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DOUBLE PERSONALITY

A REMARKABLE CASE WHICH IS PUZZLING PHYSICIANS.

Some of the Queer Fancies Which Belong to Those Who Live Two Lives—Eccentricities Now Being Studied by French Scientists—Cause of the Phenomenon.

Considerable interest and wonder have recently been aroused in the rather remarkable case of Miss Florence Stone. Notwithstanding the statement of the physicians in attendance that the phenomenon is without parallel, if the particulars which have reached the public are trustworthy, it is simply a case of what is known as "double personality," in one of the many forms in which this is manifested. About the middle of the present century a case which caused equally as much astonishment was that of Mary Reynolds. Differing only in form, it belonged to the same category of diseases. Mary was brought to this country from England by her parents, and settled with them in Pennsylvania. When about eighteen she became subject to epileptic fits of great severity, and after suffering a year in this way she was found unconscious in bed after a fit of unusual duration. Three months after this she awoke one morning without the slightest recollection of her past life. She knew no one and had forgotten all acquired knowledge. Her condition differed from infancy only in that she relearned very rapidly. After remaining in this state for five weeks she suddenly returned to her normal condition, having no knowledge of what had happened and much surprised at the change of season that had taken place in one night. She had only recovered a short time when she again lapsed into her second state, and was once more ignorant of everything save her existence of five weeks. From this time until she reached the age of thirty-five these changes continued at regular intervals, and for fifteen years she lived two lives divided up into alternating sections. She had no knowledge, while in one state, of what had happened in the other, but in the normal condition she understood her trouble and was much annoyed thereby, although an explanation of it while in the second state was a source of no anxiety whatever. Before each transition she fell into a deep sleep lasting eighteen or twenty hours, and would wake up transformed, a stranger to those around, in case she had never met them in the new state. The most remarkable feature of these changes was the entire change of character that accompanied each. Originally of a quiet, morose, melancholy disposition, in her new state she became lively and vivacious, and fond of society and gay surroundings. There seemed to be two persons, differing in character, tastes, motives and desires, occupying the same body and assuming control at alternate periods. "A case of double consciousness" was the only description that could then be given to the matter; and when Miss Reynolds recovered, in 1836, it was all soon forgotten.

Since then, however, many similar cases have come under the notice of scientists, who have carefully preserved the records of their observations. The French, more than any others, seem to delight in studying eccentric forms, and it is from them that we get the most light on the subject in hand. Dr. W. W. Ireland, of Edinburgh, has made a close study of the question and cites some interesting cases, mostly borrowed from French works. One of them is quite similar to that of Mary Reynolds, except that the changes took place every morning. Another instance was that of a woman who lived a normal life for twenty-five days in each month, and was changed into "some one else" during the other five.

A case differing somewhat from these was that of a young man who recovered from sunstroke under the influence of a strange illusion. He imagined that there was a person within him who controlled his actions or, as he thought, managed his left brain, while the right alone was left subject to his commands. This creature of his imagination he called Gabbage, and whatever Gabbage suggested he had no alternative but to do. This phenomenon produced only mild results at first, but when Gabbage ordered him to throw his watch in the fire, poison a baby and throw himself from a third-story window and was at once obeyed, it became necessary to confine the patient to an asylum, where he gradually recovered.

Similar cases were those of the boy who slapped his cheek because his "other self" was wicked, and the man who always passed his plate twice because he had to satisfy himself and "another fellow" besides.

After a study of these curious phenomena Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson worked out his strange tale of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." Dr. Jekyl, a man of culture and refined feeling, discovered a drug, as he thought, by taking which he was transformed into Mr. Hyde, a creature of the most debased and hardened moral character, who eventually committed a cold-blooded murder. At first the doctor had little difficulty in transforming and retransforming himself from one state to the other, but on one occasion, while in Mr. Hyde's clothes, he discovered that his supply of the drug had been exhausted. Sending for more, he learned to his horror that the new potion produced no effect and he must always remain the hideous murderer, Hyde. It seems that the original drug had been adulterated, and all its wonderful potency lay hidden in the unknown substance. Unable to discover this, the doctor finally committed suicide to free himself from the torture he had imposed upon himself. Although differing from any of the genuine cases mentioned, and even from Mr. Stevenson's romance, it will nevertheless clearly be seen that Miss Stone's case presents many similarities to the one phase common to all—that is, "double personality."

