

THE CAMORRA'S KING.

The Singular Career—His Death and His Successor.

The king of the Camorristas died the other day and many a man in Naples breathed more freely at the knowledge that this extraordinary personage is no more.

The "Camorra" is a vast society which has its ramifications among all classes, and is organized mainly with a view to holding in check justice, the police—even the royal power itself.

A Camorrist, arrested for a crime, or accused of some indiscretion, is certain to find one of his fallows either among the judges, the lawyers, the sheriffs, the jailers, the gendarmes or his fellow-prisoners.

Each comrade is bound to do nothing derogatory to any other comrade, and the consequence is the wielding of a mysterious power in Naples and in all southern Italy.

To say of a man that he is a Camorrista is at once to inspire a vague terror concerning all his actions. He is expected to be capable of anything, and to escape unpunished, no matter how great his crimes.

Ciccio Cappuccio was born in the Carmine quarter of Naples, the scene of the celebrated revolt of Masaniello and his heroic fishermen.

His father was a member of the Camorra, and was also one of its chiefs. He had his son initiated at a very early age, and sent him to work in the royal spinning mill of Sanfelice, where the cloth for army and prison uniforms is made.

Young Cappuccio soon had to wear some of his own weaving. In 1856 he had a quarrel with the director of the mill, and disfigured him for life by stabbing him in the face.

He was sent to the galleys, but was soon liberated by mysterious influences. From that time forward "Ciccio" as the Neapolitans called him in their picturesque dialect, was the recognized king of the Camorra.

He had won his grades in prison, and the arms and legs of all who would disagree with him. In 1859, after the Italian wars, the stationary current had passed over the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and here was conspiracy everywhere.

Cappuccio was in a position to render great service or to be a dangerous enemy. He remained Camorrist and Neapolitan. On several occasions he was to be of much use to the government by his control over the masses.

His power was so great when he chose to menace any corporation with the interference of the Camorra as to be practically undisputed.

The police director of Naples had to bring to an end a strike of cab drivers. Cappuccio accepted the mission; he cabmen to go back to work.

He hired an open cab and drove through the quarters of the Carthage, the Porta Capua and the Vicaria, down as far as the Posillipo.

Next morning all the cabs were rolling about as usual.

In latter days Cappuccio was but a nominal sovereign, giving directions to his successor appointed by himself, and exercising as much power to free criminals from justice as any of those who preceded him.

The Camorra is still very much alive in southern Italy.

Reason to the society is still punished by death.—N. Y. Journal.

Disinfecting Rooms.

Disinfection of rooms everywhere has been in the room during the past season by a case of infectious disease should remain during the season; all pictures, upholstered seats, organs, and similar articles, are likely to be injured by a disinfectant should be removed before the disinfectant is put into the room.

An ordinary gilt picture-frame, as the fumes would attack the wood, and would be likely to be injured by the picture.

Articles may be disinfected by means, as for example, a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid or a one-two solution of corrosive sublimate will disinfect articles with which it is in contact; it can be used only on furniture or varnished wood.

Time and Money.

A number of bachelors were talking in a forlorn and undoubtful conversation.

One said, "I should have married, but I haven't had time to think about it."

The other replied, "Time? Time is true that time is a thing I haven't had time enough to think about, and I'm lonely and sad."—Detroit Free Press.

The Way of the World.

A man named Jones again to-day said to the merchant to his neighbor.

and, by the way, Smith, next door to Jones, owes us also."

"That's a man of means; we can't account stand till he gets to pay."—N. Y. Press.

The Way to Put It.

"Something with me," replied the laboring man to another, "I'm going to a saloon."

"Something from your wife and children, you mean," replied the other, "that man blushed and looked red."—Detroit Free Press.

Living Up to His Title.

(on the cable car)—You are a poor, I believe, sir?

"When why don't you get up for an old lady a seat?"—Chicago.

It's Good Enough.

THE USE OF SLANG.

Is It More Frequent Among the Girls or the Boys?

A writer in the Baltimore Sun states that girls use more slang—especially if they are grown up—than boys do.

