

few layers of dust from our persons, the coolies squat in a circle, passing from hand to mouth one little stemless pipe, filled with a mixture of tobacco and 'bhang,' a sort of hasheesh. One or two whiffs of this enticing compound is inhaled through a dirty, wet rag, attached to the base of the bowl. They keep up a constant chatter the while, and then resume their burdens seemingly refreshed.

For our frugal luncheon we halted by a native encampment, where bottled soda water is retailed to the dust-choked traveler. Here, under the shade of banyan trees and giant bamboos, we lazily watched the long trains of loaded camels pass down the mountain, and rebuffed the irrepressible attentions of the family sheep and goats, who insisted upon sharing our meal. We also succumbed to the seductive petitions of well-trained youngsters, fat as butter, whose speechless, outstretched hands and 'insouciant' eyes seldom failed to secure the coveted mite. But in satisfying a conscientious scruple against encouraging beggars, I find myself the owner of a large collection of photographs of children in the natural bronze, who were made to pose for their pennies.

We finally reached the comfortable little hotel of the settlement, and after a couple of days upon the delightfully cool summit, we found ourselves descending by the same



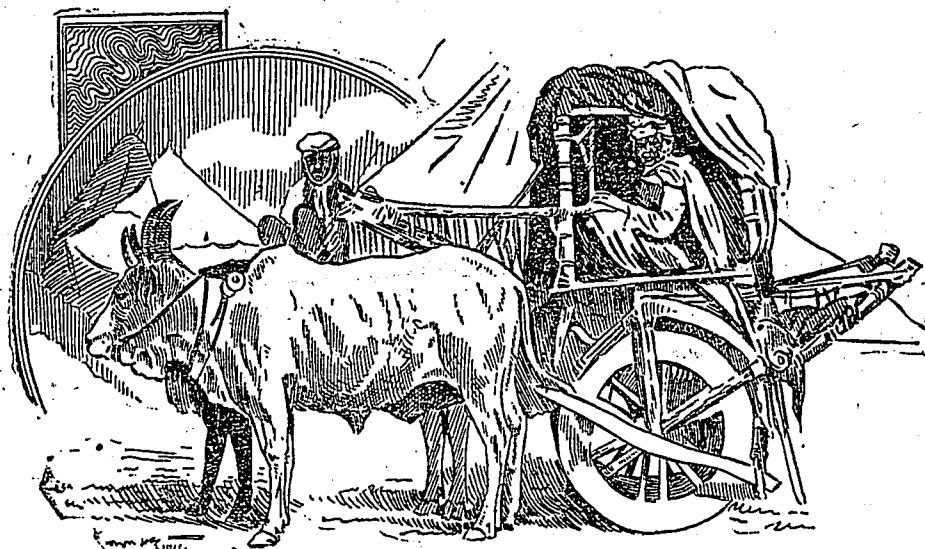
ORDINARY WAGGONS IN USE IN INDIA.

We once found ourselves stranded for several hours at a small junction in the extreme southern provinces. Having exhaustively fathomed the attractions of the station, and finding that the town boasted only

and the local vehicle had always been accounted one of the things 'to be done.' The man of our party clambered over the shafts and took a seat beside the boy driver. I scrambled in from the rear and crawled along the seatless floor covered with grass, only to find that to sit upright, with my feet tucked under me, I had to remove my hat, and even then my head scraped the matting cover, which rounded over the vehicle like an old-fashioned poke bonnet.

The horses in India are fine specimens of equine superiority, and the stables of the rajahs and princes form one of the sights of the country. In the Bhendi Bazaar, of Bombay, there is a splendid Arab horse market, where are to be seen some of the finest horses in the East, brought there for sale by the picturesque Arabs themselves. The horses for saddle or carriage use are nearly all Arab stallions, and are, if properly broken, as gentle and tractable as any park hack.

The native princes revel in fine stables, that of the Maharajah of Jeypoor being a fair sample. He has numberless carriages, old and new, over three hundred horses, fifty elephants for fighting, riding and hunting, besides cheteahs and hunting leopards. The Afghans bring a good many horses into India, and at the local fairs in the north-west provinces they add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene.

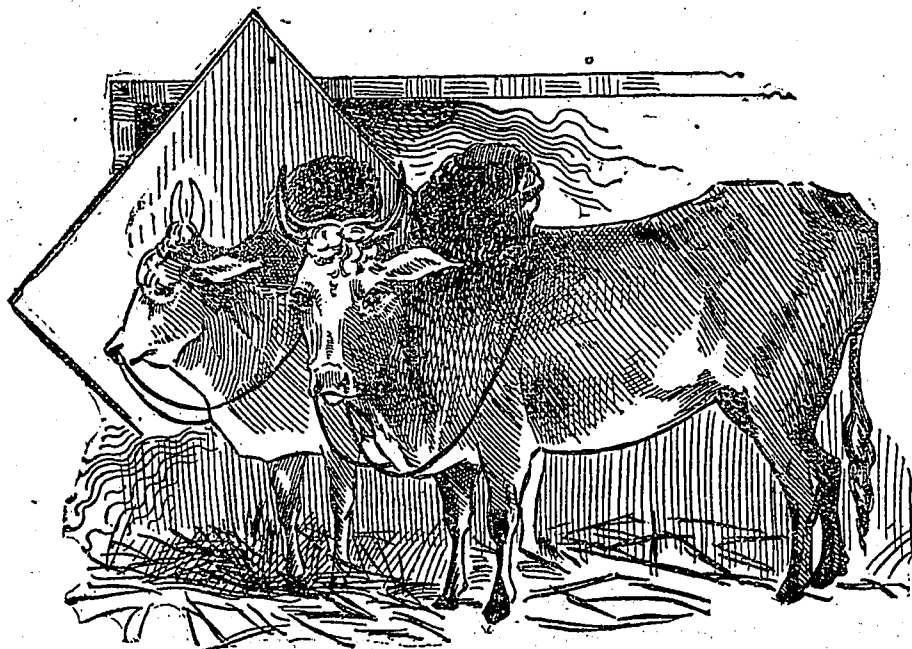


INDIAN CART FOR NATIVE LADIES.

means. The slowness of the upward journey was balanced by the speed of the descent. The coolies started at a steady trot, which at the first steep decline developed into a canter, and then broke into a full gallop, dashing down the mountain on the zigzag, unguarded roads, hanging over four thousand feet of nowhere, turning the ever-recurring corners at full speed—when one false step or stumble would have landed us in eternity—and this with the accompanying shouts and laughter that made the hills resound.

Where the native princes reign, elephants are still a favorite mode of locomotion. At Hyderabad, the Nizam provides elephants, with gorgeous trappings, for guests or accredited strangers to view his capital; and at Jeypoor the Maharajah sends his elephants to meet and conduct part of the way those who have obtained a permit, through the Resident, to go over the Amber Palace. Scrambling up the ladder to a seat on the howdah as the elephant kneels, the successive upheavals fore and aft are simple matters, but the wobbling amble from side to side for a couple of miles, as we climb the steep hill in the broiling sun, is a sensation unparalleled in the horrors of 'mal de mer,' and a second experience is seldom yearned for.

one carriage, and that a private one, we embraced the long-desired opportunity and sent for a native ox cart; not that there was anything to see in the place, but four mortal hours had to be bridged somehow,



THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.