Worth While.

It is easy enough to be pleasant; When life flows by like a song, But the man worth while is the one who will

When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years. And the smile that is worth the praise of the

Is the smile that shines through tears. It is easy to be prudent, When nothing tempts you to stray,

When without or within no voice of sin Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor of earth Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife. The world's highway is cumbered today, They make up the sum of life, But the virtue that conquers passion And the sorrow that hides a smile, It is these that are worth the homage

For we find them but once in a while. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE HONOR BOY.

It was at the beginning of the Christmas holidays. The boarding-school boys let go the last session in a hurrahing shout and disbanded by the first trains for more than a score of homes with anticipation of fun clearly marked on their faces. Earle Mitchel parted from his last comrade at a little junction station and a dozen miles farther on he got down from the train at his home city. It was threatening snow. The station lights were already blinking in the deepening twilight and on the street outside there was the busy traffic that comes at the close of a short winter's day, men and women hurrying about to get home before the storm should break.

By the time Earle had got clear of the business portion of the city his young face had sobered. The day had quite gone now, and the street lights were twinkling out of the cold night. True, it was jolly to be coming to Uncle Nelson's for the holidays; the fun of it had loomed large at a distance: but when one was coming home on a holiday with a hard won honor to show, one wanted mother to be always first to see. And there was a dull ache in Earle's heart as he thought of the little mother he had lost not a year before. She would have been so proud of her honor boy, and so glad to feel the hard muscles he could

bulge out on either arm. Earle clinched his hands a little after he had touched the bell at Uncle Nel-

"I suppose I'll have to show it to the

others!" he said. And he thought a shade bitterly of the father who had not yet come back from be here now, or at any rate have paid some attention to the last letters he had sent to the hunting camp. There were minutes in his life when Earle felt that in his hand. the two Mitchels did not stand hand in and he felt that the man was always too his boyish interests. And Earle stiffened himself into his own little shell and tried

to be learned in the great man's sight. But the house door opened, and in the blinding glare of the lighted hall Uncle Nelson was welcoming him with all heartiness.

"Hello, nephew! We were just reckoning you wouldn't stay over at school till

"Isn't father back yet?"

Something flashed into Uncle Nelson's keen face that baffled the boy and the answer seemed to hold a wall before it over which he must not climb now. "Not yet, my boy!"

Then the crowd of cousins rushed out upon him and there was a volley of welcoming. But there had been a quick, keen disappointment for the boy. He did not know until then how he had clung to a vague belief that the doctor would be there for a surprise, and to a longing that his father would be the first to be told of the honor which he had

After supper Earle went up to the room that had been his since the home had been at Uncle Nelson's. He hadn't told the people downstairs about honor. He put the suitcase he had brought from school down on the floor and looked around the room. Everything was the same, and as he noticed the door open into his father's room he stepped in there and flashed on the electric lights.

It was a large room, bare of draperies and cushions and things to catch dust. The only ornament it held was a picture of a sweet-faced woman with a baby in her arms, which hung on the wall where the glow of the lights brought out the living beauty of her young face. For a moment Earle stood looking at his mother's picture, then turned away with his teeth set to keep back the sob that was in his throat.

The only thing about the room which was strange to Earl was the neatness of the big flat desk between the windows. He had never seen it when it was not heaped high with what looked to him like a wild confusion of papers, and it struck the boy unpleasantly to see the top cleared and the desk chair set precisely on the floor. It seemed to him like the affairs of a house put in order for solemn moment. Uncle Nelson's cheery voice came from the door-

"Everything all right, nephew?" Earle turned straight to him. "Uncle Nelson, why doesn't father

come home?" he asked. The answer was a counter question 'What makes you want to know that?" The boy gripped his hands; he did not often speak of his sweet, young mother.

"Mother wanted me to write to him once a week always, and lately he

Uncle Nelson walked the length of the room and back to where Earle stood. "You're no coward, boy! And no tale-bearer, either, I hope! Your father said some things about this before he went away that I couldn't agree with. I told him if you asked me straight you should

have the story."

