Democratic Matchman.

Belletonte, Pa., June 27, 1913.

HELLO, TOM!

(Pennsylvania German Dialect.) (For the Watchman.) O Bruder, mindscht wie du un ich

Hen Checkers gschpielt deheem Un wie du mich so farrichterlich Gebotte hoscht im Game? Un mindscht wie m'r als gange sin Ze fische an's Moyer's Damm? En Hengel Cat-fish waar unser Gwinn, Mei liewer Bruder Tom.

Mar hen als gschlofe im same Nescht Darrich alli Hitz un Kelt: Now bischt du East un ich bin West-So geht 's in daere Welt! Mar lewe lang un weit getrennt Vum unserm alte Schtamm: Gott schenk, mar schlofe zammer am End, Mei liewer Bruder Tom! C. C. Z.

St. Louis.

THE GOLDEN GOWN.

It appears that Claudia had come to town that morning to do some shopping, intending to go home on an early afternoon train: but a very slow waitress disarranged all her plans. It seemed per-fectly absurd that it should take a waitress fifteen minutes to bring a simple sandwich and a cup of cocoa even in a crowded, clattering, department store restaurant at the busy hour of one o'clock. It was just at the moment when Claudia gave up all hope of getting her train that she remembered that the sheets and towels she had bought that morning had cost seventy-five cents less than she had expected to pay for them. The combination of these two thoughts, the missed train and the saved money, brought a third thought-the play she wanted to see most in the world was at a theater just around the corner and a lofty but perfectly good seat cost just exactly but she flung herself on me suddenly

seventy-five cents. The waitress finally came back and thumped Claudia's luncheon down in front of her; but of course by that time there was no possible chance of getting the train. All the time she was eating her sandwich and sipping her cocoa she kept reminding herself that there would be another train only half an hour later and that she needed the seventy-five cents for a great many practical things. Down in her heart though she knew that she was going to squander her afternoon only made me doubly unhappy. and her seventy-five cents on that play. Claudia loves the theater.

come back to the office that day after getting my lunch when she called me up. Would you mind, Peter," she said in a voice that I recognized as her excitedabout-something-going-to-happen voice, "would you mind if your dinner should be a little late tonight?"

Of course not," I said. "What's up?" "I'm going to stay in town all afternoon and go out with you on the 5:20 tled.

where and get a little dinner before we go home. Come on! It'll be a lark." "No indeed," said Claudia promptly. "It would be very extravagant. Because, Peter—" her voice dropped to a rather ashamed whisper—"I've just spent sev-enty-five cents for a matinee ticket!" "Cod Heavier" formerly done. I went away to the city every morning and came back every in the days before the great news reach-od us. But I knew this could not last long. Claudia said she was just going to keep still a while and get her breath Good Heavens!" I returned laughing-

The fire in the kitchen stove had gone out and she had carried coal and wood up from the cellar to build a new one. but and she had carried coal and wood p from the cellar to build a new one. If the money had been mine doesn't burn, and she didn't know when my din-rer would he ready. Here I patted her burned the other. The fire wouldn't burn, and she didn't know when my din-ner would be ready. Here I patted her consolingly on the back and tried to cheer whenever I can, but I must work. You I was a strange look the poor shabby,

consolingly on the back and tried to cheer her up a little by telling her I wasn't a bit hungry; but she raised unhappy eyes to mine. "Oh, Peter, that isn't all! Look at me! Here I am, when you come home, all whenever I can, but I must work. Tou will try to understand and forgive me, won't you?" I turned her head toward me until her eyes looked into mine. They were wet with tears of disappointment, and her could rouse her. "Why?" asked the work-Here I am, when you come home, all tired out and dirty and disheveled, when ought to be clean and attractive and happy. Just because I've been working at me bravely and patted my cheek. caught her t "Dear old Peter!" she whispered. "Just let's have all the fun together your hor-said again. all day, doing hateful, dirty,grubby things that will have to be done over and over again! It frightens me, Peter! We shouldn't have marrled until you had rid conscience will permit anyway. There more money. You have to deny yourself are so many lovely things to do and so much too. And it's all very well to see!"

