

### Buried for Forty Days.

We are not told whether the Seven Sleepers who retired to a cave in Ephesus during the reign of the Christian-killing Emperor Decius, and only woke up 155 years afterward, when Theodosius II was on the throne, made any special preparation, but probably they did not. Perhaps it was not necessary. Those were stirring times for members of the new faith; and they had little opportunity to grow obese. But as a rule, to fast successfully it is said to be necessary for a man to abstain beforehand, and reduce himself most carefully to the required condition by a long course of preparation. Pre-eminently in this art of suspending animation—for an art it becomes—are the Easterns, and most wonderful stories are told of the natives of India, which, whether their powers are due to narcotics or any other process, seem to be true—if true—a wide field of medical study. One of these Indian stories, not easily accessible, but of considerable interest on account of the known veracity of the witnesses, will probably be read with interest at the present time, and is inserted here. The author of it was one Hon. Capt. Osborn, and the notes made of his statement, here subjoined, come from an almost unique copy printed for private circulation.

Ranjeet Singh had heard from a seyd or fakir, who lived in the mountains, that the latter could allow himself to be buried when in a condition of apparent death, without really ceasing to live, seeing that he understood the art of being brought back to life on being exhumed after several months had passed. To the maharajah this appeared to be a rank impossibility. In order, however, that he should be convinced one way or the other, he ordered the fakir to be summoned to the court, and caused him to undertake the singular experiment, under a threat that no means of precaution would be wanting toward the discovery of fraud. The fakir consequently caused himself to appear in a state of apparent death. When every spark of life had seemingly vanished, he was, in the presence of the maharajah and the nobles who surrounded him, wrapped up in the linen on which he had been sitting and on which the seal of Ranjeet Singh was placed. The body was then deposited in a chest, on which Ranjeet Singh, with his own hand, fixed a heavy padlock. The chest was carried outside the town and buried in a garden belonging to the minister; barley was sown over the spot, a wall was erected around it and sentinels posted. On the fortieth day, when the chest containing the fakir was dug up and opened the man was found cold and stark in precisely the same condition as that in which he had been left. With much trouble he was restored to life by means of heat applied to the head, affluence in the ears and mouth, rubbing the body, etc. The minister, Rajah Dhyansingh, assured a friend that he had this fakir, whose name was Haridas, for a period of four months under the earth at Jummo in the mountains. On the day of his burial he had caused his beard to be shaved off, and when he was taken up again his chin was just as smooth as on the day when he was consigned to the earth—a proof, as would seem, of suspended animation. It is related that the fakir in question took a purgative some time before the burial display, and for several days afterward lived only on a scanty milk diet. On the day of the interment it is said that instead of taking any nourishment, he swallowed 30 yards of a strip of linen of the breadth of three fingers, which he immediately drew up again, his object being to clean the stomach. However wonderful and perhaps laughable these operations appear to many, it is plain that these people must have a singular control over the different organs of their bodies, and more especially over their muscular contractions. When all the necessary preparations have been accomplished, the fakir closes all the openings of his body with stoppers made of aromatic wax, lays his tongue far back in his throat, crosses his hands on his breast, and suspends animation by means of holding his breath. On his being brought back to life one of the first operations is, by means of the fingers, to draw the tongue away from the back of the throat; a warm and aromatic paste made of meal is then placed on his head, and air is blown into his lungs and into the ear-holes, from which the wax stoppers have been removed, the stoppers in the nostrils being presently forced out with an explosive noise. This is said to be the first sign of a return to life. He then gradually commences to breathe, opens the eyes, and recovers consciousness, continuous friction of the body being carried on all of the time.

"Here is a further curious statement of opinion on the subject of Indian stories from an equally rare source, the little pamphlet of Sir Claude Wade, published in 1837. 'I was present,' he writes, 'at the Court of Ranjeet Singh when the fakir, mentioned by the Hon. Capt. Osborn, was buried alive for six weeks; and, although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not, consequently, witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Ranjeet Singh himself, and others of the most credible witnesses of the court, to the truth of the fakir having been buried before them; and, from my having been myself present when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary sight which I have to relate. I will briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence, and whether my proof of collu-

