

## SACRIFICE ALL FOR CREED

### VASTLY DIFFERENT WAYS OF PROPITIATING THE DEITY.

The Religious Soul of Man, When Once Aroused, Will Stop at Nothing Short of the Ideal—Devilish Fanciful Dance of Self-Mutilation, and Ancient Briton System of Immolation.

Although to a certain extent and in a certain sense the religion of the Western Hemisphere and of those peoples whom the English-speaking nations call "civilized" is deep and more spiritual than that of the East, nothing strikes the traveler and the historian more vividly than the intensity which those races who are bred beneath the hottest rays of the sun will cling to their beliefs. Beside the faith of the simplest Oriental European and American Christianity fades into mere platitudes. Your refined Westerner rarely furnishes a martyr, if martyrs are desirable.

### DERVISHES MUTILATE THEMSELVES.

Few religions impose on their followers a more tremendous task than the pilgrimage to Mecca—the Hadj, as it is called. From Morocco on one side, and from India on the other, faithful followers of Mohammed brave the very real dangers of thousands of miles of desert and sea to visit the Prophet's tomb and gain the coveted privilege of the green turban. The risk of cholera alone is terrific. It rages always at Mecca, and is spread by the reeking water of the Prophet's well, swarming with disease germs.

Travelers who have visited the East have probably seen something of the whirling bands of dancing dervishes, but it is not generally known that these dervishes at certain times assemble in thousands in Constantinople, and there, after dancing until they fall into a sort of hysterical frenzy, gash themselves frightfully with keen-bladed knives. Death often ensues from sheer loss of blood, but it never checks the practice.

A European doctor who was present, disguised, at one of these performances declared that the men's bodies were literally covered with old scars and half-healed and open wounds, and that he could not imagine how any human being could survive such an ordeal.

### TERRIBLE RITES OF BUDDHISM.

The Buddhist religion has 500,000,000 followers, chiefly in Further India, Ceylon and China. Pilgrimages are as essential to Hindus as to Mohammedans—and not only to men but to women also. One pilgrimage is to the top of Adam's Peak in Ceylon. There, 7,420 feet above the sea, is the print of Buddha's foot, and thither the pilgrims climb up an ascent so steep that the only way of reaching the summit is by iron chains fastened to the rock.

In some cases, notably among Hindu sects, a man who is devoted to religion must think of nothing else, not even of cleanliness. He straps himself to a post, and so remains in torment for the rest of his life. He keeps one hand clasped for years until the finger nails grow right through the palm, extending, perhaps, four or five inches on the other side. He vows to keep one arm extended, and after months or years of agony the muscles and bones stiffen into a rigid bar beyond all control. He stands on one leg, and in time the other leg becomes too feeble to support the slightest weight. He walls himself up in a hole, which he never leaves. Very different is the Moslem, who shaves his head and goes bald for the sake of more perfect cleanliness, leaving only a lock of hair by which he thinks the Prophet, his master, will lift him to heaven.

### TORTURE MADE A WARRIOR.

Some of the Indians used to share the same belief, but there was a much finer faith among the fighting tribes of the plains and the Rocky Mountains. There a young man who wanted to rise to the rank of warrior went out alone into the wilderness, where he starved himself until he saw visions. The Big Spirit came to him and told him his wampum or medicine. This might be a stick or stone, and so long as he carried it he should have the protection of his god. When he got his wampum he went back to the tribe, where he submitted to long hours of torture, hanging to a rope fastened into great slits in his chest, until the quivering flesh tore away. If he made so much as a moan or cry he was dressed as a squaw, and must be a slave forever, but if he bore the ordeal he became a warrior. That religion bred up a splendid race of men, generous, hardy and brave. In India "hook swinging" was a well-known but awful ceremony. The sufferer was slung in the air by steel hooks through the flesh of his back. It has now been done away with by the British Government.

### THE UBIQUITOUS MEDICINE MAN.

The commonest kind of religion among savages is Shamanism. The Shaman is the medicine man or magician who practices witchcraft or black magic to please the spirits who rule the world. Generally he is a pretty bad lot, because he extorts from the people more than even the chief, and anybody who disobeys gets murdered or sacrificed to the gods. In the South Sea Islands the Shaman and all his property are taboo—must not be touched on pain of instant death.