so much too. And it's all very well to say that things will be different and you'll make a lot of money some day; but, Peter, suppose you don't! Lots of fine nen don't succeed; they stay poor all their lives." Claudia's sobs broke out afresh, and I walked over to the window and stood staring out, feeling all at once very tired walked over to the window and stood staring out, feeling all at once very tired and hopeless and lifeless. This then was what our life and upward struggle togeth-er really meant to her—"doing hateful, dirty, grubby things that will have to be done over and over area lower as and the start of the start of the start of having been willing to acquiesce in my decision I determined that we would, as she had said, "have all the fum to-gether" we possibly could and told her so. She was delighted at my unqualified and hover and over area lower area l

done over and over again!" After a long silence Claudia went on in the tone of one who having introduced a painful topic is determined to talk it all out: "I suppose you hate me for being so small; but you know it's not because I don't love you enough to go entertainment during the time I was delighted at my unqualined and enthusiastic response, and we spent the rest of the evening making plans for our departure she took the early com-muters' train with me and talked and because I don't love you enough to go the trainment during the time I was to construct the mirror, but with unseeing eyes. Suddenly she turned to me. "They don't trust rich people do they?" she said bitterly. I don't blame them. They ought to hate us! Look at these clothes of mine! Do you know what they cost, Peter? Hundreds of dollars! Did you see what because I don't love you enough to go entertainment during the time I was to she wore? Did you see her hands? Look be her guest that I gave up all pretense at my hands, Peter!"

through anything for you. It just seems so unfair. Other people have so much, and we have nothing. We can't do anything! We can't go anywhere! I should love to travel! We just exist, Peter, and it will be that way for years and years until we're too old to care for the plan making. "My dear," Claudia exclaimed, "I've a and years, until we're too old to care for

pleasure and luxury and beautiful things. Then maybe we'll have them." huge surprise for you, Peter. I've been Her tone was bitter. This was a Claudia I had never seen before. She

stood up and faced me defiantly. Then she changed to her natural self. "Oh, Peter, I'm a beast!" I don't know what she saw in my face; a passion of self-reproach and the

By a silent understanding, we never

late for the theater. We were to have a know. I thought if you were pleasant to whole box to ourselves to see the first your family and friends and polite to penance I suppose. Her gallant, pathetic performance of a famous star's new play, attempts to atone for what she had said and Claudia said she didn't want to miss one minute of it.

When at six o'clock I knocked at the There was no warning of the event door of the suite to which the bell boy I remember perfectly that I had just that made Claudia a rich woman-no had brought me Claudia's voice cried, signs in the heavens or other unusual "Is that you, Peter? Wait a minute."

occurrence. She went to bed one night just plain Claudia, and at breakfast the about inside the room. At last she spoke next morning opened the uninteresting looking envelope that told her she was rich, "beyond the dreams of avarice," as she told me with a solemn and awestruck look. It was a matter of some litigation

look. It was a matter of some litigation begun half a century before and just set-The door swung open, and a hand on my train," she said a little mysteriously. "I For a while our life went on without room. Then the door closed softly betrain," she said a little mysteriously. I can cook something in a hurry after we get home." "Nonsense!" I said. "Let's go some-where and get a little dinner before we

said. "I don't know. Human nature is ed to pass on which left me strangely

with tears of disappointment, and her mouth had the grieved droop of a child's denied some anticipated joy. As I bent my head to kiss her, however, she smiled of it was like a blow in the face. Claudia caught her breath. "I want to help you. Tell me!" she

The woman murmured a street and a number a nd went on without a back-

of reading the paper. "What are you going to do with your-self all day?" I asked during a pause in beautiful hands made more beautiful by

careful tending. I caught them and drew her to me; but million things to do! And all those mil- she turned away and dropped into a chair, lion things together are to make one half hiding her face against the back of it. "Don't!" she said. Don't try to comfort planning it for weeks—almost ever since I became a near-millionairess." me! I want to think it out. I know I've been wicked. I've only thought of what this money could do for me! I've planned "What kind of a surprise?" I inquired with some misgivings. I wondered if I would ever get over the uneasy dread of having Claudia spend her money on me. She read my thoughts. "It's nothing I'm buying you, silly. It's things I've bought for myself. And, Peter, if you don't say I'm gorgeous!" We purted at the subway station Claut

soothe her. She looked up at me and clasped my hand tightly between both of strangers, and went to church, and didn't ever harm anybody you were a pretty decent sort of a person and were doing all that could be expected of you. I

didn't realize that any one had any more responsibility than that. You see I was asleep-asleep and dreaming about life. When this money came I was in my sleep because it made the dream more beautiful. But when I saw that poor woman I really saw for the first time in my life, and-Oh, Peter, at first I hated the money! I loathed it! I wanted to fling it away!

