

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. An Appreciative but Sordid and Lazy People. When it Rains it Pours. Fish that Live in the Sand. Mildew and Rust for Everything. The India Chewing Gum.

Dear Home Folk:

JHANSI, JULY 3rd. The stout woman's place was filled this morning by a most charming "Punjabi" woman, whom we all are going to like, for these folks are so very appreciative of the slightest favor shown them. When too poor to pay in money, or feel it "not proper" to offer it, they in some way manage to let one know their feelings. I have already some very handsome pieces of brass—all gifts of patients for whom I have been able to do something. But with all I can't see how any one should become enthusiastic over India—as a people, a more sordid, uninteresting lot of people would be hard to find any place. There are very few with any of the better qualities. Every vice known, in the worst form, is found here, and so many besides, I have stopped looking for them. Their brown skins, unusual clothes, and silences, give an effect of interesting undercurrents that to us, always seeking for the new and strange, seems well worth a more intimate knowledge.

But the brown skin—nature's proviso against these too direct sun rays here, used by the wearer as a shield, on account of laziness, for dirt and disease of the worst kind. The unusual clothes—worn, because easy to make, easy to put on, and worn until they drop off, stiff with grease and dirt and the mysterious silence of the general people, covering minds as shallow and blank as a wide mud-puddle and much like it if stirred up.

Truly God is good to give such hot suns to this land, else famine and plague would be greater than it now is; the close huddling, the awful practice of using the streets for any and all kinds of refuse, no toilets, little water, added to much laziness, make a splendid combination, if one is looking for bacteria, and as that is my chief occupation in life you may know here is a wide field in which to operate. One in my work could never grow discouraged—too much of the new for that. But I am just telling you of what is "under" the "beautiful exterior" over which most of the sight seeing public rave. All they would have to do to have their disillusionment complete would be to stop amongst the natives for a month's visit.

We Americans celebrated the Fourth of July with a dinner party with our Pittsburgh friends across the way. We tried to be patriotic by wearing the stars and stripes but altogether it was a most "safe and sane" occasion as the weather continues too hot for any but the quietest gayeries.

Later—Heigh oh! A wonderful black cloud coming out of the east has brought us relief. We have had twelve hours of steady rain and oh, what joy it means to the poor animals dying of thirst and to some of the natives on 4th water rations. To give you an idea of how hard it rains here; of course all the trees, shrubs and garden truck are planted in trenches to catch and hold what water does come—a sort of irrigation system, as it were. Now the whole compound is filled with tiny rivulets and at the extreme lower side is quite a pond in which, I am told, can be caught many sand fish, if one cared to try, as these fish live in the sand excepting when the rains come, when they appear on the surface. Hard fish story for you Centre countians to credit but true nevertheless.

My "Punka walla" is glad of the rest she is having for I need no fanning this day of rain, but dare not allow her to leave the compound, fearing the sun will break through the clouds and in a few hours we will be again at burning heat.

You can't imagine what a few day's change in the weather will produce in this country; last week I was fussing about the intense heat and hoping for rain, well, we are surely having our lion's share of it now. India never does anything by halves as far as the weather is concerned; when the sun shines, everything else is apt to run to cover, likewise, with the rain, five and six inches falling in a few hours and changing everything to murky stickiness. One's scissors, hair pins, etc., rust over night, silver you would never recognize—looks as if painted black, clothes will mildew while waiting to be worn, and anything in leather grows such a covering of mould that it looks as if badly in need of a good shave, and with insects eating holes in all kinds of books, papers, etc., it would seem that the intense heat would be more pleasant than what the cooler, wet days bring. Occasionally, as today, we are especially favored; this is exactly like an ideal home April day, the thermometer registering 78 degrees and the atmosphere so clear that the temples miles away seem as though directly behind our compound. The boys playing marbles and flying "hand birds" as they call kites here, would remind one of home if it were not for the camels and monkeys wandering about amongst the vari-colored clad multitudes loafing about the streets.

We have just come from the English club where we heard a fine concert by one of the native regimental bands. One can hear good music here every day; pianos soon go to pieces from the mildew, so they are a scarce and expensive luxury to possess.

