REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Tomb and Temple." TEXT: "From India even unto Ethiopia."

In all the Bible this is the only book in which the word India occurs, but it stands for a realm of vast interest in the time of Esther, as in our time. It yielded then, as now, spices and silks and cotton and rice and indigo and ores of all richness and precious stones of all sparkle and had a civilization of its own as marked as Egyp-tian or Grecian or Roman civilization. It holds the costliest tomb ever built and the most unique and wonderful idolatrous temple ever opened. For practical lessons in this, my sixth discourse in round the world series, I show you that tomb and temple of India.

In a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. Eutthere was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that we felt that if we saw nothing more our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthrone a king, and the spirit of the met to enthrone a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there, and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there, and the spirit of St. Izaak of St. Petersburg was there, and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there, and the spirits of the pyramid and of Luxor obelisk, and of the Porcelain tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living and of great necropolises for the dead were there.

And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called the throng of a spirits to order, and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief scepter, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra-

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectations rose until yard of which our expectations rose until
we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say
they were disappointed. But how can any
one be disappointed with the Taj is almost as
great a wonder to me as the Taj itself.
There are some people always disappointed,
and who knows but that having entered
heaven they may criticise the architecture of heaven they may criticise the architecture of heaven they may criticise the architecture of the temple and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a

little spring halt or spayined?

My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gate-way of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj. an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four domed, so painted and chiseled and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye and stun the imagination and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures, and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the gateway and the control thing between the gateway and the control of the gateway and the gatewa

showers of pearl in basins of snowy white-ness. Bods of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before they do the eye and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward man genius did when it did its best; moon flowers, liacs, marigolds, tulips and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bewildering bloom; on either side trees from many lands bend their arborescence over your head or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind and cyon and on you go aimst tamaring and cypress and poplar and oleander and yew and
sycamore and banyañ and palm and trees
of such novel branch and leaf and girth you
cease to ask their name or nativity.

As you approach the door of the Taj one
experiences a strange sensation of awe and

tenderness and humility and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen, who, according to some, was very good, and according to others very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than The Taj is a mountain of white, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut from block of alabaster; never such a congregation of precious stones brightened and gloomed and blazed and chastened and glorified a building since sculptor's chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb line measured its first wall, or architect's com-

pass swept its first circle. The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each corner; also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret 137 feet high; also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, noran arch sagged, aor a panel dutled. The storms of 250 winters we not marred nor the heats of 250 summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Monfaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as another life began. As the rose bloomed the rosebush perished.

To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian and Ceylon its lapis lazuli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lange its apparent. and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punna its diamonds and blood stones, and sardonyx and chalcedony and moss rith eighty and another with 100 stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about \$60,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by leoncelasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb breide the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to seep in. Indeed the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross, but the son dethroned him and Laprisoned him. and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trell's work of marble,

We had heard of the wonderful resonance of this Taj, and so I tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that building waiting to be wakened by the human voice than in any building every constructed, I uttered one word, and there seemed descending invisible choirs in full chant, and there was a reverbration that kept on long after one would have expected it to cease. When a line of a hymn was sung, there were replying, rolling, rising, falling, interweav-ing sounds that seemed modulated by being sounds that seemed modulated by beings seraphic. There were aerial sopranos
and bassos, soft, high, deep, tremulous,
emotional, commingling. It was like an antiphonal of heaven. Butthere are four or
five Taj Mahals. It has one appearance at
sunrise, another at noon, another at sunset and another by moonlight. Indeed the silver trowel of the sunlight, and the golden trowel of the sunlight, and the leaden trowel of the storm build and rebuild the glory, so that it never seems twice alike. It has all moods, all complexions, all grandeurs. From the top of the Taj, which is 250 feet high, springs a spire thirty feet higher, and that is enameled gold. What an anthem in eternal rhythm! Lyrics and elegies in marble. Sculptured hosanna. Masonry as of supernatural hands. Mighty doxology in stone. I shall see nothing to equal it till I see the great white throne, and on it Him from whose face the earth and heavens flee away.

