

The Greensboro Patriot

WEEKLY EDITION.

TERMS—One Year \$1.50; six months 75 cents; three months 50 cents. Always in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES—One inch square insertion 10 cents; for each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

JOHN B. HUSSEY, Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, N. C., AUGUST 16, 1883.

The effect of the recent disasters in the leather trade has not yet been ascertained. Each day records additional failures.

The cry: "Turn the rascals out!" infuriates the Republicans to an astonishing degree. They all seem to take it as a personal attack.

A party of capitalists have bought 64,000 acres of valuable lands in Swain county, and will at once open up the vast mineral treasures on the tract.

Ex-President Wright of the Northern Pacific railroad has given \$100,000 for the establishment of a college at Tacoma, W. T. When they get it to running won't the boys be shocked by the devility of the students?

"Do you pretend to be able to take the contract for running the whole legislature?" they asked in Illinois, with reference to the last legislative body of that State. "I do," he said, "it's a mighty small man who couldn't."

The aged veteran, the war horse of General Stonewall Jackson, the same he was riding the day he received his death wound, is on his way from North Carolina to the Virginia Military Institute, which is to take charge of him at the request of Mrs. Jackson.

President Arthur opened the Louisville exposition in the presence of 20,000 people, and then went to the Galt house and slept on a \$2,000 bedstead in a room whose furniture cost \$4,000. But the next morning he found that the flies would bite as bad in Louisville as anywhere. We all meet on a common level in some respects.

An analysis of the national debt prepared on July 2nd, 1882, showed it to amount to \$1,884,171,727, on which the annual interest charge is \$51,436,709. As the estimated population of the country on the same date was somewhat more than 54,000,000, the debt per capita is \$28.41, and the interest charge only 95 cents. There is no other nation outside of the despotisms of the East that can show such a relatively light burden of debt. If every man, woman and child were to set aside each day the sum of nine cents, at the end of one year a fund sufficient to discharge the whole debt would be collected.

The following are the totals for the population of the great cities of Europe—London, 3,832,440 inhabitants; Paris, 2,225,910; Berlin, 1,222,500; Vienna, 1,103,110; St. Petersburg, 676,570; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 555,940; Liverpool, 552,430; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Birmingham, 400,760; Lyons, 372,890; Madrid, 367,280; Bucharest, 460,580; Marseilles, 357,520; Manchester, 341,510; Warsaw, 339,340; Milan, 421,840; Amsterdam, 317,010; Dublin, 314,660; Leeds, 309,130; Rome, 300,470; Sheffield, 284,410; Breslau, 282,910; Turin, 252,830.

Tar and feathers have come into fashion again. This curious and interesting method of personal and primitive decoration was largely in vogue with our Western ancestors, but threatened to die out with the innovation of the pistol and the rope. It was revived the other day at Castleton, a Hudson river town about fourteen miles from Troy. An objectionable German named Voss, who had committed some breach of propriety, was taken by the citizens, given a coat of quicklime, then a coat of tar and finally a top-dressing of feathers and marched out of town. This, it will be observed, is a great improvement on the old-fashioned methods. Quicklime shows the advance in methods. It is a powerful caustic and consumes human flesh. The advantage is at once apparent. If the officers of the law or the victim's friends ever overtake him and succeed in getting the feathers off, they will find nothing but a skeleton.

LAST WORDS. We have peace.—Keogh. And the offices too.—Wheeler. Show your authority.—Mott. Where am I?—Leach. Wait till the clouds roll by.—Ewert.

THE ARTHUR ROOM.

Though doubtless a little early, the time has nevertheless been considered opportune for starting a wholesale boom in the interest of President Arthur, and for making the line of march from Washington to the Yellowstone valley in one sense a Presidential track. A newspaper in Chicago, lately honored by a visit from the national executive and his party, has sounded public opinion from Maine to California, and the result, so far as quoted, is an almost unanimous endorsement of the administration that is just now taking a somewhat protracted vacation. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and husband, Judge Torrey, Grier, the original Garfield man, Ben Butterworth the obscene, Green B. Raam, H. L. Morey, Mark Twain, Thomas B. Keogh, of North Carolina, and many others seem to think that the President has happily disappointed the expectations of the public in general and of themselves in particular, and has made nearly as good a chief magistrate as they would have done in the same circumstances. Keogh almost alone over. With his laughing blue eyes intently fixed on his commission as marshal of the Western District of North Carolina he writes, with refreshing conciseness, that "the beneficial effects of President Arthur's administration is felt and enjoyed in this State." We wonder how Mott enjoys its "beneficial effects?"

