

vals I saw women enjoying themselves on swings and merry-go-rounds and taking an active interest in all the "fun of the fair." Wherever work of any kind was going on, such as building, road-making, railway and canal constructions, large numbers of women were employed, carrying material in a light, shallow basket which they poised gracefully on the head. Far from being downtrodden or helpless, the native woman often rules not only the family but a state. Instead of regarding the zenana an unhappy abode, its inmates are proud of the distinction it confers upon them. A native woman whose husband becomes rich is as keenly anxious of becoming a "Purdah lady," as her no less ambitious western sister of being recognized as one of the exclusive "four hundred."

It is commonly believed that the people throughout India generally live upon rice. There could be no greater mistake, not one quarter of the population of India live upon rice, it is a luxury of the comparatively rich; millets form the chief food of the people; pulses of various kinds are largely consumed. Little or no meat is eaten by the poorer classes and the pulses supply the nitrogenous element required. Meat, however, is commonly eaten by Mohammedans when they can afford it, except pork; and the great majority of Hindus who abstain from meat, do so because it is an expensive luxury, rather than from religious scruples, with the exception of beef which no orthodox Hindu would ever touch. "The millets and pulses which form the chief food of the people, flourish throughout the greater part of India. It is only in lower Bengal and in certain districts of Madras and Bombay where the conditions of soil and climate (moisture and heat) are suitable for its abundant production, that rice forms the ordinary food of the population."

Our journey by special train from Deolalie to Calcutta took six days. To avoid the hot sun and afford the men an opportunity of getting food and rest we travelled only by night. Near each siding where the train came to a standstill, there was a "rest camp" for the accommodation of troops passing

through. It was in one of these I first heard the hideous music of the Indian jackal. It yet wanted an hour of day when the train drew into the siding. I quickly found my tent and throwing myself on a cot was soon fast asleep, but only for a moment. Without any warning I was suddenly aroused by most blood-curdling yells and screeches:—*Waai—waah—whoo—whoo—wawh—whap—whap—whop—wee—waa*, etc. Anything so unearthly I never heard; the yells of the wild Zulus in their grand charge at Ulundi were nothing to it. I had been reading some gruesome tales of the Indian Mutiny, and my first thought was that the natives had broken out and were running amuck in our lives, but I quickly discovered it was only a pack of harmless Indian jackals giving their nightly concert; I frequently heard them afterwards, but never so startlingly near as that night outside my tent.

The first and second class carriages on Indian railways are very comfortable; they are divided into compartments, each to accommodate four persons. The seats are arranged like a wagonette so that no one sits with his back to the engine. At night the seats and shelves are changed into sleeping berths. The roof is double, with an air space of several inches to keep out the hot sun, the windows also have outside wooden shades. During the hot season small grass mats are fixed in openings at the sides; these mats are kept wet and help to cool the hot blast as it rushes through, but even, with all these contrivances, travelling in the daytime during the hot season is a trying experience. The fierce rays of the sun make the carriage feel like a furnace. On a long railway journey through Rajputana, in the hottest month of the year, I had to wear a thick pith helmet to save me from sunstroke.

One of the most interesting sights in India is the crowd of natives at a railway station. Hours before the time of arrival or departure of the train, they may be seen assembling in family groups with cooking pots and bundles. Time is no object to them; they squat in groups and talk incessantly at the top of their loud voices. Fruit and sweet-meat sellers move about through the noisy