

DEATH'S SENSATIONS.

A MAN WHO PRACTICALLY DIED THREE TIMES IN ONE YEAR.

Personal Experiences with Death Go to Show That the Moment of Final Dissolution is Absolutely Painless and Without Fear of Future Life.

Although neither a physician nor a clergyman I wish to corroborate the views of the physicians contradicting Rev. Dr. Epworth under the heading, "What Is Death?" in your Sunday issue. As a Federal soldier, May 31, 1863, I was one of those who fought against the surprise of General Johnston, at the time commander of the Confederate army, at Fair Oaks. The surprise was made at noon, while our boys were eating lunch. I remember one soldier being struck in a vital part and killed while leaning upright against a tree in the act of carrying a flapjack to his mouth, remaining after death in precisely the same position. When I saw him standing there I mistook him for a live man, especially as he seemed to me intent only on eating his flapjack, but the illusion was dispelled when touching him, because as an officer I wanted him to join his comrades.

My own personal experience in the matter confirms the physicians' also. The 30th of April, 1886, a fire was raging in my factory in San Francisco. By some means I was about 150 feet from the main entrance in the burning building when, to my dismay, I beheld the five story wall topple over me through a skylight. Passively I lowered my head, thinking only of my coming death and wishing it would be swift. In less than a second thousands of bricks fell on me sounding like a big drum, beating on a crash, then nothing, but when I came to my senses I was wedged in between heavy timbers, the upper part of my body only being free.

About a dozen steps back of me was a stranger to me who had not received a scratch, but ascertaining that my leg was broken, and also my utter inability to save myself, he crawled over to me and attempted to pull me out of my terrible situation. But all his efforts only increased my suffering, and as I saw the flames come up I entreated him to leave me to my fate and try to save himself. Finally he crawled away, promising, however, to return with help and axes. I must have been bewildered, for no act of my past life came to my memory, but suddenly thinking of my small, motherless children I shouted for help, whistling at intervals through my fingers.

Some firemen must have heard, for presently there were several streams of water poured on me. I then realized my danger, yet I, who had never gone into a battle without a pang, felt none whatever while in that deathtrap. The water and smoke combined must have asphyxiated me, for when my stranger returned leading a brave party of firemen and policemen I laid as one dead. Believing me dead, and being in a very dangerous position, they cut away part of the timbers and rudely but safely passed me over the debris in the street. A deafening shout from an immense throng which had witnessed the gallant rescue, streams of cold water and fresh air revived me, and I begged of them to be careful with my limbs, which were dangling from my body.

After many weeks of suffering the physicians decided to break my leg again, but being unable to do it well while I had my senses they decided to chloroform me. Being subject to heart disease I objected, but the matter being urgent I finally consented to take the anæsthetic. Fully convinced, however, that I should die under its influence, but knowing that either way I would have to die, I agreed to take the only chance of life I had and laid myself resignedly on my back; yet, although convinced that my last hour had come, I had not the slightest recollection of my former deeds. As I heard the physicians' whispers gradually lost in the distance I was only wondering what would come next. I recovered, however; but, breaking my leg a third time on account of some adhesions in my knee, it was decided that I should undergo another operation, which necessitated the use of anæsthetics again. This time the physicians thought I was a goner sure, for it took them nearly two hours to revive me; yet, although certain of my last hour, I could not recall my past life, and in neither case did I fear death when I had squarely to face it.

In each instance the passing away was painless, while in the fire suffocation came almost unconsciously, while almost the same sensation came in the other cases. In the case of the soldier at Fair Oaks (Seven Pines) a certain time must have elapsed between his decease and my notice of him, yet heaven or hades did not seem to bother him; his flapjack seemed to be what he wanted—his eyes were on it and his mouth was open ready to receive it. In my own case I could claim to have died three times within a year, yet I do not think I had any other but a sensation of rest.

Dr. Epworth, in his assertion also that either a look of horror or beatitude overspreads a deceased person's face, seems to forget that the Scriptures teach us that the soul leaves our terrestrial envelope at once on dissolution; hence the body cannot show what reception the soul had on the other side of the Styx.—An Interested Reader in New York Press.

