RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ATTACK OF YELLOW FEVER.

By A PATIENT.

Who is there who will not confess on due reflection to having wasted valuable opportunities and much time pursuing theories not founded on fact, instead of facing every new problem with an open mind?

It used to be customary to regard yellow fever as a disease strictly confined to the sea-coast. Even, Sir Patrick Manson, in the 1908 volume of his "Tropical Diseases," after citing the exceptions to this rule, explains them away, saying: "In spreading inland it follows the lines of communication—railways, canals, navigable rivers."

Another common belief is that the Stegomyia fasciata is a strictly domestic mosquito. Yet there are specimens in the British Museum that were developed from eggs deposited in calabashes of water placed in wild bush remote from human habitations and inhabited only by baboons and various antelopes and birds, by hyenas and an occasional lion or two.

Carefully reared in these doctrines I landed in a remote bush station of the Northern Territories of the West Coast of Africa, situated far from Coomassie, the nearest railway station, and quite out of any line of communication such as would give facilities for the spread of yellow fever. In spite of my training, natural curiosity and perhaps scepticism made me suspect that yellow fever was a cause of certain deaths from obscure causes. But post-mortems were never allowed by the natives, and on the only occasion when I did insist on one the police stood to arms for my protection till I had finished. I suspected the occurrence of yellow fever in cattle too, but the case of Imoru Grunshi and another native policeman quite eluded my grasp till I went down myself. I well remember Imoru, I should know him again if I met him. He had low fever and no malaria parasites in his blood. He had headache too, and was very weak, but would not come into hospital, and kept on attending hospital daily, looking deadly ill. On the fifth day I missed him and being anxious, sent the dispenser down to see him. He said he was very bad and his urine was like pure blood, so I sent for a specimen. It arrived next day and was merely high-coloured urine, and Imoru brought it himself. My interpreter was not brilliant at any language, and that was all I could find out by his help. However, I saw Imoru's eyes were deep yellow and thought of yellow fever, but the patient was fairly well now, temperature normal and pulse a little quick, but he felt much better and finally the fetish of the hinterland's immunity dispelled the thought for a while.

Another such case arose, but it was not so striking as Imoru's. He got well too.

I made inquiries and found that the Germans recognized yellow fever
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occurring up as far as San Salemango in Togoland, but I did not find out how they accounted for it.

I was the next to go down and was at last thoroughly convinced that the disease was endemic where I was stationed.

At the height of my own illness I recollected the case of Imoru Grunshi and mentioned it to the doctors who attended me and on recovery mentioned it to my successor, hoping to give him a clue to the proof that yellow fever was endemic in the district.

On September 6, 1913, the District Commissioner was relieved at Bole, Northern Territories, Gold Coast, by his successor. A large gathering of chiefs came to welcome back the relieving District Commissioner whom they adored. At night I went to dinner to meet the new arrival, and during the course of the dinner my interest suddenly flagged. Everything had lost its taste, and I felt queer. Asking the host's permission, I took my temperature and found it to be 101. I retired at once to bed, as a matter of precaution, as there was scarcely any reason but the temperature to excuse it.

I slept very well and next day was in exactly the same condition, and kept bed all day, feeling very drowsy, but quite satisfied with my condition. The District Commissioner going on leave called to say good-bye and settle some affairs, and I got up out of bed most unwillingly to get something for him. On returning I felt a stinging at the side of my left knee, and caught a tsetse-fly fastened on the spot. I recognized it easily as *Glossina tachinoides*, and remember being extremely annoyed at it. This was Sunday morning, and I spent the day and the next two in bed, thinking I had a low malaria. The temperature scarcely varied, and I had no discomfort, and by Wednesday morning I felt justified in getting up early, and going over to attend to patients. I had moreover many cultures of *trypanosomes* going on, and an interesting *acidomycete*, whose life history I was working out. There was also cattle disease, which I looked on as akin to yellow fever, and I did not want to miss any chance to dissect a dead animal.

