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## THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

'Got any boys?' the marshal said To the lady over the Rhine; And the lady shook her finxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein!

"Got any girls?" the marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine: And again the lady shook her head, And civilly answered, "Nein.

"But some are dead?" the marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine. And again the lady shook her head And civilly answered, "Nein,"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein.

"The d-I you have!" the marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine: And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein."

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your

And always answering 'Nine' ?"
"Ich kann nicht English!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

## A LEGITIMATE THEFT

Most girls are happy when, in addition to having a home which is pleasant, and a mother and father who are indulgent, they have an admirer who is young, good looking, interesting and wealthy, but May Vilas was not completely happy.

She not only had the pleasant home and the indulgent father and mother. but had the admiration, if nothing more, of two men who were, both of them, young, interesting, rich and good looking. And these two admirers were what caused her unhappiness.

Each had proposed to her and she had given the same answer to both, and as she was not engaged to either her answer was not hard to guess.

She liked them, but could not decide which she liked the most nor whether she liked either sufficiently to go through life with him.

She sat in her room one evening and mentally compared the two men. The first she thought of was Henry Carlton. He was nice enough, he danced well, talked passably, had a good position and was rather good looking, but the thing that weighed in the balance against him was that he talked about himself on all occasions, and this did

Herbert Willoughby, his rival, was no more to her liking than was Carlton. For, though Willoughby had the same perticial bids for favor that Carlton ad, Miss Vilas could not make up her and that he fulfilled all the require-

ats of an ideal hero. "Well," said Miss Vilas, rising from in front of the looking glass, where she had been unconsciously surveying herself while she mused, "I'll never marry a man who talks about himself all the time, nor one that I'm not certain I'll never regret accepting, and there's an

"It's a shame," she said, with a stamp of her foot after a few moments of deep thought. "Here I've refused both of them, and instead of becoming angry and going on about their business, they just go on and act as though nothing had happened, and bother me nearly to death."

She went to the window and looked out on the street, thinking all the time of the two persistent admirers who had caused her such annovance.

The snow was falling fast and the ground was already covered, carriages rattled down the street, and now and then people with coat collars turned up and hands thrust in capacious pockets could be seen hurrying up or down the of complete indifference. broad avenue. While she stood there a carriage rattled up to the door of her house and Herbert Willoughby, one of the hateful admirers, alighted.

She jumped away from the window instantly and pulled down the shade.

"I wonder if he saw me?" she asked herself, and then continued with a pout, "I suppose, if he did, he'll think I was anxiously waiting for him. Pshaw! Just like the concelt of a man. I wasn't waiting for him," she went on, as though some one had accused her, and a contradiction was necessary. "I had forgotten all about the old concert he was going to take me to."

But, though Miss Vilas had forgotten the concert, she was all dressed for an evening's entertainment, and her wraps were lying on a chair near the bureau.

"I will be down in a minute," she said to the maid, who handed her Mr. Willoughby's card, and then she proceeded to don her wraps and go down to the parlor, where Herbert Willoughby was waiting.

"My," said Willoughby as she entered the room, "what do you mean by breaking all established rules and being ready on time? Did you think that this thing commenced, at 7 o'clock instead

of 8, for you know it's only 8:30 now." "No," she replied, in an irritated tone, "I knew what the time was, and I'm always ready on time."

"Well, then, let's go if you are ready, said Willoughby.

"All right," said Miss Vilas, as al "All right," said Miss Vilas, as she started toward the door. "Oh! but hold on, I must give you some letters to mail. One of them is very important. Mr. Cariton asked me to go to a hop with him to-morrow night, and I promised o write to him it I could go, and I must get that letter off at once."

She ran upstairs and in a few moments returned, carrying several letters, which she handed to Willoughby. "Now, be sure and mail those before 10 o'clock, for they must be delivered to-morrow morning."

"If they must be mailed before 10 do it before we go to the concert, for that won't be over until about 12."

A servant threw open the door and the pair walked down the snow-covered steps to where the carriage awaited them.

coachman had received his orders the door slammed and the carriage rolled away over the slippery ground.

