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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1883. NO. 3

THE HEYWARDS.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER VI.

The turning-point was safely passed, Miss Walters felt, and her fortunes were secured, when she received a stiff but still kind note of invitation from old Mrs. Heyward:

"My son wishes me to say that I shall be happy to see you here to spend the day with us. And so, as my son's wishes are laws to me, I hasten to beg you to do so. I will send for you, if you please, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and beg to subscribe m self in the meantime, yours very faithfully,

"HELEN HEYWARD."

"Not too cordial; but that doesn't matter a bit," Miss Walters said to herself calmly, as she wrote off a note of acceptance. "It's all I want of the old lady; she may be as airified as she likes so long as she gives me an opportunity of seeing the house, and of settling what I shall keep, and what she may take away with her." Then she reread Mrs. Heyward's letter, and made merry to herself over the air of caution which pervaded it.

"Dear old soul! I dare say she thinks she is putting me in my proper place, a long ways below themselves, by letting me know that she only obeys Jack about inviting me, but there, it doesn't matter, she may have as many fads as she likes once I'm at the Manor House, for I shall not care to see too much of my mother-in-law."

Then, having come to this comforting conclusion, Miss Walters directed her attention to the toilet which she should wear on the following day. She was an apt woman at imitating; and, to a certain extent, she had made a study of Mrs. Stephen Heyward on the occasion of that lady visiting her. This aptness stood her in good stead now, as, without hesitation, she condemned the pale-blue silk, and pronounced in favor of a golden fawn-colored cashmere, which harmonized with her blonde hair and fair face. In this, with snowy bands of glossy linen round her throat and wrists, she was superbly beautiful. And she knew it.

It was not at all displeasing to her the next day that all Bennel should see the Manor House pony carriage drawn up at her door. Faces on which envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were clearly discernible, she thought, were framed in every window the full length of the village street.

"They'll all know now that mine isn't an idle dream," she thought. And she felt and looked very triumphant, in spite of that ever-gnawing desire she had to bury all traces of her past connection with the village school, which would detract, she thought, from her new position.

It surprised her a little that she was received so quietly, and so entirely as a matter of course, by the ladies of the family. Jack was there to introduce her, and to beam forth all the pride and satisfaction he felt in her really perfect appearance And Polly, the younger brother's wife, the one she knew already, was there, being kind, and frankly cordial, after her own sweet fashion. But it was a thorn in ambitious Jessie's flesh that the younger brother, who was inclined to give himself airs, was not there to pay tribute to her at once. Her self-possession vanished for awhile under the influence of their more perfect self-possession; but by luncheon time it had returned sufficiently for her to say, with an air of the easiest unconcern:

"I thought I was to have made the acquaintance of the whole family to-day, Jack. Shall I not see your brother?"

"My husband will certainly be in to dinner," Polly interposed hastily, and then she went on to explain that Stephen had gone to a horse-fair, rumors having reached him that a well-bred mare that was just exactly the thing for her (Polly) would be in the market, and he intended to purchase it.

"Oh! you ride, do you?" Miss Walters said, surveying the upright perfect little figure opposite to her, half enviously, half-contemptuously.

"Yes," Polly laughed; "don't you know it's traditional that the farmer's wife should ride to market with the butter and eggs?"

"You don't do that, do you?" Jessie asked dubiously.

"Well, not exactly, but in order that I may be able to do it if needful, Stephen takes care that I keep up my riding-practice, which I do assiduously; don't I, mother?" Then, for diversion's sake, she went on to expatiate on the numerous beauties and good qualities of the chestnut mare, for the purpose of purchasing which Stephen had gone out to-day, to the neglect of his future sister-in-law.

"I must get a good steady horse for you, Jessie," her lover said promptly, fancying that she was looking a little downcast at being outside this riding question.

"I must get a good steady horse for you, Jessie. By Jove! you ought to look grand in the saddle, ought she not, Polly?"

"Miss Walters doesn't look to me as if she were delighting in the prospect," Helen Heyward said, unfortunately drawing the attention of the others to the decidedly sulky expression which was fast overspreading Miss Walters' beautiful face.

"You wouldn't be afraid to try any mount I get for you, would you, Jessie?" Jack asked entreatingly. He was longing for Jessie to develop the spirit of absolute reliance on him before his family. Jack was a rational and reasonable young man about the majority of things, but he was also a lover, and it did occur to him that it was possible for the leopardess to change her spots when he deemed it advisable that she should do so. But on this occasion he rubbed the skin of his leopardess the wrong way, and the noble animal, feeling perfectly sure of her ground, roared at him.

