

ering street lamp at intervals lights our way. Here we are at the Rellie Street. See, they are just tying a lamp (tiny, tiny can) to the bamboos of the pandal covered with mats, flowers and leaves.

The children of our S. S. greet us with "Salaam! salaam!"—a hundred salaams. "Now see, children, is not one salaam sufficient?"

"Where is the bride?" we ask.

"She's eating. She hasn't eaten anything for two days," is the reply. Oh there she is—a girl of fifteen. Her face is yellow with saffron, her hair is streaming and one hand is full of rice. We give her a little present and she hastens back to finish her food and her toilet.

"What's the matter? What are they quarrelling about?"

"Why, there's much the matter. We had six pots of toddy (liquor). Now two pots have been *stolen*—that's the matter!" Then follows a storm of gesticulation and abusive language. A block of wood is brought. The women gather round and entertain us as follows:—"Oh, Amma, this is a wedding, a wedding! Glad you come to wedding? Bridegroom will soon come. He's gone to give fruit and rice and flowers and money to the Brahmins and they will tell him the lucky hour to get married."

Hear the tom-tom-toming! Yes, they're com-com-com-ing. No, not yet. There it is again! Now make room! They are here! What a crowd appears! Torches to right of them, torches to left of them, torches in front of them and the dancers, pipers and drummers come marching on. How wild the scene! How hilarious! Is the bridegroom riding a horse? Oh, no, only the three higher castes have that privilege. See, the bridegroom is borne on the shoulders of man. His feet dangle in front while he firmly grasps his

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