BURIED ALIVE 40 DAYS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The Feat of an East Indian Fakir—His Resurrection Witnessed by Credible People—The Means Used for Resuscitation—Hindoo Theory of Heat and Vitality.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case of suspended animation or simulated death on record is that related by Sir Claude M. Wade, who was the political resident at Ludranah, and agent of the British Government at the court of Runjit-Singh, which occurred at Lahore in 1837. A fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disentombed and resuscitated. Sir Claude tells us that he was present at the court when this fakir was burid alive for six weeks; and, though he arrived a few hours after he was interred, yet Sir Claude had the testimony of Runjit-Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them; and from having been present himself when the fakir was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it was his firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that he related.

When the forty days for which the fakir was to be buried were ended, by invitation of Runjit-Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the Rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was interred. It was

A SQUARE BUILDING,

styled a barra durri, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. An open verandah encircled the structure, of which an inclosed room occupied the center. On arriving at the barra durri, Runjit-Singh, who was attended by a retinue of court officials, dismounted from his elephant and requested Sir Claude to join him in the examination of the building, to satisfy himself that it was exactly as he had left it forty days before. Sir Claude acceded to this. Of the four doors, looking to the four points of the compass, three had been hermetically sealed with brick and mortar, while the fourth was furnished with a strong door, plastered with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the Rajah's private seal, in his own presence, at the date when the fakir was entombed. Thus, the exterior of the building presented no aperture whatever by which one could possibly be admitted, any communication held, or any food conveyed to the torpid experimentalist. The walls and doors bore no marks of having been disturbed.

Runjit-Singh identified the impression of his seal as the one he had affixed and as he was personally somewhat skeptical as to the result of the fakir's experiment, he had, during the forty days, kept two companies of his personal escort stationed near the building, from which four sentinels were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to protect the fakir from intrusion. One of his principal officers was also detailed to visit the spot regularly, and report the result of his inspection. While he himself kept the seal that closed the hole of the padlock, the Minister of State received the reports of the officers of the guard, morning and evening, and duly communicated them to his master.

On the door of the apartment or tomb, as it may be termed, being thrown open, nothing was visible except

A DARK ROOM.

Runjit-Singh and Sir Claude entered, the servant of the buried fakir accompanying them. A light was brought, and they descended into a cell about 3 feet below the floor of the square apartment. In this cell was a wooden box 4 feet in length by 3 in width, with a square, sloping roof. It stood upright. Its door was locked and sealed in the same manner as the door of the barra durri. The box was the coffin of the fakir, though it could not literally be said to contain his remains.

Before opening the box the body was brought to view, inclosed in a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit-Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse. The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master, but, as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit-Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done, the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were

SHRIVELLED AND STIFF,

but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to the medical gentleman who was in attendance to descend into the cell and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples or wrist. There was, however, a beat about the coronal region of the brain, which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindoo fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease flushing of the face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remain cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale, and at least as cold as the rest of the body. The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water, the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit-Singh assisted the servants by rubbing the legs and arms of the to-all appearances dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on top of the fakir's head—a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result was apparent.

The servant next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaw by inserting the point of his knife between the teeth, and prying them apart. Then holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right, that usual flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tips closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's eyelids with clarified butter (ghi) for some seconds until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still

GLAZED AND MOTIONLESS.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head. At this instant the body heaved convulsively, the nostrils became violently inflated, respiration was resumed, and the limbs began to assume their natural fulness. The servant at this stage placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes after the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensible gradations and gleamed with intelligence, and recognizing Runjit-Singh, who sat facing him, the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced. Runjit-Singh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full khilet or regalia.

The period that elapsed between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was about half an hour; and in half an hour more the fakir was able to talk freely, though feebly, with those about him. Sir Claude Wade remarks in concluding his narrative that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which this result was effected, and was informed that the rationale of the process rested on the view of the Hindoo physiologists, that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that if the functions even be not so far interrupted as to leave this one in perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods without air, food or other means of sustenance.

OFFICIAL WHIPPI NG.

How Boy Criminals are Punished in England.

Boys who are found guilty of minor offences in England are sentenced by the judges to a sound thrashing at the hands of the policeman. Here is a description of it, taken from an English paper:

The birch is a very different instrument of torture from the cat. The former is made up of a number of long birch twigs, while the latter is really a whip with nine knotted small cord lashes. When the cat is administered the prison doctor must be present, but when the birch is put on it is only necessary for the superintendent of police to witness it, although the parents, or near relatives, of a boy sentenced to be flogged may be present at the castigation. When a dose of the cat is dealt out none but those connected with the prison are allowed to be there.

Like the cat, the birch may be made a very severe punishment or a comparatively trivial affair, not merely according to the number of strokes, but from the instructions given the constable who is told off to do the flogging. I have seen a boy after six strokes resemble nothing so much as a piece of raw beef and bleeding fearfully, while I have also seen a boy after six strokes merely a trifle red.