"I'm not going to be put off with any old fat, steady-going cart horse, if that's your idea of a good mount for me, Jack," Miss Walters exclaimed, growing rosy with annoyance at what she considered the invidious allusion Jack had made to her size and weight. "I should like a nice prancing showy horse, that picks its feet up high and arches its neck, with a lovely long tail and mane."

"I know what you mean; the historic horse I always call that description of animal," Polly said, with a laugh. "No, no, don't fall a victim to a prance and a tail and a mane, Miss Walters. My husband is the best judge of a lady's horse I ever met with, Jack, you must commission Stephen to get a horse for Miss Walters. You know he is so lucky in all his 'deals;' the right horse is always brought under his notice at the right moment."

"Thanks; but I shall choose Jessie's horse myself," Jack said a little stiffly, and Polly felt that she had offered her husband's services in a gratuitous and uncalled-for way that did them no honor.

"Of course she is not well-bred enough to know how to be gracious," Polly thought indignantly, "but Jack might have responded in a better spirit, especially as I shall have to goad Stephen on to the performance of any fraternal duty he may be called upon by the exigencies of fate to perform for Miss Jessie Walters."

However, Polly was one who could be indignant without calling upon so much of the world as chanced to be near her at the time to come and witness her indignation, and so her ruffled feelings not being made manifest to the family, the incident was passed without comment.

For weightier matters than a little misunderstanding between the sisters-in-law about a supposititious horse were oppressing the Heywards' minds just now. They all knew that now Mrs. Heyward, senior, had held out the olive-branch, Jessie would take the friendly gesture as a direct invitation to fix her wedding-day, and this was a thing that Jessie was by no means reluctant to do.

Indeed, Jessie showed no awkward bashfulness in the matter of assuming what she felt to be "her proper place" among them on any point.

"I should like to see over the house, please" she said, more with the air of issuing a command than of proffering a request, to Kate soon after luncheon; and Kate, who was unselfishly glad that the thankless task had fallen to her lot rather than to that of her more sensitive or litigious mother and sister, answered with alacrity:

"I'm quite ready to show it to you. We'll go up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber at once if you like."

"And when you come back we will speak of other things," old Mrs. Heyward said, with a forced smile and a big effort.

"Yes, we had better," Jessie replied with hardihood. "There'll be a good deal to arrange, and it must be done as soon as possible, for words can't tell how awkward it is for me in the village now." Then she collected the soft folds of her well-trained dress in her hand, and signalling to her equally well-trained lover to follow her, went away to explore her future home.

Kate was a capital cicerone. The girl's clear, bright, unsubdued spirit felt no undue depression in the office, though she felt that shortly she would be merely a deposed princess of this house, and that the extremely unsympathetic woman by her side would be its reigning queen. She led the way into room after room, explained their several purposes, and rapidly described their respective furniture—for Jack's betrothed was undoubtedly ignorant both as to the uses and adornments of some of them.

"This, you see, is our own room. Helen and I won't call it a boudoir, because boudoir is such a swell word for country girls like ourselves to have in our mouths continually."

"Ah!" Jessie replied, looking at it meditatively, "I shall keep this just as it is, I expect. The things all fit it nicely, and I don't see that I can do better than keep it all black and gold just as it is, do you Jack?"

"This furniture belongs to my sisters," Jack said with a heightened color; and Jessie thereat looked offended, and presently taking out a pocket-book made an elaborate note about it. Then she begged that she might be told before she expressed admiration for anything whether or not that thing was to be taken away.

"We can't do that in all cases, you see, because mother hasn't yet selected the things she will want for her new house," Jack said quickly, and Kate put in:

"Mother will leave the selection to you in the majority of cases, Jack. Shall we go on?"

"Yes. I may take it for settled, though, that I'm not to have any of the black and gold furniture, I suppose, Jack?"

"That belongs to the girls, I tell you," Jack said, rather pettishly, truth to tell, for his affianced bride's pertinacity in the matter of assuming and securing her future rights, taking when she had the power and keeping what she could, in fact, appalled and disgusted him.

"Oh! ah! yes, to be sure," she said hurriedly, looking a little embarrassed for once in her unembarrassed career. "I only want to know what is theirs at once, so that there may be no doubts or disputes about it in the future," she added, turning to Kate with an explanatory air.

