

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Tad's Visit to the Quangle Wangle.

On the top of the Crumpey Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat;
But his face you could not see
On account of his heavy hat;
For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and buttons on every side,
And bells and buttons, and hoops and lace,
So that nobody could ever see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

This is what sailor Ben sang to Tad Heber, a brown-eyed 6 year-old, who was trying to help mend the net, and begging for sons and stories.

Old ocean was calm, the afternoon was warm, mamma Heber, with the other ladies at the hotel, was fast asleep.

Tad forgot that he wanted to keep his pretty white linen suit nice until papa came home on the four o'clock train from the city.

Tad played in the shining sand, tumbled his yellow curls, then lay down on the beach to listen to Ben's song of the Quangle Wangle's Hat.

"Was there ever such a Hat, Ben?" inquired Tad.

"I dunno. The song says so," and he droned on, in a low voice:

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself, on the Crumpey Tree:
"Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best food for me.
But the longer I live in this Crumpey Tree,
The plainer than ever it seems to me,
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay."

"Jam and jelly and bread ought to be company for the Quangle Wangle. I know it would be for me," said Tad.

"Well the next verse will tell about his visitors."

But there came to the Crumpey Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said: "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest by your lovely hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle grant us that,
O please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best."
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee.

"Now listen, Tad—"

And, besides, to the Crumpey Tree,
Came the Stork, the Duck and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl,
And all of them said: "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely hat,
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that."

"The little chap's asleep," said Ben, as he stopped to brush away an inquisitive wasp from Tad's nose, then he sang the little boy's favorite "valse," as he called it—

And the golden Grouse came there,
And the Peewee, who has no toes,
And the small Olympian Bear,
And the Dong with the luminous nose,
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient calf from the land of the Tute,
And the Attery Squash and the Binky Bat—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Just then a queer thing happened, the net slipped from Ben's hands, his mouth flew open, and he too was asleep. When papa Heber came he found them so.

"Wake up, lazy Taddy," called Mr. Heber, and the little fellow rubbed his eyes and said:

"Oh, please don't scare away the Fimble Fowl and Attery Squash."

"Why, my son, you are dreaming."

"No, papa; I have been to see the Quangle Wangle, and they all danced by the light of the mulberry moon, to the flute of the Blue Baboon."

"It was only a dream, Tad," said papa Heber, as he brushed the sand from the yellow curls.

"I saw them just as plain," said Tad, half ying.

"By this time Ben was aroused."

"I think the little chap was only half asleep, while I was singing to him, and he partly heard and dreamed those unreasonable things."

Mamma listened to Tad's story, then gave him a bath and nice supper of bread, fruit and milk.

Papa and Aunt Flossie, a mischief-loving young lady, teased him about the "People who had no toes," and the Fimble Fowl, but Tad was firm in his belief that he had been to see the Quangle Wangle.

Sailor Ben and Tad often went fishing, boating and bathing in company, but the little boy never again saw the Quangle Wangle, or the queer creatures dance by the light of the mulberry moon, to the flute of the Blue Baboon, on the broad green leaves of the Crumpey tree.

Bad Air.

When a person has remained for an hour or more in a crowded and poorly ventilated room or railroad car, the system is already contaminated to greater or less extent by breathing air, vitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bodies and clothing of the occupants. The immediate effect of these poisons is to debilitate, to lower vitality, and to impair the natural power of the system to resist disease. Hence it is that persons who are attacked by inflammatory diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, can generally trace the beginning of the disease to a chill felt on coming out of a crowded room into the cold or damp air, wearing perhaps thin shoes and insufficient clothing. If these facts were generally understood and acted upon, thousands of lives might be saved every year.

It is a well known fact that men who "camp out," sleeping on the ground at all seasons of the year, seldom have pneumonia, and that rheumatism, with them, comes as a rule, only from unwarrantable imprudence.

