

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

A Racy Letter to Be Published Weekly by the Whig.

BY SIGEL ROUSH.

Before leaving Trichinopoly we visited the famous Hindu temple dedicated to Vishnu and located on the island of Srirangam, in the river Cavery. It is about two miles distant from the city and is said to be the largest temple in all India. The outer walls are twenty-feet, eight inches high and enclose a quadrilateral area three thousand feet long and two thousand five hundred feet wide. The temple is immensely wealthy, the jewels and plate being valued at many lakhs of rupees. Among its numerous valuable treasures is a golden salver presented by his majesty, the king, on the occasion of his visit to India in 1875, when Prince of Wales, still in position over an arch is the inscription, "Welcome to our future Emperor," which seems most incongruous here among the grotesqueness and irrelevance of this heathen fane.

The temple is imposing simply on account of its great size, and by this I mean not the size of any one structure, though some of its fifteen ornate gopurams reach to a considerable height, but on account of the vast acreage contained within the outer walls. Like most Dravidian temples, it is an assemblage of a series of inclosing walls each with its gopuram and mantapams, but following no system or preconceived design.

In all probability the temple is the work of many kings and originated in the central shrine which successive monarchs left untouched, while rivaling each other in surrounding it with walls and lofty gopurams. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the architectural merit of the various enclosures grows less the closer one approaches to the central structure. Around the outer core under temporary sheds stand a number of juggernaut cars. On festival occasions the sacred elephants draw these massive vehicles through the streets at the head of the procession. In early times religious frenzy prompted many zealous devotees to throw themselves beneath the heavy wheels of the juggernauts, to be crushed to death. Two great wheels support an immense carved wooden structure, the whole resembling a small gopuram. Unwieldy and ponderous are these ancient cars and when gaily decorated for the festival and drawn by a richly caparisoned elephant must form a striking feature of the religious procession.

Another object of interest in Trichinopoly is the great fortress-like rock which rises sheer from the plain of the city to a height of several hundred feet. On this rock are several temples, the one dedicated to Ganesh growing the highest point.

Starting in at the street level one begins ascending the numerous flights of steps that lead first one way and then another till the summit is reached. On either side of the ascent stairways are lined with numerous shops and shrines. About half way up a colonnade leading off to the left extends to the entrance of a considerable Hindu temple. The visitor, if he be Muhammadan or Christian, can go no further in this direction than the temple door, but a fair view of the interior may be obtained from this position.

Turning again into the main flight one reaches the summit. This elevated position affords an excellent view of the river Cavery and the adjacent plain. Facing north almost in full view stretch away as far as the vision extends. Across the river the curious gopurams of the great Vishnu temple on Srirangam island lift their highly embellished entablatures far above the rich tropical foliage. Other rocks similar to the one on which we stand rise abruptly from the surrounding valley, forming a striking feature of the landscape.

The Temple At Tanjore.

Retracing our steps we drove to the bungalow for lunch, after which the two hours' journey to Tanjore is completed. Here we visit the last of the Hindu temples of the South Peninsula type, for in the north a more modern and consequently a less grotesque and ornate pattern of architecture has been adopted. This temple dedicated to Siva was built during the forty-odd years' reign of the Chola King Rajaraja and dates from the year 1023 A.D. Its one-man supervision during its whole construction renders it more consistent in plan and design than any yet seen. It is highly ornate and represents a vast amount of carving. Sacred cows and peacocks are maintained within the temple walls. The image of Nandi, the sacred bull of Siva is a monolith measuring sixteen feet in length and twelve feet high. It rests under a large canopy or mantapam in the central court and is plainly visible from without the highly colored gate through which the entrance to the

AN AMERICAN DISEASE

Indigestion is Responsible For More Sickness in America Than Any Other Disease.

Some doctors go so far as to say that indigestion is the national disease of America. Repeated attacks inflame the lining of the stomach and cause the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juices of natural digestion. Consequently the blood is poisoned, nerve force is reduced, the vitality of the entire system is weakened. There is but one national remedy for indigestion and that remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are used by thousands with marvellous success.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills accelerate the action of the gastric glands and give tone to the digestive organs. They strengthen the kidneys and liver, cleanse and purify the blood, and thus add general tone to every organ of the body. Flesh and strength are fast restored and the patient can eat and digest any food he pleases.

