

Number two now comes into the chair, and is treated by suggestion, and so on, till all the patients have been so treated. This is the daily routine. No medicine is given. The powerful nerve influences of the body are *via* the subjective mind concentrated on the recovery of the diseased part with success.

The types of cases deriving benefit are all those where nerve influence can cure or ameliorate, but of course Dr. Liebalt does not attempt to cure cases requiring surgical operation or acute diseases, etc., these are delegated to the appropriated Departments.

Thus the same results are got in a coldly scientific matter of fact way, as those where the operator lacks medical knowledge and is therefore dangerous, and whose results may be disastrous and who gets the necessary atmosphere for his seance *i. e.*, for powerfully impressing the subjective mind and making it in a receptive state for suggestion by invoking religious ecstasy and even latterly by using the Church of England itself, with slow music and with church dignatories themselves lending their aid and giving their blessing and making a religious service of it.

Egoism is a human failing: it is crystallising in those whose subjective minds are too much called into play and where the normal mental balance is getting upset and it is crystallised in those whose subjective minds have become uppermost and who say I am God, or I am the King, lunatic asylums are full of such.

A TRUE JUNGLE STORY

BY EUREKIA.

THIS story though not dealing with nursing matters, will give the reader an insight into the excitement that must follow when he or she is after big game. I have myself joined a party after tiger and I can assure you to make oneself keep still, and not speak, whilst perched upon a machan some 20 to 25 feet high, straining the eye to see what is arriving at the slightest movement of branch or leaf must be experienced to be realised. Generally moonlight night is chosen with a "kill" either a goat, or buffalo calf beneath the tree and if it is a cold night, like the one I experienced one is half frozen.

The Story.—"Huzoor aph-ni machan bandeitho sarak paar the juroor maar khoungi (if you honour ties his machan on the roadside, he is bound to get it). These are the words with which Bhaia Lal, our trusted shikari, greeted us one afternoon in February.

He had been out for days, following up the pug marks of a tiger which had been doing a great deal of damage in the neighbourhood of Chanda, a quiet town in the Central Provinces. The result of his investigations was the advice he gave us.

This tiger had a legend attached to it. Some 30 years previously a hermit "Papa Mia" lived in the jungle. He is supposed to have been a

saint. None of the wild animals would harm him. One evening a stranger asked him for shelter for the night. "Papa Mia" knowing his immunity from the teeth and claws of the animals bade the stranger sleep inside, while he laid down outside. About midnight a tiger passing by, scented the stranger, and mistaking the holy man for him, killed him. The saint is supposed to have forgiven the tiger with his last breath. Overcome by sorrow at its act, the tiger is said to have died of a broken heart. The next morning passers by saw the bodies of the victim and slayer side by side. From that time, the spirit of the saint is said to live in the body of the largest tiger in the vicinity. We arrived at the scene of action by 5 p.m. Preparations had already been made for tying the "machan" so, after settling the quilts to our satisfaction we took up our positions just as the sun sank behind the sea of tree tops.

As it began to grow dark, we heard the "Sawing" of a panther in the jungle to our right. We failed to see it however, as the bushes were too thick. It could not have been more than fifty feet from us.

Traffic in these parts stopped at sunset, thanks to the depredations of "Stripes". No crawling string of carts loomed up to lessen the monotony of our wait. To appreciate the mellow sound of the bells attached round a bullock's neck one must hear it in the silence of a forest when one is waiting for the lord of the jungle to put in an appearance.

Just as the moon cleared the tree tops, we had the satisfaction of hearing the tiger given vent to a roar. Three times did he roar, his warning that he was out to kill. Each time the very air vibrated. No wonder the animals stampede when they hear him at close quarters.

About half-past ten we heard a tremendous crackling in the bushes to our left, and a herd of seven sambhar came out, and made in the direction of their favourite grazing ground. My fingers itched to fire at the stag. He was a beauty. His horns could not have been very much under "Royal" measurements.

But we were out after tiger, so had to lose the sambhar.

As the last of the sambhar disappeared, silence almost tangible fell on the scene. By this time, the dew gathered in sufficient quantities to form drops, and these could be heard distinctly as they fell from the leaves to the ground below.

At midnight I suggested that we should take it in turns to sleep. We "tossed". I lost, and my friend turned in glad of the opportunity to get under the blanket. I now realised how lonely it was. Noises in the bushes appeared magnified ten times. Objects that had previously been stationary began to move. At least five times I was on the point of awaking my companion, but each time discovered the cause of my nervousness was only a rock, or a stump of a tree.

At 4 a.m. I roused my friend as I was feeling drowsy and cold. We held a whispering conversation for a couple of minutes, when the stillness was shattered by the barking bell of a sambhar in the direction of the river. The third time it voiced its alarm, we heard the angry roar of "Stripes".