These three days of fever were uneventful, and I was immensely surprised on finishing hospital duties that I had scarcely power to get back to my house. On getting back, however, I took out the microscope and was horrified to find I could not attend or take any interest in what I was doing. Luckily the new District Commissioner came over and distracted my attention, and I put away the microscope. On Thursday and Friday and the most of Saturday I made slight progress. No rise of temperature ever took place, but I noticed that I could get a rise to 103° F. easily by putting the thermometer in my mouth immediately after a meal. This rise was very transitory, and I regarded it as evidence that all was not well, as the greatest rise I ever could get in health in this way was 101° F., and even then I was not sure that there was not some malaria about me, as I was taking quinine very steadily.
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On Saturday I managed my duties so well that I consented to go out for a long walk with the District Commissioner to the south of Bole. We reached old ruins which we discussed. Bole had been overrun by Samory not so very long ago, and it is still full of dead men’s bones. We were speaking of these things and our own adventures when the sun began to set, and we saw it would take us all our time to get home by 6 p.m. We set out and got on a little way when I said to the District Commissioner, “I am in for rheumatic fever, and it is a mystery how that should be as I have not got a chill or wetting at all.” I discussed the symptoms and said it can’t be malaria at all. When we got within sight of my house I gathered my remaining strength and rushed for it, and on arriving shouted for the boy, who helped me to undress, and then I collapsed on the bed and was tucked in carefully by the boy. The District Commissioner came over in half an hour and took the temperature and prescribed quinine. The temperature was 102°F. The headache was simply appalling, and the pains in the stomach were indescribable. Bilious vomiting commenced, and I decided to have some more quinine and mist. alba. My skin was horribly dry, and I had grave suspicions that I had not malaria at all, but something incurable, so I took the quinine merely to keep the District Commissioner from worrying, and to prove that it was not malaria. I vomited incessantly, and between the attacks would tell my kind attendant the funniest stories I had ever heard, hoping to deceive him that I was not so bad as I felt, and to allay his fears. My mind was exquisitely alert, and no sleep came till about 3 a.m., when I was drowsy.

The 14th inst. was dull and uninteresting. The District Commissioner had his duties to attend to, and I could look after myself. At 6 p.m. I had reached 102°F, and at 8 p.m. 106°F. The District Commissioner then took a grave view of the case, and I was startled at 9 p.m. by the arrival of a dozen police with the District Commissioner’s own bed. They lifted me gently from my camp bed, and put me in my deck chair, and the District Commissioner had the bedclothes transferred to the new bed. Meanwhile I announced that I had not malaria at all, but in all probability yellow fever. I got him to bring me a sealed tube with a solution of quinine in it, and my hypodermic case, and I injected a dose into my flank. The District Commissioner got very pale, turned away and I thought he would faint, so I said something to show that it was a trifling proceeding indeed, then explained the rationale of the proceeding to him. I said: “This will be my last dose of quinine, if it does not make a very appreciable improvement in my condition in a very short time.” I explained that the vomiting might have prevented an effective dose reaching the blood, but the injection would obviate this difficulty, and if unsuccessful, would prove that the disease was not malaria at all. He agreed, and said he would treat me exactly as I desired. That night was spent in the most exquisite agony, and I remember remarking that it was the only time in my life I had been in a bad fix, and failed absolutely to see any humour in the situation. The
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vomiting was so sudden and so urgent that I was thrown violently across the bed in my hurry to turn round and keep the bed clean. I remember also rating the District Commissioner very soundly indeed for his folly in sitting up, nursing me at his imminent peril, when my boys were eager and willing to do it and would run less risk. Later on, in the early morning, I opened my eyes and saw him dozing, and his whole face seemed to be black with mosquitoes. Nevertheless he refused to leave me, when the mere misery of the bites alone would have been sufficient justification for beating a retreat to bed.

The next morning when he came to see further what was to be done with me, I told him finally that I really had yellow fever, and would just have to put up with it. The very first thing I wished him to do was to send a telegram to the Governor of the Gold Coast, reporting that I had probably yellow-fever; and to wait a full day and then wire again to say I certainly had it. "That," I said, "will ensure that my people at home get fair and speedy warning of the matter, and probably by to-morrow in any case I shall be past all interest in what happens, and won't be able to give you any more instructions." I next asked him to wire to Wa and to Kintampo for help, as he could not go on alone. I then asked him to bring my notes from Sir Patrick Manson's lectures, taken at the London School of Tropical Medicine, and with my own finger pointed out the words—"Treatment: Common sense and nursing. Hot fluid must be supplied as required but on no account must food be given. The patient won't die of starvation in five days." "Now," I said to the District Commissioner, "no food for me for five days, and further, no medicine either. You can get a pill box of soda bicarbonate from Mr. Monsah, the dispenser, but don't let him send Sternberg's mixture, I would rather die a natural death than have perchloride poisoning added to my tortures. The boys can keep the sparklets going all the time, as I have bulbs to last a year, and they know how to manage the filter." I then pointed out the following words in my own handwriting, copied from Sir P. Manson's own dictation: "Mortality varies. Thirty per cent is the average. Fifty per cent to ninety per cent is an epidemic, or as low as ten per cent. A drunkard never recovers. A temperate liver usually recovers. If thermometer does not rise over 103° F. recovery is invariable. Above 106° F. all die." "Now," I said, "don't worry; you see I don't drink at all, and I have not reached 106° F. yet." I did not know he had told me a lie the night before, and wondered at his silence, and did not know I was to reach 106° F. in less than twenty-four hours.