"You needn't be afraid that mother will have any disputes with Jack about chairs and tables," Kate said, rather sharply The truth is the young lady was getting rather tired of her duties as cicerone to the incoming powers, but for Jack's sake she still strove to perform those duties in a sisterful manner. "You needn't be afraid that we shall introduce anarchy and confusion into the old house. And now here we are on the bedroom floor, and they speak for themselves, fortunately. You'll see at a glance which is the blue-room, and which is the tapestry-room, and which is the buff room, and which is the oak-room and which is the step-room; and that's all you'll want to know about them, I imagine."

"I should like to see the room that will be my own," Miss Walters said in answer to this; "it doesn't matter much what the rest are like, because I can alter them at my convenience, but my room must be got ready soon, I mean to have that perfect first of all."

Kate threw open the door of a gloriously proportioned old wainscoted apartment with a painted glass window at one end, through which the mellowed light was streaming deliciously—a room the size and fittings-up of which imposed upon you with a sense of grandeur, and impressed you with a sense of comfort.

"This has always been mother's room," Kate said softly; and Miss Walters rejoined exultantly:

"It will be mine now, I promise you. I don't think I'll trouble to look at any more of the rooms on this floor now that I've seen this. I care more about the sitting-rooms than the bedrooms—excepting my own, of course."

"Well, go down to the library, then," Kate said. "These stairs from mother's room—I beg your pardon, from your room—lead straight down to the library, so we'll go this way, and then I'll leave Jack to show you the rest of the house."

And even Jack could not wonder at his sister's patience and politeness having given way slightly—they had both been hardly tried by his beautiful Jessie.

But the programme as arranged by Kate was not carried out in its integrity, for this reason: when they reached the library they found Stephen resting there, hot, tired and hungry.

"I've got the mare," was his salutation to his brother; "and she'll turn out to be worth the trouble I've had about her, but—"

"Let me introduce you to Miss Walters," Jack interrupted. "Jessie, this is my brother Stephen."

The beautiful blonde faced him fully with a glance of pleasure, for hot, tired and hungry as Stephen was, he was a handsome fellow, one who won universal admiration from women's eyes, and the pleasure and admiration were patent to him and potent with him.

"I'd like to have made a better first appearance than a dusty overheated morning at a horse-fair enables me to make," he said, rising gallantly, and treating his future sister-in-law with an amount of homage he had never intended to treat her with. But her eyes were of the real ultramarine hue, and her golden brown hair was lovelier than anything he had seen for many a long day.

"No wonder that Jack's willing to make an ass of himself for such a woman as that. She's a born queen of beauty, and, secure in that sovereignty, she'll hold her own against the best-bred women in the county."

It was soothing to Jack, soothing in the extreme, to find that his bride-elect and his only brother made such an harmonious meeting of it. Kate soon excused herself and vanished, and then Jessie helped Stephen to the viands that had been brought in for his refection. This she did with many laughing allusions to her "having prematurely assumed the position of his hostess," allusions which were in execrable taste, he would have thought an hour ago. But an hour ago he had not met the magic glance of the intensely blue eyes that looked out from under the passionately pathetic, low, white, wide, level brow.

"Where's Polly, I wonder?" he asked presently. "I thought she would have been eager to hear about the mare."

"I should have been if I had been Polly and you had taken so much trouble to get the mare for me," she said daringly.

"The mare jumps like a cat, Jack," the younger brother went on, disregarding or trying to disregard the voice of the siren. "She wants a little schooling, for she's been in rough hands, but Polly can give her that cleverly enough, and I expect Mrs. Polly will take a very good place with the East-Anglian next winter."

"Have you had her brought here?" Jack said, struggling to divert his attention from the queen of his soul for a moment to the once all-absorbing subject of horse-flesh.

"No. I had Green up to meet me at the fair in case I made a deal, so I sent him home with the mare."

"Oh, I wish you had brought her here; you would have let me try her, wouldn't you?" Miss Walters said in her most coaxing accents to Stephen; and Jack put in rather roughly, they both thought:

"I won't have you trying any one's horses but mine, Jessie; Stephen might go taking it for granted that you ride as well as Polly does, and so put you on something you couldn't manage a bit."

"I am sure Stephen would never do anything so reckless where I am concerned," the clever village school mistress answered glibly; and Stephen—though the touch of vulgarity in her air and voice and manner, and even in her look, all gloriously lovely as the latter was, chilled him—felt himself thrilled into warmth again by her flattery and the atmosphere of her physical beauty.

