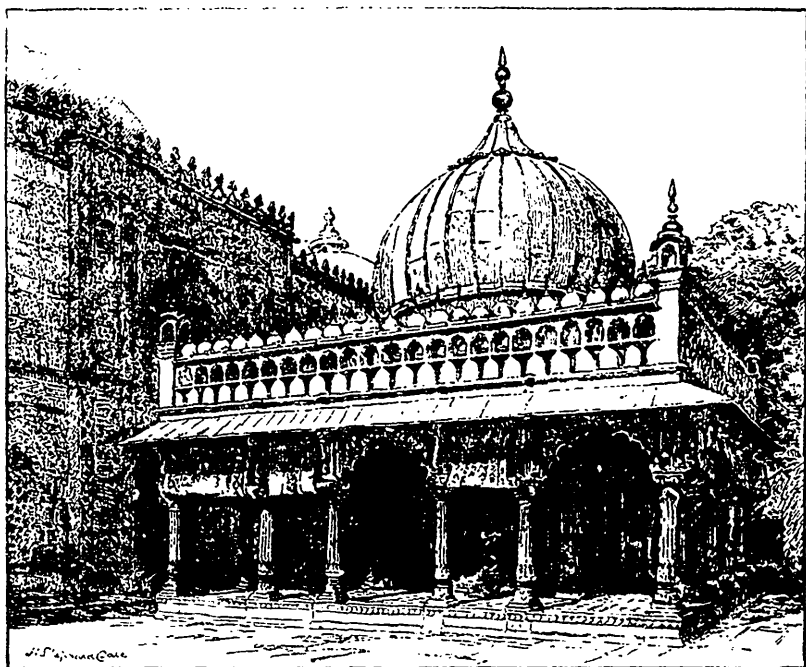


the praises of their own shops, and the most terrible slanders of their opponents. These pests wake you in the morning, hang about you at breakfast, swarm round the hotel doors and verandahs, ride on the steps of your carriage, take short cuts, and come upon you unawares when you fondly hope you have got rid of them at last, and finally assemble at the railway station to curse you when you leave. Stony indifference is the only treatment.

The Kutab-Minar, erected A.D., 1210-20, and previously described in this MAGAZINE, is supposed to be the most perfect, as



NIZAM-UD-DIN'S TOMB.

well as the second loftiest tower in the world. Its carvings are as fresh as though they were of yesterday's date, though it is 650 years since it was finished. Its beauty of form and colour—red sandstone and white marble, contrasted with the intense blue of the Indian sky—cannot be described at all. I do not know of anything that can be compared with it for beauty of design and perfection of proportion, except that wonderful masterpiece of Italy's great architect, the campanile of Giotto, at Florence, which was erected about the same period, and which is thirty feet higher.

The group of building surrounding the Kutab-Minar possess the peculiar features of a Mohammedan mosque constructed from