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Exiles in Siberia.

The Terrible Meaning of Exile to That Country.

I do not know how many exiled criminals Irkutsk has the honor of harboring within her walls, but I should say at least a fifth part of the whole population belong to this category. It is generally assumed by writers on Siberia that the proportion of political to criminal exiles is about one in ten, and there are 279 politicals at the present time in Irkutsk, all, like most of the criminals, living in freedom in the city but kept under strict police surveillance. I do not care to go into the statistics of exiles in Siberia at all; I am not sent here for that purpose; but I am inclined to call attention to the very absurd statements made by an English clergyman, Mr. Lansell, in his recently published work entitled "Through Siberia." He asserts that in 1850 only eighty political prisoners were sent to Siberia. This on the face of it is a preposterous statement for the banished Nihilists are nearly all classed as politicals, and their number is very large. Of the 279 political prisoners in Irkutsk I should say that two-thirds of that number are Poles, who have grown gray in exile, and in most cases have become established in trade or have some useful occupation. The Poles are the "gentlemen" among the exiles; they are the most cultivated men in the country, and are deserving of all sympathy. Groups of them may be met at dinner or supper every day at the hotel where I stayed, fine specimens of their race, but grown old and weary, despairing of ever being able to get back to their own country, not for lack of permission but the necessary means of transport. They are dreamers still, these aged patriots, dreaming ever of a grand future for Poland, but helpless as children in rendering any assistance to gain that end. It seems a terribly cruel thing to have done with these men, to have wrested them from the country and home they loved and fought gallantly for and to this more than useless life in the Siberian wastes. No one can grasp the terrible meaning of exile to Siberia, unless he has seen these men, grown old and desolate in this far off place, their poor decrepit bodies thousands of miles away from the place where they have left heart and soul. I would curse heaven and humanity were I condemned to live forever in this soulless country, away from all that is beautiful and healthy in the world, away from the life where tenderness and love reign sweetly over hearth and home. And there is no escape from this land made hell for humanity except pardon, tardily granted, or, more frequently, death and a grave that is frozen all the year round. These thoughts arise when I think of the fate of the Polish exiles still here. For the ordinary criminals I have no sympathy, nor yet for the Nihilists, and only think it sad that any country, however wretched, yet capable of any future at all, should be burdened with their presence. Of the former, droves may be seen on the roads every day; of the latter large numbers are constantly arriving. On the 6th of March the notorious Dr. Weimar, who was implicated in the Nihilistic attempts on the late Emperor's life, passed through Irkutsk on his way to some place still further removed from the world, but his destination I did not learn, but probably somewhere in the Amur province, where he will be enabled to make interesting studies in the villages filled with disease and rotting humanity.

Recalling Old Times.

Fourteen years ago, when Chester A. Arthur was a struggling local politician in New York, of what is known there as the custom house variety, he numbered among his friends the mate of a vessel, named Kennedy, whose influence Arthur had often occasion to use when circumstances required the votes of the floating population of the harbor front.

Just about that time Arthur made an unsuccessful effort to obtain some minor municipal appointment. The mate consoled him with his political friend upon his disappointment, and soon after sailed for Washington with a cargo of hardware. While ascending the Potomac a block and tackle fell upon the mate's head, indenting his skull in such a manner that the man became practically an idiot, and was placed in the District of Columbia insane asylum. A short time ago the famous surgeon, Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, visited the asylum, examined the case and straightway performed an operation invented by himself, which resulted in the almost immediate return of the patient's reason, the intervening fourteen years being of course a complete blank.

A day or two after his recovery, the mate walked out, and began strolling through the capitol building. Almost the first person he encountered was President Arthur, who was just leaving the executive chamber in the Senate wing.

"Why, how are you, Kennedy?" said the first citizen, affably extending his hand. "Glad to see you."

"Howdy, old man," said the sailor. "How's things? Got a job yet?"

"Well, I believe I have," said the executive, with a smile. "A pretty big job, too. You must come up to the White House and see me."

