

bearer's head. His face is covered with that red silk cloth so that he may see no one until he looks upon the face of the bride. But look! he is not allowed to enter! A stick is held across the entrance. The guards helloo and the tom-tomers strike more furiously. Finally the bridegroom pays the five rupees and is admitted. He rushes into the pandal and seats himself on the lap of the bride's sister while the latter's husband sits next waiting to receive the bride. The bridegroom looks quite gay—long white coat and red scarf, scarlet turban and jessamine garlands. His mother, with a huge basket at her side, sits in front. The grandfather of the bride says,—“What have you in that basket?” “Oh a snake!” is the reply.

“But *what* have you?”

“Oh scorpions, toads and mosquitoes.” (Laughter.)

After further questioning she takes two pretty cloths and sends them to the bride. The bride delays! But in the interval the children scream, the men jabber, the women roll their tongues giving a prolonged “*too-oo-oo*” and the musicians never cease.

The bride comes! Her covered head is shyly bent. The bridegroom starts up and grasps the bride but in a shocked manner at once exclaims,—“This is *not my* bride! I want the *right* one!”

Finally, the *real* bride appears. There! the pandal is falling! Is the bride hurt? After comparative quiet is restored the bridegroom proceeds to put bracelets on the brides' arms. He tries, and tries, and tries again but alas, they are too small! He streaks her forehead with a powder and vice versa; he inserts an earring in her ear and ties a string of beads around her neck. After the throwing of rice and the performing of many other foolish rites the service is completed by the linking of the little fingers of the