ALMOST BURIED ALIVE

Insanity Expert's Tale of Horror Rivals Poe.

WENT MAD WHILE LECTURING

Suddenly Cried Out to His Hearers, "Run for Your Lives, I, Too, Am Insane"—When He Recovered Consciousness He Had Been Placed in a Coffin—Unable to Move a Muscle, but as the Lid Was Being Screwed Down, a Big Effort Saved Him.

The Turin insanity expert, physician, and university lecturer, Monti, recently had an experience which, his colleague Lombroso says is worth recording in a book of 500 pages.

Owing to various excitements and sorrows in the course of a day, Dr. Monti had a nervous collapse. In the middle of a lecture on insanity, he suddenly cried out: "Run for your lives! I, too, am insane." Reviving, he found himself in bed and in a condition of absolute asphyxy. His body was dead, but his mind kept on working.

After a while something heavy was carried in; his coffin.

He had to listen to the rude jokes of the undertaker's men, knowing all the time that his face and body exhibited the symptoms of one dead.

As they were about to screw on the lid, a girl, Monti's first love, fought her way into the room to gaze upon him once more. Her loving eyes acted like magnets upon his own.

He made a last supreme effort, a tremor ran through his body, his face twitched. Cries of: "He moves!" "He is alive!" Dr. Monti was saved.

Here follows his story in his own words:

Causes of the Prostration.

"The air had been hot with the fiery breath of the sirocco for three days, and my nerves were unstrung on account of the heat, of worry and excitement. I had, at the time, four distinguished patients hovering at the grave's brink. My general practice and my various other duties allowed me not a free minute in the day; the sick and suffering sent for me at all hours of the night.

"When I jumped into the carriage to go to University, there to deliver a much-advertised lecture, somebody handed me a telegram.

"Alas! poor Emilio, my friend and patient was dead. He had been a writer of divine verse, a genius, poorer than Job, and richer in children than the owner of a harem. What was to become of them and their penniless mother? And I hadn't had the heart to even prepare them for the worst.

"Under ordinary circumstances the lecture-room is to me a place for intellectual recreation. To-day, when my whole bodily and mental system demanded absolute rest, the very thought of standing up before a room full of people appalled me.

"Yet I perceived there was no escape from duty. The hall was packed to suffocation with students, and, horror of horrors, there were some distinguished French physicians in the audience, who had stopped over expressly to hear me.

"When, after making these observations, it was found that I had left the notes for my lecture in the cab, my excitement increased. It was too late to hunt for them and, nervous as I was, I ran over the letters and papers in my pockets for material. As I happened to come across a few memoranda on certain new phases of insanity which lately had come under my surveillance, I resolved to make them the basis of my remarks.

Had Forgotten His Notes.

"Of what follows I haven't got a very clear conception. I remember, though, that I was loudly applauded on ascending the platform, and that it cost me almost superhuman effort to utter the introductory remarks. What I had never done before, I stuttered and hesitated after every word. But the respectful silence of my audience, the attention with which the students followed my labored discourse, gave me back self-confidence after a little while. I began to feel that I was myself again, the clouds that had cobwebbed my brain passed away. My thoughts became clear and distinct, words formed on my tongue like magic Now I articulated to perfection, and my eloquence was more than equal to the interesting and novel subject. I was astounded at the change, and at the power and conciseness of the arguments put forward without preparation.

"And my memory that I had always found rather torpid and unreliable, suddenly changed into a faithful friend and ally. Cases of insanity which I hadn't thought of since the days of my youth came back to me as vivid illustrations of the hypothetical cases under discussion.

"Then, when all my intellectual resources—memory, the power of discernment, the gift of criticism and the knowledge of curious and strange cases—were working at fever heat, a feeling of instinctive horror seized me. I felt myself standing in the shadow of an awful danger—a danger which I couldn't escape, that, octopus-like, held me in its vice.

"As this feeling grew on me and finally overcame me, the proud edifice of my rhetorics began to tremble, my seemingly inexhaustible flow of thoughts crumbled away, the wings of my genius became lame. Yet there was a last flare up of imaginative powers. For a moment I thought that I was a mighty soothsayer and seer, gifted to cite the dead and the living before my forum. Charmed by the thought, I interrupted my speech—the wide hall was as still as the grave, thousands of eager eyes hung upon mine.

Cried Out that He Was Insane.

"Now, like a thunderbolt from the blue heavens, another odd idea came crushing through my brain. I felt my face twitch, convulsive laughter shook my frame. Before I knew what I was about I uttered these words: 'Run for your lives; I, too, am mad.'

"I saw my audience rise as one man, all before me was pallid faces, excitement, gesticulations, cries of surprise and of horror.

"Then I lost consciousness.

"When I came to, I was in bed—my bed; I recognized the furniture in the room. Red sunlight shone through the half closed curtains. Evening, then, was approaching. I was glad I could see it all.

"They had deserted me—a deadly silence prevailed throughout the house. When I began to examine the reasons of my lying in bed at this unusual hour, a weakness overcame me. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

"The arrival of my friend, Dr. Forcas, awakened me. He regarded me for some minutes with a steady gaze, and I saw that he changed color as the nature of his observation became clear to him. His hand trembled when he felt my pulse, and with a voice full of sadness he murmured: 'By the Virgin, how he has changed in little more than an hour.'