Girls, it is affirmed, talk much more than boys, so that their stock of uncouth words is in more frequent use. It is also larger. If a boy were a mine of slang his taciturnity would keep it concealed from all but a few of his chums.

His inventions are confined to a small circle, and his opportunities of borrowing are correspondingly diminished. Not so with the girl. The loquacity of her associates, aided by her own, spreads and multiplies slang with the greatest rapidity. She is more sociable. At school she is "thick" with a dozen and gathers in all the dozen know. And besides, says the same authority, girls are so reckless in the use of language that they give a slangy character to good English.

With the girl at the period of girlhood every good thing is "perfectly" so. She "never" does this and she "always" does that. She sometimes "feels hateful," but it is often some one else who is "perfectly horrid." Nearly everything is "awful." Such are some of the charges this abominable person brings against the sweet young creatures. Another authority flatly contradicts them all and says the boy is the sum of all villainies. The words he prefers, it is asserted, are so tinged with profanity that he cannot use them at home, and it is thus only that he gets his reputation for freedom from slang.

Who can settle the dispute? We are of opinion that injustice is done to the girls. We are confident also that few boys are as bad as represented. It is possible that the so-called "authority" has been judging the whole world from his few unfortunate associates.

ENGLISH COMMENT.

How We Are Viewed by People Across the Atlantic.

The following interesting scraps of information about Americans have been collected by English travelers and published in foreign journals:

"Umbrellas in use in America are fitted with a small oblong peep-hole glass, through which the pedestrian views the surrounding country while protecting himself from the storm."

"Americans sweeten their tea and coffee with rock candy."

"Dark gray is the favorite color for American table decoration."

"Ladies at the theater in America have their hats arranged in such a way that they can take them off to use as fans."

"Boston society people," so a correspondent tells a London paper, "entertain evening visitors with the singularly intellectual device of writing a capital D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table, and trying at the same time to swing the right foot in a direction exactly opposite from that in which the pen is moving. Prizes are offered for the most successful in the exploit."

"Servants in America, excepting in large cities, are admitted to all the privileges of the family, and frequently in hiring a maid of all work a mistress has to agree to attend the street door herself."

THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.

Facts That Prove They Were Not Far Behind Their Modern Sisters.

The women of to-day should be deeply learned in Egyptology, as there is much in recent developments to show that woman was very highly regarded in the ancient times. We find them acting as regents during the minority of their sons. They transacted business and bequeathed their property. Deeds of gifts have been found by a mother to her daughter, and another in which a mother transfers her property to her daughter on certain conditions. Then there is the famous Queen Hatshepsut, a most brilliant woman and a remarkable builder.

The oldest known fragment of Homer pillowed the head of a young woman who was doubtless buried with her favorite poet as Tomnyson of our own time was buried with his. There is every indication that the higher education of woman was duly considered and if no evidences of coeducation exist it is doubtless because those ancient people were much too wise to attempt it.

That women possessed tact and a delightful manner of ordering their homes is inferred from the fact that all the portraits and statues of Egyptian men represent them with a particularly happy and good-natured expression.

Fireballs in England.

The use of fireballs saves one-third coal, and is common enough in England, from the laborer's cottage to the lodgings of thrifty gentlemen in Bath and Cheltenham. Made of one-third coal dust, two-thirds sand and beaten clay, molded with water into balls the size of a goose egg and dried, they are permanent fuel. When the coal fire is hot and red a dozen of these balls put into the furnace will become red-hot and stay so, like red-hot brick, keeping up the heat far longer than coal without them. There is nothing like them for keeping the house warm at night, and half a dozen put red-hot into a brazier or portable furnace would take the chill off bedrooms very comfortably. When rooms are heated by stoves economy lies in never letting the fire go down in cold weather, as it takes more heat to warm the rooms when the walls are chilled than it does to keep them so for days.

A Long Winter.

The coldest winter the world ever knew, according to several chroniclers, occurred during the year 1453. The season was not only intensely cold, but lasted unusually long. In a large portion of middle and western Germany the frost was so severe during the month of May that skaters braved the ice without the least danger, and on May 12 skates were generally used. On St. John's day, June 24, the windows were frozen and not a vestige of vegetation was to be seen anywhere. Spring was ushered in with the last day of June.