Some policemen dread the duty of flogging, and after the first two strokes get a sharp order to "hit the boy and not play with him." Other constables delight in the work, and boast of their ability to draw blood at the first stroke.

Various modes of administering the punishment obtain in different parts of the country. In some places boys are placed face downward on a form. One constable holds his arms and head firmly, while another does him the same service with his legs, and the third administers the punishment.

In other prisons the culprit is placed on a constable's back, and, as he sits there with his arms around the officer's neck, awaiting "the event," his attitude strikes a spectator more as one of affection than discomfort. Another way is to compel a boy to lean over a chair as if he were praying, then run a strap right around his legs and the legs of a chair, a constable holding his head and arms from the other side.

No Cause for Alarm.

He (gently)—Are you not afraid someone may marry your money?

She (sweetly)—O, dear, no! Such an idea never entered my head.

He (tenderly)—Ah! in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly mercenary some men are.

She (quietly)—Perhaps not.

He (with suppressed emotion)—I—would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone.

She—He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has the money, not I. You've made some mistake. I haven't a penny.

He—Er—very pleasant weather we're having.

The Infant Terrible.

Kitty, you must let papa's watch alone.

I won't hurt it, papa. I just want to—

Put it down, I tell you!

I ain't hurtin' it. I only want to see what makes it—

If you don't let that watch alone I shall certainly have to punish you.

I ain't—

Will you put it down?

All I want to do with it is to——

Kitty, do you hear what I say?

Yes, and you'd hear what I say if you didn't talk so much.

Unkind.

Mudge—Sometimes I think that I am losing my mind.

Yabsley—How long have you been that way?

About a month.

You needn't worry. If you had begun losing your mind that long ago it would all be gone by this time.

HOUSEHOLD.

Sunday Cooking.

As a rule the housekeeper commences early Sunday morning to cook, and continues her hard work until late in the afternoon; then when she finally has a chance to sit down it is a question which requires no arguing with her that Sunday is the hardest work day of the week.

It is a custom with people to have big dinners on Sunday, especially in cities where the men of the family have but that day in which to enjoy a midday dinner, consequently the day of rest has to be sacrificed by the women of the household to these "lords of creation," who, by the way, usually have everything "fixed up" to suit them. It is not their fault, though.

Almost everyone enjoys a good dinner; but half the pleasure is gone for the housekeeper when she stops to reflect on the clearing up of the feast. Someone has said, "There is a great deal of sentiment about a good dinner; and if it comes onto the table in perfect order and is relished by those who sit at the board, there is a pardonable pride in the achievement; but there is neither romance, poetry, sentiment nor pride in clearing up the remains, in putting away the food and in washing the dishes."

It should not be considered necessary to make the Sunday dinner an elaborate meal. The soup, desserts, cakes and similar things could be prepared the day before, leaving only the meat to be broiled and the vegetables cooked on Sunday. Have a good pot of cooked beans, some toothsome loaves of rye or Indian bread and a roast of beef to be cut cold, all cooked on Saturday. This will save hours of hard work, and when one has become accustomed to it, it goes just as well. The women of the household may then have a long pleasant afternoon in which to read or visit or whatever suits them best, and be better able to take up the old week day routine of duties on Monday.

The Sunday evening meal is usually a cold one, with a hot beverage of some kind to render it palatable. It is a good plan never to leave the dishes standing until next morning or leave the tidying up of the kitchen for Monday, because that day generally brings with it the allotted amount of labor with no time for unusual work.

Household Notes.

In frying eggs, if the vessel containing the eggs be covered, the eggs will not be hard and dry.

A milk shake is more easily digested than milk drunk without the aerating process. The shaker is nothing more nor less than a tall tumbler made of tin instead of glass, which fits over the top of a glass tumbler so that the contents of the glass can be shaken vigorously without spilling.

If you are so unfortunate as to spill grease on the floor, pour some cold water on it at once, as this will cool it quickly and prevent it from soaking into the boards. If washed up with strong potash water, after scraping off the surface grease, it will absorb the rest. Put on with a handled mop, on no account touching it with the hands, as it will take off the skin quickly.

Cold boiled rice toasted till the surface is charred is just as good as powdered charcoal for sour stomachs, and much more palatable. Rice, by the way, is still badly cooked in most homes outside of the Orient and the Southern States. It is the only kind of food that should be boiled hard. The rice needs to be washed several times, and the best way is to put it in a fine strainer and let the water run through from the cold water faucet till the rice is perfectly clean. Then put it into water that is boiling hard, without any salt (no rice-eating nation salts rice), and keep the water boiling furiously. A cup of rice will cook in about thirty minutes, but it is easy to see when it is cooked by taking up a grain or two. Now and then to prevent any rice sticking to the bottom of the dish, stir it up lightly from the bottom with a wooden spoon. The rapid boiling keeps the grains separate, and it as soon as tender the rice is drained into a colander and set over the stove to let steam dry off, every grain will be found whole and delicious. The pasty mass served in most homes for rice is an insult to this deliciously delicate food. Save the water drained from the rice: it is rich in starch, and makes a good foundation for a light soup such as cream of rice. Remember, in boiling rice, to boil it hard and to keep it supplied with water, and when stirring merely to loosen the bottom grains.