The lady in question was engaged to be married at the age of twenty-two to a gentleman of high respectability, and it is believed that the rupture of this betrothal unsettled her mental equilibrium. However that may be, after fourteen years she suddenly announced to her friends that her former intended was now a widower, had met her, proposed and been accepted, but owing to pressing business engagements had been forced to leave for India. She frequently showed to her friends, with apparent happiness, letters supposed to have been received from him, and one of these contained a request for her to come to England to be married, and to invite her friends to engage passage at his expense. With both these requests she complied, and many of her friends made extensive preparations for the voyage. They had gathered at the Astor House, New York, on the day fixed for sailing, when the astounding denouement was finally made. The young lady had been acting her own part as well as that of her lover. She had written letters to herself as well as to him, and was totally unconscious, when in one condition, of what had occurred in the other, and only when surrounded by her friends ready to embark, and finding herself penniless, did she finally awake to her condition of self-deception.

As for an explanation of all this, none has as yet been reached but that with which many French scientists satisfy themselves is connected with the functions of the two hemispheres of the brain. As is generally known, these two hemispheres are connected by a mass of white matter, known as the *corpus callosum*. The right hemisphere is the seat of all nerve centres connected with the left side of the body, and of the left hemisphere the opposite is true—that is, the nerves connected with the right side of the body are there centred. It is, therefore, easy to understand that when one side of the brain is in any way injured, paralysis follows on the *opposite* side of the body. Certain experiments have shown, however, that one may recover the use of the paralyzed limb, although the injury to the half-brain may remain unhealed. From this it has been concluded that *one* hemisphere of the brain has taken up the functions of the other, and is quite sufficient to perform the functions of both. Some even go so far as to say that we have "two brains" or "two minds," each represented by one hemisphere of the brain. They then argue that while in the normal condition these two brains act in harmony and do not conflict, as soon as sufficient cause arises to interfere with this harmonious action "each brain," then, represents a separate and complete mind, and "double personality" ensues.

But in addition to scientific considerations which would vitiate this theory, it fails to account for a case of "multiplex personality" mentioned by Mr. Frederic Myers in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which the individual was subject to five or six instead of two changes. The trouble is said to be superinduced by the extravagant use of Indian hemp, but more often results from constant brooding. How many of us do not at some time argue with our bitter selves, or moralize with our worse? This is but a mild form of the phenomenon, but at present we could find more interest in a scientific explanation of its cause than a tame exposition of its manifestation.

JAY CÆSAR GUGGENHEIMER.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

The Danish temperance movement has now an army of 36,000 total abstainers.

The endowments of the Established Church of England yield an annual income of £8,000,000, or about $40,000,000.

In Great Britain there are 15,000 temperance organizations, and it is estimated that 5,000,000 persons are total abstainers.

There is a hope that the bill for the closing of drinking places in England on Sunday will pass Parliament this session.

The American Bible Society reports the entire circulation for the year ended March 31 at 1,447,270 volumes, of which 521,356 were distributed in foreign lands.

In fourteen years 700 Protestant chapels have been built in Madagascar, making the present number 1,200. There are 8,000 Protestant communicants, and all the churches are self-supporting.

The Rev. Dr. Doty, of Christ Church, Rochester, accompanied by his choristers and others, recently visited a gypsy camp near the city and baptized an infant born in the camp. These gypsies claim to be loyal members of the Church of England.

The Archbishop of Canterbury receives $75,000 per annum; the Archbishop of York, $50,000, while the incomes of thirty-one bishops vary from $50,000 to the Bishop of London, to $10,000, the income of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Twelve bishops receive $25,000 annual income or upward. The Bishop of Ripon receives $22,500.

Lutherans in the world: German empire, 27,000,000; European Russia, 4,350,000; Sweden, 4,500,000; Denmark, 1,957,000; Norway, 1,918,000; Austria, 1,966,835; United States and Canada (adherents), 5,000,000; adherents at heathen mission stations, 312,000; South America, 200,000; Australia and South Africa, 150,000; Iceland and Danish possessions, 100,000; France, 80,000; Great Britain, Italy and the East, 100,000; grand total, 47,033,435.

