EARTHQUAKE HORRORS.

Graphic Story of a Survivor at Casamicciola-Miraculous Escape-A Thriliing Experience.

A Boston woman who escaped as if ly miracle from the earthquake at Casamicciola writes the following account to her friends in that city. For personal reason, the name of her husband is changed to John. Parts of the epistle are as follows:

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. Still, I hardly feel able to write, for I feel stupefied by this dreadful event. I have hardly the courage to revive in my mind its horrors by repeating them, or, rather, by attempting to repeat them. I doubt if I shall ever be able to make you understand how terrible it was till I have seen you, and, perhaps, not then, for an earthquake is one of those things that baffle description.

We had been in Casamicciula 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. I had a nervous headache. The weather was beautiful—so beautiful that everyone remarked it. The air was so clear and transparent and so light that sounds that came up to us from the valley below seemed changed into notes of music. Many times that morning I went to the balcony and looked around on that lovely scene and wished you could see this beautiful place. My head continued to ache, and after breakfast, at 12 o'clock, I had to give up and go to bed. I remained there till 3. Then I got up, but did not dress myself, saying I did not feel able to go to dinner. It was this indisposition of prine which good our lives. John who was mine which saved our lives. John, who was suffering with toothache, was glad enough to join me in our little parlor that looked over the beautiful valley toward the moun-We dined at half-past 6. Then I walked up and down the piazza in front of our windows, John reading his papers. Everybody was in the dining-room dining. The dinner was at half-past 7. There was to be music in the parlors, and everyone was gay and gayly dressed. When the first sounds of music came up 1 felt lonely and wished that I had gone down, notwithstanding my headache. If I had, I should not be writing you this sad story, for all that gay company were killed.

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. He begged me not to go so early, saying the night would be so long and tedious. He said he would play a few games of tricks first. We accordingly sat down on the sofa in front of the chimney, taking the board on our knees, and began the game. We played through the half hour that brought us to the terrible moment,

LITTLE THINKING THAT DEATH WAS SO NEAR to us, reaching out with his terrible arms towards us, and preparing to fold in his cold embrace almost everybody about us. I can never tell you what followed.

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. The mountains opened, sending forth flames of fire, rolling down with the tumbling houses toward the valley, while the valley in its turn exploded, sending everything into chaos. Not one house was left standing. In the midst of this dreadful noise wild shrieks; then came darkness and the silence of the grave. The noise lasted only a few seconds, and the silence a few more, which seemed an eternity. Then the smoke began to clear away, and the terrible cries of the wounded and dying filled the air as if truly coming from the bowels of the earth. Oh, how little this gives you an idea of what passed. When the sound first hegan John knew what it was, and said: "Great God, an earthquake." 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. A falling wall enveloped the sofa where we sat. The whole world seemed dissolving around me. I had no hope of life from the first sound, and I turned my thoughts heavenward. It was not till I heard the dreadful cries of the wounded and dying that I trembled with fear thinking of the suffering which my poor body might endure before I should reach the other side. But I did not lose courage, and prayed for strength to help me through. Heaven did not seem ve y far off.

After the shock John said: "We will try and save ourselves out of this rain, before the repetition shall come." (There are always three shocks in an earthquake.)

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. We must find a light. John remembered that there were matches on a little table near, and so, feeling with his feet, he took a few steps into 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. The bedroom was still standing, although torn and separating into a thousand pieces. The floor was apparently good. We entered cautiously, took a shawl for me and a coat for him, and a package of candles to give us the light necesrary for finding our way out of this destruc-tion. We went out by the window where we had stood on to the piazza, which was also partially destroyed.

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 cut off. All was in ruin, and from that ruin came a voice calling to us in English: "Save me; I am dying." It was an American girl, a Miss Van Allen, who was there for treatment of the rheumatism. I had to answer back over that terrible gulf: "We can not reach you." She died. We turned back, passing our windows, then on to the other end of the piazza. There also was ruin, only a portion of the stairs remained standing, and that portion ready to fall. But it was our only way out. We passed; how I can not tell.

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. We could go no farther. The narrow little road leading around the mountain side to a small opening called Calvary had been carried away, with all the houses on the side of the mountain higher up down into the valley

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. On the other side of this space where we were, was a high wall, twenty feet from the road, filled all full of great openings. Behind us was the angle of the hotel which remained standing. On the fourth side the road had opened wide, and Behind us was the angle of the On the to the bottom of this opening no one had courage to look, for it looked like a great grave, ours perhaps. After a little time five others found their way to this place. Half naked, wounded, and suffering they came, but without murmuring, only too thankful for this comparative safety. Cold and trembling we huddled together, embracing each other who were strangers only an hour before, and silently praying. We remained like this till nearly 3 o'clock, five long hours. Then the angle of the hetel took fire and our position became again very danger John said we must make an effort to get across the space that divided us from the little opening called Calvary, of which I have already spoken, feeling sure that there where we were death awaited us. We de cided to make the effort. So we left this place, where we had hoped to remain till daylight should aid us to find our way out. The wounded ones had no alternative but to remain. We started, followed by two ladies and a man-servant who carried a candle. Climbing, slipping, falling, clinging, grasping at stones that did not hold but went rolling into the darkness below, at times buried in the soft earth nearly to our middles, we

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! Almost stunned, though wounded and fleeing, were children without parents, parents without children, broken, bruised, and bleeding! Oh, it is not possible to describe it! One only of these many scenes would break one's heart to see. I almost wished for a wound or ache that would absorb my mind and prevent my mental agony. But I was without a scratch.

