GHASTLY EXPERIENCE

Tale of a Man Who Was Buried Alive.

The Awful Sensation of Sepulture.

A Kansas Man Saved by Disputatious Doctors Who Wrangled over the Dissecting Table.

To be buried alive while sorrowing friends are standing about the open grave, and then come to life in a dissecting room, is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence jeweler. Although years have elapsed since he was lowered gently into his grave, the memory of the moment when the undertaker screwed down the lid of his coffin, shutting out the sunlight, and the sensation he felt as he was lowered into the grave, while a funeral dirge was being chanted by the village choir, still remains to him as a horrible dream. He was conscious from the time he was pronounced dead until he was snatched from the grave by the medical fraternity and laid on the dissecting table in the "interest of science.'

Mr. Hayward still retains the grim recollection of hearing the damp earth falling on the coffin lid, a mournful accompaniment to the sobs of relatives. He was unable to help himself or make a sign, and, knowing this, his agony was at times intense. His greatest agony of mind occurred when the sexton rounded up his grave on top and the sound of receding footsteps smote his ear. Mr. Hayward says that at this moment he fell into the dreamy sensation peculiar to a drowning man. How long he remained in that condition he does not know, but his sense of living again came over him when he heard a scraping on his coffin lid some little time after he had been buried.

Mr. Hayward is a man 69 years of age. For years he has been in the jewelry business at Independence, and at present conducts a shop on South Main street. He has the belief that many people are buried alive, and his own experience has a tendency to confirm this belief. To a Journal representative Mr. Hayward yesterday related his burial and resurrection with the unconcern of a man who does not fear death.

"It was in Marshville, England, county Gloucestershire, where I was buried," said Mr. Hayward, very grimly. "My father had a large family of boys, and he raised us all on the farm near the village. I was quite young, and it was my chief delight to go to the fields with my older brothers. In those days the farmhouses were surrounded with big yards filled with straw. This straw was allowed to rot, and in the fall of the year it was loaded onto wagons and carted to the fields as a fertilizer. It was a bright morning when we started for the fields, and I ran ahead of the horses. The horses in England are not driven with reins, but they follow the command of the voice. After reaching the field, the pitching of the straw commenced. The men used hop picks, which are fashioned somewhat after a heavy pitchfork. While standing near one of the hands, by accident I was struck on the head with one of the picks. It penetrated my skull and at the time made me feel faint and dizzy. My injury was not considered serious. After returning to the house I was sent into the cellar, and, much to my surprise, I could see in the dark as well as in the light. After coming from the cellar my strength failed me and I was soon bedfast. Two doctors were called. One of them insisted that my condition was due to the blow on the head, the other that I had pleurisy. At any rate, two weeks elapsed and my eyes closed in supposed death.

"It was death as far as my relatives were concerned. Yet I was painfully conscious of every movement going on around me. My eyes were half closed, and as I was laid out I heard my elder brother John, walk into the house. I saw him approach the cot with tears in his eyes, and sympathizing friends consoled him by asking him to dry his tears. 'He is gone,' they said, and other similar expressions were used around the bier. Well-known faces would peer down at me as I lay with my eyes half closed. Tears rained on my face as the burial shroud was wrapped around my body. As soon as the undertaker arrived I knew that I was to be buried alive. Try as I would, nothing could break the spell which bound me. Every action and every word spoken are as distinct to my mind now as then.

"Well, the time for the funeral arrived, and the service was preached over my living but rigid body. The undertaker approached and the lid of my little prison house was fastened down. Life seemed all but gone when this took place, but, as I stated, no effort of mine could break the spell. The coffin was shoved into the wagon, and the trundling of the vehicle sounded in my ears. I was painfully conscious of the fact that I was soon to be lowered into my grave. Strange as it may seem, at times I did not feel fear at my impending fate. The coffin was taken out of the wagon and lowered into the grave. In those days boxes were not used as a receptacle for the coffin. The clods of earth fell heavy on the lid of the casket. There I was being entombed alive, unable to speak or stay the hands of my friends. My effort to move proved futile, and the close air of the coffin seemed stifling to me. Suddenly the shoveling ceased, and the silence of the tomb was complete. I did not seem to have the fear then that a person would naturally expect under such circumstances. All I remember is that the grave is a lonely place, and the silence of the tomb was horribly oppressive. A dreamy sensation came over me, and a sense of suffocation became apparent. My whole system was paralyzed; were it otherwise my struggles would have been desperate.