She rose to her feet and faced me, he head held high, her hands clinched at her breast, the folds and ripples of the golden gown gleaming about her. But there was something in her face which dimmed its splendors, which made us forget all else. Claudia's soul looked from her eyes .- By Louise Taylor Davis, in Pic-

draw together and center on the figure of Claudia standing, slim and tall, in the falls in the desert it at once begins to develop verdure and beauty. These arid stretches of sand contain in themselves the elements of beauty, only needing the proper conditions to reveal all that lies hidden beneath the bleak and barren surface. Something like this is the condition of the human body. Health is every one's prerogative. Yet people live along in suffering and sickness, not realizing that the fair flower of health would spring up in this barren life of theirs under right conditions. What rain is to the desert Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the body. It vitalizes and vivifies. It takes the germs of health and makes them fruitful. It pushes out the blood taints and foul diseases which mar and maim the body and in place gives an increased flow of pure blood, which nourishes and builds up the body in all its parts and organs. The blood is the life. The "Discovery" makes new life by mak-ing new blood.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. The Flowers of the Himalayas the Same as Those of the Alleghenies. A Monkey Temple and Their Devotion to Their Young. Dear Home Folk:

You see I am still at Simla, but will go see and South Carolina, and a few very nice English folks whom I am sorry I did not meet earlier in my stay. The

usual refreshments were served, consistping-pong and I felt so far behind that I acted almost childish, but remembered to keep my dignity enough not to disgrace the rest of the people. I do think the folks living in this section are very easily pleased.

The mountains are beginning to look that all signs point to rain, but the new moon lies on its back and declares all other signs null and void. Many of the people from here are leaving on the same

the rains when they come and stand the heat meanwhile.

ping to breathe; finally we reached the little white garden daisy and English ivy, niture all growing wild along our path; foxglove

are the pines and balsams; only a few of initure painted a pure white. the oaks and rhododendrons followed us Some people prefer porch furniture of to the top. The view from the top was wood instead of willow, and there are miles in all directions, in fact from one A stationary porch seat built against point we could see clear off to the plains, the wall and fitted with a tufted cushmiles in all directions, in fact from one but it was not for the view nor the nature study that we made this trip; it was to see the monkey temple.

to come upon a rather decent looking or saw monkeys, old and young, and they breakfast or luncheon. made a funny little coaxing noise which

Webb went to the door of the temple in two parts. and asked the "fakir" (holy man) to feed

reminded me of many human banquets rugs of Algerian fiber. have attended; but the truly pathetic note was struck when two mother mon-ly no hot weather the Navajo blanket keys came up upon three legs and laid down a tiny dead baby while they gath-In the way of protection from the sun own two or three times, all the time look- deal of light and air. ing as though her heart would break. For porches where awnings are not a necessity, the sun screens of flexible The "fakir" told us that the babies, fiber are most satisfactory. which hold onto the mother's under side

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy .- R. L. Stevenson

3

The finest linen collars, embroidered SIMLA, JUNE 16th. and lace-hemmed, are worn, and those You see I am still at Simla, but will go down this week. I went to the Bishop's garden party and had a very nice time, meeting some Americans from Tennes. a large brooch of the cameo or pebble persuasion rimmed with gold.

Flowers and plants are as necessary to usual refreshments were served, consist-ing of tea, cake, sandwiches and some Porch boxes, filled with scarlet geraniums fruit salad, which was really sliced and nasturtiums in a variety of colors, peaches sugared. They made me play good, and palms and ferns also, if the porch is of ample dimensions, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Hanging pots fill-ed with ferns or vines, are very prac-tical, as they do not crowd the place and get in the way like plants that are standing around.

The rocking chair, without which no well regulated porch was considered musty and the snow-fields are truly a duite respectable, has given way to the broad comfortable chairs in wicker and thing of the imagination and memory. The crows are calling continuously so hammock, that is quite large enough to be used as a bed, if necessary. there are various adaptations of steamer chair.

