

Fate Was Against Him.

Commander DeLong's Miscalculations—His Boyfires Blaze in Vain.

Yakutak Cor. of the New York Herald.

The place where the bodies of De Long's party were found, which I have visited, is fifteen miles northeast of the island of Stolboy, the prominent pillar-like rock in the Lena, where the river branches east to Dikoff. De Long had all along imagined that Stolboy was a myth, and supposed he had passed it long before, and two weeks before his death he said in his note-book: "Quite believe we are on the island of Titary and twenty-five miles from Kumak-Surka."

He was bewildered by the maze of rivers flowing and intermingling on the delta proper, and in his own weak condition had put the distances accomplished longer than they really were. When he reached the bluff on which were the doctor and Ah Sam and under the shelter which was a little way off, most of the others expired. Then he must have seen clearly that he had miscalculated, and that he was at least a hundred miles from the Kumak-Surka, which a few days before he had imagined only twenty-five miles away.

Fate seemed against him. Had he landed thirty miles further west he would have struck a village of natives who reside north of Bulun all winter. He also passed by within twenty versts of a hut where twenty reindeer carcasses were hanging for the winter food. He had unfortunately no shotgun from his having been left by his orders on the ice when the Jeanette went down, and though deer were rare there was no lack of ptarmigan. On the day Noros and Ninderman were sent away by De Long a large flock of 200 ptarmigan settled within a quarter of a mile of the party, but none were shot. With a single shotgun in Alexia's hands all might have been saved. The season was too late for deer. A strange incident, also, came to my knowledge at Gemovalack. It seems that some Tongue natives, traveling from the north of Bikoff, saw the footprints of the party two days old and picked up the reindeer which DeLong had left in a hut half way from the landing place to the bluff. The natives were frightened and thought that the footprints were those of smugglers or robbers, and left the ground without following. On arriving at Gemovalack they heard of the presence of the Melville party of three, and the loss of the captain's party, and they, fearing to be punished for not following the footsteps, kept their information to themselves for some weeks until too late.

Noros and Ninderman left the party did not make more than eighteen miles from October 9 to the 20th. DeLong's last effort was to carry his private logs and charts up from the place under the bluff, where Mr. Collins and the others died, and where they would have been swept away by the spring floods to the top of the bluff where the doctor and Ah Sam perished. But he only succeeded in carrying the chart case up. Even before Noros and Ninderman left De Long was very weak. He used to walk ten minutes and then lie down to rest, saying to the men, "Don't mind me; go on as far as you can. I will follow." During his wanderings on the delta De Long built a large bonfire as high as thirty feet every night, the last one being a few hundred yards from the bluff where they all perished, in the hopes of attracting the attention of parties who, he kept saying, would certainly be out looking for him. But the fires blazed in vain. There was not a human being at the time of their death within a hundred miles. Melville's party at Gemovalack were about this distance away.

The tomb and the large cross over the grave on the mountain, near the hut of Mutook, may be seen at a distance of twenty or thirty versts. Arrangements have been made by Gov. Tcherniaef, of Yakutsk, to have the entire cairn covered with a deep layer of earth to prevent the possibility of the sun thawing the bodies in the tomb. If this be done promptly doubtless the bodies will remain untouched by decay forever, as the ground remains frozen on the delta all the year round at a depth of two feet. The bodies can therefore be removed at a later date if desired. Gen. Tcherniaef has also caused a Russian inscription to be prepared to be placed on the tomb, and has given orders to the officials north that every care shall be taken to preserve the tomb and the monument in good condition.

The New York Times is at the head of the Republican press of the country. Remember this fact whilst perusing the following from its columns: An unusual sagacity has guided the Democrats of Pennsylvania in their nominations. The ticket as completed destroys Cameron's last hope, for the expected blunders and quarrels through which alone General Beaver's election would have been possible have been avoided. The nominations seem to be not only the strongest in a political sense that could have been made, but the wisest and best when considered from the non-partisan point of view.