Recipes.

Apple Custard.—Pare, core, and stew six apples until fine and add half a cup sugar. Beat three eggs very light, add half cup of sugar and one and a half pints of milk. Stir well and add the apples. Stir again, pour into a baking pan and bake a few minutes until custard is set. If liked, a little nutmeg may be grated over it. This is a nice dessert, and is quickly prepared and may be classed among the emergency desserts.

Chili Sauce.—Remove the skins from a peck of ripe tomatoes, and peel eight onions. Chop the whole fine, and put over the fire in their juice in a porcelain kettle, to cook for half an hour. Then strain through a sieve and add a pint of vinegar, a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Let the mixture cook about four hours, until quite thick, stirring it frequently. As it is taken from the fire add a tablespoonful of ground mustard, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger and two tablespoonfuls or more of salt, according to the taste. Use perfectly clean, sound bottles, cork tightly, and seal.

French rolls.—Take one quart of new milk, one teacup of yeast, one quart and one pint of flour. When this sponge is light work in a well-beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, with one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one tablespoonful of white sugar, and enough white flour to make a soft dough. Let this dough stand four hours; then roll out into round cakes and fold over or shape into balls. Set these closely together in the baking-pan; let them rise one hour, and just before putting them into the oven cut deeply across each ball with a sharp knife. This will make the cleft roll—so familiar in French restaurants. Bake half an hour.

A FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

How it Cured Mrs. Somerville, of Brantford.

Her Case Had Baffled Ten Years of Treatment—The Trouble Brought on by an Attack of Typhoid Fever—She is Again Enjoying Good Health.

From the Brantford Nationalist.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a favorite medicine in Brantford and vicinity will be readily borne out by the local druggists, and that much suffering has been alleviated by the use of this wonderful healer, is amply shown by the number of strong statements in favor of Pink Pills from this section. And yet the number of cases published is small in comparison with the total number that have found benefit from the use of this great blood builder and nerve restorer. It is true that Pink Pills are used in many cases to tone up the system, enrich the blood and stimulate the nerves where no serious illness exists; but it is equally true that in many cases in which they have been used, other medicines have failed, and the result achieved by Pink Pills may very truly be characterized as marvellous. The editor of the Canadian Nationalist came across just such a case recently. It is that of Mrs. S. Somerville, a well-known and highly respected resident of this city. Mrs. Somerville does not seek notoriety, but is willing that a statement of what Pink Pills have done for her shall be made public in the hope that some other sufferer may be benefited thereby. "My illness at first," said Mrs. Somerville, "was a serious attack of typhoid fever. Although I recovered from the fever it left its effects that have caused me many years of misery. The doctor said that my blood had become impregnated with poison and that it would take a long time to eradicate it. The trouble seemed to have its chief seat in my limbs, which caused me a great deal of pain. For about ten years I continued doctoring, not continually, but at times, and I tried many remedies without permanent results. This went on until the end of '93, when I became so much crippled up that I despaired of getting relief. I had read much of the remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and became interested in them. One day I asked my physician if I might try them. He gave his permission and I began using them. By he time the third box was finished I found myself very much improved—in fact, the pains had entirely left me and I was growing healthier and more fleshy. I continued using the pills until I had taken six boxes more, when I felt that I was entirely cured, and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am satisfied that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my recovery, and have implicit confidence in their curative power, and shall continue to recommend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine, but are a long tried prescription acting upon the blood and nerves. They are of great value as a tonic during recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., building up the blood and system, preventing the often disastrous after effects of such troubles. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all intimations and ubstitutes.

SOME CHINESE PROVERBS.

The following are familiar specimens of Chinese proverbs, the English version is also given in each instance:

"Virtue is the surest road to longevity, but vice meets with an early doom." (Virtue is its own reward.)

"Time flies like an arrow, days and months like a weaver's shuttle." (Time and tide wait for no man.)

"Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles." (Mind your own business.)

"Attend to your farms and mulberry trees, that you may have sufficient food and clothing." (Take care of your business, and your business will take care of you.)

"Let us get drunk to-day while he have wine, the sorrows of to-morrow may be borne to-morrow." (Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.)

"Abstain from false accusing, that the good and honest may be in safety." (Bear not false witness against thy neighbor.)

"The court is like a ship at sea—everything depends on the wind." (Put not thy trust in princes.)

