

TWO WONDERFUL CASES OF HUMAN HIBERNATION BY YOGIS.

One of the most weird of the magic feats performed by the wandering fakirs or yogis of India is that of human hibernation, in which they apparently die, are buried for several weeks and are then resurrected and in a few hours become as much alive as ever.

The performers belong to a class of religious mendicants, who are taught that to gain the right to secure further spiritual illumination they must serve a probationary period as jugglers, during which time they must live on what aims are voluntarily given to them. However much Westerners may doubt the practical wisdom of such a training, it is a well-known fact to thousands of travelers that the fakirs do possess great magical power, and hundreds of feats are attributed to them.

It is not often that one of them will consent to be buried, and the rarity of the occurrence has caused most travelers as well as many Hindoos to doubt the fact. Nevertheless there are a few well authenticated cases on record.

In a small book on the yoga philosophy, written by Dr. W. C. Paul, G. B. M. C., assistant surgeon in the British army in India, several accounts are given of this feat. The book was suppressed by the British Government soon after its publication on the ground that its contents were "prejudicial to the interests of medicine and science," but a few copies escaped from the watchful eye of the officials, and from one of these is taken the account referred to.

Dr. Paul has an interesting record himself. After the publication of his book he became so deeply interested in the fakirs that he deserted his post in order to join them. He was arrested on the charge of insanity, and was taken to England and confined in an asylum and kept under close guard. Shortly after his incarceration he mysteriously disappeared, and was never seen afterward by the authorities, but some of the Hindoos report that they have since met him in the Himalayas, where he is now pursuing his yoga studies.

The first case was one described by a Dr. McGregor, an eye-witness to the mysterious proceeding, which occurred at the court of Runjeet Singh in Lahore in 1837. To quote the doctor's words: "A fakir who arrived at Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, and without either food or drink. Runjeet naturally disbelieved the man's assertions, and was determined to put them to the test. For this purpose the fakir was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the middle of the ground; there was a foiling-door to the box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment there was the garden-house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside the whole a high wall, having its doorway built up with bricks and mud. In order to prevent any one from approaching the place a line of sentries was placed, and relieved at regular intervals. The strictest watch was kept up for the space of forty days and forty nights, at the expiration of which period the Maharajah, attended by his grandson, several Sardars, Captain Sir Claude Wade and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakir.

"The bricks and mud were removed from the outer doorway; the door of the garden-house was next unlocked and lastly that of the wooden box containing the fakir. The latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which the figure of a man in a sitting posture presented itself. His arms and hands were pressed to his sides and his legs and thighs crossed.

"The first step in his resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this a hot wheaten cake was placed on the crown of his head; a plug of wax was removed from one of his nostrils, upon which the man breathed

strongly through it; then the wax was removed from his other nostril and the cotton taken out of his ears. His mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been pressed closely to the roof of the mouth, brought forward and both it and the lips anointed with ghee (a kind of butter). During this part of the proceedings I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist, though the temperature of the body had risen much above the natural standard of health. When the box was opened there was a heat about the region of the brain, but there was no pulsation in the heart, temple or arms. The legs and arms were extended and the eyelids raised; the former were well rubbed and a little ghee applied to the latter. The eyelids presented a dimmed, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse.

"The man now evinced signs of returning animation; the pulse became perceptible at the wrist, whilst the unnatural temperature of the body rapidly diminished. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words in a tone so low and feeble as to be almost inaudible, saying to the Maharajah: 'Do you believe me now?' When the fakir was able to converse freely the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. A rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet, and earrings, bangles and shawls were presented to him."

In the following year the fakir was summoned to Lahore to repeat the trial for a shorter period, but because Captain Osborne and others expressed disbelief he refused to give the exhibition.

Another hibernation is described by Lieutenant A. H. Boileau, which occurred at Jaisalmer. He relates that the man, a fakir about 30 years old, was buried for thirty days and then dug out in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the Maharajah of Jaisalmer. He was buried in a stone building about eight by twelve; in the floor was dug a hole three feet long, two and a half feet wide and perhaps a yard in depth, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in a shroud, with his feet turned inward toward his stomach and his hands also pointing toward the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone six feet long, several inches thick and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him and a little earth was plastered over the whole so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was built up and people were placed on guard to see that no tricks were played.

At the expiration of a month the walling of the door was broken and the man dug out of the grave. He was perfectly senseless; his eyes were closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunken in, and his teeth jammed together so tightly that friends had to force open his mouth with an iron rod in order to pour a little water down his throat. Gradually he recovered his senses and the use of his limbs.

