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THE
Oregon Medical Journal

VOL. 1. SALEM, SEPTEMBER, 1876. No. 2.

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"NEMO NOSTRUM SIBI VIVIT."

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THE
Oregon Medical Journal

A QUARTERLY

Journal of Medicine and Surgery.

EDITED BY

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE OREGON MEDICAL JOURNAL will be issued every three months. It will contain original articles upon Practical Medicine and the several specialties of the art, selections from home and foreign journals, items of news in the profession, correspondence, reviews of books, and editorials upon current topics.

The columns of this Journal are open to a free discussion upon questions of professional interest, and contributions are invited from all parts of the State, Washington and Idaho, and every other place upon matters pertaining to the profession.

The editors are not responsible for the views of contributors, and contributors are not responsible for the views of the editors.

All personalities will be carefully avoided, but a strict examination of the principles pertaining to medical practice will be critically reviewed from time to time.

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ORGAN of the PROFESSION,

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ERRATA.—On page 13, line 7, for pipes read poles; p. 14, line 19, read Allopathic

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Oregon Medical Journal.

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QUACKS AND DOCTORS.

*Address Delivered at the Meeting of the State Medical Society by
R. Glisan, M. D., the Retiring President.*

I shall, my friends, your kind indulgence ask
Whilst I in humble rhyme attempt to task
On subjects grave a little while to sing,
And hope 'twill not on me your censure bring.

"The doctors have combined." I hear men say,
"In bodies strong, to make their patients pay
Yet higher fees for services and skill
When people poor as we are sadly ill."

Thank God, we can for our Society claim
No ignominious, but a noble aim.
Unlike the "union strikes" throughout our land,
The general good we seek, and not to band
Ourselves, to force submission to commands
Of selfish gain; nor yet to make demands
Upon the people, or the public purse,
That we some pet or tainted scheme may nurse,
As corporations vast too often do,
As well as other combinations too.

Protective tariffs, not nor patent rights
We seek; protection only from those blights
The quacks, who, locust-like, infest the land
By thousands. They upon street corners stand,
With smooth and oily tongues, or blatant cries,
Retail their salves, their poisons, and their lies.

These daring tricksters do no means forego
With cunning skill to thrive on human wool
They sing, they shout, or plead in silver tone
Till gaping few in number great have grown,
To see the flippant tongue of art and wile
Like fatal snare their victims soon beguile.

At first, like shoals of fish, the crowd do wait,
Then rush in haste to try deceptive bait:
Though sometimes—as aquatic birds on wing—
In circles small or vast, in flight do swing,
Suspecting all they see, and flying shy
Of danger, 'till some bright-decoy they spy,
Then they the doubtful spot no longer shun,
And soon are victims of the sportsman's gun,
Thus silly crowds, like birds by wooden duck,
Misled by buyers false, the quack doth pluck.

But quacks there are of many sorts and kinds,
As dupes we see of many grades and minds.
One class ignore the rostrum, but presume
To claim all honors. Titles they assume
More noble far than those conferred by prince,
Or king, in palmy days of yore, or since.
They fill with false certificates of cure
The press; and oft from men of sense secure
Endorsement. How and why I must confess,
Are problems solved by nothing I can guess.

Thus fortified, from place to place they rush,
False hopes inspire, which time, alas! must crush;
Then, like the "Kansas hoppers," disappear,
When all things green are nipp'd, both far and near.

If laws protective shall not e'er be found,
To cunning wiles and tricks of quacks confound:
Then plain our duty. Shall we hesitate,
The public mind at large to educate
Upon deceptions, which concern us all,
When sick; the young and old, both great and small?
If such a course alone to us remains,
Humanity at stake! let's spare no pains.

Yet some there are, although not quacks by name,
For purpose useful still they are the same,
Who play the dodge of always something new
In drugs or skill, and only known by few,
To please the fancy of the present age,
When novelty, not worth, is all the rage—
The good, if old, by them is laid aside,
The bad, if new, they say we must abide.

And some, to gain applause, that men may stare,
And say, "Behold the doctor over there

A genius is," ignore all business sense;
Which, after all, is only common sense,
Be doctor void of this, no art or trick
By him, inspires my confidence when sick.

And others, who both gulle and trick disown,
Yet always changing, and forever prone
To rush from this to that, and try, by turn,
All remedies; and all, in time, to spurn.

As maid, by fickle dame of fashion led,
Sleek ringlets tries, and then a frizzled head;
A bonnet first she dons, and next a hat,
Too small for baby doll, or pussy cat.

One day in crinoline, in shape a cone,
In circle, vast as belt of torrid zone;
Next day in skirt as long as railroad train,
That westward bound, or eastward, sweeps the plain.
At times in modest costume, like the quail,
And then in peacock's plumage she doth sail.

Self-doubting souls we find, who ne'er depend
On judgment save of others, who commend
In language bold whatever they extol,
From drugs of magic power—to charcoal.

These modest souls are like an open boat
Adrift on river, or at sea afloat,
Devoid of rudder, steersman, captain—all,
When low'ring clouds portend a dreadful squall.
For rudder, self-reliance they but need;
For captain, judgment sound, to take the lead.

'Tis strange that men and women oft intrust
The sacred things of home to him, whom trust
They would not even for a monthly rent
Of room, or house; or loan of dime or cent.

The man who drives their coach or liv'ry team,
And he who regulates the boiler's steam
Of ship, or boat, or fleetier railroad car,
Or pilot on Columbia's dreaded bar,
Or mender of a watch, or clock, or ring,
Or hat, or boots—in short, of anything,
Must duly sober seem, or be displaced
Before his task is done, and feel disgraced:
Yet he who claims the pow'r to regulate
Machines divine, the most elaborate
Of God's sublimest works, may tipping be,
And hardly know the land from rippling sea,
And still be sought to cure his fellow-man:
This puzzle solve if any of you can.

In honor pure and spotless as the gems
Of rarest kind that shine in diadems
Of famous rulers, whether kings or queen,
Or as the snow on mountain heights is seen,
Should be the man whose art and calling tend
To give him knowledge all of things that lend
To homely life an ever sacred charm,
Or fill the soul with sadness and alarm.