Among Indians, the Shaman heals the sick by driving out evil spirits. He does this by sitting beside the patient, howling and drumming night or day until the victim dies or gets well out of sheer desperation. In obstinate cases the Shaman jumps up and down on the patient's chest, who has to pay a high price for the treatment. The sick suffer much for their religion. Among the British Columbia coast tribes a man has at certain feasts to give away everything he possesses—particularly all his blankets—in the world until he is reduced to nakedness. But the initiates who want to be medicine men break the record. In certain tribes they used quite lately to bite everybody they met—bite out great chunks. Also they ate live dog, and up to the year 1889 they certainly ate corpses among the Quaguit. GODS APPEARED BY HUMAN BLOOD.

The Aztec tribes of Mexico made tremendous sacrifices for their religion, sacrificed their slaves, their sons, their female relations—everybody, in fact, except themselves. Our ancestors, the ancient Britons, did worse, for whereas the Aztecs only clubbed or stabbed, our forefathers burned their victims to death. It is said that on great occasions an immense statue was built of wickerwork, filled with living people, and then burned. A great many African tribes make human sacrifices now to Juju, and in some of our recent wars—notably the Benin campaign—we have taken native cities which were nothing better than vast slaughtering grounds, full of human remains. As will be remembered, the wells in Benin City were full of corpses, and every jackal in Africa seemed to be fattening in the neighborhood.

Women in Hindustan think nothing of death for their religion. The practice of suttee, or widow-burning, is still practiced, though strongly put down. A Japanese, whose religion is his honor, commits suicide by the elaborate and awful ceremonial of harakiri, and his relations look on and approve.

### ALL FOR CREED.

Loss of all that man holds dear, hunger, thirst, torture unspeakable, death even! What is there that a man will not do for his religious beliefs? It is one of the most remarkable things in the world to notice what the members of the different faiths consider the highest virtues, and the way in which each think their separate rites and practices the best and most pleasing.

English peoples must not be selfish and deny that virtues are possible to those who do not believe as they do. Of the income of Christian peoples only 5 per cent goes in charity; the Hebrew race give away just double as much in proportion. The Mohammedans practice what they preach in the way of abstinence during the month of Ramadhan, their Lent. They go absolutely without food until midnight every day of the whole month. The true Mohammedan is a total abstainer.

### HIS \$1,000 WOULD BUY NOTHING.

So the Hoho Hunted Up the True Owner and Was Celebrated as an Honest Tramp.

"I've slept under a shed with the thermometer 'way below zero," said the tramp, "and I've gone two long days with nothing to eat, but I'm telling you straight that when I once had \$1,000 in my pocket I was worse off than at any other time I can remember. I had just been let out of the Bridewell, in Chicago, and was begging on the streets, and being turned down on every hand, when I picked up a \$1,000 bill on the sidewalk. I thought it was a dollar, and you bet I made a hustle down a side street. When I dodged into a doorway and made out that I was a thousand dollars ahead of the game the sweat started from every pore and my knees knocked together. I was regularly seasick for ten minutes, and my heart thumped away until I thought it would break out.

"That \$1,000 meant a heap for me, you understand, but I was so excited that it was two hours before I could do any planning. The first thing was to buy a new suit of clothes and I entered a store and picked them out. When I exhibited that \$1,000 bill the clerk ran to the door to call a policeman. I got away by a close squeeze, and then I realized the situation. Tramp that I was, I couldn't get it changed. If it had been a ten I could have had lodgings and a bed, but I'm telling you that I walked the streets as hungry as a shark, and slept at police stations and in lumber yards.

"Under the circumstances the bill might as well have been a piece of brown paper. I tried all sorts of dodges to get it busted, but it was no good. Every time I showed it I ran the risk of arrest. I offered a butcher \$100 to get it changed, but he refused to have anything to do with it. I'd have sold it for half price and been glad to, but there was no such thing as making a deal. Finally, in despair, I went to one of the newspaper offices and looked up the advertisements for the week past. The loser had advertised, and I went to his office in a big building and gave up the bill. The reward was \$50, but he counted out \$10 on top of that and said:

"I wouldn't have believed there was such honesty in the world. You could have kept the bill as well as not."

