LET US BE KIND.

The way is long and lonely. And human hearts are asking for this blessin

That we be kind. We cannot know the grief that men may borrow We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow. But love can shine upon the way today, tomor-

Let us be kind: This is a wealth that has no measure. This is of heaven and earth the highest treas

Let us be kind. A tender word, a smile of love in meeting. A song of hope and victory to those entreating A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life i fleeting-

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind: Around the world the tears of time are falling, And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling-

To age and youth let gracious words be spoken, Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken.

We live in vain who give no tender token-

Let us be kind: The sunset tints will soon be in the west. Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet

Let us be kind. And when the angel guides have sought and found us, Their hand shall link the broken that bound us And heaven and home shall brighten

-Sacred Heart Review

THE BORROWED LOVER.

" 'Tis this way with women," declared Kerrigan: "some of thim will desave ye, and some will not, but ye will niver know which till ut 's done; for they 're all alike in the use of their eyes and tongues, and the proof of the puddin' 's in the 'atun'. Mind thot, laad."

It was Sunday morning, and Kerrigan was leaning over the rail, looking dreamily off across the waste of piled lumber to the spires and roofs of the city. The sun shone brightly; the yellow flood of the river lipped softly the barnacled piles of the wharf; the hush of the Sabbath lay over all. Nicolao had just gone over the side of the vessel for an all-day outing; but he turned at Kerrigan's warn-

g. He waved his hand airily.
"Tha''s alla right," he replied. "Eet ees the gamble, yas—what yo' expec'. Solong! Adios!"

"Staay where ye arre," commanded Kerrigan, sternly. "I 'm goun' wid ye. 'Tis a guardeen ye waant, ye light-mind child of misfortune. Wait till I change

Twenty minutes later they crossed the wharf and passed cityward, something of Kerrigan's grandfatherly air of protec-

tion dropping away at every step.

"'Tis good to be young," he said; "I mind I was young wance mesilf. Where are ye gone', laad?" I hava the friend," Nicolao replied;

"his name is Porfirio—Portuguese, weeth the nice shop, nice fam'ly, nice daughter, "I do," said Kerrigan, significantly

"ye'd niver go ilse. I 'll attind ye for yer own safety. 'Tis on me mind." At the crossing they boarded a trolley, for the sun was hot and Nicolao in haste; and going well forward, they seated themselves in the car. As Kerrigan glanced down to return the change of his fare to his pocket, he saw two hands meekly folded in the lap of the woman who sat at his left. The hands held a breviary and a handkerchief. He glanced up at the face of the holder—the fresh Irish face of a young woman.

not why, but for an instant it gave him a desolate feeling of homesickness. Then Nicolao began to talk, and Kerrigan for-

But presently she left the car, and as she rose to her feet, he saw a handkerchief flutter to the floor. He leaned forward quickly, and, picking it up, hurried after his neighbor; but others had risen between them, and she had reached the street and was stepping up to the curb when he touched her arm.
"Ye dropped it, acushla," he said, and turning quickly, she glanced at his out-

"Then 't was a miracle," she said, "and belongs to the church, not to me."

held up her own hand, in which safely reposed the breviary and the handker-chief. Kerrigan stared. 'Wid me two eyes I saw it drop as ye

got up," he declared.
"I had but one," replied the girl. Are your two eyes strong enough to see that I 've got it still? And you 've lost your

"I've lost more—me good name," Ker-rigan said. "I've stolen the handker-

"Then you'd better pray for repentance," she advised. "I'll give you a hint: the church is before you. Good-by, and thank you—for nothing." Laughing, she hurried away up the steps of the church. Kerrigan hesitatingly watched her go, then walked to a side porch and sat

"I'll tak' the hint to this extint," he muttered, and patiently waited through the hour of service; but as the audience streamed fourth at the close he returned to the main door watching. But suddenly he felt a touch on his

arm and heard a voice say: "I'll be going home now."
Startled, he looked down into the face

of the girl. It was very demure, though "Ah, 't is ye that 's repinted-of yer haard heart," he said. "Ye 've come back to

tell me so." "I've repented of naught but my sins," she replied, "and a hard heart is not one of them. But I'd borrow you for a little,

if you have nothing better to do." "I'll have nothing better to do all through purgatory, which will be hiven to me if ye're wid me," he replied. "And there's another miracle."