This was a very busy day for me, vomiting being apparently incessant, but I had time to notice that everything I saw in broad daylight was brilliant yellow, and was very glad I had diagnosed the case even before getting so broad a hint as that. I was highly alert also, and called my steward boy and rebuked him for allowing a hole to wear in the mud floor, and had it filled up at once. That day was really too awful to bear any
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description at all, but I still tried to pretend I was fairly, well, for the other white man's sake, who was doing his best to help me. About 8 p.m. I was so hopelessly spent that I called him and gave him instructions how to make normal saline, and asked him to prepare three pints, as I intended to have a rectal infusion, slowly, to try to make up for the loss of water from my blood caused by the constant vomiting. I see the good fellow has noted that it took effect in a few minutes. Well, so it did, but I was never nearer death than then. I had administered it much too fast, and when I got back into bed I seriously wondered if I would ever be able to turn on my back again, or would just die on my face. However, I pulled through so fast that I slipped out of bed again the same night and arranged all my correspondence, so that there would be no trouble left for other people who had to look for things.

That night was really the worst I passed. I had been making a new medium from fresh blood serum, and had a good many cultures of trypanosomes going on. The Petri dishes I used were claret glasses covered with champagne glasses. They made delightful media dishes, and I used them for little else. The tornadoes were in full swing just then, and every night one tore through the house from end to end, carrying away papers and books and smashing things I prized highly. And yet people often forget that when they have made only a casual visit of inspection to the coast in the dry season. Rain poured nightly through the roof into my eyes, and added to my indignation. I called the boys, and indeed, as a rule, did not need to call them, they were there on the very first distant moaning of the wind, and covered up my bed with a ground sheet, and so mostly saved me from the dripping through the roof, which worried me much more than the fever. The fever had to be put up with, while the dripping was a thing that could be dealt with. Well, these champagne glasses went the way of all the world at that time, and the crash was terrible.

Then I dreamt strange things, but, realizing their folly, resolved to keep quiet. Then a calm came, a fairly long pause, and I was happy and comfortable. I opened my eyes. It was dawn. My attendant was sitting over me with a bath sponge dripping with cold water. When he saw I was awake he said: "It's all right," and disappeared like a shot. I did not dare to move or sit up. I knew acutely what had happened. I had in fact not dared to sit up for some time before, fearing instant death. But I looked around, and felt my arms and legs tugging violently. I was horrified; I was in convulsions. I shouted, "Come quickly. Look at my legs. I'm about done. I can't stop these twitchings, and if they don't pass off in half an hour I will just have to die. Get my keys from below my pillow, and show them to me." He did so, and I showed him the key of the box I wanted opened. He opened it and got a box of hypodermic tabloids. I said, "I am quite clear now. I know I was delirious last night, but I am not now. This is my last chance probably, but if I pull
through the next half hour I will get better, but it will take some time, and you must not give me any food until I ask it. You will find a tube of morphine hydrochloride tabloids in that box. Each is $\frac{1}{4}$ grain. If you break one into two and give me one half that will be $\frac{1}{8}$ grain. You see I understand perfectly what I am talking about. If the morphine acts, good and well; if not, you can't be blamed." He did as I asked him. In fifteen minutes I felt easier, and in half an hour felt sure of recovery. Nothing seemed so plain to me all my life as the action of this morphine, and everything that had happened to me in the last few hours.

In spite of my strict injunctions I see it in the official report that I was persuaded to take Benger's food twice that very day, but it soon was rejected, and did more harm than good. Another futile attempt to palm off tea upon me was made late that night, with the same result, but still I felt sure of recovery, and I do not blame my anxious attendant for his endeavour to get me to retain something.

