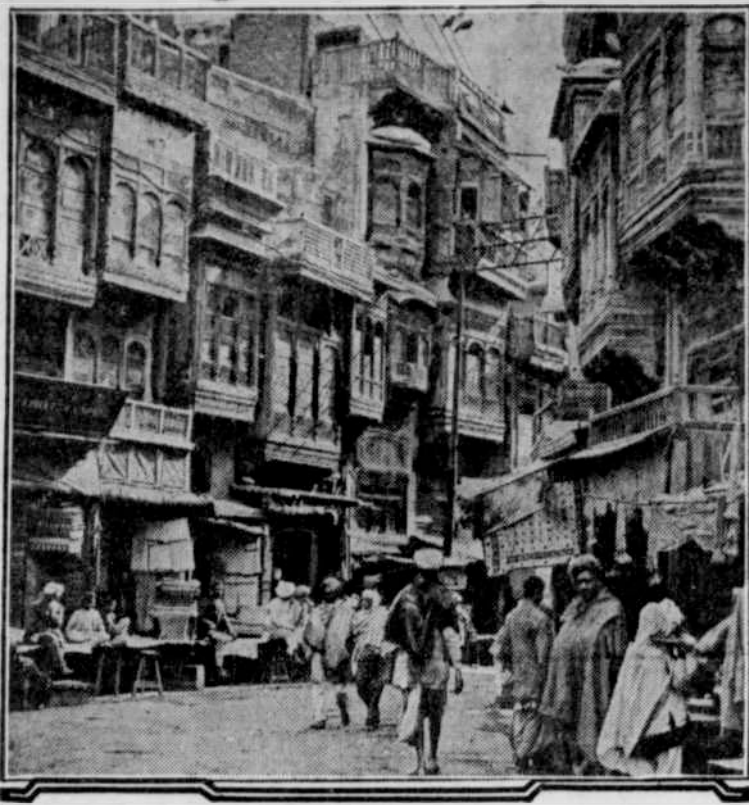


TWO INDIAN STATES



A Few of Lahore's Balconies.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

AMONG the multiplicity of provinces and states in India, two stand out as more familiar than their fellows to Western ears—the Punjab and Hyderabad.

Although the Punjab was one of the last districts to come under British control, it has long been noted for its progressive viewpoint and modern activities. It is a vast agricultural state built upon irrigation, the dry climate of its plains making farming possible only where canals lead Himalayan river waters into the fields.

There are seven of these great streams which flow from mountain snow fields down over the hot, dry plains. Of these the Indus and the Jumna, a branch of the Ganges, form the two outer limits of the province. Between them are the five fingerlike tributaries of the Panjnad, from which the district received its name in the days of ancient conquests. The word Punjab comes from an old Persian compound meaning "five waters."

Punjab province is shaped like a letter "W" whose top extends far into the hill country which forms the north of India, and whose left leg drops into the great desert. Between these two extremes lie the plains for which the province is famous. On their irrigated surface crowd 25,000,000 people.

The Punjab is one of the few parts of India where Mohammedans greatly outnumber the Hindus. It is also the homeland of the Sikhs, that tall and swarthy race who police so much of the British empire. The great variety of racial and religious types in the province, its nearness to the border, and the fact that Simla, India's official summer capital, lies in its hills, combine to give the district great romantic interest.

Historic Lahore, the provincial capital beside the river Ravi, is celebrated among the cities of India for its heat in summer and cold in winter. Early in May government officials retreat to the hills for the duration of the hot season. Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, is built around an artificial lake. Its bazaars are famed for Kashmir shawls and oriental rugs. Either of these two Punjab cities might have sprung full grown from some Eastern fairy tale. Their sky lines give the impression of stage scenery and their streets are perpetual pageants of movement and color.

Delhi and Simla.

Delhi, the capital of the Indian empire, lies in a federal district cut out from Punjab territory. This old city on the River Jumna was capital of the ancient Mogul empire of India and boasts some of the most beautiful mosques and palaces in the world. Like Lahore, however, it is famed for its summer heat, and the English early seek refuge from the sun in the Simla hills. The viceroys and his governmental family conduct their official duties at an elevation of 7,000 feet during the hot season.