"He took down my name and all that and gave the affair away to the reporters. They wrote me up as the 'Honest Tramp' and had my picture in the papers, but you may guess I didn't enjoy it over much. I had \$60 in place of \$1,000 and as for my honesty, it was all bosh. I returned the bill because I had to, and though I'm hungry and dead broke and don't know where to turn in for the night, I'm not looking for any more big finds. Something with a figure '2' on the corner will just about fit my vest pocket."

## Interesting for Women.

The Kaiser has been engaging a governess for his little daughter and the lucky candidate describes her interview: "Though his Majesty tried his best to muddle me and did not refrain from being exceedingly inquisitive about what concerns me alone, I must say that I never before heard a more boyish, nay, childish, laugh than that of this almighty personage when something tickles his fancy. He is full of fun and he literally took the cushion of the sofa and put half of it in his mouth to stop the explosions of his mirth when I read him a letter from King Frederick III, engaging my aunt as governess."

The letter contained the following statements: "You will occupy a large, sunny room with Charlotte, each having a separate bed and washstand stand. You will receive \$600 a year, together with lodging, fire, washing, without restriction including even flounced and belaced cotton frocks and petticoats, a wax candle per day for your personal candlestick and a tallow one for common use; a lackey in gray and red livery, fed by us, will sit in your ante-chamber; you will have all the white gloves of the Queen, whose rank forbids her to wear the same pair twice, and which, we hope, will fit your hands. To this we add our royal friendship and any favors which might result from the same."

Lord Salisbury has been endearing himself to the female sex in general and to women bicyclists in particular, by making a few chosen remarks at a Royal Academy banquet. "My belief," he said, "is that if there was a Dante to write an artistic Inferno, its lowest circle would be tenanted by the ladies who dress themselves in the bicycle skirt or in knickerbockers."

Not content with heaping confusion on the wheelwomen, Lord Salisbury declared that "every change which is made in woman's dress is a step in the direction of ugliness." In fact, the Premier seems to have been deeply concerned lately in several matters feminine. There was a bill up in the House of Lords not long ago requiring that seats be provided for salesgirls in the shops. The bill had passed the House of Commons, but Lord Salisbury made it the subject of a violent attack, in the course of which he became facetious. He did not think the houses of Parliament were concerned with such matters, and he said that the Government might as well enact a law providing chairs for housemaids and cooks. The peers found this remarkable argument so convincing that the bill failed to pass.

An English woman who has been travelling in Russia seems to have found it easier to get in than to get out of the Czar's country. She sent her passport to the authorities before starting in order to have it vised, and then blithely made for the frontier. Arriving there, she was immediately detained and taken before the powers that not only be, but also, do, at the Russian frontier. Here she was informed that her passport did not permit her to leave the country and that she would be obliged to make herself comfortable while the police found out all she had done while in the country. At first she was rather pleased at the thought of how she would tell her friends about it when she got home. But when she found that she had to stay not only for her room, her meals, service, and all that sort of thing, but also for long telegrams which the authorities were exchanging in regard to her case, her pleasure dwindled as rapidly as her funds did. She finally got off, however, but without receiving any apology or any reimbursement.

Tubbing is not so modern a custom after all. Even eccentric baths, such as those of milk and of flowers, are not a novelty. Isabeau of Bavaria used to have great decoctions of chickweed brewed daily, and in them she would take her tub. Diana of Poitiers took her morning plunge in a tub of water. Eighteenth century beauties swore by baths mingled with linseed distilled with Mexican balm, which was dissolved with the yolk of an egg. Or they believed in preparations of almonds and melon juice, the milk of green barley, veal bouillon, and water distilled from the honey extracted from roses. Marie Antoinette was addicted to tubbing, and she always liked to have her bath flavored with wild thyme, laurel leaves, marjoram and a little sea salt. On the other hand, there was the Princess Eckmuhl, who at the age of 85 was renowned for her beautiful eyes, her exquisite complexion and her abundant hair, and who never used anything but pure water on her face.

A New York girl who makes a business of washing cats gives the following as her way of doing it: "I use a vessel large enough to immerse the cat. There should be three waters, all comfortably warm. I put a few drops of ammonia in the first water. I wear a rubber apron, and for the first bath soap the cat well. The other two waters are clear. If she is strong I rub her dry, pet her a little and turn her loose. If she is delicate or young I rub her dry, give her a saucer of milk, put her in a basket and cover her up. Once in two weeks is often enough to bathe a healthy cat."