Earle put his hand on the back of the desk chair, and without speaking waited for his uncle to go on with what there was to say.

"The doctor's eyes have rather gone back on him, nephew. It's a matter of overstrain, and we are hoping that the rest up there in camp is bringing back his sight. He doesn't want the world to know he's laid up like this, doesn't want the notoriety of it; and he had a notion it would grieve you to think of him grop-

ing around in the dark." Earle bowed his head a little. "I'm glad I know it now, Uncle Nel-

son!" he said, simply.

When his uncle had gone, Earle went thought of anything like this coming to his strong father. And there was selfreproach in the boy's heart as he thought of the judgments he had made in the past few weeks, and the stiff notes he had sent up to the hunting camp toward the end. He had been once to their with the country and its denizens would hunting camp up by the little junction pronounce the Alaskan dog the laziest village that wasn't even a township, and his imagination pictured it now with his father there alone trying to regain the use of his clear grey eyes, fighting out his tremendous battle with a clean strength and an honest faith.

Earle put his hands out with a quick "I'm going to father!" he said, and he

"Going to your father? I say allright boy? When do you want to start?"

Earle drew a long breath; he had fearthe big library.

ed meeting with unanswerable objection from his uncle. "Isn't there time for me to go on the night train?" he asked. Uncle Nelson pulled out his watch.

did not ask how Earle came to be so well posted on the train service bound toward the hunting camp. "It goes north in an hour. If we can get you a berth you can go on it!" he said, and took down the telephone re-

Earle took out his pocketbook "I have money enough to pay my fare," that he was coming into the stature of his manhood and wanted it to be so.

When, an hour later, the night train north pulled out of the station Earle was on board. He crawled into the lower berth of the sleeper with a longing wish that the train would go faster, faster over the rails, and then the regular noise of the wheels bumping over the rail ends lulled him to sleep.

The colored porter roused him in the

"Next station's yours, sah!" And Earle came awake with a start at the unfamiliar surroundings of a sleeping car. He got into his clothes, and they finally slowed into a station, a small juncticn place with a very little town attached and all the world white with new-fallen snow. The train pulled out over the northward track, and the boy saw he

truck on the end of the platform. It was can travel a great distance over ice and too early yet for folks to be out except necessity called them. The junction village looked strange to Earle under its mantle of snow. It was a sturdy two miles to the camp called

the hunting camp in the wilderness where he had gone in the early autumn.

"Happy Thought," and he had meant to get a team to take him out, but the boy where he had gone in the early autumn. get a team to take him out, but the boy fortune seldom befalls the native dog.

It seemed to the boy that he might be felt like putting all the time he could be. tween the meeting with his father, and he trudged along the village street with the suit case he had brought from school cutting blasts of the Northland. In the

Out on the country road the light fall hand as they ought to. The boy rather of snow was still unmarked by a single feared his tall, gray-eyed father who was already well known in the surgical world, already well known in the surgical world, and the trees bent low under their burand the trees bent low under the den. Earle had commenced to climb, busy with cases in hand to find time for and he stopped a moment to look back at the broad river in the valley that he remembered having seen sparkle in the autumn sunlight more than a year before. It was frozen now and the snow lay smooth upon it with the sunrise shadow of the mountain outlined on the

whiteness. How mother had loved it here that autumn they came! The boy knew she would have loved it now in the mantle of snow that made the familiar things so strangely beautiful. She had named the little bungalow camp for which he was bound, and he remembered the gentleness with which she had first called it "Happy Thought," and how she had said it should always be that to the house of

As he kept on up the road Earle wondered what the welcome from his father would be. He dreaded it more with every step, and the old awesome fear of the man crept back into his heart. What if he was not wanted here? What if it were the mere toleration of his coming that he met? Last night he had refused to open the suit case; he would do that when he got home to father. This morning he could only hope that at least the honor he was bringing would make his

father glad! Earle finally stopped at a cement-posted gateway. At the end of the lane he could see the rambling bungalow lying full in the morning sunlight. The blinds were drawn and the curtains down, but a thin line of gray smoke curled up from the chimney and showed the signal of habitation. The boy opened an iron gate

and went up the lane. The house door was unlocked and Earle pushed it open. The hall was still and darkened, and he went on into the living room. A man sat there with a white bandage over his eyes. He was leaning forward in a startled posture and the strong white hands worked on the arms

