Appendix A

Cover images cvimg1 – cvimg15: 24 bit color bitmap each of size 512 x 512
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

Cvimg5.bmp  512x512, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg6.bmp  512x512, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg7.bmp  512x512, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg8.bmp  512x512, 24 bit color bitmap
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

Cvimg9.bmp  512x512,  24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg10.bmp  512x512,  24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg11.bmp  512x512,  24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg12.bmp  512x512,  24 bit color bitmap
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files 2007-2010

Cvimg13.bmp 512x512, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg14.bmp 512x512, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg15.bmp 512x512, 24 bit color bitmap
Cover images cvimg16 – cvimg30: 24 bit color bitmap each of size 1024 x 1024

Cvimg16.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color bitmap
Cvimg17.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap

Cvimg18.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

Cvimg19.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap

Cvimg20.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap
Cvimg21.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap

Cvimg22.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

Cvimg25.bmp 1024x1024, 24 bit color bitmap

Cvimg26.bmp 1024x1024, 24 bit color bitmap
Cvimg27.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap

Cvimg28.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap
Cvimg29.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap

Cvimg30.bmp  1024x1024, 24 bit color  bitmap
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

Cover images cvimg31 – cvimg 40 24 bit color bitmap each of size 256 x 256

Cvimg31  Cvimg32  Cvimg33  Cvimg34

Cvimg35  Cvimg36  Cvimg37  Cvimg38

Cvimg39  Cvimg40
message images msg1 – msg10 24 bit color bitmap each of size 128 x 128

Msg1  Msg2  Msg3  Msg4

Msg5  Msg6  Msg7  Msg8

Msg9  Msg10

message images msg1 – msg10 24 bit color bitmap each of size 64  x  64

Msg11  Msg12  Msg13  Msg14  Msg15  Msg16

message images msg1 – msg10  8 bit grayscale bitmap each of size 32 X 32

Msg11  Msg12  Msg13  Msg14  Msg15
APPENDIX E
MSG 1

Why is the media here so negative?
Why are we in India so embarrassed to recognize our own strengths, our achievements?
We are such a great nation. We have so many amazing success stories but we refuse to acknowledge them. Why?
We are the first in milk production.
We are number one in Remote sensing satellites.
We are the second largest producer of wheat.
We are the second largest producer of rice.
Look at Dr. Sudarshan, he has transferred the tribal village into a self-sustaining, self-driving unit. There are millions of such achievements but our media is only obsessed in the bad news and failures and disasters.
I was in Tel Aviv once and I was reading the Israeli newspaper. It was the day after a lot of attacks and bombardments and deaths had taken place. The Hamas had struck. But the front page of the newspaper had the picture of a Jewish gentleman who in five years had transformed his desert into an orchid and a granary. It was this inspiring picture that everyone woke up to. The gory details of killings, bombardments, deaths, were inside in the newspaper, buried among other news.
In India we only read about death, sickness, terrorism, crime.. Why are we so NEGATIVE? Another question: Why are we, as a nation so obsessed with foreign things? We want foreign T.Vs, we want foreign shirts. We want foreign technology.
Why this obsession with everything imported. Do we not realize that self-respect comes with self-reliance? I was in Hyderabad giving this lecture, when a 14 year old girl asked me for my autograph. I asked her what her goal in life is. She replied: I want to live in a developed India. For her, you and I will have to build this developed India. You must proclaim. India is not an under-developed nation; it is a highly developed nation.
Do you have 10 minutes? Allow me to come back with a vengeance.
Got 10 minutes for your country? If yes, then read; otherwise, choice is yours..
YOU say that our government is inefficient.
YOU say that our laws are too old.
YOU say that the municipality does not pick up the garbage.
YOU say that the phones don't work, the railways are a joke. The airline is the worst in the world, mails never reach their destination.
YOU say that our country has been fed to the dogs and is the absolute pits. YOU say, say and say. What do YOU do about it?
Take a person on his way to Singapore. Give him a name - 'YOURS'. Give him a face - 'YOURS'. YOU walk out of the airport and you are at your International best. In Singapore you don't throw cigarette butts on the roads or eat in the stores. YOU are as proud of their Underground links as they are. You pay $5 (approx. Rs. 60) to drive through Orchard Road (equivalent of Mahim Causeway or Pedder Road) between 5 PM and 8 PM. YOU come back to the parking lot to punch your parking ticket if you have over stayed in a restaurant or a shopping mall irrespective of your status identity... In Singapore you don't say anything, DO YOU? YOU wouldn't dare to eat in public during Ramadan, in Dubai .. YOU would not dare to go out without your head covered in Jeddah.
YOU would not dare to buy an employee of the telephone exchange in London at 10 pounds (Rs.650) a month to, 'see to it that my STD and ISD calls are billed to someone else.' YOU would not dare to speed beyond 55 mph (88 km/h) in Washington and then tell the traffic cop, 'Jaanta hai main kaun hoon (Do you know who I am?). I am so and so's son. Take your two bucks and get lost.' YOU wouldn't chuck an empty coconut shell anywhere other than the garbage pail on the beaches in Australia and New Zealand..
Why don't YOU spit Paan on the streets of Tokyo? Why don't YOU use examination jockeys or buy fake certificates in Boston ??? We are still talking of the same YOU. YOU who can respect and conform to a foreign system in other countries but cannot in your own. You who will throw papers and cigarettes on the road the moment you touch Indian ground. If you can be an involved and appreciative citizen in an alien country, why cannot you be the same here in India?
In America every dog owner has to clean up after his pet has done the job. Same in Japan..
Will the Indian citizen do that here?' He's right. We go to the polls to choose a government and after that forfeit all responsibility.
We sit back wanting to be pampered and expect the government to do everything for us whilst our contribution is totally negative. We expect the government to clean up but we are not going to stop chucking garbage all over the place nor are we going to stop to pick up a stray piece of paper and throw it in the bin. We expect the railways to provide clean bathrooms but we are not going to learn the proper use of bathrooms.
We want Indian Airlines and Air India to provide the best of food and toiletries but we are not going to stop pilfering at the least opportunity.
This applies even to the staff who is known not to pass on the service to the public.