Upon a beautiful obelisk in a temple at Karnak, Egypt, are inscribed the name and cartouche of Queen Hat-

shepsu, daughter of Thotmes I, B. C., 1,800, the woman who raised Egypt to the pinnacle of its highest greatness and made Thebes as a capital more glorious than Babylon or Nineveh. Her reign lasted twenty-one years and was memorable for the energy of her administration and the prosperity of her people.

There was a vegetarian banquet in London not long ago at which Miss May Yates, one of the "grass eaters," made a speech against the "blood lappers," that being the delicate way in which she referred to people who eat meat. She told of a certain clergyman who, "through the agency of vegetarianism, has a family of seven daughters, each over six feet tall."

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, reached her fifty-first birthday recently, whereupon the bells of Windsor were rung merrily and a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk. It must be a terrible thing to be a woman and not be able to slide over one's fifty-first birthday without having public attention called to it.

### SALMON WILL FIGHT HARD.

This King of Fish is Not Always Caught, Even When Hooked.

"A salmon doesn't take the fly as a trout does and it never rises to one while it is passing up or down stream," says an experienced angler for this king of fish. "It is only while the salmon is lying at rest in pools, the reposing water at the foot of some rapid, or the silent starting place of such a rapid, that it will respond to the fisherman's thousand in the deep stretches of a stream cast."

"Salmon may be moving along by the rapids, but the angler might drop his flies above them for a month if it were possible without even being rewarded by a single rise. The pool is the place to whip and the time early morning or late in the afternoon. If the epicurean denizen of the pool is so inclined there is sport ahead of the angler. He drops his fly lightly on the water and then the salmon in the humor will rise to it and seize it at once. Then the excitement begins. It is divided between the fish and the angler. The more the salmon tries to get out of trouble the deeper he gets the fisherman in. The fish no sooner feels the hook in his jaw than he seems to realize that he has got to get it out as soon as possible. Then things begin to boil. The first thing the fisherman knows 100 feet of line have been spun from his reel and he thinks he is in for a long chase down stream, when suddenly the salmon doubles and dashes straight back toward the boat. Then there is work for the angler if he expects to reel in the slack of the line and get it taut again in good time.

"No sooner is the line taut once more than the salmon feels its tension through the hook in its jaw and the chances are that he will shoot upward and out of the water his entire length and more. Taking his header he dashes madly down into the depths again, tearing this way and that way, darting around and around and making lively work for the fisherman and the handler of his boat. After an exciting series of manueuvres such as this the mad fish may take it into his head to start down stream like a steam engine, putting the guide at his best to keep the boat near him. The salmon may lead to a chase of a mile in this way, then stop suddenly and resume its leaping and doubling tactics.

"The fight may last an hour or more and if the angler is skillful and cool and his guide or gaffman dexterous and watchful the contest should have but one ending and eventually the glittering prize will be stretched at the bottom of the canoe. If the angler is not skillful and cool the fight will also have but one ending. The glittering fish will not be stretched at the bottom of the canoe, but in a very short time will be in the bottom of his pool. No doubt congratulating himself that his foe was not worthy of his steel."

### A SCATTERED FAMILY.

A striking family is that of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King of Charsfield, Suffolk, England, which consists of nine sons and three daughters.

The oldest son has a post in Australia.

Another son is a foreman gardener in Herts.

A married daughter resides at Wickham Market in Suffolk.

A third son is a captain in the merchant service, now proceeding to Italy.

A fourth is Color Sergeant in the Grenadier Guards at Gibraltar.

A fifth son is a civil engineer in London.

A sixth is a first-class petty officer in the Royal Navy, now at Ascension Island.

The seventh is a fireman in the Metropolitan Brigade.

The eighth is a Lowestoft police constable.

The second daughter is proceeding to Australia in the service of Lord Tennyson.

The third daughter and ninth son are at home, not yet being old enough to go out into the world on their own responsibility.

### OF COURSE HE THINKS SO.

He thinks he understands women. How do you know? He's a bachelor.

## IMPERIAL INSURANCE.

How Much of This Enormous Cost Should Canada Bear?