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. There was a handsome young man about 24 or 25 years of age, a peasant, who, when he heard the shock, got his 3 months' old baby in his arms, and with his young wife tried to escape from a falling house, Buried in the debris, but still protecting his baby, he struggled on, leading his wife. At last she fell. A great stone rolled over and buried her. He struggled on, and faint, bruised, and bleeding, reached the place called Calvary, holding in his arms his baby, unburt, but crying patifully. During the unhurt, but crying pitifully. During the long bours of that fearful night he tried to console and hush its crying, not thinking once of himself and his bleeding wounds. When I saw him at 3 o'clock he sat by the great fire with it in his arms, swaying back ward and forward, singing softly a singing that was by far sadder than any crying. The baby's dear little face and white nightgown were all bathed in the blood that flowed freely from it father's wounds. Worn out at last, the little one slept. He passed it, without a word, into the arms of a poor woman whose husband and seven children had, in that dreadful mement, passed from this world to the other, and whose tearless eyes alone showed the imensity of her agony. The poor young man could not yet feel his

bodily pains, but threw himself on the ground, crying: "My wife, my poor wife."

In the midst of this sad group, also seated on the ground, we awaited daylight. Slowly it came, as if it was afraid to open the windows of light on such a dreadful day. We were still a long way from the sea, and had to cross all the ruined town, but by this way alone could we leave the place. With misgivings we left and began the descen What we went through during this painful march to the sca is impossible to relate—over mountains of stone, over fallen walls, the way strewn with the wounded, dying, and dead. We were four when we left Calvary. The other two were left behind about half way. I have not heard from them since, and they are probably dead. Arriving at the wharf we took the first boat leaving. It was then 6 in the morning, and we reached Naples at half-past 8.

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 went to a getting his son into a bank. friend and the friend sent him to the cashier,

- and the cashier said: "Is your son quick at figures?"
 "Tolerably quick."
- "Is he ambitious?"
- "Yes; he wants to get on."
 "Is he a hard worker?"
- "Well, Moses kin mow his three acres of grass per day."
 "Why does he prefer a bank to a

"Iswan! I never asked him why, but I

guess it's because he thinks there's a better chance to climb up. Moses is right on the climb.

"He is perfectly honest of course?" "Well, now, that's the only weak point Moses has got, and I was going to say to you if you took him in that if you keep a wire fence between Moses and any money lying around loose, and if you have a rule hoss-trading, and if you don't allow shaking dice or card playing, and if he will keep sober, Moses will make one of the most tremendous bankers this country ever saw !"-Wall Street News.

Influenced by a temperance leader, a rich English miller has destroyed a cellar of port

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. If it be not so kept the tea will lose itscrispness and flavor by absorbing moisture to some extent from the surround ing atmosphere and by yi-lding up its vola tale oil.

The tea-kettle should be kept scrupulously clean, both inside and out. We can not expect to make good tea from water boiled in a kettle that is barked inside with lime or other deposit, and outside with soot. A dirty kettle proves the servant to be a slut, and darkly hints at carelessness in the mis

The water should be soft. There is nothing to beat rain water that has been kept under ground in large tanks. 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 and the tea be spoiled.

Before the water has come to the boil the tea-pot should be well-warmed and the tea put in. It may then stand for a short time on the hob until the water boils, when—

The tea should at once be made. heat the tea-pot in order to conserve all the caloric in the boiling water. We make the tea as soon as the water comes to the boil because good tea can only be made with freshly-boiling water, not boiling water that has been boiled before or has been kept boiling too long. Boiled water is flat because it is nonaerated, that is the "why and the wherefore." Servants want to be drilled to this, or their heads drilled and the truth rammed into them. A worse fault than even this is making tea with water that has gone off the boil, which servants often do.

Carbonate of soda should never be used to

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." If more tea or stronger tea is wanted, it ought to be made in another teapot, and a spare one often comes in handy.

A teapot ought to contain enough tea to go all round the company once, at least; the habit of half-filling all the cups, then adding boiling water and completing the work, is objectionable, not to say stingy.

Urns may be used, and some of them look very nice on the table; but water should be boiling and the urn itself must previously have been well dusted.

What is the best kind of teapot? There is a difference of opinion about this. For our part we like the old-fashioned brown earthenware one, provided it holds enough. Next comes the silver teapot, which some prefer.

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. An old clay pipe, perhaps, but a new tea

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

Invalids and people with delicate stomachs (and everybody else for that matter) ought to be most careful to obtain tea of a superior excellence and quite free from facing and adulteration, and ought to attend rigidly to the plan of making a cup of good tea which we have just been endeavoring to explain. The invalid should never on any account drink green or scented tea. The tea he is to drink, after having been infused for the proper time, say five minutes, should be poured off the leaves into a well-heated, clean teapot, and served in that, covered by the cozy, if there be one about.

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is," replied the boy "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat.away from him and kick him six feet into the air."

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. On these funeral piles are placed one or more mementoes of the departed, generally some implement or weapon used by the dead man or woman in lifetime; in the case of a hunter, the weapon in the use of which he excelled. Upon one mausoleum I saw a rifle, bidarka, seine, spears, arrows, darts, etc.; and upon the bier of a female was placed a kantag, a wooden bowl or dish used to contain food. Such articles are religiously devoted to this purpose, even though they are all the property left by the deceased. A widow may be in want and a son without a rifle or a seine with which to procure subsistence, but the burial customs of the tribe must not be neglected. These mementoes are never disturbed by the superstitious natives, but, left to bleach and rust through the Arctic seasons, gradually go to

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. But the bodies of the dead are not always treated with considera-tion. Sometimes they are rudely thrown out upon the tundra and left to be destroyed by dogs or wolves. A case of this kind occurred near one of the stations near here. An Indian woman died in a tent, and when the Indians were ordered to take the body away they threw it out upon the adjacent tundra and left it as food for birds of the air and beasts of the field.



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