# ONE HUNDRED PAGES.

TO CELEBRATE its Tenth Anniversary, THE WORLD on Sunday will publish a paper of 100 pages, making it the largest newspaper ever printed.

A MAGNIFICENT cover has been prepared for this edition, costing nearly $20,000. It is in six colors, and has never been equalled by any publication.

# THE SUNDAY WORLD.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has written a poem expressly for this Anniversary Edition, and W. E. Stead, Henry Labouchere and J. M. Le Sage, the manager of the London Daily Telegraph have written special and timely articles.

THE SUNDAY WORLD will be valuable forever as a souvenir. It will show what rapid strides have been made in the art of newspaper making during the past ten years. It will be interesting and valuable in itself.

# ONE HUNDRED PAGES.

## SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE.

### Resuscitated on the Dissecting Table and Married a Student.

**Strange Story of an Occurrence Years Ago in Baltimore.**

"This story I have told but a few times in my life," said Dr. W. W. Rowan, a member of the Colorado Governor's staff, and also a prominent physician and surgeon of Ouray, Col., to a St. Louis Republic reporter. The talk was of ghosts, ghouls, &c., and drifted into the discussion of suspended animation.

"When I was attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Md., we were formed into clubs of five for the purpose of dissecting cadavers, but our subjects were not such as we desired.

"A lady of prominence in the city died—or was supposed to have died—very suddenly, and my club determined to secure her body. The interment took place in the afternoon, and that night we procured a double sleigh well provided with robes, having already secured the tools necessary to disinter the body.

"The night was very cold—just such a one as best suited the purpose of the expedition. We secured the body, filled up the grave, and hurriedly drove back to the college, where arrangements had been made with the janitor to receive it.

"After warming ourselves by taking a stiff bumper all around we went to the dissecting room, intending to put in a good evening's work. The body, clothed in rich garments, was disrobed and laid on the dissecting table. It was the most beautiful specimen I ever saw. The form was indeed perfect, and to me it seemed a sacrilege to begin its mutilation.

"With blue paint the lines were drawn upon the body, dividing it into parts which served as guides to the scalpel. Four of us were donning our dissecting gowns when the cry, 'She lives!' came to our ears. Charley — was standing by the body and with staring eyes gazed into the face of the subject. 'The muscles about her eyes were twitching,' said he, as we rushed forward in a body.

"'You're a fool or have gone daft,' said one who was anxious to begin work. 'I am going to work on my part,' said he, 'for who ever heard of a corpse coming to life after having been entombed, then resurrected, and treated to a sleigh ride? I shall proceed to business.'

"At that instant Charley saw the twitching again. The rest of us saw it, too, and without further ceremony part of us began rubbing the extremities while another ran for stimulants, which, fortunately, we had in an overcoat pocket.

"A bed was improvised of overcoats and in a short time we had secured a very perceptible action of the heart and the extremities began to grow warm. We dressed her in the clothing we had covered, and as the family residence was but a half block from the college we carried the still unconscious form thither and secured admittance.

"The mother and daughter fainted on hearing that Irene had been buried alive, but we left them to be cared for by others and continued attentions to our patient until consciousness returned. There was never a happier reunion than when the buried darling was able to speak.

"To cut the story short, she afterwards became the wife of Charley, and, so far as I know, is living to-day. I believe many persons are buried alive, but this is the only case that ever came under my observation. It created quite a commotion among Eastern newspapers at the time, but more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since."

**The Height of Dignity.**

(From Judge.)

She—Isn't your father a very dignified man?

He—Very. Why, he wouldn't let me touch for a hundred dollars.

## PATIENT ELEAZER.

### He Has a Full Hand of Accidents and Misfortunes to Talk About.

Mr. Eleazer Chase, of Westbrook, is now over eighty years of age. He is a man most highly respected by all who know him. His has been a life of accidents. Some of his experiences in that line, given to the Wilmington, Del., News, are as follows:

"I was sliding on the crust when a boy and slid over a fence, running a stake into me and making a bad wound. Once, when my mother was making soap, I saw a dipper of what I thought was water and drank three swallows. It proved to be strong lye. My mother melted some tallow and gave it to me, and the doctor said that was all that saved my life. Four times I came near getting drowned, twice breaking through the ice into the river, once falling from a raft into the mill pond, and once I fell out of a boat into a river. I was nearly killed twice by being thrown from horses, fell from a loaded team on to the frozen ground and was picked up for dead, and fell out of a wagon and had a leg caught between the spokes of one of the wheels. Once I was driving a covered wagon when the stanchion bolt came out, letting the body down. The rein hook caught me in the forehead, leaving a great gash, and when I fell out I struck my head on the axle.

