

The Elk County Democrat.

HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1872.

NO. 2.

POETRY.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that I'm not the way;
When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If only I could take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I like it so nice!
And besides I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me when I am old.

If youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
To have a chance to look in as I chance to look out;
But I never expect to see a moment's stare—
It is better, she says, and I must not care.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone.
So I take a lamp—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at work till midnight, and then
What an order of dress! How different from us!
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he liked to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall I say, if he should propose to me?

I am thinking if Aunt Tabitha's aunt
Was a better woman than Aunt Tabitha's aunt;
And her grand-aunt—she seems so much shrewdly
And that my girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A marry will have its, and nothing else can;
Let me perish—no more, my dear young man!
Though when to the altar I go, I'll be true;
Aunt Tabitha tells me she never did so!

Atlantic Monthly.

THE STORY-TELLER.

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

They were a grave-looking group that were gathered in Dean Lindsay's best room that lovely June morning.

First there was Dean Lindsay himself, always a prominent figure anywhere, from his tall, muscular form, and bold, resolute face.

Besides these, there were a small colony of young Lindseys, in assorted sizes, the largest of which, pretty Della Lindsay, stood behind her mother's chair, her arm thrown over her shoulder in a protective way.

Mrs. Lindsay had been an invalid since Harry's birth, four years, and Della was practically at the head of the household. It was, moreover, no light thing to be at the head of this household.

There were, besides herself, seven children, which, with her father and mother and Paul Leicester, who had been with her father for the summer, just eleven in the family.

Added to this was the care of a dairy of a dozen cows, and added to this, the fact that the state of their finances would not admit of their keeping a servant.

And this question of finances brings me to the real subject of my story.

"You'll excuse me, Wilson, for being a little down-hearted about this thing," Mr. Lindsay said, with a faint, deprecating smile.

"It seems like signing away my heart's blood to give a stranger a claim on the old homestead!" A slow red burned itself through Amos Wilson's cheek.

"I wish you wouldn't speak of me as a stranger," he said, hastily, with an involuntary glance at Della, which no one but Paul Leicester saw.

"I meant any one not a relative, Mr. Wilson," replied Lindsay, soberly. "You know I had hope of help from my cousin in New Orleans. I mentioned it to you."

golden light; while away to the right a blue, sparkling river, sentinelled with cottonwoods and sycamores, and overhung with pale, translucent misty, fleecy and rippled between its velvet banks.

No wonder Dean Lindsay shrank from the thought of this fair heritage being compromised; but there was no help for it, and he had got to make up his mind to think of it as no longer really his, but subject to Amos Wilson's authority.

He could hardly keep from growling aloud as he ran over in his mind the half score or more of fine farms which belonged to Wilson, all of which had first been mortgaged to him, as his was being now, to raise the necessary money to keep them from being given up altogether.

And then, one after another, they had been given up, and Amos Wilson was the possessor. Would his go in the same way? Would there be a few years of struggle with ill-luck—blight, and drought, and mildew—and then his wife and children be homeless? He started with a nervous shudder and glanced up. Amos Wilson was leaning a little forward, looking steadily at Della, with a strange fire lighting his sleepy eyes.

"The deed is ready for your signature, Mr. Lindsay," Seldon said, briskly, "yours and Mrs. Lindsay's."

"His voice broke the weird spell which had seemed to hold them, and Paul Leicester got up from his seat by the kitchen door, and came and stood by the table while the deed was signed, and the money—seven hundred and fifty dollars—counted out and given to Mr. Lindsay, who, in turn, handed over the mortgage of the homestead to Mr. Wilson. Then he turned abruptly and went out.

Mr. Seldon looked after him with his quick, bright eyes, but no one else appeared to notice it as being anything unusual that a hired man should intrude his presence upon such an occasion.

And now that business is over, I will take the opportunity of saying a word about this same Mr. Paul Leicester.

