

SAVAGES OF ASIA.

The Untamed Chites of Tibet Are Idolaters and Cannibals.

MURDER IN THEIR RELIGION.

At Their Wild Ceremonies the Priests of These Barbarians Offer Up Human Sacrifices to Their Grotesque and Repulsive Stone Gods.

A religious festival by a savage tribe of Asia, in which occurred a human sacrifice and the burning of the victim on a funeral pyre, is described by William Jameson Field in his book, "Unexplored Asia." The rites were held in a place called Chite City, Tzu-chuan, which was reached after a hazardous journey through the Ping mountains. He says:

"Let me give a brief history of this strange race, who for centuries have defied the most persistent research of explorers and ethnologists. Many centuries ago, in the vicinity of Shanghai, there lived a highly enlightened race known as the Chites. They were the most fanatical and bigoted Buddhists, so fanatical, in fact, that their turbulent spirits and eager desire to sow the seed of proselytism caused frequent revolutionary disturbances. The government, as its only means of salvation, made war on them. For years the Chites battled against overwhelming odds until at last, their numbers fearfully reduced, they gradually retired to the west, settling here and there, only to be again driven back. After years of wanderings they located in the wild mountain region of northwestern Tibet.

"For untold centuries they have held entirely aloof from their more civilized Chinese neighbors, and today they are as untamed and barbarous as were their fierce ancestors. Many of them are savages of the worst degree; even cannibalism is said to be prevalent among many of them. They acknowledge no allegiance to the emperor, entirely ignore the authority of the mandarins and hold no communication with the outside world. Yet we have visited their wild domain; we have penetrated into their stronghold and have witnessed their strange customs.

"It had been our intention to steal into the city under cover of night, but from our position of vantage we could see that some religious demonstration was in progress, and we did not dare to move. For half an hour our guides (natives) crawled out on the plain and returned with the information that they had discovered a considerable cave in the hillside to the left of the town, which would screen us from observation and at the same time permit us to watch the movements of those inside the walls. We had just time to reach our place of concealment when the leaders of the procession entered the narrow orifice and halted while torches were being lit to guide their passages through the gathering gloom. Following them pressed the unkempt crew, until the interior of the dome-shaped cave was filled to the point of suffocation.

"For half an hour the ear torturing strife of discord waxed louder at every moment until a hundred devils in human form fitted beneath the flare of flickering torches. A frenzied outburst would leap into the air, lacinating itself with a knife, grasping the gory strip of flesh and grinding it under his heel, or taunting a neighbor into the spirit of emulation by flaunting before his eyes the ghastly piece of flesh. Suddenly from out the compact mass rose a howl of mingled anguish and fury, and a solitary individual mounted a sort of platform and stretched forth his hand. Evidently he was a high priest. Instantly there was silence. The light of the torches enabled us to see the man who had mounted the platform. He was a tall, gaunt individual. All his right side was naked, and his face was covered with gaping rents of knife wounds, from which blood trickled.

"A garment of coarse cloth covered his body below the waist. Soon we saw five others follow him upon the platform, which was of raised earth. In a recess in the wall at the rear of the platform one could see the distorted form of a gigantic image—a stony, impassive figure of such grotesque ugliness that one could not help wondering how a race of people, however unenlightened, could bring themselves to worship an object of such repulsiveness.

"At last a fearful moment was at hand. An old man was seized and stretched upon a sort of stone altar, raised above the platform. He realized his last hour had come, and he struggled in fear and fury to escape from the grasp of his captors, giving vent to shriek after shriek until, exhausted, he fell into a stupor. Four of the priests held the faintly struggling body, while from the gloom stalked forth the sacrificial priest, his hand holding a long knife. Once, twice, thrice he abased himself before the image, and then, turning round like a beast ready to leap upon its prey, he rushed toward the prostrate form. A flash of light and the keen blade sank to the hilt in the flesh of the victim.

"Three times did the worshippers on the floor rise and abase themselves, and then quickly the minor priests seized the lifeless body and held it in the air. For a moment it silhouetted against the fitful glare of the fire; then the flames leaped forward in eager ecstasy to receive their prey."

An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

His Turn Came.

