

worthy of the Oriental romances. This is the land of magic and enchantment, of fairy tales and story-books. This is the East that sent Solomon his glory, and whose jewels still go to deck the brows of Western princes.

"But the sounds that issue from the

'Pity me for Allah's sake.' And from an upper room comes the weird, monotonous singing of a band of dancing girls. These three sounds can best tell the story of the sin and misery that darken this fair Eastern city. They can be heard every night, but other sounds are ac-

MASKS WORN IN RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN INDIA.



narrow, crowded streets dispel the illusion. It is no dreamland, but a very human dwelling-place, a dark home for many a sin-darkened soul. Above the mingled voices from the bazaar, the rumbling of wheels and the barking of dogs, is heard the jargon made by a bell and horn in an idol temple. A beggar cries,

cidents of the hour. From some low rooms in a narrow lane comes first a tempest of angry voices; then a scream followed by other in quick succession, and words in high altercation shrieked out, and so torn with rage that no ear could tell their meaning. They continue until the loudest, most violent voice has