of one born, and inclined to enjoy life. You take things easy. 'Is this a jug I see; with the handle toward my hand? Come let me touch thee—and taste of thy contents."

The tramp with a theatrical stride seized the jug drew out the corn cob stopper with which it was corked, and lifted it to his mouth.

"Phew!" he ejaculated spitting it out; "My stomach was astonished that time. It can't recall when it tasted that kind of drink before."

"That's water," said Tim, "don't spose it's quite as strong as you've been used to."

"It's rather weak."

"Well sit down and tell me who you are," said Tim.

The man threw a badly worn and dilapidated medicine case on the ground and dropped down by the side of it.

"Who am I, well I'm a prestidigitator that's what I am."

"Presty-what-a-tor?"

"Prestidigitator sir, I make things disappear. Now for instance fill a glass full of whiskey, place it in my hand and I can make it disappear before your eyes."

"Don't doubt you've ma le many a glass disappear."

"And take a piece of bread lay it thusly," holding one hand flat, "spread butter upon it, another slice of bread upon top a-la-sandwich, and presto change, it is gone."

"Wall I aint got no bread, ham nor presto, and as for my change I keep what little I hev at home."

"Very wise, very wise."

"Where are you from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you goin'?"

"Anywhere."

"Where d'ye live."

"Everywhere," chuckled the doctor.

"Look here, yer derned sharp," growled Tim.

"Course I am. That's the way I make my livin', I am the physician and surgeon for the Conglomerated Association of Tramps, at your service," and removing his battered plug hat he bowed with all the politeness of a French dancing master.

"Wall set down, and tell me what's the news. Ef ye've been from Dan ter Bersheeba ye ought t' know somethin'."

The tramp doctor threw himself on the grass and fanning his face with his hat began: "I am not a news gatherer or distributor. My mission is to heal the sick, to remove corns and bunions, warts and moles, to make everybody better than myself."

"I aint sick, nor got any warts or moles. If I had I believe I'd try Osteopathy."

"What's do you know of this new science?"

"I know it cured Horace Crandal, when he was almost dead."

"Who is he?"

"A young feller what lives over on t'other side o' Bear Crick, an' went t' Kirksville whar he was cured."

"What kind of a young fellow is he?" asked the tramp in an easy off hand manner, and Tim proceeded to describe Horace as well as he could, the doctor making mental notes all the while. At the conclusion the farmer added:

"An he's goin' thar t' study it himself."

"When?"

"As soon as he gets the money for his farm. Ye see he had a little strip o' land on t'other side of Gumptionville, jinen' John Mitchell. John wanted it powerful bad, but Horace would'nt sell, until he made up his mind t' go t' college an' then he thought as how he'd dispose o' it. After a long time they made a dicker, an' John's t' pay him fifteen hundred spot cash the twenty-seventh o' next month ur its no trade."

"That's a pretty stiff price is'nt it?" asked the tramp doctor.

"M'well no! That's a powerful good piece o' land. It lays splendid. Not too flat, nor rollin' enough t' wash, an' I kalkerlate as how John's got a purty big bargain. John's bin feedin' some cattle which he's sold to be delivered' on the twenty-seventh, an' on that day he's to pay fur the farm."

"You say Horace lives on the other side of the creek?"

"M'yes, bout two mile down it. He's a mighty bright boy too, an' been supportin' his mother an' hisself for some time. Some on 'em's been tryin' to start the story as how he's kinder crazy since he come back, but it's all a dern lie."

"Why did they start such a yarn?"

"Jist because he wants t' study Osteopathy. That o' itself is enough to make him crazy in their eyes."

The doctor kicked his heel into the ground for a few moments and then asked:

"Have you any tobacco?"

Tim thrust one hand into his capacious pocket and pulled out a long black plug which he handed to the tramp. He put a corner of it to his mouth, and chewed off a mouthfull, and handed it back.

"I reckon I must go t' work or I'll not git them post holes dug t' day", Tim finally remarked, and the tramp rose and said he must be going, as he wanted to get over on the other side of Bear Creek before night."

"Now that strip of timber marks the line of Bear Creek does'nt it, he asked."

"M'yes."

"Let me see, I wonder if I could get a patient over there, where I could make enough for a night's lodgin'."

"Oh any o' the people will let you stay all night fur nothin'. Ye wont find any stuck up folks in this country. They're all fust class people over thar."

