A DAY IN A COFFIN.

The Experience of a Corpse who did Not Die.

From the New York Sun.

"Here is a young woman who has had as curious an experience, I think, as any you every heard of," said a Greenpoint lady to the reporter. "Clara, show him the plate."

Miss Clara Munce, who was sewing upon a dress for the lady who spoke, laid aside her work, and, going to the drawer in the sideboard, took out a silver coffin plate, which she offered for inspection. It bore the inscription:

CLARA MUNCE,
Died June 3, 1864,
Aged 16 years.

"Why, to whom does this refer?" asked the reporter.

"It refers to me," replied Miss Munce, quietly. "It was on my coffin—at least I suppose I may call it my coffin, though I was not buried in it, however, for some hours, and had it not been for the intelligence of a lady who came to attend my funeral I should have been in it now. My uncle took it to his home in Chicago, where he is fond of showing it to his friends and telling my story. I kept the plate, which I seldom allow anyone to see, for the recollections it awakens are not pleasant.

"When I was a young girl I was in very delicate health. I used to fall into trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me, and heard every word said in the room where I lay, but I could not speak or make the slightest sign of life. My body grew gradually colder, but ordinarily I aroused myself with a start within ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor said it was a form of epilepsy, and warned me that some day or other an attack might be prolonged and mistaken for death. It always affected me under the same conditions. After sleeping, as consciousness slowly returned, I found myself wide awake, but unable to speak or move.

"After the doctor's caution, I began to grow afraid of myself. It was a horrible sensation. I dreaded to go to sleep at night, and, though drowsiness overpowered me at last, I awoke unrefreshed. During the day I was languid and tired, but I dared not lie down, for I knew by experience that if I slept by daylight I was almost certain to fall into a trance on awaking. As a consequence of all this mental disturbance I became seriously ill, and I was ordered to the country, but before arrangements could be made for me to go I was stricken down with brain fever, and my life was despaired of.

"Now, before the fever attacked me, and while I was confined to my bed by the sickness brought on by anxiety about my condition, the trances seemed to disappear. When I slept I was refreshed, and awoke at once to full vigor, and not, as formerly, by slow degrees, to wretched helplessness and immobility. I think I should have escaped the brain fever had it not been for the doctor. He told me that the epilepsy was only mustering its forces for an attack more vigorous than any I had yet experienced—as a storm sometimes lulls before it sweeps everything before it. He frightened me terribly, and my brain gave way.

"The brain fever was conquered, but I was very weak—so weak that I did not rally. The doctor, always cheerful, said I never would. I lay for days neither asleep nor awake, but not in a trance, for I could move and speak feebly. 'She may go out like the snuff of a candle at any minute,' said the doctor, in my hearing, and I nearly verified his prediction by going out at once.

"One day—it was June 2, 1864—I felt that I was really improving. Life seemed to be coming back to me. The doctor had not noticed it, but I knew by the unwonted distinctness with which the rumble of the Greenpoint wagons struck upon my ear that I was gathering new strength. At last I grew tired, and, for the first time in several weeks, I slept soundly and healthily.

"I awoke slowly, and with the rigor of limb that I knew so well. An unutterable horror took possession of me as I felt that I was in a trance and remembered the good doctor's capacity for blundering. My fears were well founded, for half an hour later, when the nurse came to look at me, I heard her utter a quick exclamation of alarm, and hurrying away, she called my mother and sisters. The doctor was summoned, and arrived when all my relatives in the house were around my bed. He felt my pulse, put his hand upon my forehead, forced open one of my eyes, and examined the pupil, little thinking that I saw him as plainly as he saw me, and sorrowfully remarked:

"'I feared it. She is going fast!'

"Oh, the misery of that day and the night following! On the morning of June 3 my body was cold and stiff, and, while my mind was as active as every, I knew that I looked like a corpse. My friends thought me dead, and when the doctor came they stood aside, silent and weeping, and made way for him to approach the bed. He looked at me steadily for a few seconds and then said reverentially:

"'Yes, poor creature, she is gone,' and he covered my face with the sheet.

"And this was the man who had first told me that an epileptic fit might be so prolonged as to be mistaken for death. My indignation at that moment absolutely overpowered my fear. Otherwise, I believe I should have died on the spot.

