

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. How the Country Looks Outside of Jhansi. Circuit Court, February 19th, 1912.

Dear Home Folk: I have been wishing for you on this little jaunt of four hours from Jhansi, for the trip here was through a much more attractive part of the country than I have seen before.

From the irrigated portion and there were beautiful trees and fairly good sized fields of grain, mustard and rice. There were plenty of cows of that variety which we see with a circus, gray in color, no hair, and horns turning back; filthy looking native villages, and, in fact, I can realize the Bible settings in many places in India, for with much ground space the groups of adobe houses are mere specks in a vast mesa.

I came here yesterday in answer to a telegram and in the interest of the tuberculosis girls in this school. I saw twelve of them, who will be compelled to go to a sanatorium, for in India, as in America, tuberculosis has gotten a big hold and makes rapid strides when once contracted.

Most of the native houses here are long rows of one-story affairs with a dark room back and resembling an open porch in front. The horse will be in one place, a family in the next; a goat and its babies will occupy a third space and so on until the household quite fills every available corner, and directly across the road, perhaps eight or twelve feet wide, will be others just like the one described. There is no grass, just the beaten earth for the kiddies to play on. I can well understand the "Manger Cradle" and those peculiarly grassless pictures one always sees of the East.

This city is a big manufacturing site, but not very beautiful otherwise, and after you see the native quarters, the market, or bazaar, as they call it here, then visit a glass temple of the "Jais"; the Memorial church, where there are tablets to the memory of a thousand souls slain in the mutiny, and on down to the banks of the Ganges river, where those men and women were riddled with bullets after being led out under a flag of truce, and finally see the well in which two hundred and fifty women and children were thrown after having been shot or cut up (some dead, others dying), you are glad to get back to your hotel and away from all the sad memories.

There is a large orphan school here and countless other day schools. I wish you could visit one of these; they are as different from the American variety as imagination could well paint. I went to visit one; the door in the adobe wall was pushed open and I was ushered into a small space—about twelve by fifteen feet, where there were two women, one had a "butelia" (babe) in her arms; a boy of eighteen or thereabouts lying on the floor with a badly abscessed leg; some cooking utensils scattered about, but directly at my right, in a three by eight foot space, a single width of matting was spread and grouped about a native girl teacher, seated on a foot-high stool, were eighteen children ranging in age from three to eight years, each with a slate and pencil, using their knees for desks. When I entered they all rose to their feet and placing their hands on their foreheads they said, "Salaam Miss Saji," then went on with their tasks with no more thought of their foreign visitor. Your heart would surely go out for these poor starved, pathetically patient souls.

ALLAHABAD, FEBRUARY 12th. Having just gotten rightly settled for my few day's work in Compoire I was somewhat startled with a message to come on here for the same purpose as that which took me to Compoire. I have already examined fifteen girls, all with tuberculosis and unfortunately these are all teachers and advanced scholars, so that their death means much loss to the christian workers here.

Allahabad is a five hour ride from Compoire, quite a large place and as it is the capital of the Province, very fashionable. As yet I have not seen the town but will go about tomorrow, as it is most necessary that I get back to Jhansi by Saturday.

Please do not worry about my health or over-working for it seems every station or mission I visit there is some one to warn me of both and keep me in line. I will try to tell you more of Allahabad in my next week's letter.

Gun Powder

is made of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in proper proportions intimately mingled with water. Nitre, charcoal and sulphur without that exact proportion and commingling have no more explosive value than common dirt. The nourishment of the body is made out of the food which is eaten; bread, meat, potatoes, etc. But unless this food is perfectly mixed in the stomach with the digestive juices it is as incapable of nourishment as the unmixt elements of gun powder are of explosion. For this reason health cannot be gauged by appetite. To obtain the benefit of food, to have it converted into nourishment for blood, nerve and muscle, the organs of digestion and nutrition must do their part. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes blood and flesh, bone and muscle by putting the digestive and nutritive organs into perfect working condition. It has no equal as a cure for diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

LIKES HIS NEWSPAPER HOUR

Time When Mr. Crotchetty Wants to Be Let Alone, and He Doesn't Care Who Knows It.