There are two facts that should be learned by every person capable of appreciating them, and they should never be lost sight of for a moment. One is that exhalations from the lungs—the breath—is a deadly poison, containing the products of combustion in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if a person were compelled to inhale it unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it would prove as destructive to life as the fumes of charcoal. This is an enemy that is always present, in force, in assemblies of people, and only a constant and free infusion of fresh air prevents it from doing mischief that would be immediately apparent.

The other fact is that pure air is the antidote to this poison. The oxygen of the air is the greatest of all purifiers. Rapid streams of water that pass through large cities, receiving the sewage, become pure again through the action of the air after running a few miles. Air is the best of all "blood purifiers." Combined with vigorous exercise to make it effective, it will cure any curable case of consumption.

A Romance of Los Angeles.

The December Century contains the following romance: "Of all Don Antonio's graphic narratives of the olden times, none is more interesting than those which describe his adventures during the days of this contest. One of the first approaches made by the Americans to Los Angeles, he went out with his little haphazard company of men and boys to meet them. He had but one cannon, a small one, tied by ropes on a cart axle. He had but one small keg of powder that was good for anything; all the rest was bad, would merely go off 'pouf, pouf,' the senora said, and the ball would pop down near the mouth of the cannon. With this bad powder he fired his first shots. The Americans laughed; this is child's play, they said, and pushed on closer. Then came a good shot, with the good powder, tearing into their ranks and knocking them right and left; another and another. Then the Americans began to think. These are 'pouf balls,' and when a few more were killed they ran away and left their flag behind them. And if they had only known it, the Californians had only one more charge left of the good powder, and the next minute it would have been the Californians that would have had to run away themselves, merrily laughed the senora as she told the tale.

"This captured flag, with important papers, were intrusted to Don Antonio to carry to the Mexican headquarters at Sonora. He set off with an escort of soldiers, his horse decked with silver trappings, his sword, pistols—all of the finest; a proud beginning of a journey destined to end in a different fashion. It was in winter time; cold rains were falling; by night he was drenched to the skin, and stopped at a friendly Indian's tent to change his clothes. Hardly had he got them off when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. The Indian flung himself down, put his ear to the ground and exclaimed, 'Americanos! Americanos!' Almost in the same second they were at the tent's door. As they halted, Don Antonio, clad only in his drawers and stockings, crawled out of the back of the tent, and creeping on all fours reached a tree up which he climbed, and sat safe hidden in the darkness among its branches listening, while his pursuers cross-questioned the Indian, and at last rode away with his horse. Luckily, he had carried into the tent the precious papers and the captured flag; these he entrusted to an Indian to take to Sonora, it being evidently of no use for him to try to cross the country thus closely pursued by his enemies.

"All night he lay hidden; the next day he walked twelve miles across the mountains to an Indian village where he hoped to get a horse. It was dark when he reached it. Cautiously he opened the door of the hut of one whom he knew well. The Indian was preparing poisoned arrows; fixing one on the string and aiming at the door he called out, angrily:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Antonio."