The next two days were dull and uninteresting. Vomiting was so frequent that the resolution not to take food was not defeated. A medical officer arrived on the second of these days, September 18. He had gallantly ridden seventy miles at a stretch through swamps and tornadoes. His transport had been effected by hammock, and by my own and the District Commissioner's horses. All these unhappy animals have sleeping sickness, and ours were no exception, only mine was not so bad as the other at that time. Well, the other got washed from under the Medical Officer's feet into a torrent, and got stuffed under a bridge. The Medical Officer just managed by superhuman efforts to push it out "with a stick," as he said, and save its life, while he himself stood waist deep on the bridge, to his own great risk. He got in anyhow, and was amazed to find my rapid improvement and ability to take interest in his adventures. I had once made an all night record ride, going fifty miles on one horse through the most romantic country I ever set eyes upon, in the most brilliant moonlight that ever seemed to have shone, and no wonder I was interested. He had beaten that record.

Next day I was sentenced to champagne and Valentine's beef juice. I did not like either: My urine was exactly like the beef juice, and I shivered to see it, and wondered if I would die in that doleful place, or go home with chronic nephritis.

The morning of the 20th opened bright and cheerily. I was as happy as could be. It was Sunday, a totally different day to all others, even although I did the same work as a rule. I wondered if the news had been cabled home. It was worse than all that had gone before, and I thought if I only had had patience nobody need ever have known what I had been through. I wrote home that day but was defeated in a line or two. Only I clearly remember saying, notwithstanding the horror of the previous day, that I would recover without any complications.

The 21st passed quietly by, and a second doctor arrived next day.
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That same day, my boy Abu the Grunshi came to me much agitated. He was a young savage I had picked up the year before and taught to speak English. This Abu was an apt scholar and also learned to bake bread, to preserve the race of yeast I had raised, and to starch and iron collars and tablecloths. He preferred this life to the upcountry life of the Kassassie savages among whom I found him. Abu had been out visiting the soldiers. His father was a soldier, and he was welcome among them. He said, "Massah, no black man be fit to live all them nine days and take no chop. Black man he die one time, he go die in three days. White man he be different, different, chop it no trouble him too much. Black man he die when all him belly be empty, nothing live for inside, he no fit to live when him belly trouble him too much. He die too fast."

Next day Abu came in and said, "Massah, all de mammies that live for sojah lines, they go cry to-day and tear out all de hair from them heads. They go cry too much so God hear, and it vex him too much and he go make you better quick." Asked why they did that he said I had cured the serjeant's "mammy" of bad sickness, she go die too soon, and I had put medicine in her arm, and she had got better next day. I remembered then giving her emetine hydrobromide for dysentery and it had really cured her. She then ordered out the "mammies" to hold this day of supplication; and I had to send them a kind message of thanks.

Next day I had time to examine myself more carefully, and noted that my fingers had been bleeding beneath the nails and were all black in consequence, and my skin was guinea gold.

At that time the chiefs of the district began to make very insistent demands to see me. I had lived nine days without food and was getting well, and they could not bear the suspense any longer. I was much worried in this way, and put them off and off. They behaved with the utmost good taste. Never the sound of a drum was heard from the day I lay down till the day I officially received them in great formality.

Meantime I carried on well. The doctors came daily to see me. They played golf in the afternoon, and I waited on for recovery, having an occasional moment of anxiety when my stomach was rebellious. I drank vast quantities of cold soda water, going right in the face of Sir Patrick Manson's warm drink regime. My Osler and Macrae was consulted and it was found good to give calf-foot jelly and iced champagne. We had none of these dainties. I fed on tinned "Ideal" milk and sparklet water and managed to live on it. It is absolutely amazing to think what pitiful stuff will support human life that is determined not to be put out. We had no mystifying diet sheets up at Bole. We had medical comforts so-called, and I have said what I thought of them already. "Ideal" milk was good enough and variety enough for me. It may have worried subsequent investigators at Bole to find no diet sheets, but they don't cure people. There was certainly a long-winded medical history left, for I typed it myself from the notes of the doctors who saw me, in quadruplicate, leaving...
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a copy at Bole, and that before I was able to hold a pen long enough to write an ordinary letter. Well, that was after I got up, of course.

It was on the first of October that I got up. When the chiefs heard of it, they could no longer control themselves, but came to the District Commissioner and said he must tell them definitely when I could receive them. I fixed it for two days later, on Saturday.

