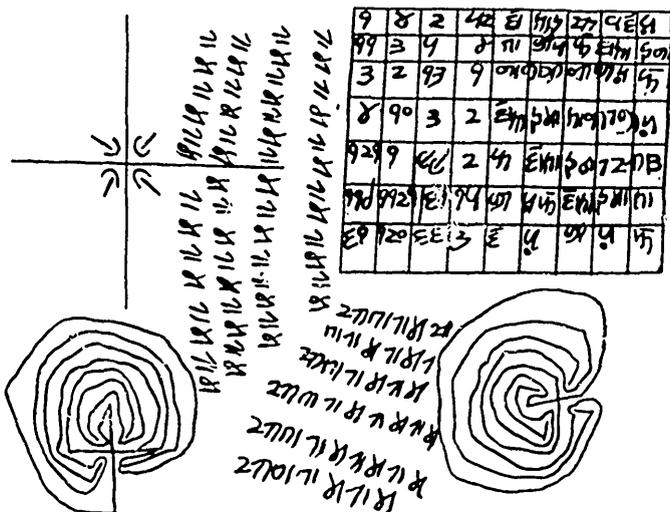


she is wealthy in superstitions concerning disease, and is the possessor of recipes for certain charms and potions handed down by her predecessors, and she practises according to the tenets of the local folk lore. Her practice grows with her increasing years, and if time marks her with even more wrinkles than usual and bends her back until she cannot straighten it, then her reputation increases greatly and it seems that the older and uglier these primitive woman doctors are the more they are thought of.

Has Baboo Hemneryhan, the respected clerk of the local law court, the jaundice or do his aging joints pain him when he rises in the cold, early mornings in December, it will never occur to him to consult with the English Doctor Sahib, or go to the Government



hospital for treatment. "No; he is not ill enough for that," say his friends, and so the wise woman of the village is sent for and she with much muttering and mysticism will compound a potion or will make up some charm for the special trouble complained of. If the patient improves, then she gets the credit (and may deserve it), if he does not do so, then she will explain that the spirit which is causing the trouble is still angry, and a priest probably is called in. He does not believe so much in drugs, although he occasionally uses them as spirit scarers. His powers lie chiefly in incantations and charms, and for a small pecuniary consideration he will exercise them, and either by tempting or driving the spirit of the disease out, will cure his patient if possible.

But perhaps, in spite of all this treatment, the old man gets worse. He perhaps grows yellower day by day; the rotund figure which in the East lends so much dignity to the owner, dwindles,