

carts go about so, and I often wonder whether the big and little companions get fond of each other. The donkey is often so small that he can stand right under the shaft. In the middle of Cintra itself is another Royal palace, that of the Queen Dowager, so you see we are well off for grand people. The church stands a little back from the Plaza, and has an open space before the west door with a high stone cross in the middle of it, and stone seats all round.

In the Plaza itself is the prison, and the prisoners appear to have quite a lively time of it. Their windows look on to the busiest part of the village and though they are heavily barred the spaces are amply large enough for heads to be put through—rows of night-capped heads, all duly tasseled! I believe every tourist who comes photographs that scene, and the prisoners would be quite hurt in their feelings if they were not admired; they don't seem to be in the least bashful.

Sometimes there are crowds of tourists, chiefly English, and they all have Panama hats and cameras. I believe in the Winter no one comes, and we shall be left in peaceful and misty solitude. I like the solitude, but not the mist and the rain. And, oh dear me, there is no fireplace in the house. What do you think will become of us?

Ever yours affectionately,

E. K. D. S.

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FROM THE SON OF AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND—LAND-SURVEYING IN BURMAH.

Canop via Tammu,

Chindwin, B. Burmah.

My Dear,—

Your last letter brought a breath of fresh air along with it into this unwholesome jungle. I am thankful we haven't got long to stop here.

It is only in the evenings, when the sun goes down and the moon rises over the hills that I begin to feel at peace with all mankind. When my soul yearns for the unattainable! Grasps the incomprehensible! Spans the illimitable! and plumbs the unfathomable! In short—it is not malaria, but just a moonlight effect. The moon always does affect me strangely. I've seen moonlight on the high seas; I've seen it on the snows, on river, and in forest, and it is always the same. I weep, I know not why.

As I sit on the verandah of my temporary dwelling, I look down the gorge below out to where the Chindwin lies—a silver streak—and beyond, stretching away, away to Katha, Bhamo, China perhaps, range on range of ghostly shadowy hills. There is not a sound to mar the solemn stillness of the night, save the occasional short bark of a gyi, or a frog's luxurious, languid croak. "A frog who sits in his moist mud-hole, and in music gives vent to the joy of his soul."

Surely, if a bullfrog may indulge in melody, even a shabby, lonely land-surveyor may be forgiven a bit of rhapsody on a night like this.