It is to beautiful Simla, high amid the pines and cedars of the foothills, that Anglo-India retreats from the heat of the plains. At Simla, wrote Kipling "all things begin and many come to an evil end." High up the mountainside on terrace upon terrace stretch pleasant cottages of the Anglo-Indians. Roads and bridge paths wind among the fir trees beside the English church and cricket grounds. Only troops of monkeys, swinging from tree to tree, speak of India. Simla, to the Englishman, is a bit of home.

This gay resort is a different world from the plains below on which stretch mile upon mile the farming villages that make up the Punjab, stifling hot in summer, freezing cold in winter, depending for their livelihood upon irrigation. Part of this vast region is governed by native rulers, like the Maharajah of Patiala, while part is under direct British control. Both sorts of government have aided in the building of roads and canals and in the establishment of schools to relieve

the lot of the dense population crowded between the "five waters." The Sikhs, number fewer than 9 per cent of the 25,000,000 crowded into this wheat field area of India.

Hyderabad with its 82,700 square miles is the greatest of the Indian states in area. The ruler is the Nizam, and the state is as often referred to as "the Nizam's Dominions" as it is by name.

Politically, Hyderabad is of great importance. The Nizam is the highest ranking Mohammedan prince of India, and his dominions are the heart of Moslem feeling and activity for the whole peninsula. Yet, by one of the strange quirks common in Indian affairs, the 11,000,000 subjects of this ruler are predominantly of the Hindu faith.

Hyderabad Almost Independent.

The state of Hyderabad has a status not easily defined. The British empire, through its aspect, the Indian empire, takes care of all foreign relations, and the Nizam undertakes to furnish certain troops for empire defense; but otherwise the state is almost as independent as Afghanistan or Persia. The public finances of the state have often been in bad shape; but the Nizam's private wealth is tremendous. Doubtless that is to be expected, for before Hyderabad received its present name it was the kingdom of Golconda—a name which has become a synonym for fabulous wealth. From a Golconda diamond mine, it is said, came the Koh-i-noor, perhaps the most famous of the world's huge diamonds.

Hyderabad, capital of the state, and chief residence of the Nizam, has a population of half a million and is the fourth city of India. Most of the habitations were once mud huts; but many have been rebuilt with brick during the last quarter century. The Nizam's palaces, those of the nobles, and numerous government buildings, all of stone, add to the present substantial appearance of the city. In the exact center of the walled area rise four lofty minarets, spaced in a quadrangle, dominating the sky line. From these towers four broad streets run to the four quarters of the city. Over each, a short way from the towers, is a high arch.

The minarets are not connected with a mosque, but at a little distance from them is one of the largest temples of the Moslem world, the Mecca mosque. Under the huge twin domes of this structure 10,000 of the followers of the Prophet may assemble.

In size, the Nizam's dominions are almost exactly equal to Kansas; and as in that state some regions are comparatively dry, Kansas would have to be moved to southern Mexico, however, in order to lie in latitudes corresponding to those of Hyderabad. The country abounds in dry rocky ridges and buttes, especially in the southern part. In that section the streams dry up in summer and water must be impounded in tanks. These small artificial lakes dot the entire countryside. On the black lands of the north and west cotton is grown.

Clear Train-Calling Asked.

Started by a school girl, a movement for clearer announcing of trains is under way in Cape Town, South Africa. Spurred by a near-accident to an old lady who, with many others, thought that an announcer had called "All change for Retreat," when he had said "Train for Retreat," the girl called for others to join in a drive for distinct speech about trains. The movement has caused government railways to take up the matter.

The New Car.

Determined Lady—Have that red light taken off the rear of the car, or I can't be interested in it.
Salesman—What's wrong with it?
Determined Lady—Why, anyone can see that it doesn't match the color scheme!

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY
Copyright Baroness Orczy
WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Malediction!" But Raffet got no further. Astonishment not unmingled with terror rendered him speechless. The Scarlet Pimpernel! Ye Gods! And the chief of section and his friend at the mercy of that fiend! Even now his straining ears seemed to perceive through those calls for help a triumphant battle cry in a barbaric tongue.