Padded covers of denim or cretonne will transform the most uncompromistrain that I do, and we will have to take ingly hard steamer chair into a thing of solid comfort for the porch. Porch furniture is of necessity moved about so On Saturday morning Miss Webb and in weight and easily handled.

I started very early on a walking jaunt up Jacks. This is quite the highest peak theut here and I must confers it was a started very early on a walking jaunt all varieties and sizes, with settees, swingabout here and I must confess it was a ing seats, tea tables, work tables, book hard pull, for much of the way we could and magazine tables, flower stands, only walk five or six yards before stop. tabourets and baskets, and the general scheme of furnishing is limited only by the designs of the cretonne and the top. We noticed violets, columbine, our colors of the stains available for the fur-

For the restful outdoor living room and larkspur we found later. The trees greens and browns or willow in natural color, are preferable to the willow fur-

glorious; we could see for miles and complete sets that are light in weight

ion or with pillows is a serviceable ad dition

Next to the question of seats in the furnishing of the outdoor room comes We walked along the path on the top the question of tables. At least one table that can be used for both work and play should be provided. If it is of good size house with several little out-houses and fitted with a lower shelf it may be around, this was surrounded by giant fir used for books, afternoon teas, card playtrees and from far and near one heard ing and for even an occasional outde

For the larger piazza, there are tables designed for every use, including the tea seemed to say they wanted food. Miss wagon and the new table that is made

Each of these parts is triangular in them and he kindly came out and threw shape, making a convenient little table that fits into a corner, but when placed some grain. Immediately from every together makes a square table of good tree and bush, as well as from the hill- size. No porch is really furnished withside, came monkeys and to see them out rugs and screens or awnings. The rugs are made especially alluring each successive year. The grass rugs every then sit and cram it into their mouths one is familiar with; then there are the

ered up their food, and one in particular, I saw come back, after having walked a few feet away, take up this dead thing in her arms and press its face against her

particular matinee. I can picture her climbing up, up, up, until she reached her seat in the very topmost balcony, and when she finally attained that lofty perch taking off her hat and coat and fluffing up her hair with that little gesture I am so familiar with. I know with what pleasure she listened to the strains of the far-away orchestra and with what ine watched her neighbors settle into their places. I am quite sure that when the curtain went up she leaned forward in her seat with parted lips and that when the Golden Gown came on the stage she said, "O-oh!" under her breath and gave a little shiver of sheer delight in its beauty.

Bumping homeward on the 5:20 su-burban local she told me about it. "All gold, Peter!" she said, with rapt eyes and bated breath. "Thick, thick, gold and bated breath. "Thick, thick, gold colored satin; but, oh, so soft! And something like sparkly golden, gossamer floating all over it, but clinging too, and a long, long train!" Her gesture sketch-ed the thick, soft folds, the golden gossamer and the splendid train.

"And, oh, Peter, a golden band around er golden hair!" She looked out of the her golden hair!" She looked out of the window into the darkness, and I saw her eyes catch her reflection in the darkened

"Really, Peter," she said, and blushed and laughed a little, "she looked beauti-ful; but I think maybe in a dress like I would look rather nice myself." that

I looked at her, smiling at me with a charming little air of embarrassed, half shy coquetry, and I did not doubt it in the least. Claudia has golden hair. "Claudia," I said rather sadly, "I wish you weren't so beautiful. Then I shouldn't feel so much like a miserable worm because L can't hur you a golden

worm because I can't buy you a golden gown.

"Silly!" said Claudia. She squeezed my hand under cover of a fold of her skirt. Then she stole another glance at her reflection in the glass and smiled; but I thought it was a wistful smile.