"Don't make a sound," whispered the Indian, throwing down his arrow, springing to the door, coming out and closing it softly. He then proceeded to tell him that the Americans had offered a reward for his head, and that some of the Indians in the rancharia were ready to betray or kill him. While they were yet talking, again came the sound of the Americans' horses' hoofs galloping in the distance. This time there seemed no escape. Suddenly Don Antonio, throwing himself on his stomach, wriggled into a cactus patch near by. Only one who has seen California cactus thickets can realize the desperateness of this act. But it succeeded. The Indian threw over the cactus plants an old blanket and some refuse stalks and reeds; and there once more, within hearing of all his baffled pursuers said, the hunted man lay, safe, thanks to Indian friendship. The crafty Indian assented to all the Americans proposed, said that Don Antonio would be sure to be caught in a few days, advised them to search in a certain rancharia which he described, a few miles off, and in an opposite direction from the way in which he intended to guide Don Antonio. As soon as the Americans had gone, he bound up Antonio's feet in strips of rawhide, gave him a blanket and an old tattered hat, the best his stores afforded, and then led him by a long and difficult trail to a spot high up in the mountains where the old women of the band were gathering acorns. By the time they reached this place, blood was trickling from Antonio's feet and legs, and he was well-nigh fainting with fatigue and excitement. Tears rolled down the old women's cheeks when they saw him. Some of them had been servants in his father's house, and loved him. One brought gruel; another bathed his feet, others ran in search of healing leaves of different sorts. Bruising these in a stone mortar, they rubbed him from head to foot with the wet fibre. All his pain and weariness vanished as if by magic. His wounds healed, and in a day he was ready to set off for home. There was but one pony in the old women's camp. This was old, vicious, blind in one eye, and with one ear cropped short; but it looked to Don Antonio far more beautiful than the gray steed on which he had ridden away from Los Angeles three days before. There was one pair of ragged shoes of enormous size among the old women's possessions. These were strapped on his feet by leathern thongs, and a bit of old sheepskin was tied around the pony's body. Thus accoutered and mounted, shivering in his drawers under his single blanket, the captain and flag-bearer turned his face homeward. At the first friend's house he reached he stopped and begged for food. Some dried meat was given to him, and a stool on the porch offered to him. It was the house of a dear friend, and the friend's sister was his sweetheart. As he sat there eating his meat the women eyed him curiously. One said to the other, 'How much he looks like Antonio!'

"At last the sweetheart, coming nearer, asked him if he were any relation to Don Antonio.

"No," he said.

"Just at this moment his friend rode up, gave one glance at the pitiful beggar sitting on his porch, shouted his name, dashed toward him, and seized him in his arms. Then there was great laughing and half weeping, for it had been rumored that he had been taken prisoner by the Americans.

"From this friend he received a welcome gift of a pair of trousers, many inches too short for his legs. At the next house his friend was as much too tall, and his second pair of gift trousers had to be rolled up in thick folds around his ankles.

"Finally, he reached Los Angeles in safety. Halting in a grove outside the town, he waited till twilight before entering. Having disguised himself in the rags which he had worn from the Indian village, he rode boldly up to the porch of his father's house, and in an impudent tone called for brandy. The terrified women began to scream; but his youngest sister, fixing one piercing glance on his face, laughed out gladly, and cried:

"You can't fool me; you are our Antonio."

TOLOACHI.

A Mexican Poison Which Produces Insanity.

Speaking of paupers recalls a sad case, that of an old man—known only as Antonio—who long haunted the house which for several months had been my home in Saltillo. Though filthy beyond description, bare footed, bare-headed, and clad in scanty rags that left breast and limbs uncovered, he had a refined, even courtly manner, all the grace of politeness which is the heritage of his race, and a handsome face which showed occasional gleams of intelligence. He was a harmless lunatic, his mania being to collect bits of rags and papers, and hoarding them like so many diamonds in a great bundle, which he always carried in his arms. Occasionally we found this singular mendicant writing in a fine, beautiful hand, or humming sketches of Spanish and Italian operas, and when suddenly aroused from slumber he imagined himself in far-away places, developing an intimate knowledge of distant cities which could only have come from actual residence. His faithful dog (what beggar was ever without one)—with more of reasoning power than his master, never left his side for a moment, sleeping in his arms upon the precious bundle at night, guarding him with vicious snarl and snarl by day. When the sun shone both were happy, and spent the long days in the sunny court among the flowers which the old man loved, and were fed by the kindhearted folk of the case. One chilly morning, after a long, cold rain, Antonio failed to make his appearance at the usual breakfast hour. Later in the day the children discovered him—his poor, gray head thrown backward among the flowers, the pitiful bundle still clasped in his stiffened arms—stone dead!