I learned today on inquiry, what all the natives were constantly chewing. It may interest you to hear some of it; especially if you could see the men, women and children going about, their jaws in perpetual motion. The habit here is worse than the detestable "chewing gum" in the States, only these people chew the native leaf of the beetle tree.

This leaf is about three inches long by two wide, moderately thick and made crisp by being kept in water. It is then spread thick with a red paste called "Ka" on top of which is spread a lime paste over which tobacco is sprinkled in a fine dust, lastly, beetle nuts are chopped with a pair of nippers like men sometimes carry at home to clip the ends of cigars, the whole is then folded into a triangular shaped wad and is ready for use. It produces a red stain to the saliva and when I first noticed the mouth of one of my servants thought his gums were bleeding, but soon learned differently.

The taste grows on one, I am told, for we have had a hard time breaking some of our native nurses of the habit. The effect on the teeth is most disastrous for after a short time usage they become a brownish black in color. The taste of the "Pan," as it is called, is curiously not unpleasant; I tried it, for my own curiosity quite ran away with my better judgment. It is hot and snappy, but produced such intense indigestion in my case that I resolved to learn all the rest of the native habits from others experience.

(Continued next week.)

The First Thimble.

There is a tradition that a Dutch silversmith pondered over a certain notion which he had cherished long and silently in the slow-working senses which he deemed his brain—a notion for a trinket, a fall for a dignified lady of Holland. It must be a useful trinket, albeit a costly one, meet for so good a sempstress as Dame Alix Van Rensselaer. When the notion took definite shape, the thing was quickly wrought in precious metal by fingers as dry as the brain was slow; and the industrious housewife proudly wore not only her first thimble, but the first thimble possessed by any Dutch frau.—The Century.

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British Army's First Trousers.

Perhaps the army revolution of deepest interest to the soldier himself was that effected in 1823, when for the first time he was put in trousers. The announcement from the horse guards took the following remarkable form: "His majesty has been pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches, leggings and shoes as part of the clothing of the infantry soldiers and of blue gray cloth trousers and half boots being substituted." In order to indemnify the "clothing colonels" for any hardship which the new order might cause it was decided that these gentlemen should no longer be called upon to provide the waistcoat of Tommy, but that Tommy should himself supply it out of his shilling a day. To reassure him it was pointed out that he was in a position to do so with comfort, because he would no longer have to buy gaiters.—London Chronicle.

Letters That Wear Away.

The professor was talking of English words that, originally harsh, had been softened by a slight change in form or in the elision of some letter. The professor on this occasion gave rein to his fancy. "Now, for instance," he said, "here's the word 'numerosus,' from the Latin 'numerus,' a number. What have we done with that word? One may suppose that originally it was written and pronounced 'numerosus.' Why not? But the 'b' in the middle of the word, in the abdomen, as it were, was very awkward. It was in reality of no more use than the appendix vermiformis. So an operation was performed, probably without the use of an anæsthetic and the objectionable 'b' was removed. That operation was an entire success."—Indianapolis News.

Disease and the Egyptians.

The most important medical manuscript found in Egypt is the Papyrus Ebers, written 3000 B. C. and discovered in Memphis. Disease, according to the Egyptians, was due to the anger of some deity, the result of the triumph of evil in its struggle with good, an idea which is still very general throughout Africa and Asia and which at some time has been prevalent in modified forms in almost every race.—Records of the Past.

Only a Dream.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in a shop that was simply full of the loveliest bonnets, and— Husband (heavily)—But that was only a dream, my dear. Wife—I knew that before I woke up, because you bought one for me.

Flouriculture.

"How old Soak does pitch into that pot of yours!" "Yes; he says he likes its bouquet." "No wonder, then, that he likes his own nose gay."—Judge.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

What is time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of sand—day and night, summer and winter—months, years, centuries; these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, not time itself. Time is a life of the soul.—Lonsdale.

