



MR. OTIS TELLS OF HIS DEATH.

Doctors Call It Suspended Animation, but He Knows Better.

Levin P. Otis of Hammond, Ind., was stricken with pneumonia in Chicago and was taken to a hospital. After a prolonged illness he was pronounced dead and in due time buried. He had been permitted to rest for but one day and part of a night, when several medical students dug him up. They shipped him back to Chicago and placed him in the dissecting room in the college of which they were students, and after getting out their knives and rolling up their sleeves were about to proceed to cut him up after the most scientific mode when he opened his eyes and asked them for a drink of water. The students, in spite of their calloused nerves, were horror-struck and fled from the room, leaving Mr. Otis in full possession. He in a moment sank again into insensibility and would no doubt have died in earnest in a short time had the frightened students not recovered themselves and returned to apply restoratives.

In speaking of his horrible experiences and sensations while sinking into the grave and thence to the dissecting table, where he so narrowly and miraculously escaped the keen and eager knives of the students, Mr. Otis said:

"I was sick and in great pain. Once I thought that I might die, and then, fearing to invite death, I dismissed the idea. But my suffering increased, and I knew that I was becoming weaker and weaker day by day. Oh, the dreariness of the long nights! I lay sketching plans for future work, and I looked back upon the skeletons of good resolutions. But my life, my misdeeds, did not pass before me in review. I simply pronounced myself a failure in the aggregate and regretted it, and I am now constrained to think that, no matter how much a man may have accomplished, he must, as death draws nigh, regard himself as a failure.

"One night all pain suddenly ceased. This was hopeful, and I thought I'd tell my attendant about it, but when I attempted to speak I found that I could not. This, however, did not worry me any. But why should so heavy a weight be placed upon my breast? I looked down to see what it was, but could see nothing. Oh, how tired I was, but I suffered no pain. It was the rest that must come after so long and exhaustive a fight. I attempted to raise my hand and couldn't. I couldn't raise even a finger. This was strange, but not alarming. What was that I heard? The doctor had said that I could last but a few moments longer. That was nonsense. I would show him. How quiet were my nerves, and I had been so nervous! What a relief! The heaviness was gone, but I couldn't move.

"Why had they put out the light? What was that? Some one said: 'Pull down the shade! The sun is shining in my face.' Sun shining in my face! Why, the sun had gone down hours ago. Oh, how the human family persisted in lying! What was that drop? They had taken the pillow from under my head. What was that faint sound a way off yonder? A voice that said, 'How he must suffer! Suffer! I wasn't suffering at all. But I couldn't remain much longer in this condition. And I must get up if I could only turn over I would go to sleep. I couldn't move, though, and I lay there thinking.

"Suddenly I thought: 'This is death. Why didn't I think of it before? When did I begin dying? Oh, it must have been years ago! Why, I have been dying all my life.' Well, I was glad it was all over. Then I mused: 'I wonder if I am dead now. How am I to know when I am dead? I put it all aside. I will sleep.'

"The next thing I knew was a feeling of thirst, and that was when I asked those carvers for a drink of water. And I want to say that they may call it suspended animation and all that sort of thing, but I know that I have been dead."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Hindoo and Irish Bulls.

A correspondent in India heard a very unctuous Hindoo police khavari say the other day: "When I went into the house, I saw four dead bodies. One of them was carried away alive."

"Then you saw three dead bodies and not four?" I queried.

"No, sir," was the reply, emphatically and approvingly given. "I saw four dead bodies. The one taken away alive turned out to be dead."

A Story of Lucy Stone.

A characteristic story is told of Lucy Stone. At one of her early lectures, when she made a strong statement of the injustice some of our laws did to women and an appeal to have them righted, a hissing, clear and strong, came out of the audience. The little creature stepped nearer to the front, quickly ran her eye over the audience, fastened her gaze upon one point and said: "Somebody hisses. I am glad of it. His is again, my fat friend, for it is a shameful fact and deserves to be hissed!" The audience were overcome with laughter and appreciated her ready wit. The man felt as much like a goose as a man can feel. He got his head down before she had finished her sentence, but her finger still pointed at him. His head went lower and lower, and as soon as the audience turned from looking at him he slipped out and was gone.

Mrs. Kendal as a Martinet.

Mrs. Kendal is a perfect martinet at rehearsals. When an actor's rendering of a part does not suit her, she will mimic and caricature him in voice, walk and accent there and then in such a way as to cover him with ridicule and to show him at once and for all what she does not want done with a part. She is a most kindly lady withal, and her very caustic mimicry is taken in the best part all round. Many a well known actor owes his success to her splendid coaching.—Forget-Me-Not.

