

SAW A ROMAN SACRIFICE.

IT WAS IN WESTERN CHINA WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE.

How William Jameson Held Secretly Witnessed Horrible Buddhist Ceremonies in the Temple Cave of Tzuchan - Five Old Men and One Young Girl Sacrificed - A Ghastly Spectacle.

Two thousand miles from the Chinese coast of the Pacific Ocean, immersed in the very heart of the vast central tableland of Asia, lies the province of Koko Nor, a region of barbarous wilderness for which nature has fashioned an adamant girdle to jealously guard from intrusion. But twice in the history of all time has its uncouth surface been trodden by the foot of white man. It is from these untamed wilds that we have returned, after an arduous progress across the bleak summits of the Peling Mountains, writes Wm. J. Jameson, of Boston.

From our station at Gharikau, on the Sifanese headwaters of the Kinsha Kiang, tributary of the Yangtse Kiang, we had been engaged in a thorough exploration of this unknown country of Western China. The most difficult and venturesome task had been reserved until the last—the penetration through the fastnesses of the Peling Mountains of the Chite city of Tzuchan.

With the icy coldness of an almost Arctic winter settling in over the great mountain regions, and the chilling blasts hurrying across the Mongolian plateau, the expedition seemed almost out of the question. The fact, however, that a visit to this city of mystery had been one of the main reasons inducing us to penetrate to the heart of Asia could not be overlooked and we were anxious to verify the statements of previous travellers concerning the human sacrifices which were said to take place in this stronghold of religious fanaticism, the home of the most barbarous and unenlightened Chite Buddhists.

Fully weighing the dangers that must beset such an arduous undertaking as ours.

WE SET FORTH.

Attired as Tougouth peasants, with an escort of four of our most trusty Kiangsu sampan men, leaving the remainder of our expeditionary force at the station at Gharikau until we should return.

For a fortnight we paddled and poled against the adverse currents and treacherous whirlpools and rapids of the Kinsha Kiang. The final and most difficult stage was the half a week's journey across the sterile mountain plateau, and an undetected entrance into the Chite city.

We reached our destination about dusk. A barbarous religious festival was in progress in the city, but one of our guides led us to a cave whence we could overlook the plain on which the city stood. There we remained all night. Next morning the festival was still in progress and we were about to venture out when we saw a long procession advancing in our direction. The whole population capable of moving seemed to have formed themselves into a long procession, and, bearing drums and tom-toms, and led by priests, had forsaken the town's limits and were coming up the steep face of the hill slope in our direction. Onward still they came, the priests chanting in dolorous ululations, while the following mass gave vocal vent to their feelings, until the din was simply indescribable. If we had entertained hopes that they were bound elsewhere we were doomed to disappointment, for they were now scarcely thirty feet away and approaching the entrance.

We had just time to escape and clamber up the steep ascent to our place of concealment when the leaders of the procession entered the narrow orifice and halted while torches were flung lit to guide their passage through the gathering gloom. Following them pressed forward the unkempt crew arrayed, until the whole open space was filled to the

POINT OF SUFFOCATION.

For half an hour the ear torturing strife of discord waxed louder at every moment, until a thousand devils in human form, flitted beneath the sepulchral glare of flickering torches like weird and supernatural picture of another world. A frenzied enthusiast would leap into the air, frothing at the mouth, carried away by the frenzy of the moment; lacerating himself with a knife, grasping the gory strip of flesh and grinding it under his heel or taunting a neighbour into the spirit of emulation by flaunting before his eyes the ghastly relic.

Suddenly from out the compact mass rose a howl of mingled anguish and fury. At the further end of the amphitheatre was a sort of raised platform upon which a solitary individual was mounting, evidently one of the chief priests. Having made the ascent he stretched forth his hand. Instantly there was silence. The torches enabled us to see the priest, who had mounted the platform. He was a tall, gaunt individual. Overtopping a thin, gaunt visage, and hanging over his shoulders and down his back below the middle, in witch-like locks, fell a covering of sun scorched hair, in thick, greasy masses. His eyes were burning bright. All his right side was naked and of the brown parchment color of his face, and quite as meagre; it was covered with rents of knife wounds, from which the blood trickled. A garment of the coarsest cloth covered his body below the waist. Five others looking like him followed him to the platform. The same deathlike stillness pervaded the awe-stricken multitude.

Heretofore, the further end of the

cave, where the platform was erected, had been somewhat obscured, but at a signal from one of the priests a dozen young men stepped forward with lighted torches and mounting the elevated space, arranged themselves in a circular group on either edge.