Under the vitalizing effect of Dr. Hamilton's Pills your system will soon rally; once more you'll enjoy the blessing of health. 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1, at all dealers.

temple is made. At one time it was regularly supposed by the natives that this bull was growing and as they feared it might become too large for the mantapam a nail was driven into the back of its head, since when the huge idol has remained stationary.

From Tanjore to Madras is an all night's trip and afforded us a sample of travel in an Indian sleeping car. The compartment allotted to us contained two lower berths, was roomy and in every way amply provided with the requisites of the occasion. As is usual on Indian railways no extra charge was demanded for sleeping accommodations. The passenger, however, is expected to furnish his own bedding, which, in this warm climate, entails no great inconvenience, a sheet and pillow and a steamer rug being all that is ever needed. These may be rolled together and handily carried in an ordinary shawl strap.

Madras, the third city in population in India, outside of its commercial and military importance, is of no interest to the tourist. We spent several hours here, however, driving about the park and along the beach, then returned to the station, which in South India, is the European quarter, providing, as it usually does, a restaurant, book stall, travelers' office and post office, bath rooms, washing rooms and sleeping apartments. At 9 p.m. we started for Bombay.

Stronghold Of The Parsees.

Bombay is the stronghold of the Parsees, an Oriental sect meriting more than a mere passing mention. In the early centuries the Muhammadans drove them from Persia, after which they located on the western coast of India. As a rule they are highly educated and much of the business of Bombay is controlled and carried on by them. In appearance they bear a strong resemblance to the Hebrews. Their religion is derived from the tenets of Zoroaster, fire still playing an important part in their sacred rites and ceremonies. The men have generally adopted the European mode of dress, the exception of the Persian cap, which many of them still wear. The Parsee is frugal and industrious, and, with the other well-to-do classes of Bombay, maintains a home on fashionable Malabar Hill. Here are also located their strange "Towers of Silence" or receptacles of the dead. These Towers of Silence, five in number, are curious institutions. Unlike the Hindus, the Parsees do not cremate their dead, but deposit them in these towers there to be devoured by ravenous vultures. They are located in a considerable garden, admission to which may be gained during the morning hours by securing a permit from the local secretary. Leaving the carriage at the gate, we entered the garden, where an attendant showed us about. The towers were pointed out to us, but we were not permitted to enter them, even had we so desired. A model explained by the guide served, however, to illustrate their construction. They are vast circular stone towers, open at the top, and provided with a platform extending from the walls toward the centre. This platform is placed fifteen or twenty feet below the top of the tower and elevated some distance from the floor. In it are arranged three circles of depressions radiating from the centre like the spokes of a wheel. The outer ring of these trough-like depressions is set apart for the reception of male corpses; the next series, a trifle shorter, is used for women, and the inside row, only about four feet long, is reserved for the reception of the bodies of children. From each of these scooped-out hollows a drain leads into a cistern of the floor of the tower. Into this cistern the fluids of the body flow upon being liberated by the devouring vultures. This cistern in turn is provided with drains which lead through beds of charcoal into the depths of the earth.

The funeral cortege, upon entering the garden halts at a little temple within the gate, at which point the deceased is handed over to the local corpse bearers, who convey it to one of the towers. While this is being done the mourners enter the temple where prayers for the soul of the dead are said, after which they return to their respective homes. Meanwhile the body has been placed within a tower and divested of all clothing. The great vultures, some of which weigh forty pounds, now flock about

the tower impatiently awaiting their cannibal feast. As soon as the "carriers" leave the tower hundreds of these lathsome birds swoop down upon their human prey, and often in less than an hour nothing but the bare bones remain. These are allowed to bleach in the tropical sun for a time, when they are thrown into the central cistern, together with a quantity of quick-lime, and there left to fumble back to their original dust. In an office near by the data of the dead are kept, which constitutes the sole mortuary records. No monument perpetuates the memory of the Parsee dead, no grass-grown mound marks his last resting place.

The Parsee Undertaker.

The office of Parsee undertaker is hereditary, and since the dead body is unclean these tenders of the deceased are also unclean and must remain away from their fellows, becoming practically outcasts. A Parsee adobe runs, "who seeks the company of the workers at the tower is unclean." A separate tower is maintained. As we approached the gate the mantle of fog that lay over the bay at the foot of the hill arose and disclosed the beautiful curving waters of the sea. The winding "Bund" was lined with handsome villas. The gardens behind were well-kept and attractive, but the sombre towers, on the walls of which scores of repugnant vultures sat preening themselves in the morning sun lent a most gruesome aspect to the picture.