"To the White House?" repeated the amazed mariner.

"Yes. Just ask my private secretary, and he'll show you right in," and the President walked on.

"Poor old Chet!—clean gone, clean gone," mused the mate. "Actually believes himself to be President of the United States. Smart man once, too. That just shows you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the bystanders, "that just shows you what politics and disappointments will bring a man to. Poor old Chet!"

The cotton worm eats \$15,000,000 of the cotton crop every year.

Little Alex.

HOW HE LOOKS AND WHAT HE DOES.
Washington Letter.

The Iowa Catastrophe.

The Latest Reports of the Losses and the Deaths.

From the results of the terrible storms of Saturday 41 deaths occurred at Grinnell and 23 at outside points, 17 of the latter at Malcolm and five in the country northwest of Grinnell. The doctors say that six or seven more of the injured at Grinnell will die. Some physicians put the final death roll at Grinnell alone at more than 50, while others fear it will yet reach as high as 75. Of the injured in that city there are now over 120 known cases, about 80 of them being of a rather serious nature. In the country there are also several serious cases of injury. The best posted persons at Grinnell estimated that the death roll of the calamity would very probably reach 100. It is now 64, among them that of Conductor Diegues, of the Rock Island road.

One hundred and forty-three is estimated as the number of dwelling houses destroyed by the tornado in Grinnell. It is estimated that this entails a loss of half a million of dollars now, which is nearly a total loss, as hardly any of them are insured against tornadoes or anything but fire. Mr. J. B. Grinnell states that fifty of the people in losing their homes lose all they had in the world. Outside of Grinnell, in Malcolm and in the country, there is also immense loss. Probably the aggregate of all will not foot up less than three-quarters of a million of dollars. Some business men of Grinnell think that the actual loss will be larger.

The opportunities for hearing him make a speech are not numerous, for he does not often indulge in oratorical effects. When he does, he is vigorous, animated and pointed in his remarks, never wearying the House with protracted commonplaces, after the fashion of so many of his fellow-Congressmen. His visits to the House are generally of brief duration, not extending over three or four hours at the most. During the early part of the winter he went to the Capitol almost every day, but now he does not often leave his room, owing to his feebleness. He can not personally attend to the wants of all his constituents, beyond introducing a few bills, but in one way or another he probably does as much for them as other Congressmen do for theirs. That he can, if he so desires, remain in Congress as long as his life lasts is an undisputed fact, but his determination not to accept a renomination seems to be fixed.

Senator Wyck Indignant.

AN ENTERTAINING SCENE AT THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

New York Tribune.

Senator Van Wyck made known his errand (he wanted a Half-breed postmaster restored to office) and Mr. How in reply made some criticism upon the Senator's course in the Senate.

"What's the matter?" queried the Senator in surprise.

"Why," rejoined the Cabinet officer, "you don't stand by your friends."

"I do stand by my friends," said the Senator. "What do you mean?"

"Well, how did you vote upon the Worthington case?"

"Oh, I didn't vote at all upon that. I was silent. I was opposed to Worthington, and did all I could against him. I paired. What next?"

"Well, how about the Buckner case?"

The Senator did not recall the Buckner case at once, having been absent from town when it was brought up.

When the Postmaster-General had concluded his catechism, the Senator, who, though exceedingly good-natured, has no hesitation in expressing his opinions in unequivocal terms, turned upon his questioner and said: "This accounts for the delay, does it? I want to know if you intend me to understand that because I vote according to my convictions in the Senate my suggestions are to be unheeded by this Administration? Is that what you mean? If it is, tell me so plainly and I will never darken your doors again. I just want to know the fact, so it may be made known to my constituents that, simply because of my votes in the Senate, their representative is to be denied all influence in the departments under this administration."

"Why," interposed Secretary Teller, "that's what Hayes did for me because I didn't support his nomination."

