

## India's Starving Millions.

The story of the awful tragedy of famine in India, as here related by Dr. Louis Klopsch, editor of The Christian Herald, who returned this month from a tour of the stricken district, are stories that will stagger humanity and sustain public interest and increase the desire of the American people to help the millions in distress, despite the news of terrible atrocities that continue to come from farther East, in China.

Because rain is now falling in the breadless, barren area, the end of the suffering is by no means yet in sight. The government is doing all it can, taking care of millions of sufferers; but there are still millions who would starve, even now, but for the help sent by The Christian Herald and other private sources, in the form of money, generously contributed by sympathetic American people.

Dr. Klopsch is writing the story of his tour of the land of famine, relating in detail the numerous and heartrending scenes he witnessed with his own eyes. That so much misery, such utter destitution involving so many people can exist in this Christian era, is startling, if not shocking.

Any gift of cash or corn or clothing, can be sent to the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, with the assurance that it will be immediately forwarded to the Interdenominational committee of missionaries, in Bombay, who at once distribute all monies thus received among the sufferers whose needs are most urgent. The following is from advance sheets of his remarkable story:

Desolation and death were written all over the famine district. A more discouraging condition could not well be imagined. For miles and miles not a blade of grass! The sun relentlessly sent its destructive rays on man and beast. The hot soil, hard baked, refracted the heat and rendered life a burden. Crowds of human beings, emaciated and debilitated, moved from place to place in vain search for food, mutely appealing for help that never came. Cattle, reduced to very skeletons, feebly crept about in quest of fodder, and in lieu of it licked the hot soil as though to propitiate its anger.

Trees, stripped of all their bark to the very tips, stood out like white skeletons against the cruel, fiery sky. Vultures perched on leafless branches, listlessly waited for victims. Not a breath was stirring. The silence of death had settled upon the country. I feel it now as I write so much so that the scratching of the pen seems harsh and intrusive. There is something uncanny about this silence. It kills ambition. The desire for life passes away and an absolute indifference to fate takes its place. We were in the great graveyard of India. It covered 350,000 square miles, equal to any eight states west of the Mississippi.

Death and decay were round about us on every hand. Possibly we might never again get beyond its confines. Who could tell? Awful as it was, we did not realize it then, for that required thought, and this ominous, deathlike silence paralyzed thought.

But we had a mission to perform, and strength had to be mustered for the effort. We were bound for Godha. Terrible things had been reported of its condition. Cholera had stampeded its great camp of 14,000 famine workers. Unburied dead were reported as lying around on every hand, and contagion spread in every direction.

After a mournful experience in the poor house at Baroda, concerning which I shall write in a future letter, we started out, on the Great Western railroad, arriving there at seven o'clock in the evening. Rev Robert Ward, a Methodist missionary, met us and took us to his home, located about half an hour's drive in the interior.

After supper, while seated on the porch, on the lookout for a stray whiff of fresh air Mr. Ward showed me the photograph of a dead child, and told me a story which saddens me whenever I recall it. While he and his wife were working day and night caring for thousands of cholera patients, God called this, their only child to Himself, away from the scenes of misery and death that surrounded it. A friend made a little coffin and they buried their darling a few yards from the house. Then without waiting to mourn they continued their work, and not until the siege was over did they realize the extent of their terrible bereavement. Then nature gave way and reaction set in. I had

noticed that Mrs. Ward was exceptionally quiet during the meal. Indeed, it was painfully noticeable. I could not explain it. Now I understood it all. Mr. Ward told me how dreadfully they missed their little one, and what a great comfort she had been to her mother in the wilderness of woe.

At six in the morning I awoke, and after a hurried breakfast, we started out across fields to the poor-house. On the way we saw numerous skeletons and skulls of cholera victims. Three thousand had died in four days and many bodies had not yet been discovered, for the sick had fled in all directions, dying on the fields, by the roadside, in the gulches and under the trees. We passed the place of burning, and here skulls and bones in large numbers, charred but not consumed, were plentiful among the ashes of the dead. Two men, who had been bribed to help remove the bodies where they could be burned, themselves had fallen victims to the dread scourge and had died near the very spot where the burning was proceeding, and then and there their own bodies were consigned to the flames.

Passing on, we looked over into the dry bed of a stream, and there we saw a sight sickening beyond description. A body, partly clad, lay doubled up as though the victim had died in intensest agony. A large hole in the left side showed where vultures had torn out the heart. The skull was almost entirely denuded of flesh. It was ghastly, indeed.