She laughed. "I'd not care to keep you so long."
"Thin I'll get me hell first, which is wrong," he answered sadly. "I tho't ye were orthodox."

"I'm-" She pressed his arm in warning as a man passed them rapidly, turning to look back into their faces. He

"That 's the reason for borrowing ou," she exclaimed in a low voice.
"Thot 's not a reason; ut 's an apol-Kerrigan said tartly. "Ut 's a

nonkey, not a mon." "He 's always hanging about," she re-plied. "My father and mother favor him; he's got money."
"Ut 's a curse," Kerrigan declared sol-

emnly.
"So the rich tell me," said the girl with

"I'm rich mesilf while I have ye," he "You're only borrowed," she warned

him. "Are you a masterful man?"
"I 'm meek as Moses," he assured her.
"A child could lade me." "Oh, then you won't do at all!" she cried. "I thought you were masterful by your looks. My father and mother are meek, but set in their ways, and I'm tired of it. Now, a man who'd knock me about and them-

"Ye waant me to knock thim about-"I want them to think you would," she corrected him. "T would be good for them. But of course you'd not do it;

you'd only be soft-spoken and blarney-"I'm as gintle as a cow by nature," he

assured her; "But I'd sell me birthright to plaze ye. Now tak' me home wid ye and prove ut. "Tis worth trying," she replied.
"You 'll stay to dinner? I've taken to

you, you know."
"I accipt both the dinner and the comhe answered, "and thank ye kindly for both.

In the porch of their small house near father and mother sat waiting as they entered the gate.

"Mr friend, Mr .-- " The girl hesi-"Kerrigan- Thomas Kerrigan," that gentleman said promptly.
"My father and mother," continued

the girl. "Reilly's their name. The gentleman was very kind. He lost his car to return my handkerchief. looked Kerrigan over coolly as he nod-

"Faith!" he said at last, "I 'm thinkin' he 's likely to lose his supper before he returns it; he 's got it in his hand yet."

The girl laughed. "It was not mine, you know," she ex-

"I don't see the joke," her father said irritably. "What's all the stir, Kate?"
"Ye'll see ut in time," Kerrigan replied with composure. "'T is like this: she liked me betther nor the bit of white rag, so she took me instid.

"She was always greedy," replied Reilly; "she 'd take the biggest lump iv'ry time, not countin' the quality." He turned to his wife. "Do ye mind thot, "I don't understand a' the nonsince,"

replied his wife, a meek little wisp of a woman. She rose and went into the house followed by Kate. Kerrigan was looking complacently bout him, and now said

"Ye have the cimetery handy, Reilly." "I need to," the old man replied. "'T is the fine job," declared Kerrigan
"Ye can feel all the time how much
betther off ye are than yer neighbor. I

doubt not ut makes ye consate 'There 's thim that are livin' that make me feel the same," Reilly said significant-

ly. He glared at Kerrigan, who nodded.
"'T is a habit and grows on ye, like
drinkun'," Kerrigan declared. "What do
ye do to cure ut?" fri'nds mostly Reilly said tartly. "Belikes ye will take Tell me thot."

the hint." "I do," replied Kerrigan. "T is the his snicker to a cough under Reilly" raison ye worrk in the cimetery, I tak' wrathful look. ut; the talk 's wan-sided. Ye'd like "You're righ Kate came out and, seeing her father

glowering, sat down by Kerrigan, care-lessly placing her hand on the back of "My father has taken to you," she said with a coquettish glance. "He'll monopo-

lize you. I'll not see you at all. I'm fair green with the jealousy. "Good Lord!" sputtered the old man, and glared at her, but she seemed not to

hear or see. "We'll go for a walk after dinner," she went on--"in the cemetery. It's the her bowldniss." "We'll go for a walk after dinner," she went on—"in the cemetery. It's the only place I can get you away from him; for he works there in the week, and he'd not like to spoil his holiday by seeing the place."

"'T will be a sore thing to part from "Ehenshe's given me up, and it's no "Then she's given me up, and it's no use at all," Michael said with a groan.

"Well, if she's given ye up, ye've nothing to lose by me plan," argued Reilly. "She might take ye back."

