ARCTIC HORRORS.

The Facts Concerning the Privations of The Greely Party Coming to the Surface.

Life Sustained in Those Rescued at the Cost of Their Comrades' Lives.

Sufferings of the Greely Party

The New York Times prints a horrible story of the sufferings of the Greeley party. It says: Wrttten documents now in the possession of the navy department at Washington add to the record of miserable human suffering already published in connection with the finding of the Greely relief expedition the most shocking stories of inhumanity and canibalism. All the facts have been in the possession of Secretary Chandler for nearly three weeks, but so closely have they been guarded, and so strongly have the naval officers and sailors maintained the silence imposed upon them, that not even an inkling of the true and horrible condition of affairs has yet reached the public ear. For the sake of humanity and the American people, the army authorities are endeavoring to keep the matter hushed; but in the official investigation which is almost sure to come the facts will undoubtedly come out. Every effort will presumably be taken to prevent it, but the truth must be known in time. To prevent the possibility of the remains of the dead being seen, Commander Schley, it will be remembered, insisted upon remaining in St. Johns until iron caskets could be made and the bodies hermetically sealed. The object of this is now clear. The sailors on the relief ships, with the exception of a few men who assisted in removing the bodies, were not allowed to see them. The lips of the officers were sealed. When Commodore Schley met Secretary Chandler and General Hazen at Portsmouth, August 2, on the arrival of the ships from St. Johns, he was very much agitated, and called the gentlemen into the cabin of the vessel. Undoubtedly he then communicated to them the facts which have since become an open secret. The sufferings and privations of the men in their canvas huts during the long, bitter winter of 1883-4 have not half been told. It has been published that after the game gave out, early in February, they lived principally on sealskins, lichens, and shrimps. As a matter of fact they were kept alive on human flesh. When the rescuing party discovered the half-starved survivors, their first duty was to look to the two men who were insensible from cold and privation, even to the point of death. One of them, a German, was wild in his delirium. "Oh!" he shrieked, as the sailors took hold of him to lift him tenderly, "don't let them shoot me as they did poor Henry. Must I be killed and eaten as Henry was? Don't let them do it. Don't! Don't."

The sailors were horrified, but at once reported the man's words to Commander Schley. After a brief investigation he felt satisfied that the poor fellow was speaking the truth, and that some of the men who perished had been stripped of their flesh to keep their comrades alive.

Mr. Schley proposed to make thorough work of it. When the horrible reality was brought out before an investigating committee he did not propose to have it rest on his oral testimony. He instructed two or three gentlemen, among whom was Dr. Ames, the surgeon of the Bear, to make a careful examination and put their conclusions in writing. This was done, and the reports are now in the hands of the navy department. Lieutenant Greely was decidedly adverse to having the bodies of the buried dead disturbed. He thought it best, as they had been buried so long, to let them remain in their Arctic graves. Commander Schley did not agree with him. The bodies were dug from their graves in the little hill just back of the permanent camp established in October, 1883. Most of the blankets contained nothing but heaps of white bones, many of them picked clean. The remains could be identified only by the marks on the blankets. By inquiries commander Schley discovered that many of the seventeen men who were said to have perished from starvation had been eaten by their famishing comradec.

It is reported that the only men who escaped the knife were three or four who died of scurvy. The amputated limbs of men who afterwards perished were eagerly devoured as food. Charles B. Henry's death was particularly tragic. He was a young German, without any relatives in this country, and joined company E, Fifth cavalry, in Cincinnati. His friends tried to dissuade him from going with the expedition, but his spirit of adventure was aroused by tales of Arctic exploits, and he determined to go. Driven to despair by his frightful hunger, Henry saw an opportunity to steal a little more than his share of rations, and he made the attempt. He was found out and shot for his crime. In the published official report the death of this man is set down as having occurred on June 6. When the body was found his hands and face, though shrunken, were intact and recognizable, but nearly everywhere else the skin had been stripped from him and the flesh picked from the bones. Even his heart and lungs were eaten by his comrades. One rib was found shattered by a bullet, and to another small fragments of lead were attached. A bullet hole was found in the skin. The body was in this condition when it was interred in Cypress Hill cemetery last Saturday.