High Toned Apparel.

Several urthins noticed hanging in the windows of a drug store in this city numerous ling protectors, and one said: "What's them?"

"Another said in reply: 'Well, you don't know much about how high toned folks lives, does yer? High toned folks has wipers when they eats, and kids has bibs. Them's bibs—fancy ones.'—Boston Journal.

DALTON'S FALLACIES.

[From Kansas City American.]

Priest Dalton (we will not call him father because we do not know that he is entitled to that title) delivered a lecture in Music Hall, Kansas City, February 28, 1894, and made use of the same old arguments which are always made use of by Roman editors and orators when they want to blind Protestants by throwing dust in their eyes. His audience was quite respectable in size and intelligent in looks, accounted for, probably, by the fact that it was composed mainly of Protestants. The lecturer proceeded to the end of his discourse without interruption, which was in marked contrast to the treatment accorded to Bishop McNamara, a Protestant lecturer, less than a month before, not a mile from where Dalton did his speaking.

We have a short hand report of Dalton's speech, but consider it too lengthy to admit to our columns, and in consequence shall only print a few excerpts and make a few comments on each at this time.

"To be an American," says Priest Dalton, "and to have a claim on America, we must be true to it; and then its institutions guarantee to us all these on the one provision that we raise no arm against any institution of this country."

"We need only say in answer to this that few Roman Catholics have not raised their arm against the greatest and grandest, the best and strongest safeguard our forefathers were able to throw around our liberties; namely, the public schools, and in substantiation of this charge we need but quote a few sentiments expressed by a Roman Catholic prelate. The witness we shall put on the stand will be Pius IX.

Pope Pius IX. Encyclical Letter, 1864: "The Roman church has the right to interfere in the discipline of public schools, arrange the studies, and choose the teachers of these schools."

Pius (1864): "Public schools open to all children. * * * should be left under the control of the Roman church and should not be subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the age."

Priest Dalton then told his auditors that "we know that it was Columbus, a Catholic, who discovered America." Neither he nor his listeners know anything of the kind. The discovery of America has been a fruitful theme for discussion, for a good many years, and there are those who are not willing to accord to Columbus the honor the Roman church desires to lay to herself through his connection with her. It is now pretty generally conceded by men who have looked into this matter, that the Norsemen preceded Columbus to the shores of America several hundred years, as did also Iceland navigators. It is even asserted by some writers who have made a careful study of this subject that Europeans set foot upon this continent nearly 500 years prior to the landing of Columbus on a small island nearly 500 miles southeast of Florida.

This question of who discovered America will not be satisfactorily settled during the lifetime of Priest Dalton or his hearers, and while he may hold to Columbus some of them may prefer to believe otherwise.

He says: "At the time that tried men's souls, when each man's patriotism was put to the test, we find the Catholics faithful; we find them as brave as any of their Protestant brothers." This does not need much of an answer, but what little it does need hall come from a Roman Catholic

whose shoes; Dalton is "not worthy to unloose." We quote from Priest McGlynn, who said, February 24, 1889, in a lecture on "The Public Schools and Their Enemies," which he delivered in Cooper Union, New York, that "Monsignor Guarandotti, secretary of the propaganda under Pope Pius VII, in one of his letters to the English cabinet ministers, tried to show what an excellent thing it would be to have an understanding between King George III. and Pope Pius VII, and said that the church would always, as in the past, inculcate loyalty, obedience and respect for sovereigns, and her influence would be entirely against revolution. He called as witness the fact that in the recent unfortunate rebellion in the American colonies against his majesty it was the Protestant colonies that rebelled, while the Catholic colonies of Canada remained faithful to his majesty."

"When the Declaration of Independence was made we find that nine Catholics' names were attached to it," continues Dalton. Is this so? Will Priest Dalton name even one who was a pronounced Roman Catholic? Was not Carroll a little luke warm?

He said of the generals who stood around Washington, "that we find two great Catholics: I might mention Lafayette and Montmorency." For the sake of argument we admit both the greatness and the Catholicity of both these men (although Montmorency is not a prominent figure in any history we have ever studied), yet what was the opinion of Lafayette of the class of men represented by Dalton? Let him speak; he is a Roman Catholic, and his opinion is of more value than that of a heretic. He said: "If the liberties of this country are ever destroyed, it will be through the intrigue of Roman priests."