"When I'm reading the newspaper," said Mr. Crotchetty. "I'm like a dog with a bone. I don't like to be interrupted. My newspaper hour is to me a time of great enjoyment and I like to have it all to myself, unbroken. This clear, printed page on which is spread before me the news of the world is a marvel; a mental meal of many courses, with a new bill of fare daily, a feast unending and of endless variety, and I love to take it without a break in my enjoyment of it. I don't like to have anybody speak to me or approach me when I am reading a newspaper. I want then to be let alone, and so even when Mrs. Crotchetty comes up and says: 'Stephen, when you go down town this morning will you—' I am apt to reply rather absently and without looking up, and if she persists with 'You know, Stephen, don't you, that I—' why, then, I fear, I reply almost peevishly: 'Yes, yes, I'll attend to that, but now—' and then I turn back to the paper and search for the place I have lost, but with the current of interest now broken or lessened because I have permitted myself, just a little, to lose my temper.

"But they don't break in on me often. Sometimes they start to speak to me and then they stop. More than once I heard this said: 'Don't speak to him now; he's reading the paper.' And that makes me feel a little mean and sometimes I say: 'No, no; that's all right. What is it?' But as a rule, I confess, I let 'em wait till I'm through, for the newspaper is one of my chief enjoyments and it disturbs me much to have that enjoyment broken."

SHAVED IN PRIMITIVE TIMES

Sharp Pieces of Flint or Sharks' Teeth Answered in the Early Days for Razors.

We wear things and use things daily of the origin of which we have not the slightest idea, and were we to be asked concerning their history we would be at a loss to answer, the Port Elizabeth Advertiser remarks: This was illustrated when two young men were admiring a well known picture of life in the time of Julius Caesar which was exhibited in a show window. One of the men remarked, while looking at the picture, that he wondered how the Romans kept their faces smooth, and whether they ever shaved, and if they shaved, what were their razors like? Neither of the men could answer the question, and so they immediately consulted various authorities on the subject and found, to their surprise, that razors were used for shaving in a very early part of the world's history.

The Egyptian used some kind of a razor, though the Levitical code expressly forbade the shaving of the beard. It is believed the primitive shaving instruments were made of sharpened flints. Savages in the remote islands scattered throughout the Pacific still use two pieces of flint of the same size for this purpose, and pieces of shells or sharks' teeth are also used.

Motors in Arabia. Aden, Arabia, is five miles from Steamer Point, the shipping junction of that region. Heretofore camel carts have conveyed merchandise for export and import. But camels are slow and the carts are unwieldy. The camels could, at their best, make only two round trips a day between the town and the wharf. The road is steep and full of gravel and flint. But this did not deter business men from employing automobiles as substitutes for camels, says an exchange. One skin exporter paid \$4,000 for a three and one-half ton, twenty-two horse power French truck, which he used in lieu of the camel carts. It carries fifteen bales of skins and makes six round trips daily. The Aden-Steamer Point automobile service will shortly test a steam car that has been rebuilt into a gasoline car. The intention is to revive the passenger service. It cost \$1,800 to convert the car, which originally cost \$2,916. A chauffeur has been obtained from England to make the tests. The owners declare that if the car is a success they will have five others placed in service.

Torpedoes Guided by Aircraft. A patent has been issued to Bradley A. Fiske, United States navy, for a device that guides submarine torpedoes from an aircraft. The torpedo is the first transported through the air to a point of desired proximity to a target by means of an aircraft, after which the propelling mechanism of the torpedo is started and then the torpedo is released to fall by gravity to the water. In the apparatus, a strap is employed for retaining the torpedo below the aircraft and a manually controlled lever releases a latch for the strap the lever also actuating transmitting mechanism to operate the starting device for the propelling mechanism of the torpedo.