"How long I remained in this condition I do not know. The first sense of returning life came over me when I heard the scraping of a spade on my coffinlid. I felt myself raised and borne away. I was taken out of my coffin, not to my home, but to a dissecting room. I beheld the doctors who had waited on me at my home, dressed in long white aprons. In their hands they had knives. Through my half-closed eyes I saw them engaged in a dispute. They were trying to decide how to cut me up. One argued one way, while the other doctor took another view of the matter. All this I witnessed through my half-open eyes. My sense of hearing was remarkably acute. Both approached the table and opened my mouth to take out my tongue, when, by superhuman effort, my eyelids were slightly raised. The next thing I heard was:

"'Look out, you fool, he is alive.'

"'He is dead," rejoined the other doctor.

"'See, he opens his eyes,' continued the first doctor. The other physician let his knife drop, and a short time after that I commenced to recover rapidly. Instead of cutting me up they took me home. There was great rejoicing among my relatives. I owed my life to the doctors' dispute as to what ailed me during my illness. I suppose I was kept alive for some purpose," continued Mr. Hayward, as he finished his grewsome tale, "for I am the father of ten children."

Mr. Hayward has been a resident of Independence for some years, and is highly thought of as a citizen. He is a member of the Latter Day Saints church.—Kansas City Journal.

THE GREAT WEST.

A St. Paul Paper Gives an Interview of Interest to Coast People.

Robert S. Doublebay was at the Commerial club this morning, and refering to the recent interview in the Dispatch, said:

"It was with some surprise that I read in the Dispatch a day or two since an interview credited to a St. Paul business man in which the latter is represented to have spoken most disparagingly of the great western coast country, and indeed to have painted it as anything else than what it really is.

"With utmost respect to the gentleman and his opinions, it seems to me to be the worst possible taste to attempt to fly one's kite by pulling another's down. It is not necessary. To admit the truth concerning the newer country of the West does not necessarily reflect upon Minnesota any more than to acknowledge Minnesota to be a remarkable state in many respects reflects upon New York.

"During the past year I spent many months traveling throughout the various sections of the Pacific coast country from Mexico to British Columbia for Eastern publications. It was my pleasure as well as my duty to carefully observe conditions, and anticipate to some extent the probabilities based upon resources and natural advantages, for the country mentioned and the people it contains. The fact is, that the coast section is so vast and so varied in its resources, its conditions and its possibilities, that it is easy enough to find certain localities in it that will answer almost any discription. As a whole, however, it is a truly marvelous country, teeming with untouched wealth, wearing at all times the verdant splendor of marvelous fertility, while indeed many sections are veritable garden spots, elysiums with which there are none other to compare in the United States. I found there localities of which may be said that which cannot be stated truthfully of any other section in America. The people were absolutely content and the grumbler was not to be heard.

"It is true that certain of the larger coast cities are not growing so rapidly as they did; that, indeed, there is no great activity in them . That was inevitable, and the cause is obvious enough. Ninety per cent of the people who have gone to the coast country since the "boom days" of Kansas, Nebraska and the Northwest were over, were bent upon being corner lot boomers, land sharks, realty speculators, and sitting in comfortable offices or hotel parlors, making fortunes by quick processes, catching one another in realty deals, and depriving each new comer of whatever ready capital he might have. As boosting the prices of corner lots, mere locations values does not create any real wealth, this bubble soon exploded. Had the people who emigrated coastward devoted themselves to the development of the country, they might all be comfortably circumstanced, and their cities would have taken care of themselves, as they always will.