MODERN MIRACLES.

If we are to believe all that we read and hear, upon the strength of testimony that we would accept without question with reference to ordinary occurrences, we must admit that the age of miracles is by no means past. Just at the present time we are learning considerable about them. A man in Hudson, N. Y., recently told a San reporter how he was cured of a four years' blindness through prayer, after 17 doctors, including eminent oculists, had given his case up as hopeless. He had believed that he would recover, but was shocked to hear his wife say to some friends that she did not expect him to get well, and falling upon his knees, he prayed as he had never prayed before. Suddenly he heard a voice say: "Get some clay." The clay was brought at his request, but his wife objected to his making any use of it, and it was kept under the stove for five days, he not knowing how best to apply it. He prayed earnestly for guidance, and on the fifth day the voice commanded him again to "get the clay." He took the pieces from under the stove and found that they had been baked hard, and applying them to his eyelids they clung like leeches. The removal of the clay was followed by a complete restoration of his sight. We have no comment to make upon this story except that it is wonderful, if true. But miracles are apparently being performed in many places, and upon many people. The blind see, the deaf hear, the sick are restored to health, the lame recover strength and complete command of muscle and limb and rejoice in their sudden release from various infirmities. That Boston worker of miracles, Dr. Cullis, has been holding a faith convention in Maine, at which many wonderful stories are told, one being that a woman who had been afflicted with total deafness for 20 years was cured. She "first felt an itching sensation, then a crackling sound in her ears, and suddenly the voice of the speaker burst upon her as though shouted through a trumpet." A woman with a shrivelled leg was recently reported cured while kneeling at the shrine of St. Anne de Beoupre in Montreal, and among the thousands of her fellow pilgrims many other as miraculous cures were effected, according to the testimony of priests and people. We have very decided doubts about the genuineness of all this. We doubt whether the interests of religion gain anything by being put to such a questionable use. It seems like trifling with sacred things.

WHEN A DEMOCRAT WAS PRESIDENT.

The following is an extract from a letter written by James K. Polk, February 17th, 1845, when he was President-elect, offering James Buchanan the position of Secretary of State: "I disapprove the practice which has sometimes prevailed of Cabinet officers absenting themselves for long periods of time from the seat of government, and leaving the management of their departments to the chief clerks, or less responsible persons than themselves. I expect myself to remain constantly at Washington, unless it may be that no public duty demands my presence, when I may be occasion-

ally absent, but then only for a short time. It is by conforming to this rule that the President and his cabinet can have any assurance that absenteeism will be prevented, and that the subordinate executive officers connected with them respectively will faithfully perform their duty."

Now that President Arthur and all of his Cabinet and a great many of his subordinates are absent from Washington, the reproduction of the above comes in very pat.

A Few Dots on Durham.

DURHAM, August 7.—A live place and a growing town, this, emphatically. The growth of everything here is almost prodigious. From a small station, located for the convenience of Chapel Hill, Durham has grown to be a thriving, bustling town with banks and newspapers and other advanced agencies of modern civilization. H. A. Reams sold the first live tobacco ever sold at auction in Durham on the 15th day of May, 1871. He sold during that year about 700,000 pounds. His trade continued to increase from year to year till he sold more than four million pounds per annum. There are now three large warehouses in the town that will sell during the present year over twelve million pounds.

In 1871 there were only two small cottages; now there are eight. There are now eight tobacco factories, employing over 1,000 hands. W. T. Blackwell alone giving employment to about 400. A company has recently been organized and will commence the manufacture of fertilizers in a few days. Durham has a fine trade from the counties of Person, Orange, Granville, Alamance, Chatham, Wake, Caswell, and tobacco is brought here from nearly every tobacco growing county in the State. The weed raised away down in Sampson county is brought to this market.