"For more than two days I lay motionless on the bed. Tuberoses were strewn over me. Friends came to see me, and reminded each other of good qualities in me that, neither myself or others, had ever before been suspected. I heard it all. Nobody spoke of me except as a corpse; none noticed, what I am sure must have been apparent, that my face had not lost the color of life, and on the night of June 4th I lay beside my open coffin! On the morning of the 5th I was put into it, for I was to be buried that day.

"I had heard the inscription on the plate read aloud, over and over again: 'Clara Munce. Aged 16 years. Poor girl. So young to be called away. But she was always delicate!' Oh, why could I not speak? I could not even try to speak or move. All volition seemed to have died in me, and I could only pray silently that I might die too before the last rites were performed, but I felt that there was little chance of that, because I was full of life.

"The undertaker's men were in the room waiting to fasten down the coffin lid. Kisses innumerable had been pressed upon my face, and I had given up all hope of life, when an old lady, worth all the rest of the visitors put together, elbowed the others out of the way, and stood beside the coffin. She was my Aunt Jane, and she had come from Albany to see her favorite niece for the last time. Her presence seemed to calm me, for we loved each other so well that I could not think it possible that she would allow me to be buried alive. She was stooping to kiss me when she suddenly started back with the very simple and homely remark:

"'Why, her nose is bleeding!'

"It was perfectly true, though up to that time nobody had noticed it. My mental agony had made my nose bleed.

"Now, the doctor knew quite enough about his business to be very much startled at seeing fresh blood flowing from a body that had been dead two days. He examined my face and said hastily, as he for the first time noticed the color, 'Take her back to bed.'

"The suddenness and immensity of the relief restored all my faculties, and as the men took me up I said, with hardly an effort, and in perfect natural tones:

"'Thank you, doctor. How are you, Auntie?'

"I think I have told you nearly the whole story. I recovered very quickly, and have never had a trance since. The doctor still practices medicine in Greenpoint, and is considered one of its best authorities on diseases of children, and whenever he sees me he tells me confidentially that from the first he had a 'latent suspicion that the vital spark lingered somewhere,' but I do him the justice to discredit the statement."

Josh Billings on Hotels.

I don't know of any business more flattersome than the tavern business. There don't seem to be anything to do but to stand in front of the register with a pen behind the ear and see that the guests enter the house; then yank a bell rope six or seven times; then tell John to show the gentleman to 976, and then take four dollars and fifty cents next morning from the poor traveller, and let him went.

This seems to be the whole thing (and it is the whole thing) in most cases.

You will discover the following description a mild one of about nine hotels out of ten between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, across the United States in a straight line:

Your room is 13 feet 5 inches by 9 feet 7 inches, parallelogramly.

Your room is on the uttermost floor.

The carpet is ingrained—ingrained with the dust and kerosene oil and ink spots of other generations.

There is two pegs in the room to hitch coats onto; one of them broke off and the other pulled out and missing.

The bureau has three legs and one brick.

The glass on the bureau swings on two pivots, which have lost their grip.

There is but one towel on the rack, thin but wet.

The rain water in the pitcher came out of the well.

The soap is as tough to wear as a whetstone.

The soap is scented with cinnamon oil and variegated with spots.

There is three chairs, cane; setten one is a rocker; all three is busted.

There is a match safe—empty.

There is no curtain to the window, and there don't want to be any; you can't see out, and who can see in?

The bell-rope is come off about six inches this side of the ceiling.

The bed is a modern slat-bottom, with two matresses, one cotton and one husk, and both harder and about as thick as a sea biscuit.

You enter the beds sideway, and can feel every slat at once as easy as you could the ribs of a gridiron.

The bed is inhabited.

You sleep some, but roll over a good deal.

For breakfast you have a gong, and Rio coffee too cold to melt butter; fried potatoes, which resemble chips that a two inch auger makes in its journey through an oak log.

Bread, solid; beefstakes, about as thick as a blister plaster, and as tough as a houn's ear.

Table covered with plates, a few scared to death pickles on one of them, and six crackers on the other.