Make buttonholes on both sides of a lingerie waist, but sew the buttons on a white tape and button them to the button side, says the New Orleans Picayune. When the waist goes to the laundress, remove the buttons. The same tape of buttons can be used on several waists.

Hats are growing larger, the drooping garden variety being very prominent for afternoon.

There is a decided vogue of checked materials in combination with plain. Especially stylish is this alliance in linen and the loveliest woven fabrics such as ratine, agarie and eponge.

Maline on hats is one of the revivals that hint of airy, transparent lightness. It is used in crisp, pleated flitters around the crown, of the edge of the brim and in huge rosettes around flower centers.

A long oval side panel on a new skirt is weighted down by a long silk tassel.

The coat of colored jersey cloth has taken the place of the sweater for outdoor wear, says the New York Press. It is made loose, with a belt of the material, envelope pockets and wide turnover cuffs that are stitched at the edge.

When perspiration has left a yellow mark over the bluish with peroxide of hydrogen, the hair dries, then cover with ammonia and wash. Ammonia water can be used to wash woolen waists on parts where perspiration has left marks. The ammonia will clean the material without injury to the fabric, and also destroy all odor. Often a mark in fine material may be removed in the following manner: In a saucer or pan place a lighted match and cover with sulphur. When it begins to burn, cover with a funnel to hold in the fumes. Hold the dampened material over the end of the funnel, and in most cases it will bleach the spot. Work by an open window where there is a strong draft, in order to avoid inhaling any of the fumes.

One will be able to recognize one's friends a long way off this summer—provided one is familiar with the color of their motor wearables; some of the new coats are rivaling the famous hunting pink in pinkness, while others are equally bright in blue, green or orange tones. Though the natty-three-quarter coats are liked for steamer and traveling wear, women who take long motor trips prefer the full-length coat which better protects the frock beneath.

Speaking of sweaters, one comes to a most fascinating feature of outing-dress. One of the Mackinaws, blazers or other adroitly devised outing wraps seem to be able to push the sweater from its supreme place in favor. Nothing is quite so reliable as the friendly sweater which may be rolled, folded, crammed into a luncheon basket, shoved under the seat of a motor boat, or wedged up to make a pillow on the salibout deck without betraying any resentment—as far as appearance goes. Sweater styles are improving every day, and the new models fit beautifully, giving long slim lines—and what is better still, retaining their good lines through weeks of strenuous wear. The mermaid-sweater, a novelty that will be taken up by young women who adore spectacular and striking effects. While very roomy across the shoulders, it tapers inward toward the knee and there hugs the figure as closely as any of the new swathed wraps.

Stuffed Steak—Buy two pounds of steak, make a stuffing of three cupsful of buttered-bread-crumbs, one-half teaspoonful crushed sage, one teaspoonful finely chopped onion. Roll this up in the meat and tie or skewer into place, rub with salt, dredge with flour and brown in hot fat; then add water to cover bottom of pan, cover closely and cook in moderate oven for an hour; take frequently and remove the cover for the last fifteen minutes so the meat will brown. If the water cooks away too much add more and thicken, before serving, for gravy to pour over the meat.

Fruit Cocktail.—To one pint of currant syrup add the juice of five oranges, five lemons and one can of grated pineapple. Sweeten to taste, add one cupful of cold water, chill and serve in pretty glasses.

Fashions and customs have changed overwhelmingly in the past ten years, but in no other respect more than in the rainy day garb. Every one remembers with many a hearty laugh the way people used to look out of the window and say, in a resigned way: "Well, it's raining, that meant very positively that good looking clothes were not in decent taste in such weather and one must wear a mackintosh—was there ever a more hideous garment made?—heel-less rubbers, dark clothes, habby shoes and one's oldest hat. And who ever did enjoy anything in her oldest hat. Nowadays the girl who looks on the cheerful side enjoys the rainy day for a change has a bright red or purple hat that, of course, has no feathers, but is plain and serviceable, but which is becoming, becoming. She wears her tailored suit, but it has a short skirt and is protected by a good looking rain coat. Her shoes are high and thick, but they are just as good looking as those she keeps for sunny days, and often, to add another bit of color, she carries a red or purple silk umbrella. It keeps the rain off just as well as a black one and it just makes you feel better. It is wonderful what a becoming hat and gay umbrella can do toward the blues on a stormy day.

