

what they are made of, are household words. Only three years ago, within twenty miles of New York City, a case was reported to me by a cousin of the patient, in which the still warm and bleeding skin of a freshly killed black cat was applied as a remedy for "shingles."

Herbs, flowers, seeds, or roots were valued according to the place where they grew, the time of year at which they blossomed, the stage of the moon in which they were gathered, whether they were cut with a silver or an iron knife, and a thousand and one extraordinary connections were invented and believed in between remedies and the diseases which they could control. Plants that grew, for instance, around the tomb of a saint, would heal everything they touched, and even raise the dead; while those that sprouted in the rank grass at the foot of the gallows tree were correspondingly deadly and poisonous. We laugh at such things now; but most of us would go a mile out of our way on a dark night sooner than pass by a graveyard or a place where a man had been hanged.

One remedy of wondrous potency in mediæval medicine, the famous mandrake, or *mandragora*, owed its reputation solely to the fact that, its root being forked and its juice blood-red, it was supposed to resemble the human body and hence had marvelous powers over it.

The wildest stories were believed about it: that it actually shrieked or cried out when it was being dragged from the ground, and that any one hearing that cry would die within sixty days!

Hence mandrake-gatherers took with them a dog