He should in morals be a paragon
E'en though he hail from "Webfoot Oregon!"
And he must sacred in his bosom hide
The things that patient may in him confide.

His knowledge deep as ocean's mighty bed
And broad as universal space o'erhead
Must be; else like a shallow, narrow stream
It dryeth up when hot the sun doth beam.

No hobbies should he ever wish to ride,
Nor ought he float at random with the tide
Of public favor. Truth should be his aim,
E'en though he miss the goal of worldly fame.

A student must he always try to be
And think not merely of his paltry fee.
In all improvements being wide awake
And gilded brass for gold should ne'er mistake.

The doctor true and wise doth sift and weigh
All things himself, well knowing what he may
From others use as truths, and what discard
As worthless trash, deserving no regard.

When deeply ploughed the scientific field
Doth many grains of wheat quite often yield,
Though when the surface one but slightly chafes,
The soil more chaff than golden grain vouchsafes.

If ink were blood, from human victims ta'en,
No place too vast to hold the thousands slain
To furnish it. And loud would be the groans
Of bleeding, dying men for worthless tones.

Yet vast our knowledge and improvements now,
In science, and the arts, we must allow,
To what they were a hundred years ago,
Yet vaster still, a hundred more, we know.

To us the ken advancing science may
Then grant, to glance along the sun's bright ray,
And objects small and large, both far and near,
Discern; which now, unseen, may our career

As sudden stop, as clock by earthquake shock,
Or vessel swift, when hurled against a rock,
Or human life, by apopleptic stroke,
Or lightning's message, when the wire is broke.

No true advance can physic ever make,
If theories for facts we mostly take;
One knowledge must with practice always join
For gold without alloy would make soft coin.

Whilst we our science seek to elevate,
Fraternal feelings we should cultivate;
Opposing and discordant motions mar,
Obstruct, impede, the scientific ear,
Which slowly moves in sparsely-settled lands,
E'en when untrammelled by impeding bands.

Though ever slow the car of science be,
Its progress must be sure if all agree
To work in harmony, however poor
The scanty means on our Pacific shore.

Some things there are that we may do,
Far better here than in lands less new,
To speed the car on new centennial track,
So when, in future years, our sons look back
Upon our actions, they will shed no tears
At slothful deeds of father pioneers.

The laws of miasms and contagions may,
By country doctors, best be known: away
From crowded haunts of city or large town:
This open field is ours to seek renown.
Not sluggards let us be, the great Northwest
Demands that we, her sons, shall do our best.

As clouds are pierced by Hood and Ranier peaks,
So youthful vigor to ourselves bespeaks,
A grandly glorious and exalted stand,
As scientists attain in any land.

Our minds shall, like our crystal mountain streams,
Be sparkling clear, reflecting golden beams
As dazzling bright, if faithful we but run,
As those of diamond, star, or noonday sun.

Let fools and boobies our profession jeer,
Or jealous scientists our calling sneer;
Let editors and lawyers in mere fun,
Fire off their little squibs and ready pun;
In lieu of better words us nickname "pills,"
Or more degrading still, but call us "squills."

Let debtors to our goodness, in pure spite,
A free and lengthy service to requite,
Our skill in question call behind our backs,
Us for malpractice sue, and dub us quacks.

When we perchance essay poetic rhyme,
But lack the needful aid, the spark divine,
And seek the shady grove where muses dwell,
Let them with haughty airs our hopes dispel,
And say: The man who deals with human ills,
Can only sigh, and think of human chills.

When inspiration's fire his soul might rack,
His cry would be, Pray give me inecae.
Apollo's friend, Laconian Hyacinth,
Suggests to him the name of colocyath.
A rhyme might call for heavenly manna,
Which he would chime with salts and senna.

The morning sun the twinkling stars doth pale,
(Would rhyme to him with take a little ale);
Come, soar aloft, and tread the milky way,
(With Oh, my friend, do try some wine and whey);
Those realms above where angels love to walk,
(With acid stomach needs both milk and chalk).

Let poets wander far in space above,
And only dream of beauty, stars and love;
Or sing the praise of Jupiter and Mars,
Or chant heroic deeds of bloody wars;
Or tune their harps into a soft refrain,
To charm the heart of lovh g maid or swain:
Or think in verse of Adam's paradise,
Before the infant world was stained by vice;
Of Noah's safety ark, which rode the flood,
And from a drowning world preserved the good;
Of Grecian art and deeds of mighty Rome,
Which charmed and thrilled the world from zone to zone;
Or sing in martial tunes of famous Gaul
Whose arms in war bade fair the world inthrall;
Or soar along beyond the bounds of Time,
Behold the end, the last great crash sublime;
The day when planets from their orbits fly
And dart like rockets through the lurid sky;
When orbs of heaven, and the fires of hell,
Through space unlimited, shall rush pellmell.

Let muses all, and all the sons of men,
From ev'ry land and clime, chime in Amen;
The modest doctor still our homes will guard,
Although ignored he be by muse and bard.

When pain, despatr, and secret shafts of death,
In troops combined, as thieves by night in stealth,
Life's portals enter—hurl their poisoned darts;
Then helpless lay the jewels of our hearts,
Until the doctor comes, applies a balm,
And bids our strickened souls again be calm.

Shall laureled heroes of a million slain
In war, more honors from the world obtain,
Than surgeons brave and skilled, who thousands save
From pangs in life, and an untimely grave?

'Tis passing strange that honors always crown
The lucky hero, whether king or clown.
The man of science may the world unfold,
And author be of blessings rare, untold,
The hero's fame will ring from shore to shore
And drown the higher claims of him of lore.

If there no heroes be but sons of Mars,
Then brighter diamonds are than heav'nly stars.
Is honor rather found in warlike strife
Than in the God-like acts of saving life?

The cannon's deafening roar, that shakes the plain
The awestruck mind of man doth so enchain,
That honor not is seen in common deeds,
The dazzled soul the stunning noise but heeds.