"I heard a woman's voice on the corridor. 'May I come in?'

"Forcas made no answer and my wife tiptoed into the room. How pale and miserable she looked. As she bent over to kiss me, hot tears dropped upon my forehead. She took my hand in hers, pressed it carefully, and with her lips to my ear, asked in a faltering voice: 'Do you recognize me, Carlo?'

Could Neither Speak Nor Move.

"I tried to speak. It was impossible. I tried again. I kept on trying for five or six minutes. Then my slow-working brain suggested that I make signs to her. But I couldn't raise a finger nor move a muscle.

"At last Maria got up, holding both hands to her face. 'He doesn't know me any more. It's all up with him,' she sobbed. Forcas took her gently by the hand and drew her toward the door. 'No, no,' she pleaded, 'I want to be with him in his dying hour.' And again I dropped into unconsciousness.

"I felt like one awakening from a long, deep sleep when I regained consciousness a second time. The fever had gone down, but I was helpless, enervated in the extreme. My eyesight was still good. I recognized Forcas and even the smallest articles about the room. Forcas, leaning over my bed said in a voice, made husky by emotion, 'Are you feeling better, Carlo?'

"Up to then the impotence to give expression to my thoughts had not seriously troubled me. In fact, I had not given it any thought except at the time when I was trying to make use of my faculties, or the faculties I once possessed. Now the awful significance of the situation burst upon me with double force. By a mighty effort I raised myself from the cushions, pressed the doctor's hand, and with troubled eyes looked all around the room. It was done in four or five seconds, then my hold relaxed, my eyes closed, and I fell back like a sack of salt.

"At the same moment I heard these words uttered by Forcas—they sounded as if they came from a far distance—'Thank God, his sufferings are at an end at last.'

Third Period of Unconciousness.

"Several hours must have passed between the time when Forcas pronounced my death warrant and the moment of my reawakening.

"The first sensation I was conscious of, was a cold. It irritated me. 'Why,' I said to myself, 'knowing how ill I am, why have they opened the windows?'

"The cold seemed to increase. 'Have they, then, all the windows open?' Angry as I was, I determined to investigate and tried to open my eyes. Alas! the lids seemed to be held down by prodigious weights. Try as I might, it was all in vain.

"I noticed another thing. This was not my way of lying in bed, straight as a pin, two pillows under my head! Had Maria so far forgotten her wifely duties as to allow the servants to interfere with my comfort? And my arms—they were stretched out close to my body and limbs like those of a soldier standing at attention. What did it all mean?

"By the saints this situation was intolerable, it threatened to give me cramps, but my most laborious attempts to remedy matters failed. Suddenly it occurred to me to cry for help. My wife must be in the next room, and if not she, the servants would hear me.

"I wanted to open my mouth. I tried to articulate, but not a word, not a sound could I produce.

The Undertaker's Men Appeared.

"My hearing was perfect, though. I observed that the door was opened, and was kept ajar for a minute or two while a number of men—their footwear announced them as such—carried in some heavy, long piece of furniture. This they deposited on the carpeted floor with a bang, and a rough voice said:

"'Thirty-eight years only and hopped the twig. I would have taken him for forty-five.'

"Thirty-eight or forty-five, what is the difference to one of these? They get more enjoyment out of life in thirty-eight years than we would in two hundred.'

"'Correct, Rafaelo, and they can browbeat us, but not the gentleman with hourglass and scythe. He makes even doctors and professors like him turn up their toes at a moment's notice.'

"Was I then dead? My family and friends evidently thought so, hence the coffin. And funeral preparations all around. Door bell ringing continuously. Letters and telegrams of condolence, no doubt. Subdued in one corner of the house, the clatter of servants' tongues in another. Ah, they were taking the children away, poor little ones they mustn't be brought into contact with sorrow.

"Forcas' last words loomed up in my brain. He had pronounced me dead—I now remembered it distinctly—and Forcas is one of the foremost practitioners of Turin. But at that moment I disputed his erudition, his well-earned fame was mud in my mental eye. Ah, he was a flighty, negligent, and altogether untrustworthy person to have in a sick room. I shall denounce him to the faculty as soon as——

Not Breathing, Yet Alive.

"I didn't get further in my argument. Maybe Forcas was right after all. Hadn't I myself always maintained that death ensued the moment after the last breath is drawn? And I wasn't breathing, not perceptibly at least. Within me the circulation of blood had stopped—stopped to all appearances.

"The windows were not opened. One of the men just said it would be well to let in some fresh air on the 'stiff.' The cold I felt was the cold of death, or the absence of animal warmth, if you will have it so.

"The more I pondered on these facts the more became I convinced that I was really dead. One of the first things I learned in medicine—oh, how well I remembered these things—was to the effect that the transition beginning with the suspension of life's functions to absolute death lasts from one to twelve hours, and that during said period—'when the breath is out of the body'—one is dead to all the outside world if not before one's own consciousness.

"I had never thought much about this part of medical knowledge, or want of certainty. Now it was brought home to me with terrible force, and with the knowledge I had, I couldn't doubt that I was either dead or in the transitory state that precedes actual dissolution.

