Saint Mary's Beacon.

LEONRDTOWN, MARYLAND.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Point of Death.

The curious case of resuscitation reported from Ohio the other day is not the only one of its kind. Mrs. Fraser, after several days illness, during which a child was born, apparently died. Dr. Lackerstein tried a hypodermic injection of a solution of nitroglycerine, and the lady, after a few minutes, revived. She is now getting on very well. The doctor is of opinion this experiment should be made in all cases of shock or collapse before they are given up for lost. He believes that persons are not infrequently allowed to die so completely as to be beyond revival, or are, perhaps, buried alive.

The expression shows that in the doctor's view death is a matter of degrees. Common as this melancholy experience is, it is still among phenomena least understood. Although usually it is easy to tell when dissolution has occurred, yet there are cases which occur from time to time rendering the matter one of very grave uncertainty. The point at which the soul relinquishes the body is among the most difficult things to establish.

Perhaps this uncertainty is one of the reasons why there is such curiosity as to death beds and last words. We are anxious to know how affairs appear to those who are passing away. They are undergoing the great change through which every one must pass. How does it look to them?

Very little more information is to be gathered from the dying than the dead. Certain inferences may be drawn from the surroundings—the departing color, the cold, deepening stare, the groan, the rattle in the throat, the stiffening limbs; but they are as likely to mislead as not. And the same may be said of the death sayings. They are as enigmatic as the declarations of oracles. We may take sometimes half dozen meanings from them, as, for instance, Goethe's famous: "More light!" Was it the sense of earthly darkness growing around him, or was it the breaking of of the eternal light upon his vision, or was there some yet deeper significance in the exclamation?

Medical works show that people have been resuscitated fifteen, twenty and even thirty minutes after apparent death. Heldon, the highwayman, is said to have been dead three-quarters of an hour. His body was cut down after hanging that length of time and was handed over to his friends after a thorough examination. That night he was seen as well as ever, except for a stiffness of the neck.

Pryee, the Norwich miser, was dead as Cæsar, according to those about him, and until some thoughtful person, distrusting the warmth of his hands, administered a stimulant. He arose and lived years afterwards. Cases of mere trance are almost innumerable.

Supposed deaths from drowning show that resuscitation may take place thirty or forty minutes after all life has apparently left the body. The question as to what becomes of the soul in this long interval is the one which puzzles many. But the chief point of the matter is that the physicians and friends should not too readily accept appearances in the critical hour. There may, as in the Fraser instance, be yet some spark of life remaining. As Dr. Lackerstein claims, there is absolutely no reason why, with the resources he employed at hand, any one should die of an over dose of chloroform or from a shock while undergoing a surgical operation.

His Side of the Story.—"What was that great racket I heard in your woodshed after you got home from fishing last night?" asked one Estelline small boy of another.

"It was me swingin' the buggy whip for fun," the other replied.

"But I heard somebody jumpin' around, too?"

"Oh that was pa seeing if he could jump over the washboiler and two tubs."

"But who was it yelled so like thunder?"

"Why, every, time he made an extra high jump he would holler kinder in fun, you know."

The proprietor of a Chicago boarding house told a new servant just from the old country, to crack some hickory nuts for the boarders. An hour later the girl, very red in the face, with ten moist and well shattered nuts on a plate, flounced into her mistress's room, and said with earnestness: 'If yez think, mum, Oi'm going to crack all thim nuts, ye are mistaken. Oi'll lave this place first. Oi nearly broke me teeth splitting them tin, and Oi'll crack no more.'

It is too bad to spend half of a short life distressed with neuralgia, when 25 cents spent for one bottle of Salvation Oil will cure it quickly.

He talked as if he had a "frog in his throat," but he was only hoarse; a single bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup relieved the trouble at once. 25 cents.

Motherly Firmness.—Two boys in bed. Jim (to Tom)—'Take your old feet off of me.'

Jim—'Ain't hurtin' you.'

Tom—'You're getting over on my place.'

Jim—'Ain't.'

'Are.'

'Story.'

Mother—'Children, go to sleep.'

'Jim keeps on putting his old feet on me.'

'Ain't, Maw.'

Mother—'Jimmy, take your feet away.'