Toast Water.—Toast sufficient bread to make, when broken into small pieces, two cupfuls. Add to this one pint of boiling water, and let stand one hour. Strain through cheese-cloth. Serve hot or cold.

Flaxseed Tea.—Wash carefully two tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed. Add four cupfuls of cold water (one quart). Cook slowly one hour. Add a little lemon juice and sugar. Dilute with hot water, if necessary, and strain.

WAIL OF THE DONKEY.

Marken to it in China if You Want to Tremble in Terror.

In all the east today the donkey is a favorite means of transportation both for travelers and merchandise. It was so in the days of the patriarchs Isaac and Jacob, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, and so it will probably remain for ages to come.

But nothing in China is just like the same thing anywhere else in the world, and the donkey is no exception. Dr. Chester of Nashville, who while evangelizing in Arkansas in his younger days had become familiar with the easy amble of the long eared American species, was induced to make trial of the Chinese type during a visit to China a few years ago. His experience was disappointing. The gait was a rough, insufferable jog, and the characteristic bray was a painful phenomenon in the realm of sound. Dr. Chester reports his impressions as follows: "The power of heredity, working through millenniums of isolation, with no modification from foreign admixture, has developed in the bray of the Chinese donkey a quality all its own. There are no words in English to describe the heartrending pathos of it. It was as if an appeal to heaven against the cruelty and oppression of ages were at last finding utterance in one long, loud, undulating wail. And when our party of three met another party of six and all nine of the donkeys began at one time to exchange the compliments of the day then the pathos gave place to terror, and you could only sit, appalled and trembling, as the mighty reverbation rolled away on its journey round the world."

HOW TO GROW STRONG.

The Eight Natural Exercises Give the Best Physical Culture.

It is not logical for a man to swing in the air hanging on two rings by his hands, according to George Hebert, a French naval lieutenant who has devoted himself to the study of physical culture. Such exercise demands abnormal efforts, which must be harmful because they do not respond to any necessity.

For the same reason it is poor gymnastics to raise and hold the arm in the air while holding the rest of the body motionless. The result of such action is incomplete development. The arm should be exercised by throwing something, by climbing or by boxing, and the legs should be exercised by running or swimming, because these essentially natural movements have a happy reaction on the whole organism.

A particular movement may be interesting in the case of invalidism when the subject is capable of ordinary exercise, but when people are in health and anxious to become strong there is only one means of obtaining physical improvement and only one form of efficacious physical culture.

That is to carry out such exercises as were imposed by nature upon the men of the forests and such as are in use now among savages. These are walking, running, leaping, climbing, lifting, jumping, boxing and swimming. All the obligations of primitive life have a place in these eight natural exercises.—Harper's Weekly.

How Did She Know?

When the boarders were all gathered about the table fussy little Miss Mac—gushingly stammered to Mr. Mac—her namesake, but who was no relation: "Oh, Mr. Mac—I You must pardon me for opening your mother's letter. I feel awful about it! But I didn't read a single word, I assure you. When I saw the heading 'Chicago' and 'Dear mother' and the signature I knew it wasn't for me, so I wouldn't read a bit of it, for I'm sure I wouldn't like any one to read mine." "Oh, that's all right. 'Twas only from my sister. There's nothing a daughter writes to her mother that anybody couldn't read." After again apologizing half a dozen times Miss Mac—said: "Your sister wrote that she was going to be married. I hope she's making a good match."—New York Tribune.

Dictionary at Fault.

An east end father interested in the home education of his children bought a little dictionary for his clever little twelve-year-old boy last week. A few days after the child had received his gift he brought it back to his father. "The dictionary is no good," he said. "You'd better take it to the store and get your money back."

"What's the matter? Is there some slang term you can't find?" "Naw, I can find all the words I want, but they ain't arranged right. In this dictionary divorce comes before marriage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mean Thing.