"Then the physical aspects of my case arose luminously before my hard-working brain. The symptoms of death were doubtless written upon my countenance and were apparent in the general aspect of my body. I couldn't feel my pulse, but I knew it acted only at great intervals, if at all. The frost in my limbs taught me that my skin must be cold and clammy to the touch. It was also pale, I felt sure of that, though I didn't know exactly why.

"Death looks out of man's 'broken' eye. The peculiar condition of the eye styled 'broken' is one of the few absolutely certain signs of death. 'Was my eye broken, or did it only appear so? Surely, Forcas had not neglected this point. Ah, if I could only raise my eyelids, I might have convinced myself.

"While I was thus increasing my tortures by unanswerable questions, the undertaker's men raised me by my head, feet, and under the body, and, none too gently, deposited me in a box—pshaw! what was the use of deception?—in the coffin.

All Ready for the Funeral.

"Said one of them: 'Miserly rascals, why didn't they let us wash him? It's an easy job with such stiffs as this, but, of course, the poor man is always cheated out of his honest perquisites.'

"Washed and dressed for burial, incased between five boards, to which a sixth was soon to be added, by order of one of the best physicians in the city, my own pupil, a man who prided himself upon following in my footsteps! I was dead, I must be dead, yet I was conscious.

"How long would this consciousness last? Until after burial? Would I die in my grave, a prisoner in a vermin-eaten carcass? These thoughts frightened me so that I relapsed into coma.

"How long I slept I don't know. The arrival of friends who came to have a last look at me, awakened me, and the dreadfulness, the ghastly hideousness of my position stood instantly before my mental eyes. I said to myself: 'My body is dead; very well, but what about my soul? What's the use of having an immortal soul if it cannot manifest itself?' Then I remembered that I had always made it a point to ridicule mediums and that sort of thing, and I hated myself for having done so.

"And again my faculty of thought was unimpaired; didn't that prove the presence of life, of a certain amount of strength? Where there is strength there must be a will. I had an ardent wish to speak, to act, to live. Why not exercise it?

"Yes, why not? My inability to do so was driving me insane.

"Then the question as to my nerves came up before my mind's court. Had the telephone connection between my brain and the nerves ceased? Had those fleet messengers gone on strike? And why? What could be done to set them to work again? And might I not force them into service if I tried hard? My memory teemed with recollections of cases of the sway wielded by the exercise of extraordinary will power. There was a man in Milan who could make his heart jump or stand still according to his sweet pleasure. I had seen it done myself.

"With this faith of confidence in my ability to live returned. I will live, I must live, no one shall hinder me to live.

Time to Close the Lid.

"But, lo, some voice near the door said: 'It's getting late, gentlemen, we ought to close the lid.' I wouldn't have time to exercise my will power so as to bring on the change in my outward appearance even if I could. Yet fright gave impetus to my intentions. Now or never, it cried within me.

"I endeavored to expand my breast, to exhale. Great God, it was impossible. Breathing was out of the question, and I felt it was growing dark about me. Now something heavy shook the walls of the box in which I was lying. The lid? They began screwing it on.

"Wild rage, unbridled fury took hold of me at this moment. I, a physician, one of medicine's shining lights, was to rot alive because science didn't know enough to distinguish between asphyxia and death. Moreover, had they tried all known means for definitely ascertaining whether I was really dead or not, or had they merely trusted to outward appearance and to the scientific aspects of my case?

"Of all senses that of hearing is least affected by asphyxia. Of course, the doctors had no means for finding out whether I could hear or not, but there were other means for determining my true condition. A cold, clear mirror held before my mouth and nostrils would cover with dampness if I breathed, a lighted candle, or a tuft of eiderdown, exposed to these organs, would indicate or deny the same. The water in a full saucer placed on my naked stomach would tremble if I was alive—had they made these tests?

"Had they pierced my lips and tongue with needles to see if blood would flow? Had they brushed my back with rough brushes, and had they tickled the soles of my feet?

"Why hadn't they burned me with sealing wax? Why hadn't somebody stuffed his lighted cigar into my nose? A mustard plaster costs only a few centesimi. They wouldn't even spend that. There was an electric battery in my room—why hadn't they used it on me—the criminals, the murderers, who called themselves my friends?

Saved by His First Love.

"So far had I got in my silent ravings—three screws were already in—when there was a commotion. I distinguished Maria's voice. It was shrill and unpleasant. 'No, no! that woman shall not come in, I, the wife, forbid it.'

"Explanations, more heated words, shrieks, shuffling of feet. The undertaker's men interrupted their work, the lid was raised. It fell upon the floor with a dull thud.

"A warm hand was placed upon my heart, hot tears dropped upon my face. 'My Carlo,' said a voice full of tenderness, sweetness, and sorrow. I knew that voice. It was Francesca's, and Francesca had been my first and only love.

"I felt something irritate my eyelids, that warm hand upon my breast revived the activity of my heart. My blood began to circulate, my nerves to vibrate, my muscles stretched like the rope of a yacht running before a breeze.

"Slowly, slowly the magnet of Francesca's magic eyes raised the veil from mine. I half opened the lids, a faint wail broke from my lips. I raised my arms to embrace Francesca. Cries: 'He moves.' 'He is alive,' all around. I was saved."