Addressing the taxpayers of England, Mr. Archibald S. Hurd asks: "What does the navy represent as a national asset?" Before he answers the question Mr. Hurd proceeds to give in detail the strength of the navy, in which he contends every Englishman has a share. There are now 489 ships, large and small in the British navy. From 1869 to 1885 England spent on an average \$7,500,000 per year on new ships. Since then the average has risen to \$22,500,000, and this year the Admiralty are spending \$46,250,000 on new war vessels in addition to the \$8,000,000 devoted to repairs and alterations of old vessels.

Mr. Hurd dwells on the astounding fact that in the past eleven years Great Britain has spent \$350,000,000 on new warships, and has devoted to the navy during the twelve years that ended last March \$865,000,000. To-day England has a fleet of 489 ships, which have a total displacement of 1,500,000 tons. Of this great fleet nearly two hundred of the most efficient and powerful vessels have been built during the past eleven years.

### THE BACKBONE OF THE NAVY.

is the sixty-four lines of battle ships, representing \$260,000,000. These floating fortresses carry 50,000 officers and men, and mount 2,671 guns. There are on duty in the British navy 157 cruisers, including 22 armored cruisers, \$36,800,000; 119 protected cruisers, \$145,000,000; 16 unprotected, included among the smaller craft are 218 torpedo boats and destroyers, and 35 larger torpedo vessels.

In summing up Mr. Hurd itemizes the cost of the British navy as follows:—Sixty-four battleships, \$260,000,000; 15 coast-defence vessels, \$16,000,000; 22 armored cruisers, \$56,600,000; 119 unprotected cruisers, \$11,180,000; 35 torpedo vessels, \$16,000,000; 120 torpedo boat destroyers, \$30,000,000; 98 torpedo boats, \$10,000,000; a total of \$540,000,000. If the twenty-seven ships now in process of construction are added the aggregate cost of the British navy will be \$725,000,000.

Coming to his question, "What does the navy represent as a national asset?" Mr. Hurd says: "These are the iron walls that in time of need will stand between us and an enemy, which safeguard commerce, protect the colonies and are continually patrolling the ocean highways. The colossal sum of \$540,000,000 paid out for the navy is a part of the funded capital of Great Britain's formidable system of insurance against a foreign foe."

### THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Suffering, Apparently, From a Heavy Overdose of Loudly-Played Piano.

"I'd like to know," said the middle-aged man, "if a dislike of noisy things is a sign of increasing age? If I thought it was I would go and spend some hours a day in a boiler factory, because I don't want to seem, even to myself, to be growing old; but I can't believe that it is; I can't believe but that it is perfectly reasonable for me to like music, for instance, soft and lovely and gentle music, rather than music of the slam-bang sort, or things played in clam-bang fashion.

"I like the loud-voiced and joyous calliope first rate. Ho! I wouldn't want a calliope in the house, but on a steamboat or a locomotive, or in a circus parade the calliope goes straight to my heart. I like its hearty tones and its great wild freedom. It's all right for a calliope to be noisy, and you expect it to be, and you'd be disappointed if it wasn't, just as you'd be disappointed if some elephant you met should be carrying, instead of the regular trunk, just a valise or a measly little handbag. If I was going to build a calliope myself, I'd build one ten times bigger than any I ever heard; and still I do not like to hear noisy things—that is, things that are just noisy. I do not like, for instance, to hear anybody bang on that noble instrument the piano; I hate to hear anybody put on the loud pedal and then pound. That distresses me—always. I'd an everlasting sight rather hear something soft and gentle and soothing and lovely.

"Now, is this an evidence of decadence, or breaking up, or old age, or fretfulness on my part? If I thought it was I'd like a full boiler factory course right away; but I don't think so; I can't believe that it is any evidence of age, or even of mental distortion, that I should dislike to hear sweet bells jangled, and prefer to hear sweet bells in tune."

### CHINESE MAIL SYSTEM.

China still has the old fashioned system of private letter carrying. Letter shops are to be found in every town. If he has a letter to send the Chinaman goes to a letter shop and bargains with the keeper thereof. He pays two thirds of the cost, leaving the receiver to pay the rest on delivery.

### BICHLORIDE OF GOLD CLUBS.

Mary—Yes, the master do be drinkin a good bit, an it's meself heard the missus talking this very day about a bichloride av gold club for her husband.

Jane—Sure a wood'n rollin pin should be good enough for 'em.