When it comes to burning social issues like those related to women, dowry, girl child! and others, we make loud drawing room protestations and continue to do the reverse at home. Our excuse? 'It's the whole system which has to change, how will it matter if I alone forego my sons' rights to a dowry.' So who's going to change the system?

What does a system consist of? Very conveniently for us it consists of our neighbours, other households, other cities, other communities and the government. But definitely not me and YOU. When it comes to us actually making a positive contribution to the system we lock ourselves along with our families into a safe cocoon and look into the distance at countries far away and wait for a Mr.Clean to come along & work miracles for us with a majestic sweep of his hand or we leave the country and run away.

Like lazy cowards hounded by our fears we run to America to bask in their glory and praise their system. When New York becomes insecure we run to England. When England experiences unemployment, we take the next flight out to the Gulf. When the Gulf is war struck, we demand to be rescued and brought home by the Indian government. Everybody is out to abuse and rape the country. Nobody thinks of feeding the system. Our conscience is mortgaged to money.

Dear Indians, The article is highly thought inductive, calls for a great deal of introspection and pricks one's conscience too.... I am echoing J. F. Kennedy's words to his fellow Americans to relate to Indians.....

'ASK WHAT WE CAN DO FOR INDIA AND DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE TO MAKE INDIA WHAT AMERICA AND OTHER WESTERN COUNTRIES ARE TODAY'

Lets do what India needs from us.
Forward this mail to each Indian for a change instead of sending Jokes or junk mails.
Thank you,
Dr... Abdul Kalam
I humbly request you to forward this to every Indian...... ......... .........
Respected Teacher,

My son will have to learn I know that all men are not just, all men are not true. But teach him also that for ever scoundrel there is a hero; that for every selfish politician, there is a dedicated leader. Teach him that for every enemy there is a friend.

It will take time, I know; but teach him, if you can, that a dollar earned is far more valuable than five found.

Teach him to learn to lose and also to enjoy winning.

Steer him away from envy, if you can.

Teach him the secret of quite laughter. Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest to tick.

Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books.. but also give him quiet time to ponder over the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on a green hill –side.

In school teach him it is far more honourable to fail than to cheat.

Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if every one tells him they are wrong.

