

of an old, old thinker, and he looked such a baby—much younger than he really was.

They wisely gave him no mental work at all, in the way of lessons, etc., and he was almost always perfectly happy—happiest when left to his own thoughts and the company of creatures he understood so well—a curious little human poem, so much of spirit, so very, very little to encase it in.

So we left him to his plants and his goats, and his birds and dogs, and he, and his brother and mother stayed in the mountains till snow and cold drove them down, and the last we heard was good news.

No more interesting and picturesquely peculiar mineral springs can be imagined than those of Puento del Inca, on the Argentine side of the Cordillera.

Perhaps, I relished their beauty all the more, because, just before we came to them, some friends and myself had nearly lost our lives. We had rashly tried some independent climbing for minerals on virgin soil, got into a landslip over a precipice, and all but glided over the edge into the furiously foaming Colorado, nicely filled with jagged rocks and whirling eddies, all ready to receive us.

Now we saw our enemy, still red and angry (the name Colorado signifies "red") eddying along in a deep gulf over which a wonderful natural bridge "the Puente del Inca" was arched. The rocks were sculptured by water and time into marvellous Gothic forms, and tinted artistically by nature from pale grey to Terra de Siena and brilliant sulphur-yellow. In the face of a sheer cliff were the hot mineral springs for which the Puente is mainly famous.

Our guide left us to gaze down upon the red river and the coloured rock, and the grand sweep of the Puente, while he went to get tickets for our entrance to the baths. For a short distance away from the Puente is an hôtel (or rather sanatorium) where the proprietor, an English medical man, presides over a European-looking house, and a cosmopolitan set of inmates, suffering from a variety of ailments. To judge by the slippery little path that winds along the cliff, the invalids who bathe in the healing streams within, must study gymnastics and the art of balance, before they venture to find their way into the water.

The baths are all in natural rock caverns, one above the other. The basins at the baths are also natural, and the vaults above are decorated by stalactites that form a fairy-like architecture. The strength of the sulphur and other minerals, and heat of the water and the force with which it rushes from the rock through the basins varies very much. In the higher cavern—where the pure emerald green of the water, the snowy-whiteness of the foam that bursts from the dark rock, besides the size and beauty of the Gothic vault above, are exceptionally picturesque—the appropriate name "Venus-bath" is given to the spot. Here the mineral ingredients are comparatively mild, and the water pleasantly warm.

The lowest cavern-bath of all, is almost on a level with the Colorado, and is only to be reached by a stretch of continuous clambering down slippery yellow rocks.

Here we found an evil-looking den, smelling strongly of sulphur, hot, oppressive, suggestive of infernal fire, and appropriately named "The Bath of Hell." The water here is very hot, and the minerals very strong. I fancied to myself the afflicted invalid crawling gingerly to this wicked-looking place of healing, slipping, hold-

ing on to a wet rope, and eyeing the rocky river beneath, and decided that—however active in their results—the cures of the Cordillera take no count of nerves.

We left the lower caverns to the men of our party. We ladies gladly claimed our right to take the prettiest and the best—the Venus-bath—for our ablutions.

It was a treat to feel free from dust, if only for an hour. (After that time I think we were carrying as much Cordillera dust on our persons as before.) It was a treat to go up to the sanatorium afterwards and get some English tea and milk, and marmalade and biscuits, to talk English and pat an English-looking dog that came up to make friends.

Then up and away again, eastward, to further wonders of rock and torrent and snow-peak; to see in the bare wild waste the token of wildest volcanic upheaval, fantastic architecture of the desert forming cathedrals and lofty spires above the reach of man; to greet lovely unknown flowers in that treeless desert; to forget one's personality, and the trivialities of city life in the grandeurs of stoney solitude; and to gain an estimate of the joy of mere life, and sense, and sight, that no city life can ever give.

New Preparations, Inventions, etc.

SCOTT'S EMULSION.

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been directed, in many parts of the world, to this well-known preparation, in consequence of statements made by an influential medical journal concerning it. It certainly deserves, in our opinion, to be more largely employed than it is at present. Analysis proves that it is composed of the purest cod liver oil, combined with calcium and sodium hypophosphites, with the addition of about 15 per cent. of glycerine, the chief effect of which is to preserve the preparation for many months without any appreciable change. We have recently examined a sample which was reported to be at least three years old, and found it perfectly good. The cardinal advantage of the preparation, thus, is that it combines drugs which are universally acknowledged to be of the utmost value in the treatment of Consumption, and other wasting disorders. And not only so, but it presents them in such a simple, easily digestible, and, above all, in such a palatable, form that the most delicate patient is able to take and retain them. In many cases, we have found that persons, and especially children, who were quite unable to swallow cod liver oil, in its ordinary state, could easily, and even with pleasure, take Scott's Emulsion. We have, therefore, full confidence in recommending this preparation to the attention of our readers, and in advising them to make particular reports to their doctors of the effects produced by this valuable combination, whenever they are directed to administer it.

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