

FROM INDIA.

By on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country Mohammedan Dress and Customs. Precocious Youngsters. A Holiday and an India Jaunting Car.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 7th, 1912. Dear Home Folk:

Some of the native women came to see me and being Mohammedans, they drank my tea and ate my crackers and cake. I wish you could have seen them; after sending away the "behrer" they took off their long white capes and stood revealed in the most elegant of all their clothes—jewelry, of which I have told you. You would have been greatly entertained to have seen a four-year-old girl, with long skirt of bright red material, an emerald green border, exquisitely embroidered "chuda" and thin, gauzy shirt, and very much jewelry. Thus far she is not married, but both her brother, who is a little past five, and herself, have the intellect of children of ten at home. It is very strange, at times for instance, the other day at the dispensary, a little girl of five, in very poor looking clothes, offered to dance for us. As there were not many patients she was called in. Oh, that I could describe it; the shaved head, except the round spot left long on the crown, (to pull them into their heaven,) the ragged, dirty, open shirt and long skirt, the impudent brown-faced child with big, bold eyes, the shrill, high childish voice, and could I make you see it as I saw it all. At first I stood and watched, then the absurdity of it all struck me and I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. She was a grotesque little thing and first placing both hands on her hips began to sway from side to side, only at the hips, then raising her hands, with elbows bent and palms turned outward, began one of those high, shrill native chants and standing firmly on the left bare foot, propelled her body around with the right toes, all the time throwing her head from side to side and using her eyes in fashion much oftener seen in her sex of riper years. Occasionally she would strike her hands together like cymbals and point at some of us to emphasize her song. I gave her a "pice" and some medicine, for the "show" was well worth it.

Last week was a festival week for the Hindus and I am afraid the holiday feeling was in the air. One of the other women, working in an adjoining mission, suggested going on a picnic, so off we went to meet a party of six, at a certain well known gate in a small town, perhaps two and a half miles from here. Mrs. Rea, the matron, Miss Battie, a friend, and myself, were the ones from this side and as the hospital work had detained us a bit, we could not find the rest when we arrived and spent another twenty minutes walking over the jungles hunting them. Finally around a corner, in a narrow street and up a tiny hill we located the school in which they were awaiting us. The trip, a four mile one, to a dam used for supplying water to the car shops here, was to be made in a native two-wheeled ox-cart. I saw in front of this school a cart standing, with two small school benches strapped on the top and we were told to get on, we did so by first one sitting down and being careful as to how she put her feet (the space between these benches being not over ten inches;) the next one had to sit on the opposite side and so fit in (somewhat like a braid,) then two big lunch baskets were added and three "sauri" of water filled every available space on that cart. The small boy who was to be the driver, then led up the oxen and put on their yoke, mounted the tongue and we were off. It was a very thrilling experience, for, as you know, there are only two wheels and as the oxen are not reliable beasts they would cavort across the road into the neighborhood of a deep ditch in an appalling fashion, or just as a big stone loosened up they ambled gracefully away, leaving the wheels to find out the height and us the after thud, for of course there are no springs and you ride on the axle. Truly it was amusing, and as an experience something entirely new. As I was sitting almost on the tail of one of the animals I soon recognized the fact that the supposed driver knew his steeds not at all. I became a coward, so having eaten nearly half me heart by this time, since it wouldn't stay out of my mouth, and desiring to keep the rest for future use, I told him to "tyro" (wait) and I decided to proceed on my own two feet. Shortly after ward the others did likewise, and chattering and watching the antics of that boy and his oxen, we finally came to the dam. A very pretty place it was, but nothing to rave over. Our breakfast was the most important thing, and as it was so near what we would have at a picnic at home I will not mention it but will tell you of our coming home.

As I had to be home at two o'clock, we ate our breakfast and walked around the banks, trying to locate ourselves. Miss Battie and I decided to go as the crow flies, while the others thought they would walk a bit and ride a bit. The two of us were sprinting along, and almost a mile from our starting point, when a call came to "come back." Hurrying to where the others were we found that two of the four had gotten into that "go-as-you-please" chariot, and although the bumps were many and the progress slow, they had been willing to stand for it, but in one place a creek, probably full during the rains, but now nothing but a deep, sandy gully, had to be crossed. The oxen floundered down one side, then the one shied a bit, the wheel struck the side landed neatly on the broad of her back, her hair inches deep in the sand; the other fell across her and was rather badly jarred. There was no real injury done but they sure did have a tumble, and it was well it happened in a nice soft spot. We were thankful that we had been walking, although the spear grass was sometimes unbearable, since it gets into your flesh and you can scarcely get it out, or it will catch in your skirts and then just give you a nice pleasant (?) dig with every step. Having helped them onto their feet they again started on their way and we, seeing our objective point, started for it straight. By this time the sun was high and hot, and all sorts of creepy things got on you and each had to have a separate bite out of you. We crossed fields and fields of "goa," a grain that looked like sugar cane and is used for feeding horses, but which I like very much after it is parched, as it is like browned peanuts, and with a little butter and salt on it is mighty good. It grows at least six feet high, so that in walking through it we were quite hidden, and coming out on the other side found we had gone quite out of our way. After crawling up little hills and going down into little creek beds, skirting around jungle bushes and open crevices, picking out spear grass heads, we finally came to the place from whence we had started, and still we were two miles from home, and not being able to find a "tonga" started straight for the railway station where we hoped to get a "tonga." We broke all rules and regulations by going straight over the railroad tracks, past the freight depot and then over the passenger tracks and it surely was a big sigh of relief that went out when finally we landed in a nice, comfortable "tonga."