Soon afterward, somebody going to one of the remote cities of which the strange old wanderer had often babbled, took the trouble to trace his history. He was of good family—his surname being one well known in the republic—college-bred, and with plenty of money in his youth. Years ago some enemy [it was never discovered who, or for what cause] gave him some of the poison toloachi, the effect of which is worse than death, entire and incurable loss of reason. This poisonous weed grows everywhere in Mexico, but more thrifty in the tropical region of the *tierra calienta*. It is a harmless-looking plant, precisely like the milk-weed of the north, and all too dangerously convenient in a land where suspicion rules and jealousy amounts to madness. A few drops of the tasteless white juice of the toloachi, mixed with milk or other food, does its diabolical work with inexorable certainty and can not be detected except in its effects. It does not kill, but acts immediately upon the brain, producing first violent madness and then hopeless idocy. It is whispered that poor Carlotta had hardly landed at Vera Cruz on her sorrowful mission to this country, before some of it was administered to her, and her deplorable fate is cited as one among many similar instances. Of all the dangers in Mexico this is one of the most appalling. Any political enemy, jealous rival, or offended servant, may thus revenge himself in a more fiendish manner than with the stiletto, and without fear of detection.

The Walled Lake.

John Gregg, a commercial traveller, thus describes to the *New York Sun* a prehistoric reservoir:—"I've seen a good many wonderful things in my travels, but the Walled Lake of Iowa rather lays over everything that I ever saw. Just imagine a body of water, covering nearly 9,000 acres, with a wall built up all around it, not a stone in which can be less than 100 pounds in weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and there's not a stone to be found within ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high, about fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and perhaps five on top. The country is prairie land for miles round, except a belt of heavy timber that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted there. They are very large. The belt is probably half a mile wide. The water in the lake is twenty-five feet deep, as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. What I would like to know is, who built that wall, and how did they hold the water back while they were building it? And how did they cart those immense stones for ten miles? If you ever go to Iowa don't fail to visit the Walled Lake. You'll find it in Wright county, 160 miles from Dubuque. The cars will take you almost to it."

A Thoughtful Husband.

A Detroit lady, who is subject to heart disease, took tea last Sunday with a neighbor, and while sitting at table her husband rushed in without a hat and in his shirt sleeves.

"Be calm!" he exclaimed hurriedly to his wife; "don't excite yourself; you know you can't stand excitement, and it might be worse."

"Good heavens!" cried the wife: "the children!"

"They're all right! Now, Mary, don't get excited. Keep calm and cool—it can't be helped now; we must bear these visitations of providence with philosophy!"

"Then it's mother," gasped the wife.

"Your mother's safe; get on your things, but don't hurry or worry. It's too late to be of any use, but I'll fly back and see what I can do. I only came to tell you not to get excited."

"For mercy's sake!" implored the almost fainting woman, "tell me the worst."

"Well, if you will have it, the consequence be on your own head, Mary, I've tried to prepare you, and you will know—don't excite yourself—try and survive—but our chimney's on fire, and the whole department and all the neighbors are in our front yard!"

She survived.

Croup.

Croup is a congestion of blood in the arteries of the windpipe congested to such an extent that the more watery portions of the blood exude and spread and thicken, until the windpipe is so nearly closed that breathing is difficult, and as the filling up increases and the breathing becomes more labored a kind of spasmodic contraction of the top of the windpipe takes place, and the child is dead.

Croup is the result of cold, especially as connected with damp clothing or wet stockings. No mother should ever put her child under seven years, to bed without feeling the feet, and if they are not warm by all means warm them, as it may end in croup before morning.

Being out of doors after sundown from November to May is a very frequent cause of croup in small children; in playing about their feet are apt to get wet, or they get over-excited in their little play, are overheated, and are very much inclined to stand in the wind, or at a corner on damp ground, or sit on a cold stone.

Croup usually comes on with a slight increase in the frequency of breathing, about sundown or bedtime. The next morning it seems to better, and the mother is hopeful; but at night it is worse, and the third night or sooner it is the regular croup; the child is restless, uneasy, it breathes hard and fast—the chest heaves, there is a kind of wheezing, barking, suppressed cough, which does not seem to relieve.