"For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three." (A stitch in time saves nine.)

"To cut off a hen's head with a battle-axe." (Much ado about nothing.)

"The truths which we least wish to hear are those which are most to our advantage to know." (The truth is disagreeable.)

"If you don't enter the tiger's den you cannot obtain her young." (Nothing venture, nothing win.)

"One strand of silk doesn't make a thread." (One swallow doesn't make a summer.)

"A thousand chiefs, a thousand plans." (Too many cooks will spoil the broth.)

"There's a time to fish and a time to dry nets." (There's time for all things.)

"The teacher should not leave his books, or the poor man his pigs." (Let the cobbler stick to his last.)

"It thunders loudly, but little rain falls." (Much cry and little wool.)

An Autumn Tragedy.

Her eyes were downcast as she spoke.

No Mr. Kimpton, she said, the dream is over. I can never be your wife.

Spare me this cruel blow, he said in a choking voice. I thought you loved me.

I did love you, she went on, without raising her eyes. Perhaps I love you yet. But I can never, never wed a man who tries to black his russet shoes.

After the Grip

I was in a dreadful state, weak and miserable. Doctor said I had Bright's disease. My kidneys were in dreadful condition. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to give it a trial, thinking at the time it was not much use as nothing helped me before. But, thank God, I got relief after the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used five bottles; **am now a cured man**; never felt better. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. JOSHUA SMITH, 201 Market Street, Brantford, Ontario

Mr. Joshua Smith

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

GOLD WITHOUT END IN AFRICA.

Enough in Sight to Supply the World for the Next Twenty-Five Years.

The following is the principal part of a letter from the heart of the gold fields in South Africa:

"This is the grandest climate I ever struck. The altitude (5,700 feet) is bad for heart troubles, but aside from that fact it is truly a 'Garden of Eden,' and the negroes go naked summer and winter except a strip of cloth around the loins. They call this a terribly cold winter (July south of the equator corresponds to January north of it) because on two nights we had five degrees of frost and ice formed half an inch thick, though it disappeared long before noon. The vine, the geranium, the cactus, and other hardy plants thrive the year round in the gardens. Vegetation is rapid, and farmers get two crops of grain and three of fodder annually. This is the best place I have yet seen for a pushing business-man. Profits are large and trade is mostly done on the cash or thirty-day basis. We have not got a board of trade, but we have a stock exchange and although it may seem incredible I am told the volume of business exceeds that of the New York Stock Exchange. Johannesberg is the

MOST WONDERFUL CITY

for growth and expansion which this century has produced. Eight years ago the site was a wilderness, without a building of any kind. To-day it has a population of 60,000, covers over ten miles of territory, has mines in operation representing an aggregate of hundreds of millions of pounds, and the gold output of last month (June), the largest on record, was 200,941 ounces. As fresh stamps are being put up and new territory opened almost daily this output must of necessity go on increasing, and it now is an assured fact that this country will lead the world in the production of the yellow metal from this year onward.

"The truth is the whole African continent is largely a terra incognita, and there is no saying what may or may not be found in it. But if they did not find an ounce of new quartz-bearing ground there is sufficient now in sight to supply the world for the next twenty-five years at the present rate of output. One great advantage this country possesses over others is the low rate for expenses of production which exist. The pay for native labor runs from $3 to $5 per week. The native toiler is fed on "mealies," a grain something like American corn, made into porridge. This is eaten three times per day, with meat twice a week and the native requires hardly any clothing. When a negro can get a gunny sack he cuts a hole in the bottom of it for his head to go through and one on each side for his arms. Then he has all the material required for a full dress parade, and is

A REGULAR SWELL.

Coal mines adjoin the gold mines here, and good bituminous coal can be had in abundance at $4.50 to $5 per ton. So with cheap labor, cheap fuel, and an abundance of water, also an almost inexhaustible supply of ore in sight these fields bid fair to astonish the world with their production for the next quarter of a century at least. So much for the 'gold' question.

"Although we are in the heart of Africa we are as thoroughly civilized as they are in London. In proof of this I might say that we have 485 bars and saloons in which malt and spirituous liquors are sold, three theatres running all the year round and well patronized, a large circus open for four of the summer months, besides music halls, picnic grounds, and other places of amusement. The shops compare favorably with those of London, and the streets Saturday night are packed with people. Properties which three years ago were selling for $100 are selling to-day for $20,000, and so it goes. A fellow does not know the day he may waken up to find himself rich if he only takes care of his chances."

His Record.

Many a mean man has been discovered, put in Snoggs, as he ate his quick lunch, but we have one of them out in Stockton that's entitled to consideration.

What's his record? inquired Boggs, as be calculated that he had time for another piece of pie.

He makes his wife live on soup, so she will not wear out her false teeth, replied Snoggs.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.