Miss Vilas talked to Willoughby on many subjects as they rolled along, but he made no reply except to nod his head and say "Yes" or "No." He appeared in deep thought, and so he was, for in that short walk from the doorway to the carriage Herbert Willoughby had decided to commit a crime.

He was going to rob the mall and betray a trust within the next twenty minutes, and instead of being ashamed of the idea he was rather pleased with

He had made up his mind to steal the letter that May had given him to mail Carlton, and he was just as sure that she asked him; in fact, with that concelt that Miss Vilas had spoken of, he thought that she loved him, and, although she had refused his proffered loughby had flattered himself that she hand and heart a short time ago, he thought that if she got angry with Carlton his chances would be decidedly bet- able, contemptible things I ever heard,

He reasoned it out that as his letter surance to tell me this and expect to be was to tell Carlton that Miss Vilas forgiven. would go to the nop, Miss Vilas had told 'Carlton that he should not call unless he heard from her.

"Now," thought Willoughby, "she'll be angry with him if he does not appear, and, although it seems mean, all's fair in love and war. I'll do it."

At this moment the wheels of the air of a tragedy queen. carriage grated against the curbstone and the carriage stopped. Willoughby assisted Miss Vilas to alight and then said: "Now I'll mail these letters so that they won't be forgotten," and with that he was on the sidewalk and paused to Herbert Willoughby walked to a letter think. saw that he placed three letters in the shaking his clenched fist at a passing to which spirit should wear the chief cab. "What did I tell her about it for? box and mailed the letters. Miss Vilns had given him, she thought it was all Why didn't I let Carlton pocket his

She was mistaken, though, for the square envelope addressed to Henry said, as he walked rapidly down the tecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of In-Carlton was at that moment reposing avenue. He didn't feel a bit bad bein the pocket of Herbert Willoughby, who was now talking at a great rate as did regret having made the confession. he escorted her to the place of entertainment. The concert was long, and Willoughby, after seeing Miss Vilas safely indoors, jumped into the carriage and, after lighting a cigar, ordered the driver to take him home.

"I'll mail that letter to Carlton some day after I'm married to May Vilas." he murmured, and then Herbert Willoughby jumped into bed and slept the come only to those with clear con-

The sun had been up and at work on the snow-covered ground for about four hours when Mr. Willoughby betook himself to his office the next morning.

Instead of the white snow that had been on the ground the night before, he now found a muddy, slushy ground covering, which caused nearly every foot passenger to break the third commandment at a very rapid rate. Things earthly did not, however, bother Herbert, for he was thinking of Miss Vilas. and that subject occupying all of his thoughts, the ground became a matter

At the same time the object of Willoughby's thoughts was eating breakfast and wondering what she would wear to the hop that night. She anticipated a splendid time, and was going to look her prettlest and that, by the way, was very pretty.

By the time that breakfast was over she had decided on the dress she was to wear, and so there was nothing for her to do but find an interesting book, rend it and kill time generally until 8:30, when Carlton would call for her. But Carlton did not call at 8:30, nor 9, for he had been tearing his light hair all day and wondering why he did not receive a note either declining or accepting his invitation.

He stayed in his room and hoped against hope until 10 o'clock, and then went off to the hop and was palmed off on a lady who had seeff at least eight seasons, and altogether he passed a very disagreeable evening.

Miss Vilas' evening was no better. She sat in the parlor fuming inwardly that Carlton had not appeared, and at 10 o'clock, when she went to bed, she registered the solemnest of solemn yows that she would never again speak to one Henry Carlton, of New York Her anger, instead of diminishing

after the night's rest, had increased a great deal, and the day she passed was just as disagreeable as the preceding night had been, and in the evening, when a servant handed her Mr. Willoughby's card, she took at least ten minutes to decide whether she would him or not, and then decided in the

ughby was in a very good hu-

She attempted sarcasm and wished inwardly that he would go, but though THE PREACHER DESCRIBES A Mr. Willoughby knew pretty well what she was thinking about, he remained o'clock," said Willoughby, "I'll have to and talked to her until after 10 o'clock and then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he ceased his bantering talk and asked her in the orthodox manner to become Mrs. Herbert Willoughby.

