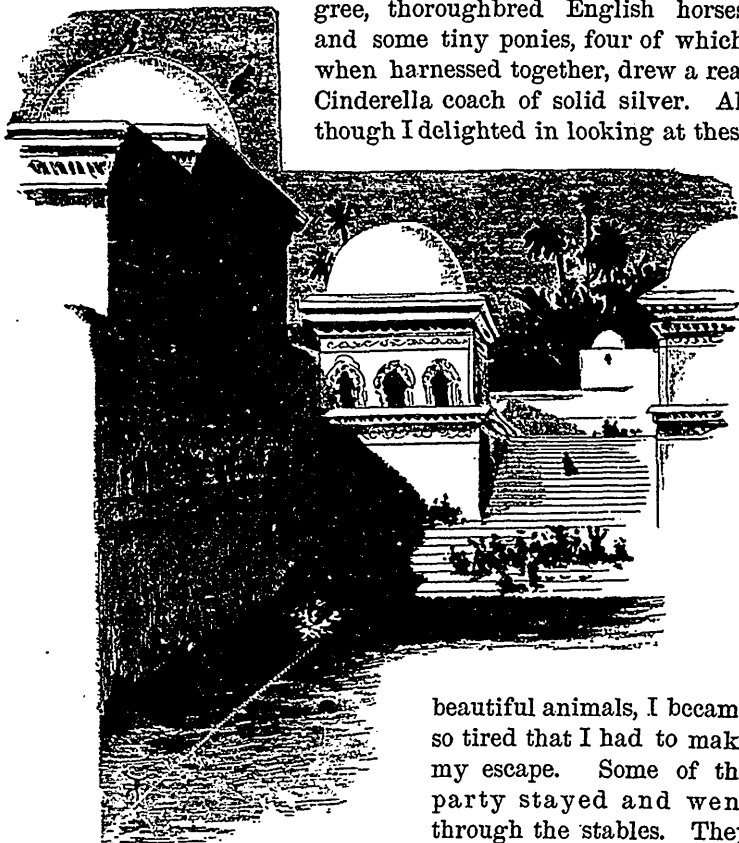


handsome glass chandeliers, led into the centre room of a fine suite of apartments, where the Nizam shortly afterwards joined us. At breakfast I sat between his Highness and his chief aide-de-camp, neither of whom touched anything, except a glass of iced water and a cup of tea, during the whole of a very long meal. Subsequently the Nizam kindly caused all his best horses and ponies to be brought to the foot of the marble steps for us to

see. There were Arabs of high degree, thoroughbred English horses, and some tiny ponies, four of which, when harnessed together, drew a real Cinderella coach of solid silver. Although I delighted in looking at these



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beautiful animals, I became so tired that I had to make my escape. Some of the party stayed and went through the stables. They were especially struck by the perfect training of the

horses, who seemed kind and as docile as kittens.

From the Nizam's palace I drove to see the wife of the Finance Minister, Mehdi Ali—an intelligent lady, who speaks English wonderfully well; in fact, she expressed herself so perfectly that it was difficult to believe she had scarcely spoken a word of our language for more than a year and a half. It seemed sad to hear