

THE TUNI SCHOOL GIRLS.

BUSY as bees! Who are? Why these little girls of course, for the sun is still sleeping and the crows have not "cawed" once yet, but from the house in the near corner of the compound, what a chatter!

"Now Mary and Dalama, bring your brooms here and sweep up at once," calls Erekama, who finds her large family deaf to all but shouts. "Samyasia, you are never doing anything, take that brass pot and go with Mallama to the well. There is not one drop of water in the house, and these children's faces are actually black. D. Mary, get the rope and pail and run along too, I won't have any idle children round me. Come here the rest of you, drink up your *gunny* and get to your studies, the bell will ring and you won't know your lessons!"

book? "I did not blot it, Dalama always sits near me and blots all my book." "O, I never blotted your book," says Dalama as she drops a big one on her own.

But Erekama is waiting for the day's provisions, these given out she is off to the bazaar.

At eleven school is out. One class comes over for sewing and the rest hurry to get dinner ready.

"What a lot of work," says Condama. "Here Ameha, you are to help me take the heads off these fish. Parrama, Susie, come here, jump on this stick while I hold up the end, it is such a nasty big one, I do wish Erekama would not buy this kind, I cannot break it up."

Yes, there is lots to do, but as it is an Indian sun that shines hot above their heads, no school bell rings again till two. At five afternoon school is over, and as they run across the compound, Parrama is heard calling to two of the little ones left behind to sweep up the



THE FIRST SCHOOL GIRLS.

But how time does fly! for the sun is up and the crows are out and there is the bell, and a row of children at the breakfast room door salaaming as they pass to school, headed by the little dwarf D. Mary, and ending up with tall, laughing Susie.

Following soon after, we find Krupavati with the little ones around her hand at work. "Appalama, two and three are how many?" "Four," says that large-eyed child. "Ruth, there are seven parrots on the palm tree. Two fly away. How many are left? But what are those two tall figures at the other end of the room?" "Susie and Parrama came without their scripture lesson this morning so I stood them on the bench," soon explains Amrutalal the head teacher.

Upon the floor sits another class writing, and each quill squeaks its own way. "C. Atchama, what will the Inspector say when he sees your dirty, blotted

school room, "hurry up, we have to pound grain to-night." This is hot, hard work but very interesting and pretty. Let us go over and watch.

In one of the rooms where a hollowed out stone is sunk in the floor, the grain is poured out and four or five of the large girls with their heavy wooden pestles stand round pounding, all striking the same centre one after another, quickly changing the pestle at each blow to the other hand, while the free one swings prettily back then forward in time to take hold again. The whole thing though very rapid, is so graceful and pretty that not one girl's blow interferes with another's but follow as the spokes in a revolving wheel. A toss of the foot now and again brings the grain at the edge into the centre.

After a while down go the pestles and the big girls rush out into the cool air and shake their now dusty