The New York Times may be said to have a place at the head of the truly independent press of the country, and its remarks: The greatest political boon which could possibly be conferred upon the people of Pennsylvania would be the election of Robert E. Pattison to be governor of the state. We earnestly congratulate the Democracy of Pennsylvania upon the patriotism and wisdom displayed by their state convention. They have nominated a ticket and set up a platform worthy of the success which they have a right to anticipate. But this success cannot be obtained without devoted efforts. Let every patriotic citizen of Pennsylvania labor without ceasing to secure the thorough reform which cannot fail to follow upon the election of the Democratic candidates.

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Garfield on "Assessments."

On the 19th of April, 1872, a gentleman by the name of James Abram Garfield, by some believed to have been a great statesman, rose in the House of Representatives and remarked:

"I ask these gentlemen what they think of the system of political assessments—of issuing a circular calling for one, two or three per cent. of the salaries of all the employes, with the distinct understanding that unless they pay others will be found to fill their places. I call the attention of the gentlemen around me to that shameful fact. The practice affords a large so-called electioneering fund which in many cases never gets beyond the shysters and the mere camp-followers of the party."

It is presumed that the gentleman who made these remarks knew what he was talking about. He had seen the circulars. He knew the men who signed them, and if his "dear Hubbell" was present, unquestionably the mild blue eyes of Garfield turned upon the Michigan statesman such a look as that party never before witnessed, and made him wonder if any particular shyster was in the mind of the orator. Garfield understood the plenary meaning of the circulars. He well comprehended the reading between the lines. He was no neophyte in politics, ignorant of the methods of politicians. He was no stranger to the voluntary character of the movements of men who are persuaded by a pitchfork in their rear. The "alacrity" with which clerks who cannot respectably clothe their children and meet their doctor's bills, pay their assessments of two and three per cent. of their salaries as naively set forth in some of dear "Hubbell's" circulars, impressed the late Garfield and caused him to inquire of the statesmen around him what they thought of it. He wanted to know if that was the most suitable way to support shysters. He wanted to know if the poor clerks after earning their money really found pleasure in turning it over to be spent by shysters and camp-followers. Possibly he may have questioned the propriety of giving to these classes that kind and degree of encouragement. Perhaps he may have had a dim idea that a gross fraud was being perpetrated on Government officers by the system, and may have had in view some measure of protection.

A Word to the Strikers.

What is it that drives so many thousands of industrious men to leave off the work on which they depend for subsistence? They do this because their wages are insufficient to support them, and because they hope by striking to compel their employers to pay them more.

Why are their wages insufficient? Because the enormous taxes which are imposed upon all the people of this country, and which, at last, fall with the most crushing weight upon those who labor with their hands, so increase the cost of the absolute necessities of life that workmen are no longer able to procure them.

Why are such enormous taxes imposed? Originally they were imposed to meet the necessities of the civil war which was fought to maintain the unity of the country. In that war a million lives and many thousand millions of dollars were sacrificed, and the sacrifice was cheerfully borne. In order to bear this enormous expense, taxes never before known in the history of the country were levied upon the people; and, in addition to the money raised by taxes, an immense public debt was contracted, the interest of which and the payment of which also had to be provided for by taxation.

But has not a large part of this debt been paid? Yes, a very large part of it. The taxation has proved to be far more productive than was ever expected. So much money has been poured into the Treasury that in the short period of seventeen years a greater proportion of the debt has been extinguished than any one supposed would be extinguished in fifty years. The Republican administrators of the Government have made a great account of this premature payment of the public debt. They have been vain, proud of it, glorified in it, and have never had a thought about the terrible burdens they were laying upon the shoulders of the people.

But is all the money which is raised by these awful taxes applied to paying off the public debt? No; it is not. Notwithstanding the enormous sums paid on that account, there is now in the Treasury a surplus of more than a hundred and forty millions of dollars; and this vast surplus the Republicans are eagerly perverting to every kind of job, to every sort of useless and unjustifiable scheme.