Dalton then said: "Again the angel of peace spreads his white wings over the land, but only for a short time. * * * for brother is fighting brother; the brave northerner fighting for what he thinks is right against his brave brother southerner, who is fighting for what he thinks is right, * * * and in this as in other times of danger we see the Roman Catholic shouldering his musket and fighting for the preservation of his country." What is the truth? We shall allow the New York Sun, an acknowledged friend of the papacy, to answer. It published, some years ago, a table showing the nativity of the soldiers of the rebellion, together with the number of desertions according to nationality. That table showed up the loyalty of the Roman soldiers as nothing else could. It follows:

Native Americans	1,323,000	or 75.48	per cent
Irish	144,200	or 7.14	"
British Americans	55,300	or 2.67	"
German	37,000	or 1.71	"
English	45,500	or 2.35	"
All others	74,800	or 3.78	"
Total	2,918,000		
DESERTIORS.			
White troops, regulars	16,305		
White troops, volunteers	170,216		
Colored	15,494		
Total	199,015		
Irish	37	per cent	German . . . 16 per cent
American	5	"	All others . . . 7

"But this church of yours," continues the priest, "cannot be genuinely American because you are governed by a foreign power. You are subject to your pope in all things, and so you cannot be free in regard to your Americanism, is an objection that has been urged against us." After sailing all around the circle he comes back to this proposition and says the pope "is my ruler spiritually; that is, he stands above me as my superior; I respect him, I obey

him when he speaks on matters concerning my church as my bishop of God; in all this I respect him, but if he should say to me, 'Dalton, I want you to vote such and such a ticket,' I would say to him, 'I beg your pardon, Leo XIII, I'll vote as I please; if he should say, 'you should not obey and love America,' I'd say, 'in political matters you mind your own business and I'll mind mine.'" Would he? No, no! He would crawl in the dust on his belly as the serpent of old if Leo XIII, pope, commanded him to, unless he is made of different material than what 999 out of every 1,000 priests of the Roman Catholic church are made of. The cardinal principle in the Roman Catholic doctrine is obedience, and Priest Dalton, if he was educated at Maynooth, and we have not been misinformed, swore obedience in all things to St. Peter and his successors—in other words, according to the dogma of his church, the pope of Rome. We have notable and very recent examples of the power of Rome over the clergy in our own country, which are familiar to all who read carefully the daily press. One is Archbishop Corrigan of New York, the other is Editor Henry Broekhagen of the *Katholische Hansfreund*, published at O'Fallon, Mo. They both did as they were commanded—ate their own words and kissed the hand which smote them.

Priest Dalton makes light of the charge that Rome might take up arms against this country, and says he would take up arms to help repel such an attack. There have been a number of wars in this country, but we have yet to hear of a priest who died in its defense or who draws a pension for disabilities received while in the discharge of his duties. Not so with Protestant ministers. We have heard of those who have not only died, but those who have died in defense of liberty and in defense of principles contended for in the war of the rebellion. If the gang to which Dalton belongs are so extremely loyal, why have they not proven their patriotism by going forth in the past, and amid the blood and carnage, amid the hissing of bullets, the roar of canons and the screech of shells; amid the groans of the dying and the agonized cries of the wounded, held aloft that emblem of our greatness, of our liberty and of our unity, which was so conspicuous for its absence from the hall in which he delivered his lecture?

Priest Dalton says the church (and the church and the pope are all one) does not interfere in politics. We shall see. Farther on in his lecture he makes this statement regarding the power of the pope: "Ecclesiastically he is strong—morally he is a power. When the emperor of Germany wanted his aid, he said to him: 'Holy father, now let's make up; let's be friends. I forgive you of all the injuries that you have done me. Will you use that moral voice in my behalf?' And the moral voice arose." By this we seem to have convicted Priest Dalton by the words of his own mouth, but in case he may think we have not, we can call other Roman authorities to our assistance to prove that politics are the highest kind of morals.

Speaking of the public schools, he said: "I want you to understand that the free school is a Roman Catholic institution." He also claimed that the Roman church had been the guardian of literature, the preserver of the arts and the promoter of the sciences. He

said: "Old Rome is not an enemy of free schools nor free education; there is no power that grapples ignorance as she does, no power that urges education as she does." In answering this, we point in silence to the cut above. It speaks louder than any words of ours, and is so true that Dalton will not dispute it.

He resumes: "If any priest ever spoke against the public schools, you cannot blame the church for it." Certainly not; but when the church has spoken against them, then they are wrong, eh, Dalton? Well, the church has done that very thing. Here is what Pius IX. said: "Education outside of the control of the Catholic church, is a damnable heresy."

