

dying by the roadside. The girls she brought are mostly very thin and quite sick, but all except one are of good size—from eight to twelve years of age, I should judge. Not many people here know how old they are. I went as far as Jalamb to meet her with the girls, and Mr. Culter went to meet the boys. They had been all night in the train and most of them sick, so you can imagine how tired Miss Yoder was and also how the children looked. They had no clothes, so she simply tied pieces of cloth about them. As soon as we got home we gave them some milk and bawker (bread) and then set to work to cut their hair and scrub them. They were filthy, indeed; their heads were just alive, past all words to describe. We took twenty bangles off one girl's arms and numbers off the others. Most of them had to be broken as they had been put on when the hands were small and now could not come off. Then we had a time getting clothes to cover them. All the girls in the school willingly lent their dresses, but they had few to lend, as but a short time before they had given all they could for the other lot of new girls. As soon as we could we went into the bazaar and bought some cloth and also some bedding ready for that night. Their beds are first a square of bamboo matting, then a sort of rug in appearance, like a bit of rag carpet, but very strong. Then they have a kind of cotton cloth of divers colors as a quilt or covering. These are very strong and much cheaper than blankets. The nights are now cold, so some covering is really needed. We have not been able yet to buy for all, so two or three sleep on one bed. We are all still at work making dresses for them. They are made plain so as to take as little cloth and time as possible. They are not dressed in native dress until older, as we could not afford it. They seldom have more than the dress, though a few of the sick ones are so frail that we got some shirts for them. Their bones almost come through the skin. Two of them are still bad with the famine, sore mouth, and one especially bad. One of the boys at Akola died from this a few days ago. His teeth fell out and his gums, bit by bit, and then his lips began to drop off in pieces. The girls are not so bad, but still as I wash them every day large bits of flesh drop off their gums and lips. The smell is dreadful. They have great difficulty in taking any food and yet are so hungry and starved. At first we had to be so careful in feeding them, and it was so hard to refuse them food when they cried for it. Some of them still cry for bawker whenever I come in sight. Our school now has numbers forty-two, and that is a good number to care for properly. We are crowded, too, for sleeping room. I have given up all but my little bedroom. I have had to separate those with itch and other skin diseases, so that it makes it more diffi-