The god of physic was by lightning slain,
That fabled Pluto might more souls obtain;
His pupils now, the pow'r to raise the dead
Claim not; but only life prolong instead.

As Agents human of this world below,
By God allowed to lessen pain and woe,
They fight the silent, miasmatic breath,
That poisons blood and brain, and leads to death.

In acts like these are seen, all else apart,
Heroic deeds that stir and move the heart:
For subtle dangers courage true and rare
Require; divested of all gloss, all glare.

The doctor must with valor be endowed,
To meet the evils which his path do-crowd;
Be ever ready his duty to perform
By day, by night, through snow, through flood, and storm,
His art and skill to ev'ry class and sect
Must be extended. None he should neglect.

The poor and rich alike require his aid,
In lowly huts, or mansions broad o'erlaid
In marble—whether low or high their station
From ev'ry land, from ev'ry clime and nation.

The infant frail in home's fraternal arms,
The soldier brave, whom cannon ball disarms,
The nerve-sick woman, and the heart-sick maid
Whom dart of cupid hors de combat laid:

The man of God, with soul serene and calm;
The hardened sinner, careless of the balm
Which faith in Christ to wounded hearts doth bring;
That faith from which the deeds of goodness spring:

The tempest-toss'd seamen on the mighty main,
Or wounded landmen on the bloody plain;
Require alike the doctor's ready aid
When sickness does their vital parts pervade.

All scenes and dangers he must bravely face;
The hidden poisons that our frames embrace,
From lowlands of a miasmatic shore,
And lightning's vivid glare, or battle's roar.

His knowledge, too, of ready kind must be,
For books, as guides to read: no time has he
When called to accidents of limb or life;
Else snapped in twain by the unequal strife

The slender chord that binds our flesh and souls
Must surely, quickly be, by fiendish ghouls—
Death's angels; who around, with silent wing,
The sick do fly, on fleeting souls to spring.

The doctor may assume a gentle mien
At death-bed scenes; be quiet and serene,
Though full of sympathy, yet self-possessed,
No trepidation he should manifest:
Still, times there are when human heart and soul
Give way to grief in spite of self-control.

Than mortal less or more must be the man
Who claims the pow'r to heal, who griefless can
Behold his patient sinking low in pain,
When he his skill and art has tried in vain:

Or see a brother, father, mother, all,
Of helpless girl, by pestilence to fall,
When he with boasted science vainly tries
To stay the hand of death, that he espies:

Or see a husband young, himself beside,
At sudden loss of her, his lovely bride,
When flick'ring flame of life, alas! is fled,
Despairing ask, O, doctor, is she dead?

Sad proof these scenes that mortals frail we are,
Still, God our Aid, we many lives may spare.
Let us by help of him our efforts bend,
To fight the common foe to bitter end,
And faithful to our duties let us stand
When pestilence and famine stalk the land;
To poor and rich alike our help to lend,
Till death from life our own frail souls shall rend.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON OBSTETRICS TO OREGON STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY, AT THIRD ANNUAL SESSION, 1876.

Your committee on Obstetrics have been unable to ascertain that any important improvement in the obstetric art has come to the knowledge of the Profession in this State during the past year. They deem it inexpedient and in bad taste to present a tedious and elaborate paper to this Society, (unless something novel and interesting is presented,) as the whole subject-matter is so exhaustively elaborated in the standard modern works upon obstetrics. As the phraseology of the article defining the duties of your committee invites personal remarks, the writer of this report will venture to present his views upon the post partum management of women, based upon experience of upwards of one hundred cases.

Much has been said and written upon the frequent occurrence and dangers from post partum hemorrhage. In a large experience in obstetric practice, it has very seldom indeed been my lot to witness this alarming occurrence. It is my custom, towards the close of the second stage of labor, when the presenting part of the fœtus is pressing firmly against the perinium, to administer a teaspoonful of fluid extract of ergot (Squibb's preferred) to the patient, which both energizes the labor and secures a firm contraction of the uterus. To complete the third stage, after a few minutes have elapsed, gentle but firm compression of the globe of the uterus with the hand in the supra pubic region is made, which without difficulty causes the speedy expulsion of the placenta, mem-

branes and coagula, and thus subsequently securing a firm contraction of the uterus. I do not approve of the administration of ergot too soon before the close of the second stage, as from its protracted tonic action, the uterus embraces the placenta so firmly as to render the internal use of the hand for its delivery imperative. This method of managing the third stage of labor (termed Crede's method), although not very new, yet is not mentioned in a single standard work on obstetrics to my knowledge, save and except in the second edition of the classical work of Leishman, and that only in a parenthetical note by the American editor. This modern and progressive mode thus supersedes the quaint and effeminate one of blowing into the hand, or even the one ordinarily recommended by accouchers of titillating the abdominal walls in order to excite uterine contraction. By adopting this management I apprehend there will be very little danger from post partum hemorrhage, and the subsequent use of uterine injections of solution of puchloride of iron or Churchill's tincture of iodine. After resting quietly for fifteen or twenty minutes after the expulsion of the placenta, the patient is instructed to rise from bed and sit in a chair, a blanket being thrown around her, while her bed is thoroughly changed with clean and dry bed-clothes. Her own clothing, if soiled, is then changed, a clean, large napkin applied to the vulva and between the thighs, and she is then instructed to get in bed and lie on her back with the thighs and legs flexed, when a compress and binder are properly applied and worn for about forty-eight hours. This period is long enough to subserve its object, of support to the abdomen, and preventing internal hemorrhage. The protracted use of the binder, contrary to the general opinion, acts as a bandage in temporarily producing atrophy and want of tone in the muscles, and also interferes with the proper involution of the uterus.

This treatment also, in my experience, by the compression of the uterus with the hand, and the subsequent rising of the patient renders her much less liable to severe and continuous after-pains, as all remaining coagula are thereby mostly expelled. The patient is allowed to take food pretty much as she would if she were about the house, before her confinement, fruits and vegetables in season not excepted. She is instructed to rise daily and sit in a chair a few minutes until her bed is re-made, this being repeated for four or five days, when if she feels able so to do, she is permitted to be dressed and sit up permanently, but not to move about much.