On an average about two corpses a day are brought to the towers which furnish the sole subsistence of these revolting birds. They never leave the neighborhood of the Towers, and upon the arrival of a funeral become noticeably impatient 'till allowed to partake of their charnal feast.

Outside of Bombay there are no noteworthy Parsee communities. Proselyting is not permitted among them, and they usually do not intermarry with other sects. A curious legal case came before the Bombay courts a short while ago, which illustrates the tenacity of the Parsee religion. The Parsee faith fell in love with a girl of another religion, but who was perfectly willing to become upon marriage a follower of her husband's God. With this mutual understanding they were married, but when the Parsee sought admission to the Parsee church the members arose in arms and would not hear of it. No amount of argument or persuasion would change the stand they had taken. Threats proved of no avail, and the case was finally carried to the courts, which after much litigation it was decided in favor of the church.

WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.

What Booth's Kidney Pills Are Doing For Kingston People.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys every three minutes.

The kidneys filter the blood.

They work night and day to daily remove about 500 grains of impure matter. If they fail some part of this impure matter is left in the blood, bringing on pain in the back, headache, dizziness, irregular heart, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gravel, dropsy, deposits in the urine. Booth's Kidney Pills make the filtering right and overcome kidney trouble. Hundreds of Frantano county residents have found this out.

Mrs. F. Young, 128 Queen street, Kingston, Ont., says: "I caught a heavy cold over a year ago and it settled across by back and kidneys. I became so stiff and sore that I could not turn in bed. A dull, burning pain settled in my sides, the kidney secretions were very irregular and specially frequent at night. My sleep was so disturbed that I would awake just as fatigued as on going to bed. Nothing benefited me and I had consulted the best specialists in the city. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills through a friend and procured them at Macleod's Pharmacy. I commenced their use and was cured in less than five weeks of each and ever symptom of the dread Bright's disease. I am well and strong and feel like a new person." Sold by dealers. Price 50 cents. The R.T. Booth Co., Ltd., Port Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents.



E. J. CHAMBERLAIN.
New general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry., to which post he was recently appointed on the resignation of Mr. Morse, who is now looking over the western division of the new road.

having destroyed a million people in one visitation; the plague that in the fourteenth century swept over Europe in one great cataclysm carrying to death 25,000,000 inhabitants.

This morning I called by appointment on Khau Bahadur N. H. Chosky, M. D., How: Causa, Freiburg, Germany; chequer of the crown of Italy, corresponding member of the Imperial and Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna, member of the medical society of Munich, honorary member of the American Society Tropical Medicine, and so on through half a column more of titles and distinctions.

Dr. Chosky is at the head of the Bombay Plague Hospital, and has devoted most of his life to the study of this and other infectious diseases. I believe he is reckoned to-day to be the greatest living authority on the bubonic plague. He has passed through the severest epidemics of the malady in India and has furnished some of the most valuable data on the subject ever contributed to medical literature.

I found him in his office in the grounds of the hospital. He is a well-built, dark-skinned man of small stature and striking personality. He talks rapidly and fluently. He has an amount of statistics on his specialty at his finger tips that would fill a volume.

Neither time nor popular interest would justify a technical description of the plague here, but a few paragraphs may not be amiss. The bubonic plague, as you already know, is one of the most deadly of all diseases. Under the most favorable conditions only about ten per cent. of those struck ever recover. The infection is rapid and its course is short. The immediate source of contagion is with scarcely an exception the plague germ from the rat. In fact the plague is not a human disease primarily, but a disease originating in the common house rat. The flea from an infected rat alights on a human being and with its pricker breaks the skin, thus providing an entrance for the virus, which it carries into the human body. During the stage of incubation which may be a day or two, the infected victim knows about his daily duties without noticing anything unusual. Possibly the lymphatic glands in his groins or under his arms may be a trifle tender or enlarged, but that is all. Then like a clap of thunder from a clear sky comes a rigor or chill. Fever follows. Pains, headache and a great variety of other symptoms according to the idiosyncrasy of the patient, rapidly supervene as the deadly virus first attacks, one organ after another 'till

within forty-eight hours the crisis is reached when the patient has his one chance in ten of recovery.