"Who is it?" he asked quickly. "Father!" cried Earle, and he ran with a hand out for each of those faltering

ones on the arms of the chair. It was a minute before either of them spoke. Earle had forgotten his fear, forgotten everything but the great love that was between them and pity of his fath-

er's need. "I don't care how you came son, so ong as you're here!" The boy's voice shook as he began to

"Uncle Nelson told me last night. wanted you, dad! I've got an honor at school, and so many, many, many things

to tell you!" The man kept a hold on his sleeve. "I'm beginning to take the bandage off while every day, and we'll have a good holiday together!" he cried.

Earle looked up to see a young fellow standing in the doorway, amazement written all over his face, and shirt sleeves olled up above floury hands. Earle knew it must be the young fellow who

was standing by his father in all this. "I say, Dr. Mitchel!" he ejaculated. A rare smile broke over the strong face as the man pushed up the bandage

from his gray eyes. "This is my son, Jack! He's an honor boy!"-Rejormatory Record.

ALASKAN DOGS.

BY THE REV. C. H. BALDWIN. Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, Nome,

Alaska. Dogs have been very useful animals in Alaska. They have sleds in the winter time, and they carry packs during the summer season. But the period when the dog accomplishes the most work is after the snow begins to fly. All sum-mer long many of the dogs have nothing to do but sleep in the sunshine and forback into his own room. The news had age for food. The dog that is "native been surprise enough; he had never and to the manner born" will lie on the people step over him or walk around him. He is apparently oblivious of his surroundings and seemingly indifferent to any fear of injury. During the summer season an observer unacquainted brute in creation.

But the first snow of the season trans-

forms him into a new being. He seems to be electrified, and all the dormant life and energy are aroused to highest manifestation. He wants to get in the harness. A dog may be an "old soldier" in a team, but in the beginning of the winter season he is as frisky as a puppy, went downstairs to find Uncle Nelson in and on his first trip with a team will give promise of plenty of energy and industry. But his character is like the character of a great many people. He soon gets tired of his work, and he knows how to shirk the responsibility of doing his share of the labor. The dog that is the greatest favorite in Alaska is the one that is used for the leader of the team. The leader is always an intelligent animal. Some of the leaders of dog teams have eyes that are almost human in expression. Leaders are trained to obey the command of "must-on," "gee," "haw" "whoa." They know more than this, but they can't talk and tell us how much

they do know.

The past winter we were caught in a blizzard many miles out from Nome. We he said; and Uncle Nelson understood missed the trail and became bewildered and lost, but trusted to our dog team, which, after hours of roaming on the tundra, brought us finally to a place of refuge. But the Alasksn dog is sui generis. He is not very far away from his wolf ancestry. He has not yet learned the happy faculty of expressing himself by barking, but he has a prodigious ca-pacity to howl. During the long winter nights some of the gatherings of dogs bear evidence of premeditation. A great convocation will assemble, and if the assembly place happen to be in the vicinity of your habitat your slumber will be disturbed by a concert louder and less musical than Sousa's band. There are many varieties of dog voices, pitched in many keys and tones, and these dogs seem to be infinitely happy when howl-