THE GLARING BEACONS.

penetrating the surrounding gloom discovered a huge recess in the wall, in which could be seen the distorted form of a gigantic image; a stony, impassive figure of such grotesque ugliness that with all their barbarous and fanatical natures one could not help wondering how any race of people, however unenlightened, could bring themselves to worship an object of such repulsiveness.

Suddenly there was a stir amid the group of priests on the platform, and from the dark canopy in which the leering image stood, a grotesquer, a man of admirable proportions, as tall as powerful and patriarchal looking, descended. He advanced rapidly forward, loosening his ragged garments as he came, until he was naked, save a small cloth girded around the loins.

As the stranger turned toward the stone image and raised his hand the group of worshippers ceased their turmoil and fell prostrate to the ground, the meanwhile keeping up an incessant groaning. Toward this grotesque, incongruous, inanimate piece of carved stone the eyes of all were turned in adoration. For a time, in which it seemed that hours rolled on, the prostrate horde lay bowed to the floor in prayer, until an involuntary quickening of the pulses, and a quickly discernible stir and show of interest among the worshippers gave evidence that some moment of extraordinary interest was at hand. Quietly and unobserved a dozen men had been carrying immense armfuls of wood on to the platform and placing them before the stone image.

Soon the full import of this movement was apparent. Here before our eyes was to take place one of those barbarous human sacrifices of which we had been apprised before setting forth. It did not take long to confirm our suspicions, for as quietly and without murmur of any kind a half a dozen newcomers had mounted the elevated space.

ABSOLUTELY NAKED.

and bound with cords, the intended victims of the bloody carnival that was to follow. The fire had already been touched to the wood; the first faint flicker had been fanned into an open flame, and in a minute the whole mass was a seething, roaring furnace, lighting up the interior of the cave as with the noonday sun.

The bright glow of the fire permitted us to secure a better view of the doomed sextet. Five were men in the sere and yellow leaf, scarcely able to totter along, and whose lives could not be prolonged many years. They were huddled together apart from the other victim, a young girl, who could not have been over sixteen years of age. She had a comely, nut brown face with dark, wavy clusters of hair tumbling over her forehead, and reaching down to her waist. With a cool if not openly disdainful look she gazed with exalted dignity on the surrounding group with never a waver in the stoic composure of her attitude.

At last the fateful moment had come. One of the old men was seized and stretched on a sort of stone altar raised a few feet above the floor of the platform. He fully realized that the last moment had come, for his stoicism vanished, and he struggled in impotent fear and fury to escape from the grasp of his captors, and gave vent to shriek after shriek, until, weak and exhausted, he had fallen into a stupor with spasmodic groanings and attempts to rise. Four of the minor priests held the faintly struggling body down, while from the gloomy niches talked forth the chief of the priests, his hand holding a long, glistening knife. Once, twice, the blade abased himself to the ground, and then turning round like a beast leaping on its sleeping prey, he rushed toward the prostrate form.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

as of a falling meteor, and the keen blade sank to the hilt in the flesh of the victim with a purr like that of steel gliding over velvet. Again the gleaming and dripping blade flashed in air, again it descended in murderous sweep; yet again and again, five times in all, until the very air reeked with the odor of blood. Three times did the worshippers on the floor raise and abase themselves, and then as quickly as a lightning flash the minor priests seized the lifeless corpse, and held it in air. For a moment it silhouetted against the fitful glare of the fire in a long, ghastly shadow, and then it shot through space, and the red flames leaped forward to receive their prey.

With hardly a moment's intermission the next victim was hurried forward. He was either possessed of the full amount of native stoicism or else reduced to an unknowing stupor, for without a tremor or the faintest attempt at struggling he was stretched on the sacrificial altar, stabbed to the heart and tossed to the flames. The third, fourth, and fifth victims were similarly disposed of.

The last scene of the bloody drama had arrived. The young girl stepped forward without invitation or assistance of any kind from the priests. The whole assemblage seemed spellbound. For a brief space of time the frail body lay prostrate on the floor before the grotesque and impassive stony form above. In an instant there was a flash of darkness, and then, before we could realize it, she had deliberately jumped into the seething furnace. One long, despairing shriek, and all was over.

PLENTY OF EXERCISE.

High-Priced Doctor—You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object.

Patient—All right doctor, I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.