On Saturday then I was up betimes, for an invalid. I felt there was something in the air, and sent my steward down to buy a large quantity of kola nuts. When I got into my deck chair on the verandah, I heard drilling on the parade ground, and shortly the police marched up in full dress, headed by the serjeant, who formed them up in two ranks in front of the verandah and stepped in front and made an address. I replied with gratitude, and sent them a present of kola nuts. They then marched off, and the chiefs of the district arrived, headed by the Chief of Bole supported by his interpreter. He addressed me thus. "God has been very good to you in saving your life. We know you love our town, and you have been good to us and worked hard to save the sick, and now you want to build us a new town. We have seen that you were right, for the rains have broken many old houses; and we need good ones. We hope you will come back to us and make everything right, and we thank God for having saved you now." He then stepped forward, bowed low and shook hands, and they all did so in turn. I made a reply and thanked them for all their kindness, and sent them a present. Then the real business of the day began. Native sports were held on the parade ground. Races, high jumping, tug-of-war, horse races, etc., till noon. The District Commissioner and the doctors were the leading spirits, and the natives went heart and soul into the fun. At night a grand native dance was held, and the tom-toms made a deafening din.

That afternoon, by the way, the serjeant's wife called, carrying a present of yams, and a fowl, and some eggs. She was gaily rigged out in her very finest purple velvet cloth. It must have cost a good deal in that country. It suited her admirably. She thanked me for having saved her life not long before, and felt sure that it had some connexion with my own recovery. I thanked her and sent her a present of kola nuts.

The ten days of my convalescence, from September 20 to the day I got up, were extremely happy. The other white men came at least twice a day to see me, and were very merry. But I had a few night terrors. A brain so excessively active as mine had been, exercised with superintending my own treatment, trying to look after my nurse and save him from going down next, and managing the boys, could not fail to be tired.

The house had to be cleaned as rigorously as if I was well, but I neglected my poor horse. It used to run loose as a dog, and when I was well came every afternoon at tea-time to have a lump of loaf sugar from my hand, and then it went away satisfied. The District Commissioner had been on the outlook, however, and he ordered my horse boy to sleep
near the horse, so that no harm could come to it. They say lions used to prowl about, but I never saw one or heard anything but the dismal howls of hyaenas. One day, or rather night, the District Commissioner slipped round to the stable and found the horse boy missing. He sent out police and brought him back, and had him up in court next morning. The boy said he had only been away a moment, but when asked why his clothes were also missing, he said if he left them a moment the horse would eat them up. This produced great consternation in court. The natives were sure the boy was lying, but the Commissioner took a philosophic view of the case, and said if the boy could get any horse at all to eat up clothes he would let him off, otherwise he must suffer "one dozen of the very best with the cat." The boy was nothing daunted, and men went out and brought in horses, and one by one they smelt the boy's clothes, only to look disgusted and go away. Then my little horse came up and directly the clothes were presented to it, it proceeded to rend them in pieces. The boy was acquitted.

Well, about these night terrors. No sooner had I closed my eyes to compose myself for the night's sleep, for the days were unclouded, then visitors arrived. Six other selves, all of them me, sat at my right shoulder on the pillow and worried me with their disputes. They disappeared whenever I ordered them or tried to open my eyes. Then I would sometimes waken up and find my feet bare and wonder what right they had to be in the bed at all. They were quite useless, and it took me a few seconds to see the funniness of the idea. No doubt this was just at the time when the kidneys were most severely taxed, for it was quite a late symptom. Another night all the chiefs of the district sat round my bed and tallied incessantly. Then, next night, a crowd of old villainous white men, gold diggers, got round me and plotted my death, which did not worry me in the least degree.

It was about the third of October when I had ventured across to hospital to see everything doing, that a boy came and met us and asked us for "them small bottle you put under man's tongue to see if he be sick." We gave him a thermometer, and had visions of yellow fever. Next day I was much weaker. My heart was distinctly bad, but I distilled water to make Giemsa's stain, as we were anxious about the new case. I crept along the house wall for support, but the job had to be done, and it was done. We saw nothing in the stained blood specimen, but the case was typical yellow fever.

When the second invalid had recovered he and the other doctor who had come from the north, and myself, all set out for home. Passing the police lines the whole detachment was found drawn up with the District Commissioner at its head, and I, as senior, dismounted from my hammock and received an address from the serjeant. I inspected the detachment who were in full dress, and replied, then got on the move again, and the force followed in fours.
little rolling hillocks that characterize Bole covered with wild savages, armed with formidable Dane guns. They had them rammed with powder, and when we passed crossed them over our heads and let off volley after volley, then rushed on and fired again. Their yells were terrible, and would have been terrifying if we had not known that they were meant for the greatest sign of friendship.

After a mile's hammocking we reached the top of a long hill, whereon were seen the Chief of Bole, his interpreter, "Sir Galahad," the police, and the District Commissioner. A final farewell was said and an affecting scene was witnessed.