"The chief grumblers, I may say the only ones, fo the Pacific coast, are those who a few years ago were "making" a thousand dollars a week in real estate transactions, but having killed the goose that laid the golden egg are now obliged to live on the interest of their suddenly acquired wealth—wealth which, by the way, they have secured without giving any tangible return so far as I can see—and they proceed to loudly bewail their fate.

"Of my personal knowledge there are scores of people who have gone there with commendable purposes, some judgment, and very limited capital, and are prospering exceedingly. Indeed, contrary instances are comparatively rare. The poorer people positively are not suffering there as they are farther East and the future of the Pacific coast will make one of the grandest pages in the history of American prosperity."

FIVE ACRES TO THE HUNDRED HOGS.

Talk about not being able to raise pork in Oregon for want of corn when all the more expert growers of the East in the corn regions are abandoning corn or using very little. Here is what one of the best authorities in Missouri says. It is President Evans of the Mo. Hort. society, writing to the Rural World of St. Louis, he says: "For twenty-nine years I have raised my hogs on artichoke potatoes. I have new forty-eight hogs for market. They were put on two acres of artichokes last fall and except during the short freezing spell had not one grain of other food. They are rooting in the artichokes yet. In Oct. '77 I raised a hundred head on eight acres, sold them in the spring for pork. It was an open winter and they never had a grain of other feed. I could not farm and raise hogs without artichoke potatoes. Five acres according to this will feed one hundred hogs from October till April. We believe that a little chopped wheat during the last month will make more pork."

Here is an experience of twenty-nine years. This proves that on a few acres, not over ten, a man can make an independent living by the most easy and pleasant methods conceivable. Say three acres in artichokes for fifty hogs. The animals take care of themselves, and return at four cents four hundred dollars. A few good chickens, a couple of good cows, with a small garden, and there you have an abundant living. You will be almost sure to have more money at the end of five years than the man of a great farm who has toiled and moiled and fumed and run in debt to pay it all out for assistance. One bad year puts him on the brink of insolvency. Meanwhile he has had no enjoyment of life.

O for the little farm well tilled,
The little wife well willed.

Every time you send out a good advertisement you add a brick to the wall that separates you from the spectre of business depression.

TAPPING THE ZONES

A New and Wonderful Suggestion

For Providing Climatic Changes.

A Pipe Line from the Tropics to the Arctic, with the United States a Way Station.

Will man in the future regulate the seasons, as the Western irrigator regulates his water supply? Will the meteorological bureau take control of the weather and run things to suit the personal convenience of the greatest number? Will we make it rain when we wish rain, bring cooling breezes from the Arctic circle and balmy breaths from the sunny South? In short, is man-directed weather one day to succeed the caprice of nature, just as the ocean steamship has succeeded the system of following the stars?

In a word, so far as man's convenience and comfort are concerned, has science just begun upon the wonderful things which one day it will work out for him? Is the edge of the future still a rosy dawn of unfulfilled promise?

A bold and daring electrical engineer of London, in an article written for one of the London technical papers, has advanced the proposition that a few years hence making rain by electricity will be regarded as no more wonderful than the endeavor to supply the motive power for the machinery of a half dozen states from Niagara is today. Nor does he see any reason why the climate should not be modified by the same agency.

The author of the article, Sidney F. Walker, is among the younger and more daring of English electricians. He declares that, "judged by the age of other branches of science, electricity is still an infant, with all its manhood's work yet to accomplish." He declares that the future of electricity holds in view, first, the gradual utilization of the forces of nature known as wind and water power, to the gradual displacement of coal. At irregular periods the world is startled by the cry, "What will become of us when our coal supply fails?" Long before that period is reached, Mr. Walker asserts, coal itself will have to fight for its life as an industrial product, just as gas is now doing, the antagonist being wind and water power, delivered where required in the shape of electrical energy.