Ben Davis defeated President Madison for election to the Virginia house of delegates after Madison had left the White House. Old Davis, who seldom wore a coat, was sitting on a rail fence on the roadside in Greene county one morning when a young man dressed in dapper fashion and evidently from the city passed by.

"Good morning," said David, with the proverbial Virginia politeness.

To this the stranger paid no attention. In a few minutes, however, he came to a fork in the roads and was evidently in doubt which way he should go. He retraced his steps to where Davis still sat on the fence and asked him with great politeness if he could tell him which way led to Stanardsville. Davis made no reply.

"Will you please tell me," the young man repeated, "which road I take to get to Stanardsville?"

"You can," said Davis stolidly, "take any d---d road you please."—Popular Magazine.

A Lawyer's Paradise.

Naples, under Spanish rule in the eighteenth century, was overrun with lawyers. Of their profusion Joseph Addison had this to say:

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said that when Innocent XI. had desired the Marquis of Campio to furnish him with 30,000 head of swine the marquis answered him that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for 30,000 lawyers he had them at his service."

It seems to have been a golden age for lawyers, for, as the author says, "there are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending, for when a Neapolitan has nothing else to do he generally shuts himself up in his closet and falls a-tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a lawsuit and plague his neighbors."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Technically Gentlemen.

There is only one strictly technical definition of gentleman—a man entitled to bear coat armor. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used with this significance, and the secondhand bookstall hunter will occasionally find "So-and-so, 'gentleman,'" written on dusty and stained fly leaves. But this definition has dropped out, for now any one may use arms who chooses to pay for an arms license. The inland revenue takes your guinea or two guineas without inquiring as to your right to bear arms. And, though the heralds' college has the right to grant arms to those who can afford to pay the necessary fees, it cannot prevent people from using arms to which they have no right.—London Chronicle.

Made Her Pay Well.

A certain queen of Hanover once upon a time when traveling stopped at an inn called the Golden Goose. She remained two days to rest herself and retinue and receive such entertainment as was needed and for the same was charged 300 thalers. On her departure the landlord besought her with obsequious deference to favor him with her patronage on her return.

"If you desire that, my dear man," replied her majesty, "you must not again take me for your sign."

Vary "Respectful."

The villagers used to make love in a solid, stolid fashion. "I'm sure, m'm," said a servant to her mistress, "nobody could have had a respectfuleer young man nor what Thomas has been to me. We've been courting two years come Martmess, and he's never yet offered to kiss me!"—From "Recollections of a Yorkshire Village," by J. S. Fletcher.

A Similarity.

"He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starvem, "and they say he rose from nothing."

"Well, well!" remarked Mr. Border. "That's just what I rose from—at the breakfast table this morning."

Closing the Incident.

Pulsatilla—Your latest young man, I hear, has written a play or two. Has he produced anything yet? Euphorbia

—Yes: the last time he called he produced a diamond ring.—Exchange.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.

THE PLOT ON THE OLD ESSEX

Commodore Porter Got Wind of the Conspiracy Just as 't Was Ripe, and His Prompt and Drastic Action Cowarded the Crew and Saved the Ship.

There has never been a fleet mutiny or a squadron mutiny in the United States navy. The most notorious case in the naval history of this country was the conspiracy to mutiny on the brig of war Somers, which was discovered before it came to a head and resulted in the execution at sea of Phillip Spencer, midshipman, son of the then secretary of war, and one petty officer and one seaman.

Another famous case was the one in which Commodore Porter acted with such vigor and promptitude that he completely crushed the rebellious spirit that had manifested itself and saved his ship.

When Commodore Porter was in command of the Essex in the early history of our navy there was an attempted mutiny on board. Here is an account of how it was suppressed which is vouched for as authentic: "While the Essex was lying at the Marquesas islands, recruiting and refreshing her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed through a servant of one of the officers that a mutiny had been planned and was on the eve of consummation; that it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers, take possession of the ship and after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island to hoist the black flag and cruise on their own account."

"Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarterdeck and ordered all the crew to be summoned aft. Waiting until the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth. "Those men who are in favor of standing by the ship and her officers," said the commodore, "will go over to the starboard side; those who are against them will remain where they are." The crew to a man moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still at anchor. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments, the commodore said, "Robert White, step out." The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated, guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance, in front of his comrades.