Moreover, millions upon millions have been stolen outright and divided in various ways among thieves connected with the Navy Department, thieves connected with the Whiskey Ring, in the Washington City Ring, and thieves high and low, limited and unlimited.

But now when the pressure comes, and when the people in their distress are crying out in agony, and even refusing to work because their work does not bring them a livelihood, do the Republicans who control all branches of the Government, legislature, executive, and judicial, propose to lessen these burdens and to leave the people a little of the substance which they have saved notwithstanding their terrible extortions? No; they do not propose to do any such thing. They look with indifference on the suffering mass of laborers, those who are striking and those who yet continue to work in the hope that they may be allowed to earn a livelihood. From their burdens they will not remove a hair's weight; from their taxes they will not take off a penny.

The only safety for the people is in turning the Republican party out of power.—N. Y. Sun.

Supreme Court, Stanley Matthews, who was pledged to adjudge the Thurman Pacific railroad bill unconstitutional. He says further that Judge Robertson was appointed to the collectorship because the President was pressed to the appointment by Whitelaw Reid, who held the written promise over him by way of a threat, and that in making the appointment he was obliged to break faith with Conkling and Platt, and apologized to them for having done so. The Cincinnati Enquirer of Friday reports Mr. Reid as denying that he ever suggested Mr. Robertson's name to Mr. Garfield. Nothing is said about the Gould money or the letter to Gould by Garfield, or of its being in Mr. Reid's possession still. Mr. Reid, however, in the interview says that on March 2, 1881, two days before the inauguration, he brought Thomas L. James and Mr. Garfield together in Washington, and pressed Mr. James for postmaster general, and that the appointment was promised in case Mr. James would promise to support the Garfield administration. The reader will be apt to watch these developments of secret political history pending the inauguration of Garfield. Whether they are true or false, they show a depth of treachery on the part of the party which elected Garfield not previously reached.

Senator Hill's Affliction.

A Description of the Cause of His Sufferings.

As for the wound itself, the best opinion is about as follows: The side of the face is cut open, and the submaxillary glands are taken out. There is another incision in the chin. The jawbone extending clear to the chin is effected and must come out entirely before there can be relief from the constant pain or permanent cure. A piece of the bone and two teeth have already come out. The vital question is, what is the cause at work on this bone? Some think it is the result of injuries received during the last operation. Others think it necrosis or death of the bone. Others still, that it is cancer. If it is the latter, it will seek other parts of the system after it finishes the bone, and recovery is hopeless. It will strike a vital part, and then the end must come. On the other hand, if it is the result of injury or is necrosis, there is every reason to believe that he will recover. No one can tell what it is at present, and until this is decided the final result must be uncertain.

Mr. Hill can walk about and handle himself very well. He can not eat solid food, being unable to chew, but cats beef chopped very fine. He has not lost much flesh. He does not talk very plainly, as his tongue in healing has adhered to the lower part of the mouth and he cannot raise it over his teeth. His mouth is kept full of absorbent cotton, and the doctors urge him to talk as little as possible. If it is necrosis that is attacking his jaw, a secondary growth of bone will follow the death of the present bone, his tongue can be clipped and his speech entirely restored. Mr. Hill has made an unmistakable gain in strength in the past month, and in any event there will likely be no decisive news from him in some considerable time.

There is a theory that has intelligent support, and that is this: that Mr. Hill has never had cancer at all—that his jaw bone was diseased, and the inflammation from this source produced the sore on his tongue. This theory gets confirmation from the fact that the bone is now coming out. A dentist in North Carolina wrote that he had many cases where the amalgam in a tooth, or rather the mercury in the amalgam, had poisoned the nerves in the tooth, and finally the bone itself. Mr. Hill had several amalgam plugs in the jaw that is afflicted. The pieces of the bone that have come out of the jaws will be submitted to the most careful examination. Of course this is a mere theory, but it has intelligent support. All that the public can do is to hope for the best.