After roaring, the tiger must have laid up hidden by a game track, waiting for some animal to return after having a drink. It must have been pretty savage to be discovered after waiting the whole night, just when a meal seemed within reach. We could hear the sambhar crashing through the bushes. Perhaps the tiger was after him.

We decided that our luck was out, and that our night had been spent in vain. I got under a blanket and was just dozing when "BANG" went my friend's rifle close to my ear. Simultaneously to the report I heard a tremendous growling and crunching of twigs in the under growth near the path. My friend had hit the tiger. The animal had crept round the bend and stood like a statue. He had hit it behind the right shoulder. On being hit the animal had somersaulted into the bushes. I fired in the direction of the sound, but did not hit it. We could hear it growling and roaring but did not get down as it would not have been safe to do so, besides being still rather dark.

From down the road Bhia Lal shouted to know if the tiger was killed, we told him to stop where he was as the animal was only wounded, and advised him to hold up all traffic until the sun rose.

We shook hands and congratulated ourselves on bagging "Papa Mia". Little did we know the experience that awaited us. As the sun rose, we left our machan and proceeded to the spot where he had heard the tiger. Of course our triggers were cocked. Clots and small pools of blood told us that the animal had been hard hit and saplings had been bitter through.

The shooting cart rolled into sight as our inspection was over, and soon we were rumbling on our way homewards. We had left a couple of men behind to inform the wood-cutters that a wounded tiger was in the jungle.

As soon as we got home, we sent a runner off to collect cattle, as there is no safer method of following up a wounded tiger than with cattle. These form a circle round the wounded animal, with heads down and will not let it move. If it but shifts they gore it to death. All the hunter has to do is to fire at it from over their backs.

Before noon we were back at the spot where we had last heard the tiger. We had about 50 heads of cattle with us. They soon picked the trail, and followed it through the thorns. We had expected to find the tiger near the spot where we had last heard it, but great was our surprise to find that it had got away, leaving only a blood trail behind.

For fully 4 hours we traversed the jungle, without success. The thorny creepers played havoc with us. By the time we finished we were like pin cushions with the thorns. About 5 the old "Gowli" or milkman came running up with the news that he had heard it growling in the "Chandan Bhagiture" (sandalwood plantations). We ran to the spot and sure enough we heard it, but the bushes were so thick that one could not see more than a couple of feet.

My friend suggested that I should climb a dry stump in the hope of being able to see over the bushes. I did so, and had barely got to a man's

height off the ground when I was handed my gun and informed that the others were going to climb a tree not far off. I was in a pretty pickle. Thorns had me by the left ear and right shoulder. There was no place to put my legs. Each movement made the tree shake as though it would fall.

All this time the tiger kept on growling. What prevented it from charging us is more than I can say. It was within ten feet of our position on the ground. We could not see it, but could hear it distinctly.

A couple of the men had gone round by way of the Nullah to the road. Two of them had seen the tiger, and started throwing stones at it. One of the stones hit the animal on the ear, it roared and made for the thrower, but its wound had begun to tell, it seemed to have gone mad with rage and pain, for giving vent to a roar that made things shake, it charged instead a tree from which the sound of a shot had come.

It kept us treed up for 15 long minutes, then made for the stream. As soon as it had crossed the Nullah, we were down and after it as fast as our legs would carry us and we had the satisfaction of getting it, and a real beauty it was. Properly mounted it now graces my friend's hall.

A TREATISE ON HYGIENE AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

By B. N. GOSH AND J. L. DAS.

Green Vegetables.

THESE have a very low nutritive value and are used not so much for their nutritive principles, as on account of the important alkaline salts which they contain. Most of the salts are eliminated as carbonate and may with advantage be used by persons with a tendency to gravel. Some give an agreeable flavour to the food and help digestion, and are useful as condiments. Besides, their antiscorbutic properties are valuable, and they are therefore always essential in a dietary. They form an agreeable diversity of our food and give relish to other foods. Green vegetables consist of leaves, buds, young shoots, leaf stalks, and often the entire plant. These contain a large amount of water (about 90 per cent.) and the nitrogenous material is very small (from 1 to 4 per cent.) and of this again about half only consists of protein. The deficiency of fat is often made up by cooking them in oil or ghee, and thus prepared they act as valuable vehicles for carrying fat into the system. Green vegetables are rich in cellulose which offers a resistance to the action of digestive juices, but the indigestible residue in the intestines acts as a "ballast" and stimulates the intestinal action; consequently they are of great value in cases of chronic constipation. Vegetables should have the stalks and midribs removed before being prepared for food, and the cooking should be thoroughly performed to separate the fibres. It should be noted that the real nutritive value of fresh vegetables, which is very low to start with, becomes still less by cooking, and a large part of the remnant which reaches the intestines escapes absorption.