"If I had a good mount for you, Miss Walters, I should try and persuade Jack to trust you with me," he said presently. "As it is, the mare is kittle cattle to deal with, and I wouldn't put any woman on her back who rode less well and fearlessly than my wife. Polly is always all right in the saddle, no matter what the horse under it may be. I hope she and you will have many a good day together next season; she's quite able to show you the way."

"But I won't take riding lessons from any one but you; I've made up my mind to that," Miss Walters said with a plaintive pout and a glance from the blue eyes that made Stephen think more tolerantly than ever of "Jack's infatuation."

But before he could respond to the subtle advances, Polly came in to claim their presence in the drawing-room at afternoon tea, and the mare came on the tapis again.

Concluded next week.

OUR COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM.

No. II.

Editor Breckenridge News.

In my last I attempted to give, in brief, the history of the system of common schools in our state so far as regards the various measures passed from time to time by which a fund has been created for the maintenance of the common school. The main body of this fund brings an ad valorum tax of 22 cents on the hundred dollars worth of property. One will readily see that this fund will vary at different times—just in proportion as the taxable property fluctuates in value. Hence there can be no guessing as to the cause of the decline in the per capita during the past few years. As property has depreciated in value, so this fund has decreased. This is to be regretted, for even with property at a high figure, the fund would be small enough, and at present it has dwindled until it is almost a mere pittance. It is customary for many to blame the superintendent with this fluctuation in the *per caput*, whereas nothing could be more unjust. The amount due every child in the state of the school age is found in this way: In July the auditor must furnish the superintendent of public instruction the amount which will, probably, be available for school purposes, the same to be derived from the various sources from which the school fund is raised. The superintendent deducts from this (1) the salaries of each of the commissioners in the 117 counties of the state; (2) three dollars for every district reported in the various counties by their respective commissioners; (3) one per cent. of all money due each county; (4) the salary of the superintendent and his clerks; (5) the postage and printing bills of his office. This net amount he divides by the entire number of pupil children reported by the census and the result is the *per caput*. It is plain to be seen that with the superintendent it is merely a problem in long division, the result of which it is impossible for him to change, however desirous he might be to do so. Another reason why this *per caput* varies so much is, that the estimate furnished by the auditor is made upon a hypothesis. As was said above, he estimates what funds will, in all probability, be subject to the order of the superintendent. This is because the fund for any school year is derived from the revenues of that year, and the auditor can not be sure of that which is yet in the future. It is frequently the case that the estimate is made wrongly. If such error occur, it is to be corrected out of the revenue of the succeeding year. If too high, the deficit to be made up from the revenue of the next year, or vice versa. An instance of this occurred in 1871, and is cited by Mr. Henderson in his report. The superintendent, in '71, declared a *per caput* of $2 30. The fund failed to meet this demand by about $12,000, thus leaving that amount to be deducted from the revenue of the succeeding year. There should be a remedy for this in some way. The money ought to be ready for the teachers, subject to the draft of the commissioner whenever it is due; and it should be due whenever the school is taught out. One can not but admire the Indiana plan of paying teachers at the end of each month just as men employed in any other avocation are paid. The present method of paying (nominally) February 15th and May 15th, but generally making the last payment the middle of July, as this year, is an inconvenience to which the teachers, if they were not a weak portion of our population, would not submit. Again, it is wrong to blame the superintendent with this delay. He has no power over the matter further than to draw a check on the auditor. Neither are we to blame the commissioners, for they have no option in the matter. True, sometimes, they might be somewhat dilatory with this as with other business committed to their trust, but this would be no delay such as that to which we refer. The fault lies with our revenue laws, and sheriffs who do not promptly enough collect the taxes from which these claims are to be paid. The law does not require the sheriffs to pay in the taxes until April 1st, and the money is not in the treasury to meet the claims. By the provisions of the law, a school taught half out by the 10th of January is entitled to 40 per cent. of the money due the district, on February 15th. But if it were entirely taught out by January 10th, only 40 per cent. could be drawn, because the money is not in the treasury. There ought to be a change in the law, requiring sheriffs to pay in the taxes by January 1st. This would relieve the difficulty. At present the revenue and school laws pull very much like a balky team, and until they are made to harmonize we can not expect to see the present difficulty removed. If we had a fund sufficiently large (and surely there ought to be more effort to secure such a fund) the better plan would be for the state to pay the teacher so much per day as in most of the states that have more perfect systems. Our fund is not now large enough, all will admit. How shall the school fund throughout the state be increased in order that we may have better teachers and better school-houses? It is an open question whether or not there should be a heavier tax levied throughout the state. The majority of the most interested favor another plan of which I shall endeavor to speak in my next week's article.

