

ignored by his caste. He belongs to the merchant caste. I wish I could give you an idea of the sort of place we passed through. Such a jumble of mud houses I never saw. I do not see how a man can distinguish his house from his neighbor's. They were put up with such utter disregard of method, and seemed rather one mud wall added to another with passages between than separate houses. I was at a loss sometimes to know whether I was outside or inside a house, for we could see nothing in any direction but mud walls not even perpendicular. It was like going through a miniature mountain range. Sometimes the smells were almost intolerable.

Presently we reached the house we wanted. Even from the outside it looked cleaner than the others. The step leading to the door was so high we had to climb up with the help of the monda. The proprietor met us as we entered with a respectful salaam and pointed us to seats prepared for us. The room was small. On one side was a door shaded by a bamboo screen called a "chick." The doorway by which we entered was supplied with a wooden frame in which glass was set. The window had no glass but there were shutters on it and a pretty screen of straws cut like beads. The floor was covered with matting. On one side was spread a carpet also, and on the carpet first, a tin basin of clear water, beside it a clean towel and a metal cup on a small tray, next an open jack-knife and six silver rupees set in a row. In front of that, two little metal dishes containing matai of several kinds, almonds and other nuts. On one side of this was a little locked box, inkstand, writing and blotting paper and a note-book. A tray of garlands completed the arrangement, the meaning of which we could not guess. When we had admired them sufficiently our host placed the garlands around our necks, and offered us the cup of water. We didn't know whether it was intended to drink or wash our