The Taj is the pride of India, and especially of Mohammedanism. An English officer at the fortress told us that when during the general mutiny in 1857 the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra the English Government aimed the guns of the fort at the Taj and said, "You make insurrection, and that same day we will blow your Taj to atoms, and that threat ended the disposition

for mutiny at Agra.

But I thought while looking at that palace for the dead all this constructed to cover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mausoleum. How much better it would have been to expend \$60,000,000, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asylums it might have built for the sick, what houses for the homeless!
What improvement our century has made upon other centuries in lifting in honor of the departed memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading rooms, me-morial observatories. By all possible means let us keep the memory of departed loved ones fresh in mind, and let there be an ap-propriate headstone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line between reasonable commemoration and wicked extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as an architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture, but as a memorial of a departed wife and mother it ex-presses no more than the plainest slab in many a country graveyard. The best monu-ment we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose sorrows we have alleviated, in the wounds we have healed, in the kindnesses we have done, in the ignorance we have enlightened, in the recreant we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved. Such a monument is built out of material more lasting than marble or bronze and will stand amid the eternal splendors long after the Taj Ma-hal of India shall have gone down in the ruins of a world of which it was the costliest adornment. But I promised to show you not only a tomb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple under-

With miner's candle we had seen something of the underside of Australia, as at Gim-pie, as with guide's torch we had seen at different times something of the underside of America, as in Mammoth cave, but we are now to enter one of the sacred cellars of India, commonly called the Elephanta caves. We had it all to ourselves, the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the harbor of Bombay and between enchanttranse of the gateway, and buy a few pictures, and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstacy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout the skies as grandly picturesque as the storm were piled up in the heavens, huge the skies as grandly picturesque as the the skies as grandly picturesque as the carthly scenery amid which we moved.

After an hour's cutting through the water we came to the long pier reaching from the sland called Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but 600 feet high. It declines into the marshes of mangrove. But the whole sland is one tangle of foliage and verdure : convolvulus creeping the ground; mosses dimbing the rocks; vines sleeving the long arms of the trees; red flowers here and there in the woods, like incendiary's torch trying to set the groves on fire-cactus and acacia vying as to which can most charm the bebolder: tropical bird meeting particolored butterfly in jungles planted the same sum-mer the world was born. We stepped out of the boat amid enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guid-ance. You can be carried by coolies in an easy chair, or you can walk, if you are blessed with two stout limes, which the psalmist evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them when he said: "The Lord taketh no pleasuce in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw awaiting us a cobra, one of those snakes which greet the traveler ofttimes in India. Two of the guides left the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindoos

never kill that sacred reptile. And now we come near the famous temple hewn from one rock of porphyry at least 800 years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same So vast was the undertaking and to the Hindoo was so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out this structure from the rock and carved the pillars and hewed its shape into gigantic idois and dedicated it to all the grandeurs. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateways. The entrance to this temple sculptured devils. How strange! have seen doorkeepers of churches and audi-toriums who seemed to be leaning on the emons of bad ventilation and asphyxia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health and comfort and life. All thesextons and janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures and poisoned the lungs of audiences by mefficiency ought to visit this cave of Elephanta and beware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic they

lean on the demoniac, In these Elephanta caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chiscles that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma and Vishnu and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen teet nine inches agates are as common as though they were high, one-half man and one-half woman pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset Run a line from the center of the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or other, my hearer. Man is admirable and wosubstitutes of less value have taken their man is admirable, but either in flesh or trapplaces, but the vines, the traceries, the rock a compromise of the two is hideous.

arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures Save us from effeminate men and masculine are so wondrous that you feel like dating women: Yonder is the King Bayana worshiping. Yonder is the scultured representation of the marriage of Siva and Parnati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born isom the thumb of his right hand. He had sixty daughters. Seventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became the mothers of the human race. Youder is a god with three heads. The center God has crown wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a peroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in its hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its leatures, and the hand has a flower. But toere are gods and goddesses in all direc-tions. The chief temple of this rock is 130

for museums and homes, there are enough entrancements left to detain one unless he is cautious until he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this some of the maiarias which encompass this island or get bitten with some of its snakes. Yes, I felt the chilly dampness of the place and left this congress of gods; this prademonium of demons, this pantheon of indifferent defties, and came to the steps and looked off upon the waters which rolled and flashed around the steam yacht that was waiting to return with us to Bombay. As we stepped aboard, our minds filled with the idols of the Elephanta caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind that man must have a religion of some kind he must have a god even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the universe will be acknowledged throughout India. even if he has to contrive one himself, and

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian Association with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Chris-tian missions. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopalian liturgy, and Presbyterian Westminster cate-chism, and Methodist anxious seat, and Baptist waters of consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which Shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his wornout body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be comwatch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India, and beside him gazing from the same high places stand Bishop Heber and Alexander Duff and John Scudder and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Monerieff, who fell at Cawnpur, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Futtigarb, and all heroes and heroines who for Christ's sake lived and died for the Christinization of India, and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes be complete until the Ganges that washes the ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God, and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by him who amid the cuts and stabs of his own assassination eried out, "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal Bay to Arabian Ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Corom-andel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and

If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieving minister of religion once asked the Duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is all a practical farce?" I answer him as Wellington answered the unbelieved minister, "Look to your marching orders, sit." Or if any one having joined in the gospel at-tack feels like retreating I say to him, as General Havelock said to a retreating regi-ment, "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot un-

Indeed the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as tre-mendous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857 a fortress manned by sepoys was to be captured by Sir Colin Campbell and the army of Britain. The sepoys hurled upon the attacking columns burning misupon the attacking columns burning missiles and grenades, and fired on them shot and shell, and poured on them from the ramparts burning oil until a writer who witnessed it says, "It was a picture of pandemonium." Then Sir Colin addressed his troops, saying, "Remember the women and children must be rescued!" and his men replied: "Aye, aye, Sir Colin! We stood by you at Balaklava, and we stand by you here." And then came the triumphant assault of the battlements. So in this gospel campaign, which proposes capturing the vary last citadel of idolatry and sin and hoisting over it the banner of the cross we may have over it the banner of the cross we may have hurled upon us mighty opposition an iscorn and obloquy, and many may fall before the work is done, yet at every call for new onset let the cry of the church be: "Aye, aye, great captain of our salvation! We stood by thee in other conflicts, and we will stand by thee to the last." And then, if not in this world, then from the battlements of the next, as the last Appolyonic fortification shall crash into ruin, we will join in the shout, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory !" "Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

A Dog His Messenger.

Charles Mosier arrived in this city Tuesday with a large drove of porkers which he purchased in Round Valley and shipped from this city to San Francisco. The most interesting feature of the trip from the North was the wonderful sagacity displayed by the six shepherd dogs, which, practically alone, brought down the hogs.

The canines exhibited remarkable intelligence. They apparently realized that they were directly responsible for the safety of the drove, corralled the drove at night without instructions, routed them out in the mornings and, when the trip had been completed took a merited rest.

Bright, the red dog, the dean of the pack, is perhaps one of the most intelligent animals in the world. Mr. Mosier had left the ranch and had reached a point some eleven miles from his home before he discovered that he had left behind some very important documents. He hurriedly wrote a note, inclosed it in a handkerchief, gave it to Bright and ordered the dog home.

In about three hours the canine Crichton returned to his master, bearing in his mouth the documents he had been sent for, covering thus, in the time mentioned, twenty-two miles and bringing to his owner the necessary papers. - Ukiah (Cal.) Press.

Electric Energy of the Thunder Cloud.

