

one, all of which suppurated and had to be opened. Then cellulitis of the right hand and arm set in and was difficult to get under, poor child, she was simply kept alive by nutrient enemata for a long time, in the end she made a good recovery and was discharged cured. One day, Gungerbai's father stole into my tent to tell me that another patient, Vejebai's husband Ghela, was at his home in Bhadia sick with plague, but I must not let anyone know that he had informed me.

Bhadia was four miles distant, and we had had many cases from there, and as I had promised to go and see my old patients, I made this the excuse of my going to-day. Morning work over, I started in the "rakera," and went to see the old patients first; many had gone out with small dressings on, four of these I found quite healed, and discontinued their dressings, to which they cling with a sort of affection. Then enquiring for Ghela's house, proceeded there, to find the high gate locked and no reply to our knocking. Then one of my orderlies scaled the wall, and opened it from the inside. In an inner dark room we found Ghela, who begged me not to be angry with him. I asked him why he had not come to the Hospital when he got ill, could he not trust us? "Yes, Yes, Mem sahib," he said, "it was my old mother, I could not leave her alone." There she sat weeping, an old woman of 84 years. "Bring her to the hospital, and we will take care of her" I proposed. "She would die on the road," he said, "Eventually his son took care of her while the house was being disinfected. Ghela came in later in the day, and I was able to give the husband and wife a room to themselves, and they were two of the best, and most grateful patients I ever had.

Growing by the sea is a plant of the convulvus family that the natives call Rawalputri, and is sacred to the horse-god Rawalpi, whose temple is adjacent. They have strong belief in the virtue of the leaves being boiled and used as poultices. Ghela had been treating his bubo with these poultices, and we continued it. The bubo ripened quickly, and though a very large one, which had to be incised, it healed rapidly. We gave the rawalputri a few other trials, but with negative results, so gave it up.

Moonji was a small boy whose life we despaired of many times. He had a chain of buboes almost round his neck, was very delirious, and would take no nourishment, so had to be kept going by nutrient enemata. At length he recovered, and a few days after he was discharged, he came back pretending he had another bubo; I saw what he wanted, laughed, and told him he might stay in the hospital a few days if he liked, which pleased him.

Pershotum of Muska, a young man of twenty years, was, I am afraid, a much-spoiled patient. He made a great fuss over his little bubo, but was always cheerful and good tempered. One day from the Mahomedan Hospital, I observed him returning from the village in his hospital clothes, his sheet twisted into a pugari, or turban. Questioning him, "Oh! I have only been to the bazar, to buy some beadies" (native cigarettes) he said. Then, of course, he was very sorry, and would never do it again. He was not at all anxious to leave the hospital; indeed, a week after he had gone out, he returned, boldly got a cot—they were always exposed to the sun in the compound when not in use—put it in his old corner, then came and asked if he might not stay in for a time.

These old patients do not soon forget one, for this week's mail brought a letter from the Dhros of Gundiali, telling me that Ghela, Vejebai, Pershobum, and other old patients sent salaams to me.

On the 16th October, having business in Mandvi, my friend, Miss H., agreed to meet me at our bungalow there on that day. The byle-gari being too slow, and nothing but a very young camel being available, with some misgivings I started on it, for a lady's seat on a native saddle without a stirrup, is a matter chiefly of balance, and never too safe. His stride was easy however, and he went well.

Our business ended, and having rested, we started on our return journey at 5 p.m. My camel following Miss H.'s staid old one. For a few yards all went well, when without any warning he gave three frantic jumps, the third unseated me, and I fell heavily with my left foot doubled underneath me. Butler, who was watching us off, helped me back to the bungalow, where I found the ankle badly sprained. Determining to return to Gundiali, and the camel being out of the question, Butler fitted a shigram up with a mattress, and I was soon on my way, with wet compresses on my foot, and a cup of cold (?) water and a spoon to keep them moist. That two hours journey, jolting over the maidan, and through the swollen river beds, was not a pleasant one. A sad little crowd awaited me at my tent door, imagining I was half dead, and would not be persuaded to go and take their dinners for a long time, as they wished to do something to help me.

The next day, with the help of the two orderlies, I got the dressings done, then retired to bed. My Cutchee friends did not at all approve of the cold water treatment, and Dhroo begged me to try their country medicine and methods. The famous bone-setter of Gundiali had died of Plague in our hospital a month ago, so Tarr Mahomed, horse doctor, barber, and camel driver in one, was called in, and promised if I would undergo his treatment, I should very soon be able to look after my sick folk as usual. I therefore gave him a free hand. First, he bathed my foot in very hot water, then sitting me on a chair he proceeded to find if any bones were broken. Knotting a bandage tightly round the ankle (to lessen the pain he explained), each toe in succession was grasped firmly and given a sudden jerk. He informed me the toes all "spoke," so no bones were broken. This was followed by all kinds of improvised Swedish movements, not badly done, but sufficiently firmly to be painful, then brisk rubbing. Meanwhile, the Flavildar was rubbing down a piece of dry opium with an egg in a basin; this was now applied, cotton-wool being soaked in it and laid on, the whole being held in place by a light bandage. This quickly set in a firm thin casing, and my foot soon grew more comfortable. A sigurie with fire burning in it was then brought in, and my Ayah sat by my bed for an hour, with a piece of wood tied in a cloth, continuously warmed the pad, and dabbled my foot with it. The heat was very soothing.

The next morning and evening the process was repeated, with sundry additions. Dhroo asked me why I did not cry out when Tarr hurt me. I told him impressively, "The English never did," and hoped devoutly that it was true. He said it would take three men to hold a Cutchee patient under Tarr's drastic treatment. I now began to respect my new doctor; he understood getting the foot in a good position, and

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