"Here!" he cried to the troopers. "Two of you are sufficient to bring these rascals along; and you, corporal, and two men come with me. Citizen Lauzet and his friends are being murdered even now."

He hurried down the road followed by the corporal and two men of the gendarmes, while those that were left behind saw to it that the perpetrators of all this additional outrage and of all this pother were duly started on their way.

To them Raffet shouted a final: "Three of you remain to guard the prisoners and make ready for an immediate start when we return." Then he disappeared round the bend in the road.

The shouting had ceased as Raffet and his troopers hurried along. Indeed, at first he might have thought that his ears had deceived him, had not that agonized call for help still risen insistently through the gloom. He searched the darkness, and suddenly a slight greeted him by the roadside which caused the hair to stand up on his head. At first this seemed nothing but a bundle lying half in and half out of the ditch in the mud, with the drip-drip from the trees making a slimy puddle around it. It was from this bundle that the calls for help and the curses proceeded.

It was appalling! Almost unbelievable for there were the chief of section in the rural division of the department of Seine et Oise, Citizen Lauzet, and his friend from Paris whom Captain Raffet knew as Citizen Chauvelin, a man who stood high in the estimation of the government, and they were lying in a muddy puddle in the ditch like a pair of calves tied together for market. Raffet might have disbelieved his eyes, had it not been for the language which Citizen Lauzet used all the while that the rope which bound him was being cut by the corporal.

"Thank the Lord," Raffet exclaimed fervently, "that you are safe!" "I'll have 'em flayed alive, the rascals!" Lauzet exclaimed in a voice rendered feeble and hoarse with much shouting, as well as with rage. "The guillotine is too mild a death for such miscreants. They attacked me, citizen captain, would you believe it? Me! Chief of section in the rural gendarmes! Have you ever heard of such an outrage? They shouted at us from behind. My friend and I were riding along quite slowly, and we had just turned into the bridge path from the road. We heard the cart and all the shouting, but we thought that they were just a pack of drunken onds returning from market. So we paid no heed; not even when we heard that on the road the cart had drawn up and, chancing to glance back at the moment, I saw those louts jumping better shelter out of the cart. And the next moment they were on us, the lot of them. Ten or a dozen of them they were, the rogues!"

"The miserable scoundrels!" Raffet ejaculated fervently. "They dragged us out of our saddles," Lauzet continued, "they beat us about the head."

"Name of a name!" "And all the while they kept on shouting, 'Traitor! Traitor! Give up the English spy to us.' In vain did we cry and protest. They would not hear us, and what could we do against a dozen of them? Then finally they bound us with ropes, wound our cravats about our mouths so that we could scarcely breathe, and lifted us into that jolting cart, where we lay more dead than alive while it was driven by a lout at breakneck speed."

"Have no fear, citizen," Raffet put in forcefully, "their punishment shall be exemplary."

"I have no fear," Lauzet retorted dryly, "for I'll see to their punishment myself. The scamps, the limbs of Satan! But I'll teach them! There we lay, citizen captain, at the bottom of the cart, my friend Citizen Chauvelin, who were the tricolor scarf of office around his middle, and those ruffians actually dared to wipe their shoes on us! So we drove for a kilometer and a half through the forest. Then presently the cart drew up and all these louts jumped down like a pack of puppies and ran away up the hill with shouts that would wake the dead. The last I remember, for in the jolting and my cramped position I had partly lost consciousness, was that my friend and I were lifted out

of the cart as unceremoniously as we had been thrust into it. We were then thrown into the ditch by the roadside, in the mud, just where you ultimately found us, and our cravats were loosened from round our mouths. Immediately we started screaming for help, but there was such a din going on up the road that we felt the sound of our voices could not possibly reach you. Fortunately in the end, you did hear us, or maybe we should have perished of cold and inanition."

"Malediction!" Raffet swore viciously. "And you might have been at the mercy of those cursed English spies while you lay helpless here. We thought we heard them, and their battle cry, and hurried to your assistance."

Chauvelin showed no emotion. As soon as the rope that held him had been severed he had sat up on a broken tree stump, staring straight out before him into the mist, and meditatively stroking his sore wrists and arms.