"And," shouted the now indignant Senator, "you called him a dirty, sneaking loafer for it, didn't you? That's what my opinion is of this administration, if this is a specimen of its policy. How is it with your department? (addressing himself to Secretary Teller) I want to know all about this thing. We are interested in a few land offices in our State. Am I to come and see you or stay away?"

Secretary Teller, who was about leaving the room, rejoined: "Oh, come over and see me about them by all means."

Turning again to the postmaster-general, the irate Senator continued: "So you keep spies upon us, do you? And you take the word of sneaks who violate their oaths and come here to lie about us. That's another reason why I want the executive session abolished. I tell you there is no need of any spies upon me. All I do is open and above board, and you can know all about it by asking me." With that the Senator bade the Postmaster-General good morning and departed.

Two thousand two hundred physicians are registered in Pennsylvania.

\$400,000 in a Cave—Piles of Specie and Jewelry Found in the Secret Rendezvous of the James Brothers.

J. B. Crutchfield, a trusted correspondent, writing to the *Republican* from Gallatin, Tenn., says: Mr. D. K. Spillers, a prominent merchant of Gallatin, and Major W. S. Munday, while exploring the cave recently discovered on the farm of Colonel James Alexander, which for the last five years has been the rendezvous of the James brothers gang of outlaws, discovered a large flat rock in one of the chambers, and thinking that some of the gang might be hidden away under it removed it with great difficulty, when to their utter astonishment a large cast-iron sugar kettle, filled with specie and jewels of various kinds, met their view. They could hardly believe their senses, but finally managed to examine the treasure and found that there was over \$400,000 in specie, besides numerous gold watches, rings, diamonds and other jewelry of great value. Major Munday guarded the great treasure while Mr. Spillers hastened to Gallatin, and securing his horse and wagon returned as soon as possible to the cave. They placed the kettle and contents in the wagon and drove rapidly to Gallatin and at once deposited their treasure in the vaults of the Summer Deposit Company. The greatest excitement prevails, and the Summer Guards have been ordered to the cave to prevent a hungry horde of curiosities-hunters and treasure-seekers from completely ransacking it.

This is the second lot of valuables found in the cave since the death of Jesse James. Thousands of visitors have been denied admission by Colonel Alexander, and it is only by strenuous efforts that any portion of its contents are spared from seekers of mementoes of the great bandits.

A considerable portion of the jewelry is in the original boxes as they left the jewelers, and contain the addresses of many jewelers throughout the West, and also a few in the East. A watch bears the inscription of Joseph Grover, Natchez, Miss., and a pair of bracelets are marked Mrs. W. J. Johnson, Natchez, Miss. Many others are marked in full and will be returned to the owners, provided they can be found and can prove their property. Colonel Alexander has already sent a great many of the former lot to several parties in various portions of the United States. Further exploration will be made at once, as it is thought other valuables may still be hidden in the cave.—*St. Louis Republican*

A City Underground.

Galveston News.

The Mexicans of the wealthy or well to do classes have a custom in married life which seems to me a pretty one. Husband and wife have entirely separate apartments, and neither is expected to enter the apartments of the other except on invitation. When the husband desires the company of his lady in his apartment he writes a note of invitation in terms of the most formal and lofty politeness, incloses it in a perfumed envelope, seals it and sends it to her on a silver tray in the hands of a servant. The lady acknowledges the invitation in the same way, and if she accepts, which she is probably most likely to do, she appears at the door of his apartments at the appointed hour, in bridal costume, escorted by one or more of her ladies in waiting. These then retire. The husband receives her at the door, leads her to a little table, where he treats her to chocolate or tea, cakes, fruit, etc. In the midst of his apartments he has a room, furnished in the most exquisite way he is capable of, which he holds sacred to his lady, and never occupies unless she is present. This room is his pride. He spares no expense to make it as unique and charming as possible. When the gentleman has received his lady in his apartments it is not proper to leave her until they have breakfasted, which does not usually occur until 9 o'clock.