The Eskimo dog has a woolly under was alone with the station master, who coat to protect him from the intense cold was handling his received express at a of the winter. His feet are hard, and he snow without becoming footsore. Dogs from the States are called "outside dogs," leave a trail of blood. But such a mis-He knows how to protect himself in cold weather by digging a hole in the snow, severest weather he will curl up on the crusted snow and sleep as soundly as a

high-bred dog in the warmest kennel. The natives breed their dogs with wolves in order to secure a strain of toughness and durability. A dog that belongs to an Eskimo receives no consideration except in feeding, and the native dogs of Alaska manifest very little of the trait which we designate as affection. They may fawn and look supplicatingly and wag their tails when they are hungry, but when their stomachs are full they are indifferent to caresses and prefer to be left alone. A disease which is called hydrophobia afflicts dogs in Alaska. A dog suffering from this malady, which is always fatal, can infect another dog by biting him, but there is no case of a person being infected with rabies from the bite of a mad dog in Alaska. Usually when a dog is attlicted with this disease he acts like a crazy being and travels until he is shot or until he dies.

Fish is the principal diet of dogs in this part of the country. A native dog will eat raw fish in preference to bacon, and during the summer season if his master fails to provide him with his accustomed food he will go fishing. This story may sound fishy, but an Eskimo dog knows how to catch fish when he is hungry.

Of all the lower animals the dog is man's best friend. In Alaska his friendship has been tested by patient service. A dog is the inseparable companion of the Alaska prospector. He has been with him when the adventurous and restless spirit of the man has taken him into strange countries of the Northland guarded by morasses, mountains and treacherous rivers in the summer time and by the merciless blizzard in the winter. He has shared the hardships and suffering of his master, and more one chapter of misfortune in the Alaskan wilderness has ended by the sacrifice of

a dog for food.

Bricks of Flour.

Wheat flour is now made into bricks by hydraulic pressure. Almost every one is familiar with tea bricks, but flour bricks are entirely novel.

Flour in bricks possesses many advantages over the loose powder. In the first place, the enormous pressure exerted destroys all forms of larval life already ent, and the bricks are much too hard afterward for any insects to work their way in. The bricked flour is equally secured from mould, and is to all practical purposes water-proof, so that it could suffer no damage in shipment, even though carelessly handled and exposed to the weather. The bulk of the flour is much reduced, and a barrel of ordinary flour pressed into bricks could be packed in a square case about the size of a soap-

Before using the flour, it is of course necessary to reduce it to a powder, and this is done by first breaking up the bricks between cogs and then running the pieces between rollers. Small home grinders, made on the principle of a coffee-mill, will undoubtedly appear on the market if the brick flour becomes popular with housewives. -Harper's

Easily Pleased. "Mrs. Brown has the kleptomania." "Indeed. What is she taking for it?" "Anything that looks good to her."

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

"10-MINUTE-A-DAY HOUSEKEEPING."

So runs the heading under which the interviewer of the New York Tribune describes the household arrangements of "the beautifullest suffragette," formerly Miss Inez Milholland, now Mrs. Boisse-

vain. 'Housekeeping,' she said serenely to the reporter. 'It doesn't bother me at all. I don't let it bother me. I get my housekeeping for the day done in ten minutes. In ten minutes from the time I leave my room, I am ready to go down town. I leave things in train for the housekeeping to be done by some one who is fitted to do it, who knows how to do it, while I, who am most inexpert in housekeeping, go to my law office, at No. 115 Broadway, and earn my living at my own particular job There is absolutely no reason why a woman who doesn't like housework and can do something else better should be tied down to housework. Why,' said the newest suffrage bride, with shining eyes, 'I should

"Children, Mrs. Boissevain admitted, complicate matters for the woman who wants to be out in the world. 'Young much less than formerly it was supposed to be. At three, now, children can be at kindergarten, and it is good for them to associate with other children.'