Selling Girls in Sheets.

Up at Clear Lake, that centre of summer pleasure parties and Sabbath school associations in Iowa, the churches became tired of the old stereotyped plans of raising money, and a new scheme was evolved from the inner consciousness of some bright genius. The treasury of the Congregationalist church became rather bare, and so the young folks got together and determined to fill it even to overflow. After a long discussion it was decided to bring about the desired end by putting all the girls up at auction to be disposed of to the highest bidder. The time came around, and every young man in that part of Iowa in or near Clear Lake who had any money or could possibly borrow any was promptly on hand, eager to bid to the fullest extent. But there were some of the girls on whom it would have been impossible to obtain the bid of an old-fashioned copper cent, while there were others for whom the love-sick swains would willingly have bid their last dollar, and in the spirit of Artemus Ward, to give all the boys an equal chance, the girls were wrapped up in sheets, so as to be completely unrecognizable. Each young man was positive that he would discern the outline of the girl on whom he doted, and when from fifteen to twenty of the young fellows singled out one particular sheeted object on which to stake their fortunes, excitement ran high, and money ran out of pocket-books, like water down a slanting roof.

After all the fair ones were disposed of, the order was given to "haul up the sheets," and then ensued and indescribable scene of mingled happiness and disappointment. Maidens who had been purchased for a mere song, owing to a lack of bidders, turned out to be

the best looking girls in town, while beings whose sylvan like appearance under a sheet excited the greatest admiration, and drew hard earned money from unwilling pocket-books, were found to be most common place creatures indeed. But all made the best of it, and the disappointed ones bore themselves bravely. Altogether the plan was a great success; and as long as churches will raise money by lottery schemes, why not adopt this method? It is harmless, and yet as productive of as much good to the participants as any game of chance we know of. It gives the homely girls and bashful boys an equal chance with their respective opposites, besides resulting in a grand financial success, and we look for its general adoption. To be sure it is asking a good deal of modest, womanly, refined girls. But the church societies are always doing that!—Des Moines Register.

A Farmers' Candidate.

Result of Yoking the Off Horse on the Nigh Side.

A good story is told the Post at the expense of Colonel Robie, the "farmers' candidate" for Governor of Maine. Some ten years ago, at the time when the epizootic was generally prevalent, a certain York county man was engaged in hauling goods to and from the freight depots at Portland, using oxen instead of horses. All of his own stock was in use, and he was obliged to buy several more yokes in order to keep up with the demands of his customers. One day he chanced to meet Colonel Robie in a railroad car, the Colonel being en route to Gorham, where he resides upon a large and highly cultivated ancestral farm. The Colonel and the York County man engaged in conversation, and during its progress the former said: "William, what are you paying for oxen now?"

"That depends," replied William. "Well," said the Colonel, "get off with me at Gorham and come over to my place and look at a yoke of mine; hand some as pictures; splendid pullers; and you may have 'em at a bargain."

The invitation was accepted and soon our York County friend found himself in front of the Robie mansion, most beautifully situated in the midst of fields of waving grass, surrounded by grand old elms, and itself an old-fashioned but sumptuously furnished house, beneath whose roof its present owner has passed many happy hours, and entertained, with genuine hospitality a host of friends.

"Jim," shouted the "farmers' candidate," as he drew near the barn, "fetch out that yoke of dark reds." Now Jim had been enjoying himself that day and it was not surprising that he made an occasional mistake.

"All right, sir," remarked the hired man, and soon a handsome pair of cattle were in the yard. But they didn't show off well; they didn't pull well; they acted, in fact, as though the devil was in them.