IN THE DINING ROOM.

The Kind of Chairs Now to Be Seen Around the Festive Board.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Dining-room chairs need not differ in any essential particular from any other chairs, but they should certainly be easy, substantial, and graceful, a combination by no means too readily provided. The ponderous oak or mahogany chair usually associated with the baronial sideboard has nothing to recommend it beyond its size, and is decidedly in bad taste. In a small dining-room such a chair is impossible, and seems to overpower almost any room irrespective of size. The solid English dining chairs of mahogany belonging to the eighteenth century are, on the other hand, well adapted for this purpose, their strength being combined with lightness and elegance. They have wide, deep seats, with low and narrow backs, in order not to interfere with the service of the table, while the seats are comfortably upholstered.

The mahogany dining chairs belonging to the Louis XIV period are particularly fine examples of what such chairs ought to be, but the cost of them is almost prohibitive except to the few. Then, again, the chairs should be in keeping with the room. In a small flat they usually prove rather a vexed question, as it is necessary to economize every inch of space. There is a rail chair in walnut with a rush seat, very well adapted for the purpose; also a mahogany chair, upholstered in leaather, somewhat similar to a Sheraton design. Railed chairs in various designs, with rush seats, are very suitable for the modest dining-room. They are picturesque and light, while being plain and simple they may be used with furniture of any style.

The heavily carved oak chair looks very handsome in a large, lofty room, and when upholstered in fine tapestry is a worthy possession. There are many well-designed cane-seated chairs, but the rush seats are preferable, not only on account of their durability, but the cane is liable to leave impressions on velvet or soft material dresses. It is a becoming fashion to have two carving chairs with arms, one at each end of the table, support the dignity of the others, and lend an air of importance to the room. Easy chairs of any other description are quite unnecessary, unless the room has to do duty also as a sitting-room, not altogether a comfortable arrangement, but unavoidable where there are only two entertaining rooms.

Masculine Scarfs for Women.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Four-in-hand scarfs of bright orange, rose, blue, or purple silk, with broad ends of black satin, are oddities in neckwear to brighten the plain flannel shirt waist or the severe dark cloth gown. Another rather odd piece of neckwear is a stock of silk in white or colors, striped with black velvet. Beneath is a full bow of black velvet, the ends edged with white or colored silk fringe to match the stock. Ties of Liberty silks and gauzes of chiffon and crepe de chine and of plain surah are worn in all colors and in bows of all sizes. Big black satin bows with fringed ends are rather pretty worn with a bright bodice, and black or colored ties dotted with white or black silk dots are effective.

Neck scarfs in soft Liberty silk and satin-faced surahs come in lovely changeable colors or delicate single ones, measuring two and a half yards long, for $4, and are prettily fringed on the ends. A wide black velvet ribbon with double stripes of open lace work on each edge and fringed in black silk on the bottom makes not only a very lasting and useful scarf, but a very dressy one. The price is $4 also. The price of the ribbon is $1.50 per yard.

Explained.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Zimmerman gets things sadly twisted, doesn't he?"

"Yes. His father was a pretzel baker."

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Will cure incipient consumption, bronchitis, grippe, asthma, and all other throat or lung affections without fail. You can always rely on it. Price only 25 cents.

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HOW SLANG IS COINED

Colleges Are Regular Hotbeds of Queer Words.

SPECIALIST TALKS OF HIS ART

George Ade, the Chicago Newspaper Man, Whose "Fables in Slang" Have Attained Considerable Vogue, Gives an Insight Into the Vocabulary of Odd Expressions—Slang Doesn't Originate in the Slums and Work Its Way to a Higher Plane.

Among the newer writers whose books are shown in the windows, George Ade, of Chicago, holds a rather unique place, as he has come to be regarded as a specialist on the subject of American slang. Mr. Ade does not crave the honor and hopes to live long enough to win the favor of the purists, who took violent exceptions to his book of "Artie," published three years ago, and who may find several distinct shocks in that odd little volume, "Fables in Slang," which has just come from the press. In both of these books Mr. Ade has gathered up the vernacular of the period, the irreverent metaphor, the far-fetched simile, and the words coined in the street. He deals in a language which is often spoken but seldom written.

The other day he was asked to give an opinion as to the origin of the many slang words and phrases which are being added to our vocabulary every year, to enrich it or corrupt it, according to the point of view.

"I must confess that it is difficult to locate the birthplace of a piece of slang," he replied. "The critics who denounce slang most bitterly, and who deny it any place in literature, usually say that all slang has its origin in the criminal or slum layer of society and then gradually works its way up, until in the course of a few years it reaches the lexicographer. Well, I don't believe it. There are too many kinds of slang. The criminal element has its own argot, but the slang of the basement saloon doesn't ordinarily find its way into the colleges, and yet our colleges are regular hotbeds of slang. In thief parlance at the present time a policeman is a 'bull,' a man's legs are his 'gams,' his nose is a 'beak' or a 'conk,' his ribs are his 'slats,' and so on. Could you imagine a seminary girl using any such ugly terms? When she talks slang she says that something or other is a 'lily' or a 'hun' or the 'only flower on the stem.' She may talk of having a 'mash,' or giving some one 'the frozen face' or 'the glad hand,' but all such expressions are merely playful and figurative, and I don't see that they can be traced to the vicious element of the large cities. And yet the stock argument against slang is that it is borrowed from the slums.

