It was indeed a curious figure of stone. Barely four feet high, it had five legs, and seven arms, and on its back were two bony wings. A large round eye was fixed in its forehead, and it mouth was twisted into a queer grin.

Ram Yopal studied the figure of stone he had brought to look at before, while ghostly, and gave a hollow laugh, as if trying to mock it. He was in good spirit because he was due to be married soon to a girl twenty-five years old, whose first husband had died of cholera. The look "haunts" of a skopokeen-mediator had arranged this match, since Ram, after cooking for himself for nearly twelve years, had decided that he needed someone to help him with his field, and also his housework. He reasoned his return of the "Bhagvadgita".1 and soon became absorbed in its inner meanings. There is no death, but only life. After the GREAT SLEEP there is a REAWAKENING... As he read this awful statement, his mind reckoned (backward in time) until it reached the image of his first wife. She had died a painful death at the age of fifteen, while going forth to her first child. He recalled the scene in the field, two lump bodies—those of his wife and her dead son, as yet not completely become, lying on top of each of the side of the plugow which stood in an un

1 "Bhagvadgita"—an outstanding philosophical book among Indian literature.