The genial Colonel was puzzled. "Jim" he called out in mingled disgust and anger, "Jim, what in thunder have you been doing to 'em? Nothing to-day but feeding them sir," replied Jim respectfully. "But don't tell me that," responded the Colonel, "because you've been licking 'em." Jim indignantly denied that such was the fact, whereupon the "farmers' candidate" said: "Jim give me that good," and with a "back up," "sh, sh," "a gee star," "ee," the Colonel endeavored to have the animals show off to advantage. But to the intense delight of our friend William, and to Jim also, for that matter, the yoke of dark reds acted worse than before.

"I don't see for the life of me what's got into the critters," chipped in the Colonel, in evident disgust at their contumaciousness. "I never knew 'em to act that way before."

"Well, Colonel," said the York County man, "I've seen your oxen, now what's your price?"

"Well, being's you," said the Colonel, deliberately, and with a squint of one of his laughing eyes, "I'll let 'em go for an even \$250."

"Too much, Colonel, too much for a pair that don't pull better'n they do," responded the York County man.

"Well, William," piped in the farmers' candidate, "what would you be willing to give for 'm?"

"I'll give you just \$225, and drive 'em home this afternoon."

GENERAL NEWS.

A thirteen-year old Louisiana girl has grown upon her face a brown beard, two inches long and very heavy, except upon the upper lip.

A sunflower was sent to the office of the Bainbridge County (Ga.) Democrat last week which measured forty-two inches in circumference and fourteen in diameter.

The Eleventh Congressional district of Texas is larger than the combined States of Alabama and Mississippi. The candidate will make a big run who gets all over it before election day.

The Greenbackers of the third District of Iowa, have nominated Rev. Roswell Foster for Congress. He is of Republican antecedents and an able man.

The ex-Confederate soldiers of Missouri will hold their annual reunion in Sedalia August 15th, and 15,000 or 20,000 are expected to be present.

A Baltimore street car company has just had \$1,500 added to its "conscience fund" by one man, but no particulars are given.

The London Daily Telegraph got wind of the meeting of twenty thousand Duncards in Iowa, which the cable transformed into twenty thousand drunkards, and forthwith, rushed into hysterical editorial on the honor of such a spectacle. Plainly, the newspaper men don't know all about everything.

A new revolutionary society has been formed in Russia. The members of the society are to be associated with the people and industriously inculcate revolutionary ideas, but are to attempt no revolution without orders from their leaders. One of the revolutionary measures to be advised is a refusal to pay taxes.

An old elm stands near the depot in Fair street, Kingston, N. Y., which is a favorite building place for birds. More than 200 nests have been counted among its branches this season, and the birds fill the old tree with their song. It is the admiration of every visitor. Many go to hear the singing of the birds in the morning.

SENATOR LOGAN said to a Chicago Tribune reporter on Monday, in regard to his position in the Senatorial contest in Illinois: "This Senatorial question is a thing I don't intend to have anything to do with. That is a matter for the people to decide, and not for me; and no human being will ever know that I have any preference, if I have any."

There were ninety-nine failures in the United States reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, a decrease of fifty-four from the preceding week and fifty-four more than the corresponding week last year. New England had 14, decrease 11; Middle States 21, decrease 13; Southern States 17, increase 2; Western States 34, decrease 13; California and Territories 13, decrease 13; Canada 7, decrease 6.

Little Rock Ark., July.—A woman and two children were found starved to death in a lonely section of Van Buren county, in the mountains. It is believed the woman fell sick, and the children being too young to secure aid for her, perished miserably. A third child was still alive, and had gnawed a piece of flesh from the arm of one of her dead sisters. It died soon after the discovery was made.

The largest flower in the world is now being exhibited at the Berlin Botanical Garden. It is known to scientific people as the Rafflesia Arnoldi and is over a yard in diameter, and weighs about fourteen pounds. The Rafflesia Arnoldi is found only in Java and Sumatra.

Said an Austin teacher to one of his highest pupils:

"If your father gave you a basket of peaches to divide between yourself and little brother, and there were forty peaches in the basket, after you had taken your share what would be left?"

