

Allalabead.

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My dear Mamma

The mail is not in yet and we have seen no notice of it. It is now three days late, but it is telegraphed from Aden, so that it is all right. I begin my letter on Sunday, as that is the only day on which I am allowed on having my quiet time. I go to the Sunday school room from 8 to 9 in the morning having a dose of hip pills in a ^{water} to myself, which is very comfortable. I get home about half past nine and do not go out again until evening church, so that I get a good long day. I am devoting this to writing my letters. This morning our Kamsama came back from a four days' visit to Sitapore. He has brought me as a present ten Indian brackets, they are made of clay, and very nicely coloured to imitate metal. He seemed so pleased to make his little present

and explain to me how they were to be fixed to the wall. When I told him I thought they were very pretty, he salaamed again and again.

Now man, he is a curious mixture I think he has the wisdom of the serpent and the simplicity of the dove in quite a contrary sense from the Scriptural one. The other day I caught him telling me a most distinct and definite lie. He said yes it was certainly very wrong, and the Koran did not allow them to do it, but it was their "custom".

And so it is, you never know whether they are telling you the truth or not. I think I never saw a man so much like a child as this Hausman is. His delight and self-praise when he has really done anything well, is quite amusing. He is constantly having soldiers for not keeping the table things properly clean, and then for a day or two after, at every meal, he shows me a spoon or fork or knife and says confidentially "very clean, Men sahib, very clean".

He always goes with us when we dine out, it being the custom here for people to take their own servants to a party, and as he brings the dishes round to us, he will privately indicate which is the best piece to take.

One evening when we were sitting next the hostess at dinner, when this man brought a dish of cutlets round, he was of course going to take the one nearest him when the Hausman told him in an audible whisper it was Kutcha wallah, not good, and then he pointed to a nice one. There was a great joke about it, as we had told Mrs. Knox before about his peculiarities. It seems this man who was married soon after we came, but I don't think he is very comfortable with his wife. She does not live with him in the compound, as she used to do at first, he only goes over to see her sometimes. They were all very pleased to get their blankets last week, when the nights were so cold. You can get a good country made blanket for 1/6 so that it does not cost much to make your servants comfortable. They seem

seem to feel the cold dreadfully,
and come to you in a morning
with their shoulders almost up to
their ears. It seems to me that they
are torpid too, it is very hard to get them
to do their work properly in the cold
weather. The men have really begun
our alterations now. I expect after
Christmas the hall on one side of the
house will be pulled down. It will
quite destroy our comfort during
the cold weather, but they promise
to finish by March 20th so that we
shall feel the benefit when the heat
comes. We expect three chaplains
to stay with us during the Bishop's
visit from Jan 20 to 30, we shall
have to put them into a tent. When
the Bishop comes we shall know
positively about Lashmore in 79/
I wish John would finally clear out
here then and go to a smaller station
for I don't know how he could get on
through a cold winter here by himself
there is such a constant prep and
work of work, and so many little
things that a woman can't do of
his lands. Everyone allows that the

is the largest sorted station in India ⁵⁵⁵⁶⁴
Thursday, your letter came
last Tuesday, four days after the
usual time. I did post my letter
from Vermitlet in proper time,
but I sent it to John, and the
clerk forgot to post it with
the others, you would have to wait
a week. I shall most likely get your
next before I need to post this, as
the mail is to be in on Saturday.
We had a grand prize giving at the
city school on Monday. If I can
get hold of a spare paper, I will cut
out the paragraph and send it
to you. It is my own composition,
so I hope you will appreciate it.
Next day we had a dinner for 36
for people belonging to the city. It
was too old for them to have it out
of doors, so Mrs. Dally cleared out
her room, and we had it inside.
The table was quite grand with
flowers &c. I sent over our
dinner service pots, shovels &c.
They had "pillars" first, a sort of

wery and rice & milk are
very good. Then sweet smother
and potatoes, then plum pudding.
Then Minnie ran over, Mr. Lewis
came then & nice addup in
Andostaria, and as they went
away, each got a biscuit and
four loafs of Hammel. About
a dozen children, who could not
be left behind, came too, and
had dinner in the round table
sitting on the floor and eating
with their fingers, as all these
had machine children do. On
Tuesday I was ~~rearranged~~ as
there is a great deal of money
now about in the city. Today
in the prog going at the high school
to arrive on leave to go. Then at
night the Bishop's chapel in town
to us for the night on his way
to meet a friend at Bonduay.
Both he and the friend came
back this way and stay a

day with us. Then on ~~Tuesday~~
Mun's heels drove to stay. There
is no end of milk, but I wonder
one gets through it all. On
Tuesday I sent by a parcel
to you by the overland post,
but I have not time to see
you the contents was. I will
write about it next week. It
will not probably reach you
until on Thursday or 3 weeks after
this. You send us love and
mine to you and Bill. I
love you and your daughter & Bill.

Tuesday, your post
arrived. A letter from
Bellevue Smith to a
Alfred engaged to a
young lady of Swinchester

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