W. T. Blackwell is the largest tax payer here, paying annually over \$3,000. When a young man starting the career which has given him fame and lots and chortle of money, Blackwell went to Greensboro to establish the tobacco business. The fancy prices for land drove him to the then obscure railroad station of Durham, and instead of the "Greensboro Bull Smoking Tobacco" it is the "Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco." The eternal fitness of things would seem to favor the latter. Around this still growing enterprise, now managed by John S. Carr, a young man of energy, brains and character, has sprung up the vast and growing tobacco trade of Durham.

Durham is now a county site, and soon a court house and jail and other public buildings will add to the stability of the town's growth and prosperity.

A Trip Across the Continent.

HADLEY, IND., Aug. 1st.—In a recent trip to Dakota and Montana I saw much that would be interesting to many of my old friends in North Carolina, and possibly more so to the young ones who may have the same desire and aspiration to see the far away scenes that abound in our broad land, that I had fifty years ago.

In 1834 my brother Alfred and I borrowed and read by turns the account of Lewis & Clark's expedition across the continent in 1804-'5, and were charmed with the accounts of danger, adventure, and wonderful journeyings of these pioneer explorers. Again in 1837, I purchased the temporary work of the late Irving, "Astoria, by Washington Irving," giving a graphic account of J. J. Astor's attempt to colonize Oregon and establish a fur company there.

The reading of these books created a desire to see the country over and through which those expeditions passed, but a combination of circumstances prevented until this year. Through the kindness of the Indiana, Bloomington & Western and the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Albert Lea railroads I was furnished with complimentary tickets to St. Paul, and from there by the gentlemanly and kind officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad to the far end of their track this side the Rocky Mountain divide, 1,110 miles west of St. Paul.

This equipped, I started from Indianapolis on an early morning train and was soon out into the beautiful farming region through which the I. B. & W. passes, being a part of the unsurpassed blue grass region of this State. At Danville, Illinois, we pass out of the timbered region of the Northwest and enter the vast prairie region that stretches away to the northward and westward thousands of miles to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and to the snow fields of the North.

mer in the fall of 1843 over a part of the then "grand prairie," which seemed like "limitless expanse of green grass and brilliant sunlight, to the question of "what will be the future of this region?" replied, "This will always be a vast unsettled plain, on which thousands of cattle will be herded like the central prairie of Iowa, and to me it seemed entirely reasonable that it would be so. That regular civilized society could ever live on this vast treeless plain was beyond my comprehension.

But now what a wonderful change has come; the vast plain is gone, the ocean of grass has disappeared, and in the place are broad fields, beautiful groves of stately trees, splendid mansions in which are found the highest type of civilized life, and to me it seemed entirely reasonable that it would be so. That regular civilized society could ever live on this vast treeless plain was beyond my comprehension.

Crossing the State via Bloomington, Peoria and Galesburg, amid one continued succession of Edens of agricultural loveliness, we arrive at Burlington, on the Iowa side of the Mississippi River. This is a city of some note and extensive business connections, especially with the railroad systems of the North. Many of the historical events are associated with its location and growth; among them the final end of the celebrated Indian chief Black Hawk, who was one of the noted warriors of the past generation. He died and was buried here, but his body was stolen and taken down the river to secure the skeleton for eastern exhibition. The Indians learned the fact and rose in arms, and so enraged that nothing but the restoration of the skeleton would appease them. It was sent to a physician in Burlington, in whom the tribe had confidence, to be kept until it was settled where the tribe would next locate, being ready to move off of the land known as the Black Hawk purchase. Before this was done, the house of the physician with a part of the town was burned and the sacred bones were consumed in the fire. The original grave is still kept as made at his death.

From Burlington we go west of north across the State of Iowa, which is in all respects similar to Illinois, with the same wide expanse of open prairie, with many rivers and streams skirted with beautiful and valuable belts of native timber; the succession of beautiful fields of grain, bright, sandy farm houses, large herds of cattle and sheep, immense cribs of corn, thousands of wheat straw and hay ricks, (what would be called a long stack in North Carolina), and what would seem astonishing to citizens of Old Guilford, immense piles of corn cobs, where thousands of bushels have been shelled and sacked for exportation, and the sound of threshing wheat,—with an ocean of grass stretching away on every side where farms have not been made.

We enter Minnesota a few miles north of Albert Lea Junction, and for several hours ride pass over the same outline of country as in Iowa, until we reach the southern edge of the water shed of the Minnesota river, here we enter the timber lands of the State, not all timber as in regular timbered countries, but successions of prairie and dense groves of timber beautifully intermingled.

