

might have done properly at the start and saved us all this delay and vexatious banter. But that is native style. If he has anything to sell, he will ask three times its value and at last after a lot of talk and delay you get for a proper price that which you should have had without any parley in 5 minutes. We generally know that a certain amount of humbugging delay is a part of the program, and wherever possible we leave some of our native Christians or our own heathen servants to do the bantering, for our time is too precious. A gang of men are called and asked if they will make us 100,000 brick. It may be hours or days before the bargain is finally closed, and the written contract signed. But they are about as unreliable with a written contract before them as if none had been made out. You may count on a full share of humbugging and tedious delay. Months later you get your brick. But you have been pretty smart and have exercised eternal vigilance if you have not been "taken in" somewhere. Another gang of men agree after a time to quarry stone and bring them. They are bought at about 15 cents per cubic yard. Let us go out with tape in hand to measure this pile that has just been laid up so neatly 'four-square.' Pulling aside a few of the top stones you notice that in the centre of the pile is a hole almost large enough to crawl into. Poor fellows! They do not seem to be able to make a pile without deftly covering up some dishonesty. I sigh, and then I remember *apple-packing* in the lovely Christian Annapolis valley. I think of the big apples so nicely packed in rows at the top and bottom, while the centre is filled up with the little No. 3s, and I conclude that somehow dishonesty is not an Indian but a *human* trait, not monopolized by the Hindu, but often found still clinging to the enlightened Anglo-Saxon who professes better things. The plaster stones must be quarried and carted. They must be mixed with charcoal and burned in a kiln of our own. The purchase of this charcoal is in itself quite an undertaking. Twenty Savara men and women come from the hills with the huge baskets loaded with charcoal which they have burned upon the hill-side. The men carry two baskets swung from the end of the bamboo stick that like a great bow lies across the shoulder and bends up and down under its load, while the man hurries along at a rapid walk. The women carry their one basket upon the head. This charcoal must all be measured and after that has been done there is often quite a squabble among them over their several accounts. As they cannot read nor write, and as they are ever ready to suspect one another of cheating, it is not any wonder that where twenty people are working on the shares in this business there would necessarily be plenty of squabbles to which they are quite used. The superintending of the burning of the plaster is a tedious work that never ends till your buildings are all up. Our lumber comes to us as logs. We must search the country for logs and try not to get cheated in this also. Then a gang of sawyers must be employed to saw the stuff up. It takes six men about as long to saw one board as it would take one of our steam mill circular saws to rip up twenty large logs. The missionary must be his own architect and he must plan the sawing of all these beams, planks, boards, scantling etc., so as to put on the roof without any hitch. The masons and carpenters on the house know very little about building, especially about European building, and they combine a surprising innate stupidity with a provoking desire to put in as much time as possible with as little work and as much pay as possible.