Commander Schley was seen to-night on board the Thetis and declined to have anything to say about the state of the bodies more than he gave to the public in his first official dispatch.

"Did you see Henry's body?" he was asked.

"I did not."

"Of what did he die?"

"Starvation, or scurvy, I believe, the same as the others."

"Do you know whether he was shot?"

"I am not prepared to answer that question," said the commander, hurriedly, "and furthermore I positively decline to be interviewed. When an official inquiry is made into the details of the trip I shall say what I have to say, if anything, and not before," and without another word the commander hurried below.

Twenty Millions in Silver.

Philadelphia Record.

A well known Philadelphia citizen, J. J. Boyle, has just returned from Vigo, Spain, where he has discovered, after a thorough and exhaustive exploration of the inner harbor of that town, a fleet of sunken Spanish galleons, supposed to contain not less than $20,000,000 in bullion, which he expects to rescue from a watery depository. These galleons are a portion of a fleet of treasury ships sunk in the harbor in the early part of the eighteenth century during a conflict between the English and Dutch war ships and a French and Spanish fleet. Mr. Boyle himself went down in a diver's suit to the treasure galleons sunk in the inner harbor and found the vessels covered with mud to the depth of four or five feet. The woodwork of the sunken fleet he discovered to be in a sound condition. The number of the sunken galleons is not known, but the silver which is said to be in the lower hold of the vessels is supposed to be not less than $20,000,000. Permission to recover this money has been obtained from the Spanish government and work will be commenced immediately.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A Valuable Nerve Tonic

Dr. C. C. Olmstead, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic.

A Gloomy Prospect for the Window-Glass Workers.

Pittsburgh Special to the Globe Democrat.

The window-glass manufacturers of the country are discussing the propriety of a move of great interest to the 6,000 men and boys employed in that industry. On account of the strike the factories of the west are in operation only three months of the year, which ended on the 30th of June. There was no dissatisfaction on the part of the employes when the usual summer suspension of two months was ordered, but they were not so anxious for the vacation as if they had worked steadily during the whole year and had been in good shape financially, and have looked forward eagerly to the 1st of September, when the period of rest would be ended and they would again be making money. The manufacturers have also been looking forward to the 1st of September, put through different spectacles. The demand for the product of their factories has been very unsatisfactory during the summer, and there is a decided disposition not to light their fires at the usual time, but to continue the suspension at least two weeks, and probably until October 1. The matter has been quietly discussed for several days. A special meeting will be held very shortly to determine what shall be done. Manufacturers who were spoken to to-day say the outlook for their branch of the glass trade is very gloomy, and that the probabilities are the season will open with a reduction of prices and a corresponding reduction of wages. The latter will be effected without a strike, as wages, under a new arrangement are governed by the selling price. The flint factories will resume operations on Monday, after a six weeks' suspension, and the bottle factories will resume on the first of September. Trade in both branches is poor.

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice in praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla fully justified the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, these very claims are based entirely on what the people say Hood's Sarsaparilla has done. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing statements of many cures.

War on the Mormons.

Special to the St. Louis Republican.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 11.—News was received to-night of a terrible fight in Lewis county yesterday between disguised men and Mormons. For some time Mormon elders have been proselyting in Lewis and Hickman counties with considerable success. People have expressed great indignation and determination to drive them away. Yesterday a Mormon meeting was in progress at the house of a man named Conden at the East Fork of Cave Creek near the post office of Ivy Mills, Lewis county. Several Mormons were present including three elders. While the meeting was in progress ten or twelve masked men rode up and demanded the surrender of Conden's son and a young man named Hudson. This was refused and the Mormans began to show resistance. One of the masked men walked in and knocked young Conden down with his gun, breaking his skull. Hudson fired and fatally wounded one of the masked men, who proved to be David Hinson, a well-known farmer of Hickman county. The masked men then opened a general fire in the crowd. Two of the elders were killed outright. One ran behind Condon's wife and a shot struck the woman on the leg, breaking it. A third elder, whose name was Gibbs, fled to the woods, pursued by some of the masked men. Shots were heard, but it was subsequently learned that Gibbs was seen on the road some distance from the scene and it is supposed he escaped.