"I don't like that disagreeable Mrs. Parker." "I thought she was very pleasant. What happened?" "We lunched together downtown today. She said she'd pay, and of course I mumbled 'Let me' and she said 'Very well.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boiled Down.

"It used to be forty acres and a hula." "Intensive farming has the call now—forty square feet and a hen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Last Words.

"Does your wife always have the last word?" "Um, no. I most always say, 'Yes, dear,' or 'Very true, dear.'"—Puck.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

CURIOUS PLEASURE.

Sympathy That May Be Excited by a Paroxysm of Hysteria.

Some persons derive pleasure from receiving sympathy, and this often causes them, especially if they are women who have suffered some affliction, to affect a very demonstrative grief. Its paroxysms timed with shrewdly selfish cunning so as best to attract the attention and secure the sympathy of those about them. Often from being simulated or exaggerated these fits become real.

And there are other persons who derive a strange satisfaction from exciting the anxiety and even the distress of their friends. This is not uncommon among small children, who are, however, easily cured by ignoring their outbursts. Petting them makes them worse. Hysteria in young women is often simulated. In his work on "The Influence of Education on Diseases of the Nervous System" Dr. Carter says: "When once a young woman has discovered her power to produce a hysterical paroxysm at will and has exercised it for her own gratification without regard to the anxiety or annoyance it may entail on her friends a very remarkable effect is speedily produced upon the whole mental and moral nature. The pleasure of receiving unwonted sympathy once tasted excites a desire for it that knows no bounds."

—New York World.

ESCAPED THE MADHOUSE.

Daguerre's First Photograph Came Just in the Nick of Time.

If old Mme. Daguerre had been as quick to act as she was to suspect, Louis Jacques Daguerre might have ended his days in an insane asylum, and the world might have waited a century longer for a means of preserving family likenesses on bits of paper or glass.

Up to the early thirties of the last century M. Daguerre had behaved as any well balanced decorator and scene painter and steadygoing husband should have behaved, and then he began to experiment with liquids and attempted to fasten sun shadows on glass or copper sheets. He talked of a wonderful day when he could make portraits of his friends without either brush or pencil.

In great trepidation Mme. Daguerre hurried to a doctor and, weeping, told the medical man these symptoms. To the doctor's discerning mind they spelled nothing less than insanity, and in 1838 they set about preparing M. Daguerre for a visit to the asylum at Bicetre.

But just then the unsuspecting victim of this plot succeeded in fastening the shadow on the copper plate, and the art of photography was born.—New York Sun.

The Oldest Book.

The oldest book in the world to which a positive date can be assigned is an assortment of proverbs somewhat after the style of the proverbs collected by Solomon. The work is accredited to Ptah-hotep, an Egyptian king, and Egyptologists assign to it an antiquity of at least 3000 B. C. Abraham was called to leave his home in Ur of the Chaldees 1921 B. C., so that this volume was written 1,100 years before the beginning of Jewish history. The deluge is placed by most chronologists at B. C. 2348, so the book, if its dating is correct, must have been written before the flood. Methuselah was born B. C. 3317, so that this papyrus was prepared and these proverbs were collected when the oldest man on record was a lively young fellow of 300 years.

Trousers Forbidden.

Strange though it may appear to the present generation, it seems that trousers when first introduced into England were regarded as anything but a mark of respectability. In the original trust deed, drawn up in 1520, of Bethel chapel, Cambridge street, Sheffield, there was a clause containing the following prohibition: "Under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers." It is scarcely necessary to add that knee breeches and gaiters were then the correct attire.—London Opinion.

Reassuring.

The family of Mr. Torrance was about leaving the town of Strathaven for America. Tibby Torrance, an old maiden sister of Mr. Torrance's, was to accompany them. Before they left some of the neighbors were talking to Tibby of the dangers of the "great deep," when she suddenly exclaimed, "Aweel, aweel; it's been a dry summer, and I think the sea'll no' be very deep."—Argonaut.

Shaky Collateral.

An advertisement taken from a morning paper shows to what a pass a genius may come in a great city: "Wanted—A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."—Argonaut.

