

RETURNING FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. The Beauties of Singapore and Hong Kong as Seen on the Homeward Trip.

HONG KONG, MARCH 2nd, 1914.

Dear Home Folk:

I think I left you at Penang; I didn't send a brilliant letter there nor will this be a work of art, but I do want to tell you of Singapore. The sea was like glass and it took but one day to reach Singapore from Penang, and we were promised a day and a night off boat. Well, we docked at about three in the afternoon and it was so hot and muggy most of us decided for the boat for an hour or two longer, then an English woman, and two of the men from the ship and your daughter, went ashore.

Singapore is just forty miles from the Equator, and on the sea shore, so in truth the tropics were before me. Rank vegetation everywhere, but in the English section, all well kept; it was an exaggerated green-house. I drove to the botanical gardens and could have just stayed there for hours and hours, wandering among the beautiful great ferns and along paths where the maiden-hair met over my head, or gazing at the orchids—for it is said the most beautiful collection of orchids in the world is in that green-house—(green-house with bamboo sides and a top made of poles over which a great flaming flower bedecked vine had thrown itself as though too inert to hold its head up.) I cannot really blame anything that loses its vigor in that country for it is so moist you feel as though it must have rained but a few hours ago and then not cold, except at night. Cannot you imagine how languid one would become. After revelling in it all as long as I dared I went back in my Shetland pony chaise to the big new hotel "Raffles" to have dinner. I went through the funniest looking bazaars—only different from the Indian variety in the look of the slant-eyed owners of stalls and the exquisite cleanliness of the place. The buildings themselves are not one whit different and so I was not noticing them at all. Of course, this is a tourist's town and things are proportionately high, so please don't set your mouth for lots of pretty things else you may be disappointed. I had dinner alone in the good looking place and was waited on to perfection by a soft slipped lad, whom I would have liked to slip into my pocket and bring along to you. I then went back to the boat and watched the Southern cross come up, way down in the South. Our boat was to leave its moorings at seven the next morning, and I love to watch the going, so was off to bed as soon as the coaling was finished.

The morning was delightfully cool, crisp and clear and the sun came up just in time to give us God-speed, and then off we went for a two days of too perfect seas. Just like a child's play pond was the ocean, with the most wonderful tints you could dream of—greens, mixing with blue, and then little frothy bubbles to give the trimming in pure white and the sky, not wishing to be out-classed, put on a pink or yellow tinge and only black was missing and, as you know that is mourning, we did not want it. But all this perfection changed on our third day out. The great Genii of this region laughed at our happiness and his laugh was so horrible that those greens and blues turned gray in terror and the little white frothy bubbles became so agitated they began to run hither and yon in the most unaccountable way and our good ship, instead of gliding along like a swan, began to twist and writhe as though in pain and—yes I must confess, we all had to go below the first day; I only stayed a few hours, but it grew worse and worse and although not nearly so bad as when I came out, the motion was so different that I am sorry to confess I just spent a whole day too sick to even lift my head and this was our last before Hong Kong. It was cold and so when I came up on deck as we were passing the first island in the harbor I felt as though I had lost pounds and pounds of flesh, but of course I had not and the fasting was good for me.

The harbor of Hong Kong is indeed a beauty, full of islands all green and hilly and on each one is seen some pretty eastern building; then Hong Kong, itself an island, with big high hills on it, is indeed a picture place for all over these hillsides the government buildings are standing with their compounds up and down about them so that the great white stone places are perfectly outlined by their green surroundings.

The Chinese city lies at the foot of the hill and with its narrow, humanity filled streets makes a curious comparison to the beauty of the English suburbs. But it is not purely Chinese and so after I had made a trip to the peak, and saw the harbor filled with all kinds of crafts and the Chinese city stretched out like a map below me, a panoramic view so glorious and beautiful I almost cried out at the sight of it. But I had to come back to earth and the incline railway is anything but a thing of joy; but even disagreeable things have an end and so I finally got back to this hotel. That evening I, with some friends whom I met on board, went by steamer to Canton.