Besides this hibernation at Jaisalmer Dr. Paul refers to two other cases, one in the Punjab and the other in Calcutta, the latter of which he witnessed, and states that only these three cases had occurred in India in the last twenty-five years.

The yogis claim that this feat is the result of long and arduous training. They say that waste of the body is in the same ratio as the exhalation of carbonic acid in the breath, and that they have methods of limiting such exhalation, and finally are able to cease breathing altogether, and that then all the functions of the body stop; even the hair may cease to grow. It is said that during the operation the yogi is in a trance, and in exceptional cases this may last for many months.

RAM SINGH.

WIZARD EDISON SAYS WE WILL ALL SOON BE FLYING.

Thomas A. Edison says that within ten years aerial navigation will be an accomplished fact, and that there is nothing to prevent us traveling through the air just above the treetops at a speed ranging from 75 to 100 miles an hour.

He has accomplished so many wonderful things which could not be believed until they were seen in practical operation that the public is willing to believe that he can do anything, no matter how startling the proposition.

"It is hard to say what is the right principle. The machine, whatever form it takes, will have to rise by its own power and not by balloon power in any form. Any method employing gas for flotation is not practical. The whole problem will be solved when we can get one-horsepower for every five pounds in weight of the flying machine.

"You know," he said, a reminiscent smile lighting up his features, "that I made a lot of experiments along that line once. Yes, I put a machine on a pair of finely adjusted scales. There were fans and a motor and all that sort of thing attached. I weighed the whole outfit and then applied the motive power to the fans and other contrivances, and by watching the scales ascertain just how much those fans would lift with a certain number of revolutions. That was fun.

"So many of the experimenters and theorists have got such good results that it is hard to determine which is the right line. Some one is going to find that, of course, and have a walkover. The thing is to strike the right principle."

"Do you really believe it possible to invent a flying machine that can be put in practical, every-day use; that will supplant present transportation facilities and yield a revenue that would make it an assured success from a commercial point of view?" was the next question.

"I certainly do," answered Mr. Edison without hesitation. "I believe I could do it myself if I had the time to spare. I must try that again sometime.

"Have you yet seen anything which you think embodies the right principle?" "I have seen only what has been published on the subject from time to time," said Mr. Edison, "and in those publications I have not discovered what I consider the right principle. There is one man, however, who is devoting considerable time and attention to that subject in whom I have the greatest confidence. He is Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. My confidence in him arises from the fact that he is a man of rare scientific attainments and a fine experimenter. I have not seen the results of his experiments published."

"Do you think the motive power for the flying-machine will be electricity?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"No," answered the wizard, slowly. "I rather think that gun-cotton or some

chemical that makes its own gas will furnish the motive power. The gun-cotton employed will not be of the high explosive quality, of course, but rather in the nature of celluloid gun-cotton. I took some stock-ticker paper here one day and made it into a lower form of gun-cotton and fed it between copper rollers. It didn't explode, but ignited and flashed and the gas did the work. I got 3000 strokes a minute with them. There was a good deal of heat generated that could not be utilized, but that could be overcome without difficulty."

"What speed could the aerial machine attain with perfect safety?"

"If the flotation is all right a speed of from 75 to 100 miles an hour will be nothing. The friction of the air will be a very small matter. The speed will depend altogether on the amount of air friction and power employed. The flotation must be secured without the use of gas. It must be complete mechanical flotation, otherwise the flying-machine will be at the mercy of the wind.

"It is the displacement of water which makes so much power necessary in vessels. If we can get the same grip on the air that we can on water, friction and the like will be but trifles, because we will not be doing any work against gravity. You know if we push anything along a horizontal line where there is no gravity only a small amount of power is required. It is on the grades that great power is required in locomotives to haul trains. On the levels only a small amount of power is necessary.

"Horizontal propulsion will be the method in the successful aerial machine. The flotation is the problem to be solved. If a machine is invented that will lift itself and two or three hundred pounds besides to a distance of fifty feet in the air and stay there, then the whole matter is solved and becomes simply a question of details for draughtsmen."

"And how soon do you think this will be accomplished?"

"Within ten years," said Mr. Edison, promptly.

"And will any of the theories already advanced supply the principle?"

"No, for they are neither commercial nor reliable. I have but little faith in the aeroplane. All I want is a rope on a machine with the other end of the rope fastened to a stump, and the machine to pull strong on the rope for two or three hours. Then I'll know the whole question is solved. I don't want the machine very high. There's no use going much above the tops of trees, and the aerial machine should land somewhere near the ground. As for the form the machine will take, that is a minor consideration.

"There are three, possibly four, theories in all which are of value. One of them is the right one. Which one of them I must find out. And we'll get it soon."