"Twice I fell twenty feet from a staging, once fell down a trap in a carriage house on a pile of bourds below and started a rib. I stepped on a scythe and cut my foot badly, and a cake of ice fell on my foot and burst open one of my toes, cut my ankle very badly with an axe, broke a member in my body, which was kept to myself for two months, stepped on a tenpenny nail and drove it into my foot, making a bad wound from which pieces of the shoe and stocking were removed, and which had to be cut open and he lone scraped. I had a windlass rope break when traveling up a barrel, and it broke out two of my teeth.

"I have been blown up once when blasting stone and badly burned three times. My hand was caught in the feed roll of a picker. I was badly hurt once with a circular saw, once with a buzz planer, fell on an eighteen-inch bolt when it was running and cut up at a four-foot gear when that was running, twice have fallen down stairs in the mill, the first time hurting my back badly, the second time starting three of my ribs.

"In the Winter of 1892 I fell over a scale and broke two ribs."

## TOUGH ON TYPEWRITERS.

### All the Pleasures of Their Vocation to Be Swept Away by a Machine.

The typewriter girl has undergone a metamorphosis. She no longer looks longingly into the eyes of her employer as she rattles off messages too business to be indited by hand. No longer will she admire ways or the heart of the man she works for.

All this is because of the introduction of the phonograph into general use. A great many of these instruments are now in use, and the prospect is all over ready and accurate amanuenses.

The progressive business man, locked up in the quiet seclusion of his own room, now says all he has to say in the receiving of his business letters into a phonograph. He then leaves the room, so that no shorthand girl could follow. When he has touched to assist the machine into the room occupied by her, and she sets the words down on her fast as she can, she turns and lets them in cold print with the aid of her typewriter.

"I think it's real mean," said a dear little typewriter girl yesterday. "I have worked for Mr. Blood six months, and I have written every letter that he has sent out of the office, and we girls have never had the chance of saying a word to him or of having the pleasure of hearing his own dear voice falling on my ears. It's too bad, I say, and if these awful machines are more generally put into use we girls won't have half a chance."

## GENUINE WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

### The Women of Alaska Permit Man to Be Glad that He Is Alive.

"Alaska women," said Judge Sheakley, who was for five years United States Commissioner at Alaska, to a Washington Star reporter, "have a way of bringing their husbands to time which is very effective.

"They do not fling flatirons and rolling-pins or give curtain lectures, but retire to a corner, molest their household chattels and sulk, refusing to say a word. A few days of this treatment being the husband around.

"The women in Alaska also have an old way of quarreling. They do not pull hair or resort to fisticuffs, but prefer giving each other a good, lusting lashing. They retire to their houses. Alaskans are divided up into families, such as the Bear, Crow, and Deer families. These families take companies of quarrels and feuds result. After the quarrel Mrs. Bear will retire to her house, tear up her clothing and two or three blankets, and then send word to Mrs. Eagle, her enemy. It thereupon becomes incumbent upon Mrs. Eagle to destroy a greater amount of clothing and more blankets of her own than Mrs. Bear. By parallel this peculiar process the worst things get in the quarrel. If she did not do so she would be disgraced in the eyes of her relatives and opposite tribes.

"The women are strong, and can carry the packs on their backs long generally. If the husband makes a good bargain in trading his wife realizes home.

"There is a woman in Sitka known as Princess Tom, who is over 100. She at one time had three husbands, but has become disgusted and has traded two. She is an active trader, and has several large canoes in which she transports goods from Sitka to Juneau, and exchanges the goods for furs. She is known all over Alaska, and years hence people will talk of her as a character. Her name will be a household word in Alaska."

## ENTOMOLOGY AS A CAREER.

### It Is Becoming a Very Important Business.

Economic entomology is that branch of the science which, looking beyond the mere collection and classification of insects, has to do with the control of those which injuriously affect agricultural products. Its importance is shown by the fact that the bibliography fills a volume of 400 pages, while the Association of the Economic Entomologists numbers some sixty active members. What the achievements of its students or professors are remarkable is shown by the statement made in a recent address by the President of the Association, that he believes that the work done by the Department of Agriculture in the Entomological Division alone has saved to the country a sum exceeding the total expenditure for all purposes since its establishment.