I have treated the same women by this and the old method, and they all express themselves as pleased with it, feeling much stronger, and in short having a far better getting up.

Of course the accoucher must exercise his judgment, and see before he permits his patient to rise from bed that the uterus is finally contracted. But this, as I observed, is most generally accomplished by the very management. It matters not whether they are robust or of a delicate conformation, they are all treated alike. In a word, they are treated on the principle that labor is a physiological process, and not a diseased one. This treatment is not claimed to be original in the writer of this report; but one which he has adopted after it has been thoroughly tested by large clinical experience in many hundreds of cases. In my judgment it is the ne plus ultra treatment of lying-in women.

I could say more upon this subject, but time fails me. As I have drawn it up hastily, and at a late hour, I must draw to a close, begging pardon of the Society for thus trespassing so much upon their time and patience.

R. B. WILSON,

Chairman Committee on Obstetrics.

SUPPRESSION OF URINE RELIEVED BY FARADIZATION.

BY A. SHARPLES, M. D., PROF. SURGERY, WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

On June 7, 1876, M. C. P., male, aged about 60 years, applied to me for relief for a peculiar, heavy pain in the region of both kidneys. He said that for several years he had been troubled at times with this pain, and had at times, especially when riding on horseback, occasion to void his urine frequently. Sometimes at night he was troubled with frequent calls to urinate, and he passed large quantities of rather clear urine. But he said that since this present attack he had made but little urine compared with his ordinary amount.

There was nothing peculiar that I could detect by such chemical analysis as I could make in his urine, neither with a microscope could I detect any crystals at all; there was not one pus globule visible. I examined for this with peculiar care. I used such measures as are customary to endeavor to excite the kidneys, but with no avail, and in the twenty-four hours next preceding noon on June 12th, he had voided but little more than a tablespoonful; nor was any more secreted, for I used a catheter several times and obtained but a few drops each time. He was becoming stupid, his breath had the odor of urine on it, and at times he would shake like a man with a severe ague, but did not complain of being cold. I was naturally very anxious for my patient when he was in this condition, especially as I had exhausted all the ordinary therapeutical means which I thought offered the slightest probability of doing good. I recollected having seen an account of complete suppression of urine for six days having been treated with success by three applications of general

Faradization. I determined as a dernier resort to endeavor to send a powerful current from a Faradic battery through the kidneys. The first step was to prepare the patient by for about five or ten minutes applying a couple of cloths wet with salt water on either side of the spine, so that a straight line drawn between them would come in the region of the kidneys. Having done this, I applied the pipes of a Faradic battery (No. 3 Galvano-Faradic M'f'g Co., N. Y.), attached to the full strength of the secondary coil, and passed the current for less than a minute, and again in about five minutes repeated the dose. I then left him intending to return in about three hours and use the remedy still more if necessary, as I supposed that it would be, but upon my return I was informed that in about twenty minutes after my departure he expressed a desire to pass his water, and was shown a vessel containing from two to three pints of urine. He convalesced rapidly, and on July 4th returned to his home in Eastern Oregon, where he is engaged as a stock raiser.

The case seems to me somewhat peculiar, and the effective remedy is new to me for that purpose, and I know that this class of cases is particularly troublesome and dangerous, and therefore, in the hope that it may be of some benefit to the profession under similar circumstances, I feel justified in making the above statement of facts.

EDITORIAL.

Medical Legislation.

At the last meeting of the Oregon State Medical Society, it was resolved to present to the Legislative Assembly of Oregon two bills, one to prevent fraud and imposition upon the public by men falsely claiming to be physicians, and the

other to establish a State Board of Health. Both of these propositions, it seems to the editors of this Journal, are of vital necessity to the community at large, and are just and reasonable in every feature as we understand they are to be presented.

The first proposition is to be attained in a most simple way, viz., by compelling every man or woman who may practice medicine or surgery, no matter from what school, whether the followers and disciples of Hippocratic medicine commonly known as the old school or Alleœpathic practice, Eclectics, Physio-Medical, Homœopathy, or any other variety of medical practice if it is as spotted as a leopard or has as many colors or fantastic patterns as a Dolly Varden dress, provided it has a regular institution for instruction in its system—one that is duly chartered by the State in which it is located, and duly authorized to confer degrees, to compel every man to frame and expose in his office his diploma, so that any person on coming in may see it. But if he does not happen to be possessed of such a document, then he is in large letters to have printed and expose in like manner the words "I am not a graduate of medicine."

This is but right. It is a protection to the community against imposition. It simply makes a man show his colors, and does not allow any one to practice a deception on the community, when those things that are nearest and dearest to every family, viz., the lives and health of its members are to be risked on the skill or ignorance of the individual. This bill would work no hardships upon the man who is practicing without a diploma. It does not prevent him from continuing his business. It is not in the interest of any class or school of physicians, but it simply is self-protection on the part of the community, and it is the community at large that receives the benefit of the act, and not the physicians.

The second bill is based upon a like beneficent principle as the first, viz., the good of the community, and it is proposed to establish a State Board of Health at an expense to the State of \$2,500 per annum, an expense of 2½ cents to every inhabitant of the State, allowing the population of Oregon to be 100,000, and it is rather over than below that figure.

This Board is to be constituted of three medical men who are to investigate the causes of disease in various localities as their opportunities will admit of, to keep a meteorological record, and to so far as is in their power suggest measures for the prevention of disease, and when diseases of a contagious character do occur, to propose plans to curtail its limits and prevent its spread.

The amount of compensation which is to be paid to these gentlemen who are to compose this State Board of Health is not sufficient to warrant them to devote their entire time to the business, nor is it at all necessary that they should do so, but rather continue in the practice of their profession, and give particular attention to the subject of the prevention of disease and communicate the result of their investigations to the public through their Secretary.