Concerning Mr. Walker's bold predictions, Professor F. B. Crocker, of Columbia college, who ranks with the most eminent electrical scientists of this country and Europe, in reply to questions said:

"It is difficult for the most conservative man to set any bounds to the possibilities of what electricity will one day accomplish. Of course, there is one great fallacy in the popular mind, and that is that we know very little about electricity. On the contrary, we know a great deal. Electricity is today one of the most exact of all the sciences. On the other hand, it is perfectly fair to say that we have hardly begun to put this agency to the various uses which will be made of it in the future. In a word, while we know a great deal about it, we have only just begun to perfect mechanical devices for applying and utilizing it.

"I do not know that it would be at all impossible to make rain by electricity. The discoveries of Lord Rayleigh and Professor Oliver Lodge are very well known to science, and have led to many interesting experiments. For example, a current of electricity applied to a broken or interrupted jet of water will make the stream perfectly smooth and continuous. One great difficulty in making rain by this means would be that of securing an effective discharge of the fluid. However, it might be feasible to send up a balloon from which could be suspended a large circular ring, with a large number of sharp points sticking outward, and connected by a fine wire with a high tension dynamo or influence machine below. Whether this would secure the desired end, I am not sure, as air, you know, is a very bad conductor. It is a thing that would have to be exhaustively tested by actual experience."

Professor Crocker suggested that, perhaps, the greatest difficulty to overcome would be that of effecting the discharges of electricity in the proper places and at the desired altitudes.

"Why not by means of air ships? Do you regard the successful air ship as more than ten years off?"

"No; perhaps not," replied Professor Crocker. "I think it is entirely probable that within another decade we shall have solved practically the question of aerial navigation. Not that this problem is so very easy. But it presents no more difficulties than hundreds of other similar mechanical problems have, and there is no more reason to suppose that we shall not build a successful air ship than there was reason to suppose a hundred years ago that steam could not be applied to the propulsion of a train of cars along a smooth track or of a ship across the ocean. And, of course, if we get an air ship that can be easily operated and will carry a considerable weight, then it will be very easy to load a ship with storage batteries containing a big electrical supply, sail up into the clouds, and discharge the electricity wherever we want it. In a word, if it is found that we can make rain by an electrical discharge, and we want to do it, it will not be very long before we shall find ways and means of doing it.

"Of course, it would still remain to be seen whether there is actually enough moisture in the areas of the great West to precipitate a considerable rainfall.

"I do not know that I clearly understand the suggestion as to utilizing the heat of the tropics to modify the temperature of colder climes. The suggestion may be simply to utilize the heat of the sun's rays by means of a solar engine for the creation of electricity. This could be transmitted long distances. You know in the tropics, where the sun's rays are intense, the solar energy develops a force of about one horse power to each square yard of the surface exposed. Inasmuch as the sun's action is very nearly continuous in the day time, and but a little interrupted by clouds, this force is fairly reliable.

"But it seems to me there may be a much simpler device than this for modifying the climate. The simplest device would be to pump hot air from the tropical zone and cold air from the region of the Arctic circle. It would not be difficult, nor would it be very expensive, to construct a steel tube system of sufficient diameter to somewhat modify the climate of the Eastern seaboard.

"For example, a thin steel tube, say four or five feet in diameter, would convey an enormous quantity of air. One has really no idea of what this quantity would be until one stops to figure it out.

"The idea is identical with the pipe line system now in use. Oil is piped long distances from the oil wells of Pennsylvania, and similarly natural gas is piped long distances. Now it would be just as easy and just as feasible to pipe air as oil or gas.

"The distance, too, is not so very great. I have been surprised to find how short a line would serve for this purpose. If it extended from within the tropical zone to within the Arctic zone it would more than meet the requirements and still extend over only an eighth of a circle. It would be only about three thousand miles long. I do not think that it would require a pipe of more than four or five feet in diameter, and the pipe could be built of thin steel and need not be expensive. Such a line would not be nearly so costly to build and equip as a railroad line, nor does it present any material difficulties. It would be the simplest of mechanical problems, and the 'right of way' would not be expensive.

"For motive power some out of the way waterfall could be utilized, so that the expense of operation need not be very great.