"The commodore looked at him a moment, then, seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep that they rang like a knell upon the ears of the guilty man: 'Villain! You are the ringleader of this mutiny! Jump overboard!' The man dived on his knees, imploring for mercy, saying that he could not swim. "Then down, you scoundrel!" said the commodore, springing toward him to cut him down "Overboard instantly!" And the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew and addressed them with much feeling, the tears standing upon his bronzed cheek as he spoke. He asked them what he had done that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness, whether they had ever been wanting for anything to their comfort that discipline and the rules of the service would allow and that it was in his power to give.

"At the close of his address he said: 'Men, before I came on deck I laid a train to the magazine, and I would have blown all on board into eternity before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny. I never would have survived the dishonor of my ship. Go to your duty. The men were much affected by the commodore's address and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition.

"But mark the sequel of this mutiny and let those who, in the calm security of their firesides, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations see how much innocent blood would have been saved if White had been cut down instantly or hanged at the yard arm. As he went overboard he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance and paddled ashore. Some few months afterward, when Lieutenant Gamble of the marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the large prizes, short handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands."—New York Post.

Tightly Tied. "That man's money is all tied up." "Poor fellow! Can't get at it, eh?" "Oh, yes. All he has to do is to untie his money bag."—Judge.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. The Best Spring Medicine

It is as easy to prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine as it is to say it. Spring ailments are blood ailments—that is, they arise from an impure impoverished, debilitated condition of the blood; and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other medicine does. It is the most effective of all blood medicines. There is a Solid Foundation for this claim, in the more than 40,000 testimonials of radical and permanent cures by this medicine, received in two years; this record being unparalleled in medical history.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Cures all spring humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids the digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Get it in the usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Clothing.

Clothing.

ORIGIN OF AN EXPRESSION.

"If This Court Knows Herself, and She Thinks She Do."

We frequently hear the expression, "If the court knows itself, and it thinks it does," but few persons are aware of the origin thereof.

The individual who gave birth to it was a Pike county Missourian named Blackburn, who flourished in the west many years ago. Blackburn ran away from home when he was a mere boy and sought his fortune in the west, where he grew to manhood as an Indian fighter, hunter, trapper and mountain guide. Although not an educated man, he was possessed of great acumen, to which was united a keen wit. When gold was discovered in California, Blackburn was one of the first to proceed thither. The miners as a sort of joke elected him alcalde, an office that combined the duties of mayor and justice of the peace. The first case coming before the new alcalde was that of a gambler who while drunk had ridden his horse over a young Mexican woman. She was seriously injured.

The trial took place in the largest cabin in the neighborhood. The gambler, who was rich, had retained able counsel to defend him. Alcaldé Blackburn called the young woman to the witness stand. She told a straightforward, honest story. When she had finished the alcalde peremptorily ended the trial. The attorney for the defendant protested vigorously, but the alcalde disposed of his protest thus: "If this court knows herself, and she thinks she do, I fine you \$500 damages and assess upon you the cost of putting this young woman in good condition."

When asked what he meant by "good condition" the alcalde replied that the gambler must pay the doctor's bills and all other costs of the young woman's sickness.—Exchange.

Very Lucky.

"I don't get what I deserve for my jokes," wailed the humorist. "You're lucky," sympathized his friend.—Toledo Blade.

When a man falls back on oaths he declares himself out of arguments.

Clothing.

Clothing.

Patents.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. Anyone sending a sketch and description may ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probable patentable. Communications are strictly confidential. Handbook on patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents, 60 years experience. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive Special Notice without charge in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, a handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year, four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

Patents.

MUNN & CO., 63 Broadway, New York. Branch office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Patents.

32-45-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. Anyone sending a sketch and description may ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probable patentable. Communications are strictly confidential. Handbook on patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents, 60 years experience. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive Special Notice without charge in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, a handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year, four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

Patents.

MUNN & CO., 63 Broadway, New York. Branch office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Patents.

32-45-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.

32-25-ly.

Patents.