

between Indore and Neemuch. The railway station is a poor one, but a new building, which will probably be the finest on the line, is in course of erection at the junction of the M. R. Ry., and the new line to Bombay.

The town lies about half a mile from the station, and a drive of ten or fifteen minutes over a piece of the worst metalled road I have ever seen, brings you to the Mission bungalow on the outskirts of the city.

Compared with the streets of many Indian towns those of Rutlam are clean. The houses are of the ordinary style, of one, two and three storeys, roofed with reddish tiles. Looking over the town from a height trees seem to be in abundance, but they are chiefly enclosed in courts and gardens, and do not add to the appearance of the streets. The palace towers over the city, its kiosks and turrets showing grandly when seen from a distance. On the opposite side of the city from the Mission House, and just outside a rather imposing gateway, is a pretty little lake, or *talao*, where many of the people gather in the evenings to "eat the air," or to perform their devotions.

The Rambagh, the public garden of Rutlam, is very pretty, and one who lives on the bare, sun-scorched, dusty plains of India, can fully appreciate the coolness, and greenness and shade of those public gardens that are a feature of most large Indian towns. There are two summer houses in the garden, one of them, the Raja's, used as a guest house for English officials who may be here on duty, and the other for the use of the Dewan of the State.

There are a couple of tennis courts in the garden which are free for public use, and here all castes meet and play together. One evening I saw playing together, on one court, a Brahman judge, a Rajpoot nobleman, the State doctor, who is an outcast Bunnia (on account of having married the daughter of a man who married a widow), and a Canadian missionary.