NOVUS HOMO.

THE GALT HOUSE DINNER.

How the Reporters of the Louisville Papers, Although Invited Guests, Didn't Dine with President Arthur

Louisville Post, 1st.

The dinner at the Galt House last night was, it is said, a delightful affair. Reporters were rigidly excluded, and consequently no official statement could be had. From the waiters, however, The Post gathered all he wanted to know. On the arrival of the president and his party, he was taken to the parlors, which were handsomely decorated, where he shook hands with about fifty prominent citizens. The president was dressed in a checked traveling suit, while all the gentlemen who had assembled to receive him wore Prince Alberts and white ties. These were soon exchanged, however, for full dress suits, and when the president emerged from his chamber, after having rested an hour, he looked exceedingly trim and handsome.

At 8 o'clock a small party of gentlemen were sitting in the parlor waiting for the announcement of dinner. Every moment's delay added to the number. Among those present were several newspaper reporters who had been invited to attend. They chatted among each other pleasantly for awhile, but they soon began to show some impatience at the delay. "I'm as hungry as a wolf," said the young gentleman who represented the Commercial. "Not a mouthful have I had since breakfast. I think of all places where gentlemen should be prompt a dinner is the pacel. One had far better be late to church or a funeral."

The gentleman of the Courier-Journal echoed this sentiment, and, patting the Commercial on the back, said he had spoken his sentiments better than he could have done.

In a moment more some quiet excitement was caused in the hall by the perplexed look of a gentleman whose position required him to take an important part in the ceremonies.

"Come here," said he to a member of the press gang.

"I'm in an awkward position. For many reasons it has been concluded not to have this dinner reported as an official affair, and it is not desirable that those young gentlemen should be present. They have come here by invitation, too, and the unpleasant duty of informing them of a change in the programme devolves on me. What must I do?"

"Tell them frankly the situation."

They were called out one by one, like men summoned to be shot, and the sad intelligence imparted to them. They looked at each other a moment in blank dismay. Then they looked at the gentleman who had made the announcement. A solemn silence prevailed for a moment. Finally, the Commercial spoke up:

"Well, this is h—l."

"D—n shabby," said the Courier-Journalman, and then both swore in chorus.

"Then you are going to have these chief editors here and exclude us! There is Colonel Kelly and Mr. Watterson and Colonel Sears—they are to go in, of course—and don't you know Colonel Sears is the worst newspaper man in Louisville about writing things he ought not to write? D—n tough, I must say."

"Oh, well," said the C. J. man, "I'm not hungry. I've just had dinner and I can write a better account of the dinner from the outsidide than the inside. We'll do 'em up and dont you forget it."

The young gentlemen went down, got a half dozen toothpicks each, walked out on the pavement and consulted. The more they consulted the madder they got.

"Tell me nothing about the dignity of journalism," said the Commercial man; "a reporter's life is nothing but a series of snubs. He has to go armed to keep from being killed. He is invited to dinner—to dine with the president, and just as the guests are about to take their seats he is informed that his presence is not desirable. It's tough, d—n tough. D—n me if I hadn't rather join the Salvation Army!"

Another member of the craft spoke up and said it was tough. Then all swore roudly, when proposition was made to take a drink, which was agreed to with wonderful unanimity.

They then returned to their respective papers and reported the facts to their managing editor.

"Write it up all the same," were their instructions.

They did "write it up," but about 11 o'clock Col. Kelley proceeded to the Commercial and Mr. Watterson to the Courier-Journal.

"Let me see the report of the dinner," said Mr. Watterson, who reads the proof of every item that goes into the Courier-Journal. The proof was brought. Mr. Watterson glanced at it. It commenced as follows:

"The party of toadies who assembled at the Galt House dinner last night guzzled down the ill-cooked food as voraciously as so many catfish, and between each course bottles of——"

"This won't do," said Mr. Watterson, in a cold, clear, metallic tone. "This won't do. In the first place, there were no bottles there; and, besides, Bennett Young was there, and if anything is said disparagingly of the dinner Haldeman would raise cold h—l. It was a splendid dinner—just splendid. Welker couldn't beat it, and everything passed off so pleasantly. Everybody conducted himself with marked and scrupulous propriety. The president was thoroughly mashed. He is charmed with Louisville; I heard him say so. Have this re-written, Dan, and put in how pleasant everything was."