Monsignor Perisco, the Papal legate to Ireland, has in his time played many parts. He belongs to the order of Capucins, and is a perfect English scholar. He has been in Tartary, Thibet, and Afghanistan. At Darjeeling he founded and directed a college, and was the Roman Catholic chaplain of the British troops. He succeeded in healing the Indo-Portuguese schism in 1853, and obtained considerable concessions from the English government. During the Indian mutiny he was made prisoner and confined in the fortress of Agra. He returned to Europe, and collected large sums to repair the losses the missions in India had sustained. In 1859 he was again sent on a mission to London connected with Catholic interests. In 1863 Pius IX sent him to South Carolina to pacify the people, who were excited by the civil war. He took part in the Œcumenical Council, going afterward to Malabar to settle a serious dispute. Now he goes to Ireland to investigate the condition of things there.

MARRIED EQUALITY.

Some Gifted Women Happily and Unhappily Mated.

It used to be argued as against permission for women to use or to assert their intellectual faculties that wherever there existed instances of women with superior intelligence, learning or gifts, there were also, as accompaniments to each one of the instances, just so many wretched wives, dissatisfied husbands and unhappy homes. The natural corollary of this statement was that women, if they found themselves possessed of extraordinary talents, should simply quench them forever, or else use their talents as they would coal, merely to make the hearth bright for the benefit of husbands and children. Mrs. Hemans in her unhappy marriage, Mrs. Norton in hers, Lady Bulwer in hers, "L. E. L." in her unhappy experience, and many others were fortunately at hand to be given as examples of this mistake on the part of nature in giving women brains, or on the part of society in allowing them to use them. Thus Dora Wordsworth's share in the work of her brother's life was virtuously unmentioned and suppressed, and thus Fanny Mendelssohn's music is said to have been published only under her brother's name. But of late years the examples of such happy married lives—not to mention many in our own land among literary workers—as that of John Stuart Mill and his wife, as that of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, of Marian Evans and George Lewes, of Adolphus and Frances Trollope, and of Prof. Millicent Fawcett, have entirely proved the fallacy of the idea, and have shown that it is not intelligence in woman half so much as the want of it that is the most likely cause of mischief in marriage.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Historical Wreck.

The remains of the Confederate ram, Merrimac, that, but for the pluck of the little Monitor, might have changed the course of events in the United States very materially at the beginning of the war, have just been sold for old iron. The Merrimac was run ashore and blown up to avoid her capture by the Federal army, and, when the South surrendered, she became, of course, a war relic.

Here's the rule for bargainers: Do other men, for they would do you.

THE WOOD RAT.

IN CALIFORNIA HE CHANGES PLACES WITH THE SQUIRREL.

The Effect of a Cloud-burst on the Burrowers—Some Habits of the Handsome Little Western Animal—The Luxurious Nests He Builds and Their Contents.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

COMMON talk in Southern California has it that the squirrels live in the ground and the rats in trees. This is owing to the fact that a wood rat often builds its nest in trees, while a gray and somewhat tawny squirrel burrows in the ground. The numbers of the latter in the San Gabriel valley are somewhat astonishing, and certain tracts are completely undermined by them; and in fields where there are fine live oak trees hundreds may be seen running about or sitting on their mounds, the result of the excavations, and unless the observer was looking for them, and had previously observed them, they would readily be passed by, so remarkable is their mimicry, or rather resemblance to the soil and dried grass. I have often been deceived by them, taking a standing squirrel for a mound of earth. While the settlement of the country has driven them out to a certain extent, they are very common about Los Angeles, and in early mornings may be seen running along hedge rows in the dusty roads, and with the gophers do considerable damage. I have never run one in or on a tree in any way, and in this locality at least they confine themselves strictly to the ground, and in this way many are drowned out during the rainy season. In the early winter of 1885, what is popularly termed a "cloud burst" occurred in the mountains just above the ranch at which I was staying. The amount of rain that fell was enormous, and twenty miles away it affected streams so that they carried away houses, bridges and other valuable property. The *mesa*, or plain, at the foot of the Sierra Madres range was, naturally, completely flooded; and over some spots the water was a foot deep, while in other localities where the ground was softer it cut enormous crevasses, large enough to have buried a house. Naturally, such a flood was followed by great loss of life among the burrowers, and two days after the rain, when the streams had subsided sufficiently for me to ford the canon with my horse, I made a tour of investigation of the plains. That a catastrophe had occurred was very evident, as flocks of ominous buzzards were soaring high in air, occasionally descending upon the field. Approaching the birds, I found that they were feasting upon the bodies of squirrels, gophers, snakes and lizards. The squirrels were in the majority; great numbers were strewn over the plain, and I doubt if any animals in a wide radius survived the flood, while probably many badgers were drowned in their holes, thus being buried by the mud and gravel of the wash.

