

LEST HE BAIT A SNARE.

the last house and the shore as a railing for the clumsy foreigners, who might otherwise have no more poise than to fall off a perfectly good plank into the water!

In the midst of the call I heard a board rattle down behind me, and turned to see where the neighbors had pulled out the board window between the huts in order to have a look. Curiosity is a polite art in China; it is considered a compliment! Only uninteresting things get no notice, you know! On the way back a water buffalo had an idea of coming out to meet us on a plank on which we were crossing a wide canal. I think the beast failed to grasp the idea that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. We were somewhat agitated, but a valiant policeman seized him by the horns and caused him to "wait for the ladies."

The other day Dr. Hackett observed a boy taking a partial bath in the tub where the live fish swim in front of a shop. By the way, I have been wondering how the poorer women get a bath, for they live decidedly in the public eye, and would be scandalized to death to let their collar-bones be seen. They can go about with trousers rolled half-way to their hips, but they must wear a collar and long sleeves! Behold, the other day a woman on a boat wanted to bathe. She had on a black shawl and trousers, their usual costume. She went to the side of the boat, drew up a pail of water, dashed its frigid contents down her collar, and, still within the shawl, proceeded to rub and scrub with the shawl itself. This done, she drew another pailful and cast its contents at her trousers, using them as a wash-cloth in like manner. How she dried off history fails to relate. All very neat and tidy!"

A HOLIDAY IN KASHMIR.

"Who hath not heard of the land of Kashmir,

With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,

Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear

As the love lighted eyes that hang over the wave."

It was my privilege to spend a few weeks in this beautiful land, and the Editor has asked me to give you a glimpse of what I saw.

I left Palkonda one Monday, and reached Rawal Pindi Saturday morning. From here our party started the following Monday into Kashmir. Srinagar, the capital, was our destination, which we reached at the close of another seven days' travel. So it was just two weeks from the time I left Palkonda until I reached Srinagar (not travelling Sundays, and visiting one day en route), and yet people tell us that India is "a small country at the south of Asia."

Srinagar is 196 miles distant from the railroad at Rawal Pindi, and is connected with it by a good cart road—good, that is, in its normal condition, but excessively bad after heavy rain, when at places the whole mountain side slides down with the road into the Jhelum River, but instead of going all the way to Srinagar by road, our party took a houseboat, and a dunga at Baramula, which is 162 miles from Rawal Pindi. This, though slower, is much more comfortable and enjoyable.

A visitor going into Kashmir is impressed by the grandeur of the scenery. Bernier voices my experience when he says: "In truth, the kingdom surpasses in beauty all my warmest imagination had anticipated." For days we had been steadily ascending the valley of the Jhelum, with its river continually dashing past us, a strong, impetuous stream, now being used in generating electric power, and in irrigating millions