Entomology as a hobby is now widely pursued by young people, and no department of natural history is more attractive. The Youth's Companion, on the popular study of insects, which is of the first importance to the farmer, concludes, is to him only the first.

The history of a given pest known, he goes to devise some means to control it. If the achievements of the entomologists are, in a general way, well known, the entomologists are practically unknown. The thanks of farm growers, the indebtedness of whose larvae infest, are readily contributed to the men who have saved them from the same fate.

[illegible]

## TELEGRAPH POLES.

### What They Cost and the Money That Is in Them.

"We expect to look sharp for poles as soon as the snow melts," said one of the officers of the Western Union Telegraph Company to a World man. "We will have 2,500 of our poles shipped in addition to those the telegraph companies have about our lines, making over 7,000 poles to be distributed.

"These poles come from the pine forests of Pennsylvania, and are shipped to us in the rough. We have a yard out in the woods and there they are worked and trimmed. The cost of the pole in the rough is from $2 to $3, but finished and set up the cost varies all the way from $25 to $50 a pole. We have some cedar poles that costs us $50 each. There can be no estimate of the cost of a pole, because no two ever cost the same. Some places we set up poles where there is plain dirt to dig through, making it a simple matter. Again, we may find a sub-cellar out under the street, and we have to go down and build a pier to stand our poles on. Then there are damages to pay, and suits, &c., so that we could often put up a comfortable house for what it costs to put up an ordinary pole.

"The ordinary pole is about fifty feet in length. There are poles in the city certainly five feet long. Of course, you understand that about one-eighth of the length goes into the ground. The setting of poles is no easy task, and takes years of experience to learn to put them up properly. The poles of Cincinnati, placed end to end, would reach a trifle over sixty miles. There is enough lumber in them to build a neat fence all around the city. The pole is a mine, and it must go as fast as possible."

## WHAT HE WOULD DO.

### But He Was Only a Brute of a Husband and Was Sordid.

They have only been married a few short months, still there came a far-away look in his eyes, the Cincinnati Times-Star remarks, and a tired smile crept along his mouth as she appealed to him with the ecstacy of each new hat she tried on at the milliner's.

"Oh, isn't this one sweet?" she cried, with the glee of a little child, as she clasped her hands over a flower garden tied around with two yards of stiffened ribbon on top of a saucer of straw.

He sighed pathetically.

"But I don't know which is the sweetest, this one or the little one with the violets. I must have one of them—but, oh, dear, I cannot decide which—the lovely, dear darlings! What would you do?" she said, turning to her husband, where he stood wilting against a show case. "What would you do if you were me?"

"My dear," he said, very softly, "if I were you—"

She smiled coaxingly as he caught his breath.

"I think—"

His face turned pale and then grew orange.

"I think I would take the first cable car for Walnut Hills and save my husband $1!"

But she didn't.

## HE JOINED "JIMMIE."

The man on the cot to my right in the hospital had been wounded by a fragment of shell, and for the first three or four days the surgeons said he had a fighting chance. Then there was a change for the worse and one afternoon the nurse told him that his hours were numbered. Two or three times a day he had asked if any letter had come for him, says the story-teller in the Chicago Times, and one night I had heard him talking about "Jimmie," and praying that he might live to see him again. I said to myself that Jimmie was the boy baby he had left behind him when he marched away to the front, and I hoped for the letter almost as much as he did.

That day, during an hour when he suffered a bit less than usual, I figured with him about his expected letter. It would go down to his regiment and follow him back to the hospital, and he was to get it when he could read it. It might possibly come in the afternoon. The nurse feelingly notified him that his hours were hurrying away, but he could surely expect it by next day noon.

"But my letter, nurse," he asked, as he looked up at the nurse, who was a man, but yet had tears in his eyes.

"No letter for you."

"Then I shall not die tomorrow. I must hear from Jimmie first. The letter will come tomorrow."

