

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY AND ITS STRANGE INHABITANTS.

Lassa in the Land of the Lama, the Impenetrable Mountain Realm of Tibet—Its People Are Savage and Depraved. Some Facts About this Land.

A few years since, two Russian explorers, M. M. Menkhoudjineff and Oulanoff, arrived at Shanghai after a journey of two years and nine months through Tibet, in the course of which they penetrated to the capital, Lassa, and had actually had an interview with the great Dalai Lama himself. The wonderfulness of this feat can only be appreciated in the light of the knowledge that no European has ever before entered Lassa within the memory of the living world. The few explorers who have dared the perils of the wild and snowy changes, lofty plateaus, the robber Dokpas or dwellers in black tents, the Chinese guards and the Tibetan soldiery, have only succeeded in struggling through dreary miles of deserts and along monsoon-swept marshes, and have returned with only half-glimpsed descriptions of the innumerable monasteries, the prayer-mills or rattles and the buttered tea of this unique and most unknown country.

This impregnable barred Lassa is the dwelling place of the Dalai Lama, the chief priest of Tibet and Mongolia. This religious pretender is worshipped as the earthly incarnation of Buddha. Incense is burned to him before a gigantic idol of the God of Jamba, a monstrous image of clay and gilt with jeweled head, which sits enthroned in the great white palace of the Petala. Lamaism is a hybrid Buddhism, just as Mohammedanism is a hybrid Christianity.

The utter exclusion of all foreigners from this strange land has been and is undoubtedly due to the fear of the Tibetan hierarchy of priests that this absurd imposition of their red and yellow religion, which has completely enslaved the Tibetans, might be speedily overthrown by the Christian 'devils.' They are afraid the wealth of the monasteries would be revealed. At present the priests own Tibet as absolutely as though they held fee-simple to every foot of its ground. The Chinese empire holds a nominal temporal sway, but dares not—if it would—disturb the Dalai Lama and his army of priests. M. M. Menkhoudjineff and Oulanoff are the first travelers who have gazed upon and entered that city hitherto as inaccessible as the north pole.

The immense territory of Tibet is all most completely surrounded by mountain-ranges of appalling magnitude, which especially along the southern, western and northern frontiers, constitute formidable barriers against ingress. From the Pamir plateau, in the extreme west, (the world's backbone,) radiate the great natural ramparts, which shut out India on the one hand and the Tartar countries of Bokhara and Turkestan on the other. No Asiatic or western conqueror has even dared to penetrate this mountain world, and even Genghis Khan, the scourge of Asia, whose ravages extended from Peking in the east to Moscow in the west, was obliged, when invading northern India, to take the circuitous route via Kashghar and Afghanistan, instead of crossing Tibet. Secure on their lofty plateau, and practically isolated from the rest of the world, the people have remained undisturbed for ages, and have developed characteristics for which we would vainly search in any other race of the globe.

The Tibetans occupy a very low position in the scale of human advancement, especially if judged from our western standard of civilization. Their culture is inferior to that of certain Indian tribes of the American continent, such as the Pueblos, Zunis, etc. In Physiognomy and general appearance they strongly resemble the inhabitants of Swedish Lapland, as well as the Eskimos of Northern Siberia, being short-sized, broad shouldered and possessed of the same angular Mongolian features indeed, the Tibetans are, perhaps, the most ill-favored of Turanian races. A close interbreeding during many centuries of isolation has produced a striking facial similarity, and has developed a peculiarly repulsive normal type of countenance. A broad, very low forehead, excessively prominent cheek bone, oblique eyes, and coarse bristly black hair are characteristics which do not materially enhance the beauty of the 'human form divine,' but the most singular peculiar-

ity of the Tibetan face is the almost total absence of the bridge of the nose. Among a dozen Tibetans, chosen at random, hardly one will be found whose nasal organ is not so completely flattened or sunk in the middle as to be practically level with the eyes. Seen in profile such a face presents a ludicrous appearance; there is one continuous line of cheek bone, with the tip of the nose sticking out like a solitary beacon. But a compensatory providence has added to the ears what is lacking in proboscis circumference, and it is but fair to state that the auricular appendages of the average Tibetans are of generous size.