Miss Vilas looked at him steadily for at least a minute, and then, as she after-They took their seats, and after the ward said-to get rid of him-she con-

next five days, but he walked around the town as though he owned it, and his only trouble was that he could not erence to that most famous and beautiful look Henry Carlton in the face without of mausoleums, the Taj Mahal. The text blushing. For Carlton had called twice selected was, "From India even unto at the Vilas home and each time had Ethiopia" (Esther i, 1). been met with a sterotyped "not at In all the Bible this is the only book in home" that had told him plainly that he which the word India occurs, but it stands was in disgrace.

considerably when he noticed the de- now, spices and silks and cotton and rice jected air that Carlton wore, and for and indigo and ores of all richness and the easing of his mind he decided that civilization of its ewn as marked as Egypher how he had robbed the mail.

to Carlton. He knew that she liked avoided the confession until the last temple ever opened. For practical lessons moment, and then, as he arose to go, In this my sixth discourse in round the he told her the story of his deception. May listened to his recital quietly, and then, instead of laughing, as Wil-

> would, she grew very angry. "Well," she said, "of all the miserthis is the worst. And you have the as-

"Mr. Willoughby," she continued, with a great assumption of dignity, Athens was there, and the here is your ring. You will please consider our engagement at an end."

And May Vilas, after returning the was there, and the spirit of the golden circle to the dumbfounded Wil. of Pisa was there, and the loughby, swept from the room with the great pyramid, and of Las

Willoughby stood in the center of the parlor, gazed at the ring, whistled, trals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, looked amused, then downcast, and great capitols for the living and of great then started for the door. In a moment "Oh, what an ass I was," he said,

misery? "Well, I deserve it, I suppose," he

cause he had stolen the letter, but he

but it's awfully hard on the temper." elevated trains for the noise they made. The clicking of the cable, two blocks away on Third avenue, sounded to him

like the chuckle of a triumphant rival, At his office the next day he earned the hatred of all whom he met and sleep that is generally supposed to everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens. He found a relief in his room, though, in the form of a small square note, the handwriting of which he knew well, and when he had torn it open he saw an invitation to call at the house of Miss Vilas on that evening. And, best of all, the note began, "Dear | the morning cloud blushing under the Herbert," Instead of "Dear Mr. Willoughby."

He hurried through dinner and took a long walk until the hour named in the note arrived, and then he hastened to the Vilas home.

May was waiting for him in the parlor, and instead of wearing the frown that he expected, her face wore the sweetest of sweet smiles. He did not wait for her to speak, but, rushing toward her, clasped her in his arms and said: "May, can you forgive me?"

She did not answer, and it was unnecessary. He knew that his forgiveness was complete. He drew the ring from his pocket and for the second time allpped it on her finger.

He broke the slience, which lasted over ten minutes, by asking: "May, what brought about this sudden forgiveness?

"Well," said Miss Vilas, sitting very straight in her chair, "I'll tell you. I sent for Mr. Carlton this morning and told him what you had done. He got very angry about it and talked about how contemptible it was, and in concluding he said: 'I wouldn't do such a thing to win any woman in the world, and so I decided that any man who wouldn't do a little thing like robbing the mail to show a girl that he loved her was not much good anyway, and so I decided to forgive you."

"Well," remarked Herbert, after he had carefully weighed this opinion as to what was fair in love and war, "I'm glad Cariton was so conscientious."

"Conscientious!" exclaimed May. Why, that was nothing to hurt any conscience. It was a legitimate theft. New York Evening Sun.

In the catacombs of the Church of San Domenico at Naples were found lately the long-lost remains of Vittoria Colonna, marchioness of Pescara, the Italian poetesa, to whom Michael Angelo addressed his love poems, and whose fourth centenary was compensed four pears ago. Her husband was the traiter Poecars, the general of Charles

WONDERFUL TOMB.

Vivid Word Picture of the Most Wonderful of Idolatrous Temples-All to Cover a Handful of Dust-The Great Campaign of the Gospel.

Taj Mahal of India.

In continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press Rev. Dr. Willoughby could not see May for the Talmage has this week chosen for his subject "Tomb and Temple," having ref-

for a realm of vast interest in the time of Willoughby's conscience hurt him Esther, as in our time. It yielded then, as he would see May that night and tell tian or Grecian or Roman civilization. It holds the costilest tomb ever built and the The call was made and Herbert most unique and wonderful idolatrous world series I show you that tomb and

temple of India. In a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that we felt that if we saw nothing more our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture no a king, and the spirit of the I orthenon of cirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople we the spirit of St. Izank of S there, and Petersburg Baptistry Obelisk. and of the Porcelain tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathenecropolises for the dead were there. And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite and called the throng wave the chief scepter, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of archi-

The Tai Mahal.

The building is about six miles from "Talk about confession being good for dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and the soul," he muttered. "It may be, wheels that pulled ar the road, at every yard of which our ex-And his temper was certainly not pectation rose until we had some thought good at that moment. He cursed the that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappoint-But how can any one be disappointed with the Taj is almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people always disappointed, and who ows but that having entered heaven they may criticise the architecture of the temple and the cut of the white robes and say that the river of life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem little springhalt or spavined?

My son said, "There it is." I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from beaven. Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gateway of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four domed, so painted and chiseled and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye and stun the imagination and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway and buy a few pictures and examine a few curios, and from look off upon the Taj and descend to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstasy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swiri and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in ba-sins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what buman genius did when it did its best. Moon flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bewildering bloom; on either side trees from many lands bend their aborescence over your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind and cypress and poplar and oleander and yew and sycamore and banyan and palm and trees of such novel branch and leaf and girth you cease to ask their name or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj

one experiences a strange sensation of awe and tenderness and humility and worship. The building is only a grave, who, according to some, was very good, and according to others was very bad. I choose to think she was very good. Remains of Vittoria Colonna Found any rate, it makes me feel better to think this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each marble, but never such walls inced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut from block of slabaster; never such a congregation of precious stones brightened and gloomed and binned and chartened and glorified a building since soulptor's chine cut its first curre, or painter's penell traced its first figure.

ly, he accused her of being in a bad humor and surmised that her dress- TALMAGE'S SERMON. | wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle. | Gimple, and with guide's torch we had seen at different times something of the A Coatly Structure.

The Taj has sixteen great arched winminaret 137 feet high; also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, not a mosaic loosened,

nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled, The storms of 250 winters have not marred, nor the heats of 250 summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at 20 years of as grandly picturesque as the earthly age and died at 29. Her life ended as scenery amid which we moved. After an

another life began. As the rose bloomed the rose bush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead at

command of the king Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian, and Ceylon its lapis lazuli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Tibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punna its diamonds, and blood stones and sardonyx and chall cedony and moss agates are as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with 80 and another with 100 stones. Twenty thousand men were 20 years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor and not paid for the building cost what would be about \$60,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the walls by iconoclasts or conquerers, and substitutes of less value have taken their places, but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross, but the sou dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs there is a trellis work of marblemarble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and find so much translucency—canopies, traceries, lacework, embroideries of stone.

More of Its Wonders. We had heard of the wonderful reson-We had heard or the tried it. I sup-ance of this Taj, and so tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that building waiting to be wakened by the human voice than in any building ever constructed. I uttered one word, and there seemed descending invisible choirs in full chapt, and there was a reverbern-tion that kept on long after one could have expected it to cease. When a line rising, falling, interweaving sounds that seemed modulated by beings seraphic. There were aerial sopranos bassos-soft, high, deep, tremulous, emotional, commingling. It was like an antiphonal of heaven. But there are four or five Taj Mahals. It has one appearnnce at sunrise, aother at noon, another at sunset and another by moonlight. In deed the silver trowel of the moon, and the golden trowel of the sunlight, and the leaden trowel of the storm build and rebuild the glory, so that it never seems twice alike. It has all moods, all complexions, all grandeurs. From the top of the Taj, which is 250 feet high, springs spire 30 feet higher, and that is enameled gold. What an anthem in eternal rythm! Lyrics and elegies in marble. Sculptured bosanna! Masonry as of supernatural hands! Mighty doxology in

ens fice away. The Taj is the pride of India and espe cially of Mohammedanism. An English officer at the fortress told us that when, during the general mutiny in 1857, the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra the English government aimed the guns of the fort at the Taj and said, "You make insurrection, and that same day we will blow your Taj to atoms," and that threat ended the disposition for mutiny