This part of the State is very similar in surface arrangement to Guilford county, as to streams of river, proportion of timber and open land, the number of hills and valleys, etc., but vastly different in the looks and character of the soil. Though the northern limit of corn growing cannot be defined by a line, the Minnesota river will do for a boundary in that direction; good corn crops are grown on its alluvial bottoms, beyond it ceases to be a staple grain. In its stead we see vast fields of wheat and oats and other small grain, with whole fields of Irish potatoes, in the stead of small patches as in the corn region.

The growth of timber is very rapid on this deep, rich land, and an ordinary Carolinian would be astonished to see the enormous quantities of wood piled along the railroads, ready for shipment to the treeless plains further north and west; loaded on the cars it is worth \$2.25 per cord, when shipped 300 miles it sells for \$7.00.

I had passed through the charcoal burning regions of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York, had seen the wood yards of western railroads before coal was used, had seen the immense wood yards at steamboat landings on the lower Mississippi, but never saw as much cord wood in one season as on my ride through the valley of the Minnesota river. This enormous cord wood supply is nothing in comparison to the millions of feet of saved lumber we see further North, of which we will speak at another sitting.

A Dream and its Fulfillment.

The remains of Mrs. F. R. Senger, of No. 140 Bridge street, who was killed by a train of cars on Friday were taken to the home of her parents in Bedford, for interment. A rather peculiar circumstance in connection with the lady's death was the fact that the night previous to the occurrence she had a dream in which she imagined she saw herself decapitated by a train of cars. She spoke of her dream to her husband on the morning of her death, but as neither of them was superstitious they paid but little attention to the matter. The dream was practically verified a few hours later when the lady, although not actually decapitated, was "terribly mangled by the cars."

Another Victim of Kerosene.

Miss Orphy Babcock, daughter of Mr. Bradley Babcock residing near Concord, in Campbell county, was fatally burned last Saturday while attempting to start a fire in the stove by pouring oil from a can upon some burning embers. The blaze ran into the room, exploding it and setting fire to the young lady's clothing, and burning her so badly that she died in great agony the next evening. When will women learn that it is unsafe to start a fire with coal oil?

Ruined Crops.

A railroad man who came down on the N. & W. K. R. yesterday says the drouth is damaging the crops along the line of the railroad from this city to Mt. Airy, to an alarm extent. The crops are being literally parched by the hot sun; and that a few miles this side of Roanoke he saw a large clover field on fire. A compositor of this office who went on a trip down the South Side division of the road Sunday, reports that the crops in that section are ruined by the drouth.

"Hip, Hip, Hurrah!"

Very few people who cry "hip, hip, hurrah!" with such gusto know anything about the origin of the words. During the times of the Crusaders the chivalry of Europe was roused against by the inflammatory appeals of Peter the Hermit, who always displayed a banner emblazoned with the following letters, H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words Hierosolyma est perdit, or Jerusalem is destroyed. The people who were not acquainted with Latin pronounced the letters as a word—hip, hurrah, when they chanced to meet a poor Jew they raised the cry, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and the chances were greatly in favor of the Jew's feeling the point of their swords.

A Hardworking Old Lady.

There is an old lady living in the lower part of Prince William county, Va., about a mile and a half south of Independent Hill eighty-five years of age, who lives on her farm of one hundred acres by herself. She has had no one to work for her for the last twenty years, does her own cornfield, plants, cuts and cares for her own corn and fodder, mows her own hay with a large scythe, climbs the tallest cherry tree on her place, gathers and dries annually about a hundred pounds of cherries besides other fruit, cuts her own firewood and carries her corn to the mill on her back and brings her milk home. All this she has done for years. She has never been confined to her bed by sickness and is to-day as spry as any young maiden.

Important Railroad Contract.

Our North Carolina railroad enterprises are still booming. The Atlanta Constitution says that the South Carolina Pacific Railway company has contracted with the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad company to meet the latter end of the latter company at the State line within the next twelve months. The preliminaries have all been arranged, and if the right of way can be secured, the road will be built in the next year. It will run from Bennettsville, S. C., to some point on the North Carolina line, and will be extended westward the road will be extended to Camden, connecting there with the South Carolina Railway, and at Society Hill with the Cheraw and Salisbury railroad, thus furnishing two outlets to Charleston. Ultimately the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. company will extend its lines to Abingdon, Va., where through connections with Cincinnati will be reached.

