

Pneumonia.

In a report of discussions on pneumonia, in the same journal, it is stated that to relieve the high temperature, in addition to the usual hydrotherapeutic measures, benefit had been obtained from wrapping the hands and arms to the elbows, and feet and legs to the knees, in wet cloths covered with dry cloths, for twenty minutes three or four times a day. Cold, fresh air is recommended in croupous pneumonia as better than any drug. "It is hard on the nurse, but it is life to the patient." Cotton jackets and poultices are said to be remnants of barbarism.

Iodine for Typhoid Carriers.

A German authority, quoted in the *Medical Record*, says that iodine in combination with charcoal will free the stools from typhoid bacilli very promptly. From 8 to 15 minims of tincture of iodine is given in a glass of water from three to five times a day, wood charcoal in teaspoonful doses being given at the same intervals. Discharge of bacilli in the urine may continue for a considerable time, but this can be speedily arrested by the administration of hexamethylenamin.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.**"THE GAME OF THE TANGLED WEB."***

It is long since Miss Nethersole has enchanted us with one of her delightful tales, and we hail with pleasure her new venture. She finds her natural element in simple folk and country ways, and a little village in Kent and the doings of the "House" form the basis of this her latest tale. One would not look for involved circumstances in these peaceful scenes, but it is the unexpected which happens, and certainly the lives of Prunella Holdworthy, the lady up at the House, and the Squire of the village had their full share of complications.

"When Pinner Gryll came to St. Crispin's Parsonage to stay with his father's cousin, he was home from India on his first leave. It seemed to him as if the very spirit of spring materialised when he first saw Prunella Holdworthy standing in a bed of white anemones with the sunshine filtering through young green on to her bare head."

He married her and then India called him, but the House and the village held Prunella and she refused to accompany him.

Then came the birth of the boy, young Pinner, and a visit from his father.

"Already the consort collar was beginning to rub his neck. The village showed how it welcomed him back but as the Squire's husband, and now it would be as the young Squire's father."

Two years later the death bell tolled.

*By S. C. Nethersole. Mills and Boon, Ltd., London, W.

"Bin one of ourn," said a woman drearily, "we must ha. waited till mornin'; it's only for the quality th' bell goes out after eight at night."

"Th' little feller's dead, then," they told each other, and peered curiously through the dusk to catch sight of the many windows of the House."

Prunella's old nurse, married to Zachary Stupple, the tailor, announced "Now th' little feller's dead I'll be goin' to th' House. She'll want me."

"What'll she want ye for this time o' night?" he grumbled.

"Her an' me'll lay th' little feller forth," she answered baldly.

Her daughter resented this.

"An' they haven't wanted you all day. They got fine lady nusses down from London to keep th' breath in his body as long as they could."

Mrs. Stupple set forth muttering to herself.

"See'd there was no 'ope s'mornin', I did. When they sez there was, I sez there wasn't. Little feet was cold spite o' fussin' with hot water bottles, an' sichlike. Took and putt 'em agest my face, I did; unbuttoned my gown an' putt 'em inside my breast and cuddled 'em there. But 'twarn't no manner o' use."

Afterwards the child's mother fell in a heap at the old woman's knee.

"Stupple, I can't go on. He was all I wanted, every bit."

In the desolation that followed Prunella conceived the idea of adopting a gipsy baby, and "turned her mourning for the dead into a lullaby for the living."

"Be happy with me and I'll make you a bed as soft as the lining of a bean pod," she crooned.

She carries out her intention and the child of a wild, lawless poacher is brought up as her heir.

The weak spot in the story is that though these facts were well known in the village, her cousin and lawful heir, Andrew Holdworthy, is quite unconscious of the deception, and also young Corban grew to manhood without anyone enlightening him as to the facts of his birth.

Prunella endeavours to satisfy her conscience by bringing about a marriage between her adopted son and gentle little Ann, Andrew's daughter.

Young Corban early displays proofs of his low origin, and though plighted to Ann, turns to beautiful Jess, the grandchild of old Stupple.

Certainly it was a tangled web that Prunella's deceit wove for her.

Shortly after Corban comes of age the drunken talk of the gipsy father brings the real facts to light, and in his anger and disappointment he marries Jess and reverts to his natural element.

For the rest we must leave it to our readers to discover the ending of Ann's love affairs, the fate of Prunella, and of many other interesting characters whom we have not had space even to introduce.

We can confidently recommend this as a story full of charm, romance, and delightful description.

H. H.

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