The doctor picked up his medicine case, climbed the fence, and walked slowly down the road repeating to himself:

"The twenty-seventh of next month—It will give me plenty of time. Tom and Hank will be all right—I can depend on them, but Bill, I am not sure of him. Dock Grimshaw is playing a deep game in this, I'll bet my head; but if he gets more wool from his fleece than I, he'll be much sharper than I ever give him credit for being."

(To be Continued.)

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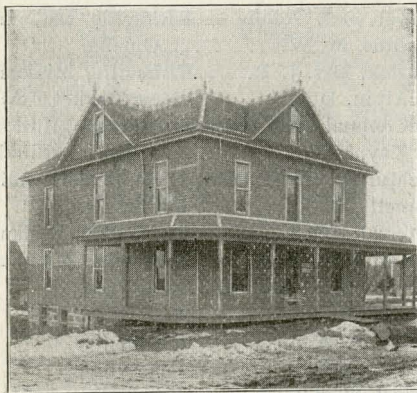
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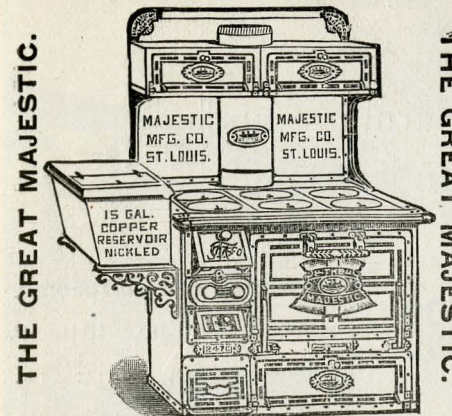
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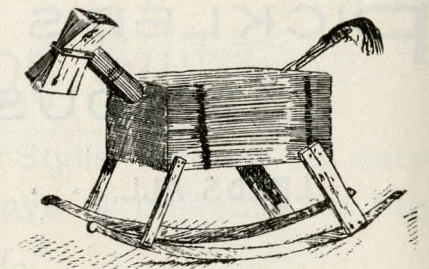
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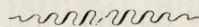
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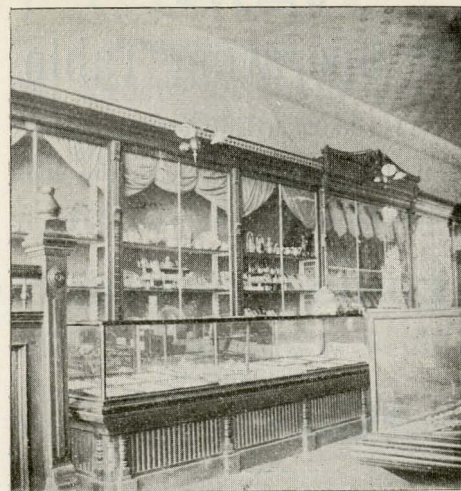
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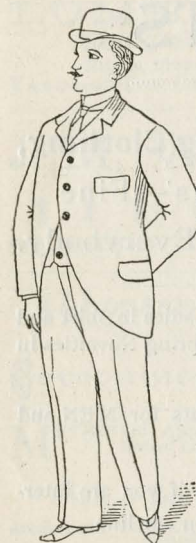
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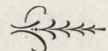
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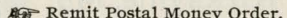
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