When first those abominable louts had thrust him and Lauzet in the bottom of the cart and he lay there bound and gagged, nursing his stupendous wrath and hopes of revenge, he had become aware that the driver, who still sat aloft just above him, had suddenly turned and, leaning over, had peered into his face. It had only been a brief glance; the next moment the man was sitting up quite straight again, and all that Chauvelin saw of him was his back, with the great breadth of shoulders and a general look of power and tenacity. But it was the brief vision of that glance that Chauvelin now was striving to recapture. The blue-gray eyes with their heavy lids that could not be disguised, and the mocking glance which had seemed to him like rasping metal against his exacerbated nerves. And suddenly he called to Raffet, "The driver and the cart, where are they?"

CHAPTER VIII

Charles-Marie

The captain's sharp eyes searched the mist that was rising in the valley. "The driver seems to be on the box," he said. "I shall want him to drive these rascals back to Mantes."

"Send him to me at once," Chauvelin broke in curtly.

Raffet gave the necessary orders, although inwardly he chafed at this new delay. The prisoners slowly continued their way, and Chauvelin waited, expectant. For what? He could not have told you. He certainly did not expect to be brought face to face with his old enemy. And yet . . . But whatever vague hopes he might have entertained were dissipated soon enough by an exclamation from Raffet.

"Charles-Marie! What in a dog's name are you doing here?" And a weak, querulous voice rose in reply. "He told me I was to run along and drive the cart back to Mantes for him. He—"

"He?" queried Raffet sharply. "Who?"

"I don't know, Citizen Captain," replied Charles-Marie.

"Who ordered you to leave the diligence and your horses?" "I don't know, Citizen Captain," protested the unfortunate Charles-Marie. "It's God's truth. I don't know."

"You must know why you are not sitting on the box of the diligence." "Yes, I know that, for I scrambled down as soon as I saw Gaspard fall on you, Citizen Captain."

"Why did you scramble down?" "Because the horses were restive. At the first pistol shot they started rearing and I had a mighty task to hold them. Fortunately, some one came and gave me a hand with them."

"What do you mean by 'some one came'? Who was it?"

"He was a drover from Aincourt, Citizen Captain, and so he knew all about horses; and how could I keep four terrified horses quiet all by myself?"

"You miserable fool!" "All very well, Citizen Captain, but I never was a fighting man, and I didn't like those pistol shots all about me. One of them might have caught me, I say, and it was only right I should find cover somewhere, lest indeed I be hit by mistake."

"You abominable coward!" Raffet rejoined savagely. "But all that does not explain how you got here."

"Well, citizen, it was like this: The drover from Aincourt saw that I was not altogether happy, and he said to me, 'There'll be a lot more fighting presently, when the English spies come to attack.' I said nothing at first. All I could do was to groan, for, as I say, I'm not a fighting man. I went out of the army because I was too ill to fight, and my mother—"

Many Miracles

The world is so full of miracles and all life is so essentially mysterious that we should be slow to assert that wild creatures have no consciousness of God.—The American Magazine.

Kitchenette Coat

A new garment is the little sleeveless frock that is a coat dress and therefore easy as an old glove to slip into. Made of colored pique or linen, it is charming. Double-breasted ones are popular.

To Remove Peach Stains

Peach stains may be removed from table linen if the part that is stained is dipped first in cold water, then covered with cream of tartar. Hang the cloth in the sun.

Hair Ribbons

Little girls who have pretty curls are now getting the blue or other colored ribbons they deserve on them. Printed polka-dotted, striped and checkered ribbons are good for hair ribbons.

Belt Essentials

Normal waistlines necessitate the use of belts. Wider belts are the new ones. A gray and white checked chiffon frock has a six-inch belt, half gray, half white.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

During the summer vacation months 195 pupils of Vernonia high school earned a total of \$8643.22.

The wheat harvest is finished with yields generally above the average, with fall seeding just begun at Cove.

Work is to be rushed on surfacing the new grade work done on the McKenzie highway just east of Springfield.

Dates for the Clatsop county fair are announced as September 19 to 22. A total of \$4000 in premiums is offered to exhibitors.

Fire starting from film in a motion picture theater at Milton damaged an adjoining cafe and a plumbing shop. Damage was estimated at \$10,000. No one was injured.

