

## HOW WE WENT TO THE KISTNA ASSOCIATION.

On the evening of January 10th I took my ticket at Tuni for Bezwada. At Samalkot, Miss Zimmerman was sitting among her various belongings on the platform, waiting to join me, and soon we were settling ourselves for several hours' journey. How we enjoyed a lunch together from our baskets. It was nice to have the compartment to ourselves, and we rested all we could. Just after midnight we had to turn out, and the boxes and bundles were transferred to an ox-cart and ourselves also. But first we got a good hot cup of tea from the refreshment room, which we preferred to drink outside rather than go into the waiting-room. Anyone who has ever had the misfortune of a wait at that station will sympathize with the Englishman who was overheard that night to say to a stationman, "You need not think you will put me in that filthy waiting-room, for I will not stay there." Just to pass through it to get to our ox-cart was more than enough.

Soon we were started on the second stage of our journey to Vuyyuru, the bundy with our luggage going on in front. We two were packed in pretty tight, and if you could have looked into that cart! Tied to the sticks that hold up the mat cover were our shoes, a bag with our big sun topees in, a water bottle with our supply of drinking water, etc.

After chatting a while, we tried to get some sleep, but our first attempt was spoiled by some one grabbing my feet. I sprang up and called out, "Who is doing that?" and as we looked out, there was a man standing on the road. Our driver was not of the same mind as I, and instead of stopping to let me find out, he whipped up the oxen and hastened to get far away and join some other carts. There is much fear of

thieves when a cart gets by itself at night.

Soon after 7 a.m. we got quite hungry and our lunch baskets were good friends again, as they had plenty to give us a good meal. The thermos bottle given by kind friends at home had some good hot coffee, and we thoroughly enjoyed our chota, in spite of the fact that our cart had neither seat nor spring, and we bumped about considerably.

The Jane Buchan bungalow looked very inviting when we got near, and it was good to see Dr. Hulet, and rest a while after our journey Sunday morning.

Monday was a very busy day for Miss Zimmerman, as she had to prepare for her long tour, and the cart must go away that night in order that the tent might be ready when we reached Bordagunta on Wednesday night. The next morning I got into an ox-cart again for an eight-mile ride, and Miss Zimmerman followed on her horse, which is an animal of moods, not all good ones. However, she was not long after me in reaching Miss Selman's boat, and how glad we were that she had planned to come and take us part of the way, for we had a good rest as we journeyed along. The next day, at noon, ox-carts were ready for a trip of about 18 miles, and it was a tired party that reached their destination just about sunset, and then set to work to help settle things for the night, while our evening meal was being cooked. Mr. McLaurin came along on his bicycle, and as there was no sign of Mr. Benson yet, and hence no tent or food for him, we invited him to share with us. It was late when we got our dinner, after which Mr. McLaurin went off to find some place to rest for the night. What a story Mr. Benson had to tell the next morning of the long