Teach him to be gentle with gentle people and tough with the tough.

Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when every one is getting on the bandwagon.

Teach him to listen to all men but teach him also to filter all he hears on a screen of truth and take only the good that comes through.

Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he is sad. Teach him there is no shame in tears. Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness.
Teach him to sell his brawn and brain to the highest bidders; but never to put a price tag on his heart and soul.

Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob... and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.

Treat him gently; but do not cuddle him because only the test of fire makes fine steel.

Let him have the courage to be impatient, let him have the patience to be brave. Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.

This is a big order; but see what you can do. He is such a fine little fellow, my son.

Abraham Lincoln.
MSG 3

Chapter V
The Wine-shop

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud-embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the women who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous
faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away, to
descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to
it than sunshine.
The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the
suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands,
too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands
of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead
of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she
wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the
cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so
besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it,
scribbled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees--BLOOD.
The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones,
and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.
And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had
driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy-cold, dirt,
sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence-
nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a
people that had undergone a terrible grinding and regrinding in the mill, and
certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at
every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window,
fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had
worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had
ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and
ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sigh, Hunger. It
was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the
wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them
with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment
of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down
from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no
offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the
baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at
the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale.
Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder;
Hunger was shred into atomics in every farthing porringer of husky chips of
potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.
Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow winding street, full of
offence and stench, with other narrow winding streets diverging, all peopleed by
Information Hiding in Image and Audio Files

rags and nightcaps, and all smelling of rags and nightcaps, and all visible things
with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people
there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay.
Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among
them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads
knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about enduring, or
inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all,
grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman painted up, only the
leanest scrag of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people
rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures
of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was
represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but, the cutler's
knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and
the gunmaker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with
their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off
apartly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the
street--when it ran at all: which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by
many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one
clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter had
let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks
swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at
sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.
For, the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have
watched the lamplighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long, as to conceive the
idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys,
to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But, the time was not come yet; and
every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for
the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.
The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and
degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow
waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's
not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of the shoulders. "The people from the
market did it. Ut them bring another."
There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to
him across the way:
"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"
The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there--tell me thou--is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was--quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just
one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way. The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do YOU do in that galley there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."
But, he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.
When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.
At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.
The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! So much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.
This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen--my wife!"
The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving
them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner round the wine-shop,
took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and
became absorbed in it.
"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon
her, "good day. The chamber, furnished bachelor- fashion, that you wished to
see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway
of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the left here," pointing with
his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember,
one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"
They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were
studying his wife at her knitting when the elderly gentleman advanced from his
corner, and begged the favour of a word.
"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.
Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word,
Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a
minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the
young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers
and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.
Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined
Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his own company just
before. It opened from a stinking little black courtyard, and was the general
public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people.
In the gloomy tile- paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur
Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand
to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable
transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour in
his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry,
dangerous man.
"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus, Monsieur
Defarge, in a stem voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.
"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.
"Alone! God help him, who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low
voice.
"Is he always alone, then?"
"Yes."
"Of his own desire?"
"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and, at my peril be discreet--as he was then, so he is now."
"He is greatly changed?"
"Changed!"
The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.
Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded parts of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building--that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase--left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted, seemed to escape, and all spoilt and sickly vapours seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighbourhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.
At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended, before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.
"The door is locked then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.
"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.
"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"
"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened-rave-tear himself to pieces-die-come to I know not what harm--if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it IS possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done--done, see you!--under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But, by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room-door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"_I_ think it is well."
"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"
"I choose them as real men, of my name--Jacques is my name--to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."
With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door--evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.
The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.
He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.
"A-a-a-business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"
"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.
"Of it? What?"
"I mean of him. Of my father."
Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He sat her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.
Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.
The garret, built to be a depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means, that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one, the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet, work of that kind was being done in the garret; for,
with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.
MSG 4

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(Roll No. 1)

Under the guidance of

Dr. H. B. Kekre
(Sr. Professor, Computer Engineering Department, MPSTME)

SVKM’s NMIMS
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MANAGEMENT & ENGINEERING
Vile Parle (W), Mumbai-56
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