When Colonel Kelly got to his office he asked for the proof, and commenced reading as follows:

"The dinner at the Galt House last night was a flat failure. The president, jaded after his journey, doubtless expected to enjoy a quiet meal, talking to those only with whom he wished to converse, but——"

"The devil!" exclaimed Colonel Kelly, "This won't do. Why, Allison, dont you know if that were to go in the president would appoint a new pension agent before shaking the dust of this city from his feet? You've never held office under the government, and can form no idea how hard a thing it is to hold. Have all that matter changed. But wait. I'll write it." So the colonel sat down and penned the brilliant account given in this morning's Commercial.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Four Thousand Lives Lost on the Island of Ischia—Indescribable Scenes of Terror and Confusion—A Calamity With Scarcely a Parallel in History.

NAPLES, July 30.—Professor Palmieri, director of the meteorological observatory at Mount Vesuvius, states that the disaster on the Island of Ischia on Saturday night was not due to an earthquake, but to a subsidence of ground. The scenes occasioned by the accident were heartrending. The hospitals are crowded with wounded survivors, and the deadhouses are filled with the bodies of victims. The bodies of several Neapolitan ladies have been recovered from the ruins. Five houses remain standing at Casamicciola. Cries for help can be heard coming from the ruins. Sappers are hard at work endeavoring to rescue persons still alive. Boats from the island filled with dead bodies are arriving here constantly. Many women and children are among the victims of the earthquake. Fifty wooden huts will be built immediately for the accommodation of the survivors. The municipal authorities of Naples are sending relief to the island and doing all in their power to alleviate the distress of the people. Most of the corpses recovered are so discolored by dirt that even after they are washed the features will be unrecognizable. All the members of the police force at Casamicciola were killed. A boat has arrived at Naples containing bodies of twenty-four infants. Few persons taken from the ruins alive last evening. Eight hundred more troops went to the scene of the disaster last night.

The survivors say thirty-seven persons were entombed in one room in the Hotel Piccola Sentinella. Count Serzardi, after three hours' exhausting labor, rescued eleven persons, but failed to accomplish the principal object of his efforts, the saving of his sister. The play at the theater Saturday night was a burlesque, which opened with a scene representing an earthquake.

Midnight—Two thousand soldiers digging in the ruins saved 1,000 lives up to midday of Sunday, and exhumed twenty-four persons alive on Monday.

LONDON, July 30.—Later reports from Naples concerning the destruction of the town of Casamicciola, and the partial destruction of Lacceameno and Forio on the island of Ischia, by an earthquake on Saturday night, say that the shock lasted fifteen minutes. In Lacceameno, out of 16,000 people living in one district visited by the shock, but five escaped, and only five houses are standing at Casamicciola. The number of persons who lost their lives by the disaster is now stated to be 5,000. Boats of all descriptions are continually arriving at Naples, loaded with dead and dying.

A dispatch from Naples just received says: "It is now stated that the number of persons killed by the earthquake on the island of Ischia Saturday night was 2,000, and the number of wounded 1,000."

Of foreigners staying at Casamicciola only those were saved who were at the theatre on Saturday night. The survivors state that they were obliged to pass Saturday night in absolute darkness, without daring to move, even to assist those calling for help beneath the ruins. There is now little hope that the latter are still alive. According to the latest estimate, 3,000 persons perished on the island. Three soldiers, searching for victims, were fatally injured to day. Subscriptions are opened throughout Italy for the relief of the distressed.

It is stated as certain that four thousand persons perished on the island of Ischia Saturday night. The stench from the dead bodies of human beings and animals is almost unbearable. Several men and women were rescued from the ruins Monday morning, and many more might have been saved if a larger force of rescuers had been available earlier. Many persons who were heard groaning during the night were dead before they could be reached and carried to places of safety.

ROME, July 30.—The Roman newspapers appeared to-day with mourning borders. Many of the people injured in Ischia will be crippled for life. The dead at Forio number 300, at Lacceameno 500, at Fontana Serra 200. Twenty-four children perished in the Misericordia Asylum. The King and Queen of Italy have subscribed 100,000 lire and the Pope 25,000 lire for the relief of the sufferers.