It was strange, indeed, to witness that man fighting death away, fighting to earn a few hours more time. They said he could not live till midnight, but they did not know what was during his strength to fight on. When the hour came he was conscious, present. When darkness came the mark of death was on his face, but his eyes fairly flashed with determination. He lay where he could see the clock, and for the last three hours of his life he never lost sight of the hands marking the hours and minutes which carried him nearer and nearer the shore of the dark river. He must have lived a lifetime in those hours. As both hands pointed to high noon he whispered to me:

"It is noon and the mail is here. I shall hear from Jimmie before I die!"

Five minutes later the nurse brought him the expected letter, mailed from New Zealand. Without a word I read it and told him of Jimmie," said the dying man.

The nurse opened the letter and read a few lines and handed it to me and went away with pale face and tearful eyes. It was a letter from a boy in Jimmie's regiment. It was a lover and Jimmie was dead and buried—drowned, he said, by falling into an open cistern that had been come to him at the front. It said he had broken his heart.

"Would tell me of Jimmie," said the dying man as I laid the letter down.

"He is better off," I finally answered.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! I shall be with him this very day. It is good news—glorious news! God knows what is best."

Then he closed his eyes, clasped his hands together and death came as quietly that we knew it not.

## INTELLIGENCE OF A COW.

### Protected Her Calf While Swimming a River.

Col. I. D. McDonald, of Columbia City, Ind., as reported by the Indianapolis News, tells a good story of animal intelligence. He had bought a lot of stock, including a cow and her calf, which he was driving home. The cow's affection for its offspring had attracted attention more than once.

At length a river was reached which, being unbridged, the cattle had to ford. The water was deep, and as the cattle plunged in they were swept off their feet, the mother cow swimming first.

The calf, in the meantime, was taken by the current several rods down stream, and when the poor cow regained her footing and discovered this, her distress was apparent. Instead of making for the opposite shore, as the other animals had done, she swam down the stream below her calf. The current drove the young creature against the protecting bulk of the mother.

The cow, satisfied at this state of affairs, started for the shore, the calf swimming along side of her. About midway of the river the swift current striking her full in the quarters, swept it behind the cow and again it floundered down stream.

Once more the mother went to the rescue. She had to swim around to the other side of the calf, and this done she had to steady herself in the stream until the calf was against her side. Her efforts were this time successful, and cow and calf swam safely to shore.

## CORPSE SPOILED HIS FUN.

### A Charitable Countryman Missed the Fete by Kindness.

Mardi Gras was spent in a woeful fashion by a peasant who had come up from a village near Melun to Paris for a day to witness carnival merry-making on the boulevards, says the London Telegraph. He was lunching in a wine-shop and recruiting his strength with a view to a whole afternoon of sight-seeing, when a workman entered the restaurant where he was seated and asked to be conducted to a hospital, as he had suddenly contracted.

At the landlord's suggestion the peasant generously offered the sick man a place in the cab he had hired, with the intention of seeing the fete. Notwithstanding and as considerate as possible, the strain of mere weight, he thought, take him, it must half an hour, but during the journey the workman became worse and died.

At the hospital the country peasant was kept waiting about an hour, and finally told that it was impossible to receive a corpse. He drove off with his unfortunate charge to the nearest police station. Here he again met with refusal and was despatched off to the Police Commissariat at the head-quarters.

It was 6 o'clock before the unfortunate countryman could get rid of his melancholy burden, and he had then just time enough left to get back to the Lyons Railway station, he said, in time to catch a glimpse of the mask and confetti he had stowed all the way from his native village to see.

## HEROIC OBEDIENCE.

### A Russian Soldier Stuck to His Post in a Raging Flood.

The strongest trait of military duty is fully illustrated by the Russian officer. An instruction, such as the author of "A Journey to Mount Ararat," on leaving an American village the writer passed in a small, green valley entered to a fortnight flowed between strong embankments.

His Armenian servant told him that in April, before after a great storm, the river rose in such a flood that the persons living near the bank fled for their lives.

There was a powder-magazine near the river, and the officer in charge, it appeared to others, but the officers who were watching the scene from a mountain forbade him to leave his post. For an hour the poor fellow struggled against the rising waters, clinging desperately to the lock of the magazine door.

The water rose to his chin and when he was literally within an inch or death the flood ceased. He was decorated by the government with the ribbon of some honorary order in recognition of his heroic obedience.

## FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR

Laborers' Union No. 3 admitted seven candidates this week. August Krone was elected delegate to the Laborers' General Council.