"My little brother would be left, for I'd take all the peaches. That's the kind of a Congressman I'm going to be when I grow up."

What a Blind Colored Man Can Do.

The Messrs. Breslin have in their employ as hostler, gardener, and general workman, a negro man named Dick, twenty-four years old, who since his fifth birthday, has been as blind as the proverbial bat. The amount of work he does, and the neatness, accuracy and dispatch with which all his chores and odd jobs are done are simply marvelous. He attends to several horses, cleans them, feeds them, washes their harness, and when occasion demands can hitch up a team as well as any one. His stableyard is a model of cleanliness, and the garden is well worked. He washes the carriages, horses and wagons, oils vehicles, and sees that they are all right before allowing them to be taken out of the lot. He is as light hearted as are most Africans, and can enjoy a joke and laugh at it, though he wastes but few moments in idleness of any variety, his whole mind seemingly being bent upon a careful discharge of his various duties.

He is as stout as an ox, and is a bad man to tease, as a bantering loafer found out to his sorrow not long since. He had been tormenting Dick until the latter's stock of patience gave out, when he turned furiously on his tormentor, and the first thing that individual knew he was landed all bruised up in a heap some yards away. Perhaps the most remarkable gift the man has is the ability to tell within a few moments the time of day. Day or night, when asked what time it is, he replies without hesitation, and is rarely further off from the exact marking of the dial than ten minutes. To test this gift, after having talked with him about his work, the reporter quickly asked: "What time is it, Dick?" "Half-past 10," came the immediate response. A look at the watch showed that at that instant it was 10:26, within four minutes of the time guessed by the man who probably knows not the appearance of either watch or clock.

He goes to his home, some blocks distant, to remain during the night, but is always on hand bright and early as the morning sun to commence his day's work. In all sorts of weather he never fails to be on time. He is seldom sick, and then only slightly indisposed.

A Cat Whipped by Blackbirds.

London News, June 7.

The following extraordinary and touching scene was witnessed by a gentleman in his garden at Maldon: "A fledgling blackbird, evidently just escaped from its nest close by, had with some difficulty fluttered from a fence into the overhanging branches of a lime tree. A cat also had observed the young 'flyer' and immediately gave chase, rushing up the stem of the tree with the intention of getting on to the branch to obtain her prey; but meanwhile the parent birds had come upon the scene, and seeing the situation of their nestling, attacked the cat with the utmost bravery, trying to prevent her crawling on to the branch. They kept alternately flying at her, using their beaks and wings incessantly with the utmost fury and getting fearlessly within the range of the cat's claws, and while one was pouncing at her head the other would execute a 'flank' attack, both of them keeping up all the time that continuous, noisy, angry chatter which blackbirds so well know how to make on occasion. These bold strategic movements confused the cat very much, as her position in the tree was not advantageous, but she kept snarling and striking out with her talons whenever an opportunity occurred. The interested observer tried to help the birds, but from the lower branches of the tree intervening missiles were not of much use. He was obliged to leave the exciting scene, but after a long absence returned and found the combat still going on, and a person who had watched during the interval said the birds had kept up the attack without ceasing, forcing the enemy to keep on the defensive only; and this desperate struggle kept on for two hours till the birds were completely exhausted, and sat 'all in a heap,' looking as though they had lost half their feathers. But they had kept the destroyer from their little fledgling, and their friend at last managed with some trouble to dislodge the cat. In the afternoon the birds seemed quite to have recovered themselves, and were singing victoriously in the garden.

THE parties in Maine are now engaged in a hot fight for supremacy between the Fusionists headed by Gov. Plaisted, and the Republicans under the lead of Col. Robie for Governor with about equal chances. It is an important contest involving the election of Governor, four Congressmen, the Legislature, the Supreme Court, and all the offices in the state. Gov. Plaisted who represents the Greenbackers and Democrats is hopeful of success.

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