"And be where I was before," objected where I was nowhere at all,"

the looks; but I'd not like to remind him of work, so we'll go, as ye say.'

"'T is the nice, quiet place for young eople," Kate said and laughed. "You'll find them all about, walking arm and arm, and sitting on the benches in the shade, hand in hand. They'll not notice us at

"Thin we'll not notice thim." answered Kerrigan, with good-natured generosity; but Reilly rose up and stormed into the

house, slamming the door.

He ate his dinner rapidly and in silence, and left the table long before the others, and when, ready for their walk, Kate and Kerrigan appeared in the porch, he sat there grim and silent, wearing his coat

Kate showed her surprise. Kate showed her surprise.

"Why, Father, have you the chill?"
she asked anxiously. "Are you cold?"

"Wan worrd more, me girl, and I'll
fetch ye a clip on the side of the head,
old as ye are," Reilly said savagely.

"You'd never do the like of such a
queer thing," she exclaimed—"never.
And you know me Tom would not stand
for that at all. Would you?" She looked
trustingly up into Kerrigan's face.

trustingly up into Kerrigan's face.
"'T would hurt me more not him to tak' a little, small mon across me knee," Kerrigan replied, "but 't would be both me duty and right. But he's only jokun',

me dear. He's laughun' in his sleeve this minut'.' Reilly eyed him with a look of ferocity. "Tin years younger, ye lump," he said, "and small as I am, I'd fetch ye the mate of it over the jaw, big as ye are."
"Hiven be thanked for the tin years,

thin!" exclaimed Kerrigan, piously.
"Yes, Heaven be thanked!" echoed
Kate. "'T would be a sore thing for a
loving girl to see her old father in the

hands of a strong man. You'll always be tender to him, won't you?"

"Always," promised Kerrigan—"tender, but firm."

"Thank you," she said softly. "I knew you would. But good-by, Fathe.r." "Ye can't go," snapped Reilly. the house wid yez!'

"What!" she cried. "And me of age, and earning me living these five years!"
She threw back her head and walked to-

was weazen, middle-aged, with a wry ward the gate, with her father following strike, strike quick and hard, Mr. now she's made me fair' throw him at

"Thin I'll go wid yez, ye ungrateful Reilly declared. "Thin take me ither arm," said Kerrigan, with a solicitous air; but Reilly stepped back, waving him off.

"Go on, ye lump!" he commanded.
"Aye, ye know best," Kerrigan agreed.
"'T is more like a marriage procission

Kate laughed.
"For shame," she cried, "to talk of marriage so soon! I've known you but 'What 's time to the lovun' hearrt thot

knows uts own mate?" asked Kerrigan.
"True," she replied; "it's nothing at all." "If ye've no respict for yer owld father, ye hussy," Reilly hissed close at her ear, "think shame to yersilf for the bowld-

niss of yez." "To think you'd put the black name boldness on your own daughter!' Kate cried, turning angrily. "I'll not listen to you." She flounced up the listen to you."

Reilly followed. He passed into the cemetery behind them and stubbornly kept near; but as they turned into an avenue of live-oaks, he caught sight of a slender young man who stood in a path and watched Kate and Kerrigan go by. Reilly beckoned to him, and the young man came hesitatingly forward. "And how are ye the day?" Reilly said genially, and extended his hand. In mani-

fest surprise the young man shook hands and said "Well, Mr. Reilly, as the world goes.

And how are you? "Fine, Michael," Reilly replied "though In the porch of their small house near troubled a small bit." He glanced ahead the wall of the cemetery of the city her at the pair, who had not looked back. The young man's eyes also followed

"Aye, it's the world's way," he agreed with a somber air. "It's up and down with us. "It is, Michael Cassidy," replied Reilly. "But I've not seen ye for the long time."

As Michael had been forbidden to

come to the house, he deemed it politic to the tool-house. to make no reply. His silence left Reilly Her father, a weather-beaten little man at a loss, and presently he said with melancholy shake of the head: "It's God's truth, as they say, that a

non niver knows what's good for him.'
Michael looked at him inquiringly. "Are you speaking of yourself, eilly?" he asked. "I am," Reilly confessed. "Here was

keepin' a fine lad like yersilf from me house, and who should me daughter bring into it but thot big lump yon! Bedad! he fills the whole place. "Lord keep us all!" exclaimed Michael. 'T is well said, Michael Cassidy," re-

plied Reilly. "'T is the bitter, true worrd. "But not past mending, Mr. Reilly, Michael said with a sly glance. only to let me come back and send the lump flying."