If mothers would apply remedies the first night, croup is as easily cured as a common cold, when taken in time. The instant croupy threatenings are observed the child should be kept indoors; should eat very light food indeed, and not much of that, until the symptoms have abated. Hydropathists invest the throat immediately with cloths wet with water, very cold, ice-cold if possible, but not so as to dribble about; the wet cloth should be covered with a dry flannel one. These cloths should be renewed every two or ten minutes, according to the violence of the symptoms, to be continued, by all means, until the breathing is comfortably easy.

If there is not much fever, or if the skin is dry, put the child into a tepid bath of seventy five degrees, and then well wrap up in a blanket until perspiration takes place. But if there is much fever and a hot skin, use the wet pack sheet and renew until the fever abates. The bowels should be emptied at once with a warm water enema. By all possible means keep the feet and hands warm. If there is no expectation, and the child seems to be almost suffocating, give warm water copiously, until the use of a feather to tickle the throat induces vomiting. It is sometimes wonderful to see the good effects of this warm water vomiting in cases of croup in children.

Some physicians consider nauseating remedies indispensable. Mix half a teaspoon each of powdered alum and ipecac in half a glass of tepid water, and give it as quickly as possible. If it does not cause the child to vomit in ten minutes repeat the dose, with a teaspoon of warm water every five minutes, until a feather or the finger in the throat produces vomiting.—*Dr. Hall's Health at Home.*

Colds.

The most prevalent of all ailments are colds, affecting various parts of the body; they have all seasons for their own, and are the beginnings of more diseases than all other causes combined.

It becomes, then, a matter of the first importance to know how to avoid colds, and how to get rid of them speedily when they attack us.

The most frequent cause of colds is wet feet, or feet that remain for a long time damp and chilled from wearing too thin stockings and shoes. It is probable that half of the diseases peculiar to women are induced in that way. It is not the wetting of the feet that gives colds, but the gradual evaporation of the moisture, which carries of the natural warmth of the body, thus causing the blood to be chilled. The effect of chill is to close the pores of the skin, so that the waste particles of matter cannot escape from the body in this direction but are thrown back and thus poison the blood.

When it is not possible to take off the shoes and stockings, and dry and warm the feet promptly after getting them wet, it is better to let them remain wet until we can attend to them properly. To dry them in the sun or before a fire, without taking off shoes and stockings and substituting dry ones, is extremely hazardous. There is but little danger of taking cold after wetting the feet if we walk rapidly enough to keep up the natural temperature of the body, and keep on walking until we reach some place where we can take off shoes and stockings and thoroughly dry them or change them for dry ones. A cold is less likely to result from a thorough drenching of the whole body than from wetting the feet alone.

People seldom take cold when they are exposed to sudden lowering of the temperature of the air while they are out of doors; they may have their hands and feet frost bitten, and become almost unconscious from freezing, and yet escape the dangers of an ordinary cold.

A cold in the head may frequently be cut short if treated at once, by snuffing up the nose the fumes of spirits of camphor, ammonia or bay rum. This remedy must be applied every few minutes to be effective. In the meantime the patient should remain in a warm room, and avoid draughts of air. If the cold is not cured in twenty-four hours, it will continue ten or twelve days in spite of treatment, or if neglected its effects may last a lifetime. Colds result in serious and fatal diseases only when neglected. We have so often given directions for treating neglected colds that it is hardly worth while to repeat them here. Remain in the house, and if necessary in bed, until the cold has disappeared, and then venture out cautiously at first, as the system is sensitive to fresh attacks for several days after recovery.—*Journal of Health.*

God compels us to learn many bitter lessons, that, by knowing and suffering, we may also know the eternal salvation.

Religion stands like two pillars, namely: What Christ did for us in His flesh, and what He performs in us by His Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate the two.

NONSENSE.

An advertiser of very cheap shoes recently blurted out the real truth in mistake—thus: "N.B. Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

Aunt—"Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation,—"Pa never lows me to talk at dinner."

New Haven has a law in force giving one dollar for an unmuzzled dog at the pound. A boy has eleven puppies raised for the purpose, all ready to be realized on, and several propose to engage in the business.