At last we arrived at the hospital. How different from what we had seen in the morning at Baroda! A Christian missionary had lent a hand and out of chaos came order. Ten native Christian converts acted as nurses. Everything was clean and bright, and the patients seemed as well cared for as if in America. It was an oasis in a desert.

A few weeks before, this hospital had been as horrible as that of Dohad, described further on. The government gave Mr. Ward an opportunity to do missionary work, and a transformation ensued that made the Godhra hospital the best I saw in India. The beds were clean. The patients were cheerful. The attendants were kind and sympathetic. No offensive odor greeted us at the gate. The death rate was normal.

Afterwards we returned to Mr. Ward's bungalow and were delighted with a glimpse of the great work he is doing in other directions. Foremost among the many humanitarian enterprises which engage his active brain and tireless energy, is the erection of a model orphanage in which he expects to care for at least a thousand famine orphans.

This phase of Christian work is now pressing itself upon the attention of thoughtful Christians, not only in India, but also in our country, and the many cheering letters and encouraging promises of help which I already received from readers of The Christian Herald have made me inexpressibly happy.

Leaving Godhra we started for Dohad, in Gujerat, the Garden of India. Dr. McNeill, the Irish Presbyterian Missionary located there, was at the station. Within five minutes I was seated in his cart and on the way to what until recently was one of the largest relief camps. As far as the eye could see there was not a blade of vegetation. The heat was intense, the thermometer indicated 108 degrees.

A hot, blinding sandstorm filled our eyes and nostrils with microbes laden dust, and the all pervading stench from putrifying bodies impregnated clothes, hair and skin. Cholera had broken out a short time before and 2,400 famine sufferers had died within a few days and had been buried in shallow ground. Decomposition speedily set in and saturated the ground with death dealing malodor. Then the bodies were disinterred and burned. There were no disinfectants, hence the awful, sickening, disease spreading suffocating stench.

At the outbreak of the cholera the camp stampeded and 6,000 infected, half starved people spread contagion for miles around. At the hospital I was appalled at the shocking condition of affairs with which at that moment I came face to face, and that I ever got out alive is one of the greatest of the many incontrovertible evidences of God's kind protecting care which my life has experienced.

We found 550 miserable beings in the worst stages of emaciation. In sixteen days 374 had been admitted, and of these all but twenty had died. Others had been

received since then, and now men, women and children, some of them absolutely nude and all of them miserably clad, were lying around suffering from relapsing fever, cholera and dysentery, wallowing in the mire. Millions of flies were permitted undisturbed to pester the unhappy victims.

One young woman who had lost every one dear to her, and had turned stark mad, sat at the door vacantly staring at the awful scenes around her. In the entire hospital I did not see a single decent garment. Rags, nothing but rags and dirt. A native hospital attendant was standing at the cot of a dying man. The death rattle had already set in, but the vitality of the patient held out a little beyond the expected time, and the attendant seemed provoked at the delay, and gave us impatiently to understand that the man should have been dead long ago.

While we stood there, almost crushed with inexpressible sadness, cooked rice was being served. A servant told me that it was the only meal for the day. There were no pots or dishes in which to serve the portions, and the patients held out filthy rags to receive what was given them. One sufferer lying on a cot, overcome with feebleness, had fallen asleep, and the attendant threw his portion on the bed. A moment after the sleeper, changing his position, laid himself into the porridge. We indignantly protested, but without avail.

Although scarcely enough to constitute half an ordinary meal was served, most if not all ate sparingly and then wrapped up the remnant carefully, either because their debilitated condition made food dangerous except in minute quantities, or perhaps experience had taught them that unless some provision was made to satisfy the cravings of hunger in the meantime they might be famished before the next meal was served.

Hard as it may seem, I am not doing violence to the truth when I say that the people I met at Dohad were reduced to the level of cowed and starved dogs, who were happy to get the crumbs that fell from the table of Christendom, daring not to grumble or complain at their scantiness. So incredible to the Western eye was the stage of emaciation to which these unfortunates were reduced that I had half a dozen or so of those strong enough to stand on their feet rise, in order that I might carry away with me a photograph illustrating their condition.

### Poultices.

The application of heat is often extremely useful in the relief of pain and of inflammation, or in hastening the maturing of a boil or felon. The most usual way of making such an application is by means of poultices. These retain the heat much longer than hot cloths, and have an advantage over a hot water bag when moist heat is required.