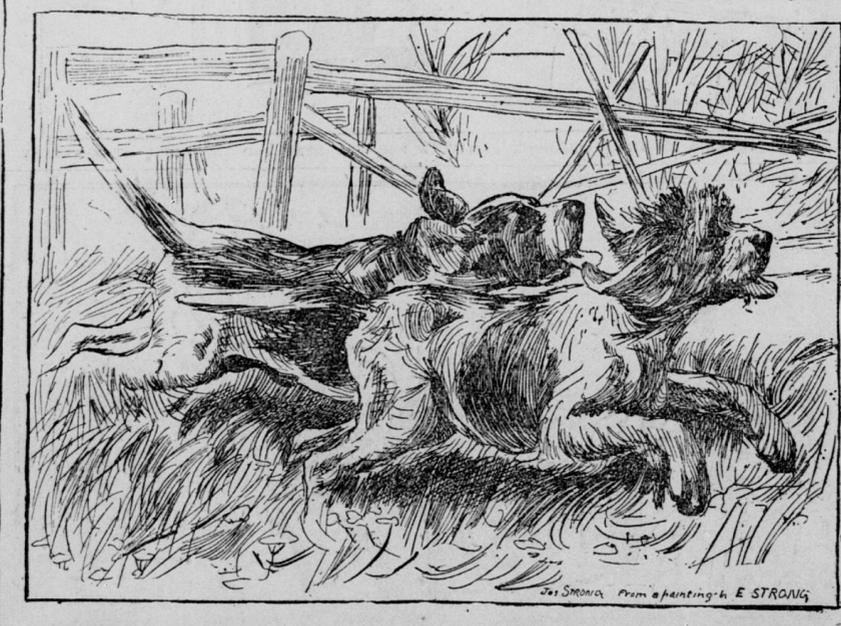
THE COMRADES. A TRIO OF MISS STRONG'S FAMOUS DOG PAINTINGS.

Three of the famous dog pictures of Miss Elizabeth Strong of this City are here presented. The first, entitled "The Comrades," was bought by Theodore Vail and has since passed through so many hands that its present owner is to-day unknown to the painter. The second picture, "On the Trail," is owned by the Roxbury Hunting Club of Boston. The animals are St. Angelo hounds, a very rare and celebrated breed. The subjects of this painting were dogs owned by the family of the Vicomtes du Hamel, who resided near Bordeaux, in France, and are said to possess the only fine specimens of St. Angelo hounds in Europe. Both of the dogs painted by Miss Strong were first prize dogs at the kennel shows in London and Paris, and had been painted by the great French artist, Delaue. In "Waiting for the Mistress," Miss Strong has painted her own pet collie, together with a Russian hound that she raised from a puppy. Both of these dogs, as has also the painting, passed out of the possession of Miss Strong. The poor collie choked to death while eating a bone that was too big to go down. The Russian hound, strong and swift as a racehorse and a terror to all the country around, always dashing into flocks of sheep and scattering them over the fields, leaving the shepherd miles behind, had to be sold to escape the shotguns of the shepherd.

Both of these dogs were raised in France, where Miss Strong resided when she painted them. She is an enthusiastic lover of all dumb animals, besides being one of the most famous animal painters, and has still many kennel pets. Recently Miss Strong went to Monterey, where she has set up a studio, and will probably remain for the summer.



WAITING FOR THE MISTRESS.



ON THE TRAIL.

ONE WELL-LEARNED LESSON IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

The professor had been speaking of the wide field of literary research, and as the class rose he said: "You need never sigh for new worlds to conquer."

One of the class stood for a few minutes at the window looking with unseeing eyes across the university campus over the bay to the Golden Gate. As she turned away with a smile, half sad, she said to herself, "I hadn't thought of it for twenty years."

One hot day in the Northern California of twenty years ago the sun shot his rays straight down the principal street of a small town. The whole three blocks of Miner street were deserted, except for half a dozen dogs stretched in the narrow shade of a wall. Glancing up one side and down the other one would notice that every other one of the squat buildings had a rude, much-whittled bench in front of the sidewalk's edge—a sure sign of a saloon.

Seven on one side and six on the other. When the sun passed over the hill these benches would be occupied by men who, from long habit, considered certain seats their own. The affairs of the universe were settled and unsettled on those benches: there were discussed all the political problems of the day, interspersed with bits of local gossip and comments on the ankles of passing women.

What a trial it was for a shy girl to pass those grandstands, knowing, feeling the comments, criticisms and sometimes jokes that followed her down the line.

Just now these wardens of the public were inside watching a game of poker and waiting patiently for some lucky player to go to the bar and say, "Come on, fellows."