sion can, in their opinion, be detected. On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Ranjeet Singh to the spot where the fakir had been buried. It was in a square building, called a *barra durra*, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open veranda all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving there Ranjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his court, dismounted from his elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. After our examination we seated ourselves in the veranda opposite the door, while some of Ranjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock. When the door was thrown open nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Ranjeet Singh and myself then entered it, in company with the servant, and a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room into a sort of a cell, where a wooden box about four feet long by three feet broad, with a sloping roof, contained the fakir, the door of which also had a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it we saw a figure inclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head, on the exposure of which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the fakir's servant, putting his arms into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with its back against it exactly as the fakir had been squatting (like a Hindu idol) in the box itself. Ranjeet Singh and myself descended into the cell, which was so small we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees. The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected, I proposed to Ranjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so; and may here remark that the bag when first seen by us looked mildewed, as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples or the arms. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part exhibited. The servant then commenced bathing him with hot water and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Ranjeet Singh taking his right and I his left leg to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action, during which time the servant placed a hot wheat cake about an inch thick on top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice repeated. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they had been stopped, and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaw open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed his eyes with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, till he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, when respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterwards the eye-balls became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the fakir recognized Ranjeet Singh sitting close to him, and articulated in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Ranjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the fakir with a pearl necklace and a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a *khalat*, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction. I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of the fact of a man being buried alive and surviving the trial without food or drink for various periods of duration; but, however incombustible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief in the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others."—*London Telegraph*.

WHAT ENGLISH SOLDIERS EAT.—It will be interesting to our army men to learn the details, just published, of the rations of the British soldier in the field. A pound of bread, a pound of fresh meat, half a pound of fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and, at the discretion of the commanding officer and medical staff, a pint of porter or half a gill of spirits, form the daily ration. As it is not always practicable to obtain bread, fresh meat, or fresh vegetables, three-quarters of a pound of biscuit, flour, or rice, are to be considered equivalent to the ration of bread; a pound of salt meat or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat may be substituted for the fresh meat ration, and two ounces preserved vegetables, one ounce compressed vegetables, or a quarter of a pound of onions or leeks may take the place of fresh vegetables.

### One Hundred Dollar Bees.

D. A. Jones, a member of the Canadian Parliament, recently returned to his home at Beeton, Ontario, from the island of Cyprus and the Holy Land. His visit there was for the purpose of securing queen bees from those countries. His apiary in Beeton is very large and he has others in the United States. He has also established an apiary in Larnica, Cyprus, which is now in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benton. Writing from Palestine to a friend in this city, Mr. Jones said of his journey: "I have been delighted with my trip through these parts on account of finding a very superior race of bees—a race I feel sanguine, when tested, will prove a boon to America; and as I am the first to import them, I hope to get enough to America to get the race established there in purity. There appears to be but one race of bees in the Holy Land, but they vary in color and in some other respects, and on this account I have procured some from almost every part. These I obtained in the valley of Sharon, Jerusalem, and all about the hills of Judea, also east to Jordan and the Red Sea, were sent on mules, camels and asses to Jaffa, thence by steamer to the apiary at Larnica. Those I got on Mount Lebanon, in Herman, Damascus, and in fact in all the northern part of Syria, were taken to the coast and shipped at Beyrout for Larnica. Just now (April 15) I am getting a supply from northeast of Damascus, near Palmyra, and they seem very fine. I have also received a number of bees from Prof. Cook, of Lansing, Michigan, for examination under the microscope. I have with me a stock of small vials filled with alcohol, into each of which I place a few bees. These excite the curiosity of the natives, and they watch my every movement. The dangers of travelling are very great, as I am forced to go to distant points, quite out of the ordinary routes, to carry out my object. If my losses are not too heavy, I will surprise the bee-keepers of America with this new race of bees. I find it less difficult to secure bees here than it would be in ordinary seasons, as the crops were a failure in Palestine and Syria last year, and starvation makes some more willing to sell their bees than they otherwise would be. If I ever get out safe from these tribes I will have no desire to return, even should I find a superior race in some other locality. I will hire the native instead to come to me, and let them run the risk of having fine bees for me to select from, and pay them such sums as will induce them to perform the work. In fact, it will be quite impossible to ever do more than to get a few stocks to breed from, as the cost is so great. In some instances each bee could not be got and laid down safely in America for less than \$100. All I have will surely average that sum."

Mr. Jones brought with him 200 hives. He placed them on exhibition in London before his departure for this country. They were visited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Terry, of the British museum, and John Hunter, of the *Times*.

Upon arriving in New York, Mr. Jones said:

"Notwithstanding, I have gone to the antipodes for my pets, I cannot safely venture any opinion on them yet. I am the first man in the country who has selected Cyprian and Holy Land bees in their native abode, and comparatively little is known of them. The queens are strong, hearty bees, able to go long distances, and maintain their own against a superior force. All that I may say further would be only conjecture. It will take time to test the superiority of their breed as honey producers over that of the Italian or Ligurian queens."