The making of poultices is an art which can be learned only by practice, and unfortunately for many poor sufferers few persons ever master the art.

A good poultice should be perfectly smooth, moist, but not dripping, as light as possible, and as hot as it can be made without burning the patient.

A poultice of flaxseed is perhaps the most common, but poultices of ground slippery elm, cornmeal, bread, starch or any other material that will make a smooth paste with hot water, and will not dry too rapidly and become caked and hard.

In making a flaxseed poultice, the flaxseed meal, the bowl and the spoon for stirring should be previously warmed, and everything should be ready to the hand before a start is made. Boiling water is poured into the bowl, and then the meal is added gradually with constant stirring. This is better than adding the water to the meal, for then it is very difficult to prevent lumping.

As soon as the paste is of the proper consistency—two parts of meal to five of water being about the right proportion—it should be spread an inch or so thick upon a piece of muslin, leaving an uncovered margin of two inches. Then on the face of the poultice is placed a piece of flannel of the same size as the muslin. The edges are now quickly turned over and fastened with safety-pins or basted, and the poultice is ready.

The flannel side goes against the skin, a layer of cotton is placed over the poultice, and the whole is covered with rubber or oil silk.

The advantage of having the flannel next the skin is that the poultice may be applied very hot without burning.

It is necessary to repeat the poultices often, it is well to make bags of the right size, sewn on three sides and with two inch flaps on the end, which can be rapidly pinned after the bag is filled.

A poultice, to be of any use, should be changed as soon as it grows cool, which is usually at the end of two hours.

If applied to a commencing boil, it

should be only a little larger than the inflamed part.

Generally it makes little difference what material is used, the virtue being in the heat and moisture; but sometimes flaxseed irritates a very tender skin, and then starch or bread should be substituted.

## GLOOM AND DESPAIR

### GIVE WAY TO VIGOR, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

An Attack of La Grippe Left the Sufferer Weak, Nervous and Enfeebled—A Victim of Insomnia and Heart Trouble.

Naturally every sick person to whom help is promised, will ask, "has the remedy been successful? Whom has it helped?" We cannot better answer these questions than by publishing testimonials received from grateful people who are anxious that other sufferers may profit by their experience. One of these grateful ones is Mrs. Douglas Kilts, of Perry Station, Ont. Mrs. Kilts says:—"Three years ago I had a very severe attack of la grippe, and the disease left me in an extremely worn out, nervous, and enfeebled condition. The nervousness was so severe as to have almost resulted in St. Vitus dance. Sleep forsook me. I had bad attacks of heart trouble, and the headaches I endured were something terrible. I had no appetite, and was literally fading away; I was not able to work about the house and was so weak that I could scarcely lift a cup of tea. I was treated by a good doctor, but with no benefit. Almost in despair, I resorted to patent medicines, and tried several one after another, only to be disappointed by each. I lingered in this condition until the winter of 1899, when a friend prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began taking them. From the first the pills helped me and I could feel my strength gradually returning. I continued the use of the pills according to directions until I had taken eight boxes when I was again enjoying perfect health. My strength had entirely returned, my appetite was splendid, the heart trouble and nervousness had ceased, while the blessing of sleep, once denied, had again returned. I had gained over thirty pounds in weight, and was able to do all my housework with ease. In fact I had received a new lease of life. I believe my cure is permanent, as more than a year has since passed and I feel so strong and well that I venture to say there is not a healthier woman in this section; indeed I am enjoying better health than I have for twenty years, and this has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I cannot say enough in their praise for I believe they saved my life. My son has also received the greatest benefit from the use of these pills in a case of spring fever."

### Lieutenant Gillmore's Spanish Friend.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when talk of 'Spanish chivalry' tended to provoke derision; but the phrase seems to mean something when one reads this charming incident, related by the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune:

While imprisoned by the Filipinos, Lieutenant Gillmore and his men were at one time thrown into an old barracks with a party of Spanish prisoners, including a major general. This officer in some way obtained money, which he divided among his men, and with great generosity sent fifty Mexican dollars to Lieutenant Gillmore, asking him to accept them with his compliments.

Lieutenant Gillmore made the condition that it should be considered as a loan. To this the Spanish general graciously assented, and Gillmore used the money to buy shoes and clothing for his men, things which they sadly needed, for they were almost naked.