A Linguist.

"Mrs. Gabber speaks seven languages." "Fluently?" "Almost simultaneously."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Pretty Busy.

"Is he making good?" "He must be. He never seems to have time to stop and tell anybody about it."—Detroit Free Press.

To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world.—Charles W. Eliot.

TRAITS OF THE TURK.

A Friend of the Islamite Tells Why He Admires Him.

I must confess that I am at heart a friend of the Turk. It may be merely association. I have known him many years. But there is about him something which I cannot help liking—a simplicity, a manliness, a dignity. I like his fondness for water and flowers and green meadows and spreading trees. I like his love of children. I like his perfect manners. I like his sobriety. I like his patience. I like the way he faces death. One of the things I like most about him is what has been most his undoing—his lack of any commercial instinct.

I like, too, what no one has much noticed—the artistic side of him. I do not know Turkish enough to appreciate his literature, and his religion forbids him, or he imagines it does, to engage in the plastic arts. But in architecture and certain forms of decoration he has created a school of his own. It is not only that the Turkish quarter of any Anatolian town is more picturesque than the others. The old palace of the sultans in Constantinople, certain old houses I have seen, the mosques, the theological schools, the tombs, the fountains of the Turks, are an achievement which deserves a more serious study than has been given it.

You may tell me that these things are not Turkish, because they were modeled after Byzantine originals or because Greeks and Persians had much to do with building them. But I shall answer that every architecture was derived from another in days not so near our own and that, after all, it was the Turk who created the opportunity for the foreign artist and ordered what he wanted.—H. G. Dwight in Atlantic.

THE CAR OF PROGRESS.

Are You Holding It Down or Helping to Push It Along?

The car was on an up grade. Most of the passengers had got out and were pushing. Many, with their coats off, were toiling and sweating bravely. And slowly but surely they were getting ahead. Some, however, remained in the car. Part of them said there was no use in pushing, since the hill was so steep they could never get up anyway. Others said they would help when all those pretending to push were really pushing as they ought to. But the toilers toiled on, pushing the car and those in it constantly up the hill.

The world is on an up grade. Most of the passengers are pushing faithfully, and every year finds it steadily going forward and upward. The pessimists, however, and the cynics remain seated in the car. The former say that the problems are so hopeless and human greed so entrenched that we are already beaten. The latter say that when those who profess to be trying to do right begin to practice what they preach, when the "hypocrites" are eliminated, they will help. Meanwhile the workers are pulling and pushing, and the world is going up the hill. But did you ever see a complainer or a knocker who was helping?—Engene Bernard Smith in Outlook.

Family Pride.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" "A few words, your honor. I am thirty years of age."

"Well?" "Your older brother is a physician."

"This is impertinent and irrelevant." "It may sound so, your honor, but it means life or death to me. I understand that you take a great pride in the phenomenal success of your brother?"

"I do, but what possible bearing can that have upon your case?" "Simply this: Your brother, the doctor, examined me a year ago and predicted that I would live at least twenty years more. It would certainly undermine his reputation as a scientist should I die before that time."—London Answers.

Presence of Mind.

"Yes, sir," said the old time manager. "It was a terrible moment. The theater was on fire and over a thousand people sitting there in front. I was afraid of a panic, but suddenly the inspiration came. I sent Miss Scrawney out upon the stage to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight!'"

"Yes?" said the excited listener. "The house was empty in just three minutes by the watch?" said the manager.—Harper's.

Sold Untested.

"Our product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff today that has not been tested." "We manage to sell our product without testing it." "That's odd. What do you sell?" "Dynamite."—Washington Herald.

What She Wanted.

"These are all genuine antiques, madam," said the dealer. "We positively guarantee that." "I haven't any doubt of it," said Mrs. Nocsash, "but hasn't ye got anything newer 'n them? They look like a lot o' hand-me-downs."—Harper's.

It Does. Muggins—What is your favorite method of punishing the children? Buggins—Well, I consider that spanking takes the palm.—Philadelphia Record.

He that would eat the kernel must crack the nut.—Persian Proverb.