

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Walked Twelve Miles Over Rough Roads. The Last Stages of a Trip to India's Mountains.

VERNAG, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk:

This is the day after and I had thought that the trail to the last place was bad, but never in my whole life did I ever see such a road as we came over today.

This garden was laid out by the same man who built the Taj and although now in ruins, is quite the prettiest place I have yet seen of ancient things.

The spring flows into a great tank surrounded by what was a most beautiful facaded building and it faces straight into this garden; along the center the stream runs and is every here and there bridged by a charming little house with exquisite carvings.

But this will be our last camp day; we go to Islamabad tomorrow and it is there our boat awaits us. I will not be sorry, and yet I have enjoyed every minute of this time.

I have not mailed you this, for I am told many letters are lost from this country and I had sent you a long one telling of our safe arrival here and of our starting on this jaunt.

ISLAMABAD.—The ride here today was unusually pleasant, but of course twenty miles seemed like fifty, otherwise it was uninteresting.

Again I am watching; the rice is evidently cooked and she takes off the immense heavy pot and lo! into the funnel-shaped lid is put hot coals—evidently to keep the food hot, and another pot, a smaller one this time, is put on and the water dipped right out of the river.

Now hark! the woodman's ax is heard! A sister tree he's felling. What can this cruel destruction mean? The winter wind is telling:

Do not bemoan thy mournful fate, Tho' axmen wield with madness, Bedecked in tinsel, bright and fine, You'll soon bring children gladness.

sharp, well-shaped features and her graceful movements, for just now she is putting into her boiling pot, turnips—leaves and all. What a cook, guess I won't invite myself for dinner.

Two days later and we are again on our way; this time down the river and so back to Srinager, which we make tomorrow. There is not a thing now to add so am only writing to keep in practice.

SRINAGER, October 9th.—There were two temples of great beauty, but of course in ruins, to stop our boat for two hours, and then on we came. I found many letters awaiting me and was glad to hear how you all were.

(Continued next week.)

TRUE SPIRIT OF DAY

Christmas Giving Should Be Prompted by the Heart.

Religion in the Orthodox Sense Not Necessary to Appreciate Finer Qualities of Great Christian Holiday.

BY PRUDENCE STANDISH.
ONCE more the Christmastide and its beautiful meaning is with the world. Again the shepherds, watching their flocks by night, are sore afraid at the glory which shines about them.

The miracle of 2,000 years ago is still new and glad and lovely, for, lo! in all Christendom bells peal and sweet choirs sing the message given by the blinding angel and the crowding host:

"For behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This is the message of the Christmastide, yet the bigger half of Christendom makes the period the pagan festival it once was at the time of the winter solstice.

We have forgotten the joyous and sublime meaning of Christmas. One does not need to be religious in the orthodox sense to appreciate the finer quality of this great festival, for what is known as Christian feeling has come to be a moral obligation at this time—a point of etiquette, in truth, for the heart and mind.

In point of mere etiquette—the social world thinks on the subject of Christmas gift giving—it is thought bad taste for a person of modest means to give presents of value to others of wealth and influence, for this savors too much like currying to continued favor if the giver is already under obligations.

That the servant who has given her bodily strength and heart's best interest to the home must not be forgotten, goes without saying; but it is certainly bad form to make the poor servant's gift an inexpensive trifle when something better can be afforded.

Then what a woeful want of taste it shows for us to defer buying a friend's or sister's present until we have found out what she means to give us, and so make the exchange a quid pro quo. The gift that goes to friend or relative is above all one for love, and it is undoubtedly better taste for the recipient of the simpler gift in the exchange to appear as pleased as if she had received something ten times its value.

But, then, what matters the nature of the gift after all? The spirit is the thing—and does not this silly picture or cushion, so unbecoming to the parlor, mean that the friend or sister has thought of you?

As for the little children, so much are their feelings painfully strained at this time that I would like to write a book on the subject. I beg every mother not to threaten the poor little heart that misbehaves sometimes with the eternal word that "Santa Claus won't come if you do that any more."

We remember the poor and drop a few pennies gladly for the blind children.

But, why do we do it—why? It is because a wide, sweet star has stopped over a stable in the far East, because the church choirs are singing of peace on earth and good will toward men.

So let us never lose sight of that fact with our gifts, whether our hands tender or receive them; for the heart closed to the deeper significance of Christmas may truly be likened to the inn that held no room. Let us send with each gift some of the heart's true gold and frankincense—bind it with the cord of some memory of Bethlehem. Let us receive each and every one of our gifts as tidings of great joy.

MORE SLIPPERS COMING.

"The time is at hand," said the preacher, With wrath showing plain on each feature.

"When slippers will be showered down upon me by every female," said the preacher.

Useful Proverb. "Do you," he asked, "believe in early marriage?" "Well," she replied, "I used to, but I am willing to say that at present I believe 'better late than never' may be applied to marriage as well as to some other things."

To get an idea of the prevalence of "stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease.

Medical.

Here's Proof

A BELLEFONTE CITIZEN TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

You have a right to doubt statements of people living far away but can you doubt Bellefonte endorsement? Read it: John H. Klinger, 220 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: I was annoyed by weak kidneys most all the time.

Book & Magazines

Here is the Answer in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER. Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?"

FRIENDLY ADVICE.



"Can you suggest something for me to get for my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the shopkeeper. "You'd better get her a box of cigars, I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."

THE JOY OF SHOPPING.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit. I love to go and shop for things. To send as Christmas gifts to friends, for then my fancy girls on wings, I feel the joy that never ends.

CASTORIA Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Little Hotel Wilmot.

The Little Hotel Wilmot IN PENN SQUARE One minute from the Penna Ry Station PHILADELPHIA We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte.

Shoes. Hats and Caps. Clothing.

NOW FOR CHRISTMAS! WE have everything that Man or Boy wears. Just the sort of things he will be glad to receive, you be glad to give. CLOTHING of Every Description. Hats, Caps, Gloves, Neckties, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Shirts, Mackinaws, Umbrellas, Slippers.

Santa Claus says:

- A face wreathed in smiles is better than a mansion wreathed in holly. Better broken toys than broken hearts. Never look a gift object in the price tag.

Song of the Christmas Tree

By Gene Morgan. I come from northern forest lands Where men would tarry never. The seasons come, the seasons go, But I am green forever.



From every branch, sad tears I drip In rainstorm's fierce endeavor. The flowers may come, the flowers may go, But I am green forever.

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POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE For Father and Son AND ALL THE FAMILY Two and a half million readers find it of absorbing interest. Everything in it is Written So You Can Understand It. We sell 400,000 copies every month without giving premiums and have no solicitors.

The First National Bank.

Contributions of Money Thousands of helpless people—men, women and children, are starving in Europe. People like ourselves who, a few months ago, were happy and prosperous. Because of the war they are now without food or shelter. Do You Want to Help Them? We shall be glad to receive and forward contributions of money, no matter how small. The First National Bank BELLEFONTE, PA.