

rate of two miles an hour. It is true that when the bare boards are covered with a plentiful supply of straw and a mattress on top of the straw, the comfort is increased ten-fold; even then there is much to be desired.

All my impedimenta—clothes box, lunch basket, etc.—was piled up at the front of the bandy, and to these my bandy driver had added a huge bag emitting mysterious odors. Also, he tied there a hen, which was being taken to be dedicated and sacrificed to Amma Thully, the goddess in whose honor the festival was to be. We followed a path probably hundreds of years old, yet no one would think of repairing or improving it. Over paddy-fields we went, the road simply a succession of hillocks and ruts, now skirting the edge of a tank bund, one wheel a foot higher than the other, while for two breathless seconds the wonder was, would the cart right itself, or would there be a spill? Then making a detour into a field to avoid a place where the rain had cut away the road; occasionally coming to a sandy bit, where the wheels of the chariot drag heavily, at other times, with an extra effort, up over a steep bank, and down again with a bump on the other side.

My travelling companion, the fated hen, uplifted her voice in protest at such proceedings, only to be admonished by her master with: "Why art thou afraid? Going to Amma Thully there is no need of fear." Though doubtless she understood Telugu, she refused to be comforted, and I, looking over at her, could scarcely blame her. There she was, tied by her feet to the side of the bandy, and the straw having been all jolted out from under her, she hung, head downwards, half out of the cart. When the would-be sacrificer's attention was called to this state of affairs, he shrugged his shoulders—was it not

a trifle?—until I threatened to throw the hen out altogether; whereupon he nearly smothered her in the straw with his kind attentions. Then she remained silent.

Straight toward the setting sun we journeyed, following along at the foot of the hills for some time; then through a narrow pass into a valley between two ranges, and we began the ascent up the hills. Oh, the crowds of pilgrims going to the festival! All night long they hurried past us on foot—men, women and children—all ages and sizes, from the grey-haired grandfather to the little one being taken to have his locks of hair cut for the first time in the presence and with the blessing of Amma Thully. And tiny babies were being carried astride the mother's hips, sound asleep, though their poor little heads kept bobbing up and down and from side to side. All night long other bandies kept joining us, until by the time we reached our destination at 4 o'clock in the morning, we were in a procession of over a hundred. And when our procession arrived, we were but as a drop in a bucket. Long before we reached the place, the roar of the people met us, intermingled with the bleating of sheep and the cackling of fowls. For every family had carried some offering. Those who had had a long journey had contented themselves with hens and chickens, while those who had but a short distance took sheep and lambs.

We walked through the main street of the village. It seemed like a fair on a large scale. Hundreds of temporary leaf-covered huts had been put up, and under these sat people from all parts of the country round about, selling wares of various kinds. Crowds of sight-seers wandered back and forth, sometimes buying, but usually roaming around, listening to tales of what they might expect and passing these