"Flyin' is it?" exclaimed Reilly, wrathfully. "Faith! he flies like a tree."
"'T is your own house," Michael replied. "You have only to say the word go. I know how it sounds myself.' "Have I? 'T is all ye know. I give him a couple or three hints of the same,

"I and he was for takin' me over his kneeme, the father of me own daughter. And grin. what did she do but egg him on! "Aye, that's bad." "It is so." "If you could manage to let him do it," Michael said thoughtfully, "and then

call the police for assault, you'd have him fine. 'T would shame Kate. would be bad for him." "Would it?" Reilly said with scorn. And how would it be for me in me owld

Michael snickered, but quickly changed

"You're right, Mr. Reilly," he said oberly; "'t would make angels weep.' "I'd not distress the howly wans to thot extint," Reilly declared. He was silent a moment, then said with a brightening face: "If you'd pass a scrappy worrd wid him versilf, Michael, and take 'a clip or two of his fist, belikes Kate would take pity on ye and--"

"The pity of a woman is a Michael replied hastily. "Has Kate taken a liking to him?" "A liking to him, is it!" exclaimed

Michael, "and that was nowhere at all, with you against me. That's the plain word between friends, Mr. Reilly, and no

harm meant.' "But all that's done and gone, told ye," Reilly irritably replied. "I'm for ye now, Michael. 'T is her pity that's the only way to win her now."
"Faith! I think I'd get it," answered Michael, dolefully; "then the man's as broad as a house."

broad as a house."
"Well, if it comes to the blows bechune ye," Reilly said, "just grapple wid him, and I'll give him a little small clip on the back of the head wid me stick. gripped his cane hard as he added grim-ly: "Bedad! I'll put me heart in it, and that's no lie. Now come on and try me

But Michael still held back. "What's changed you all at once?" he asked. "You never liked me." "That lump," said Reilly. "He'll marry her out of hand before their walk's over if ye do not stop him.'

"And if I do stop him, will I have her myself?" Michael asked. "Ye will," Reilly promised. "I've passed me worra "Then God be with us all, and goes!" said Michael.

They quickened their pace and caught

up with the pair, and Kate, looking back, "I thought you'd forgotten us, Father," she said with a laugh. "And is it Mr. Cassidy with you, the great stranger!" She introduced him to Kerrigan as a "friend of the family," and they walked on together, Reilly straggling on ahead,

leading the way toward his tool-house, in a lonely part of the cemetery.

"It's the long time since you've been to see us, Mr. Cassidy," Kate said at and now she 's borrowed anither to ge rid of you and me. Sure, she's "It is," Michael replied. "The place is fairly overrun. It's the queer lot you have hanging about."

"Overrun, do you say!" exclained "There's not been a soul there is Michael laughed disagreeably. "It's not an hour since I saw this windbag come out of the door," he replied in a loud voice. Then he put his hand to

mouth, saying softly:

rigan grinned. Kate, on Kerrigan's left, had not heard ee forward now to say sweetly: 'And how are your father and

-Michael? Are they well?"
"They are," Michael answered; "but a bit low in spirit. I'd take it kindly if you'd parade the big monkey you've got with you before their gate. Belikes would hearten them up; they're fond of

They heard Reilly chuckle.
"Aye, Michael's the b'y," he muttered,
nd gripped his stick hard. Kerrigan stopped short.

"We'll go now," he said stiffly.

"With all my heart," retorted Michael,
and turned back. But Kate caught Ker-

rigan's arm, pulling him forward. Would you leave a girl in the middle of a walk to go following after a joker like Michael?" she cried. "Sure, he was always up to his tricks. It's some little, small joke on his father, the poor old man. I'll have naught to do with it." The two men stood glaring at each other, the grimness of Kerrigan's face be ing lighted, however, as he stood with his

ick to Kate, by a sly wink.
"Is ut a joke?" he demanded.
"Would you call the lady a liar?" Michael asked hotly. "She says it's a joke; and if she says it's one, it is, even if it isn't. Are your manners as awry as your face?"