First, he was a stranger in Dalton; i. e., he had been there but little over two months, having come early in April. He had seemed so anxious for employment, and offered to work so cheaply withal, and upon such easy terms—not asking for payment until Christmas—that Mr. Lindsay had thought it best to take him. He could not work the large farm alone, and he was specially anxious to do a good deal this season, to try to recover himself.

Mr. Leicester was not very much used to farm work; it was quite evident, but he was so ready to learn, and so quiet and persistent about everything he undertook, that Mr. Lindsay was delighted with his bargain. He was extremely reticent at first, but by degrees he had grown more free, and once or twice had surprised them with such a genial flow of wit and spirits that Mr. Lindsay had declared himself unable to see what sent him there—a man of his abilities.

And now a word in regard to Mr. Lindsay's embarrassments. For three consecutive seasons the harvests had been extremely light in his section, scarcely paying for the outlay of money and labor, to say nothing of profit. Then the expense of living was considerable, for ten persons require no small amount of food, to make no mention of garments, that will wear out. Added to this was a long and severe illness, lasting all winter, and running him behind to such an extent that he saw no other way to go on with his work than to hire money.

This it was next to impossible to do, and after some pretty severe struggles with his pride, he so far overcame it as to write to Julian Richardson, a second cousin, living in New Orleans, and reputed very wealthy. He had never seen him, but had heard that he was unmarried, and somewhat eccentric. And so in this strait he ventured to appeal to him. He wrote the first letter in February, but it was unanswered. After waiting in a state of nervous anxiety and suspense two or three weeks, he wrote again. This time his letter was returned, after being opened, but without a line or word in answer. He struggled along a month, or two more, and then he went to see Amos Wilson, with the final result I have heretofore described.

The days slipped away like golden sands, and the summer grew in beauty and brightness to Della Lindsay. The sunshine fell into her heart as softly as it lapped the green, blossomy hills, and she daily dreamed of the day when she would be lightened and illumined by this same golden glow, and the world grew dear, and life looked only a sweet and beautiful dream.

Into this supreme atmosphere one day a sudden cloud broke; if it had been no larger than a man's hand; for weeks, she had not discovered it, and was, therefore, totally unprepared for the great darkness that came upon her. She had returned from a long ramble over the prairie, her hands loaded with blossoms, and stood by the door, describing their names and habits to Paul Leicester, whose grave face was softened into a rare, tender smile, whenever the pretty brown eyes and wild-rose cheeks were lifted to his face.

"Della, my dear, I want you a moment," her father said, coming out into the entry.

Without a word she followed him in, the blossoms still in her hands, and some of them dropping to the floor as she walked.

"Come in this way, my child," Mr. Lindsay said, passing before her and opening the door into the parlor, where, seated Amos Wilson, his back to the window, and his great, ungainly form showing in bold relief against the light.

Somehow the feeling of depression which had so weighed her down on the day when the homestead was mortgaged, came upon her again, and she felt the color leaving her face, and felt her lips growing white and rigid.

Mr. Lindsay closed the door carefully and came forward to his daughter's side.

"Della," he said, struggling to appear calm, "Mr. Wilson has done me the honor to ask my permission to pay his court to my daughter. I have told him that my girl is free to answer for herself—and that all he has to do is to ask her."

Della cast one quick glance into her father's face, and saw all his eager hope and anxiety. Then she turned to Amos Wilson, who had taken a step forward, and was looking at her sharply from under his low brows, his pale eyes burning with faint opaline tints. Involuntarily she shuddered and drew back.

"I do not love Mr. Wilson, father," she said, faintly.

"But you can learn to love him, Della," he asked quickly, his lips twitching nervously.

"No, father, I cannot," she answered, this time firmly. "I thank Mr. Wilson for the honor he has done me, but I do not love him, and you do not ask me to marry a man I do not love, father."

"No, my child, I do not ask that," he said, gently, but with a chord of sadness and disappointment in his voice.