Moulders' Union No. 218 initiated seven new members last Tuesday. They will probably reach the 600 mark before another month.

The South Carolina Farmers' Alliance saved its members nearly $1,000,000 during the last year in the purchase of fertilizers for their crops.

Forty-three firms in Chicago have granted the demands of their striking iron moulders. Of the 4,000 men who went out, 2,500 have resumed work.

"The Chartist Movement in England" is the subject of a lecture to be delivered at the Labor Lyceum, 64 East Fourth street, to-morrow evening by H. Schlueter.

New England carpenters' unions gained about 500 members last month. The independent Union in Chicago wants to affiliate with the United Brotherhood.

Amalgamated carpenters of Cleveland, O., have demanded 30 cents per hour, and they will probably strike next Monday unless the bosses come to terms.

General Secretary Bechtold, of the Journeymen Brewers' National Union, is in Philadelphia, assisting the local union there in its attempt to renew the annual contract with the bosses.

More men have been discharged from the repair shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Lumberville, N. J. It is said that the shops are to be removed to some other city.

Abraham Kahn is the unanimous choice of the United Hebrew Trades Unions for Delegate to the International Labor Congress in Zurich.

Louis Tochor, of Beerdrivers' Union No. 1, who died last Wednesday, will be buried by the comrades from his late residence at Hells Perry road, Guttenburg, N. J., this afternoon.

At last night's meeting of the striking tailors it was reported that three bosses are willing to pay $4 per day, but work will not be resumed unless all of the bosses comply with union rules.

Hodcarriers are on strike in Kansas City, Mo., and several wealthy contractors, who could not get anybody to take places of their strikers, took up the hod and carried mortar and bricks for several days.

Three hundred letter carriers in Philadelphia have resolved to sue the United States Government for about $20,000 for overtime. Their lawyer is George A. King. He has already been successful in a similar case.

The Retail Grocery Keepers' Association, which was recently formed by Hebrew shopkeepers on the east side, made application for admission to the United Hebrew Trades, but were rejected.

German compositors and apprentices are on strike at the office of the Freie Presse in Cincinnati. The men demanded that the change from handwork to machines be made according to the rules of their union, which the proprietors refused to accede to.

England was the first country to legislate for factory inspection, and it now looks as if the Britishers were to be the first nation to legalize the eight-hour day, as Parliament voted in favor of the Mineral Lands Bill at its first reading.

President Gompers yesterday addressed the Convention of the International Machinists' Union, now assembled in Indianapolis. He urged the delegates to abolish the color line. This is the second time the organization has been officially addressed on the question, the first time being the admission of colored men.

Building trades men in Cleveland, O., complain that when an employer is needed the firms advertise for double and treble the men required, thereby creating the impression that laborers are scarce, the object being to induce mechanics to come there, and thus keep down wages by increasing the number of idle workmen.

A cloak which sells for $20 in London shops is sewed by women who receive two cents per cloak for their labor. The facts came out in a police court, where a woman who had sewed 127 cloaks sued the cloakmaker for her wages, amounting to $2.54. The cloakmaker wanted a reduction in the price, to which she refused to consent.

Corporation Counsel Perry, of Utica, N. Y., has decided that it would be unlawful for the city authorities to make contracts providing that laborers employed on municipal works should work not more than nine hours per day. Thereupon Alderman Howd has withdrawn a resolution offered by him with the intention of making nine hours a legal working day for city laborers in Troy. Last year a similar resolution was adopted by the Common Council, but it was vetoed by the Mayor. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, who was requested to give his opinion upon the action of the Corporation Counsel, has written to the Utica Trades Assembly that Mr. Clark's position is ridiculous, as in thirty-two States laws have been passed providing for a certain number of hours as a legal workday for men employed on public works.

## "FIN-DE-SIECLE" HARDWARE.

(From Hardware.)

"A pair of nippers."

**A Vital Point.**

(From Judge.)

"One question, dear, before I say yes to your offer of marriage," said the Chicago maiden.

"Ask it, my precious one."

"In case of divorce, what alimony do you pay?"

WORLD'S HOUSE AND HOME DAYS ARE SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

HOUSE AND HOME ADS IN THE MORNING WORLD ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ARE REPEATED IN THE EVENING WORLD FREE.