"I niver quarrel before ladies, but we'll take a walk soon and try to match faces," Kerrigan said significantly. 'You couldn't please me more if you asked me to your wake," Michael airily replied.

"Oh, Father, there's your little work-house," nervously called Kate. "I left something in it when I brought you your dinner-pail Thursday. I'll get it now, if you have your key, though I'm thinking you've forgotten it, as usual." niver forget it," retorted Reilly;

and to prove his contention, led the way It was a stout little stone house with a strong door, and as Reilly opened it, he stepped in, looking back at the others with a sour smile.

'Forget it, did I?" he snapped. "Now, where did ye l'ave what ye left?"
"I hid it on top of that shelf—a little, small box," Kate said. "Will you reach it down, Mr. Kerrigan? You're as tall as the house yourself, and 't will not trou-ble you, like these small men." Kerrigan stepped into the room, and in a flash she closed the door and locked

'Now, Michael, run, if you love me!' she exclaimed. "Do you think I want to see you murdered before my eyes? Your courage is two sizes too big for your body

But Michael did not move. "Better be murdered than see you making love to that brute," he said doggedly. 'I'll see it out now. She caught him by the shoulders and

tried to push him away. "But it's not making love, Michael dear," she replied. "It was just to stir She explained in a word, with Michael's face gradually relaxing in a 'Well, you've stirred him all right,'

he said; "he wants you to marry me now. We'll do it at once before he changes his mind. "In a hurry like this!" she cried. "Oh, I couldn't." "All right," he replied, and seated him

self on the door-step. "Then I 'll stay and be murdered." wringing her hands "Oh, what shall I do!" she murmured. "I told you—marry me now," he re-plied. He went to her, and taking her

hands, said quickly: "I've the license; I've had it for weeks. It would be the fine thing, would n't it, to have it found like that on my dead body?" "I think I should die of shame," she confessed. "It would hardly seem de-

"It's the true word you say, dear. You see, there 's nothing left but to use it." "Sure, it would make me feel like a widow, and me not yet a wife," she said. "I'll go, Michael. It 'is all that 's left

for us now. Hurry.' Inside the barred window Kerrigan and her father saw them hasten away. Her father chuckled.

"She fooled ye," he said, for Kerrigan had not found the box. "She did," Kerrigan agreed. He seated himself on a stool and looked about him complacently. "Ye 've the nice little shop for wet weather," he went on.

"For anny weather," Reilly replied. He had suddenly become genial, and he began to talk of his work. "Thirty years I've worked here," he said at the close, "and I've put by a little against me owld age. And now Kate will marry, and there's wan trouble liss off me mind. Michael 's a good b'y."

"He is," Kerrigan agreed with great heartiness. "Did ye hear him black-guarrdun me to me face as bowld as ye

plaze? Me hearrt warrmed to the laad.' "Aye, and he fooled ye well; they both did," said Reilly, and chuckled. "They did, answered Kerrigan. "And now I'm like a hin in a coop; but I'm

not alone. For a moment Reilly looked at him and then a shadow crossed his face.
"Ye take it aisy," he said suspiciously "Ut's me way," replied Kerrigan. "I'm a sedenthary mon by nature, though I'm

slightly out of practice, though ut all comes back. I'll shmoke now." He took his pipe from his pocket and leisurely began to fill it. "But ye lost the girl," Reilly told him.
"Can I lose what I niver had or waanted?" Kerrigan asked. "I don't know."

"It was not an hour since ye were," napped Reilly. "What of that?" "I was borrowed only," exclaimed Ker-"And what do ye mane?" demanded Reilly.
"'T was what Katie said," answered Kerrigan. "We were standun' before the church whin up edged a red-headed little old mon, and says she to me, 'May I bor-row ye for a bit?' 'Sure,' says I. And

bright wan."
Reilly was staring straight ahead, piecing the broken patches of truth together Suddenly he looked up.

borrowed me to get rid of the mon,

"And nayther of ye meant nothing a all by all the love-talk?" "Nothing at all," answered Kerrigan. "Thin she's a desateful hussy," cried

Kerrigan. I'd like to have it over. And her, as if he was the last mon on God's look out for the old man's stick." Kerearth! Ye can't trust a woman at all."