Inconceivable Torture.

The Annamese have brought the science of impalement to a much finer point than might be supposed from the process heretofore described. A French officer, who witnessed an execution in Tonkin before the recent troubles, gives a very curious account of the apparatus of impalement. A lofty stake, with sharp point, is fixed into the ground as firmly as a telegraph pole, and with the upper part a chair of iron, having an inflexible joint, is connected. The point of the stake fits the orifice in the chair, and latter is motioned or raised by machinery set in motion by a crank—so that several feet of the pole can be forced through the body of any one seated in the chair. There is a lofty platform, rising to the same height as the pole and reached by a ladder. The executioner compels his victim to mount and take his seat in the chair, whereon he is immovably chained. Then the crank is turned forty or fifty times—the stake being buried further and further in the criminal's body at each turn.

All this appears utterly horrible to Europeans; but the Orientals are not constituted as we are. They fear ordinary forms of death very little, and decapitation or hanging has as little terrors for them as the workhouse for the common Anglo Saxon criminal. Moreover, their nervous system—especially that of the Chinese and kindred races—is not altogether similar to the nervous system of Aryans. The French officer who witnessed the execution described avers that the criminal continued to eat a banana until the operation was half completed; many travellers concur in bearing evidence that the Chinese exhibit under torture a degree of fortitude equal, if not superior, to the well known stoicism of the American Indian. But it is rather strange to learn that the part of the iron machinery used in the impaling process referred to bears the trade mark of a French iron-master.

A Shocking Tragedy.

Lawrence Lew, Cong. A. great-grand-nephew of George Washington and a gentleman widely known in legal and social circles in Baltimore, was shot and instantly killed yesterday morning, by his wife, at one o'clock, while peacefully sleeping in bed at her side. The affair occurred at the Worthington family mansion, 16 miles from Baltimore. Mrs. Conrad was a confirmed invalid. No one was in the room when the shot was fired except her husband and herself, and although there were four members of the household on the same floor the pistol shot was not heard, and the first alarm was given by Mrs. Conrad, who rushed to her mother's room and cried out that she had "hurt Mr. Conrad." The members of the household found him breathing his last, with his face on a blood-stained pillow and a 32 calibre bullet through his head and neck and a half above the left ear.

Mr. Conrad was a well-known in Philadelphia, Baltimore and the South as a man could well be, and his wife, who was Miss Minnie Worthington, comes of a family that dates its life in Maryland back to 1750. It is not known, and perhaps never will be, exactly how the shocking affair occurred. Mrs. Conrad does not appear to know herself. Her explanation is that she was trying to commit suicide. A more loving couple could scarcely be found. They had been married for fourteen years, and were most assiduous in their attentions to each other. Mr. Conrad had a lucrative civil practice at the Baltimore bar, but had given up all his professional energy, which intelligence has only been equalled by an ardent spirit of enterprise, animated by a burning State pride which fixed as the prize of its ambition the completion of the great work which had moved without halting step, from its first inception half a century ago, until it fell helpless at the foot of the mountains beyond which it had no strength to advance.

The great work, built up to such mighty proportions as to have become the subject of competition among the greatest money powers of to-day, must forever stand a monument to these two men, native North Carolinians, true to the instincts of their nativity, and linked to the destinies of the work upon which their good name was staked and to which it was pledged. The name of the Richmond & Danville may pass away. It may cease to furnish the sweet morsel of abuse and defamation; but the names of these two men associated with it in its years of weakness, and instrumental in building it up into power, will live to be respected and admired.

Bible Manuscript Found 6000 Years Old.