That is truly a Chinese city, so weird and fascinating I just nearly stayed. The streets are only eight feet wide and the shops are flush with the line on either side so that their advertisements hanging from each side meet, except for a few inches. The streets are like a maze—so winding and so joining at curious angles it makes you think of a grotto; but the markets are perfectly clean and the smell of the native cooking was so appetizing the others wanted to stop and buy, but grim cholera stalks abroad in this world, so we didn't even hesitate. One whole day, up one street into the City of the Dead; down another into the temple of a Thousand Genii, etc., and then, as it had been pouring hard the entire time, we started for our boat; but we stayed long enough to walk past the Consulates of the various countries. A six hour's run brought us back and we have been sitting here waiting for the boat-sailing day to come.

Tomorrow, once more, I will be on the way and think I will try to write a little more fully, for I could fill pages and pages to you. But I may be sea-sick and so I'll mail this, that you may know where I am and how I am getting along. (Continued next week.)

The growing child has to be doubly nourished—once for the ordinary needs of the body and once for growth. A great many times there is not enough nourishing food taken to provide for the needs of growth: the body is poor, the blood thin, and every condition is suitable for the lodgement of disease in the enfeebled system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a food medicine. It furnishes the body through the blood with all the elements needed to make sound flesh and sturdy muscle. Don't let your child be handicapped in the race of life. Give it "Golden Medical Discovery" and that will give it strength.

To Reduce Weight. If you are too stout don't take fat reducing medicines. Cut down on your diet, get out-of-door exercise and you will assume normal lines and reduce to normal weight. Avoid sweets, eggs, cream, fat meats and especially potatoes. Live mainly on lettuce, spinach, cabbage, lean meats young onions, celery, tomatoes, etc. Take salted toast instead of bread and butter. If you cease to give your body fat-making foods you will cease creating fat cells. It is no trick to reduce if you practice self-denial.

Bad Physical Sign. The sudden cessation of pain is often as bad a sign as its beginning. In appendicitis or some other acute inflammation of the right side of the abdomen sudden cessation of pain may be of the gravest import, particularly if not associated with a corresponding drop in the temperature or pulse rate. Under such circumstances it is an unfailing index of gangrene or rupture of the appendix or of a breaking down of the barriers between an abscess and the general peritoneal cavity.

Cheap Witticisms. It were well if the so-called "clever story writer," who, too often, is the chief nuisance of the manuscript editor of all magazines, could be brought to a realization that mere exaggeration and disgusting incidents are not "fun;" it would save postage and lessen the certainty of rejections.—National Magazine.

Politeness Ill Rewarded. "A man kin be too polite an' obligin'," said Uncle Eben. "I know a man dat stood wifout kickin' while his wife dressed him up in a fancy loungin' coat an' a gorgeous necktie an' a smokin' cap. Den she inspected him an' decided dat she couldn't live wif such a lookin' man, nohow."

Imaginary Ills. Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.—Aldrich.

Serves Him Right. The difference between a crank and a gentleman is that the latter always agrees with you, while the crank never agrees with anyone—not even himself.—Schenectady Union-Star.

Daily Thought. The mind that is cheerful in its present state will be adverse to all solicitudes to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.—Horace.

Too Tender-Hearted. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so tender-hearted dat dey is almost willin' to make trouble for a friend, jes' to show how kind an' sympathizin' dey kin be."

Happiness. Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promise.—George Sand.

Optimistic Thought. We mount on the ruins of cherished schemes to find our failures successes.

Good Company. Keep good company and you shall be of the number.—George Herbert.

Universal Desire. All men desire to be immortal.—Theodore Parker.

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"AT EVERY SOLDIER'S GRAVE, WITH LOVE"



Let tears bedew each wreath that decks the lawn Of every grave and raise a solemn prayer That their battalions souls be joined to fare Dim roads, beyond the trumpets of the dawn Yet perfumed, somehow, by our flowers that heap The peaceful barracks where their bodies sleep.

MEMORIAL DAY ANCIENT CUSTOM

Ceremonies Can Be Traced Back to the Very Earliest Days of Civilization.

MEMORIAL day, celebrated in almost every state of our Union, has been set apart by statute as a special day for decorating the graves of the nation's soldiers and for holding appropriate exercises in their memory. While it originally sprang from a spontaneous desire to do honor to the heroes who fell in the Civil war, still it is now celebrated in honor of all the soldier dead, that their heroisms and sacrifices may never be forgotten.