After a few days we reached the great river Volta, and then crossed into the forest of Ashanti. We had happy days travelling in the forest despite our weakness, and we never once did less than a full day's journey. We had revolver or rifle practice in the afternoon, and at night our dinner table was illuminated with a bush-made acetylene lamp, constructed out of a jam tin, a coffee tin, and a flour tin, all telescoped into each other in such a way that the coffee tin floated in the flour one and raised the jam tin with its cargo of calcium carbide out of the water whenever enough acetylene was generated to supply the light. Such crowds of insects gathered about that light.

Arrived at Coomassie, we were solemnly condemned to hospital. We squirmed under it at first, but they were very good to us and gave us far too much food. There was a capital little dog in the place whom we stuffed with our excess food every meal till the grievance was abated.

Convalescence in yellow fever is a most rapid process, and I sometimes regret not having been allowed to finish out the twelve months on the coast. We stayed at Coomassie about a week and then left for Seccondee, where we were again solemnly committed to hospital. At Seccondee we were well treated as usual, and in a few days we were on board the ship, homeward bound.

For sheer agony yellow fever must take first rank. It surpasses rheumatic fever in the exquisiteness of the pains, their variety, and incurability. It is sheer madness to give drugs to relieve them. Any drug able to do it would have to be given in an almost fatal dose. In cerebrospinal fever stupor sets in, and although the patient goes raving on, he ceases to feel as acutely. Not so in yellow fever, he keeps alert till nearly the end. There is a limit to the power to feel pain, and whether it is caused by heated irons, or jagged knives, or disease, it ceases to increase beyond that. The sense organs then become exhausted and actually feel less than is going on, but it takes about six days for that to happen. In yellow fever, aspirin, sodium salicylate, and phenacetin never reach the blood or the seat of pain or the brain. They are not absorbed at all. They are not even vomited out, they are shot out with explosive force, and there is danger of rupturing the blood-vessels of the brain with the violence of the action.
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It is cruel to force drugs in through the skin, in the delusion that they may do good. Quinine is useless, and if the blood has been proved free of malaria parasites, how on earth can the subsequent giving of quinine be justified? Pilocarpine is worse than useless, as the blood is already too dense, and if the fetish of a moist skin is needful then water must be supplied by rectum. Indeed it is a wise thing to do. It would flush out the kidneys, and reduce toxemia, and make up for water lost in vomiting. No water is absorbed by the stomach, but it should be drunk constantly to clean out the blood and acid in the stomach, otherwise there will be dry retching, which will soon kill the patient. It is good to put sodium bicarbonate in the water and to have it aerated to make it more pleasant, and the alkalinity neutralizes the excessive acidity of the stomach secretion.

The headache is intractable by any safe dose of any drug. Cold water cloths help it distinctly.

The abdominal pains are peritoneal, and mustard at least distracts one's attention from them. There is a lot of tympanites, and a turpentine and soap enema would be good, and would pave the way for a saline infusion. After one good evacuation of the bowels there is no need whatever to worry for another for about nine days, in a bad case, for no food has been taken, and there is no difficulty in starting the bowels with absolute regularity as soon as food is resumed.

When hyperpyrexia sets in, cold sponging is excellent. If the pathology of yellow fever were constantly borne in mind, the futility of drugging would be realized, and many more recoveries than at present would take place. Saline, soda, sponging and starvation will increase the recovery rate immensely, and to these I attribute my recovery. For stronger men than I, with a better record of coast sickness, have gone down with yellow fever who might have made a better fight if they had not persecuted their attendant to relieve their agony by some drug or other, and we all know how hard it is to refuse.

It would be a good thing if every white man going to the Coast were taught in the plainest language that yellow fever is endemic, the hour of infection being probably between 6 and 7.30 p.m., when men sit out in the open and get bitten most. They should be taught that it is almost certainly fatal, and that any chance they have is in their own hands. They need expect nothing to relieve their pains or shorten their disease in the way of drugs, but they will make things very much easier if they will lie still and drink only water, and never worry about food for days on end.

The Sequela.—There are no regrets left, no bitterness. Recovery was well worth the fight. The hair fell out for a time, the nails got black and cracked and became permanently thin. There were patches of anaesthesia and hyperaesthesia all over, which lasted about two weeks. It may have helped to save me that I attempted to be cheerful, but what certainly did save me was the District Commissioner's help, for which I shall ever be grateful.