THE CHINESE WALL.

It Was a Wonderful Engineering Feat and a Stupendous Work.

The scenery from the great wall is very fine. The wall is here a dividing line between the high, rugged hills of China, which tower above us on the one hand, and the great sandy plains of Mongolia on the other, with dim mountain summits beyond in the far distance.

Over these barren, rocky spurs and acclivities, ascending to their very summits, winding about in irregular curves and zigzags, its scerried battlements clear-cut against the sky on the topmost ridges, descending into dark gullies to appear again rising on the other side, the endless line of massive stone and brick runs on and on until lost to sight behind the farthest range.

And so, says the Century, it goes for miles and miles, eastward to the Pechili gulf, and westward, mostly in two great, rambling lines, along the border of the Gobi desert and Kansu, until it ends among the foothills of the Nan Shan range. However we may regard it, whether as a grand conception for the defense of an empire, as an engineering feat, or merely as a result of the persistent application of human labor, it is a stupendous work. No achievement of the present time compares with it in magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions, and records, and ruins of a brilliant past.

The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued, and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.

BACTERIA AND LIGHT.

One of the Curiosities of a Microscopic Organism.

The study of bacteria, those microscopic organisms which have assumed so much importance in the public mind since some of them have been shown to be the active cause of various diseases, is progressing at a wonderful rate. It may be possible to write the biography of certain bacteria, and the story of their individual development, says the Youth's Companion, would possess much interest.

The action of light upon these simple organisms is, in certain cases, wonderful. It has been ascertained, for instance, that the bacterium photometricum possesses the power, or property, of discriminating between lights of different intensities.

These minute organisms show an optical rotation in a definite direction, and when the intensity of the light shining upon them is suddenly diminished, they dart backward with an opposite rotation. This is called by Engelmann a "terror motion," as if the organisms feared darkness.

One result of this curious property is that such bacteria may be inclosed in an illuminated circle as in a trap, out of which escape is impossible to them, for the moment they approach the dark rim of the luminous circle the "terror motion" sends them shooting back into the light.

ALASKAN WIDOWS.

They Grieve Hard While It Lasts, But It Doesn't Last Long.

"Our widows always go into the deepest mourning," said an American who is living at Sitka, Alaska, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The native women think a great deal of their better halves. And if appearances go for anything they think a great deal more of them after they are dead than they ever did while the dear fellows were in the flesh. At the death of a husband a widow's grief is almost pitiable. She shows the tenderest devotion to the dear departed, and has the sympathy, assistance and affection of all her neighbors. At the funeral the widow is a sight to behold. So severe is her grief and so much afraid is she that her neighbors will think that she has not shown a sufficient amount of sorrow that she paints the upper portion of her face a deep black. This particular badge of mourning she wears for several days and sometimes weeks after the funeral, and then again she is very apt to marry some other fellow within a week or a month of the death of her first lord and master. Then she throws aside all evidences of grief. But while she's grieving she grieves hard."

SCARCITY OF EMERALDS.

Caused by the Decrease in Production in the Ural Mountains.

Emeralds are said to be steadily disappearing. In the '30s and '60s emeralds were the favorite jewels, and were worn strung on a thread like pearls. Such a string of emeralds was exhibited in a jeweler's window in Unterden Linden and was estimated to be worth twelve thousand marks. Now emeralds are no longer polished into a round form, but are polished like diamonds. Faultless stones of a deep color have always been as valuable as diamonds. The reason of the scarcity of emeralds is the decrease in production in the Ural mountains. Emeralds were first discovered on the right bank of the Tokowoler, near Katharineburg, in 1850, and in the first years the harvest was a rich one. Now the decrease, both in quantity and quality, hardly repays the labor. The harvest of emeralds in Labachtal, in the Salzburger Alps, has also proved disappointing, so that emeralds are now only to be had from Australia and Muso, near Santa Fe de Bogota, in Colombia, in an appreciable quantity. The latter spot has been noted for its emeralds since the sixteenth century.

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