stone! I shall see nothing to equal it till

I see the great white throne and on it

him from whose face the earth and heav-

All to Cover a Handful of Dust. But I thought while looking at that palace of the dead, "All this constructed to cover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mau soleum." How much better it would have been to expend \$60,000,000, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asylums it might have built for the sick, what houses for the homeless! What improvements our country has made upon other centuries in lifting in honor of the departed memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading rooms, mem orial observatories. By all possible means let us keep the memory of departed loved ones fresh in mind, and let there be an appropriate headstone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line between reasonable commemoration and wicked extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as an architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture, but as a memorial of a departed wife and mother it expresses no more than the plainest slab in many a country graveyard. The best monument we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose sorrows we have alleviated, in the wounds we have healed, in the kindnesses we have done, in the ignorance we have enlightened, in the recreant we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved. monument is built out of material more lasting than marble or bronze and will stand amid the eternal splendors long after the Taj Mahal of India shall have gone down in the ruins of a world of which it was the costliest adornment. But I promised to show you not only a tamb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple underground.

Riephante Island.

With miner's candle we lad seen some

underside of America, as in Mammoth Cave, but we are now to enter one of dows, four at each corner; also at each of the sacred cellars of India, commonly of the four corners of the Taj stands a called the Elephanta caves. We had it all to ourselves the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the harbor of Bombay and between en-chanted islands and along shores whose curves and gulches and pictured rocks gradually prepared the mind for appreciation of the most unique spectacle in The morning had been full of India. thunder and lightning and deluge, but the atmospheric agitations had ceased, and the cloudy rains of the storm were piled up in the heavens, huge enough and darkly purple enough to make the skies hour's cutting through the waters came to the long pier reaching from the island called Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but 600 feet high. It declines into the marshes of the mangrove. But the whole island is one tangle of foliage and verdore convolvulus creeping the ground, mosses climbing the rocks, vines sleeving the long arms of the trees, red flowers here and there in the woods like incendiary's torch trying to set the groves on fire, cactus and aca cia vying as to which can most charm the beholder, tropical bird meeting particolored butterfly in jungles planted the same summer the world was born. We stepped out of the boat amid enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guidance. You can be carried by coolies in an éasy chair, or you can walk if you are blessed with two stout limbs, which the psalmist evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them when he said, "The Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw awaiting us a cobra-one of those snakes which greet the traveler ofttimes in India. Two of the guides left the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindoos never kill that sacred reptile.

> And now we come near the famous temple hewn from one rock of porphyry at least 800 years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking and to the Hindoo was so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out this structure from the rocks and carved the pillars and hewed its shape into gigantic idols and dedicated it to all the grandeurs. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateways. The entrance to this temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devils. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and auditoriums who seemed to be leaning on the demons of bad ventilation and asphyxia. Door-keepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health and comfort and life. All the sextons and janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures and poisoned the lungs of audiences by in-efficiency ought to visit this cave of Elephkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic they lean on the de moniac. In these Elephanta caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian With chisels that were dropped turies ago the forms of the gods Brahma and Vishnu and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure 16 by 9 inches high, half man and one-half woman. Run line from the center of the forehead to the floor of the rock and and divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or the other, my hearer. Man is admirable, and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women.

Down in the Caves.

Gods and Goddesses. Yonder is the King Ravana worshiping. Yonder is the sculptured representation of the marriage of Siva and Parbati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born from the thumb of his right hand. He had sixty daughters. Seventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became the mothers of the human face. Youder is a god with three heads. The center god has a crown wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in its hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features, and the hand has a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all directions. The chief temple of this rock is 130 feet square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conjuerors of other lands and the tourists from all lands have chipped and defaced and blasted and carried away curios and mementos for museums and homes there are enough entrancements left to detain one, unless he is cautious, unless he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this island or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampness of the place and left this congress of gods, this pandemonium of de nons, this pantheon of indifferent delties, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and flashed around the steam yacht that was waiting to return with us to Bombay. As we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephanta caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind, even if he has to contrive one himself, and he must have a god, even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the universe will be acknowledged throughout India.

During the reign of Solomon the taxation of the Hebrews became so heavy that immediately on the accommon of made, and upon to referri the of the collector, Alberta was elimed death and a occamied of the unit by