'Ouch! Maw, Tom pinched me.'

'Didn't Maw.'

Mother—'If you don't go to sleep, I'll come there and whip you both.'

'I ain't done—quit that now! Maw, make Tom stop troin to cut me with his old toe-nails.'

Mother—'Tommy, behave yourself.'

'Ain't doin' nothin' Maw.'

'Are too, Maw.'

'Ain't—ouch! Maw Jim's a pinchin' me.'

Mother—'Go to sleep this minute, or I'll come there and whip you both. Just another word if you dare.'

'Gimme my pillow.'

'Take your old pillow. Ouch! Maw, Jim's a-kickin' me.'

Mother—'Didn't I tell you I'd whip you? Never mind, you shant go down town with me to-morrow.'

A gentleman in Iowa sends the following anecdote illustrating the power of oratory: "Years ago in the little town of F. C., Iowa, long before a single church spire pointed heavenward, the only place for holding religious services was the court-house. Once in four weeks the circuit preacher would take the place of judge and instruct the few pioneers in the laws of God and their fellow creatures. On one occasion the preacher took for his subject "The temptation of Christ." On the back seat near the chimney sat an old pioneer whose name is Elick. The night before he had been "fuller'n a goat," but at this time was sobering up a little, just enough so that the words of the preacher went straight to his heart. As the words fell from the preacher's tongue Elick would sanction them with a low gutteral, "Yep, Yep, that's so!" As the sermon proceeded, Elick became deeply in sympathy with the tempted. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. When the climax was reached and the devil took Christ up into the pinnacle of the temple and said, "If thou be the son of God, cast thyselt down," Elick was thoroughly aroused. He straightened himself up and in a loud voice gave his opinion of the devil in the following words: "The d—d cuss!"

The Pitch-Pine Industry.—That curious industry—the extraction of oil and turpentine from pine by distillation—is represented in Augusta, Me. Five cords of fat pine are used in the kiln or oven at a single charge. This charge is smothered, the same as if intended for charcoal. The first result is a quality of turpentine as clear as crystal. The second is terpentine oil, pure and unadulterated. The third is a liquid resembling tar, but thinner and having a pleasant odor. Three or four drops of this on a bit of sugar will cure an ordinary sore throat in an hour, and instantly relieve hoarseness or tickling in the throat. It is largely used South for both man and beast, and most people regard it as a sure cure for everything but a broken neck. The fourth result is a mixture largely used by gravel roofers, and to some extent by painters. It is not only waterproof, but a great preservative. The fifth and last result is a mass of the clean est and purest charcoal which can be produced in any known manner.

Going Security.—I affirm that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than—perhaps all—other causes I think that our young men, especially, should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement or rascality fails to pay it. Notice, the indorser assumes all this responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business, and no share in the profits of the transaction if it prove profitable, but with a certainty of loss if for any reasons stated the principal fails to pay the note.—Judge Waldo F. Brown writes to the Boston Traveler.

During the late war one day Gen. Beauregerd, with several lesser lights, came upon a sentinel who had taken his gun entirely to pieces and was greasing the lock, stock and barrel. The great general looked like a thunder cloud, but neither his flashing uniform nor the scowl on his face had any effect on the sentinel, who quietly proceeded to rub a piece of his gun. 'Say,' remarked an officer, 'that's Beauregard there. He's a sort of a general.' 'All right,' said the unabashed sentinel, 'it he'll wait till I get this gun together I'll give him a sort of salute.'

Noted Lawyer—"Yes, I have looked into your case, and am of the opinion that your sentence can be commuted to imprisonment."

Chicago Anarchist—"At doze brisons vere men haf to vork?"

"Yes."

"You vas von fool."

Technical Terms Used in Poker.—Age—Any gray-headed player.

Ante—An unpopular relative always present at games of poker.

Blaze—Something seen when four aces are held against a Westerner with an ace-high flush.

Blind—A term applied to a man who don't see you playfully steal a blue chip off his pile. In such cases keep it.

Call—The sudden sense of duty that calls some men home when $100 ahead.

Chips—Ivory or bone tokens representing a fixed value in money—or "wind."