"I know all such suggestions as these are generally looked upon as coming from a wild eyed lunatic. But there is really nothing half so daring in this suggestion as was the idea of laying a cable under the Atlantic. The difficulties to be overcome were greater then than any difficulties with which this enterprise would meet. We go to a great deal of expense to secure pure water for use in New York City. I don't see why it would not be just as feasible to provide means for fresh air and at the same time modify the rigors of our climate. Of course, the original heat or cold might be lost in transmission, but the air would always produce heat where it is compressed and cold where it is expanded.

Professor Crocker was asked why his idea could not be immediately applied on a small scale to bring fresh air in the summer time from Coney Island or the seashore. He replied:

"It could. It would be a very simple thing to construct a pipe line from the seashore with vents along Broadway or any other points desired, at intervals through the streets and make New York quite a seaside resort.

"This, however, would afford only a temporary relief. It would scarcely be feasible to attempt to seriously control the climate, except over wide areas. It would have to be done by national, rather than state of municipal, action, and would probably require co-operation between this government and the Canadian and Mexican governments. Such a pipe line as I have described would have to extend from some of the very cold regions of the far North clear into the tropics. This would enable us at will to draw cold air from the North and warm air from the South. In this way we could probably pretty effectively, too, control the rainfall. At least we could turn on a cold blast when we needed rain, and a hot blast when we wanted to keep it away. It would certainly require a huge system, something very much larger than anything here outlined, to stop a blizzard.

"But science today is more daring than ever. It has brushed aside so many difficulties, so many apparent obstacles, it has probed so many secrets that it is not likely to stop short now. In the sense of possible physical achievements, there is no 'bankruptcy of science.' Science and invention have done much to conquer time and space. They have defied the wind and the waves. They have brought most of the forces of nature under control. Why should they not one day have control of them all?"

EDISON'S NEW KINETOSCOPE.

The Phonograph Combined with the Kinetoscope—Sound and Action.

The combination of the kinetoscope with the phonograph, upon the perfection of which Thomas A. Edison and his assistant, William K. L. Dickson, have been working for several years, has been made practical, and will be offered to the public within a short time in the shape of an instrument which will show action and give phonetic expression synchronously.

The combination, while new to the public, has been working in the Edison laboratory for some time. While perfecting the kinetoscope experiments were carried on looking to the harnessing of the phonograph with the machine, and a plan was finally found by which it was accomplished. The kinetoscope was then put on the market singly, and at once caught the popular fancy. The additional attraction is now to be introduced.

The new apparatus is almost the same in appearance as the kinetoscope. The addition consists of the rubber tubes and ear pieces of the phonograph, which are attached to the top of the kinetoscope. The synchronal action of the two instruments is attained by a simple device in the interior of the box, the connection being made by a belt from the drum of one to the drum of the other.

With the offering of the new invention a change will be made in the character of the objects and scenes photographed by the kinetograph. While the kinetoscope was only optical the desire was to get scenes in which there was variety of action, sound, of course, being disregarded. Therefore such subjects as prize fights, dancing, and scenes of violent action were in demand. With the new combination, however, the eye and the ear both being enlisted, the range of subjects will be largely increased, and many things that could not be portrayed effectively will now become available. It will now be possible to reproduce an entire opera, with all the action and music, by the use of a number of instruments working in succession. The new field opened is, in fact, practically inexhaustible.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS.

Hats with high-pointed crowns, made of coarse straw, in mixed colors, are among the novelties in millinery, and plaited black lisse is to be much used for trimming. It is put on around the brim and made into bows and wings, or drawn together in the form of an aigrette. White hats are turned up at the back, with flowers or bows of ribbon under the brim.

Very stylish trimmings for evening dresses are net flounces, either black or white, spangled all over or trimmed on the edge with beads.

MILLIONAIRE BABIES

The New Generation of Crœsuses

Don't Differ Materially from Their Fellows.

No Better, No Sweeter, No Dearer, No More Useful—They Are Simply Richer.

