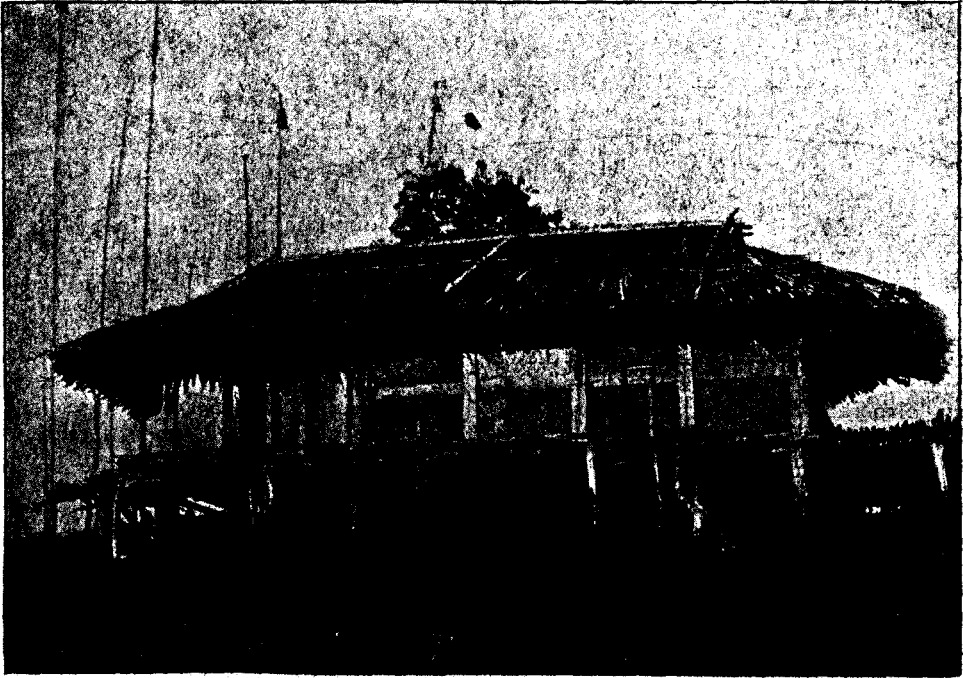




BAMBOO POLES WITH PRAYERS ATTACHED.

having put up at the principal hotel, we had a bath, changed our clothes and waited for what would turn up in the shape of a view or anything else.

"Waiting till the clouds roll by" is often very tedious, especially at Darjeeling where they hide, and a grand panorama of snow-clad mountains, to which the Swiss Alps are but little hills; twice we thought we saw Kinchin junga apparently floating like some fleecy cloud in the distance.

Darjeeling is a straggling place built on a ridge, and its bungalows perched up on every spur, and is 4,000 feet above its own immediate valleys, and 7,500 feet above the sea level; it also runs across to a neighbouring ridge and then down to the tea plantations beneath. Then below these tea plantations are torrent beds, then more abruptly rising heights, more plantations, an occasional planter's bungalow and low white factory surrounded by coolies huts, and beyond to the south, north and east the mountain tracts of the uncivilized celestial.

One sees queer specimens of these hill folk in Darjeeling, especially on market day in the bazaar; they are short, ugly little fellows with flat noses, and with legs sturdy and thick beyond all proportion of their bodies, the men carry either a knife or small sword. The women are quite as

ugly, if not more so, than the men, and it would be hard to speak of either sex as having a typical color as they vary from light yellow to mahogany.

All the natives wear quantities of quaint jewelry such as necklaces of rupees, nose rings of silver and sometimes a little turquoise stud in the nose; also, they nearly all have bangles of brass or silver, and as they gamble fearfully, many of their ornaments find their way into the markets. My friend and I obtained a few bangles, etc., from a native jeweller or precious stone dealer. The market itself is such as is seen in all Indian cities, the eatable products being birds, poultry, salt fish, grain and disgusting looking sweet-meat or sweet-meats, for there are many kinds. There is an English Church in the station and a little below the market place is a mosque, but the natives seem to be little in need of the latter, as you will see here and there, scattered about long, bamboo poles with pieces of rag attached on which prayers are written, floating in the breeze, they also wear prayers around the neck attached to their necklace, and frequently you will see men and women carrying little things like rattles which twist round, grinding out prayers as it were; this is indeed praying by machinery.

The tea plantations begin down in the