Surely no man would object to the expense of 2½ cents per annum for each member of his household to have a watchful care and investigation of such matters, by which, if occasion should arise, he might derive a benefit.

The State of California is to-day suffering under a pestilence viz., small pox, and we find that it is spreading from town to town, with San Francisco as the centre, and soon it may be telegraphed that it has become diffused throughout the country places, and labors of the harvest materially interfered with, carrying desolation and destruction into the family circle. It is only on this day (Aug. 3, 1876), that the Oregonian

reports a case in a passenger on the steamer John L. Stephens. Who knows how far this thing may spread? Certain localities in this State seem to be peculiarly afflicted with diphtheria, and it was but little more than a year ago that there seemed to be an endemic of puerperal fever in an adjoining county to this, many women in child-bed dying, and others leaving their homes and coming, some here to Salem and others going elsewhere to be delivered, so as to escape the pestilential influences which seemed at work in their home locality, and yet there has been no investigation to try to discover the causes of this state of things, so as to prevent it, if possible, and it does seem to be no more than an act of simple justice and of common humanity, that the State should make some provision to endeavor to afford some degree of relief, and as much as possible, immunity from such diseases.

It is with a hope that the Legislature of Oregon may see their most important interests in their true light, that we have written the above article.

Pathes and Isms.

The successful physician of this day must be a DEDUCTIVE philosopher. The Baconian system in this respect is imperfect. Its whole circle of observation is external. But there is an internal circle composed of first truths—truths which it were madness to deny, and folly to attempt to prove—such truths as these. Matter and mind have uniform and fixed laws; qualities imply a substance. Without such principles, reason could not move a step. He who doubts the first cannot contemplate the simplest process of induction. He who doubts the second can have no knowledge of either mind or matter. Besides these principles, there rise and shine within

the soul ideas which experience could never furnish—ideas based upon the succession, relations and infinite of things—ideas necessary, absolute, eternal. There are some things we can see, others we must feel. Ideas awaken impulses. Who feels not within his brain a reed that can measure earth and heaven, mysterious feet that leap into eternity, and fiery wings that, cutting the boundaries of time, soar behind the hour that saw the earth arise, and rush exulting beyond the day that shall see the heavens rolled together as a scroll.

The Baconian philosophy, representing induction as the soul method in all branches of knowledge, banishes deduction—the physicians only method of diagnosis.

Induction ascends from particulars to universals; deduction from universals to particulars. Induction leads up fact after fact, until a general principle is established; deduction unfolds the assertions wrapped up in a general principle, and shows its various bearings. Induction discourses truth not formerly known; deduction discloses truth not formerly perceived. Induction requires caution and judgment; deduction requires logical skill. Induction is chiefly a process of investigation; deduction is throughout a process of reasoning. Induction infers; deduction proves. This being true, the felt want of this day in scientific pursuits is patient investigation.

The characteristic tendencies of the age are averse to the cultivation of the deductive intellect. Americans are eminently a practical, not a speculative people. Our prevailing tendency is manifest, not only in our philosophy, but our tastes, our habits, our pursuits. Ours is not the land of glorious epics, of metaphysical researches, of students for life. We are formed for activity, not contemplation. We are formed for activity, not contemplation. We tear up our forests before they can become classical.

Should a poetical lover choose one of our own Oregon OSIERS to immortalize its shade, his muse would hardly be invoked before the echo of the woodman's axe would frighten her away. We have our "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but our breathing is through the steam pipe, and our burning is by the furnace.

We have our wire-drawn distinctions, but they are drawn over "poles" to distinguish turnpikes.

We have our "mirabales amores," but they are all resolvable into the "sacra fames auri."

We are utilitarians, and we measure our achievements by the mason's square, and weigh our grains in the scale avordupois. We do everything in haste. Even divines and doctors, like boots and bridges, are made in a hurry.

The medical philosophy of the present is too grossly material. Either through downright indolence or actual fear, it fails to investigate. Its end is material, and it gropes its way with tired eye and bloody scalpel solely through matter, presenting facts to the senses alone, giving an interpretation of its labors that leaves us barricaded by material processes. I would not detract from the labors of the physicist, the chemist and the pathologist. The gross outward results of the sciences it has indeed recognized with precision, but it does seem to recognize that flashes of great intuitions of the mind may let us as deeply into the laws of nature as the anatomist's knife or the chemist's crucible. Unbounded faith in matter seems to have been the ever-present ghoul of the profession. Through all the miserable catalogue of isms and mechanical laws, philosophers' stones, polarities and elixirs of life down to the modern serum of drugs and panaceas, with pharmacopias, enumerative endless agents, we have been stumbling over mountains of matter, holding fast to a faith

that believes only in the most absolute of material aids. It may be true that matter is perhaps one of the grandest facts a finite intelligence can understand; but there are other existences, powers and forces of the world which it can realize with true mental precision and absolute knowledge.

The demands of the hour are a full recognition and an intelligible philosophy of the imponderable, and a more searching and reasonable interpretation of the laws and action of the vital forces. Prof. Tyndal had never submitted his "prayer gague" to an intelligent world if he had been conscious of exclusive spirit or vital force. The tendency of the philosophy of the present is toward materialism, from a want of investigation. It is much easier to recognize the changes of matter under extraneous causes than to account for the changes in the human form apart from the divine element, or the vital power also apparent in all the forms of organized matter.

All the influences that bear upon life in health and disease require their hygienic and therapeutic powers rationally accounted for. The veil of so-called phenomena must be lifted, and the absolute knowledge—the facts—laid bare. Do not despair! This consummation, so long and so devoutly looked for, will surely come. Already, through our advances in chemistry, nature is becoming a familiar laboratory; and if we look at the student of organized matter, we find its domain immensely expanded. Armed with his microscope, he appears in triumph over the beautifully exhausted and subjugated cell, whose last phase he has discovered, whose most intricate secrets of structure and combination he has told.