Louis Philippe and the Queen.
Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria were once walking in the garden at Eu, when he offered her a peach. The queen seemed rather embarrassed how to skin it, when Louis Philippe took a large claspknife from his pocket. "When a man has been a poor devil like myself," he said, "obliged to live on forty sous a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years. Still I do not wish to lose the habit; one does not know what may happen."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Common Word Just Now.
"How do you pronounce the name of the island kingdom which wants to be annexed to the United States?" is a question frequently propounded and variously answered nowadays. The most commonly accepted pronunciation, and the one authorized by Lippincott's, Worcester's, Webster's and the Century dictionaries, is, for the name of the principal island of the group, "Hah-wi-e," the second syllable accented, and the "i" pronounced as in "pine." The same question was once asked of a high caste Hawaiian lady, well educated in her own and the English language. She answered: "The proper pronunciation is 'Hah-vah-e-e.' There is no 'w' in our alphabet, and no letter nor combination of letters which take the sound of 'w' as in English. The missionaries who first translated our language found it difficult to pronounce or express the sound which is, to my ear, correctly conveyed by the letter 'v,' softened and made full. Our 'a' is pronounced broad, as you pronounce it in 'fall,' and our 'i' is like the English 'e.' The rule is to pronounce every vowel, and as the exception to the rule does not affect the double 'i' in Hawaii, you will see that the word is 'Hah-vah-e-e.'"

The insistence upon the "v" instead of the "w" sound is considered, even by some of the well educated and all of the uneducated, as something of an affectation, and one hears "Hah-vah-e-e" on the islands, instead of "Hah-wah-e," about as often as "valse" instead of "vase" in American society.—New York Sun.

A Dog Trained to Steal.
Frederick Hampton, 45, described as a fishmonger of London road, Croydon, was charged before Mr. Biron at the Lambeth police court with stealing and receiving a lady's silk umbrella, value 7s. 6d., the property of Louisa Squires. The evidence already given showed that on Saturday the prosecutrix was walking along Kennington Park road with an umbrella in her hand. She saw a trap coming along and a dog running behind. The dog came toward her, took hold of her umbrella and shook it, and she let go.

The dog then ran off with the umbrella in the same direction as the trap. The prisoner, who was driving, was afterward arrested, and upon searching the trap the policeman found seven umbrellas, including the one identified by Miss Squires.

A second case was gone into. Mrs. Henrietta Ray, the wife of Dr. Ray of East Croydon, stated that at the beginning of last month she was walking along London road, Croydon, in company with two other ladies. The witness was carrying a sunshade. A dog suddenly ran up to her, snatched her sunshade and ran after the trap, in which there were two persons. That morning she saw the sunshade at this court.—London Graphic.

Dressing For Shoes.
How difficult it is in winter to keep one's feet even presentable in appearance! Sidewalks are sloppy, crosswalks are muddy, and the air is so cold that it hardens shoe leather until it is no unusual thing for it to crack and become sorry to look upon. Nothing can be done actually to prevent the season from telling upon the wearing qualities of shoes, but a great deal can be done to prevent them from becoming so badly injured as they might otherwise be.

When shoes have become very muddy, the worst of the mud should be knocked off with a thin strip of hard wood, which should be kept for the purpose. A very stiff brush will then take off the rest of the dirt. Now, apply a dressing made by mixing 2 drams of spermaceti oil, 1 pint of vinegar, 3 ounces of treacle and 4 ounces of finely powdered ivory black. The vinegar should be added last. This will make the shoes look almost as well as they did before their rough treatment.—New York World.

Improving the Ballot.
The Australian ballot system, while a good reform in the main, has several features which need amending before it can be accepted as an almost perfect and honest mode of voting. As it now stands, thousands of voters have been disfranchised by the misapprehension of not being allowed to stamp opposite a candidate's name after having once stamped the party emblem. Let there be one way of voting, by stamping the square by the side of each person that you wish to vote for. A voter once instructed to stamp the square to the left of each person that he wished to vote for will not only not confuse, but actually expedite voting. Another feature of the law which should be changed is the ease with which a partisan board can throw out ballots as defective. As protection in the right of voting is secrecy, so should the ballot be protected after it is cast, so long as the intent of the voter can be ascertained.—Noblesville Ledger.

Over \$25,000 For Towing a Steamer.
The British steamer Ohio has received an award of £5,500 for her services in towing into Queenstown in December last the Red Star line steamer Noordland. The shaft of the Noordland broke while she was bound from New York for Antwerp, and while she was thus helpless she was taken in tow by the Ohio and brought safely into port.—London Letter.

A General Designation.
The negro editors of Georgia, representing 12 papers, have issued an address in behalf of the advancement of their race. They recommend that instead of "colored" the word "negro" be used and spelled with a capital letter.—National Advertiser.

A sack sewer in a Pendleton (Or.) flour mill challenges the northwest for the championship on his record of sewing up 600 50-pound sacks in less than five hours, or about two sacks a minute.

Moses Loria, who was born in Mantua in 1814, died lately in Milan, leaving \$3,000,000 to the city to establish an international home for laboring people out of employment.

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Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Sarah A. Weyland, late of Winslow township, Jefferson county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the same will present them authenticated for settlement without delay to

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