The wood rats, from their habit of living in the mountains partly or wholly in trees, escaped the flood and none were found destroyed. The species common in California is *Neotoma suscipes*, a handsome little animal somewhat resembling a large house rat. In the East the Florida wood rat is common. Its fur is extremely soft, lustrous and silky; pure white on the lower surface of the body and tail, the feet being white also. The upper portion of the body is colored a yellowish brown, with a slightly darker dorsal area, the tint of the flanks being somewhat brighter. The young are white and slate gray. This species is about nine inches long, the tail about six; in fact, in form and color the rat calls to mind the white-footed mouse. In the California species already referred to, the feet are duskier, the tail longer and darker. Another species, *Neotomea ferruginea*, is found in Mexico and Central America. It resembles very much the former, but is smaller and richer in color, being a rusty red.

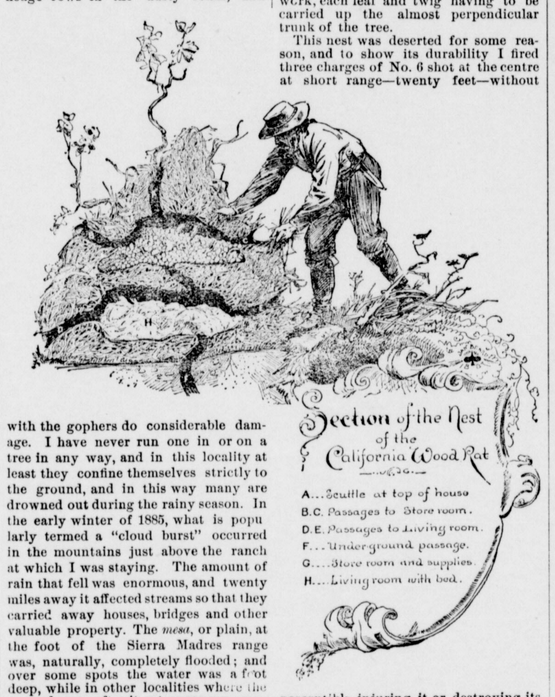
Nearly all the wood rats are remarkable for their curious nests, and for certain actions, certainly the result of curiosity. I have examined many nests in the Sierra range, from the level of the foot of the range to a much higher altitude. The majority were built of leaves and twigs, interlaced so strongly that in some instances it was almost impossible to tear them apart. Often the shoots from the base of a tree would be woven into the nest or used as a centre pole. In the construction of the nest it was evident that while from the outside, and even from a superficial examination, it appeared to be thrown together in a careless way, this was not always the case, as in a section of a large nest there were many evidences of design. In one nest made up of perhaps five bushels of leaves, twigs, moss, acorns, etc., the section presented about the appearance shown in the accompanying figure. The extreme upper portion of the nest seemed to be given up as a storeroom, and was filled with acorns of all kinds available, corncobs, wheat and various objects, many of which must have been brought from a considerable distance.

Directly beneath this storeroom was the nest proper, which consisted of an apartment about eighteen inches across and six inches high, completely filled with a mass of vegetable fibre, as soft as wool, and evidently intended as the nest of the young rather than a living room for the adults.

From this room a number of tunnels extended, leading upward, downward, and out in various directions. In fact, the matter of a suitable retreat was so carefully attended to that it was almost impossible to catch an occupant in the nest, though I used a good dog in the effort. In one nest opened, a subterranean passage led away, evidencing an escape. There was no great similarity in the construction of nests. In some the plan was as indicated; in others the position of rooms would be reversed, but in all the nest was admirably adapted to afford the greatest protection from rain and possible enemies, though its very compactness often invites the presence of an enemy to be dreaded. This is the rattlesnake, which often crawls into the shelter, and several have been found snugly ensconced in the warm nest during the winter, sleeping away the supposed cold months.