I had invited a very nice woman to have tea with me and when I got into the house asked the "behrer" what there was to eat; he told me nothing, and then I remembered I had taken all the bread, crackers and tea with me and just when I was deciding that we could have tea but nothing else, he told me that he had ordered a loaf of bread and there was butter. Then I remembered that the girl had left a small fruit cake and part of it still remained, so I grinned and went to have my bath and dress. When she arrived and I told her the story we both laughed over the affair and I did not care a whit whether the tea was fine or not, and I think she enjoyed it also. (Continued next week.)

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WHERE PLUM PUDDINGS GROW. From Christmas stocking Number of St. Nicholas. Grow! Why puddings do not grow at all! The cook makes them. And yet, they do grow; just as every thing else does that we bring to our tables. First of all, I must tell you that plum is not its proper name. The real name of this little plum borrowed the name of the old city, too, having first been grown thereabouts, and came to be called the fruit of Corinth, or "currants." Just as our peach the name of Persia, its ancient home; and our damson, the name of Damascus; and our quince the name of Cydonia in Crete. But whereas peaches and damson and quinces have turned emigrants and wandered all over the earth, this special currant has bided at home where you will find it growing in a little ribbon of land shut in between mountain and sea along the western coast of Greece. Some of the currants go to Germany. Some to Russia. Some to England and Holland. And many thousands tons find their way to America, where in due time they are brought by the grocer's boy to our kitchen: doors against the Christmas-tide. So then, when you sit down to the next Christmas pudding, you may remember that it grew—at least the best part of it—over on the sunny shores of Greece; and that there have been stored in the little brown plums the winter rains and the soft breezes and the summer suns of Hella.

ARTHUR B. COOKE, U. S. Consul at Patras. 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 fundamental to his creed. He protects his watch, wraps it in chamois, winds it regularly, 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 shocks, instead of which it is fed irregularly, differently 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. —If you want to get results, advertise in the WATCHMAN.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Although Usually Broken They Often Result in Something Worth While to the Maker.

At the close of the year a great many men and women review the events and experiences through which they have passed, and resolve to profit by them during the coming year. Many a man "turns over a new leaf," and many a woman emphatically declares that she will abandon this folly and that. So many fall in their resolves that New Year's resolutions have become a subject of jest.



Yet while there may be a humorous phase of the subject there is certainly a more serious one than some appear to believe. It makes no difference whether it is New Year's eve or any other eve, there has to come a time in the lives of all when there is an accounting with self. It is only through such accountings that men and women find themselves, learn to know themselves and, knowing, become what they should be. Rev. Dr. Talmage used to tell the story of a young man who annually devoted New Year's eve to a review of the year ended, concluding with resolutions which he seldom kept for any great length of time. Lying lazily back in a comfortable Morris chair, this young man would smoke a cigar, think over the year, and make his resolves. One New Year's eve he thought and smoked until, half dreaming, he fancied he saw in the smoke as it curled upward the word "resolutions." His fancy led him to serious consideration of how many of his resolutions had really gone up in smoke. He was astounded, and made one supreme resolve that they should no longer end in smoke.

Each time he told this story Doctor Talmage assured his hearers that this young man was today one of the foremost business men of New York city, a factor in its commercial life and a powerful agent for good in many directions. The reverend gentleman made the point that although resolutions may be made only to be broken, the time must come in the life of every man and woman when they make one supreme resolve which is the making of themselves. Therefore Doctor Talmage always declared that he favored New Year resolutions even though they would be broken, because he knew that in the end they would result in something really worth while.

"GOODBY, OLD YEAR, GOODBY."

By Margaret E. Sangster. "Goodby old year, goodby." We've had good times together: You gave us many a bright blue sky, And sometimes stormy weather. But we've had lots of fun— We've skated, fished and boated; And now, just as the year is done, In school we've been promoted. Old year, be brave and proud; With banners floating over you, You join the shadowy crowd Of years that went before you. Goodby, old year, goodby; With "finis" to your story, The stars shine out on high To light your way with glory.

A LONG SLEEP.



"Yistiddy was 1913 an' today is 1914!" "Geel! How's that? We must've slept a whole year last night." A New Year's Wish. My New Year wish is that all through the year the yesterdays will have contained as much happiness as you wish for the tomorrows.

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WE hear a great deal of advice about shopping early. Our advice is to commence early and keep right on the job. We have a lot of goods on hand and want to sell them. The telephone is a wonderfully useful invention, but we would be pleased to have our friends do more personal shopping.

SECHLER & COMPANY, Bush House Block, 57-1 Bellefonte, Pa.

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MACKEREL—We have something very handsome in new, late caught Mackerel, head off and bone out; some weigh about 1 pound, and some 2 lbs. apiece; they are very fancy.

WE hear a great deal of advice about shopping early. Our advice is to commence early and keep right on the job. We have a lot of goods on hand and want to sell them. The telephone is a wonderfully useful invention, but we would be pleased to have our friends do more personal shopping.

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