New impertinences, bearing the fraudulent and forged cognomen of new medical theories are numerous enough. There

is no lack of "pathys" and "isms." We are beset by legions of parasites, flaunters of hypothetical doctrines without truth—a motley progeny of that prolific old serpent who surreptitiously introduced himself into Eden, the "father of lies." Our insane asylums, our free love clubs, and a notoriously debauched morality attest the authorship of many of these monsters of night and chaos. The power of truth must prevail; and the day is not very far distant when the assiduously patient investigator will be rewarded. The comparison of the past with the present in medical knowledge already foreshadows the coming of the light that shall drive all humbugs into the chaotic night from whence they came. When six thousand years of patient, self-sacrificing labors, coming from antiquity, hoary-headed, wise according to the ancients, and having the intellect and conservative forces of the whole past to indorse it, will triumph.

Permit me, then, in passing, to mention a few of the charlatans who have secured the worship of many unthinking followers, devotees of popular fallacies, whose purses furnish the life-blood of these modern vampires. First comes the Suabian seer "Mesmer," who, building all morbid and inexplicable phenomena into a system termed animal magnetism, produced an innumerable family of hydra, who have grown more heads than the original ever dreamed of. Veritable seers sprung from intimate acquaintance and friendly footing with the land of spirits, clairvoyants whose business seems to be to pilot poor human gullability into the dismal swamp of pernicious humbugs and insane asylums. This horrid sect, blasphemous with its babbling of spirits and direct unveiling of the abysses where God's eternal secrets lie, in turn produces the especially-inspired "healing media" whose especial business is "the practice similar to that which was

prevalent in the days of miracles." This is indeed the catastrophe of sin made perfect. These humbugs claim that they can pick all God's locks, and from a lock of hair or other relic in these days of Christodora dyes and porcelain teeth, divine everybody's ills, no matter how far off they are, provided applicant encloses a magic five dollars. Such a vulgar being as a common, old-fashioned doctor, fragrant of assefetida and ether, with pill-box and scarificator in pocket, renders himself exceedingly disgusting by looking at mortal tongues, and feeling pulses, or occasionally putting his sacrilegious hands on some sinner's bowels, to say nothing of inspecting the contents of certain articles of bedroom crockery.

Such specimens are becoming frosty, worn out and old fogyish. But your long-haired, euphonesously-named "medium" condescends to no such beastialities. Sacrilegiously donning the God-mantle of him who died that all might be saved, he transacts miracles at five dollars apiece, as he would sell cheese or patent medicine.

Your thorough-going medium becomes a tub recipient of spiritual influences. The secrets of earth and heaven are laid bare for five dollars apiece. The whole host of departed mortals being his roustabouts and slaves, obeying his behests, ferreting out disease and curing at his bidding.

We had believed that the grave had rest for us all; that when the "mortal coil" was shuffled off, the Infinite thereafter claimed us by right eternal. But alas! peace no longer awaits us on the shores of Acheron. These infernal itinerent rappers, these he and she media have other work in store for us. No matter whether in heaven or hell, whether adoring or gnashing teeth, these miracle-workers have other work for us to do. Sometimes to gallop up stairs with tables on our

spiritual backs, to pass through some human alimentary canal and count its ulcers and warts, to inaugurate a game of croquet with a renal calculus, or bathe in some diseased bladder, it makes no difference to these healing media. Surely, when life's fitful dream is over, poor, sinful man, whose life is full enough of trouble, should be permitted to rest, and should not, to all eternity be subject to intrusions from every ignorant, beastly "blatherskite" of a medium, dragged, it may be, from heaven's eternal choir to rectify the intestinal obstruction of brutal sinners, imprisoned in bodies stuffed with cheap hash and strychnine whisky. The law and justice which pervade the universe seem to forbid it. That a soul, after being tortured through the hell of the finite with a cancerous stomach, should be liable to be summoned from everlasting to dose cancerous stomachs through all eternity, is indeed a revelation of the infinite torments of perdition, compared with which the bigots' common hell would be heaven, and the old-fashioned brimstone lake as sweet as a bed of roses.

Next to the spiritual doctors who have turned the hosts above and below into a college of apothecaries, and the promised land into a vast drug store of spiritual nothings, we would introduce the sage of "Miessen." He deals in almost nothing, and is nearly akin to the "media" in his medication by infinitissimals.

This mystic and dreamer at one fell blow destroyed Pandora's box, and finally, astride the truly assinine axiom that death and disease flow from but three ghastly fountains, to-wit, Syphelis, Sycosis and Psora, which last, being vulgarised means old-fashioned "itch," dilutes to nothingism the labors of man for six thousand years.

How kind and thoughtful of old Hahneman. Let the poor

sinner who is fallen and hopeless take courage anew, for behold, there is a gleam of hope for him. This itch, this source of evil, this obstinate instrument of the Scotch, has a magical specific, a "similia similibus curanter," and hell itself is full of comfort and glory, for there disease is shut out, as it is destroyed in the egg by the Hahneman specific, brimstone.

Poor Paracelsus is eclipsed. His infinite Archemedian lever of all the world's diseases, the powder of a boar's tusk taken "in flagrante delictu," is eternally shelved. "Post hoc" have become "propter hoc," and under Hahneman dictu, saffron is a specific for jaundice, because it is yellow; quaking asp for ague because the leaves flutter in the breeze, and the tea of the skin of a toad's back for small pox, because pitted. Hence "similia similibus curanter."

All his doctrine is reducible to this. Do nothing, think of nothing, believe in nothing, trust nothing, get sick on nothing, and "similia similibus curanter," take nothing, and get well on nothing. Crystallize this, and you have the Homœopathic axiom, "Nothing from nothing and nothing remains."

And what shall be said of Presnitz, the father of "water cure," the seventh son of a seventh son, and born on Christmas night? It is related of him that he was entirely innocent of the crime of any sort of knowledge, having never tasted the apples of any forbidden tree. His mission seems to have been to reveal to humanity the untold virtues of water. The old mythologies had their Neptune, their Tritons, and numerous nymphs and Naiads; but the now must have its Presnitz.