After the lapse of some days—I do not know how many—etiquette requires that the lady shall return the husband's compliment by a similar invitation, nicely sealed in a perfumed envelope on a silver tray. He acknowledges the invitation with many thanks, and if he accepts, which it is presumed he is quite sure to do, he first indulges in the bath, prigs himself up in his best array, patronizes his perfume bottles and his pomades, and at the appointed hour appears promptly at the door of his lady's apartments. She is there to receive him, dressed like a queen, wearing orange blossoms in her hair and on her bosom. She conducts him to a little table, where he is offered wine and cake or chocolate and cake and fruit. After this pleasant repast she regales him with songs and music on the guitar. She also has in the midst of her apartments a room which she holds sacred to her husband, and which she never occupies unless he is present. It may be supposed that this sacred room is her pride above all things, and to adorn and watch over it the chief occupation and joy of her life. They remain together in the lady's apartments until breakfast, after which they again separate. Thus there is a continual interchange of courtesies and a perpetual courtship.

Famine, Fire and Frost.

The Terrible Death-Story of De Long's Party.

Mr. W. H. Gilder, the *Herald* correspondent, late with the Rodgers, sends the following dispatch, dated Lena Delta, April 12, 1882: "Melville found the bodies of De Long's party on March 23. They were in two places 500 and 1,000 yards from the wreck of the scow. Melville's search party first started from the supply depot to follow Ninderman's route from Usterday to Malvey, and afterward from Malvey back toward Usterday.

They stopped at the place which Ninderman and Noros passed the first day after they left De Long, feeling sure that the others had not got much further. There they found the wreck, and, following along the bank, they came upon a rifle barrel hung upon four sticks. They set the natives digging on each side of the sticks and they soon came upon two bodies under eight feet of snow. While these men were digging toward the east Melville

went on along the bank twenty feet above the river to find a place to take bearings. He then saw a camp kettle and the remains of a fire about 1,000 yards from the tent, and approaching nearly stumbled upon De Long's hand sticking out of the snow, about thirty feet from the edge of the bank. Here, under about a foot of snow, they found the bodies of De Long and Ambler about three feet apart, and Ah Sam lying at their feet, all being partially covered by pieces of tent and a few pieces of blanket. All the others, except Alexia, they found at the place where the tent was pitched. Lee and Knack were close by in a cleft in the bank toward the west. Two books of records with the medicine chest and a flag on a staff were beside the tent. None of the dead had boots. Their feet were covered with rags tied on. In the pockets of all were pieces of burnt skin and of the clothing which they had been eating. The hands of all were more or less burned, and it looked as if when dying they had crawled into the fire, Boyd lying over the fire, and his clothing being burned through to the skin, which was not burned. Collins' face was covered with a cloth. All the bodies were carried to the top of a hill 300 feet high about 40 versts to the southwest from where they were found, and there interred in a mausoleum constructed of wood from the scow built in the form of pyramid, 22 feet long and 7 feet high, surmounted by a cross 21 feet high and a foot square, hewn out of drift wood, and conspicuous at a distance of 20 versts. The mausoleum was covered with stones, and is to be sodded in the spring. The cross is inscribed with the record and names of the dead, cut in by the search party. After completing the tomb the party separated to search the Delta for traces of Chipp's people. Melville went to the northwest part of the Delta, and west as far as the Olenek river. Ninderman took the centre and Bartlett the northeast. Ninderman and Bartlett found nothing. Melville has not yet returned. The search is to be extended to Cape Borchaya and the bay of that name. They expect to finish in time to reach Yakutsk or Verkhoyansk before the rivers break up. If they do not finish before that time they will have to retreat to the hills and mountains with the natives until the water falls, as the whole of the Delta is covered with water in the spring to a height of four feet, and in some places to twenty feet, above the level of the river. Otherwise they would have buried the dead where they found them."

Bath-tubs and pots are formed by compressing the paper made of linen fibers and annealed—that is, painted with a composition which becomes a part thereof and is fireproof. The tubs last, indefinitely, never leak, and put in the fire will not burn up. You can beat on them with a hammer and not injure them.