It was also learned that the masked men in going to the meeting at Conden's house stopped at a house near by of a man named Garrett, a Mormon convert. Here they found another Mormon elder. He was taken to the woods and left in charge of two masked men. Soon after firing was heard, and there is very little doubt that he was killed.

The men were armed with double-barrelled shot-guns loaded with buckshot. The scene of the trouble is off the railroad and telegraph. Parties have gone out from Centreville, the nearest station, to investigate and get full particulars. Hickman and Lewis counties are greatly excited over the occurrence, and further bloodshed is apprehended.

Western Cyclones.

Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.

Up the Platte river in Nebraska, as you may have heard, it blows. And a "blow" in Nebraska is different from what it is in Illinois. The ordinary summer breeze of Nebraska would make an Illinoisan hunt his cyclone cellar, and what a Nebraskan calls a blow is a widely different sort of arrangement. Cyclones are not common in the great treeless state this year. We were out there a few days since, and learned that they did not average more than three a week Occasionally they have two in one day, but not often. The Platte river has two channels. When the wind is in the south it fills one, when in the north the other. We are credibly informed by an old native—one who came through with the "forty-niners—that the Platte sometimes overflows its banks, and green people think it has been raining above, when it is simply the wind blowing up stream; and, again, it goes almost entirely dry when the wind is down stream. All the stories of fish showers are true, and they are all blown out of the Platte. People go around in the evening regularly looking to see whether the cables that hold the houses to the ground are all secure, and it is nothing for them to sleep for hours with the house two or three feet above the ground. They have a perfect contempt in that country for cyclone caves or cellars, and people who have become accustomed to the wind say they wouldn't give a snap for a breeze that couldn't blow away a hole in the ground.

In the absence of suitable materials or the time to prepare it, people often go without a dressing for salads. Buy Durkee's Dressing and you will never trouble yourself to make another.

A COWBOY'S TALE.

The Good Old Days When Money was Plenty Down in Texas.

Brooklyn Union.

A reporter of the Union noticed one of the "hangers on" around the Coney Island race track riding a racer without saddle or blanket. The animal seemed more than ordinarily vicious, and would plunge from side to side, rear up on its hind legs and throw his head violently toward the ground in his efforts to unseat the rider. But the man sat firmly and gracefully on the horse's back, and almost seemed to be directing the animals movements, so quietly did he adapt himself to the changed position of the equine When the man had put the horse in the stable, he sauntered over to where the reporter was standing, and to the amazement of the scribe betrayed not the slightest sign of having done some severe work.

The reporter said to him: "You seem to have had a tough time with that animal?"

"Nuthin' tuff about that; why, that's only child's play. I'm a 'broncho' rider, I am."

"How do you mean; a 'broncho' rider?"

"Now, gill, what'er yer given' us! Don't you know what a broncho is, or a mustang, or a pony that cowboys in the west generally use?"

"Are bronchos and harder to ride than the animal you have just been riding?"

"Well, I should smile, you see that horse I was just riding simply jumped. His legs went free and his body went free. Well a broncho doesn't jump, he 'bucks,' that's what he does."

What's the difference between bucking and jumping?"

"Well, you are a tenderfoot sure enough. A pony when he bucks gets his fore feet right in under him, and then he springs right into the air and comes down stiff legged, just as if his legs were iron poles; and then there is this peculiarity; while he's comin' down he gets his head nearly between his fore legs, and his tail under his belly, and makes a hump on his back like a camel; and when he comes down you bet a rider goes up. Well, he does that act about six times in succession, just as quick as you would count them. You see, when I rode that horse just now I gave with the horse; well, you can't give with a 'bucker.' There's no give there; you got to make yourself stiff as iron and wear him out; that's the only way. Why, I've often got on a 'bucking broncho,' and staid there too, until the blood spurted out of my nose and ears, and I felt as if I was twins."