Slang that Is Needed.

"Of course, we can trace dozens of slang words and expressions to the race track and the poker table, but even this language borrowed from the gamblers has its value. Is there any good equivalent for the word 'bluff?' And could anything be more expressive than 'standing pat?' There are certain words and phrases that grow into general use because there is an actual need of them. Now, I call to mind two valuable slang words that have come in within the last five years. One is 'kid,' not in its old application to a small child, however, and the other is 'string.' When you say that a man started in to 'kid' you, you mean that he pretended to be serious with you, but that his real purpose was to make fun of you and bring you into ridicule. Now, is there any one word or any six words in the purest vocabulary that would express the same shade of meaning? The nearest word is 'chaff,' possibly, but chaffing may not be mock-serious and 'kidding' always is. You take the other word. To 'string' a man means to deceive him by a pretense of sincerity and induce him to believe something that isn't true. The 'kidder' seeks amusement only; the 'stringer' wishes to fasten a conviction in the mind of his hearer. Mind you, I don't say that our writers of English ought to begin using 'string' or 'kid,' but I do say that when such words come into our vocabulary because they express new shades of meaning, it is not surprising that a great many people take them up and use them freely.

"Then, again, a great deal of our so-called 'slang' isn't slang at all. When a young man calls his girl a 'peach' or a 'bird' he is simply following the example of the poets. He is talking figuratively. When you say that such and such a thing is the 'limit,' you are not abusing good English. I say of a man, 'I can see his finish.' That is absolutely correct English, and very forceful English, too. Another kind of slang is nothing more than the putting of old words into new combinations, the result in each case being a novel and catchy phrase that is bandied about in common talk until no writer dare use it, because it has become familiarized, you may say, into nothing more than slang.

Freakish Phrases Are Popular.

"Queerest of all is the senseless slang phrase which holds the fancy of the hour and then passes away. There are numerous phrases that have come and gone within twenty years. At present you hear a man say that he 'felt like thirty cents.' Can any one analyze that into a sane expression? Yet it is amusing and catchy. I first heard that 'thirty cents' comparison in 1895. Since then it has come into general use, merely because it's so freakish. It's the same with the current 'How'd you like to be the iceman?' It began as a song, and it has given rise to a whole breed of iceman 'gags,' none of which actually means anything. It is a repetition of 'Where did you get that hat?' and 'Whoa, Emma.' It will die out in a few months and some other idiotic word or phrase will take its place. To me the study of the constant changes in slang and colloquial talk is very diverting. If it is worth while for a scientist to watch a snake shed its skin, I don't see why it isn't worth while for a man to watch a people shed its vocabulary.

"By the way, I have come upon a new piece of slang within the past two months and it has puzzled me. I first heard it from a big newsboy who had a 'stand' on a corner. A small boy with several papers under his arm had edged up until he was trespassing on the territory of the other. When the big boy saw the small one he went at him him in a threatening way and said: 'Here, here! Twenty-three! Twenty-three!'" The small boy scowled and talked under his breath, but he moved away. A few days after that I saw a street beggar approach a well-dressed man, who might have been a bookmaker or horseman, and try for the usual 'touch.'

This man looked at the beggar in cold disgust and said: 'Aw, twenty-three!' I could see that the beggar didn't understand it any better than I did. I happened to meet a man who tries to 'keep up' on slang, and I asked the meaning of 'Twenty-three!' He said it was a signal to clear out, run, get away. In his opinion it came from the English race tracks, twenty-three being the limit on the number of horses allowed to start in one race. This was his explanation. I don't know that twenty-three is the limit. But his theory was that 'twenty-three' meant that there was no longer any reason for waiting at the post. It was a signal to run, a synonym for the Bowery boys' 'On your way!' Another student of slang said the expression originated in New Orleans at the time that an attempt was made to rescue a Mexican embezzler who had been arrested there and was being taken back to his own country. Several of his friends planned to close in upon the officer and prisoner as they were passing in front of a business block which had a wide corridor running through to another block. They were to separate the officer and prisoner and then, when one of them shouted 'twenty-three,' the crowd was to scatter in all directions and the prisoner was to run back through the corridor, on the chance that the officer would be too confused to follow the right man. The plan was tried and it failed, but 'twenty-three' came into local use as meaning 'Get away, quick!' and in time it spread to other cities. I don't vouch for either of these explanations, but I do know that 'twenty-three' is now a part of the slangy boys' vocabulary."

$50,000 EXTRA FOR SOLDIERS.

That Amount Paid Every Year as Interest on Undrawn Pay.

From the Philadelphia Times.

It is not well known, perhaps, yet a fact nevertheless, that Uncle Sam is paying a higher rate of interest to his soldier boys than on the last bond issue. And how many have an idea to what this interest amounted the past year? Almost $50,000.