Poor Della! how suddenly the cloud had descended and enveloped her. With a heavy heart she crept softly out, and left the two men together. She knew what her refusal had meant to her father. She knew the load which chafed and fretted him, so might have been lifted with a simple movement of her lips, and yet she had not—she could not—give it. Dropping her blossoms as she went, she hurried out to a little arbor of wild vines in the garden, and there, alone with the piny twilight and the stars, she sobbed out the first bitterness of her regret and pain. She heard Mr. Wilson come out and go away, and then, a little after, heard a step in the garden—a step that sent the blood in a fierce, sudden torrent to her heart, and then to her cheeks.

"You are not replying so soon, Della!" and Paul Leicester came and took the wet flushed face between his cool palms, tenderly.

"O, I couldn't marry that man!—why should he ever think of such a thing?" Della asked, pitifully. "And father—?" She stopped abruptly, but he felt her hot cheeks grow against his hand, and knew what she meant to say.

"He is rich, little Della."

"I know it," with a little choking sob.

"And I am only your father's laborer; and yet I have dared love the same lady. What do you suppose she will say to my presumption, if she refuses this rich man so cavalierly?"

"O, Mr. Leicester! don't mock me," she broke down in another flood of tears, and Mr. Leicester comforted her with a great many fond words, which wouldn't look half as delightful and charming in print as they really were, from the fact that certain things are universally pronounced "silly," unless one happens to be one of the *Amos Wilsons*—then they are better and more to be desired than the wisdom of Solomon.

By and by it grew chilly, and the damp mists came up from the river, and Mr. Leicester said, Della must go in, though she, foolish child, would have tarried there, gladly, nor thought of damp or chill, if it had been January instead of August. "It was only three days," he said, and so they went in.

Mr. Lindsay sat by the kitchen table, his arms crossed and leaning on it, and before him, scattered about, sundry bills, papers, etc. He looked up, then made a motion to gather them up. Mr. Leicester drew Della's arm through his, and came quickly forward.

"Mr. Lindsay, I love your daughter and she loves me," he said, in a steady, assured voice. "I know Mr. Wilson would be more acceptable to you, but I think you are too much of a gentleman to object to me on property grounds. I think you can manage to live—Della and I—somehow. What do you say to us?"

Mr. Lindsay glanced from the radiant, blushing face of his daughter, to the strong, quiet one beside her, and, though it cost him a little effort, he said, cheerfully:

"I will add my blessing, if that is what you ask. God knows that my child's happiness is more to me than money—a thousand times!"

Paul Leicester's face softened into a rare smile. "You are a brave man, Dean Lindsay," he said warmly, his eyes kindling, "and you shall never be sorry for having trusted me."

Mr. Leicester begged for an early wedding-day, and soon went Della to his side by his eloquence and persistence. "It was as well, perhaps, now as any time," Mr. Lindsay thought, and also yielded. And Mrs. Lindsay had too long leaned upon and deferred to Della to think of objecting to anything she asked, and so it was arranged for the last week in September. Two weeks before the time Mr. Leicester said it would be necessary for him to be away a week, and, without mentioning his destination, he took his departure. The week passed, then ten days, and he neither came nor wrote to them. And then it lacked but one of the day fixed for the wedding, and Della grew nervous, and Mr. Lindsay angry. But the afternoon brought the truant, who, with a bright smile, said he was delayed by business.

"By the way," he added, taking a folded paper from his pocket, and tossing it to Mr. Lindsay, "I saw Mr. Wilson as I came along."

"The mortgage deed?" exclaimed Lindsay, looking perplexed.

"Yes, it's no more than fair I should make you some present when you have so generously given me this dear girl," putting his arm about Della.

"But I don't understand. I—I—"

"Thought I was a poor fellow," finished Leicester, smiling. "I know you did, and I will add that I have been to considerable trouble to give you that impression—learning farming for instance! Do you remember that, Dean?" he asked, abruptly, "seeing a letter upon the table? It was the first letter he had written to his cousin in New Orleans!"

Mr. Lindsay rose to his feet, white and trembling.

"You are not here—you are not Julian Richardson!" he gasped.