It is interesting to trace the origin of this holiday, for, like many another modern institution, it goes back to the early days of civilization. We have been celebrating it with a special significance for years, and yet, upon examining it, we find the adaptation of an ancient custom rather than the expression of a new idea. In fact, days set aside for ceremonies to honor the dead are so intimately connected with all races that they seem inseparable from the practices of civilization.

The pagan Greeks held sacred rites at the graves of their dead called zool and made offerings of olives and flowers. A floral wreath was placed at the head of the grave, and if a bloom sprang from the mound it was considered a sign of the happiness of the departed one.

Poman Parentalia. In Rome a similar festival was held for several days in February. It was known as the Parentalia. During this celebration the temples were closed and the last day offerings were made at the tombs. These consisted of milk, honey, fruit, wine and other things, while flowers of every variety were used in profuse decoration.

The Druids held a memorial service in the autumn on the eve of the Thanksgiving feast, while the ancient people of Japan and China had a service for the dead called the Feast of Lanterns.

After the various nations embraced Christianity this custom became more widespread and the nature of its celebration changed materially. The spiritual side of the day became the uppermost feature, and this led directly to the founding of All Souls' day. This is observed in our own country strictly in a religious manner, but in many places in Europe it includes the decoration of flowers in addition to the spiritual exercises. In France for several days before the feast wreaths and bunches of immortelles, dyed in various colors, are seen in the shop windows.

After the religious services are over the people go to the different graveyards laden with baskets and bunches of flowers, and before the day is over these burying places are a mass of brilliant color. Not a grave is slighted, and even in a corner of potter's field one will find a token of remembrance for the most neglected one. Another interesting feature is the placing of a lighted lamp at the foot of the graves. The lamps are usually taken to the graves as evening draws on, and often the people stay and kneel there in silent meditation. The colored garlands and the flickering lights present a strange and novel sight.

All Had Graves to Decorate. Our Memorial day is in truth nothing more than a secular All Souls' day. It owes its origin to the women of the South, who began the practice of decorating their graves less than two years after the close of the Civil war. That struggle of four years had kept our country in a constant state of commotion and excitement. Every part of the nation had contributed its men, young and old, to the conflict. When peace was restored there was scarcely a village or town that did not have a grave to remind it of the fearful cost.

A New York newspaper first published a paragraph stating that a few women of Columbus, Miss., had strewn the graves of the dead soldiers, Union as well as Confederates. This touching tribute caused a thrill of tenderness to pass through the North, and it aroused, as nothing else could have done, a feeling of national amity and love.

The practical result of this incident came in May, 1868, when Adjutant General Chipman suggested to Gen. John A. Logan, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that their organization set a uniform time to decorate the graves of the Union soldiers.

General Logan immediately took up the suggestion and named May 30 as the day for decoration. He added that it was his purpose to inaugurate this observance, and sincerely hoped it would be kept up each year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed. The idea spread rapidly, and the legislatures of the various states enacted it into law until the holiday is now a legal one in all but six states. In many of the southern states the celebration is held April 26, as spring visits the South a full month before its first harbinger appear in the North.

First Services at Arlington. On the first Memorial day the services at Arlington were perhaps the most impressive. The speaker on that occasion was James A. Garfield. In his soul-touching address, which remains to this day as a foremost exponent of the spirit and significance of Decoration day, we read:

"I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, all with life itself, into the scale of battle. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth we might stand with uncovered heads and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that one perished when the first great drops of the crimson shower began to fall, when the darkness of that first disaster at Manassas fell like an eclipse on the nation; that another died of disease while wearily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell on the field when the tide of war shook the dome of yonder capitol and re-echoed in the chambers of the executive mansion. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions. What other spot so fitting for their last resting place as this, under the shadow of the capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centered; here let them rest, asleep on the nation's heart, entombed in the nation's love!"

Memorial day has now grown to be a day of thought for all dead. When the national Decoration day comes, many who have no soldier dead, take the opportunity to honor relatives and other dead ones by strewn on their graves the symbols of love and affection.