This interest—4 per cent.—is paid on deposits, and only to enlisted men. Officers with straps are excluded. Any soldier, not retired, may deposit his savings with any paymaster in sums not less than $5. This he may do at any time, but once depositing it must remain until expiration of his enlistment. Each depositor is furnished a book, in which each deposit, with the names of depositor, date, place, and amount, in form of a certificate, is entered at time of deposit, and signed by the paymaster and company commander. Company commanders are required to keep a record of every deposit, and on the same day deposit is made must report the same to the office of the paymaster general, Washington. The paymaster each month sends to the same office an abstract of deposits, where comparisons are made and discrepancies corrected.

This privilege has proven a veritable boon to the soldier boys, for it not only provides an admirable means of security for their surplus money, but is profitable. Besides, it encourages them to save their earnings.

During the past year the record of depositing has been remarkable, but it is plain that the high-water mark has been far from reached. For the fiscal year ending June 30 over $500,000 was deposited by the troops at Manila alone. This amount has astounded the War Department. Indeed, with the increase of the army this feature of soldiers' deposits has caused the department to open its eyes in wonder, for the great record of last year promises to be vastly eclipsed. Expectations for Manila alone run as high as $1,500,000, which will mean $60,000 interest; and many expect the amount of deposits to reach nearly $2,000,000. One reason for this anticipated increase is that there are more soldiers of the depositing class than last year. That is, there are more "regulars." And even the new volunteers may almost be included in the same category, for they realize that they are in for at least two years, while the volunteers last year knew their term of service would be brief, consequently had no desire or incentive to deposit. For this reason the deposits were almost exclusively confined to "regulars." Therefore, under the new status, it is not difficult to perceive that the amount of deposits will increase to a great degree. In some companies over half the members are now depositing, and it is believed the fever will spread, at least in the Philippines and other distant possessions, until in the near future almost every member will be a depositor. The benefit of this to the soldier can readily be seen, but it means a heap of interest. Yet there will hardly be any complaints on that score.

There is a new condition of things, however, which may have a tendency to decrease the amount of deposits. Last Congress provided for what are known as allotments, which will enable a soldier to arrange so that a certain amount of his pay each month can be paid to his wife, or parents, or whomsoever he may nominate. This will prove a great convenience to soldiers, especially those having dependents at home, and may, as intimated, lessen the amount of deposits.

The records of deposits are kept in the office of the paymaster general, and entail more labor than can be fully realized. In fact, the limited number of clerks in charge are literally swamped. Said a clerk engaged on this work: "You have no idea to what extent this feature of soldiers' deposits has grown. Before the late war it was almost insignificant, but it has swollen with such tremendous strides that we are away behind, notwithstanding increased force and extra hours, and it is getting worse every day. If they don't give us further help I don't know what we will do. Why, we have just received a paymaster's abstract from Manila containing the names of almost 1,400 depositors, amounting in all to over $35,000. It may seem like fiction," the clerk continued, "but some soldiers are depositing more than their whole month's pay."

GOLD COINED BY THE TON.

Some Startling Statistics of the San Francisco Mint.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Ordinarily people speak of gold bullion, when quantities are mentioned, as so many ounces, except in San Francisco, where the receipts of gold bullion at the United States branch mint are referred to as so many tons for certain days. It sounds like an enormous boast, bordering on the fabulous, yet it is none the less true. The mint books show it; the bullion was received, coined, and turned over to its owners. One day in August last four tons of the precious metal were received at the mint for coinage, while in October, 1897, the receipts for one day were six tons. That exceeds the receipts of any other mint, as far as known, and so does the total coinage of the San Francisco branch mint exceed that of any other of recent years, and is still on the increase.

The coinage of the last fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, according to the report just completed, was the largest in the history of this mint. It consisted of 13,873,375 pieces, valued at $63,862,275. That coinage has been exceeded only in amount in the coinage history of the government on two occasions. At the mint in Philadelphia, in the year 1861, some $70,000,000 was coined, and again in the same place, in 1881, something over $76,000,000 was coined. Since then California has pushed forward, and now holds the front rank for amounts. The largest amount heretofore coined in the San Francisco mint during any calendar year was in 1878, $50,186,500. This year the coinage is expected to at least approximate that of 1898. Prior to 1897, and for the fifteen years preceding, the coinage at the San Francisco mint averaged about $25,000,000 a year. In that year the amount took a sudden leap, and went up to $40,084,291. The largest number of deposits for one month in the history of the mint was in August, 1899. They reached 1,353, aggregating nearly 700,000 ounces, value about $12,500,000.

For the three years prior to that time deposits averaged from 500 to 700 a month, which was considered very good business. The heaviest deposits for one day in that month aggregated four tons of gold. A large consignment of English sovereigns arrived that day from Australia, and were sent to the mint to be recoined; a large lot of dust and nuggets were landed from the Klondyke, while some gold came from Pacific coast mines and Mexico. This was only exceeded once, as far as the records show, and that was one day in October, 1897. The deposits for the month were 955, and the coinage $9,000,000. But six tons of gold came in one day, valued at about $3,000,000, rating a ton at $500,000, which is the accepted valuation. This deposit consisted largely of British sovereigns from Australia, though there was considerable Klondyke gold received that day. For the first two months of the current year the coinage was $10,272,636, as against the corresponding two months of the last fiscal year, $10,697,834. Nearly all the gold from the Klondyke and Cape Nome has found its way of late to San Franciso. Last year the gold was sent from Seattle to Philadelphia for coinage.