"Where was that?"

"Out in the west. Texas and California."

"What were you doing there?"

"Principally herding cattle and sich."

"Oh, indeed! You were a cowboy, then?"

"That's what I was."

"You ought to have an interesting story to relate."

"Now you're shoutin'. That's what I have and I could tell you it, too, if there was a place to sit down," and the "hanger-on" looked loungingly at the bar where beer was sold, and then at the reporter. The scribe took the hint and shortly afterward the "bucking broncho rider" was amilling behind a large schooner of beer.

"So you were a real comboy" said the reporter, and visions of wild cattle and bucking bronchos danced before his vision, while the reformed cowboy emptied one schooner and called for another.

"That's what I was, but then a cowboy ain't what he used to be. Fourteen years ago I went to Texas, and after knocking around a bit, I got a job as a cowboy for a big cattle owner in the southern part of the state. Oh, them was the times, though. One hundred dollars a month an' found, and six ponies a year to kill if you liked, and a share in all the cattle you could steal. Well, sir, there was one year there that I cleared $6,000 in good hard cash.

"What did you do with it?"

"Blew it in, of course. Mexican monte and red liquor got it all, every cent. You see it was this way I made the raise. We started to drive a herd of 100 head of cattle into Colorado for sale, about 1,500 miles. Well, of course we run across stray cattle that had no brands on them. Sometimes we'd get only one and sometimes twenty. Well, we drove and drove, killed a fresh beef every day and only eat the tenderloin. Oh, but we did live! Well, at any rate, we kept drivin' and killin' and collectin' strays all the way till we got to Denver. It took us over three months, and when we struck Denver that herd of 100 head had become 2,000, and we sold them all at $15 a head, and the four of us and the man we worked for, which made five, divided the stuff. That's how I made the $6,000 at a lick. We used to do that right straight along until about eight years ago. But then eight years ago wages commenced to be cut down, and the first thing I knew I was getting $60 a month, and then $50 and then $40, so I thought to myself I'd git out. You see the fellahs kept a comin' in from the east and the south, and they crowded us out. Of course as the men became plenty the wages became scarce, until to-day the cowboy gits only $20 or $25 a mouth and no chance to make at all There is no more big cattle drives. You know a feller when he wants to send his cattle away for sale he packs them on the cars and there's an end of it. Everything's the same; wages is all cut down, and there's no chance for nobody, as I said before. Why, fourteen years ago an enterprising cowboy could start out with his broncho and whip and be able to sell a herd of cattle 500 miles away. But now you see not only is all the cattle branded, but all the brands is registered, and everything shows up on its face. And then, again, there's so many cattle associations. You see, these associations are gotten up for the protection of the cattle dealers, as they say, and they hire cowboys and do the herding for all the small ranchmen in the country. That's another reason why there's no more money in the business now. A cowboy used to be somebody, but now he's only a farm hand."

"What sort of a life is that of a cowboy?"

"I tell you stranger, it's a holy terror. In the spring, summer and fall the cowboy is in the saddle night and day; if he sleeps at all it is on the ground, wet or dry. Cattle are collected at a certain point and started on the drive for different places. When they reach the first shipping point cattle of a certain brand have to be separated from the others, and that's where the work comes in. May be you see a bunch of 200 cattle, and in that 200 want ten of a certain brand. You go to cut them out and the whole lot stampede across the prairie. Of course then's the time you have to ride. Well, you get the ten out and may be you've been at it two hours and may be ten. Then again the drive takes the cattle into a strange place. Some of the herders are put on watch; they take their turns at this; some watch while others sleep. The watching is done this way: The cattle are all rounded up and finally restin' quiet. Well, the cowboys on the watch ride round and round the cattle, carryin' lamps, so that the boss of the camp can see that they're movin'. Well, everything's going nice for awhile, until some bloody cayote, who's prowlin' around for grub, gets a kick for a horn from a steer and lets out a yowl that 'ud make your hair stand on end. The cattle give a snort and off they go in every direction. The whole camp has to get out and after them, and maybe it's a week before the whole herd is got back, and maybe they're never got back. Then again comes the brandin' time, when every one has to take a hand in, and maybe get horned or run on by a wild steer. And they think a fellow's goin' to do all that as knows his business for $20 a month. Not much. The cowboys nowadays is all farm hands. That's all."