Ischia is a beautiful little island lying at the north entrance to the Bay of Naples. It contains some twenty-six square miles and its circumference is about nineteen miles. The island is of volcanic origin, like most others along that part of the Mediterranean shore. It is mountainous, Mount Epomeo rising to a heighth of 2,600 feet. This mountain is the highest point on the island, and on its summit there are twelve inferior cones, from each of which the last volcanic eruption took place in 1302. The soil is fertile and the scenery beautiful, with its variation of steep rocks and sloping hills, villages nestling on their bosoms, and brooks running through the valleys rich with verdure. The climate is semi-tropical. Most of the cultivated land is used as vineyards. All the Southern fruits, corn and oils are produced in profusion. Iron and sulphur are the most important minerals found there, and bricks, tiles and pottery are manufactured at Casamicciola. The chief attraction of the island is, however, its thermal springs of mineral waters, which are reckoned among the most efficacious in Europe. Guests arrive all the year round to drink and bathe in its healing waters.

Earthquakes have been its great scourge, the last preceding one being that of 1881, which occasioned great loss of life and property. The island is inhabited by about 29,000 people, whose dialect and peculiar cast of features distinguish them markedly from continental Italians. Their chief pursuit is fishing and farming. The capital of the island is Ischia, a town of some 6,500 inhabitants, the seat of a bishop, who lives in an old feudal castle built some 400 years ago. Other towns are Forio, Casamicciola, Lacco, Paugo, and Moropano.

The volcanic eruptions on the island have had much to do in periodically destroying or retarding its prosperity. Originally colonized, about 600 B. C. by Greeks, who came from the then powerful island kingdom of Eubœa, it was abandoned after a severe volcanic outbreak. The same thing happened after a second colony had been established by King Hero, of Syracuse. Later on it was in the hands of the Neapolitans, and then again in those of the Romans.

It was to Ischia that the Emperor Augustus banished his favorite daughter, Julia, when her many infidelities to her husband had become a public scandal in Rome. The fair but exceedingly amorous Julia knew, however, how to make banishment less irksome by indulging in the most horrible orgies. Even at that time the island was famous as a resort for invalids. After the fall of Rome it passed into and out of the possession of the different invaders of Italy. In 1299 it was captured by Charles II, of Anjou, the tyrant of Naples, and from that time forth its fortunes betook as much of ups and downs as those of most of the provinces and islands of Southern Italy.

"Show me a sensible man who is opposed to capital punishment!" exclaimed a lawyer while in conversation during a recess of court.

"I am," replied a gentleman sitting near.

"And why so, sir; give your reasons."

"Because I am sentenced to be hung next month."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

Dr. Mary Walker is becoming more like a man every day. She has just bought a fast trotter. With her various masculine habits, it wouldn't surprise us a bit to hear of her being sued by some girl for breach of promise. But, no, her's are not breeches of promise. She pants for high purposes.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

In Rome a duke's daughter has eloped with a poet. She will doubtless find, in the course of time, that if she had taken half a dollar and bought a cheap book of rhymes, she would have made a much more profitable venture.—[Don Padman.

A woman getting aboard of a railroad car and one getting a board in the back yard at home have very different meanings.—[Bowling Green Gazette.

O'Donnell, who shot and killed James Carey, the infamous Irish informer, is an Irish-American. Carey's wife and children witnessed the murder.

A Memphis masher squeezed a lady's hand, but when her husband interviewed him with a shotgun, he apologized for his rued act.—[Glasgow Times.

Brick Pomeroy claims to be the father of the greenback party. This is the hardest lick greenbackism has yet received.—[Glasgow Times.

There is a young man in Philadelphia whose name is Hughard. All the girls are crazy to get introduced to him.—[Elizabethtown News.

James T. Hamrich, a Clayton, Ga., school-teacher, while chastising a scholar, was perhaps fatally stabbed by some of his comrades.

Judge Brown has called for state troops to guard Neal during his trial, which began at Grayson, Carter county, yesterday.

Mount Vesuvius is spitting fire and molten lava, and the inhabitants are fleeing for their lives.

Colored people are good at borrowing everything but trouble.—[George Ditto.

France is after a slice of Turkey and wants a China set to.—[Glasgow Times.

Fifteen thousand dollars has been raised to build a college at Mayfield, Ky.