"Sometimes ye can and sometimes ye cannot," amended Kerrigan, "but ye the aside, and she grew pale. She lean- niver know which ut is till ut 's too "It 's the the true worrd,

Reilly. He sighed, then added not without a touch of pardonable pride: "Well, she's no fool, and she's me own daugh ter. There's something in that." By L Frank Tooker, in The Century Magazine

Letter Reads Two Ways.

Constructed Without Punctuation, Placing

Marks Changes Meaning A queer letter, so constructed without punctuation that it can be read in a number of different ways, giving directly opposite meanings, is in the possession of W. G. Shaff, now living in Illinois. He copied it from an Indiana newspaper when he first came to this country in 1855. He is now 78 years old, says the

News, The letter follows: He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellowcreatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he tries hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive his just recompense of

Rest and Banish Nerves.

reward.

A case of "nerves" is like a bad habit: asily acquired and hard to get rid of. Nervousness affects the digestion, dulls the woman wants to be beautiful must keep an eye upon the state of her nerves The best cure for nervousness is rest.

actual will power. Carrots are prescribed by physicans and beauty dectors alike as a cure for nervous indigestion. You are told to eat them three times a day, either cook-

ed or raw. Young onions or scallions are excelbut no vinegar and red pepper.

for beauty and health. Sleep may be induced by warm milk sipped slowly, or, if this is ineffective, by ong draughts of cool water and a cold

A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health-once for her own happiness and once for the nd be murdered." health and happiness of the children she may have. How often does she take this til she has entered upon a course of suffering, and has learned from experience peril in motherhood it is chiefly due to the neglect of the necessary laws of health. The best way for young women to protect and preserve their womanly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Preoften, of complicated and painful femi-nine disorders. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, cures Inflamma- with and the twig broom must be action, ulceration and female weakness, soothes and strengthens the nerves and enriches the entire body with vigor and vitality. It contains neither alcohol, nor

Japanese Color Education. In Japan only a blind child could be the crimson glory of the maples in the sunny green and yellow fields, or with mountain slopes of wild azalea for a rompment he is an artist in the use of color. Form, too, is as easy, for when crude toys have failed to please, it is his privi-lege to build ships, castles, gunboats and temples with every conceivable house-hold article from the spinning-wheel to the family rice-bucket.-Century.

Every man believes as a part of his natural creed, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," yet he has no more real appreciation of the fact in which he believes than in many another fact fun-damental to his creed. He protects his waich, wraps it in chamois, winds it reg-ularly, carefully shields it from magnetic influences, and will allow no undue shock to jar its mechanism. But how does he care for the far finer mechanism of his body? It should be fed with the same regularity that the watch is wound, it should be properly protected from exterior influences or sudden shock, instead of which it is fed irregularly, indifferently protected, and subject to every shock which indifference permits or hardihood invites. The result is that the machinery of the body, the heart, liver, lungs, blood and stomach get "out of order."
There is nothing that will so quickly readjust these organs and start them in healthy action as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all who use it.

-Paradox.-"I'd like to give you some beauty wrinkles."
"I didn't know there

-He-Don't you think the plain truth in a photograph is best?
She—Not if the trurh is too plain.

he replied in his hand to own worrds through fear of ye. I said when you young Cassidy should niver have her, and the WATCHMAN Office. -For high class Job Work come FROM INDIA

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Case of Mistaken Suspicions. Queer Trees. Where Parasol asre Indispensible.