"Were you in the late war?" asked a veteran of a badly demoralized citizen, who came hobbling down the street on a crutch, "I don't know how late you mean," was the sad reply. "She gave me this one last evening before tea."

A man returned to his home after an absence of two weeks. His eight-year-old son loudly welcomed him. "Is everybody well, Jimmie?" the father asked. "The welliest kind," the boy replied. "And nothing has happened?" "Nothing at all. I've been good. Jennie's all right, and I never saw ma behave as well as she has this time."

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break. "Oh, dad's gone up to lick the editor." "Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan. "Pieces of him have," explained the boy, indulging in a fresh outburst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."

"Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school; "and how are you this morning?" "We haven't told you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me?" exclaimed the physician. "And why not?" "Cause papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come in and ask us how we were."

"Oh, pa, there is an awful fight around the corner!" "Yes?" said pa, indifferently. "And one man has chewed the other's ear off." "Yes?" "And the other man has shot off his pistol and killed a baby!" "Poor baby," yawned pa. "Ain't you going round there?" "Presently," replied pa. "In a short time everything became quiet, and pa rushed frantically around the corner and arrested an old woman for selling matches without a license. Pa was a policeman."

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found \$9,000 short. The fact stared him in the face as he sat amidst the Board of Directors. "Now then," said the President, "I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement?" "I do." "And how did you use the money?" "In speculating." "In what?" "Well, I was a bull in railroad stocks; but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything." "Why—how?" "Well, while I was using \$9,000 of the bank's money to buy the stocks, the cashier was putting up \$20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all."

A Beautiful Cemetery.

Adjacent to busy Utica, in New York State, lies quiet Forest Hill, a city of the dead, grand in its magnificent views, endearing through the memories of those who have there found their last earthly resting place, and beautiful in the wealth of monumental structures which have been erected by bereaved friends over their departed loved ones. No prettier spot could have been selected, looking down as it does, from its elevation, amid rustling trees, green sward, and fragrant flowers, upon the hurrying throngs of humanity, as if to check them in their headlong career, and remind them of that time when they too must be numbered as among its silent occupants. Everything about the grounds is tasteful, new improvements being added every year in the way of walks, drives, trees, etc., and all are kept in the most perfect order, under the supervision of the efficient and gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. Roderick Campbell, whose careful oversight has made it truly a paradise. Prominent features of the cemetery are a chapel wherein divine services may be held previous to interment, and also a conservatory, abounding in a wealth of rare plants, flowers, etc. All these attractions combine to render the place one of favorite resort on Sundays and holidays. As an evidence of the appreciation in which Mr. Campbell is held it is only necessary to say that, when some time ago, and while in the discharge of his official duties, he fell from a carriage, and seriously injured himself, the directors insisted upon his taking a trip to Florida, paying all expenses, until, after a lapse of four months, he returned thoroughly recuperated. We trust that he may long enjoy the honor and esteem which he at present possesses.

Choose Health or Sickness.

Those who desire and appreciate health should be as willing to make some effort to secure it as they do to obtain the other and good things which increase the pleasures of life. Pure water is essentially necessary to good health. All wells, cisterns and springs should be thoroughly cleaned in the early Spring or in the Autumn. The usual method of placing a large stone on the top of the cistern is injurious to the water unless an aperture is left in the stone and fitted with a wooden cover. The air should not be wholly excluded from the cistern, else mouldy conditions will predominate, although perhaps not apparent, and the water will not be wholesome, and in it sometimes there may be found various kinds of insects and reptiles.

Water is the natural drink of all living creatures and it serves several important purposes in the animal economy. Firstly, it repairs the loss of the aqueous part of the blood caused by evaporation and the action of the secreting and inhaling organs. Secondly, it is a solvent of various elementary substances and therefore assists the stomach in digestion, though if taken in very large quantities it may have an opposite effect by diluting the gastric juice. Thirdly, it is a nutritive agent, that is, it assists in the formation of the solid parts of the body.—*London Lancet.*