Chipping, or to chip—Betting money or "blowing in wind."

Discard—Throwing away the cards given you by the dealer and playing those in your boots.

Draw—The act of drawing a player's attention while you deal yourself six cards.

Eldest Hand or Age—The oldest bald head present.

Filling—Working the decanter often.

Foul Hand—Any hand that beats you.

Frozen Out—Going home in the morning quite broke.

Going Better—Going home with $10.

Going In—The time when you feel sure you will win.

Jack-Pots—A cross between a turkey-raffle and a chicken shoot.

Limit—An imaginary quantity.

Pass—A term used when you want your friend to pass you a heart.

Say—This is the word applied to the remarks you make after a four-hour run of bad luck.

Table Stakes—Where the man on the dealer's left forgets to put up and you play to see who has the table.

——— ———!—! !—? ?—Marks used to indicate what you know your wife will say to you when you get home.

Good Morals and Good Economy.—No man has any right in organizing his household to leave out of view the fact that he may ere long be taken from them, and that there ought to be a provision against future disaster. It is good morals as well as good economy to lay up for his children, so that when he departs—it may be by a sudden and unexpected stroke—he shall not leave behind him confusion, total change and revolution. Great is the contrast between the brightness of the household when the father lives and by his energy makes the house ample and abundant, and all things flow on smoothly, and when instantly, sometimes without warning, the light goes out, and there is poverty and no strong hand to repel it, and every child is brought at once to want and the entagling difficulties of settlement come upon the family.

The usual story of the remarkable travels of a pin is at hand. This time the scene is laid in Newton, Ia., where thirteen years ago Mrs. Cyrus Gage dropped a pin in her ear. The pin in due course of time dropped into her throat and was swallowed. The other day a doctor took it out of her left leg, near the ankle. We do not see anything remarkable in that. Some years ago we had an absent-minded wife who lost a brass safety pin. She could not remember whether she had swallowed it or inadvertently stuck in the small of her back. Three years afterwards she complained of an acute pain in her right arm. Two days after applying a fly-blister, she found the safety pin in the tray of an old trunk in the attic.

The editor of a paper which made a speciality of giving a full column weekly of the best cooking receipes and hints wrote hurriedly: "A gourmet says the way to broil a beef steak is to hold it over red hot coals while you count forty-four. Turn the spit four times." He was much chagrined when it appeared in the paper: "A granny says the way to boil a beet soup is to hold it over rancid cats which you can fortity. Turn and spit a few times." The compositor said afterwards that he thought it read kinder queer, but tried to "follow copy."

O Culture.—O Culture, what nonsense is talked in thy name! A Boston preacher recently stunned his congregation by the following daring assertion:

"The badness of the bad shall never prejudice my mind against the goodness of the good, the purity of the pure, the honor of the honorable."

It is to be hoped that the mind of the good man is not blind to the absurdity of the absurd, the emptiness of the empty, the boshiness of the bosh and the slushiness of the slush.—*N. Y. World.*

A Silent Fighter.—"I see," he said as he met an old soldier comrade at the City Hall yesterday, "that our generals are having a hot dispute as to which of them contributed the most to save the day at Gettysburg. You were there, I believe?"

"Yes; but I have no right to talk."

"For why?"

"Because I was simply a private soldier, and only had three bullets shot into me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

'Do you realize, sir,' said the long-haired passenger, 'that there is One who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are but crushed and bruised worms?'

'Give us your hand, stranger,' replied the other. 'I know just how you feel. I'm married myself.'

A lady very much given to gadding was suddenly taken ill at home and sent her husband in great haste for the doctor. The obedient man ran part of the way, then returned to put the important query: 'My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?'

'Brother Foster,' said a Southwestern Arkansas preacher, pausing in his sermon and addressing a member of the congregation who occupied a bench near the door, 'the boys over in that grove are making a good deal of noise and disturbing the meeting. I wish you would go out and stop them.' Brother Foster went out and returned presently with the information that the disturbers were not the boys, but a lot of men from the county seat, who were hanging a horse thief. 'Congregation's dismissed," said the preacher, grabbing his hat; "we will take up the missionary collection next Sunday.'

