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Curious Hindoo Shrine.

TEMPLE CARVED IN SOLID ROCK.

Many years ago, in an outlying district of Southern India, a bold mass of rock was seen to be marked with red paint. The natives soon gathered in small groups and inspected the marks with awestruck faces. A few days later some small bowls of rice and other offerings were lying near the rock, and before many weeks had elapsed a rough enclosure had been built, and the spot was recognized as sacred by the benighted villagers.

A year or two passed, and a simple temple of brick marked the spot where the mysterious daub of red paint had originally appeared. But more ambitious plans were in the air. Before long the natives began

the sacred rock. The entire shrine is one of the most interesting of the many mysterious structures associated with the religions of the various Indian native tribes. —'Sunday Companion.'

A Fright And a Rescue.

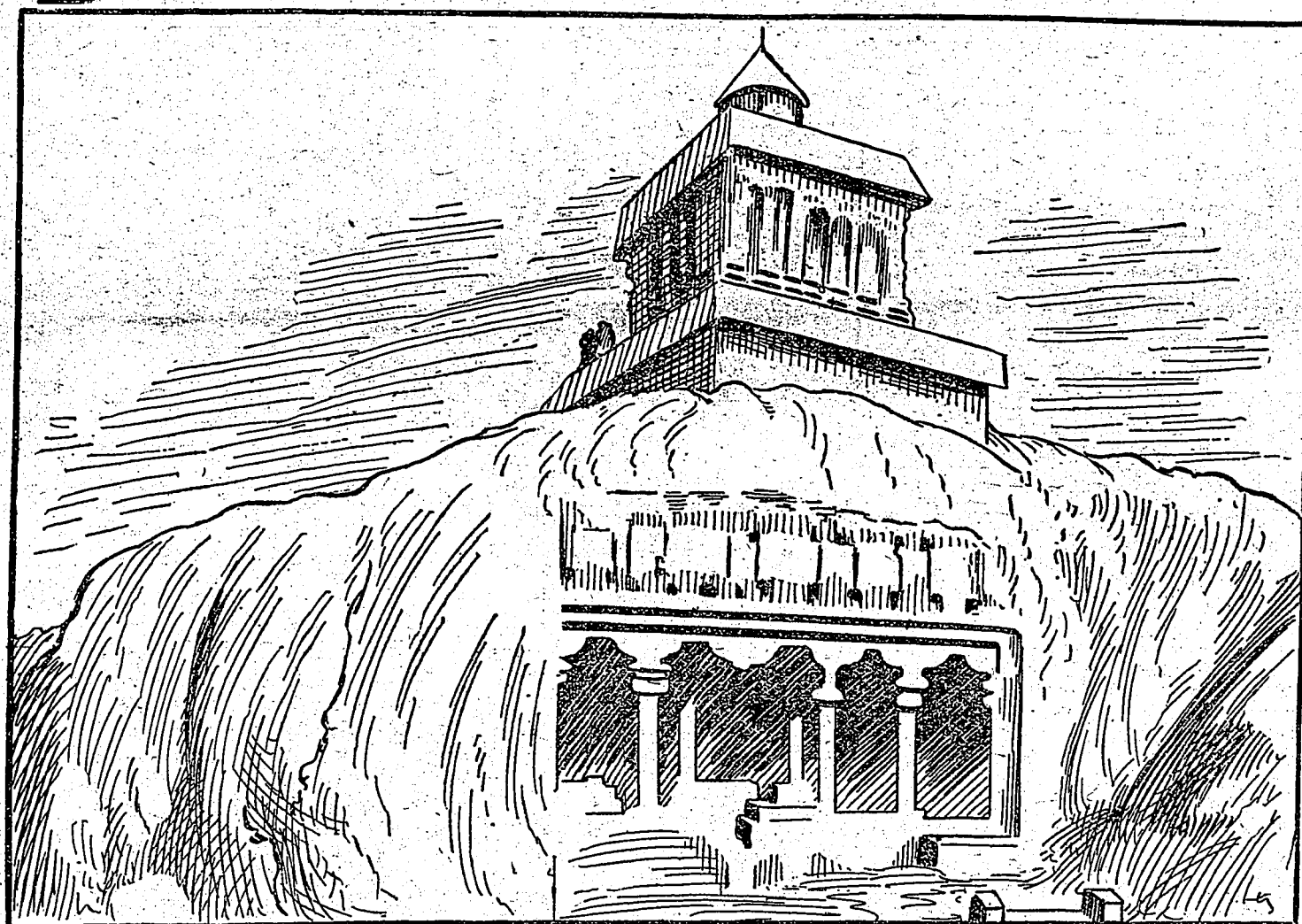
In the 'Bombay Guardian' for Sept. 11, 1897, Helen S. Dyer gives the following account, the substance of which has been printed before, but which is now authenticated by the publication of names and particulars:—

About the year 1800 Miss Sarah Purday, of Folkestone, was engaged in the management of a library and reading-room in the little village of Sandgate, which her father had recently opened for the benefit of the officers of Sir John Moore's camp, stationed in tents at Shorncliff on the hill above. Sand-

possessed of the idea that these men meant mischief to her. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she turned and fled back down the hill towards the village she had left. Out of breath and agitated, she could only think of one house to go to, the seaside home of a family of distinction whose housekeeper was her friend, the family being at the time in London.

It was a long, low, rambling house, built close to the sea at the far end of the village, long since pulled down, but when the writer was a child it was known as the Marine Hotel. The coastguard station now occupies the spot.

Poor Miss Sarah wended her way to this house and rang the bell; she rang it again and again, and was just about to go away in despair to find some other shelter, when she heard sounds within and her friend ap-



A HINDOO TEMPLE CARVED IN THE SOLID ROCK.

to laboriously excavate the solid rock itself, and after many months of patient work the beautiful rock-hewn shrine depicted in our illustration was opened for worship.

As may be seen, the entrance is adorned with an arceding of six pillars, one of which is now broken. The roof of the interior is also supported by a series of slender and gracefully carved columns.

But the natives were not content even yet. They resolved to crown their achievement by adding an upper story of massive stonework, and for this purpose constructed the heavy square tower which now surmounts

gate itself did not boast half-a-dozen houses. Miss Purday did not live at Sandgate, but went back and forth morning and evening to her father's home at Folkestone, two miles away.

One evening it was getting late when she started, and for some reason her usual escort had failed her, so she was alone on the road. Just at the top of the hill she either met or passed a gang of Irish laborers who were employed on fortification operations against the expected attacks of Napoleon Bonaparte in the vicinity. From some remarks Miss Purday overheard, she became

peared. Miss Purday found her hostess somewhat distraught and peculiar in her manner, and noticed that every door they went through had to be unlocked, but she stayed the night and went to her business as usual the next morning. Many years later, when Sandgate had increased in size and popularity as a watering-place, and the camp ground was only a military memory, the owners of the house where Miss Purday's friend lived decided to sell it and move away.

One day the good woman called to say farewell, and under a pledge of secrecy dur-