It was only a few days after Claudia's trip to the theater that I came home rather early one afternoon and found her with her head on the kitchen table, sobbing wildly. She had not intended to have me find her crying I am sure, for as soon as she saw me she jumped to her feet and tried to pretend there was nothing much the matter. Claudia is a good sport. I suppose I should have accepted her explanation of a headache, induced her to lie down and waited for her to be her to lie down and waited for her to be herself again. But a woman doesn't sit crouching over a table, shaken by par-oxysms of childlike, unrestaained sob-bing just because she has a headache—

day of small disasters; but there was something tragic underlying it all, some-thing that wrung my heart. The woman hadn't come to help Claudia clean the house; she had had to do it all alone.

to keep still a while and get her breath back after the shock before she decided ly. It was Sunday morning, a beautiful, early spring day, and Claudia and I were

Claudia I knew came back to me.

you are going to keep slaving away in that old office when we might be getting something out of our life together—some beauty, some pleasure? Haven't we all the money we'll need for the rest of our days? What is the sense of working for

any more?" "It isn't my money, Claudia," I reminded her.

ed her. I had said the wrong thing. She turn-ed on me indignantly. "Peter, how small of you! What *does* it matter? It was only luck that made it mine instead of yours. Would I have refused to share it if con-ditions had hear subscription to bed. I believe I'm sleepy." We whirled along through streets as bright as day and full of people—all hap-py, all smilling, all bent on amusing them-selves. The taxicab rolled smoothly up the and go to bed. I believe I'm sleepy."

Dear, foolish, wonderful Claudia! I went and leaned over her, putting my arms about her and kissing her bright hair. "Listen, dear," I said. "I'm not refusing to share with you. You may build yourself a beautiful house, and I'll live in it with you. You may buy huge automobiles, and I'll ride in them with you. You may give me a present now and then, and I'll thank you for it and treasure it. And once in a while if you Dear, foolish, wonderful Claudia! I and then, and I'll thank you for it and treasure it. And once in a while if you ask me to go away with you as your guest on a little journey I will go and see wonderful sights and be happy with you But no matter what happens I must work hard. It's not only to make money, dear. It's—Can't you under-stand? It's to keep my self-respect. A man's got to be of some use in the world, to have some reason for his existence. stand? It's to keep my self-respect. A chance, and destiny. Here was some man's got to be of some use in the world, to have some reason for his existence. Don't you see why I can't just look for unalterable tragedy. I saw nothing but at least not a woman like Claudia. I was worried and made up my mind to get at the real trouble. Under my questions her shaken nerves gave way, and she told me the reason for her tears. It was a funny, pathetic little tale of a day of small disasters; but there was Claudia sat with averted head, looking

down at her clasped hands. "You know you wouldn't feel that way if it were your money," she said at last. "I think I would. I hope I would!" I the miracle, was over. The woman start-

center of the floor. She was wearing the counterpart of the Golden Gown. I knew "Good Heavens!" I returned laugning-ly. "Well I'll meet you on the 5:20 then. Have a good time." I've been to the theater with Claudia quite often and have observed her nar-rowly on such occasions; so I can imagine inst how groat was her enjoyment of this The time for talking it all out came upon me suddenly and quite unexpected-lovely bird which had died that Claudia ly. It was Sunday morning, a beautiful, early spring day, and Claudia and I were lingering over a late breakfast. There were daffodils on the table, and the fra-grance of spring came in through the window with the sunlight. Claudia laughgrance of spring came in through the window with the sunlight. Claudia laugh-ed suddenly and pushed back her chair. ed suddenly and pushed back her chair. I think Claudia was as happy that even-I think Claudia was as happy that even-think Claudia was as happy that even-think Claudia was as happy that even-

ing as she had expected to be-and that is saying a great deal. Beauty and lux-Peter, we are going to Europe." She said it with a great air of con-fidence, but she watched me anxiously. As for me, I felt miserably that I would

As for me, I fett minutes safely over with. "Claudia, darling," I said, trying to speak lightly, "I am a man and I have a man's work to do. I can't play with you." She clenched her hands in her lap and the next conduct of a speak lightly. Then she spoke, the next conduct of a speak lightly can be the speak lightly and the

When the famous star had made his last bow and the last sound of applause had died away I wrapped Claudia in her satin cloak and said, "Where to now, your Majesty?"

"I had thought of going somewhere for a little supper," said Claudia, "Bnt I think if you'd just as soon I'd like to go home and go to bed. I believe I'm

ditions had been reversed? Isn't it more than enough for both? What could I do zlingly lighted entrance of the great zlingly lighted entrance of the great hotel. When it had rolled smoothly away than enough for both? What could I do with that money all by myself? What pleasure could I get out of it? Oh, my dear, I didn't think you were the man to let an out-worn tradition, a stupid, nar-row sense of pride, step in between us! Why, we're one. Nothing's mine or yours! I thought you loved me more than that."

gesture.