A million-dollar baby differs in no way from a hundred-dollar baby. Weigh them, one is as heavy as the other; measure them, they are of equal height; touch them, and the satin soft skin shows not the slightest difference. The dimpled hands and the pudgy little toes are as beautifully formed by Dame Nature for the little fellow who has to fight his way and make his millions by hard licks, as for the baby whose gold money bags have been filled and securely tied up by a doting grandfather.

There are baby millionaires in the big city of New York as well as millionaires of the grown-up kind, and many of them have more money spent upon them than the full-fledged men spend upon themselves.

The colony of infant Croesuses is a big one, and is growing in more senses than one. It covers a wide range, extending from the ordinary little baby who has a single million to his credit, to the tiny aristocrat who will one day be the master of a hundred millions or more.

Of the rich infants of the metropolis, the most interesting one is the two-year-old son of J. Hooker Hamersley. A halo of romance hangs over the millions of this tiny bit of humanity, and were he to die a vast estate would be dismembered and the portions dropped into the coffers of a score of big charitable institutions. He will celebrate his third birthday on July 21 next.

The way the little chap came to have so much money is unique. His father was a cousin of the late Louis Hamersley, who was the first husband of the present Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. When Louis Hamersley died, about ten years ago, he left a curious will. He was possessed of a fortune of six millions, and he left the income of it to his widow for life. He had a great many relatives, but the favorite one was his cousin, J. Hooker Hamersley. His will provided that if the latter married and had male issue his son or sons were to inherit the whole of the fortune upon the death of his widow. Hooker Hamersley was unmarried at the time of the death of his cousin, but about a couple of years later he met a handsome Southern girl, Miss Chisholm, courted and married her.

In due time a baby was born, but it happened to be a girl, and the Hamersley family were no nearer getting hold of the wealth of their eccentric cousin than before. His will provided that in the event Hooker Hamersley had no male issue the whole estate upon the death of his widow was to go to a number of charitable institutions

Two years after the birth of the little girl another baby was born to the Hooker Hamersleys, and this time it was also a girl. There was woe in the household after this second disappointment; but in another two years, on July 21, 1892, another baby was born. The event took place at Newport, and the first information of it to New Yorkers came through President Williams, of the Chemical National bank, who is the principal manager of the Hamersley estate.

On the day of the birth he received a lengthy telegram from the over-joyed father to this effect:

"Great joy has come to us in the shape of a bouncing boy, who from all appearances, has come to stay."

Just at that time all the other relatives of Louis Hamersley were about to contest his will on occount of the clause which bequeathed the fortune to charity in event of no male issue of Hooker Hamersley. The relatives had about abandoned all hope of the latter gentleman ever having a son, when the little chap arrived and put an end to the proposed litigation.

It may be a great many years before the Hamersley baby comes in for the fortune, as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough is but forty years of age and may live a long time.

HIS WONDERFUL KINSFOLK.

The only great grandchild of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is the two-year-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin. Mrs. Schieffelin was Miss Louise Shepard, whose mother was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt.

This little baby is certain of five millions of the Vanderbilt money and he may come in for a good deal more. As he is the first of a new generation of Vanderbilts, he has had a great many gifts showered upon him by the many members of the family.

A peculiar thing about this infant is that he has a step-great-great-great-grandmother living. Old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the fortune, in the latter years of his life married a second time, his choice being Miss Crawford, a Southern girl. Her mother, Mrs. Crawford, a very pleasant old lady, who likes to talk about the ante-bellum days in the South, is still living in a pleasant home facing Washington square.

Harry Le Grand Cannon, famed as the most expert and ingenious cotillon leader in sweldom, has a three-year-old baby girl who will be a great heiress some day. The Cannon wealth is considerable, but the mother is the richer of the two. She was formerly Miss Elizabeth Thompson, of Detroit, and a granddaughter of Brush of electrical fame. At the time of her marriage it was said that Miss Thompson would inherit six millions; so that the Cannon infant can take a front rank among the baby heiresses.