After a lengthy investigation Deputy Game Warden Smith has announced the opinion that overeating and warm water have killed thousands of perch in Sunset lake, near Astoria.

Dr. and Mrs. O. R. Gullion of Eugene have just returned from Hawaii, where Dr. Gullion spent three weeks attending a conference of surgeons, attended by 200 delegates from all over the United States.

J. X. Stoker died at La Grande last week following a ten-year illness. He was born in Jackson county, Ohio, July 10, 1834, and crossed the plains to eastern Oregon in 1878, making the trip in a covered wagon.

Eugene police found more than 40 automobiles unlocked on the business streets on the first day of checking in the "lock your car" campaign recently inaugurated by Mayor Wilder and the police department.

Walter James Finkle, 17, slayer of Herbert William Beem, 19, pleaded guilty at Portland to a charge of murder in the second degree and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Salem.

Although the Pinehurst school is but two miles away, it developed recently that school children of the Soda Springs district, ranging from 8 to 14 years, are traveling daily in an auto bus to Ashland, 22 miles away.

A. A. Rogers, president of the First National bank of Eugene, has been selected as a member of the national advisory council of the Bankers' Industrial exposition in New York, according to word received there.

The Clatsop county court has announced that it would no longer contribute from county funds to the support of the families of bootleggers. The court declared that in future the prisoners whose families asked for county support would be placed at work on the roads and their wages turned over to their families.

Governor Patterson has requisitioned the governor of California for the return of William McBride, who is wanted in Washington county for larceny. McBride is now serving a jail sentence in El Centro, Cal. He is charged with having defrauded citizens of Washington county out of sums ranging from \$100 to \$250 under the pretext of performing operations to remove cataracts of the eye.

A regional meeting of the Red Cross, attended by delegates from all over Oregon, will be held in Eugene under the auspices of the local chapter September 27 and 28, and preliminary plans for the important conference are being laid.

Two of the elk in the Eugene city park were presented to Alturas, Cal., it was announced. The animals were used at the celebration held there Saturday to celebrate the arriving of the golden spike on the Alturas cutoff of the Southern Pacific.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.35; soft white, western white, \$1.26; hard winter, northern spring, western red, \$1.23.

Hay—Buying prices, f.o.b. Portland: Alfalfa, \$19.50@20; valley timothy, \$19@19.50; eastern Oregon timothy, \$20.50@21; clover, \$16; oat hay, \$16; oats and vetch, \$16.50; straw, \$7.

Butterfat—47@51c.

Eggs—Ranch, 32@39c.

Cattle—Steers, good, \$11@11.50.

Hogs—Good to choice, \$10@12.

Lambs—Good to choice, \$11@12.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.27; hard winter, western red, \$1.24; northern spring, \$1.25; bluestem \$1.37.

Eggs—Ranch, 27@42c.

Butterfat—50c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$10.50@11.50.

Hogs—Prime, light, \$12@12.15.

Lambs—Choice, \$11@11.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, 9.75@10.50.

Hogs—Good and choice, \$11.50@11.75.

Lambs—Choice, \$10@10.25.

FAMILY DOCTOR MADE MILLIONS OF FRIENDS



Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, headachy, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.

For Barbed Wire Cuts Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Contains 33 1/3% Pure Sulphur

Skin eruptions, exocystic perspiration, insect bites, relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for Soft, Clear Skin

Bohland's Styptic Cotton, No.

Reckless
"Some fellows are foolish enough to rock the boat."
"This guy would rock an airplane."

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's—Adv.

Exciting Enough
"You mean to tell me he just sat here all evening with his arms folded?"
"Yeah—but I was in them."—Judge.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

A BABY REMEDY

APPROVED BY DOCTORS FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA

Offener and Better

Landlady—Do you like your best this rare, Miss Prim?

Boarder—Since you ask me, it is too rare—I would like it a little oftener.



Three Generations Endorse It

"When I was a young single girl I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because my mother did and she gave it to me. After I married I took it before my children were born and afterwards, and I have eight living children. I am now a grandmother and still take it and still recommend it when any one is tired and run-down."—Mrs. Alfred Iverson, St. Edwards, Nebraska.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lowell, Mass.