Plates compressed and annealed are very durable. You cannot only wash them, but drop them upon the floor and stand upon them. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and the knife can always be kept sharp.

Paper can be substituted for wood, converted into picture frames and colored like walnut, cherry and the like. Bedsteads are fashioned the same as car wheels, only of long strips instead of rings. They are very beautiful and lasting. Cooking or heating stoves are also annealed, and it is impossible to burn them out. They are less costly than iron. A house can literally be constructed of and furnished with every convenience in paper.

A Woman's Sad Career.

FINDING A HOME IN A HOLLOW TREE AND DEATH IN A FLOOD.

A day or two ago the body of Mary Watters was fished out of Two Mile creek near Winchester, Ky. One night last week there was a flood. The water entered her home, which was in a hollow tree, and cut off her escape. Further down the bank ten colored railroad workers, who were bunks in a shanty, were washed away and drowned. The rise was sudden and the force of the flood was terrific. None of the bodies of the workmen have been recovered. When the body of Mary Watters was found it was bloated, almost devoid of clothing and presented a sickening appearance. She was the wife of Harry Jack Watters and for two months the couple had occupied a hollow sycamore tree which stood on the bank of the creek. They were a roving couple and never lived long in one place. How two people ever lived in such cramped quarters is a mystery. The opening into the tree is about two feet wide and runs up to a point about five feet from the ground. The hollow is not over ten feet in circumference, and when the place was visited after the woman's death a pile of straw, which served as a bed, was the only thing this novel house contained. A small volume called "Pocket-key to Heaven" and a number of letters written from different places to Jack were found. The letters written by the woman were in a delicate hand and were filled with entreaties for money to keep her from starvation. His letters to her were full of excuses for not sending her money, and it seems that the poor woman had a hard time. She was a blonde, about twenty-six years old and displayed marks of cultivation and refinement. On the night of the flood Jack was on a spree. When told of his wife's death he did not appear to be very much troubled.

Settling a Dispute.

Boston Traveller.

A few days ago Mrs. Paymaster Tucker, nee Logan, who was in the members' gallery viewing the Senate proceedings, while directly in front of her sat two ladies, one evidently a Washingtonian and the other a stranger. The native was taking unusual pains to make herself agreeable, and as Mrs. Tucker was about to sit down said to her friend:

"There, you see that large man sitting in the centre of the Chamber, with the jet black hair and large mustache?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is Gen. Logan, of Illinois. It isn't generally known, but he is half Indian."

At this point Mrs. Tucker could contain herself no longer. So gently tapping the lady on the shoulder, she said:

"Excuse me, madam, but you are mistaken when you say that Senator Logan is half Indian."

"Well, I guess I ought to know," warmly responded the stranger; "I have lived in Washington all my life, and the fact of his Indian blood has never been questioned before."

"I think I ought to know something about the matter, too," quietly answered Mrs. Tucker, "I am Gen. Logan's daughter." As Dundreary says, "the conversation is ended," and with a let-go-my-hair look at Mrs. Tucker the stranger and her companion flounced out of the gallery.

An Illinois man was arrested and fined \$25 for disturbing a debating club. We should like to know him. The man who has got the voice and energy to disturb a debating club, provided the latter is healthy and active in its diabolical mission, is worthy our acquaintance, and ought to be given a government position as a fog-horn on a stern and rock-bound coast.

A three-year-old baby on exhibition in Petersburg, Va., weighs 140 pounds, and the *Index-Appeal*, which is an authority in such matters, says that he is, moreover, a very pretty little mountain of flesh, as clean as a whistle and as fat as a pig.

An English journal says: "Among American patents in a list before us are five for obliterating small-pox marks, etc. The ingredients are pumice stone, elderflower, glycerine, soap and fatty matter."

DENVER has an old organ grinder, living in an obscure hut, who has begged \$20,000 worth of small coin above what little he needed to exist.