"I am very much afraid I am that 'eccentric personage,'" he replied, laughing. "I believe I was christened Julian Paul Richardson. When I received your letter I conceived the idea of visiting you, inco. Your second letter determined me, and, I must confess, I am thoroughly delighted at the success of my experiment," he added, with a bright smile upon Della, who clung to his arm, pale with wonder and excitement.

"You see, Dean, I desired to know if you were worth helping—it's a foolish hobby of mine, always—and there was no other practicable way. I think we'll not have to trouble Mr. Wil on again, my good cousin! For, as I told you once before, I think we can manage to live some way—Della and I—can we not, my darling?"

And for answer Della hid her face on his shoulder and cried, woman fashion.

Just a Question or Two.

An exchange thus descends upon printing office boxes, hitting the mark so fairly on the head, we cannot fail to appreciate, endorse and copy. Here are a few of the innumerable questions which printers are called upon to answer:

Do you print both sides of the paper at once?

How long does it take to make a newspaper?

Why are those boxes of different sizes, and how do you know where to find a certain letter?

Can't you print a picture of anything you want to? I should think you could. Why can't you?

Why do you charge so much for a man not long ago, he found fault with them because the 'cut' was not like his horse. On another occasion, a gentleman came to us with the information that he had left his horse in front of the office, and he wanted a picture of it and some bills printed.

If you print one hundred bills for \$3, I suppose you will let me have four for twelve cents?

I should think it would be fun to be an editor—you don't do anything but sit down and read newspapers and stories all day?

Do you throw away your type after you have printed upon it once?

You don't care if I take a handful of this, do you?

It can't be very hard to set type all day—is it, now?

Can't you print something?

I wish you would print my name for me; it wouldn't be much trouble to print off just one name.

What do you think of that do you do with that? What makes you look so funny? what are you going to do now? what for? why? what makes you keep so still? You don't care if a fellow just talks, do you?

By the time a man goes through with this list of questions, his company becomes so monotonous that he cannot fall asleep, and he walks off with the impression that we have treated him unkindly and impolitely.

All the above is to the point, and when the questioner takes the hint and leaves of his own accord, we feel serene.

Sulphite of Soda as a Remedy for Small Pox.

(From the Scientific American.)

We publish below a very interesting letter upon this subject, the writer of which desires his name to be suppressed, as he does not wish to detract from the force of his statements by creating an impression that he is puffing a nostrum from personal motives. Though personally unknown to us, we have formed a high opinion of the candor of this writer, both from the communication itself and the private letter that accompanied it.

The statements made are in the highest degree remarkable. Small pox has long been growing in favor for some time as an antidote for blood poisons, which act seemingly like ferments; and we have ourselves witnessed apparently happy effects produced by its use in complaints supposed to arise from such poisons. Its value in this class of diseases has been so far demonstrated that it has been made an official remedy.

If we are to credit the statements of our correspondent, a most astonishing effect upon the small pox poison was produced by something, which, if it was not the *soda sulphite*, ought to be most earnestly sought. We are not aware that any spontaneous resolution of this character has ever taken place, of a kind which could be mistaken for the cure ascribed to the action of the drug under consideration. The drug produces in proper doses no effects to be feared, and therefore can be made the subject of experiment without danger to patients. Its merits, therefore, as a small pox remedy ought to be at once thoroughly tested, and if it should be found that the cure alluded to was probably an effect of the crude petroleum employed to anoint the body, or the result of a cause unknown, the fact that a cure is alleged should stimulate investigation into the real cause. It is, we believe, very rare that an unfavorable prognosis, based upon the acuteness of pain in the head and back in attacks of small pox, fails to be verified. In the particular case described, these bad symptoms were strongly marked, yet the patient, the next day after the character of the complaint was deemed established by the eruption, was convalescent, and in a few days recovered without the formation of a single pustule.