The Tibetans are absolutely without gratitude. They will demand tremendous rewards for feeble services, steal everything within sight, regard politeness and gentleness as indications of cowardice, and merely refrain from stabbing their guests because their courage fails them. Poisoning is popular, and the Tibetan is so suspicious of his own countrymen that he will drink and eat nothing until his host partakes plentifully before him. The character of all the Tibetans, settled and nomadic is the same—cowardly, faithless and immoral. They are servile to the brave, insolent to the fearful and mere tools in the hands of the lamas or monks. They are false to their best friends, as is witnessed by their desertion of the French missionaries who have been their most constant helpers.

Their physique is notably good, and they stand cold and hunger admirably. They are active, and at first view, light-hearted and genuine; but in reality are very unclean, rarely or never bathing their persons. The dress of the common people consists of a very dirty, greasy sheepskin robe which they use as bedding at night. The taste for trading is very strongly developed, and they seize every opportunity to make money. Vast quantities of tea are consumed by them, and they enjoy it, especially when mixed with butter and salt. Their tea is sold in bricks and is of a very inferior quality. During all discussions of state and in their ordinary assemblies, each man has a cup before him which is continually replenished.

The population of Tibet proper and Chinese Tibet is 8,000,000. Looking at the enormous stretch of country over which these millions are distributed, it is apparent that the country is very sparsely populated.—Boston Transcript.

### DOCTOR GALL'S FELLOW-GUEST.

His Powers put to the Test by the King Did not Fail.

Frederick Willam III. delighted in preparing strange surprises for his guests, and was, moreover, always anxious to find out for himself whether his subjects possessed the qualities generally attributed to them. On the occasion of a certain fete Potsdam, he observed among the throng of magnificently dressed courtiers a man very plainly clad, and without any of the insignia of rank. The strongly marked personality of the quiet stranger pleased the king, who, after gazing steadily at him for a moment, said to the marshal of the palace:

'Monsieur, who is that man in the black coat talking to our learned chancellor?'

'That sir,' replied the marshal, 'is the celebrated Doctor Gall, who can tell a man's characteristics by his physical appearance.'

'Gall!' cried the king. 'Ah, I am going to discover whether what they say of him is not exaggerated. Go to him and say that I wish him to dine with me tomorrow.'

At six o'clock the next day there was a banquet at the royal palace, at which a dozen guests were assembled. All wore decorations of distinction, and were handsomely dressed, with the exception of the famous doctor, whose simple raiment looked quite dull between the official uniforms on each side of him. When dinner was ended, the king turned to Doctor Gall and said:

'Now, doctor, I beg that you will tell us the characteristics of these gentlemen as they are indicated by their exterior physique.'

Doctor Gall rose instantly, for the request of a king is an order, and began to shake his head slowly as he surveyed his neighbor, who was apparently a general. He paused as if embarrassed.

'Speak freely,' said the king.

'His excellency is fond of hunting and fighting. He ought to care most for the pleasures of a battle-field. He loves blood!'

The king smiled, and motioned for the doctor to examine the man who had sat on his right. This time the doctor looked still more disconcerted. 'This gentleman,' he said, with embarrassment, 'ought to excel in gymnastic exercises; he ought to be a great runner, and remarkably adroit with his hands.'

'That is enough, my dear doctor,' interrupted the king. 'I know now that

what was said of your powers is true. Monsieur, the general, your neighbor, is an assassin, who is condemned to prison, and your adroit gentleman is the most notorious thief in all Prussia.'

As the king uttered the last words, he struck three times upon the table. Three guards entered at the signal.

'Conduct these prisoners back to their cells,' ordered the king; then, turning to the stupefied doctor, he said:

'This was a proof. You have dined side by side with the greatest bandits in my kingdom. Examine your pockets.' Doctor Gall obeyed. His handkerchief, purse and tobacco-box were gone!

The next day these articles were recovered and returned to him, and as a memento of this singular occasion, the king sent with the stolen effects a tobacco-box of gold set with diamonds.

### SCRIBE'S "INGRATITUDE."

He did an Act of Charity in a Graceful Way—A Dream Realized.

Monsieur Legouve tells a charming story of the distinguished French dramatist, Scribe. On one occasion he was visiting at the country-house of a friend, and the evenings were spent over English novels, which were read aloud by the English governess residing with the family.

One evening the young lady paused for a moment, when she had finished a chapter.

'Ah,' she said, with a sigh, 'if I could only realize my dream!'