A pewterincum caster, with three bottles in it, one without any mustard, and one with two inches of drowned flies and some vinegar in it.

Servant girl, with hoops on, hangs around you earnestly, and wants to know if you want another cup of coffee.

You say, "No, ma'am, I thank you," and push back your chair.

You havn't eat enough to pay for picking your teeth.

Furnishing Fowls.

A colored lady approached a white woman the other day and applied for a situation as cook.

"You have had experience as a cook, I suppose?"

"Yessum."

"Why did you leave your former place?"

"De biler busted."

"What boiler?"

"At de saw mill. I was cookin' fur de han's."

"What were your duties, mainly?"

"Roast taters an' furnish chickens."

"Chickens are cheap in the country, aren't they?"

"Dese was."

"Where did you get them?"

"Dat's what de owner ob de mill wanted to know, but de secret is what I bases my 'ficiency on. Ef you wants me, I'll roast taters an' furnish de chickens for a week."

"You steal the chickens, don't you?"

"Wall, lady, some folks might call it dat, but da'd soon git use ter it and call it 'furnishin' fowls.' Doan' want me, yer say? Good day, lady. I'll go ober here an' strike de preacher family."
—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

— Years are like tigers. They always come with a spring.

— There is a new brand of whiskey called "wire grass." This is a fresh name for tangle foot.

Ladies and sickly girls requiring a non-alcoholic, gentle stimulant, will find Brown's Iron Bitters beneficial.

— Dennis Burns, of Pensacola, Fla., will enter into ostrich farming, the birds to be procured in South Africa.

— It is yet an undecided question, which is of more importance to its possessor, a lady's trunk or an elephant's.

— When a man asks you how you feel this morning and you reply, "I don't feel at all like myself," it may be that those who know you best will be very glad of it.

— Four daughters of a Kentucky farmer eloped in one night, each couple taking a different road, and it drove the old man about crazy to decide which party to pursue.

— A Chicago paper says that at least one-third of the unmarried dry goods clerks in that city paint their cheeks, and scores of them wear corsets and cultivate a sorrowful look.

— Copal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and last as long as the uppers.

— A crusty old fellow once asked: "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.

— "How to Treat Woman" is the title of a newspaper article. Headlines are often deceptive. Some women like to be treated with consideration, others with affection, and there are still others who like to be treated to ice cream and oysters.

— Tom Thumb celebrated his forty-sixth birthday in Chicago on the 4th instant. He says when Barnum first got hold of him he was only five years of age, and was so light a strong man could hold him in the palm of his hand, and was frequently carried by Barnum in his overcoat pocket. Tom sighs when he says, "Alas! how I have grown since then."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES.—Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and makes you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease so effectually that it never returns.

Don't Shoot the Liars.

If our Southern friends insist on shooting one another on slight provocation they are responsible to their own laws and consciences, neither of which seem inclined to give them any trouble. If they like to settle disagreements about debts and horse trades by shooting bullets into each other's hearts, they need not fear anything worse than the shadow of a temporary cloud of gloom in the community where the deed is committed; the act, as an example, is not likely to have any affect in any section of the country but their own. When, however, a friendly murder is committed merely because one man calls another a liar, as was the case near Jackson, Miss., two or three days ago, the South must expect the more civilized portion of the land to rise and protest. It is to be supposed that the slaughtered man was himself untruthful, else why was he killed? But if liar shooting is to be treated in advance as justifiable homicide, who will be left to keep the nation in working order? Does any one imagine there would be a quorum left in any State Legislature, North or South, if all men who do not adhere strictly to the truth were shot? If Congressmen who emulate the manner of the valuable and earnest Ananias are to be shot, what will the country find time to do but seek men to fill vacancies? Even New York, where many a man's word is as good as his bond, provided his bond is worthless, would "go back on" the census reports if all the liars were shot. If Southerners must kill people let them select those who tell the truth, then there will be no danger of general depopulation.—*N. Y. Herald.*

— The feeling between ague and quinine is exceedingly bitter.

— Virginia spends $15,000,000 per year for spirituous and fermented liquors.

— The post-office department holds more than $1,000,000 in unclaimed money orders.

Nervous debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters.