There is, of course, the possibility that there was a mistake in diagnosis, and that the disease was not really small pox, yet this seems rather improbable. The hope that a cure, for such a scourge as small pox, may be discovered prompts us to call particular attention to the letter of our correspondent; and we sincerely wish that the supposed efficacy of this simple remedy may be demonstrated to be a verity.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX, BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

The following was written several months ago, but was not forwarded, as the press has been teeming with small pox "cures" which are generally so evidently worthless that I hesitated putting my little communication among the prescriptions; feeling almost sure it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms are accorded to the many, placed daily before the prudently incredulous reader.

But I find it impossible to resist the conviction on my part that to withhold any longer from the public my knowledge of a remedy—or mode of treatment—for variola and its modifications, would be criminal, as well as weak, in view of my confidence as to a successful result.

Some years ago I had a case of variola, in my family, contracted from actual contagion, but not from strictly immediate contact with variola. The patient, my daughter, a child nine years old, carried a muf to church, the day after her mother had learned of her short time to a young lady friend in the cars. This lady had just recovered, apparently entirely, from small pox contracted from her brother, who had returned home from the army convalescent, but during the period of active desquamation, after a recent and almost fatal attack of small pox.

Precisely ten days after my daughter carried the muf, on the eve of the tenth day, she was quite ill from a complication of symptoms. The next morning I noticed a number of spots on her skin, alarmingly suggestive of variola. Not having had any experience of such a case I consulted a friend, a physician, who at once pronounced her disorder varioloid. He thought, too, that it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms, namely, fever, headache, headache, nausea, and the general appearance of the eruption, warranted such a diagnosis.

I took the case pretty much into my own hands, as I had at once resolved to pursue a line of treatment entirely different from that usually employed in such cases. Some time in the year 1861, I read in a number of the *Scientific American* (of that year), that a new remedy, discovered by a French chemist, namely, *soda sulphite*, was attracting great attention in certain quarters from its success in the treatment of ulceration, etc., and more particularly by its having cured entirely several well-attested cases of hydrophobia. Its many valuable properties were fully discussed, verified, and freely endorsed by the French College of Surgeons, and were in substance what is now given in ample detail in the "United States Dispensatory," 1871, thirteenth editorial article—"Soda sulphite."

After some delay, I obtained a bottle of this medicine, and made use of it according to the notice of its properties, as occasion gave opportunity and always with satisfactory results.

To resume the subject of my case of varioloid. I administered to my patient 15 grains of the *soda sulphite*, dissolved in milk well sweetened, every three hours. I also had her entire body oiled effectually with crude petroleum applied with the bare hands.

The next morning the eruption was absolutely killed and dry; and the disease broken up, to the wonder and, I need scarcely add, the great relief of all interested. As no pustules had had time to form, not the least trace of the eruption remained; and in a few days my child was as well as ever.

When the "seventeen year locust" abounded in this region, it was found that the sting of the male locust was so poisonous as to produce serious and, in some cases noted, even fatal effects. A servant girl in a family I had to do with a locust, and the sting had to be withdrawn with tweezers. The girl screamed with agony, and said it was "worse than forty bee stings." I gave her about 15 grains of the *soda sulphite*, and kept the wound wet with a cloth dipped frequently in a mixture of equal parts of spirits ammonia, alcohol, and strong water solution of the *soda sulphite*. Although her foot had swollen amazingly before I had time to prepare my remedies, yet it stopped swelling at once after the first dose and application. A sharp pain went through the foot occasioned by vaccination or previous attacks of the same complaint, that the announcement of even a single successful cure will arrest public attention at once.

The remedy named, sulphite of soda, has been growing in favor for some time as an antidote for blood poisons, which act seemingly like ferments; and we have ourselves witnessed apparently happy effects produced by its use in complaints supposed to arise from such poisons. Its value in this class of diseases has been so far demonstrated that it has been made an official remedy.