Near the close of his lecture the priest said the church had always been persecuted. That is really too bad. She has always been so peaceable. She has not persecuted anyone, or burned them at the stake, or boiled them in oil, or put them on the rack, or hitched them to horses to be pulled to pieces, in the days that are gone. She is a beautiful thing! Look at her as she stands aloft, her vestments dripping and drenched with human blood, and her visage begrimed with the smoke and ashes from thousands of funeral pyres. Look at her! Behold her path! 'Tis strewn with the ashes of Wycliff, of Luther, of Huss, of Bruno, and the Smithfield's martyrs. Yes, look at her, and listen as she sings *Te Deum*, as she hears of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Aye, watch her as she orders a medal struck in commemoration of that unholy deed, and when you are through, tell us who has been persecuted, Protestantism or the Roman church?

Priest Dalton says the whole race of Adam will never believe alike, and that the best thing now is to love one another. He asks: "Because I do not worship God as this man, is he therefore an enemy?" No, but had you rendered your question this way: "Because he does not worship God as I do, am I therefore his enemy, we should have said, yes. Your church teaches that heretics shall twice be admonished to repent, and if they then refuse, they shall be exterminated. This is not practical in this country, but it would be the practice were it possible to carry it into effect.

Much more might be said in answer to the priest's sophistries, but what is the use? His arguments have been fully met in these columns any number of times, and our readers fully appreciate the position of Romanism toward this republic, so we shall dismiss the subject with this proposition, that if we have misquoted Priest Dalton in any instance, or if he desires to answer this short review of his speech, he can have whatever space is necessary to set himself right before our readers, by sending or bringing his copy to our office.

"Among the Ozarks,"

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed free. Address, J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo.

A Time to Change.

The girl who has spent three or four years in studying music and can't play decently yet should quit it and go to learning something else. There are so many poor musicians that it is becoming alarming.—Arlington Globe.

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If You Burn Yourself.

The pain from slight burns is very great. An excellent application is a thick paste of common baking soda moistened with water, spread on a piece of linen or cotton, and bound on the part. This can be kept wet by squeezing water on it from a sponge or cloth until the smarting is soothed.

A thick coating of starch can be used instead of the soda, or wheat flour if nothing better can be had, but neither should be applied if the skin is broken. In this case it is better to use vasoline, olive or linseed oil. The doctor will apply some preparation containing carbolic acid.

If the air be effectually excluded from a burn, the pain is relieved.

Blisters should be pricked and the fluid absorbed with a soft cloth before dressing.

If the clothing adheres to the skin, the loose part should be cut away and the patches of material soaked off with oil or warm water.

When the injury is extensive, the sufferer will be prostrated and may die from the shock. Heat should be applied to the extremities and over the heart, and hot drinks given until the doctor comes.

In burns from a strong acid the part should be covered with dry baking soda or lime, as the alkali will neutralize the acid. No water should be used, but carbolic or oil applied after the alkali has been brushed off.

When the burn has been caused by an alkali, an acid must be used. A person recovering from the effects of a burn requires very nourishing food.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Count's Reception.

Count Tolstoi, being in Tulsa while his play, "The Fruit of Enlightenment," was in rehearsal by some smart young members of the Aristocratic club there, a deputation of the aristocrats waited on him to ask if he would attend their dress rehearsal that evening, a request to which the count willingly acceded. He appeared in good time and seemed pleased with everything except the action of one young noble, who had to masquerade as a servant and drive some peasants off the stage. "My friend why so gentle?" said the illustrious man of letters. "You should shoulder your muckjacks off the stage as the doorkeeper below did me just now." To a volley of questions the count replied with his usual brevity. It appears that the worthy hall porter of the Aristocratic club had orders to admit none but Count Tolstoi after a certain hour, and refusing to believe that so exalted a personage would arrive on foot and in a sheepskin surcoat had promptly knocked the great novelist down stairs for trying to effect an entrance.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wearing Black.

"English woman," remarks Lady Wilde in her *Social Studies*, "seem to have a fatal predisposition toward black and having reached the middle term, the mezzo cammino of life, generally retire into black alpaca for the remainder of their days. They ought to remember that variety of dress and the refreshing brightness of color is charming at all ages and fills the heart and home with a flush of gladness and joy which almost replaces the flush of youth." This inveighing against black is a part of the new gospel of clothes as set forth by the Deists. "If you want to show every month of your age with interest," says one of them, "persist in wearing dull, unrelieved black."

Tommy Argues the Case.

"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor.

"The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are 11 years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out."

"Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out too?"—Chicago Tribune.