'And what is your dream?' asked Scribe.

The little governess blushed: 'To have some day,—after a long, long time,—an income of twelve hundred francs, so that I might have independence and rest!'

Several days afterward as the last chapter of a rather insignificant novel was finished, the dramatist turned to the reader and said, 'Do you know, I think that in this there is a pretty subject for a one-act comedy. You have suggested the idea to me; are you willing to write the play with me?'

The proposition was joyfully accepted. Three days later Scribe entered the salon with the comedy finished, and three months afterward it was announced that the piece would be performed in Paris. Scribe hurried to the house of his dramatic agent, and said to him, under the seal of secrecy:

'They are going to produce a piece of mine today. I had a young lady collaborator in the work. I do not know whether it will be success, but I do know that it must bring her twelve hundred francs a year as long as she lives. Arrange the matter so that it will have a perfectly natural air.'

The sequel to this story illustrates a curious trait of human nature.

Charmed with her success, the young English teacher, now spent a great deal of time in hunting up plots for plays from English novels, all of which she carried to Monsieur Scribe, who always gently declined them. One day some one was expressing very warm admiration for Scribe in the young lady's presence.

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'he is a charming man, but—well—in fact, he is a little ungrateful. We made a very pretty comedy together which has brought us twelve hundred francs a year, but he will not write with me again!'

### HOODOOED ENGINES.

Strange Stories Told by Men in the Illinois Central Shops.

Every engine that comes for repairs to the great shops of the Illinois Central at Burnside has a story of interest to tell. Sometimes the engine is an old 'lunker' that looks as if it might have served as ballast for Noah's ark, and its recital of injuries may be the commonplace relation of a pig on the track and a bumping over ties to the damage of frame and rivets. Again it may be the shapeless remains of what once pulled the finest vestibuled express on the road, and its story mutely, but not the less graphically, told on the footboard by the strain that was once the blood of the brave engineer or fireman.

'Few engines as well as few engineers serve very long on the road without going through an accident,' said a man who has worked his way through various positions to one of the most responsible posts in the great shop. 'Some of the engines come in here as wrecks any number of times. I guess there is no fabrication about the stories one hears of hoodooed engines. There are few on every road. They cause more losses of pay and position among the engineers than all the rest of the rolling stock, including hand cars. They seem infested with evil spirits. They will start backward or forward when there is nobody near the throttle, or so I have heard reputable engineers swear with tears in their eyes. Of course, the company doesn't believe it, and the engineer, if he has not

already lost an arm or a leg, loses a few weeks' pay or his position in consequence of something which he could not help. These hoodoo engines cut strange capers when they break loose. If they can't manage to knock the underpinning out from a viaduct or bridge they will turn three or four somersaults into a creek, instead of smashing things in an ordinary way. They generally damage themselves very little, and we have to keep patching them up and sending them out time and again. If they would only destroy themselves all the engineers would be glad.'

'Other engines only come to the shop once, but then they come to stay. I remember one engine that had gone a remarkably long time without a smashup of any kind. It was run by one of the oldest engineers on the road. He was about 68 years old and had spent most of his life as an engineer, yet he had never been in a wreck. One day just before he pulled out, he said to the boys that it would be his last run, as he was going to retire from the road the next day and spend the remainder of his life in peace and comfort. He spoke truly in part, for it was his last run. He was going fifty miles an hour when he met a freight coming head-on. The engine was instantly killed and there was not much more than enough of that engine left to make a good-sized fish-sinker. It was the first accident and the last run for both the engine and its driver.' Chicago Times-Herald.

### REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Modern Writers Are Able to Have Bank Accounts.

The 'Grub street tradition' was knocked in the head long ago, but the Pall Mall Gazette has completely demolished it by showing that writers are among the best paid workers. Indeed, the 'literary aristocracy' is becoming a sort of plutocracy whose members, instead of lurking through the side lanes in fear of creditors or 'standing behind the screen' at the publisher's house, are in high consideration at the banks.

Tennyson received \$30,000 for 'The Holy Grail.' During the last few years of his life Macmillan & Co. paid him \$50,000 or \$60,000 a year. For 'The Revenge' alone the Nineteenth Century gave him \$1,600. Dickens left \$500,090; Lord Lytton, \$400,000; Mrs. Henry Wood, \$170,000; Mrs. Dinah Craik, \$95,000. Victor Hugo left property in England alone valued at \$457,000.