Now that the bulk of the gold product of the north comes to San Francisco, the best record of the output is obtainable here. On September 1 of this year $9,421,493 was deposited from that section. Since that date about $1,500,000 more has been received at the San Francisco mint, making practically $11,000,000 from the Klondyke this season. Judging from the receipts of last year, it is safe to estimate the total output of the year at $14,000,000. If this be realized it will exceed the output of last year by $3,000,000. The average value of Klondyke gold last year received at the mint was $15.75 an ounce, although it ranged from $14.70 to $19. Both were exceptional cases. A large number of tests were made from deposits, showing an average of $15.75 an ounce. The Cape Nome gold shows an average of $17.50, but ranges from $15 to $18. The finer quality predominates.

While the mint at Philadelphia has produced a larger number of coins during the same period, requiring twice the force, the coinage of the San Francisco mint exceeds that of Philadelphia, and, perhaps, of any other mint in value. Philadelphia turns out more subsidiary coins, but San Francisco has produced more gold coin in the aggregate than Philadelphia.

During the week just passed three carloads of silver have been received at the San Francisco mint from Philadelphia, quite an unusual thing. The shipment of that bullion to this city is due to the great demand for subsidiary coin. The large surplus which has been kept here to meet such conditions and which had been considered excessive for many years became exhausted. To obviate shipping and reshipping, the government arranged with dealers to deposit silver in San Francisco and receive the corresponding amount of bullion in Philadelphia. All the silver required for the past year and prior to that time has been supplied here through that agency, until the past few months, when the extraordinary demand for silver in the Orient completely exhausted the surplus, and silver was worth more in San Francisco than in New York. The silver was shipped principally to China. Never before in the history of the mint has there been such a demand for subsidiary coin as in the past eighteen months. The cost of making the coin is less in San Francisco than in any other mint in the United States by the piece. Of the money coined here last year $58,000,000 was in gold, representing over 116 tons in bullion, and 165 tons of silver bullion, an amount scarcely equaled in any mint in the world.

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THE MINES OF GUANAJUATO.

Some with Marvelous Records in the Past—Others with Fine Prospects.

From the Modern Mexico.

Who that has visited Mexico has not heard of the celebrated mines of Guanajuato, discovered in 1548 by packers going from Mexico to Zacatecas? The first mine was given the name of San Barnabe, and two years later came the discovery of the celebrated San Juan de Rayas; then in quick succession Mellada, Santa Anita, Franstos, Cata, Sirena, and a host of others; but it was not till in the course of the eighteenth century that Guanajuato reached a surprising degree of wealth and prosperity. Then all the famous mines were at the height of their fame and produced an enormous amount of gold and silver. From 1776 to 1803 the mines produced one hundred and sixty-five millions in gold and silver; from 1803 to 1887 the production was $355,616,500, which makes for a period of 122 years the enormous total of $520,616,500. These figures are taken from the records of the ministry of encouragement, and are undoubtedly correct. If we consider that these mines were worked for 218 years before 1776 and produced at least four millions a year during that time, and that since 1887 the district of Guanajuato has produced between five and six millions annually, it will be seen that the enormous total of between fourteen and fifteen millions has been added to the wealth of the world by this district. And there are enormous tracts of the great vein from which all this wealth has been taken that have hardly been well prospected as yet.

The first mines worked on a large scale were Rayas and Mellada; then came Santa Anita, San Vincente, Cata, Franstos, Sirena, Valenciana, La Luz, Santa Lucia, San Jose de Los Muchachos, and many others. The first of these, San Juan de Rayas, is one of the most famous mines on the main vein, and the document of denouncement is the oldest in the archives of Guanajuato. The books of the owners show that Rayas alone paid in royalties to the King of Spain $17,363,000; and it has been worked constantly for a period of 349 years. Rayas and Valenciana are also noted for their great shafts of octagon shape, the first 11.31 meters in diameter and 382 meters deep, which cost $1,700,000. The second, 9.22 meters in diameter, and 515 deep, and walled in with cut stone from the top to a depth of 70 meters, which cost $1,100,000. Going southeast from Mellada we come to the Sirena, which is now being worked by an American company, who have just completed a fine, modern twenty-stamp wet crushing mill, with the Boss continuous process of amalgamation. From the Sirena southeast for a distance of 2,000 meters the vein is capped, and it has not been prospected enough to determine its value.