After his rescue Gillmore learned that the Spanish general, who had also escaped from the Filipinos, was in the city of Manila and he offered to repay him the loan. The general was indignant and refused to accept the money. When Gillmore reminded him of the agreement, he smiled and said that he had consented to it only because he feared the Americans would not accept the money otherwise.

Gillmore told the story among the other naval officers at Manila, who passed around a paper and collected a handsome sum, which was expended in the purchase of the most appropriate and expensive piece of silver that could be found in the city. This was engraved with a brief statement of the facts in the case, and presented to the Spanish general with appropriate ceremonies, as a token of gratitude and admiration from the navy of the United States.

Then he was invited to a reception upon the flagship, where every officer in the fleet who could be spared welcomed him and thanked him in person for his kindness to Gillmore and his men.

### What It Teaches.

The New York agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship company has disclosed that the recent burning of that company's piers and steamships at Hoboken was "the act of God." He is unquestionably correct. When the prehistoric man first discovered fire and burned himself trying to pick it up with his hands, that also was the act of God. There have oc-

curred enough similar acts of God since then to acquaint us in a general way with the propensities and potencies of this form of energy. If one such act does not suffice others speedily follow. We should say that this particular act of God was meant to convey the hint that a city having on its water-front miles of wooden piers, baked by the sun, soaked with oil and piled high with such inflammable stuff as whiskey benzine and cotton, is not adequately protecting itself from the ravages of fire. It might further be construed to mean specifically that all piers should be of stone; the superstructures of stone or metal, and the installation of some good modern system of fighting fire when it attacks the goods stored therein. With this interpretation we are willing to call the Hoboken disaster the act of God. God is evidently teaching us that fire cannot be fooled with.

### LAWYER, BARBER AND PARROT.

All Talked at Once to the Police Sergeant, who Took the Parrot's Word.

The parrot was too frightened to talk and the sergeant who was behind the desk in the East Fifth street station, New York, at 9 o'clock one night last week did not know how to decide the dispute between the crowd brought in by Policeman Goss.

"Squawk," said the parrot.

"Shut up," said the sergeant.

"It's my parrot," chimed in Lawyer John Palmieri, who lives at 159 Second avenue. "I charge this man standing here, William Kensley, with stealing the bird."

"I didn't steal it," said Kensley, who works in a barber shop at 155 Second avenue. "The parrot flew into our shop just now and I put him in the towel closet to find out who owned him. He landed on the head of a man who was getting shaved."

"He didn't," said Palmieri. "He landed on a tree after he flew out of my mother's arms and the barber got him there."

"He landed in my boss's shop," said the barber, "and when I wouldn't give him up Mr. Palmieri landed on my eye. It is black and blue."

"Obbleobble," gobbled the parrot.

"How did it happen?" asked the sergeant, turning to Policeman Goss.

"I'll tell you, began the lawyer, 'I was

'It was this way,' interrupted the barber.

"Squawk!" shrieked the parrot and the sergeant shouted: "Keep quiet or I'll lock you all up!"

"Well," said the officer, "when I got there I found a big crowd in the mix-up in the barber shop, and the parrot was getting the worst of it. Then I interfered and brought them all here."

"Core! Core!" sighed the parrot with a long sigh on the "R," "Core!"

"He says court," remarked the sergeant. "I guess the parrot's right about it. Gentlemen, clear out and settle the matter in court in the morning."

### Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's Nerviline, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents.

### Unpacking the Wedding Presents.

(Bride and her sisters discovered hard at work.)—First Sister—"Here's another carriage clock."

Second Sister—(entering it.) "That makes nine."

First Sister—"And another dinner gong."

Second Sister—"That makes five."

First Sister—"And a couple more silver card cases."

Second Sister—"Two more—that's seven of them."

First Sister—"And here's something that I think is intended for something or other."

Second Sister—"Oh, I know what it is—I have seen it at the stores. It's an egg-boiler. (Enters it.)"

First Sister—"Another silver-backed hair brush."

Second sister—"That's the ninth. Quite a stock of them."

First sister—"Oh, here's a silver mounted riding whip."

Second sister—"The fourth, and the dear girl never rides anything but a bicycle."

First sister—"More carriage clocks, card cases, and dinner gongs!"

Second sister—"I have entered them. And now, dear (turning to the heroine of the hour), I will write your letters of thanks for you. What shall I say?"

Bride—"The usual thing, I suppose, dear—that I am delighted with them all, because they are just what I wanted!"

(Scene closes in upon fresh arrivals of clocks, gongs, whips, brushes, and card cases.)