The average thunder cloud is estimated by Professor McAdie to contain about 300 horse-power of electric energy. A flash of lightning a quarter of a mile long practically means an electromotive force of millions of volts. A flash occurs when the electrical strain on the air is 1.37 pounds per square foot, so that the total electric energy in a cubic mile of the strained air just on the point of flashing is about 70,000,000 foot tons, that is to say, the energy required to raise a ton 70,000,000 feet high. In these days of "transformers" and "home-made lightning," Mr. McAdie asks whether he can use this immense store of electricity in the higher atmosphere. It might be brought down by a modification of Franklin's kite. Professor Trowbridge shows that a discharge keeps in the same path for 300-1000 marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through it as easily as through glass. It can be the roof. After the conquerors of the roof. After the conquerors of the roof the roof the roof of the roof and the tourists from all lands have defaced and enipped and blast-broideries of stone.

The roof the roof the roof of the roof the roof of the roof

The Rise of the **Buckwheat Cake**

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raisingbatter - fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder-freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Communism in Land Abandoned.

Two years ago a large colony of Waldenses from the Italian Alps settled in Burke County, North Carolina, on property which has been held in common. The colony has now abandoned its corporate charter and the man who seemed to know what he was \$40, too. lands will be held in severalty. This talking about. "If you should ask South. It has undergone many priva-tions because of ignorance of farming, gopher was a striped squirrel that but the people of the State have been liberal in their aid and the colonists are now above immediate want. The division of lands, it is said, will put



Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditum, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasbeneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidnevs. Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered. Various Views of the Gopher.

"If you should ask a man from the Illinois prairies what a gopher was, he'd tell you it was a gray squirrel that burrowed in the ground," said a gown this norning," she said; "only is the only Waldensian colony in the the same question of a man from the gopher was a striped squirrel that lived in holes in the ground. A Missouri farmer would declare that a gopher was a mole-footed brown rat that digs its way under the surface in that turtle. And the funny part of it is that they every one of them would be that doesn't and a turtle that does, ac-

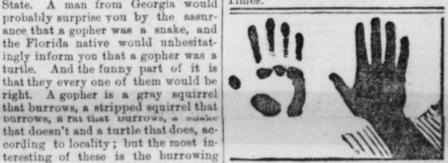
cording to locality; but the most in-

"This turtle is peculiar to Florida, and is an important factor in the domestic economy of the cracker population, for the cracker dotes on the gopher and thinks it is the finest thing in the edible line ever created. Strange as it may seem, this Florida turtle doesn't like the vicinity of water, but selects the high, dry, sandy a deep hole and a long one in the ground, and remains there all the time it is not out grazing, for the turtle is a grazer, living on the wild grasses that abound in its locality. It is never happy, though, unless its burrow is shared by a colony of lizards and a cheerful family of rattlesnakes. Find a gopher hole in Florida and you will find from one to half a dozen rattlesnakes, and maybe twenty lizards of all sizes, colors and degrees of hideousness, occupying it with the builder and owner of the burrow. The gopher plainly loves this deadly association, although it is itself as meek and mild and harmless as a dove. No dweller ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly in those parts of Florida where the gopher is found ever goes anywhere without a bag slung over his shoulder. This is to carry home gophers in, for he is pretty sure to find some of them out pasturing. The moment the gopher is surprised, it shuts itself securely in its shell, and the cracker tumbles it into his bag. The gophers are also trapped by digging a hole close to the entrance of the burrow and sinking a barrel or box into it. When the gopher comes out he tumbles into the trap and can't get out. What terrapin are to the high-living epicure those gophers are to the Florida cracker."—New York Sun.

She had been shopping all day, and at dinner the trail of the serpent was

"I saw the sweetest thing in a tea

"Why, how odd!" he replied. "I saw the sweetest thing in a tea gown, too, this morning, at the breakfast table. Cheaper than yours," he went on, with a month-married sort of a smile that made her forget that the boy at her left was fitting for college; "it was had for the asking." - New York



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with it, too. Pearline makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it. Pearline does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearline does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.

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