JHANSI, SEPTEMBER 28th Dear Home Folk:

Speaking of styles, I must tell you a good story: There is one pretty woman here who has a beautiful figure and is fond of wearing the tight-fitting frock. Last night a Mrs. Mead, whom I have found charming, told us that seeing this woman walking across the golf-links a few hours before, she had remarked, "isn't it too bad that poor Mrs. Westmacott has had such an accident; she must have fallen into a well or pool of water:" the dress was shiny and clung so closely. She said she was chagrined a little later to find that Mrs. Westmacott had on a very beatiful new satin gown which fitted rather closely, giving her the above appearance. To say that I grinned does not express my delight; and Dr. Maclellan, who surely does appreciate a joke, stuck her handkerchief into her mouth in a hurry. It was an excellent description of the lady's appearance. I know we ought to have gotten accustomed to all this in a country of so few clothes and yet, since one sees the brown skinned native somehow, you can't forgive the individual with a white skin for making such a display. Methinks I would prefer no clothes to too few, as I know this sun would soon turn the white skin brown and so again I would not need to

To go back to the weather: A curious effect on trees is seen in our garden. About two dozen small, gnarled, crooked trees are down there and they have been the only ones that have held their leaves the year round; the bark is rough and the entire effect is as though they had been blown on continuously by the salt sea air. This morning the sun was shining beautifully and the sky a glorious the eyes, gives a strained look to the blue and these curious trees looked as muscles of the face, and, if allowed its gray as though covered with frost or course, will even make the hair thin. So flour. I went to examine them and found that they were putting out their new leaves, which instead of being green were Resting is an art known to few women. gray, and the effect was heightened by The only way a woman may get re-pose and relax the body and nerves is by tipped almost every branch. Your imagination did not have to work hard to see the gray mist rising all about these trees. although not a bit of moisture was in the air. The thing seemed so unusual to me I had to speak of it and I was told lent eaten with plenty of salt; also that the trees are a species of hawthorn. lettuce with salt and plenty of olive oil. They are not beautiful—simply unusual, Sleeplessness is the greatest menace yet seem like this country—always old. that tired or overwrought nerves have old, old, yet putting on at times the sem-

blance of youth. You would indeed enjoy this country, except the traveling, which to me is much too horrible to even think about. unless the compensation is indeed worthwhile. One needs a Delhi or an Agra to make up for other horrors, such as dust,

storms, etc. The sweeper, with his bu extra care of herself? Rarely, indeed, un- for a broom, has started to clean up the walk; it is not in the least in need of it. the necessity of care. It ought to be a since no leaves or twigs have fallen, but part of the mother's duty to instruct her he thinks he must earn his "pice" and so daughter in the necessity of preserving her womanly health. The budding girl ought to be taught that the high office of motherhood has its weighty obligations and responsibilities, and that if there is sweep my pretty green rug, which is bad for the rug, and likewise for my clothes which are hanging around to dry. As the natives do not respect clothes the least bit they are rarely put away, and I scription on the first symptom of irregularity. Irregularity is the beginning, it is. But you can't change the native's habits, no matter what he has to work

cepted. The sun is shining beautifully this morning and of course I must be off to the hospital. What I wished to tell you is, if you see me going about at night with my parasol, in fact you'll never see me without one, don't tell folks I am "nagal" insensible to color, after long days under the pink mist of the cherry-blossoms and ing gotten into a habit I can't break off; truly one here should be a past-mistress in the art of handling an umbrella. ing-place and a wonderful sky of blue for a cover. By inheritance and environgo about with a bag, but I declare, bags have their use but to be tied to a parasol-well, let me tell you I do not approve of the habit, but the sun loves one and the kisses at the back of the head especially, are to be avoided or indeed one will become "pagal." I will likely be buying pretty silk affairs at home, although a linen, lined with plain green cotton stuff is sufficient here, for of course all these are double. I am to go to a home-talent concert tonight.

Friday morning.-We went to the con-

cert, Dr. Maclellan and myself, which was really a benefit. A young English soldier died here one day last week, of cholera, leaving a family of five children and a wife, without any means of support and the officers started this affair to help a bit. We had three "rupee" (\$1.00) seats, as indeed everybody had whom I knew. It was given in a large hall in which was a sort of stage, and was all very amateurish; but really most of the songs were new to me so I did not object as seriously as I might otherwise have done. We grew tired early and hurried home by twelve o'clock, although we had not left home until after nine o'clock and the performance did not begin until ninethirty; as the drive took fifteen minutes, it was not so bad after all. The audi ence was very fashionably gowned as all wore very low evening gowns, and the most of the women had their hair dressed very elaborately; as the moonlight is just gorgeous now the combination was very effective. The whole thing was donated, and I am told there was quite a nice little dot made for the widow.

(Continued next week.)