

some have only one red spot in the centre of the forehead, some perpendicular, some horizontal bars, etc. But each kind is well defined from the other, and indicates to the initiated the particular god whose favour is solicited.

One would think that after all this elaborate ceremonial the worshipper would be in need of some breakfast. But, no. The Hindu has only two meals a day, if so many:—one at midnight and one in the evening. These meals have to be preceded by elaborate ceremonies and washings. For the Hindu's cravings for ceremonial is insatiable.

As we pass through the bazaar we see another class of men at work—the national barbers. All Hindus shave except ascetics. No Hindu shaves himself, not even the poorest. This duty is performed by a caste of men whose ancestors were barbers, boasting a hoary antiquity, before William the Conqueror imported the first of our nobility. Every Hindu shaves his whole body, arm-pits and head, except one or two tufts. These, according to the taste of the owner, are left: *i. e.*, a mustache and either a tuft on each side of the head above the ears, or one top-knot. Wealthy men are shaved every-day, poor men once a week. This ceremony must be performed in the open air, usually under a tree.

But before going home let us go up this little alley, carefully picking our steps among the mangy parish dogs that are lying basking in the sun. Once we are in the houses and shops do not look much worse than those in the main bazaar. For not even the wealthiest shops have glass windows, except those owned by Parsees, who are a small body numbering only about 90,000 out of the 250,000,000 of India, *i. e.*, one man in about 2,777 is a Parsee. As we go up this lane we wonder, not that people occasionally die of cholera here, but, that ever they die of any other disease except typhoid fever. All the vilest smells in the universe seem congregated and intensified at certain corners. But we have come to the place I want now. It is an opium hell. We pass through an archway into the court yard. There are a number of these in the bazaar; but the description of one will pretty well fit any of them. As we pass from the court into the inner building we are met by the owner, a decent looking Mohammedan, who welcomes us very graciously, and proceeds like an accomplished showman to explain the various sights. This outer room, he explains, is for Mehtars (very low caste men). As we look in we see four Mehtars in various stages of stupefaction. Passing into