Down the street came a child—one of those fat, white little girls of five years, whose looks as a woman are not even to be speculated upon. Take two who are almost alike, and one in fifteen years may be a slender, brown-haired woman, with a complexion of milk and roses; the other may be a gross, dough-faced, straw-haired fright. And you can't tell which will be which.

Short, round, solid, at every step the copper-toed shoes clicked, the short "pig-tail" of tow hair vibrated, and the streamers of the sailor hat stood straight out. This same hat was little protection to the flushed, perspiring face, for it was pushed back so far that the elastic was buried from mortal view in the fat cheek and chin.

There was purpose in the sturdy walk, and in the big gray eyes that traveled up and down the street in search of somebody or something.

In front of the first saloon she stopped, and, walking under the green half-blind that hides so many sins its name should be Charity, she sent that same inquiring glance around the room. No one seemed surprised, there was none of the sudden silence the vision of innocence would naturally provoke, in fact no one saw her. The wise men of the benches were watching in deep interest an exciting game.

As she paused in front of the sixth saloon the shutter swung out and a blue-shirted, red-haired giant almost stepped on her, his feet not being quite sure where the ground was, anyway. The child spoke for the first time. "Daddy in there, Aleck?" The voice matched the eyes—they were older than the rest of her. The giant looked with bleared, kindly eyes, and answered with a trace of Scotch in his accent: "Naw, Little Tom, and I seed him go into Judge Steele's office an hour ago. Did you want him bad?" The big eyes lighted, and that was the same Little Tom who was distinctly disappointed. If daddy was in the office he was certainly sober, but alas, he was out of her reach. Saloons and stores were open to her will, but courthouses and office were forbidden ground.

"Set here on the bench with me and I'll tell you a story till yer dad comes out,"

offered the giant, as he settled himself in a corner where a post cast a shadow. At the word "story" Little Tom, whose feet had been set in the way of righteousness—homeward—hesitated and was lost. Seated on the bench, very close to the story-teller, her feet were straight out over the edge, her head was against Aleck's arm. It made a picture there in the afternoon sunlight, and more than one passer smiled at the queer couple—the very grave little lamb curled up against the big, unsteady lion.

Alex Stuart knew many books and he also knew Little Tom. It was no fairy tale he poured into her eager ear, it was the story of Alexander the Great, told in plain, strong language. His drunken fancy made it seem real to him, and when he finished with these words, "Then he wept," Little Tom wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. "Poor Alexander, he wept," the giant was weeping freely in maudlin sympathy, while the little maid waited with composure for his tears to cease that she might suggest another story.

The other story never came. Instead came a stern voice—"Mary, get down this minute and come with me. Where's your father?"

Scrambling down in a hurry Little Tom went obediently with her father's friend, only hanging back a little when he threw open Judge Steele's office door. She stood in awe of the Judge, who reminded her of the picture of Abraham Lincoln in daddy's big book, and besides daddy had forbidden her coming into the office.

Her captor was both angry and in a hurry, and with the introduction, "I found her on a bench in front of the Last Chance with Aleck Stuart, drunk as a lord, crying all over her. Goodness knows what he has been saying to her," he slammed the door again and was gone.

There was silence in the office as the two men looked at the little downcast figure waiting for daddy to pronounce sentence. Fat child and spare man were curiously alike. Lawyer Tom's eyes began to twinkle when a tear rolled off the funny nose, and picking her up and setting her on the edge of the high desk he commanded, "Tell the Judge what Aleck said to you."

Folding the chubby hands Little Tom raised her eyes to the Judge's face and almost word for word she repeated the tale of the one Alexander as it had been told to her by the other Alexander. Warming with her story she forgot her awe of the Judge and her body shook and the pigtail vibrated anew as she described the wondrous feats until her hero had conquered the world and then she gave a sigh and stopped. "Well, and then?" prompted the Judge, whose face was full of interest.

Little Tom was silent. She swung one foot, from which the untied shoestring dangled. At last she sighed again and looked up. "I guess he was drunk," she remarked.

"Why do you think so, Little Tom?" asked the Judge.

"He cried," went on the child, with disgust in her voice. "He just sat down and cried 'cause he didn't have any more to fight with. Aleck Stuart cried too—he was drunk. Don't you guess Alexander was drunk when he cried, daddy?"

"I guess you'd better run home and ask your mother what she thinks about it," laughed her father. He set her down, gave her that supposed panacea of childhood—a dime—opened the door and washed the sturdy figure up the street. Both men smiled as she trudged along, deep in the memory of Alexander, and trying to reconcile his tears with his great deeds. Just before she turned the corner she nodded to herself decidedly and they almost heard her say, "He was drunk." O. E. H.

