

A butcher comes to Rutlam from Neemuch two or three times a week, bringing with him beef for a number of railway people who live near the station, and within the area of a piece of land set apart as an encamping ground for British troops who may be on the march. I asked cook one morning to go to the station and get a piece of beef for me, for we had had none since coming to Rutlam. The man brought it (he is a Mahommedan), but he said that he was very much afraid of it being discovered by the people of the city, in which case he would be "taken up" for the crime. I told him that I would do the smuggling myself the next time I wanted a change of meat.

Rutlam is a large opium centre, and every afternoon crowds gather in front of one or two of the principal opium shops to transact business, and to bet on the prospects of the trade. Bulls and bears are as much alive here as in any city in the world.

A new railway is about to be opened between Rutlam and a branch of the Bombay-Baroda Line, which will bring us much nearer Bombay than we are at present. The line passes through a very barren part of the country after leaving Rutlam, but it will open up a number of centres for mission work. We need scarcely, however, speak of more centres for mission work when we find it impossible even to keep "manned" the stations already open.

There is said to be a Model Farm near Rutlam, and, I believe, an enterprising traveller has given a fine description of it in a lately published book. You have heard of the contents of a chapter entitled "Snakes," in a book on Iceland. "There are no snakes in Iceland." Having seen the Model Farm with my own eyes, I should say, if it were not too dreadful a Hibernicism, "There is no Model Farm in Rutlam."

The view of Rutlam from the upper verandah of the Mission House is very pretty. To the south, and within a few