Couldn't Fool Him.—"Look here, friend, this won't do. I asked for brandy, and you have given me '79 whisky," said a clerical looking gentleman to a Cincinnati barkeeper. "You can't fool me."

"So I see," said the barkeeper, looking at his customer admiringly. 'Pray, what is your business?'

'I am, sir,' said the clerical gentleman, solemnly, 'a political Prohibitionist from Pennsylvania.'—*Peoria Transcript.*

An old Texas negro who had been claiming to be eighty-two years old, but upon comparing notes and events with an old citizen, it turned out he was twenty years older, being 102. As soon as the old man was convinced he started for home. Somebody asked him where he was going:

'I'se gwine to sample dat ar bottle ob ole Jamacy rum I'se been hoardin' up dis last fifty yeahs. I hasn't got a minit to lose, nuther.'

Allis Brown, a colored man, of Nashville, Tenn., recently married and took his bride to a well furnished house. There was a handsome set of silverware, four clocks, fine carpets and chairs, elegant sets of parlor and bedroom furniture; indeed, everything she could desire, including a family Bible. The remarkable fact was that every article in the house had been stolen by the groom.

Chapped Hands.—A good mixture for chapped hands is composed of carbolic acid, fifteen grains; the yolk of one egg; glycerine, three drachms. A little of this is to be rubbed into the hands several times a day if the skin is not broken.

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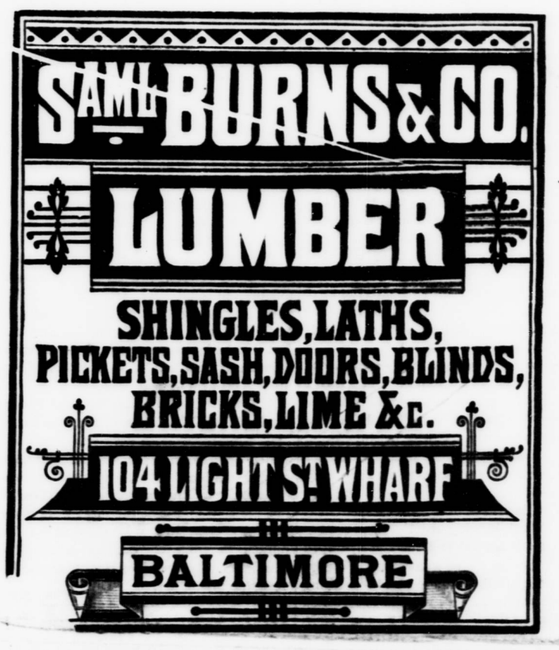
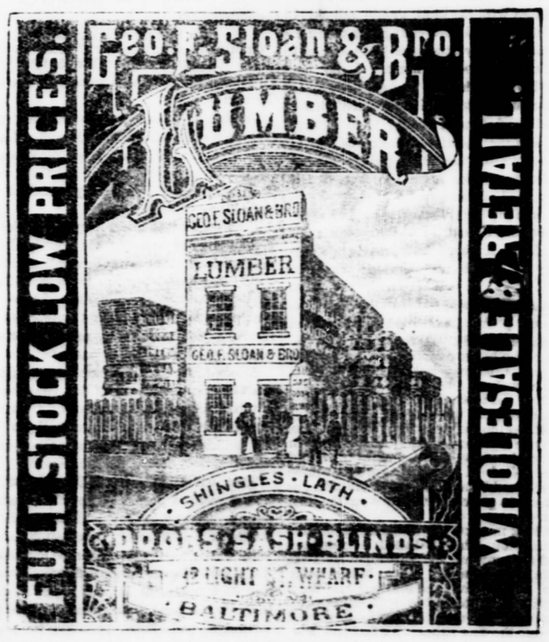
N. B.—What Mr. James F. Mattingly, a large and practical farmer of Chaptico District, St. Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound:—He says that he can grow as large Tobacco from other fertilizers as he can from Ober's, but while Ober's is just as good as to quality, it weighs from ¼ to ½ more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will here add that Mr. Mattingly is not only a very good and prosperous farmer but strictly reliable. Mr. Mattingly has used our goods for several years and says he will use no others for both Wheat and Tobacco. *JOHN M. LLOYD.*





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