Chocolate Cream Filling .- Melt square and a quarter of chocolate in the oven or over the tea kettle; mix together one cup of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of flour and a pinch of salt; add two eggs slightly beaten with two cups of milk; cook in a double boiler until thick and creamy; add the melted chocolate and a teaspoonful of vanilla; when cool spread between layers.

-An authority on horses says the gray -An authority on norses says the gray will live the longest, and that roans come next in order. Blacks, he asserts, seldom live to be over 20, and creams rarely ex-ceed 15. The bay he omits. It is a common observation that grays and sorrels often live to a useful old age. As to the alleged short terms of the other colors there is room for discussion.

When the door is locked against you it can be opened by breaking the lock or using a master key. When the bowels are constipated they can be forced with violent purgatives or opened delicately by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets They are the master key to the human system when the bowels are closed.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Tricks of Orators.

Great orators have not scrupled to use the arts of the actor to produce their effects. Lord Brougham, while protesting against the rejection of the reform bill by the house of lords, cried out: "I implore you upon my knees!" kneeling before them on the "woolsack." upon which the lord chancillor sits when presiding in the house of lords.

Sheridan, having finished his famous speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, sank back apparently fainting in the arms of his friends.

speech upon the atrocities which might be expected from the French in case of an invasion down to the french in the short time are from the speech to the short time are specified to the specified to the short time are specified to the spec might be expected from the French in case of an invasion, drew forth an en-ormous two-edged dager and exclaim ing: "This is the weapon which will "This is the weapon which will with them. be pointed at your throats and mine!" dashed it on the floor with a tragic

Delhi. -. (Continued next week,

while she is running, had fallen the day In the June Woman's Home Combefore and were quite dead before being picked up, and that these mothers had been carrying the dead monkeys for two days. I was sorry we had not asked how and when they would dispose of them school teachers:

and when they would dispose of them but did not think about it until two na-tives came up, who not only salaamed, by placing both hands together and bow-ing their heads in an attitude of prayer, but also kissed the feet of the "fakir." We started to find our way down the hill and stumbled into a native's yard; the house, a big square affair on the ton hill and stumbled into a native's yard; the house, a big square affair on the top of the mountain, was closed up tight so that it looked as though deserted. Two servants came out, as though on guard, and we asked if we might go to the back to see the view; this was granted but as pretty a lawn as I have ever seen, we no-ticed that the servants kept very close to us and we did not linger long but hustled on our way down the hill, scrambling over stones, falling over fences and slid-

on our way down the hill, scrambling over stones, falling over fences and slid-ing down the hill on pine needles until nearly half way down as we did not want to go down by way of the road and could not find any but a monkey path so had to go by that until we could see a fairly good "rickshaw" road. Going past a Lieutenant Governor's back door we picked some nice yellow raspberries which were growing wild, and they were so good we wished there were plenty more. Truly this life is a school and I seem

Truly this life is a school and I seem

camp fires, or go rowing, and we, in turn, gave little twilight parties around the to be learning new things every day. Today Miss Webb, who is my room-mate, and whose home is in California, told me burning logs. "Here are the approximate figures for

our expenses:

all about oranges, as she once worked in an orange packing house. Dr. Anna Young, who has just come here to spend a month, went with me to **EIGHT GIRLS FOR** TWO MONTHS call upon a native christian woman of very high degree. Their house is very beautiful, and full to over-flowing, as all English houses are in India; and these Dinner at noon..... Rig hired 5 (times

\$45.00

for 9 weeks."

In the June Woman's Home Companion appears a page called "The Exchange" which consists of practical household suggestions contributed by subscribesr. Following is one of the suggestions: "The ticking of a clock or watch in a sick-room is often most trying to a ner-vous person. To obviate this, turn a Thursday morning-We are almost at

tumbler over a watch on a chair or ta-ble beside the bed, and the sound of the ticking can no longer be heard."

people have quite adopted the English customs. The husband's name is Rajah ir Harman Sing, (truly a mouthful.) She was very gracious and wanted to know whether I would be in Simla for some time, as she thought I would enjoy tennis with them. I really felt sorry I

"Thus making it \$5 a week per girl