Thwarted By Fanatics.
The prevention and control of the plague resolves itself into a campaign against the rat. One can readily see of what supreme importance is the status of the rat in India. At the same time the visitor here can see how hopeless is the task of its ultimate extermination for the native quarter of most Indian cities is a veritable breeding place for all sorts of vermin. Then again most Indian religions handicap those who would wage war on these pests. The Jains especially holds all forms of life inviolably sacred. This sect will not even wear leather shoes or any other article of clothing which necessitates the taking of life to produce it. So the Europeans and educated natives are always thwarted by the great ignorant and fanatical classes in their efforts at sanitation. Dr. Chosky repeatedly deprecated this condition.

Some pest centres have been completely wiped out, the huts burned, and the place converted into a park or public square. This is effective, but expensive and often difficult. The natives sometimes refuse to sell their homes, and in many ways the task of eradicating the rat, and consequently the plague, is a most discouraging undertaking.

The most successful treatment of the plague is by means of a specially prepared antitoxin called "anti-plague serum." It is obtained by inoculating the horse with plague germs, the detail work of which being much the same as in obtaining other serums. Again a system of vaccination has been practiced, but with scarcely a noticeable lowering of the death rate. The great difficulty in employing the serum, or any other treatment for that matter, is in the rapid development of the disease. After it has been recognized it is usually too late for any successful medical interference.

Disease Described By A Poet.
In closing this rather sombre letter it may be interesting to know how the plague struck a lay observer who lived in London during the ravages there nearly three hundred years ago. A native poet thus describes this unpoetical disease:

"On some this plague doth steal unseen,
Their nuddy nature stirring secretly
To their destruction. Some it striketh so
As if a mortal had with a blow
Arrested them, and on their flesh hath
seen
A pale impression to appearance been.
One man is faint, weak, sickly, full of
And fears his breath where strong infections
Yet escapes with life. Another man is
Eight-headed, healthy, stout, well-temper-
And lives in wholesome air, yet gets a
Of this hand-calender, and dies of it.
Some are tormented at it till we see
Their veins and sinews almost broken by
The very soul distracted, some bereft
And scarce the smallest hope of seeing
left
Yet soon recover. Other some again
Fall suddenly yet feel so little pain
When they are seized, that they breathe
less lie
For any dying symptoms we espy.
On some an endless drowsiness doth
creep
Some others cannot get a wink of sleep.
This useth, every day, preservatives,
As if a mortal had with a blow
Even thus uncertainly this sickness plays.
Spares, wounds and killeth many different
ways."

From the above lines it will be observed that neither the lapse of time nor the different climatic conditions have materially altered the fickle characteristics of this fatal malady.

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A REAL GOOD STORY.
"That's Too Bad; He's Got Such a Good Face."

Westminster Gazette.
A good story is told in the Liverpool Daily Post against Winston Churchill. A short time ago an old man was gazing intently at a line of photographs in a London shop window. The one which seemed to fix his attention was that of Winston Churchill, and a young man in a silk hat who was passing, noticing the old fellow's intenceness, quietly paused and drew near. Noticing the newcomer, the admirer turned and asked who was the original of the photograph. "That's Winston Churchill," was the reply. "Where does he preach?" was the next question. "He doesn't preach," replied the other; "he's a politician." "A what?" "A politician—a member of parliament." A look of pity and pain came over the old man's face. Shaking his head sadly, he said, "That's too bad. And he's got such a good face, too." The end of the story, of course, is that the young man in the silk hat was Mr. Churchill himself.

The Making Of A Plaster Cast.
National Magazine.
We went into the casting room to see the babies coming into the world. There stood the Italian artists mixing plaster of Paris very much as a good housekeeper mixes her bread the night before "baking day." The mixture was stirred quickly, then poured into gelatine molds, which were tightly reinforced with shells of plaster looking like large hams. Then each cast is shaken in turn to insure perfect filling of every molded line, and to eliminate all air holes from the liquid, so that the tiniest tip of finger or toe may be perfect.

The mixture once poured in is left to set but a few minutes and then the excess is poured out again, the surface shell being formed first, reminding me of how as a lad I used to watch the novel process of molding mother's two-corn jelly, which showed ribbons of white and red when cut through. When the babies are complete they are put into a drying room like an incubator.

Jessie Said Her Prayers.
The April Delinquent.
One day three-year-old Baby Jess was visiting her grandmother, who was very devout. She asked Baby Jess if her mother had taught her to say her prayers. "Yes, ma'am." "Whom do you pray to, dear, and ask to forgive your naughty ways?" "Sometimes I pray to mother's knees and sometimes to the bed."

The empty head always does a lot of verbal advertising.

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