If we are to credit the statements of our correspondent, a most astonishing effect upon the small pox poison was produced by something, which, if it was not the *soda sulphite*, ought to be most earnestly sought. We are not aware that any spontaneous resolution of this character has ever taken place, of a kind which could be mistaken for the cure ascribed to the action of the drug under consideration. The drug produces in proper doses no effects to be feared, and therefore can be made the subject of experiment without danger to patients. Its merits, therefore, as a small pox remedy ought to be at once thoroughly tested, and if it should be found that the cure alluded to was probably an effect of the crude petroleum employed to anoint the body, or the result of a cause unknown, the fact that a cure is alleged should stimulate investigation into the real cause. It is, we believe, very rare that an unfavorable prognosis, based upon the acuteness of pain in the head and back in attacks of small pox, fails to be verified. In the particular case described, these bad symptoms were strongly marked, yet the patient, the next day after the character of the complaint was deemed established by the eruption, was convalescent, and in a few days recovered without the formation of a single pustule.

There is, of course, the possibility that there was a mistake in diagnosis, and that the disease was not really small pox, yet this seems rather improbable. The hope that a cure, for such a scourge as small pox, may be discovered prompts us to call particular attention to the letter of our correspondent; and we sincerely wish that the supposed efficacy of this simple remedy may be demonstrated to be a verity.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX, BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

The following was written several months ago, but was not forwarded, as the press has been teeming with small pox "cures" which are generally so evidently worthless that I hesitated putting my little communication among the prescriptions; feeling almost sure it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms are accorded to the many, placed daily before the prudently incredulous reader.

But I find it impossible to resist the conviction on my part that to withhold any longer from the public my knowledge of a remedy—or mode of treatment—for variola and its modifications, would be criminal, as well as weak, in view of my confidence as to a successful result.

Some years ago I had a case of variola, in my family, contracted from actual contagion, but not from strictly immediate contact with variola. The patient, my daughter, a child nine years old, carried a muf to church, the day after her mother had learned of her short time to a young lady friend in the cars. This lady had just recovered, apparently entirely, from small pox contracted from her brother, who had returned home from the army convalescent, but during the period of active desquamation, after a recent and almost fatal attack of small pox.

Precisely ten days after my daughter carried the muf, on the eve of the tenth day, she was quite ill from a complication of symptoms. The next morning I noticed a number of spots on her skin, alarmingly suggestive of variola. Not having had any experience of such a case I consulted a friend, a physician, who at once pronounced her disorder varioloid. He thought, too, that it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms, namely, fever, headache, headache, nausea, and the general appearance of the eruption, warranted such a diagnosis.

I took the case pretty much into my own hands, as I had at once resolved to pursue a line of treatment entirely different from that usually employed in such cases. Some time in the year 1861, I read in a number of the *Scientific American* (of that year), that a new remedy, discovered by a French chemist, namely, *soda sulphite*, was attracting great attention in certain quarters from its success in the treatment of ulceration, etc., and more particularly by its having cured entirely several well-attested cases of hydrophobia. Its many valuable properties were fully discussed, verified, and freely endorsed by the French College of Surgeons, and were in substance what is now given in ample detail in the "United States Dispensatory," 1871, thirteenth editorial article—"Soda sulphite."

After some delay, I obtained a bottle of this medicine, and made use of it according to the notice of its properties, as occasion gave opportunity and always with satisfactory results.

To resume the subject of my case of varioloid. I administered to my patient 15 grains of the *soda sulphite*, dissolved in milk well sweetened, every three hours. I also had her entire body oiled effectually with crude petroleum applied with the bare hands.

The next morning the eruption was absolutely killed and dry; and the disease broken up, to the wonder and, I need scarcely add, the great relief of all interested. As no pustules had had time to form, not the least trace of the eruption remained; and in a few days my child was as well as ever.