— A locomotive on a slope without steam reminds us very much of a poor devil without money. Either one of them has no difficulty in going down hill.

— The town of Durham, N. C., with 4,000 inhabitants, stands on the spot where Johnson surrendered to Sherman seventeen years ago. It was then a pine barren.

— There is more money spent for rum in this country than there is for flour, and yet people howl every time flour goes up, and don't bother themselves about the whisky that goes down.

— Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

— Wm. H. Vanderbilt's wealth measured in gold would, it is said, weigh ninety-three tons. The same estimate puts his income at $2 per second, which is the average wages of a working man for a day's labor.

— To extract ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, dip the spots in spirits of turpentine, and let it remain for several hours; then rub thoroughly between the hands, and it will all disappear without changing either the color of texture of the fabric.

— An exchange asks in bold head lines: "Why do women work?" Well, some women work because they enjoy it, and others because their husbands are busy in politics, and the woman of the house is obliged to hustle around and earn their daily bread.

— Heard at a doorstep: "Why, Mr. Milkman, you said your cows were drying up and you could only let me have a pint for the baby, but here are two quarts." "Yes, mum; I can spare more now. Some of the other babies have died."—*Philadelphia Times.*

— The President of a little Southern railroad boasts that they have not had an accident for five years. We traveled over that line once. A trusty flagman walks ahead of every train, and when he becomes tired the train stops and the passengers go fishing until he gets rested.

— "Will you please pass the milk, Miss Brown?" asked a young man of a fidgety old maid at the supper table. "Do you take me for a waiter, sir?" she answered. "Well," he added, "as no one has taken you thus far, and you've waited so very long, I should think you were one."

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Wm. P. Marshall, of Logansport, Indiana, writes: "My wife has for many years been troubled from pain in her back and general debility incident to her sex. She has taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and I can truthfully say that she has been so much benefited that she pronounces it the only remedy of many medicines she has tried."

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite, Anderson, S. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having demands against the Estate of Mrs. M. M. Humphreys, dec'd, are hereby notified to present them, properly attested, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and all persons indebted to the Estate are notified to make payment of the sums due at once.

ANDREW HUNTER, Adm'r.

Jan 4, 1883 25 3

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cure Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.)

For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite, Anderson, S. C.

IMPORTANT.

Studebaker Wagons.

THE long looked-for Car Load of the Celebrated STUDEBAKER WAGONS arrived to-day. Come and supply yourself before they are all gone.

We would not forget to remind those who are in debt to us on our old firm on any account whatever—for Merchandise, Guano, Wagons—or anything else, that we have got to have the last dollar due us by the first January, 1883, and if you do not come square up and settle, you will have to pay cost. We see no reason why you should not pay up promptly now, as crops have been universally good this year.

We buy Cotton largely, and keep an elegant assorted stock of Goods on hand.

Call, pay up, sell us your Cotton, and buy what you need.

Very respectfully,

BLECKLEY, BROWN & FRETWELL.

Anderson, S. C., Dec. 7, 1882.

NORMAN'S NEUTRALIZING CORDIAL.

—TRADE—

—MARK—

A SURE and effectual Remedy for the cure of all irregularities and disorders of the Sexual system, such as Impotency, Sterility, Premature Decay, Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Female Weakness, Irritability, Sexual Debility, Dizziness, Dim Sight, Pain in the Back, Loss of Sexual Power, Pain in the Testicles, Coldness of the Scrotum, Universal Lassitude, Want of Nerve, Want of Energy, Want of Ambition, Want of Flesh, Want of Blood, Want of Appetite, Want of Sleep, Want of Spirits, Want of Strength, Want of Life, Want of Hope, Want of Everything that makes Life Enjoyable, Want of Will, Want of Memory, Want of Confidence, Want of Manhood, Want of Vigor, Want of Development, Want of Power to Procreate Healthy Offspring, Premature Old Age, Premature Decay, Premature Baldness, Premature Gray Hairs, Premature Loss of Teeth, Want of Sexual Power, Want of Sexual Feeling, Want of Sexual Desire, Want of Sexual Gratification, Want of Sexual Development, Want of Sexual Ability, Want of Sexual Vigor