These details of one woman's private life would be trivial, but for the fact that they illustrate the principle for which so many of the younger suffragists contend -the principle that "a woman should be in her home as a man is, no more." Mrs. Boissevain is herself a conspicuous example of the type of woman to which such a principle appeals, a woman of exceptional talent and training with an exceptional career open before her. Such a woman may have a two-fold reason for liking to "earn her living at her particular job"-the job is attractive and it promises to pay so well that she can provide a competent housekeeper for her home. (Not all of us would admit that money will provide some one to fill a mother's place for children, even at

"three" but that is not the present point.) But how about the average woman, whom Mrs. Boissevain and her group of thinkers seldom seem to take into account? Are the young girls who crowd ing to work that is pleasanter or healthier or better-paid than the work of the average house? Would their happiness be inafter marriage? Would they be able to earn enough to pay "some one who is fitted to do it" for taking care of the

house they had left? The theory of "woman's economic independence" is largely based on this nar-row, partial view of life, seen from the standpoint of a few brilliant women, with exceptional careers possible to them. It

is not a theory that promises any gain to the woman of average gifts and training. Students of modern conditions regret that, with the introduction of machinery, so many men must spend their days doing over and over again the same monotonous bit of work, with no chance for initiative, and none of the delight that comes from seeing a finished product. They regret that so many men must work under a master, with the sense of personal independence almost gone. So far, woman in the care of her own house, has retained what too many men have lost, the supreme satisfaction of being done for those she loves. It is extraordinary that any movement calling itself progress should wish her to surrender this vantageground.

The Making of Flags.

In the Brooklyn Navy Yard alone about 50,000 flags are made every year by Uncle Sam. Each battleship that leaves the yard is compelled to carry two hundred and fifty flags. In addition to the flags of our own country it must be ready with flags for saluting, signaling and for all forms of ceremonial and official occasions, and must show proper naval etiquette to foreign officers of high rank who may board the ship. As many as fifty women and some men are kept constantly employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the flag making establishment. The sewing machines are run by electricity, but much of the difficult and tedious hand embroidery is done by skilled

Times have changed since Betsy Ross thought she had discovered a lobor-saving device when she folded the paper to show General George Washington how a five-pointed star could be made with one cut of of the scissors. Now, an ingenious machine worked by electricity, and with special cutting dies for each of the eight sizes of stars used, cuts from fifty to one hundred stars at a time. The largest flag made is the U.S. ensign No. 1, thirty-six feet long by nineteen feet

The President's flag, with which few are familiar, consists of a blue ground with a United States coat of arms in the center, and is made in two sizes, three feet by five feet, and fourteen feet by ten Owing to the fine, painstaking embroidery on the coat-of-arms and other emblems, which takes the constant work of one person for nearly a month, this is the most difficult flag to make.-Unidentified.

Inactivity Increases Age.

It may be only gathering postage stamps, or it may be founding colleges; it may be keeping the home up to its best, or it may be making the most of one's self, but whatever it is, let interest in it be directed not aimlessly. No one who has a single definite purpose in life can be altogether unhappy, for a positive ideal tends to draw to itself from the outside. We get from the world pretty much what we give it, and we give to it enthusiasm, sincerity—then we may be rewarded by having our efforts received with enthusiasm and sincerity.

Many persons waste their energies and time by taking a sham interest in life or some phase of it. They pretend they are interested in art, music, books, because their friends are interested, or they devote themselves to charity because it is expected of them.

No one grows old so fast or unattractively as those whose minds are inactive. You can prove for yourself that this must be so. Let your mind become passive for a moment and you will note how the jaw drops, the facial muscles sag, and the eyes grow dim. Imagine the effort of a mind never, or only spasmodically active. Verily to be interested is to keep the mind alert, and that spells vouth.

Giving or Forcing?

ture, or of the Legislatures of other States, who are urged to vote this winter for suffrage bills or amendments, should remember that what they are really asked to do is not to give the ballot to

women, but to force it upon them. That is what it really amounts to. The suffragists are admittedly a minority among women. As a matter of fact, though this they do not admit-they are a small minority. Tested in any way one pleases,—by the membership of their organizations, by the signers to their petitions, or by the votes cast at school elections,-they are a small minority.