(From the New York Sun of 13th July.) A Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, a bookseller and dealer in antiquities, has just deposited in the British Museum fifteen slips of black sheepskin leather, on which are written, in characters similar to those on the celebrated Dead Sea scrolls, portions of the book of Deuteronomy differing materially from the received version. The date of the slips is the ninth century before Christ, or sixteen centuries older than any authentic manuscript of any part of the Old Testament. Mr. Shapira bought them from an Arab, and he asks for them \$5,000, 000 from the British Museum. If genuine the interest and importance of the discovery cannot be overrated; and so far as variations in the sacred text are concerned, there is promise of one of the greatest controversies that scholars have ever entered upon. The discovery furnishes a good example for comparison with the received version. I quote from the Shapira record: "I am God, thy God, which I brought thee from the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. Ye shall have no other Gods. Ye shall not make to yourselves any graven image, nor any likeness that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Ye shall not bow down to them nor serve them."

"I am God, thy God, sanctify. In six days I have made the Heaven and the earth, and all that therein is, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore, rest thou also, thou and thy cattle, and all that thou hast."

"I am God, thy God. Honor thy father and thy mother."

"I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not commit adultery with the wife of thy neighbor."

"I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not steal the property of thy brother."

"I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not swear by my name falsely, for I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who take my name in vain."

What Will It Matter?

What will it matter in a little while? This for me? We can't get any more, a touch, a smile. What will it matter whether my heart be brave. And I will be whole. That you gave me the sympathy I crave. As I gave you? These tidings can't be they make or mar? A human life? Are you really as much as a man? By love or strife? Yes, you! I look the fainting heart may break. Or that it should. And just one word, I'd fain for love's sweet sake. May I have a smile!

Burford and Andrews—Deserved Praise.

As a leader in the consolidations in which the Richmond and Danville railroad became connected, justice should be done to the master mind by which a feeble company became the master power in a powerful combination. To the sagacity, courage and patience of Algonzo Sidney Burford is due the success of a policy which brought up the stock of the R. & D. company from three cents on the dollar in 1874 to \$2.85 in 1882, which put it in the power of that company to create and control a combination embracing 2,500 miles of road, grown from the insignificant beginning of 140 miles, which—and which is of special interest to us—enabled it to come to the relief of the State of North Carolina, and carry to completion one portion of a work, the subject of long and vexatious futile legislation, and to advance another portion to a hopeful state of forwardness. To do all this demanded sagacity to devise, courage to execute, patience to perfect; patience, moreover, to abide the calumnies, the suspicions and the opposition of those always ready to ascribe to success sinister or corrupt motives.

And as a conjurer in so much as relates to us, there was found Alexander B. Andrews, whose zeal, whose energy, whose intelligence has only been equalled by an ardent spirit of enterprise, animated by a burning State pride which fixed as the prize of its ambition the completion of the great work which had moved without halting step, from its first inception half a century ago, until it fell helpless at the foot of the mountains beyond which it had no strength to advance.

The current of opinion seems to be decidedly in favor of the nomination of Arthur for President, though Mr. Dewey predicts that Hon. James G. Blaine will be the next President, for the reason that "Mr. Blaine has been chasing the Presidency for some time, while now the Presidency is chasing him."

Peanut Flour.

No doubt, ere long, "peanut flour" will be an important product of the South. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels of peanuts, and North Carolina for 135,000 bushels, these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation, and those in which it was first introduced from Africa. In Virginia they are called "peanuts," in North Carolina "ground-peas," in Tennessee "goobers," in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi "pinders." Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance to that made of coconut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the peanut.

Awful Scenes in Iceland.

The state of affairs at Iceland was so decided to cover the whole scene of the earthquake with a slide of lime to protect the living in their necessary work among the ruins, so great and deadly has become the stench arising from the bodies of the more than 8,000 beings known to have perished. But when it was found that scores of living persons were entombed in the ruins, the plan of wholesale disinterment had to be abandoned. To-day a man was rescued alive from the ruins. The effluvia that followed from the crevice with his person had acted upon as a tight-fitting cork overpowered his rescuers, all of whom fainted. There can be no doubt that many persons still remain alive in the ruins. It is probable that a few remaining alive to-morrow will be abandoned to their fate, as every part of the scene has ceased to be endurable. Scarcely a respite is left able to resist the terrible vomitings compelled by the insupportable stench now prevalent. The entire island has been almost constantly shaken by a series of intermittent shocks ever since the great disaster of last Sunday. Strange to say, the odors which will now render further rescue impossible, and drive the force of humanitarianism from this once beautiful island, will probably lie in the hands of Italian brigands who now hover about in sufficient number to pass any probable guard, waiting their chances to rush on the scene for any plunder.