

EARTHQUAKE HORRORS.

Graphic Story of a Survivor at Casamicciola—Miraculous Escape—A Thrilling Experience.

A Boston woman who escaped as if by miracle from the earthquake at Casamicciola writes the following account to her friends in that city.

It is more than a week since I wrote my last letter, which has without doubt filled you with sad apprehensions, and I feel that I ought not to leave you longer without news of me.

We had been in Casamicciola six days, arriving there on Monday, and on Saturday evening, the 28th of July, at 9.30, was the catastrophe. Saturday morning, when I awoke, I did not feel quite well.

When the night came on, John called me to come in, fearing the evening air. It was then almost 9. I said I felt so ill I should go to bed.

It commenced like the most terrible thunder. Then everything swayed backward and forward, as if swayed by the wind. Walls fell in with a crash like ten thousand thunders.

With one bound we reached the window-way, it being considered the safest place, which proved true. Had we remained sitting we should have been instantly killed.

After the shock John said: "We will try and save ourselves out of this ruin, before the repetition shall come."

The DARKNESS WAS STILL SO GREAT that we could not see whether the floor had been carried away, or whether the wall where we were standing alone remained.

This piazza was on the second story with a flight of stairs on each end leading to the piazza below. We turned to the left, it being a little nearer that way, but soon found our way out.

When the night came on, John called me to come in, fearing the evening air. It was then almost 9. I said I felt so ill I should go to bed.

HANGING ON THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS and clinging to each other, we at last reached the floor below, where we found, after much difficulty, the door leading to the road.

Feeling that here we should be safe, we hurried on, climbing over mountains of stones, and arrived at last outside the door where the space was just large enough for a small carriage to turn around in.

In the darkness, lighted only by the feeble light of the candle, we could see nothing but a dark gulf filled with fallen houses, trees, and rocks, out of which came cries that broke one's heart.

STRUGGLED FOR LIFE FOR A HALF HOUR. We arrived at last at this Calvary; Calvary indeed! What a scene, lighted by a great fire made by the fallen trees and the doors of the ruined houses—their houses!

But one touching incident, only one, I will try to tell, because if I should try to tell you all I saw heartrending I should never finish.

How long should tea draw? From three minutes to seven, according to the kind of tea and the character of the water.

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is," replied the boy.

Had a Weak Point. One of those good, old-fashioned fathers—born and reared on a farm, but willing to see his children live an easier life—came down to "York" the other day to see about getting his son into a bank.

He was in the room and found them, lighted one, and with its flickering light we looked about us. The parlor where we had been was mostly destroyed.

Influenced by a temperance leader, a rich English miller has destroyed a cellar of port wine. It has been discovered by a Boston man that the human body would float like a duck's, were it not for the legs.

How to Make Ideal Tea.

Having been fortunate enough to secure a pound or two of pure, fragrant, unadulterated tea, we must see that it is kept in an airtight canister.

The water should be filtered. The fire over which a tea-kettle boils ought to be as free from smoke as possible, otherwise it is not impossible that the water may partake of the flavor of peat or burning coals.

Carbonate of soda should never be used to draw the tea. It is best, we think (but we sit subject to contradiction), to pour on all the water that is wanted, for the first cup at all events, at once, and not to merely wet the tea, as it is popularly called.

It is a mistake to add fresh tea to that which has already been made by way of getting stronger, and yet we constantly hear the remark made, "Put a little more tea in the pot."

White china teapots are also good. But in whatever teapot the tea is made, it ought to be clean and pretty new; an old teapot gets bad in the enamel, or lined with deposit.

Alaska's Burial Customs. The dead body is laid on logs or sticks of timber raised a couple of feet from the ground and then covered in with other timber and stones, giving the whole structure somewhat the appearance of a square pen or pile, with upright posts or sticks at the angles.

The wooden parts of the funeral pile rot away, leaving the bones of the dead exposed to view. I saw one such case, where the grinning skull looked out between the cracks of its crumbling prison, seeming to invite raids of the bone-sharp.

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