Mr. A. H. K. Blood, of Massachusetts, was the first beekeeper that introduced Cyprian queens into the hives of this country. His were received three years ago from some friend traveling in the Holy Land. There were few in number. Beekeepers who inspected them believed that they promised much. Next year a Fort Plain beekeeper introduced the Cyprians into his apiary, and they produced such results as to cause a sensation among beekeepers and to lead to the trip of Mr. Jones. The Cyprian queen is lively and of a very light yellow color under its body. This often approaches a straw color. She is ferocious when attacked, and resists vehemently. Her workers are much more hardy than either the Italian or the black bees. It is said that in Cyprus she will live for six years. The Italian queen's existence is confined to three or four years. Her other points are yet to be tested. Her drones also are superior to the ordinary Italian drones.

Besides the Italian queen, the little black, large brown and gray queen bees are natives of this country, and have thrived ever since they were brought out by the Pilgrim fathers. A good queen will lay 3000 eggs in a day. Queens are hatched in fourteen days, workers in about twenty-one days, and drones in about twenty-four days. Among the successful beekeepers of this country are General Fitz John Porter, who has his apiary in Morristown, Col. Landreth, and S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., of Glen Cove. There are apiaries on the tops of large buildings in this city, and in the yards of many suburban residences. Bees find many feeding grounds in this vicinity. There are so many rare trees, plants and flowers cultivated here, that the honey gathered is rich in color and sweetness.

Bees fly high in the city. It is necessary for them to pass over the tops of tall houses and escape injury from the thousands passing along the streets. Yet

they often drop to the sidewalk and add to their store from syrup, molasses, sugar, and other sweet substances. The yield of honey this year will not be so large as it has been in former years. In California, which is a large honey producing country, the crop this year will not be one-half as large as the crop of 1878. The yield from counties in this State will be much smaller than during former years. The bumblebee stores her honey in the ground, and beekeepers get at it only with difficulty. When it is collected it brings fancy prices.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is president of the British beekeepers' association, has written to a merchant in New York for information as to the manner of living bees and storing honey in this country. The Prince of Wales has an apiary.

### Buoyancy of Water.

Another terrible steamboat slaughter! Presence of mind and a slight knowledge of the special gravity of the human body would have saved much of this frightful loss of life. There was loose wood enough about the boat to have floated ten times the number of passengers on the ill-fated vessel, if it had been used with judgment. The human body weighs about a pound in the water, and a single chair will carry two grown persons. That is, it would keep their heads above water, which is all that is necessary when it is a question of life or death. The burning vessel was close to shore, the water was calm and warm, and all these passengers might easily have jumped overboard and paddled laughing ashore, if they had only possessed and used the simple knowledge that one finger placed upon a stool, or a chair, or a small box, or a piece of board, would easily keep the head above water, while the two feet and the other hand might be used as paddles to propel toward the shore. It is not at all necessary to know how to swim to be able to keep from drowning in this way. A little experience of the buoyant power of water, and faith in it, is all that is required. We have seen a small boy who could not swim a stroke propel himself back and forth across a deep, wide pond by means of a board that would not sustain five pounds. In fact, that sometime small boy is now writing this. Children and all others should have practice in the sustaining power of water. In nine cases out of ten the knowledge that what will sustain a pound weight is all that is necessary to keep one's head above water will serve better in emergencies than the greatest expertness as a swimmer. A person unfamiliar with the buoyant power of water will naturally try to climb on top of the floating object on which he tries to save himself. If it is large enough that is all right. But it is generally not large enough, and half of a struggling group are often drowned in the desperate scramble of a life and death struggle to climb on top of a piece of wreck or other floating object, not large enough to keep them all entirely above the water. This often happens when pleasure boats capsizes. All immediately want to get out of the water on top of the overturned or half-filled boat, and all are drowned except those whom the wrecked craft will wholly bear up. If they would simply trust the water to sustain ninety-nine hundredths of the weight of their bodies, and the disabled boat the other hundredth, they might all be saved under most circumstances. An overturned or water-filled wooden boat will sustain more people in this way than it will carry. It would keep the heads above water of as many people as could get their hands on the gunwale. These are simple facts, easily learned, and may some day save your life.—*Trenton (N.J.) Gazette*.

### Trees and Health.

Everybody knows that trees take the carbonic acid thrown out in the breath of men and animals, separate it into component parts—carbon and oxygen—give back the latter to be used over again and work up the former into wood and fruit.

It is also coming to be generally understood that forest trees do important service in prompting rain-falls, and in helping to retain the surface water for springs, streams and general use.

It is also known that certain species, planted in malarial localities, help to render the latter healthy by somehow using up the deadly miasma.

It would now appear that trees growing near drains carry off the sewerage water.

A gentleman whose cess drain was constructed just like his neighbors', and in the same kind of soil, has found it unnecessary to clean it out, while the others had to be cleaned out frequently.