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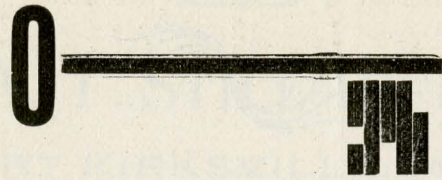
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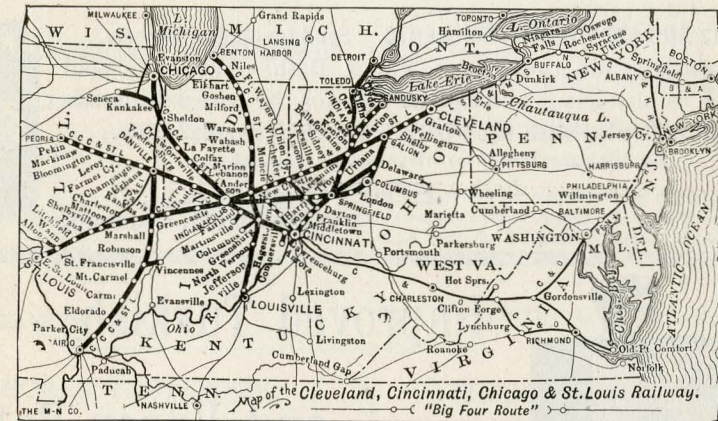
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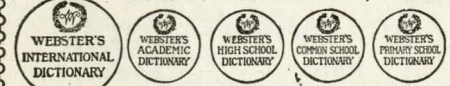
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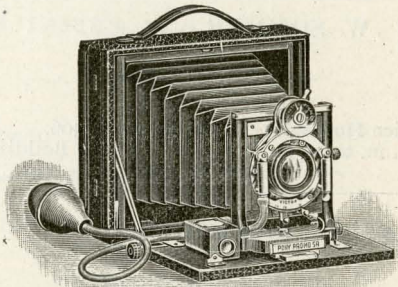
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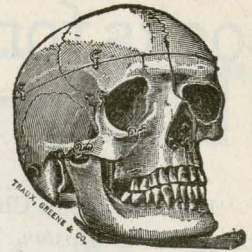
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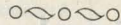
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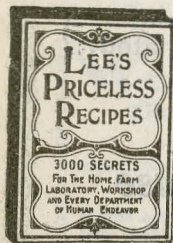
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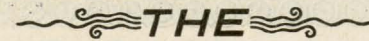
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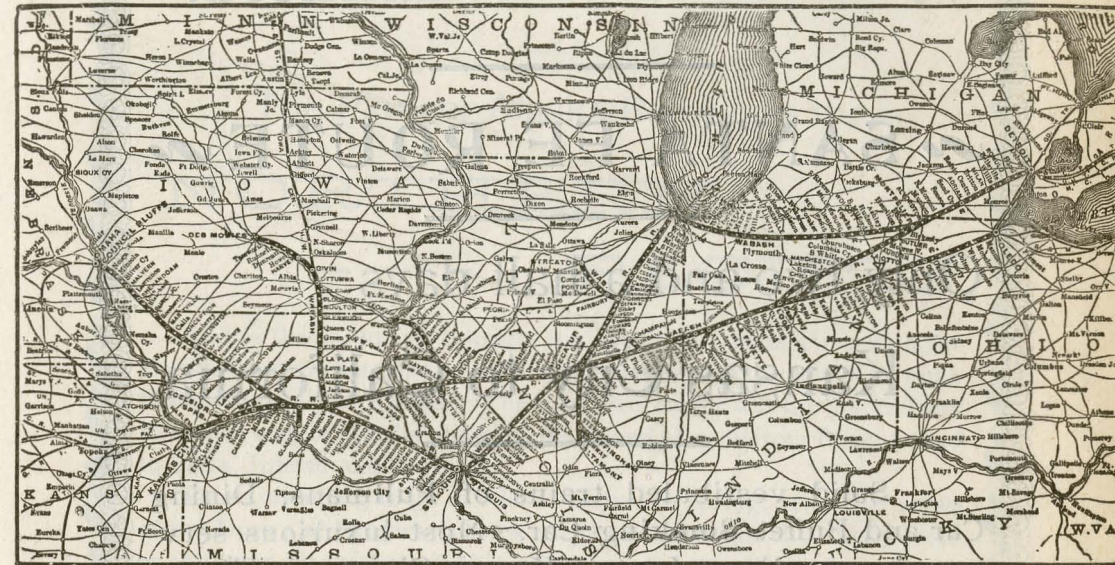
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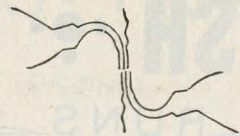
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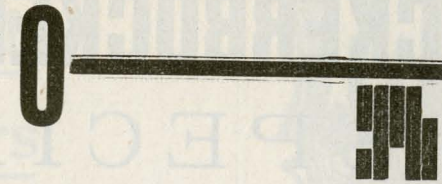
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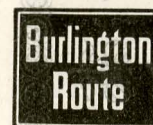
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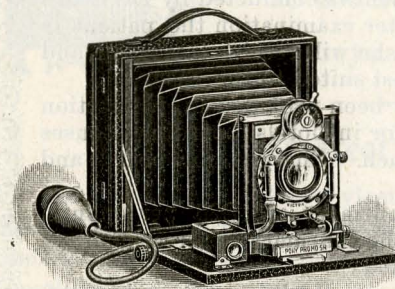


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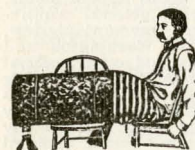
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