But the novelist of the present day enjoys golden harvests unknown to their predecessors. For example, Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been writing for only ten years and has produced very few books, has earned \$300,000. She received \$90,000 for 'Marcella' alone. George du Maurier received \$50,000 for 'The Martian.' On two books—'The Bonny Brier Bush' and 'Auld Lang Syne'—Ian MacLaren's profits in Great Britain amounted to \$35,000, and so popular is his soft nonsense in this country that he must have earned quite as much again from the American sales.

Rudyard Kipling's profits have been enormous. Their extent may be judged from the fact that the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette acknowledges that he paid Kipling \$750 apiece for the 'Barrack Room Ballads.' Eleven thousand dollars was paid for 'The Seven Seas.' For short stories Kipling receives 2 shillings a word. Conan Doyle earned \$35,000 by writing 'Rodney Stone.' Rider Haggard gets \$100 for a column of 1,500 words. In one year Stevenson cleared \$35,000 from syndicates. The unfinished 'Weir of Hermiston' was purchased for \$15,000.

Zola received \$220,000 for his first fourteen books. The women writers of fiction are well up in the race. Edna Lyall's income from her books is \$10,000 a year.

Miss Braddon charges \$6,500 for a 'fairly long story.' But probably the highest price recently paid for a novel was \$200,000 for Alphonse Daudet's 'Sappho.'

Nor are the essayists forgotten in this distribution of gold. J. Addington Symonds left a fortune of \$375,000, Dr. Morrell, the grammarian, \$200,000. The publishers for Mr. Ruskin pay him 20,000 a year. 'Mr. Gladstone used to earn \$15,000 a year by his pen.'

In short, the 'literary calling' is shown to be one of the most remunerative in the world. Even the hack writers earn comfortable wages. Whether the quality of the output is improved by the remuneration or whether modern writers are falling 'under the damnation of the check-book' is another question.—Chicago Times Herald.

### SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

Cases Where Arbitration is Preferable to a Lawsuit.

In all but the most extraordinary cases arbitration is better than war or a lawsuit. So much all wise men are now agreed upon. The Detroit Free Press, has heard of a farmer who dissents. His experience was a most peculiar one, not altogether to his own credit.

'No, sir,' declared a farmer who was visiting his brother in the city, 'I'll never arbitrate no more. When a dispute gets where me and the other fellow can't settle it I'm goin' right into court and fight it out. I arbitrated a case last year with Bob Slams, and he skinned me alive. That settled it. The law's good enough for me.'

'What was your case, Andy?'

'It seems there was some mistake in the surveyin' along our division line. This spring, a year ago, I had the whole thing gone over, and it turned out that Bob had took a lot of timber off'n my land. We couldn't agree what it was worth, so Bob says we better arbitrate. I didn't want to seem to be lookin' for a fuss, so I agreed. Bob picked one man, I picked another, and them two picked a third one. Them fellers went all over the ground, estimated how much timber had been cut, and were figurin' for two or three days, eatin' at my house most of the time.

'When it come to settin' on the case, my man was for givin' me two thousand dollars, and Bob's man stuck to it that fifteen hundred dollars was about the right thing. After they'd drunk a gallon or two of cider arguin' the matter, the third man proposed that they split the difference, and I'll be blowed if they didn't leave it that way.'

'Well, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars wasn't so bad.'

'What are you talkin' about—seventeen hundred and fifty dollars? Bob and me both done the figurin' my man said two thousand dollars. His man said fifteen hundred dollars. The difference is five hundred dollars. We split it, and I got two hundred and fifty dollars. Confound your arbitration.'

The city broker managed to contain himself till Andy had his visit out, and then told him in very emphatic language to go home and get that other fifteen hundred dollars if he had to go to law till the crack of doom.

### Sufficient Reason.

In business, as in games of skill, the indispensable thing is not merely to be smart, but to be smarter than one's competitor.

According to the Golden Penny, a tourist was stopping at a small country hotel, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable, inquired how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was.

'I'm Yorkshire,' said the fellow, 'and ha' lived sixteen years here.'

'I wonder,' replied the gentleman, 'that in so long a period so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the hotel yourself.'

'Ay,' answered the hostler, 'but the maister's Yorkshire, too.'

## Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat.

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