The value and importance of water needed no new evangel to sing its praises. Its real significance was long since revealed by the science which discovered that our bodies were

made principally out of water; that without it the poet could not make a song, the painter could not make a landscape, yea, the infinite could not make a world, and the "water-doctor" could not make a penny.

Lest we should be charged with unprofessional exclusiveness, we cannot refrain from noticing the Steamsonian Tom system and their advocates, who boast of their roots and herbs, and flatter their patrons with the delusive hope that under their regimen they never take anything but vegetable compounds. But the apothecary knows too well how these exclusiveists purchase the elixers of iron, antimony and bismuth, and daily administer these drugs to their patients under the euphonious cognomen of vegetable elixers; and in order that charity may cover the multitude of sins, we must concede that the Boatist does not know but that his iron is made from the Adami Poma or some other apple, while bismuth and antimony are most certainly extracted from the bark of a tree that grows east of the mountains, and mercury can only be found in the roots of the cotton plant. Herbs and roots and steam are undoubtedly good in their places, but the intelligent, conscientious physician must have a broader basis for his philosophy—his barque requires a deeper stream.

It has been reserved for modern hydropathy to assert that all diseases were to be specifically cured, and human infirmities re-adjusted by water alone; in a word that all the virtues of all medical agents and of all curative processes, reside and have their home in simple water.

The anatomist, the physiologist, the chemist and pathologist must hide their diminished heads—duck them in this cheap and universal panacea. Their discoveries, the science of the times and the known laws of the body must be drowned out in water. What an insult is this to some of the best

brains and purest hearts that have sojourned on earth! Surely it argues equally well for the ignorance of its followers, and the well-known imbecility of its originator.

Temporarily successful among the unthinking and marvel-worship of ignorance, these miserable charlatans have been succeeded by hosts of infamous panaceas. We have but to look at any newspaper to see in its advertising columns the whole category of diseases subjugated by nostrums whose names evidence the imaginative character of their villainous compounds. Men have become millionaires by swindling the public through patent medicines. Their palatial residences stand as monuments perpetuating the gullability of mankind to future ages. Every stone in them is redolent of human blood. Like the trees in Dante's hell, they are alive, with all the agonies of suffering sinners, assassinated by their filthy pollutions. They are the wigwams of a boastful civilization, made hideous to the eyes of God's angels by the scalps of murdered believers.

The God of eternal justice will surely arraign these human vultures for their crimes. Surely, this fearfully guilty quackery will be rebuked at the final judgment bar. The ghosts of their murdered victims will form a condemnatory train that even in this world the thought of should make their hyena-like blood curdle in anticipation of their future. Humiliated, sorrowful, and withal nauseated at the sickening list of man's follies, let us turn from the quackeries of earth; let us not follow this subject too far, lest we find intelligent men and women seeking relief at the hands of some poor, villainous charlatan,

"While their wasting lives grow shorter still,
As aches and pains increase."

Let us ask where is poor, fool-driven humanity to look for comfort? Staggering, bleeding, wearied and falling by the

wayside, what is the haggard victim of pain and disease to do to be saved from despair and destruction? Nobly stands the Regular Profession, the true Samaritan, the real seeker after good to the stricken and fever-parched of earth. Here there are no secret remedies; but what is known by one is published broadcast for the good of all. The true physician is the true eclectic. We exclude nothing from our *materia medica*.

"No pent-up Utiæ contracts our powers,
But the whole, the boundless universe is ours."

Our literature, our colleges and hospitals are national monuments where all may find relief from pain, and especially the poor, without money and without price.

While the imitators and self-puffed glorifiers of quackery can point to no monuments of enduring good, we are justly proud of the achievement of our art.

The voluminous reports of our national and private hospitals are scattered broadcast over the world, and the illustrious physician has but to read for each to know all that the other knows.

We have built a science of anatomy as a perfect demonstration of the most minute molecular structure of the body as a machine. Osteology, the muscles and fascia, the arteries, the veins, the lymphatics, the viscera, the brain and nervous system, with the organs of sense, regional and topographical anatomy, and microscopical investigation of tissues and organs have rendered us familiar with the structure of that being fashioned after God's own image.

The vital actions of man under the influence of innate powers have been carefully observed, and the laws of life in every organ and tissue have been deduced with positive

knowledge, constituting the science of physiology. In the dead-house, on the dissecting table, wherever opportunity has offered, we have explored the results of disease in its action on the body. The after-death appearances have been critically appreciated, and their connection with the antecedent living language of suffering, or the expression of organs in process of change and destruction, together with the alternations incompatible with life, have all been noted, tabulated, and built into the grand science of Pathology, without which no conscientious physician will dare to treat a patient.

Through long series of carefully-conducted experiments upon all agents created and within the reach of man, all articles possessed of properties capable of influencing the organization, we have discovered and enumerated a class of agents called medicines, with many of which our power over disease is absolute, and thus we have given to the world the science of *materia medica*.

By assiduous care and experiment, we have discovered the uniform chemical elements that give medical qualities to these agents, and have thus constructed a demonstrable science of therapeutics, or an account of the "modus operandi" of medical agents upon the human body.

The powers of climate or special localities have been studied, and the chemistry of diet and digestion elaborated; the influence of habit and life, the recognition of injurious agents, have all been systematized into perfect details, constituting the science of hygiene. When we perform a surgical operation we know with absolute certainty just what fibers are subject to the knife, and an absolute certainty makes the scientific cutting a noble act that the quack recoils from.

BOOK NOTICES.

THEORY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

We have received from the publisher, James Campbell, of Boston, a work entitled Theory of Medical Science, by William R. Dunham, M. D. In the first chapter, which is devoted to science, he makes a very proper and pertinent appeal to the profession, and one which, with a feeling of shame, we are constrained to admit is to a greater or less extent necessary, viz., that they should not be trammelled by too great a regard for preconceived notions, yet on the other hand we should not, without being able to offer something more rational and better, something that more accords with established facts pretend to advance a new theory, and as seems to be the idea of the author, make confusion worse confounded, nor yet should we be so enraptured with a theory that we would exclaim with the Frenchman when told that his theory did not correspond with the facts, he exclaimed that it was so much the worse for the facts.