The most interesting nest of the California wood rat that I have found was at an elevation of perhaps 2,000 feet up one of the most beautiful canons of the Sierra Madres. The canon narrows at this point until the mountains seem almost to overhang the abyss, and down the centre rushes a musical brook, splashing over and around great bowlders that had been brought down from the mountain far above. In following up this stream with rod and gun I came to a sudden turn, where a huge rock projected into the stream, and directly opposite in a large live oak, from ten to twelve feet from the ground, appeared an enormous nest, fully three feet high and resembling a huge ball of leaves and twigs suspended in the tree. It was made, like the others, of twigs and leaves, bound about an upright limb and represented a vast amount of work, each leaf and twig having to be carried up the almost perpendicular trunk of the tree.

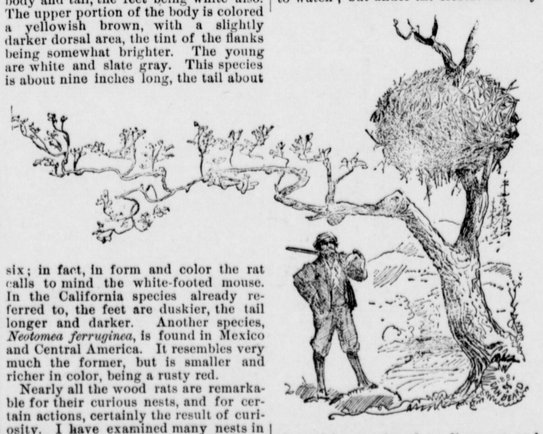
This nest was deserted for some reason, and to show its durability I fired three charges of No. 6 shot at the centre at short range—twenty feet—without perceptibly injuring it or destroying its contour.



The most remarkable stories are told by woodsmen and miners concerning these little creatures. Their curiosity appears to be unbounded, and every article of peculiar shape that can be carried is taken to the nest. In one opened by me on the ranch of a friend, about a thousand yards from a house, were found many objects evidently taken in the night. Bits of blue glass, oddly-formed sticks and twigs, corncobs, minus the corn, nails, a part of an old brush, a button, pieces of paper, cloth, and the cover of an old sardine can constituted a part of the bric-a-brac collection of this curious little creature. A lady informed me that when they were camping in the mountains some years ago her husband brought up from the town a bag of grain, and left it in the room. In the morning when he attempted to put his top boots on he found them nearly full of grain. The wood rats had been busily employed during the night in making the transportation, and the curious part of it was that none had been carried away.

A settler in this valley (San Gabriel), who had a place some distance from other houses, was much perplexed by the loss of small articles, so he determined to watch; but under the closest scrutiny the articles continued to disappear, and he was beginning to think that he was surrounded by some peculiar agencies, when he saw a wood rat dragging something across the floor one night, and by keeping the doors shut was relieved from the pest. The wood rats are not common enough here to be of any special menace to the farmer, and require but little work to drive them away. It is generally sufficient to burn the nest, and if there is any underground burrow to flood it.

C. F. HOLDER.



TERRAPIN SETTLERS.

People Who Carry Their Houses and Goods With Them.

"Yes, sir. I am Louis Budde, of Devil's Lake, Dak., but you need not look at me as though I was the dark prince. Whenever I sign my name on a hotel register every reporter in the city comes around to see if I have horns and a tail and an evil-looking countenance. And let me tell you that Devil's Lake is not the pond that the swine ran into, either; it is salt like the Galilee sea, but it differs in many other respects.

"I have been South, and have noted the boom that is going on there; but Dakota lops over it by the rod. Let me tell you something about my home—Devil's Lake—for instance.

"You probably don't know that Devil's Lake began with a population of 500 souls. Well, it did, and it was the wonder of the age. It has now 5,000.

"It was in '81 that an Eastern man laid out a town site about three miles south of the present city. Another man, a Westerner, got onto the fact, and platted a town where the city is now located.