Aerial Taxicab Is Tested. Some remarkable flights have been made by the aerial taxicab built by Bierlot for a European firm. A 140 horse power engine has been installed in place of the 100 horse power motor with which the machine was originally equipped. Loaded with about 650 pounds of ballast, it carries a cargo equivalent in weight to that of four passengers besides the pilot. As yet no four passengers have ventured to take their seats in the taxicab body.

EASTER TIME IN OLD MEXICO

THE adobe village of Ferreria de Tula, perched far up in the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico, not far from the active volcano of Colima, might truly be renamed Ultima Tula, or so the unaccustomed rider argues to himself after thirty-five miles in the saddle, and a Mexican saddle at that. From summer heat one ascends to a stimulating altitude of almost 8,000 feet, each foot of the precarious ascent revealing fresh beauties of scenery in the vistas ahead or in the panoramic view of the great plain below, with its lakes and villages bathed in shifting opalescent tints.

On Good Friday a platform, shaded by a canopy of pine boughs, is erected, which is made the objective point of a special procession, composed of the male population. They are accompanied by a brass band, and the front rank carries a life size representation of Jesus bearing a large cross. Those immediately surrounding the image bear lighted candles. Slowly and solemnly the participants march to the canopied destination.

Then, led by the padre, comes a second concourse, comprising the feminine portion of the congregation, supporting a figure of the Virgin. The religious fervor of the moment is intense as the multitude kneels in front of the improvised pulpit of green to listen while a visiting padre delivers a sermon. At its close the processions return in reverse order to the church.

The following morning there occurs the ceremony of blessing water, a unique spectacle resembling a floral festival. Every child in the village comes to church carrying a receptacle of some sort (even old beer bottles) filled with the pure water of Tula and garlanded with wreaths of roses, pansies or carnations. A common green glass bottle adorned with pansies or white asters held in place by a ribbon

of violet paper becomes an artistic creation under the deft touch of Mexican fingers. The padre, attended by his acolytes, gives a short sermon and with a radiant countenance pronounces a blessing upon the eagerly uplifted vessels. Outside the sacred edifice meanwhile preparations are making for the burning of Judas, a celebration noteworthy for its peculiarity. Early in the day, near "La Casa de Dios" (house of God), they set up an effigy of the traitorous disciple, its attire nondescript, its head, in reality, a calabaza. A cheap cigar is the finishing stigma, intended to indicate that the villain was far from being a gentlemanly one.

The crowd collects in front of the church at the conclusion of la misa (the mass) and listens to a harangue from the schoolmaster, who describes the career of the arch villain at whose obsequies they are about to assist. Many small articles, including baskets, old garments, buckets, brooms and similar household furnishings, are hung conspicuously upon a clothesline, each thing having been stolen and the theft attributed to Judas. The owners claim their chattels in due time. Laughing brown faces encourage each sharp saying, and murmurs of approbation change to lively cheers when the orator implores his fellow townsmen to give the evildoer all he deserves.

No sooner suggested than carried into effect, Judas is suspended from a wire, and his necklaces of fireworks is touched off. These, exploding, set fire to other firecrackers and pinwheels attached to the traitor, who begins to rotate rapidly, receiving many a well aimed missile from the bystanders who have old eggs and vegetables to spare. Finally a spark reaches his inflammable interior construction, when, presto (piff, puff, pough), Judas is no more. —Los Angeles Times.



THE EFFIGIES OF JUDAS READY FOR BURNING CELEBRATION IN TULA.

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Easter in Brittany. Many interesting Easter customs take place in Brittany, where such veneration was paid to the numerous prehistoric stones, which still abound, that the church was obliged to associate Christian ceremonial with many pagan customs. Thus in the giant paschal tapers may be traced the ancient fires which celebrated the coming of the spring.

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Forrest L. Bullock, the Water street dealer, has just received a carload of fine New Rubber and Steel Tire Buggies and Carriages. They are all the product of the Ligonier Carriage Co., and in workmanship, quality and finish can't be surpassed at the price. If you are thinking of buying a new vehicle this spring you would do well to look this shipment over because he guarantees them and will sell them all at a figure that marks them as bargains.

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