Actions speak louder than words. the suffragists do not know that they are a small minority, why do they always 80 degrees in one of the offices today, bitterly oppose every proposal to submit and this is but the 21st of Januarythe question to a referendum of women's votes? This course is inconsistent in two First, theoretically; for they ways. clamor for "votes for women," yet, on go crazy if I had to do housework one the fundamental question whether women shall have votes they are unwilling that women should vote. Second, practically; for their case would be won if they could once show that the majority children need their mother. But the age of women want to vote. That would be at which they can be left to others is all that would be needed. The Legislatures would yield; the male electorates would yield; and the suffrage would come as a matter of course, for the average man is disposed to give the average woman what she wants. The only reason that can be given why the suffragists do not take this short and easy way to the suffrage is that they know that the great

majority of women are not with them. Massachuetts legislators can hardly have forgotten how the suffragists acted last year with reference to the Drury vote upon the suffrage question. If they will look up the records in other States, they will find that invariably,-in Rhode Island, in New York, in South Dakota, in Indiana, and in other States in which a similar proposal has been made the suffragists have opposed it vehemently, and have denounced the legislators who introduced it as enemies of their cause. If suffragists can point to a single insuch a proposal, The Remonstrance will gladly print the facts.

Let legislators then make no mistake. What the suffragists ask them to do is to the morning trains, the young girls who override the fundamental principle of turn out when the factory-bells ring, go-democracy,—the rule of the majority and to impose upon the majority of women, at the demand of a small but noisy minority what they do not want creased by keeping on with such work and never have asked for .- From the Remonstrance Against Woman Suffrage.

Queer Traits.

no apparent scientific reason. A fly on the window pane will crawl to the top, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. This order is seldom reverseda fly crawled up a window pane thirtytwo times, returning each time to the same place.

Hens scratch for food with the sun behind them, the reason being that the gether, and was thus entertaining the rays reflect on the minute particles. A blind hen will pick grain and not miss a kernel. Cats seldom lie with their feet to the fire. Usually they lie on the left ry morning. He told me he was hungry side. Dogs lie with their fore paws to and asked if I couldn't give him some the fire.

hide at the source of food supply and not depart from it until actually dis-It isn't true that a mouse runs to its hole at the first alarm .- Presbyterian.

Fetichism marks the lowest point of a gross and degraded superstition. It belongs to savages and not to civilized people. Yet there are social fetiches to which mothers sacrifice their daughters in this enlightened land. And these sacrifices are no less horrible than those of the degraded African who throws his writhing child into the fire. The name of the great social fetich is ignorance. Mothers see their daughters "standing with reluctant feet where womanhood and girhood meet," see them take the step beyond and assume the stupendous responsibilities involved in marriage and motherhood, and yet they say no word of warning or enlightenment as to the great physical change which marriage brings to women. For those who have sufferdisease to develop in the delicate organs, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription true minister of mercy. It stops drains, heals ulceration and inflammations, cures bearing down pains, makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Anatole France on Journalism. M. Anatole France, in reply to a toast of his health, said: "I have been a journalist and am one still. I owe to journalism some of the qualities that you have exaggerated. Journalism taught me a great part of the art of writing. The two things most useful in writing are ease and simplicity. Journalism teaches those things so well

New York's Sewage. Every day there is poured into the Harlem river 99,000,000 gallons of sewage; into the North river, 132,000,000 gallons; into the East river, 264,000,000 gallons. So in the course of a year New York city pollutes its harbor with about 495,000,000 gallons of refuse

that the style even of great writers

like Chateaubriand gained from jour-

nalistic experience."-London Times.

matter.-New York World. Judicious Charity. "I don't believe he is so miserly as they say. I hear he invites his poor relations to visit him each year." "Yes. They all live at a considerable

distance and are too poor to come."

The Reason He Jokes, When a man jokes about his wife being jealous you may depend upon it heliotrope as it is standing on the table his wife has not a jealous bone in her body. Men with jealous wives do not joke about it.-Atchison Globe.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with .-Mark Twain.

-For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

FROM INDIA

Members of the Massachusetts Legisla- By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Hot Weather in January. A Minstrel Beggar. Training Local Nurses and a Taste of Venison.