When the "seventeen year locust" abounded in this region, it was found that the sting of the male locust was so poisonous as to produce serious and, in some cases noted, even fatal effects. A servant girl in a family I had to do with a locust, and the sting had to be withdrawn with tweezers. The girl screamed with agony, and said it was "worse than forty bee stings." I gave her about 15 grains of the *soda sulphite*, and kept the wound wet with a cloth dipped frequently in a mixture of equal parts of spirits ammonia, alcohol, and strong water solution of the *soda sulphite*. Although her foot had swollen amazingly before I had time to prepare my remedies, yet it stopped swelling at once after the first dose and application. A sharp pain went through the foot occasioned by vaccination or previous attacks of the same complaint, that the announcement of even a single successful cure will arrest public attention at once.

The remedy named, sulphite of soda, has been growing in favor for some time as an antidote for blood poisons, which act seemingly like ferments; and we have ourselves witnessed apparently happy effects produced by its use in complaints supposed to arise from such poisons. Its value in this class of diseases has been so far demonstrated that it has been made an official remedy.

If we are to credit the statements of our correspondent, a most astonishing effect upon the small pox poison was produced by something, which, if it was not the *soda sulphite*, ought to be most earnestly sought. We are not aware that any spontaneous resolution of this character has ever taken place, of a kind which could be mistaken for the cure ascribed to the action of the drug under consideration. The drug produces in proper doses no effects to be feared, and therefore can be made the subject of experiment without danger to patients. Its merits, therefore, as a small pox remedy ought to be at once thoroughly tested, and if it should be found that the cure alluded to was probably an effect of the crude petroleum employed to anoint the body, or the result of a cause unknown, the fact that a cure is alleged should stimulate investigation into the real cause. It is, we believe, very rare that an unfavorable prognosis, based upon the acuteness of pain in the head and back in attacks of small pox, fails to be verified. In the particular case described, these bad symptoms were strongly marked, yet the patient, the next day after the character of the complaint was deemed established by the eruption, was convalescent, and in a few days recovered without the formation of a single pustule.

There is, of course, the possibility that there was a mistake in diagnosis, and that the disease was not really small pox, yet this seems rather improbable. The hope that a cure, for such a scourge as small pox, may be discovered prompts us to call particular attention to the letter of our correspondent; and we sincerely wish that the supposed efficacy of this simple remedy may be demonstrated to be a verity.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX, BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

The following was written several months ago, but was not forwarded, as the press has been teeming with small pox "cures" which are generally so evidently worthless that I hesitated putting my little communication among the prescriptions; feeling almost sure it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms are accorded to the many, placed daily before the prudently incredulous reader.

But I find it impossible to resist the conviction on my part that to withhold any longer from the public my knowledge of a remedy—or mode of treatment—for variola and its modifications, would be criminal, as well as weak, in view of my confidence as to a successful result.

Some years ago I had a case of variola, in my family, contracted from actual contagion, but not from strictly immediate contact with variola. The patient, my daughter, a child nine years old, carried a muf to church, the day after her mother had learned of her short time to a young lady friend in the cars. This lady had just recovered, apparently entirely, from small pox contracted from her brother, who had returned home from the army convalescent, but during the period of active desquamation, after a recent and almost fatal attack of small pox.

Precisely ten days after my daughter carried the muf, on the eve of the tenth day, she was quite ill from a complication of symptoms. The next morning I noticed a number of spots on her skin, alarmingly suggestive of variola. Not having had any experience of such a case I consulted a friend, a physician, who at once pronounced her disorder varioloid. He thought, too, that it would prove a severe case, as the symptoms, namely, fever, headache, headache, nausea, and the general appearance of the eruption, warranted such a diagnosis.

I took the case pretty much into my own hands, as I had at once resolved to pursue a line of treatment entirely different from that usually employed in such cases. Some time in the year 1861, I read in a number of the *Scientific American* (of that year), that a new remedy, discovered by a French chemist, namely, *soda sulphite*, was attracting great attention in certain quarters from its success in the treatment of ulceration, etc., and more particularly by its having cured entirely several well-attested cases of hydrophobia. Its many valuable properties were fully discussed, verified, and freely endorsed by the French College of Surgeons, and were in substance what is now given in ample detail in the "United States Dispensatory," 1871, thirteenth editorial article—"Soda sulphite."