In looking over the entire book, we fail to find any new fundamental principle expounded, and yet, in justice to the author, we are bound to say that his manner of explaining the theory of vital force or vitality is good. The fundamental principles of it, however, are such as we have ever understood them to be. The application of the theory of vital force or vitality to disease is good, and is well worthy of the attention of physicians. Dr. Dunham takes considerable exception to the terms "active principle" or "inherent active property or power" or "action of medicines."

The tyro in medicine, if he has a particle of common sense, does not suppose that medicines are able to exhibit any power or activity whatever of themselves, and it is only when brought into contact with living structures that we have any manifestation of their medicinal properties whatever, and while the doctor's theory is unquestionably true, we cannot see that there is anything gained by changing the ordinary expressions used in connection with the administration of medicines.

On the whole, in reading the book, we have been profited, but do not think that it will work that great revolution in medical science which the author seems to hope. S.

THE curious in surgical experiments and facts will be highly pleased in reading the Monograph of Prof. J. H. Pooley, of the Starling Medical College, on Gartrotomy and Gartrostomy. It is well written, shows a careful research for reliable statistics, and is in every respect a desirable production. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CASTOR OIL.—This nauseous drug can be easily taken, when administered in the following way: The glass should be first rinsed with moderately hot water, and then two drachms of hot water, one ounce of castor oil and one drachm of peppermint water, put in the order mentioned. This is easily swallowed, and leaves hardly any taste of oil in the mouth.—Lancet.

MORPHIA IN SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Dillard recommends subcutaneous injections of morphia in the epigastric region for this affection. He used the remedy in two cases, and in both

the distressing nausea and other symptoms were relieved in about fifteen minutes, and did not recur. The dose used was five minims of Magendie's solution.

POISONED MEAT.—Prof. Bouchardat, of Paris, recently analyzed the yellow coloring of the cover of a ham, imported from Cincinnati, and found it composed of chromate of lead, a deadly poison.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A case of rabies is reported by the Veterinary Journal (July), cured by the hypodermic injection of "less than half a grain of the woorara."

BUTTON THROWN UP.—Dr. Roth related at the Medical Society of Strasburg, the case of a child, three years old, who vomited a button two years after it had been swallowed.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Another death from chloroform is reported. The occasion was the removal of a fibrous tumor from the palate of a robust and healthy man, aged 45 years, a patient of St. Mary's hospital, London. The patient refused to submit to the operation without an anæsthetic, and before he was fully under the influence of chloroform death took place.

ACUTE RHEUMATISM TREATED BY SALICYLIC ACID.—Dr. Stricker (Berlin Klin. Woch.—British Medical Journal, May 6, 1876), sums up the results obtained in treating fourteen cases of acute rheumatism by salicylic acid, as follows:

1. Salicylic acid appears to be a rapid and radical remedy in acute articular rheumatism.
2. It can be administered in hourly doses of seven and one-half to fifteen grains, without injury to the human system.
3. It can be given in this way for a longer time to young and vigorous subjects than to the old and feeble.

4. In the latter toxic symptoms appear sooner than in the former.

5. The toxic symptoms are of various degrees.

6. The most usual are noises in the ears, difficulty of hearing, and perspiration. When these appear, the continued use of the medicine is contra-indicated.

7. If the salicylic acid acts thoroughly in the manner expected of it, there should be, during the treatment of articular rheumatism by a certain quantity given internally, no return of the disease in a hitherto unaffected joint, nor any secondary inflammation of the endo-cardium or other serous membranes.

8. In order to prevent a relapse it is necessary to continue the use of the salicylic acid in small doses for some days after the end of the principal treatment.

9. Salicylic acid is of doubtful use in chronic articular rheumatism.

10. It is not likely to be useful in gonorrhœal and dysenteric rheumatisms, or in sepæmico inflammation of the joints.

SALICYLIC ACID AS AN ANTISEPTIC.—C. E. Buss (Deut. Arch. fur klin. Med.—London Medical Record, May 15, 1876) gives as results of his observations, the following:

1. In its action as an antipyretic in the treatment of wounds as well as in its action on the human organism, salicylic acid shows a very remarkable agreement with quinine.
2. No other unpleasant consequences are found to attend the use of salicylic acid than those which follow the administration of quinine.
3. No irritating influence of any importance is exercised on the mucous membrane of the mouth, stomach or bladder.

4. In healthy individuals large doses (45 to 60 grains) first produce a stage of congestion, with a feeling of warmth and perspiration over the whole skin, and impaired hearing and vision. This lasts about a quarter of an hour, and is followed if the dose be sufficient, in about two hours by tinnitus aurium, which also disappears in about two hours.

5. Febrile patients, to whom larger doses have been given, show the above-mentioned symptoms. There is a total absence of any other influence, especially narcotic, on central organs, even with large doses. There is a remarkable reduction of temperature, and of the frequency of the pulse. Twice as much salicylic acid as quinine is required to produce this lowering of the temperature. With such doses the antipyretic effect of salicylic acid is at least as certain as that of quinine. The greatest antipyretic effect is obtained as the result of two large doses given in twenty-four hours—morning and evening.

6. Salicylic acid can be easily detected in the urine a short time after it has been taken, but most abundantly after the end of thirty-six hours. Iron salts produce a dark violet color.

7. Salicylic acid can also, after its administration, be detected in the sweat, saliva and sputa, by the same re-agent.

8. The quantity required being considered, salicylic acid is five times as cheap as quinine. Buss gives salicylic acid in doses of thirty grains, with fifteen grains of sugar. The latter assists the suspension of the acid in water, and renders the taste more pleasant. It may also be given in water. Dr. Jahn (Der Feldarzt) obtained very similar results from his personal experience.

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- C. H. HALL, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Medicine.
- J. W. MCAFEE, M. D., Prof. of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.
- L. L. ROWLAND, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Microscopy.
- D. M. JONES, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
- A. SHARPLES, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
- O. D. DOANE, M. D. Prof. of Chemistry and Toxicology.
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