A rosy-cheeked little lad who will have one hundred million dollars to his credit some day is William Vincent Astor. He is the only son and heir of John Jacob Astor, the head of the famous Astor family in America. William, who looks like his mother, lovely Ada Willing, of Philadelphia, was three years old the third of last November. He has arrived at the dignity of kilts, coats with jackets, leather leggins and kid gloves. His affections are divided between a tiny little Shetland pony and a bicycle, which he rides with a little assistance from his nurse. This little lad is very dear to his father's heart, and the millionaire with his seventy millions finds his greatest pleasure in the great sunny nursery at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, playing and teaching the little son who is to be, in his turn, the head of the American Astors.

Edwin Gould, Jr., the youngest grandchild of the late Jay Gould, is just one year old. If all goes well he will have twenty-five million dollars to do with as he pleases. Jay Gould left his son Edwin, who married Miss Sarah Cantine Shrady, twelve million dollars, which will probably double itself before the little one-year-old reaches his majority.

He is a handsome little fellow, and came close to winning the beauty prize in the Baby Portrait Exhibition for the benefit of the Messiah Home for children, which was lately held.

A lucky little boy is Theodore A. Havemeyer, third grandson of Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar king, who is supposed to be worth fifty million dollars. For the especial benefit of the baby a magnificent place in Westchester county has been purchased, and there the baby lives all the year round. He is as rosy and chubby as any little farmhouse baby, for he spends most of his waking hours out of doors, and his diet is bread and milk, Sundays and week days all the year round.

PLEA FOR THE PENNY.

The Sunday San Francisco Chronicle makes an able plea for the despised penny. It sets forth several points to sustain its plea, all of which are entitled to more or less weight. But we think the argument that the use of the little coin would cultivate frugality is an apt and weighty one. The French people are the richest in the world—that is they have the largest average per capita wealth (not the largest number of millionaires, by any means, because they are the most frugal—because they take care of the centimes and the francs take care of themselves. But there is the Chronicle's article:

It is strange that the penny has not been brought into use on the Pacific coast, since it would benefit the buyer and producer and work no injury to the seller, except possibly increase the volume of his business without a proportionate addition to his profits. Its direct benefits would be so great and widespread and its secondary advantages equally so positive and extensive in the way of cultivating frugality, that it is indeed remarkable that we should be so inhospitable to the introduction and use of this small coin.

"No problem in Euclid can be demonstrated more lucidly or unequivocally than that the use of the penny would add a substantial increase to the wages or salary of every workingman or clerk. Thus, if a man buys half a dozen eggs for 8 cents and must pay 10 because small coins to make the change are not in use he loses 2 cents or 20 per cent of the purchase price. If he spent his wages in small purchases of that character he would lose 20 cents in every dollar, and if he were a wageworker at $1.50 a day he would lose by the end of the month $9. The saving of such an amount would be equivalent to an increase in his wages of twenty per cent. Of course all of a man's wages are not laid out in small purchases, but if one stops to think, it is remarkable how much a man of small means buys in small quantities.

"If a man can save in his purchases from five to twenty per cent of his income he has just that much more to expend for other articles. If the workman saves 2 cents in the purchase of half a dozen eggs, he has that additional amount to lay out for an apple or orange. His purchasing power has been increased and consequently the man who produces has just so much greater demand to supply. Thus the producer is benefitted to the degree of the increase in the buying power of the people.

"It may be said that the seller would lose this odd change in the transaction and this is true. Yet, if he could sell the half-dozen eggs for 8 cents and thereby get a fair profit, he ought not to complain because he cannot charge twenty per cent additional. Furthermore, the buyer would probably spend for some other article the amount he saved on one purchase, and the seller would make a profit on that transaction.

"A careful study of the daily purchases of a workingman with a small family will show that he loses from $3 to $8 or $9 a month because he does not receive exact change from the seller. And this amounts to a substantial and important sum.

"There is also a secondary benefit bestowed in the use of small coins which should by no means be despised. It is the advantage derived from the impulse to frugality and economy which it gives. If a child be given a cent to spend instead of a nickel, it has a great deal more respect for the nickel, and looks upon it as of greater value than though it were the smallest coin in use. What is true with the child is true with the man. And these subtle impressions on the mind have an unconscious effect upon the opinion a man forms of the value of money.