> JHANSI, JANUARY 27th, 1913, Dear Home Folk:

The work at the hospital is fairly hard just now and more curious cases have come in and my time is taken up with trying to think of remedies to help save them from dving, so that our hospital may not have a bad reputation. The weather has become hot and one is peeling off all extra layers of clothes. It was

what will it be by June? Tonight I have been dining with some railroad people and of course black coffee was served, and I feel as though I would never want any sleep. I rode home on a bicycle and the moonlight was as though a heavy mist was hanging and they warned me that rain was coming. Rain! well, I could almost as readily imagine snow, as there has been nothing but sunshine and dust since the last of October, and being of a doubtful turn of mind, think it will take seeing to make me believe

On my way to visit a little "Parsee" maiden, who has broken the rules of society, and is being hidden by her people, bill, which proposed to allow women to in a bungalow near our hospital, I saw a curious sight. A long, low building, which opened upon a field in which were several oxen and cows, dogs and chickens, and indeed so unsanitary I hated to walk over it. Just at one end of the building was a big palm tree; at its base was a native bed and on it squatted a man of middle age, having a beard, a stance in which they have supported large red mark on his forehead, wrapped in a white cloth "cupra." Sitting facing him was a younger man with what looked like a guitar, made of a kind of gourd with one string drawn over the skin which closed the open side of the gourd. This instrument had a neck probably twenty inches long, and this my minstrel held with his left hand and twanged the one string with his middle finger. In his right hand he had two small cupshaped silver cymbals, perhaps one and Many animals and insects have curious one-half inches in diameter, one fastened ways of doing things for which there is to his thumb, the other held between the fingers. While I was crossing this lot he started to chant some sort of lay; they have what is called a "budgeon," it is why, no one knows. It is on record that about two lines long and they rhyme over every conceivable virtue to this short measure. He twanged his onestringed "chikar," tapping the bells to-"holy man." It was an odd sight at about 9.00 o'clock on a beautiful Janua-"pice." I felt like saying, "if you would retained what too many men have lost,
—work that offers variety, that gives large room for initiative and that has large room for initiative and that has a large room for initiative and that has large room for initiative and the room for i try, any more than is lying, or thieving, or deceiving; in fact, laziness seems to be a common virtue and if one's servants are fairly good you say not a word, but horrors, how they make you want to scold.

> Just now I am sitting in our best room while the nurses are having their sewing class. All are seated on the floor and the only noise I hear is an occasional whisper, that makes me know that I am not alone. They do pretty drawn-work and fairly good embroidery. They are supposed to spend one hour a week working for the mission, and in this way help to pay for their new bungalow, where they all live. They are a picturesque looking group in their white "sauris" which are always soft and so drape very beautifully. They all have hair as ed through ignorance, and have allowed black as a crow and since they always oil it, even after washing, their heads look like pieces of black ebony. They all have good features, much better than my own, but thank goodness, when I was ten years old I was ancient in sense in comparison to them at eighteen and twenty-two years of age. I told them I was writing home and with one accord they said to "Salaam ko mother, Salaam ko bua" (meaning how-do to mother and sisters.) Somehow their lives are so narrow, and as nearly all of them are orphans taken from some school to be trained here for a nurse, any one who has any "kin-folk" is of great interest, as well as the "kin-folk" themselves, so that I am often asked "how you all are," just as if they had known you well all their lives.

Yesterday an Englishwoman, whose husband had been out shooting sent us a pea-fowl, four birds and a leg of deer, so we are feasting on wild animals; the deer especially, is nice and tender, one just wants to eat and eat. These deer are very small in comparison to those at home, being but little larger than a sheep. As this is after dinner and the pea-fowl was served to us, I want to tell you that it tasted very much like an especially dry turkey, although the meat is very tender. I imagine that under a good cook's hands, it would become delicious; but everything is spoiled in our kitchen.

I wish I could send you a big bunch of just now, and the pink roses that seem to grow by themselves. Ours are not very large but such quantities, and I know how nice they would be to you at this

(Continued next week.)

Not Particular.

He-Do you believe in love at first sight? She (thirty-eight)-I believe in any kind of love.