"When he did this he made a trail over land, so that the caravans would come by his place on their prospecting tour. Then he went east as far as Larimore, Dak., and waited. In a week or two a whole town came along in wagons, and the town-siter led them on to where he located. Up there they carry their own houses ready to put together when they arrive at their destination, and these travelers arrived at Devil's Lake after dark one night.

"As true as you're there, next morning there was a town on the prairies. The locator was a millionaire next day. The Manitoba road helped him along.

"The town burned down in '81, and the day after it was up again, not quite so elegant, but substantial in the Dakota sense of the word. The saw-mill man had several million feet of lumber the day of the fire, and next day it was in houses."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

TEA IN SICKNESS.

Why is it that those who are sick and convalescing ask for and relish a cup of tea? Why is it again that physicians will so often recommend tea and forbid coffee? Plainly the answer is: "Because tea is a more wholesome stimulant, and in this respect excels coffee." But while the use of tea is extending all over the country, there is one class of the community who do not realize the great advantages it offers, and this is the very poor, those who may regard it as a luxury, and think they cannot afford it. That which they cannot really afford is to do without it, for did they but know the tea, while not a food in itself, is the greatest assimilator of foods known, for a pound of beef eaten with tea will go as far to build up the animal economy as a pound and a-quarter of beef without tea. Again, take He-No for instance as a fair example. At the price at which it is sold it costs actually less than the milk and sugar used to sweeten it.

Good tea is the cheapest and best article of food that the poor man can buy; its gentle and stimulating effects will often stop that craving for something stronger and which, unlike tea, may lead to ruin. A workman wedded to the cup that cheers does better work and more cheerfully than any other.

According to Dr. Richardson alcohol cuts down by disease in England and Wales alone one thousand persons every week. "What," adds the doctor, "if any other cause of mortality did the same? What if one thousand persons in the same area had died of the bite of a rabid dog? What, indeed, would then be the cry for some action? What would be the honor to the scientist who would discover the antidote, the innoculation that would ward off the terrible scourge?"

Is there such a remedy? Is there even a substitute? Humanity the world over seems to crave for a stimulant. Give, then, to humanity a stimulant that shall be harmless, nay, that will be beneficial. The Chinese found it out two thousand years ago. It is TEA; so simple, so cheering, so conducive to all that makes a home a real home. Think of this, mother and father, who have children around you. If nature craves for a stimulant, satisfy it with a stimulant that nature furnishes, and not the vile serpent that man has conjured up for your destruction.

We have heard of several instances where people who have been buying and drinking He-No Tea have complained that they would get a package that was not according to their liking, and they have written us asking the reason. We think it may be due to several causes; bad water often effects tea injuriously; then a grocer may inadvertently get his tea wet and sell it without noticing the damage, and, lastly, you may not get He-No Tea at all. It is very singular how a person will sometimes overlook the most important designation on the package, the very name, and judge at a glance by the general appearance, but if you will see that the trade-mark "He-No" and our name is on every package, and buy from a grocer in whom you have confidence, you will be quite sure of getting He-No Tea in its original state and purity. As for the He-No Tea of 1887 we are confident it never was so good as now. We drink it ourselves in preference to all others.

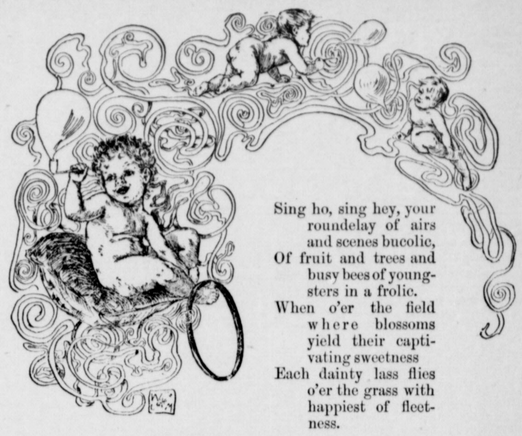
HOW TO GET HE-NO TEA.

If you are a DEALER, write to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., and they will send you trade prices and terms.

If you are a CONSUMER, and your dealer or grocer does not keep it, then send to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., in postage stamps or otherwise, 75 cents for 1-lb. package, 40 cents for ½-lb. package, or 20 cents for ¼-lb. package. This is the retail price, and they will send you, prepaid by mail, the quantity ordered, with full instructions.