THE NATION'S DEAD. Beside the army of her dead Once more the nation stands, With banners waving at her back, And blossoms in her hands, With equal love and grief and pride, Impartially, today She drops her roses and her tears Upon the Blue and Gray.

Forgotten are the years of strife, The cause they lost and won, Each sleeper in the silent tents Is his beloved son, The uniforms are ashes now, The swords and guns are rust, But Memory's eternal green Is rooted in their dust. —Minna Irving, in Leslie's.

Signs of Pain. It is difficult to estimate the degree of pain, but there are certain signs of suffering which are unmistakable—the pinched features, the knotted brow, the rolling eyes with widely dilated pupils, the ashen countenance, the cool and clammy skin, the thready pulse, the increased blood pressure, the hands alternately clenched and opened, the cries and groans and the bodily contortions. All these present a definite picture with which every experienced physician or nurse is familiar.

Wanted "Nice, Dirty Mother." When Edward was five years old he played with a boy named Adolph. One muddy day they tried to run across my clean kitchen floor to get a ball. I chased them out and afterwards heard them talking out on the porch. Adolph said, "My mother doesn't care if I run across the kitchen floor." After a long silence I heard Edward say, "I wish I had a nice, dirty mother like yours."—Exchange.

Just a Hint. "Now, men," said the genial employer, as his hands clustered round him at the breakfast hour, "this is the election, and I hope you are all going to vote. Now, I'm not going to tell who my favorite candidate is. Every one of you is to be entirely free to vote as he thinks best. But do you see that big barrel of beer over in the corner? Well, that barrel won't be opened unless X— gets in."

Why He Hadn't. "Why is it," asked the poet's wife's neighbor, "that your husband never dedicates any of his books to you? Nearly every poet who has a wife dedicates at least one book to her." "Dear me! I'm glad you called my attention to it. I must look at his books some time, and if what you say is true I shall never forgive him."—Tit-Bits.

Almost Perfect Ideal. A faithful friend of all that is best, a brave sufferer from incurable burdens, in a private letter sends this confession, which we commend to those more favored of circumstances, less consecrated in the center-stances of life: "My ideal is every day to spread a little truth, a little kindness, a little beauty, but alas, how often I fail!"

Fireproof Wood. To make wood fireproof, slake a small quantity of fresh lime and add water till it has the consistency of cream, stir well and add one pound of alum, 12 ounces of commercial potash and about one pound of salt. Stir again and apply while hot. Two or three coats will keep wood fireproof for many months.

Wanted a Sample. "Your honor," said the foreman of the jury, "this body is suing this gent for \$10,000 for a stolen kiss." "Correct," responded the judge. "You are to decide if it was worth it." "That's the point, your honor. Could the jury have a sample?"

Some Love Lacking. Helen was playing on the porch, where she spied a white moth and asked her mother to kill it. Her mother said, "But, Helen, you ought to love the poor little moth." "I do love it, mother, but I don't love it enough."

Had No Chance. "Honesty pays in the long run," counseled the visitor. "Perhaps you're right," admitted the man in the stripes "but a cop got me before I'd gone 100 yards."—Baltimore American.

Two Advantages. He who makes two blades of wheat grow where one grew before, is not only a benefactor to the human race, but stands a first-class chance to make money in the transaction.

Most Refreshing Color. Green is the most "refreshing" and restful color for the eyes. It is nature's favorite color—and the inference is fair that nature is wiser than the human specialists.

Dancing Around. Nowadays, when two irresistible bodies meet, the usual course is for them to join hands and take a few turns in the maxixe or the hesitation. —Judge.

Ages of Various Trees. The ivy lives 200 years, the elm 300 to 350 years, the linden 500 to 1,000 years, the locust tree and the oak 400 years, and the fir 700 to 1,200 years.

Well, Sometimes. Marriage makes one out of two; but generally this comes through the squelching of the husband.—New York World.

Why They Fail. Some men are failures because they have pinned all of their faith to the horseshoe over the door.—Atchison Globe.

Daily Thought. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—Franklin.

County Correspondence

Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectation of "Watchman" Readers by a Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

REBERSBURG.

Why not have R. F. D. from Rebersburg? New supplies have arrived for the oil and gas works.

Those who planted white corn early, find it coming up yellow. Oh Millheim, the orme shoddt,—Rockke brod and sel net sodt.

