

OBITUARIES

GHOSTLY CEREMONY WITNESSED IN A JAPANESE CEMETERY.

A Four Days' Feast for Legendary Spirits. Burying Grounds Richly and Luxuriously Decorated with Garlands and Tempting Viands.

Dr. G. H. Colton Salter, who for many years was United States consul in Japan and afterward entered the Chinese government service, gazed thoughtfully into the glowing embers in the grate and after a short pause told the following tale:

The most stories published about Indian ghost dances and the Messiah craze remind me of one of the most remarkable incidents I have ever witnessed during my long career in the Orient, and I am sure there are but few Americans or Europeans who have had the opportunity to see the sights of which I am going to tell.

The native religion of the Japanese is, as you know, Buddhism, and there is no creed which is as full of superstition. Some of the ancient beliefs of the Buddhists are calculated to frighten the faithful and vividly portray the horrible punishment that awaits the sinful man after he closes his earthly career, while others, with charming simplicity, show that the greatest aim of the Buddha religion is the release from existence.

The festival of the burning of the dead is a very ancient one, and is a part of the religious rites of the Japanese. It is a festival which is observed in all parts of the country, and the most interesting part of it is the burning of the dead, which is done in a very simple and primitive manner.

On the morning of the first day the dead were received with much ceremony in the graveyard, which is in a beautiful grove. Each mound was profusely decorated with lighted lanterns and garlands of many colored paper flowers hung from tree to tree. On the top of every grave food of the delectable kind was spread in a tempting manner and in quantities sufficient to appease the appetites of an army of the hungriest kind of ghosts.

The night of the second day was devoted to a grand terpsichorean entertainment or spirit dance, and the graveyard was transformed for once into a ball room, where ghostly dancers were supposed to hold revelry.

The scenes made a strong and everlasting impression on me. The night was perfect, the moon was at its full and the air was fragrant with the perfumes of thousands of flowers. Myriads of lights were flickering on the hillside which surrounded the city, and the colored lanterns swayed gently to and fro, keeping time to the chimes of the silvery bells in the temple tower, which furnished the music for the mystic entertainment.

Every one of the four days and nights brought new surprises and ceremonies, many of the latter being held in the temple, the doors of which were closed and guarded against the entrance of intruders. On the last night—or the night of the fourth day, as it was called—a grand procession was held in the city.

The procession was led by a man in a white robe, who carried a large banner on his shoulders. Behind him came a long line of people, many of whom were carrying large lanterns. The procession moved slowly through the streets of the city, and the people lined the sidewalks to watch it.

An Interesting Opinion.

A lady—we shall not tell her name—had a most amusing experience with Benjamin P. Hutchinson the other day. This lady is deeply interested in charitable work, and ever and anon she lends herself to the disagreeable task of soliciting money contributions to such worthy causes as she may happen to have in hand.

Now Mr. Hutchinson is a very kind and soldierly man, but he is content in a corner by anybody. But this particular lady was an exceptionally bright and enterprising that the crafty millionaire gave up a crisp \$20 bill almost before he was aware of it.

"Yes, I've often heard tell," answered Mr. Hutchinson dryly, "that I'm more interested in finding out the Lord's opinion of a cheerful beggar."—Chicago News.

A St. Paul (Minn.) special says that through the efforts of an inventor of Iowa articles which can be manufactured from coarse sedge grass are attracting considerable attention. The farmers of the north-west have been paying large prices for binding twine, and it is this fact, probably, which started George Lowry to investigate the uses to which common marsh grass could be put.

The company will also make cordage of all kinds, burlap and twine from marsh grass. Marsh grass makes good rope in any size, and formed into small twine it can readily be woven into coarse cloth of great strength, which can be put to a variety of uses.

"I clean my eyes these days with a ten dollar note," said a well known citizen the other day, with a smile, as he began to rub his spectacles with a bill. "It cleans the glass and doesn't hurt the money."

A novel application of electricity has recently been made in the city of Philadelphia. At a recent capture of forty-two and a half inches, when the last of their unwieldy bodies had passed the entrance into the canal, the signal for barring the freight was given, instantaneously and without a word spoken, by means of an electric wire.

For downright sarcasm as to the merits of a horse, recommended us to the worthy job, who offered a little advice to a driver of a pirate bus, one of whose horses tumbled down the other day in the Strand.

One Bull, a nephew of the dead chieftain, related an interesting incident that happened just the day before Sitting Bull was killed. He said Sitting Bull that day climbed to the top of one of the highest neighboring buttes, where he fell asleep, and dreamed of the startling tragedy that would happen the next day.

RACE WITH A MAN EATER

ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying Plank Riding on the Waves Near the Shore an Enthusiastic Visitor Narrowly Escaped a Savage Shark—Queer Sport Amid Breakers.

"Speaking of adventures," said my companion, who had been listening to a number of stories told in the old hotel house. "I can relate one that, at least at the time seemed exciting enough. I had been traveling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to San Francisco and gain some information regarding the natives, their way of life, and so on."

"During that time I made several familiar visits to all the islands of the group, and I am particularly fond of a singular excursion to the coast. I had been told that the natives were very friendly and that the water was very pure and clean. I had heard that the natives were very friendly and that the water was very pure and clean."

FASCINATING SPORT

"The man took out what little clothing he wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the curses that ensued as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the waves and beyond the point where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men threw themselves upon the planks, and, watching their opportunity, steered them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it."

"I was younger in those days than I am now, and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly dived me, but I divined into the next and my plank bent me in about two minutes."

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the ride standing, but on subsequent occasions I became fairly proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me. I interested a number of Englishmen and Americans in it, and we really fell into the habit of getting up wave riding parties. I had become so skillful that I rarely missed a wave, and could make my way out with ease and come riding in with perfect equanimity."

"On I went, shouting gaily to my companions on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was beside me. I gave a side glance and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eating shark cutting above the water level."

"I was in a panic, and my mind was in a whirl. I was in a panic, and my mind was in a whirl. I was in a panic, and my mind was in a whirl. I was in a panic, and my mind was in a whirl. I was in a panic, and my mind was in a whirl."

"The shark did not come in, which was evidence to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with due regard to its cunning. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers there. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of rushing toward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment."—Philadelphia Times.

The C. O. T.

Miss Rosamond McCauley's 20th birthday anniversary was appropriately celebrated Thursday evening by the Misses, Marguerite Oliver, Mammie Stiles, Frankie Stiles, May Patterson, May Dutton, Maud Vivian, Jane Ballance, Ida Beck, Lizzie Miller, Gertha Wise, Mattie Meade, Anna Colman and Katie Goos, who are the members of an exclusive organization called the C. O. T. society.

Refreshments were served and enjoyed by the fair guests, while the boys were left out in the cold. This was the second meeting of the C. O. T. club and as it was voted a great success we may expect others to follow.

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