Then we come to another important group of gold mines of the Cedro and Cardones district, consisting of the Belgrade, San Jose, San Matias, San Guerra, Cardones, and Union, of which the most important are the Cedro, which has produced many thousands of tons of ore, and has thousands of dollars worth of modern machinery on it, including hoist, compressor, boilers, pumps, and engines; Cardones, now worked by the American company with a modern mill hoist, pumps, &c.; and the Union, which is being rapidly developed through a magnificent tunnel, and producing very high grade gold and silver ores. All these mines are noted for the amount of gold they have produced and are producing, as this end of the vein carries much more gold than the end on which the other famous mines are situated. Cedro and Cardones, especially, have big bodies developed, which carry a big percentage of gold. South from Cardones and on the same vein, which is here of an immense width, are Canales, Camacho, San Vicento, and several others noted for their rich gold ores, and on which an American company is soon to begin erecting a gold mill of big capacity. West from these is the mine El Santo Nino del Najal, celebrated for the rich and enormous amounts of gold ore it has produced and which has a modern ten stamp mill operated by an American company. Still farther south are Villapando, San Rafael, Cata, Dolores, La Loca, and a host of others. With the advent of modern machinery and adequate capital, with scientific working under able management, this celebrated vein is bound to make Guanajuato more famous in the future for the gold it will produce than it has been in the past for the gold and silver it has produced.

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUPIL.

Instances of His Manysidedness, Some of Which Are Known to Be True.

From the New York Sun.

A great deal takes place at a religious convention that isn't put on the minutes. The recent diocesan convention of the Episcopal Church was no exception to the rule. The convention worked hard, and did a good deal of business; but it sat for two days, and each day had an hour and a half recess for luncheon, in which time, besides the eatables, there were other things discussed. Of course, the Dewey parade was the chief subject of lunch-time discussion; but more ecclesiastical things than Dewey were mentioned.

Two clergymen got to matching stories over their coffee, helped by a third cleric and a lay delegate. They were discussing Sunday-school children and their ways and answers to perfectly sensible questions.

"One of my school children," said one of the parsons, "was asked about Zacharias, the father of the Baptist. 'Where was he when he heard about his son?' the teacher asked; and the child, whose home had recently undergone a health board visitation, made answer: 'He was in the temple burning insects.'"

"That question was all right," said the second parson; "but one must take care not to ask foolish questions; it is so easy to put such silly questions with perfectly good intentions. Now, a teacher told me that she had asked her class what they supposed Elisha looked like, and that one child replied: 'I don't know, 'less it was like father in his wrapper going to his bath.'"

The third parson spoke up then. "One of my children was asked what the first bird was that Noah had sent out of the ark, and couldn't say. The smallest child in the class answered correctly, and when the first boy was reproved for being beaten by the little chap, he explained matters by remarking: 'Well, he ought to know; his father keeps chickens.'"

"There was a meddlesome old lady where I used to live," said the lay delegate, "who was taken up by a little fellow in my sister's class. She met him with his arms full of flowers and plants, which my sister had given him, and promptly went for him. 'You naughty boy,' she began. 'Do you go to Sunday-school?' 'Yes'm,' said he. 'Well, don't you know the catechism teaches you to keep your hands from picking and stealing?' 'Yes'm,' said he; 'an' yer tongue f'um lyin', slanderin' an' evil speakin'.'"

"The mother of one of my children was sick," said one of the parsons, "and Mrs. Parson promised her some soup and things. One day, up turns the boy. 'I've come for that soup,' he announced. 'Certainly,' said my wife. 'Have you anything to put it in?' And the boy answered, 'I've brung this,' and held up a horse bucket!"

"We organized a vested choir recently," said one of the clergymen, "and the first day it sang I heard my little niece call out in her excitement: 'Oh, mother, look at Uncle Neddie and the little boys in their nighties!' The choir didn't hear, luckily."

Just then the head waiter waved his hands, the waiters began to push the tables away, two omnibuses appeared and the convention decided it was time to return to things ecclesiastical.

GOLD DEMOCRATS FOR LOWNDES.

To Oppose Him Might Encourage Advocates of Depreciated Currency.

Baltimore, Oct. 21.—The committee of forty of the gold Democrats of Maryland announce that they will support the Republican State and legislative tickets in November, and urge gold standard Democrats in Maryland to do likewise. The committee, of which Harry A. Parr, is chairman, issued a signed circular to-day, which states:

"We do not believe that at this time, on the threshold of a Presidential election, support should be accorded a party organization afraid to state its position on the financial question, and at a time when the business interests of the country are flourishing, where industrial activity is evidenced on every hand by the employment of capital and labor, and this too, brought about by the adherence of a majority of the people to the maintenance of the gold standard of value."

How This Woman Saved a Carpet.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A moquette carpet was recently saved from ruin by the prompt action of a woman who had just tipped over the contents of a large inkstand upon its delicate surface. She rushed to the kitchen and snatched from the table a pint bowl filled with milk. This was instantly poured over the spot without stopping to take up the ink. By the time the whole was wiped up the stain had almost disappeared. A little rubbing with soap and water to take off the grease left from the milk was all that was needed to obliterate the last vestige of the ink. It was in the home of this same woman that a careless maid dropped a lamp, deluging the hall carpet with kerosene. This time oatmeal was sprinkled quickly and liberally over the place and left until the next morning. When at that time the hall was swept the oil was found to be completely absorbed and the carpet rather fresher for its treatment.

Unterrified Octopus Microbe.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"The trusts," exclaimed the excited individual, who, so to speak, was at the oratorical bat, "must be frozen out!"

The trust microbe in the audience slapped the typhoid fever microbe on the back and laughed derisively.

"He isn't up with the latest discoveries in science," it said. "He doesn't know that we can stand a temperature of 212 degrees below zero."

If you have catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured as thousands of others have been. (4)