Hard to keep tab on—Schreyer, of Milesburg! All bright after the storm!

The Aaronsburg Cornet band will furnish the music for Memorial day here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waite repaired and painted their home in elegant style.

Robert Hackenberg has set up a lot of apple and chestnut grafts the past week.

The State Grange's road bill went on the scrap pile, where its votes went last fall.

The stone crusher is doing better work than ever, Duck's engine furnishing the power.

Hasn't some one found that "Song Garlands" yet for the Rebersburg Palaverer?

The January fogs brought their May frosts this time. Tally five for the weather prognosticators.

It seems Tom Harter secured the James Cornan woods, and bark peeling now proceedeth thereon.

Not a soul whereabouts turned out to sweat free for Brumbaugh's "Good Roads" phantasmagoria.

A long time to wait is 1918—to vote down Sproull's State bonding proposition. Many of us may be dead then.

When our beaux go to Millheim to see their "gals" now they can say they went to the tabernacle for inspiration!

Our farmers fear that corn is getting too much cold water, now and the price of corn spirits will be high in coin time.

Dr. Bright on Saturday amputated a finger for Mrs. Charles Shultz, of Tylersville, to top off a dangerous and malignant felon.

Mrs. Sarah Kelley and daughter are being benignly nursed by Mrs. James Harbaugh, who is an expert on such occasions.

Under the work-road-tax law we had better roads than we have now with all the "State blather and graft" added to the money tax.

Our buxom country lasses certainly have good voices. When they call to each other across the messages, you can hear them a mile.

There should be ice cream enough now to go-around. Mrs. Addie Waite has opened her pleasant parlors, and she has Jersey cream, too!

Miss Mary Bright, having recuperated on Brush valley fare, has returned to Philadelphia, and will engage in concert work during vacation.

Mrs. Amanda Evans attended the Sunday school convention at Loganton this week and visited her sisters and other relatives, incidentally.

The township stone crusher was busy the past week under supervisor Bain's direction. "Bill" is determined that it shall not quite rust out.

Dr. Jakey Spangler had the misfortune to lose his horse and now the Tylersville bachelor must use Shank's mare to visit his Centre county loves!

Dr. Kelley, of State College, is proud of his little daughter and celebrated by assisting daddy-in-law Meyer at the ranche and fish preserve.

The old pens in the Lutheran church were auctioned off by George Winters on Saturday evening. Upwards of \$30 were realized for the sacred seats.

According to accounts, that Brumbaugh lot of legislative cattle lately browsing on spring chicken and lobster salad at Harrisburg, were "a hot bunch!"

On Saturday, Charlie Smull, with his auto bus, conveyed George Crouse and Israel Haugh to Centre Hall to attend the funeral of the late Perry Breon.

Bob Bierly has laid in a supply of Parisian perfumes and will run opposition to "Lovey Doves" in those little things that tickle the ladies' constitutions.

One of our quiet citizens explained German "Kultur," as seen in America. He said it consisted of hops and beer, followed by gastritis and head aches!

Prof. Karl Reed Bierly, the violinist, writes from Harrisburg that the piano accompanists shall get ready, as he expects to visit here in about a week hence.

George Miller was laid up the past week by a recurrence of trouble with his limb, which was injured some years ago. It kept him indoors, which irked him very much.

The Odd Fellows will have their decoration services two weeks from Saturday, June 12th, at six o'clock p. m., which assures a very large turn out, if the weather is fair.

The State espionage system adopted in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, by which every industry is subjected to spies, busy-bodies and salaried ninnehammers, is the great curse of the age.

Of course the limestone based roads are better than any State road ever built, if the centre is kept full so that no ruts or mud puddles form. We need no ten-dollar-a-day man to tell us that.

Prof. Strack blew in on Saturday on the gentle southern breeze with wings of love outstretched like those of an airplane, "from behind Lebanon up." Every body glad to see him and one especially Alices during Home week—and then some.

The basement and Sunday school room of the Lutheran church were renovated by the members and made more attractive for the services held there, pastor Metzger working with his sleeves rolled up to accomplish it.

There are still a few "sinners" left here

[Correspondence continued on next page.]