Please inform the publisher of this newspaper in writing if there is a storekeeper in town who has tried to palm off on you one article when you wanted something else.

BANQUETS OF OLD.

Those of the Present Day are Tame Affairs When Compared With the Feasts of Long Ago.

Banquets of the present day, even the most sumptuous, are but mean affairs compared with those of antiquity. The diner-out used to the opulence of the latter Egyptian Empire, the bon vivant accustomed to the splendor of Greece or the luxury of Rome, expected much of their entertainers, and usually were not disappointed.

Vast was the magnificence of a feast given by some great nobleman during the reign of the Pharaohs. The guests, both men and women, came at midday, some in chariots, some in palanquins, and a few—doubtless those who lived by the sword—on foot. They were met at the doorway by slaves, and conducted to an anteroom, where their hands and feet were washed with perfumed water, held in golden vessels; and their heads anointed with scented pomatum in sign of welcome.

Ablutions ended, the guests were crowned with lotus flowers, while chaplets of the same fragrant blossoms were hung about their necks, and a single bud given them to hold in the hand. They were then ready to pay their respects to their host and hostess, whom they found seated side by side on a large fauteuil in the reception room, exchanging ceremonious greetings with their visitors.

Sometimes men and women sat together in festive gatherings; sometimes the sexes were separated, but each received equal attention. A slave stationed behind each guest was ready to obey the least command, and time passed quickly in feasting and merrymaking. As the wine circulated, women as well as men were drawn into the whirl of dissipation, and furnished subjects for the merciless pencil of the caricaturist. The proof still exists especially that the fair sex of that time and country drank more than was good for them, while the lords and masters had frequently to be carried home from a festive gathering limp as the faded lotus blossoms resting on their fevered brows.

A strange custom was in vogue; in the midst of the feasting, when the senses seemed almost satiated, a slave appeared bearing a small figure of a mummy, which he exhibited portentously to the revelers, saying, "Gaze here; drink and be merry; for when you die such you will be."

COURTESY.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow." The mountain torrent increases as it proceeds towards the sea until it becomes resistless.

Kind words, little acts of courtesy, a helping hand often costs us nothing, yet these influences may tend to change the whole current of some young life, may be the means of changing the destiny of a nation.

Twenty years ago an elegantly dressed young lady—a real lady—ran against a ragged little newsboy. She turned immediately and said with a sweet smile: "I beg your pardon, my little fellow; I am sorry that I ran against you." The little boy looked at her for a moment with surprise, and then taking off about three-quarters of a cap, he bowed, very low and said, while a broad smile spread all over his face: "You can have my pardon and welcome, miss; and the next time you may run against me and knock me clean down and I won't say a word."

The lady passed on, the boy turned



Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Durham Tannery.

Robe Tanning.

Horse Hides, Cow Hides, Dog

SKINS, Etc., Tanned Suitable for ROBES and COATS by the best process, which for Finish and Softness can't be beat.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THOS. SMITH.

N. B.—To ensure a first-class job the hides must be salted as soon as taken

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

to his companion and said, "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anyone ask my parding and it kind a' took me off my feet." The poor boy never forgot the smile and gentle words. He resolved to rise and be a gentleman. To-day he is at the head of one of the largest publishing houses in New York.

Advertisement for Dr. Kennedy & Kergan's medicine, targeting 'SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH' and 'LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD'. It includes testimonials from Wm. A. Walker, Mrs. Chas. Ferry, and others, and lists various ailments treated like Syphilis, Stricture, and Impotency. The address is No. 148 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

Advertisement for Webster's International Dictionary, highlighting its authority and utility for students and professionals. It includes the text 'THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY' and 'WEBSTER THE STANDARD'.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Extract, claiming to cure various ailments like diarrhea and dandruff. It features a circular logo with the text 'DR. FOWLER'S WILD STRAWBERRY' and 'EXT. OF'.

Advertisement for Charter Smith, Durham Foundryman, listing services for farmers, threshers, and millmen. It includes a list of machinery like Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, and various repair services.

Advertisement for Edge Property for sale in the town of Durham, including details about the location and contact information for James Edge.

Advertisement for A. Gordon, a dealer in watches, clocks, jewelry, and spectacles, located in Upper Town, Durham.

Advertisement for Dr. LeRoy's Female Pills, described as a 'luxury of security' for women's health. It includes the text 'THE LUXURY OF SECURITY' and 'LADIES!'.

Advertisement for 'Wanted—An Idea', seeking creative solutions for a business venture.