MARTIN GILLET & CO.,
Established 1811,
Baltimore, Md.

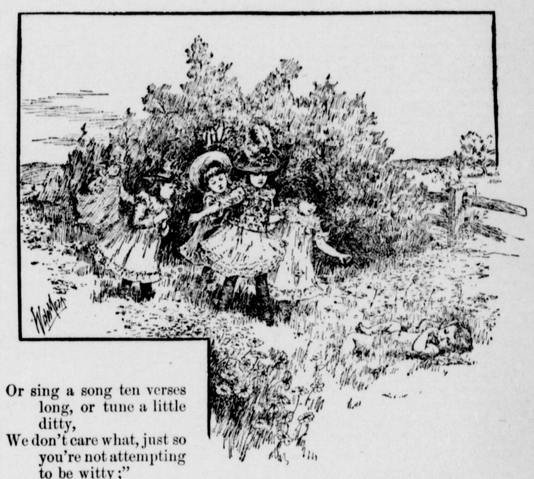
WHAT CUPID TOLD THE CHILDREN.



Sing ho, sing hey, your roundelay of airs
and scenes bucolic,
Of fruit and trees and busy bees of youngsters in a frolic.
When o'er the field where blossoms yield their captivating sweetness
Each dainty lass flies o'er the grass with happiest of fleetness.

When lo! there lies before their eyes a merry little fellow
With cherub grace, a smiling face and hair a golden yellow.
"Good gracious me! Who can he be?" "Why, don't you know, you stupid,
That little chap in Nature's lap is no one else than Cupid?"

Come quickly, girls, and hold his curls before his eyes are peeping,
The little thing has sprained a wing or maybe he is sleeping.
Give him a shake—so ho! you wake, you blessed little rover;
Tell us a tale—mind if you fail we'll bury you in clover.



Or sing a song ten verses long, or tune a little ditty,
We don't care what, just so you're not attempting to be witty;"
Then Cupid said, "Let go my head, the way you twist's distressing;
I'll tell a tale which cannot fail to indicate a blessing—

"'Tis of Lorgeine I speak, I ween. A food with vigor in it.
Then will you kiss me, dears, for this?" They did that very minute;
"A food when cooked, if sugared not, will keep in good condition;
And just the thing when traveling to give a babe nutrition.

"It melts upon their little tongues ere it be fully tested;
They seek with haste another taste, when lo! it is digested.
Now take the tune from me and sing of vital waste arrested;
Now off we go and sing it so—Lorgeine is soon digested.

"The nitrogenous matter, too, is partly recreated,
And in the glow of vigor's flow with ease assimilated;
With milk condensed it promptly blends, each gives to each completeness,
And makes in vain attacks of pain from too much sugared sweetness."

"Now, ready then," cried Cupid, "next sing turi, laddi—maybe
Some distant day, perhaps, you may be mother of a baby.
Cows' milk no more will curdle sour, Lorgeine makes it delicious;
Combines in sweet, delightful treat, digestible, nutritious!

"It is a food complete and light, their little lives sustaining,
When other food, though sweet and good, their stomachs are disdaining.
It aids the salivary glands in infantile digestion,
And turns the food to flesh and blood beyond the slightest question.

"Once more—hold on, you're not in tune, your voices are asunder—
Now, one, two, three! and off go we—*Lorgeine*, the saving wonder.
'Tis cooked with milk or cooked without, as circumstance requires it;
With salt is fixed or sugar mixed, just as the taste desires it.

"And trembling age may have the boon—it does not cloy when tasted,
And it supplies new energies and strength for being wasted.
These aged people take it as a jelly or a gruel,
Which when they drink it makes them think they have existence dual.

"For as it vanishes adown their throats with ease surprising,
They find though weak the strength they seek and viands appetizing;
And when the cows' or mothers' milk is held in doubtful question,
Then take this food—for it is good and easy of digestion.

"So when the laughing nursey sees the little youngster growing,
And kick his heels because he feels so very much like crowing,
She laughs and sings a song that's far from woe and grief asunder,
'Lorgeine,' she says, 'deserves the praise;' then hugs the infant wonder."