NURSED BY A WOLF LIKE RUDYARD KIPLING'S MOWGLI.

Mowgli, in Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book," is not entirely imaginary. It is not a particularly unusual thing for wolves to steal babies in India, and after taking the infants home to raise them with their own whelps, says the New York World.

That was the story of Mowgli. He grew up with wolves as foster parents, learned all about the other animals and their habits, and became familiar with the band-log folks, the monkeys. The analysis of the band-log characteristics in the "Jungle Book" suit many people as accurately as does any character in fiction. Mowgli was an inquisitive child, and as he was always asking questions, and was fortunate in securing and remembering the answers, he learned a vast deal about all the wild inhabitants of the jungle.

There is one of these man-wolves now in the Secundra Orphanage, near Agra, India. The facts have been alluded to by travelers before, but no authentic story of the case has been published previously. The secured information came from Dr. C. S. Valentine, the principal of the Agra Medical Missionary Training Institute, who vouched for its truthfulness.

It was in the spring of 1867 that the wolf-man was first seen. A party of natives were hunting game in the jungles of Bulandshahr, in Northwestern India. These jungles are extensive and infrequented and team with wild beasts. It is in such places that the scene of Kipling's "Jungle Book" is laid, and in them the wild animals are seldom molested and they are a law unto themselves. Native hunters prowl around the edges and rarely enter the dense jungles.

While looking for game the natives discovered a stray wolf. They followed her to her den on top of a small hillock. Near the den was a large rock, and on top of this was a curious, dark-looking object. As the hunters approached it rose and the startled natives saw that it was a half-grown boy. The uncouth youngster ran away on all fours and entered the cave with the wolf which had been pursued.

The frightened hunters were so alarmed that they returned to the village of Bulandshahr and reported what they had seen to the magistrate, who advised them to return and try to capture the child. A party was formed and the hunters led the way to the hillock. A fire was built at the mouth of the cave, so that the smoke would enter the orifice. After waiting for some time the wolf ran out and was killed. Almost simultaneously the child dashed out, and after some difficulty was caught.

The boy fought desperately. He bit and scratched, and before he was overpowered and securely bound several of the natives had been bitten and two or three of them had received ugly wounds. The wild thing had enormous strength and was as fierce as any wolf. Even after he was tied the little fellow snarled and snapped at any one that approached, and it was with much difficulty that he was finally carried away

The boy seemed to be about 7 or 8 years old, but had three times the strength of the usual boy of that age. His head was covered with a mat of hair, which fell down over his face. His body was indescribably unclean. He moved on all fours and could not be induced to stand erect. There was quite a growth of hair on the body, which was covered with scars. The head was small and the brow low and receding.

The eyes were grayish and constantly in motion. They constantly squinted, which gave the boy a mean look. The face was small, thin and wrinkled, and two cicatrices on the cheeks told of deep bites that had at some time been inflicted. Evidently the poor creature had been roughly used and had been compelled to fight many times for food and life.

Some days after the boy was captured the magistrate sent him to the Secundra Orphanage. As he entered that institution on Saturday he was named Sanichar, and by that name he is still known. For a long time after he was placed in the orphanage he refused to eat like a human being. He persisted in eating his food from the ground, picking up vegetables with his lips and gnawing raw meat from the bones with his teeth.

When captured it was soon learned that Sanichar was deaf and dumb. This rendered the teaching of the boy more difficult. As no teacher was available who had had experience with deaf-mutes, little was attempted in teaching him. He was left alone to grow as he pleased. He gradually dropped some of his old habits and became partially civilized, but he remained mute and morose.

He has consented to wear clothes and will eat off a plate. But he refuses to use a knife or fork, preferring to convey the food from his plate with his fingers.

He has learned to walk erect, but he occasionally drops on all fours, in which position he can move with remarkable speed. When standing erect he is five feet two inches high. When walking he lifts his feet high, like a stringhalted horse, or as though he were wading in wet grass.

When awake he is always moving, and his eyes have a restless appearance, as though he were expecting an attack from an unseen enemy. When he walks all the muscles of his body jerk and he swings his arms as though they materially assisted him. His head is constantly turning from one side to the other.

Sanichar is now about 36 years old, and the conditions of his early life must always remain a mystery. He is docile enough now, but his eyes always have a hungry look, and he is suspicious of every one. Dr. Valentine has studied Sanichar a great deal, but is unable to make much of him. What he knows, however, almost makes a person believe in the legend of Romulus and Remus, and the poor, half-savage creature Sanichar is living proof that Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli has existed in fact as well as in fiction.