An examination showed that three large trees, whose roots had penetrated into the vicinity of his second or waste, cess-pool, were clearly the channels through which the waste all escaped.

Whether it was changed into plant-food, as is likely, or was exhaled through the leaves, in either case it was disposed of with equal safety.

Detroit Free Press.—Six medical New York experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

### A Frenchman's Idea of "Our Girls."

Here is a Frenchman's description of the American girl: "Chic to the roots of her hair, shockingly independent, but nevertheless a truly virtuous girl. She loves pleasure, dress and expense; shows her moral character in all the nakedness of truth, just as she is, so as to deceive no one; she knows that she makes men love her, and likes to make herself loved without ceasing to be virtuous. Nevertheless, she will flirt with some man for a whole winter, and dismiss him forever in the spring. Then she will immediately pick out another. Her means of fascination are riches, which never sleep. She goes about alone; she travels alone, or, when it suits her better, with a gentleman friend. In him she has an unlimited confidence; theirs seem outwardly to be a conjugal intimacy. But it is only permitted to the elect to depict his feelings. He may talk about love from morning till night, but he is never permitted to kiss even the tips of her fingers. She seeks excitement and pleasure as much as possible until she gets married; afterward she will have a baby every year, will pass days alone, and spend her nights in listening to talk about perfected machinery, inexplorable petroleum, etc. Then she will allow her daughters to enjoy the same liberty which she herself knew so well how to enjoy without abusing. Since nothing unpleasant or scandalous ever happened to her, why should not Mary, Fanny or Jenny be equally discreet and equally well able to take care of themselves? Moreover, there is the law of obligatory marriage to regulate everything in case of disaster—it is the security of families, a mutual insurance policy against 'fire.' She creates French fashions; the Parisians detest her; the women of the provinces (*les provinciales*) despise her; men of all nations fall madly in love with her, but do not marry her unless she be colossal rich. She has a *chevelure vermeille*, less bright than golden hair; black eyes, at once frank and bold, and a patent waist, which all other women are forbidden to imitate. In a carriage she reclines upon the cushions as she would do in a hammock—in a pose perfectly natural and voluptuous. She walks firmly, and compels all eyes to drop before her gaze. She thinks a great deal about herself and very little about others. She is like a wild plant planted in a hot house, which finds Europe too narrow for it, and boldly stretches its arms out through the glass panes of its house, without troubling itself concerning the frailer plants which grow around it. If she were better understood and less criticised, she would be valued at her real worth."

### Schoolboys and Headaches.

Prof. Treichler has delivered a lecture before the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians which contains a fact of some interest to teachers. He says that headache in schools decidedly increases, until in some schools, and notably in Nuremberg, one-third of the scholars suffer from it. He believes that the cause is over intellectual exertion, caused partially by the adoption of too many subjects, but principally by the tendency to demand night-work. The brain is then freshly taxed when its cells are exhausted. We begin to hear the same complaint in England, especially from London schools, and are tempted to believe that in some of them an imperceptible but steady increase in the amount of night-work demanded has been going on, which is passing a safe limit. It does not hurt the quick, and it does not hurt the stupid, but it does hurt the boys and girls who want to fulfill all demands, and have not quite the quickness to do it. The usual quantity of Latin, for example, to be learned at night has within the last thirty years more than doubled, while the pressure from parents upon the children to learn it has increased in nearly the same proportion. The increased crowding of schools explains much, but it does not explain this headache, which is not suffered by the boys in proportion to their ill-health.—*The Spectator*.

### Cut Flowers.

The following hints, though containing nothing novel, are apt to be forgotten by those who in summer cull the choicest flowers for house decoration:

Flowers decay much sooner when tied in bunches than when arranged loosely. Too little air and too much water are the bane of most species.

The moisture furnished cut flowers should be rain water of moderate temperature. When gathering flowers use a pair of sharp shears, or a knife of woody plants, such as roses, camellias, spiraea, deutzias, fuschias, and the like.

It is far better to gather your flowers than to let them fade upon the plants.

A cool room is best adapted for keeping flowers fresh stale tobacco-smoke will wilt flowers.

Take away each flower as it fades or it will destroy the others.

Hot water will often restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems in a cup of boiling hot water; let them remain until each petal has become smoothed out; then cut off the clotted ends and place them in water of moderate temperature.

Ammonia added to the water also revives them quickly. When going for wild flowers or ferns carry a close-fitting tin box, in which, have wet sponge and a basket, the smaller flowers shut in the box, and the stems of larger flowers inserted in the pores of the sponge which you carry in the basket. Flowers should always be transported in air-tight boxes.