"It is said that the old Californian who used to measure values by the rude way of weighing gold dust, threw the nickel in the street when it was first given to him in change. But who would now give up the nickel, or who can estimate the benefit its use has brought to the people? The penny is just as useful, just as beneficial to the people as the nickel, and its coming should be warmly welcomed."

INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

Cayuse War and Something About Oregon's Pension Claim.

The last congress did some figuring to see whether this grateful republic could afford to put upon the pension rolls the survivors of certain Indian wars. The government is already paying pensions to the survivors of the wars between 1832 and 1842—the Blackhawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole hostilities of that period. But there were other Indian wars, the survivors of which have not had recognition. It has been the policy of the United States to grant pensions to all survivors of a war when forty years have elapsed from the close of the war. This was done for the survivors of the wars of the revolution, 1812, the Mexican war and of the principal Indian wars. Service pensions will be voted to the survivors of the civil war before long, probably during the next administration, if the treasury will stand it. With these precedents in mind, the last congress set on foot a movement to pension survivors of all Indian wars which were fought more than forty years ago.

It was found that there are still living of the 6900 who were in the Seminole war of 1817 five veterans and 120 widows. The soldiers are 94 years old, and the widows average 92.

The Winnebago war of 1827 called out the Indian fighters to the number of 1400, and there are living fourteen veterans and 107 widows of that campaign, at an advance age of 88.

It has been fifty-eight years since the Sabine Indian war, but 221 veterans and 155 widows are living, at an average age of 81.

Next comes the Cayuse war. It is doubtful if a dozen members of congress could have told where the Cayuse war was fought, much less what it was about. The fact is, another war was engrossing public attention at the time. It was while the United States was engaged with Mexico that 682 volunteers took the field in Oregon to put down that indian disturbance. Of these volunteers there are said to be living 114 veterans and eighty-two widows.

The next Indian war for which pensions must be provided if the government is going to carry out its policy was the one fought in Texas and New Mexico from 1849 to 1855. There were 6465 soldiers engaged in that period of Indian fighting, and the survivors number 1448, with 890 widows.

California Indian disturbances in 1851 and 1852 called out 1265 soldiers, of whom 476 are now living.

In suppressing the Indian uprisings in Washington and Oregon there were employed 7229 soldiers, and 2399 will come under the proposed provision, with 1340 widows.

Altogether the pensioning of these Indian war survivors will put 7631 names on the rolls. At $8 per month the survivors will draw $450,624, and the widows $280,032 yearly.

VS. BULL BUTTER.

Governor Budd is giving all kinds of dairy interests a chance to expound to him their views on the question of making bogus butter and filled cheese. On Wednesday J. H. Hegler represented the filled-cheese industry, Attorney Lilienthal appeared for the oleomargarine contingent, and Senators McGowan and McAllister and Messrs. Martin and Hebbron led the dairy forces in the verbal conflict. The debate was a spirited one. Two years ago the same bill passed both houses, but Markham was induced to to veto it. Assemblyman Johnson, of Humbolt created some amusement by stating that the citizens of Humbolt hanged ex-Governor Markham in effigy when he vetoed the pure-butter bill. It is held that Gov. Budd will approve the bill. There ought not to be much doubt about that. Bogus dairy goods are not as fashionable as they used to be. The Eastern states are making life more and more disagreeable for them, and they ought to be shown no mercy out here. We ought to supply pure butter from here to all Pacific ports. This week one steamer took 30,000 pounds of butter for Japan and China. Who can tell how much of that was bogus? This matter should be pressed.—S. F. Rural Press.

Oregon's dairy law needs strict enforcement. We should encourage our growing dairy industry in every possible way. No "bull butter" should be sold in Oregon markets except as such.

As London papers are advising Cleveland to hold an extra session, we may possibly get it.—Ex.

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