"Did you ever know a cowboy to save money?"

"I knew only one, but then he killed himself."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see it was while I was on this ranch in Texas. It was near San Diego, right by the Rio Grande. Well, there was about ten of us on the ranch and I tell you we used to make the place so lively you'd think it was on springs. But anyhow there came to the ranch one night a big Dutchman. He was dirty and ragged, and said he was hungry. The clothes he had on him was all patches. He was a walkin' patch, that's what he was. Anyhow, he comes up to the ranch and he says, says he, 'I'm hungry and tired and got no work.' Well, we took him in and the boss gave him a job. We used to go out together about once a month to blow in our stuff. Well, that Dutchman used to come with us every time and git blind, stavin' drunk on our money and never blow in a cent. We stood this thing for four months, and finally we noticed that the Dutchman didn't even get a new outfit. Well, none of us was much on clothes, but that Dutchmon was a cure. He kept the same pants on he had when he come, only they was more patches onto them. Well finally, one night when we was all pretty full, one of us, a fellow named Fred Nickerson, 'Whoop 'em Nick' we used to call him, when we was all drinking together, got an idea. He says, says he, 'Boys, do you know what I think? I think every one of them patches on Dutchey's pants is money. Well, we all laughed. But says he. 'You fellows may laugh, but I'll bet the drinks that Dutchey sews his "boodle" in his trousers, and that's what them patches mean. Suppose we hold him up and see?' We jumped at the idea right away, gets our bronchos, and goes to hunt Dutchy up. Well, we finds him goin' out of town on his broncho, and we gets a talkin' to him easy like, and Nick pulls out his gun and says: 'Throw up your hands, Dutchy,' Up goes Dutchy's hands and we takes his gun away from him and makes him get off his pony. Nick then says: "Take off your pants, Dutchy.' "Well, he begged and begged, but it was no go. We made him take them off, and sure enough, every patch was money. He had $3,800 sewed up in them pants. Well, we asked Dutchy to come and have a time with us, but no, he wouldn't go. We went to town and painted it red for two days and Dutchy went to the ranch, got another gun and died. When we came back to the ranch we had to bury that Dutchman; the whole top of his head was blown off! Some thought he committed suicide and some thought it was an accident. But anyhow he was dead. But then these were the good old days. Things aint what they was, and I'm going to get into some other business. I'll take another beer and that'll be the last. Here's to you."

"Clinging, Dependent Like the Vine.'

New York Evening Post.

A very charming effect was made for a private wedding on Monday, at Riverside, by trimming the dress of the young bride, who wore white satin, without any face, with asparagus tenuissimus. The delicate vine was laid in sprays about the skirt, and a long spray ran from the corsage to the end of the train. The veil was fastened by a wreath of this fragile vine and a hand-bunch of lamarque roses was fringed with it.

ORIGIN OF AMMONIA.

Ammonia is obtained in large quantities by the putrefaction of the urine of animals.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Every housekeeper can test baking powders containing this disgusting drug by placing a can of the "Royal" or "Andrews' Pearl" top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, Bone Phosphates, (prove it by the above test). It is prepared by a Physician and Chemist with special regard to cleanliness and healthfulness. m-e-w-2m

Extremes in Idaho.

Virginia Enterprise.

On the sand plains down by Hawthorne it is so hot that mercury boils in the thermometer unless the bulb is kept wrapped in wet sponge. A dipper of water thrown up into the air evaporates before reaching the ground. The only living creatures seen about Walker Lake are the pelicans, and in flying from one shore to the other in the middle of the day, they are obliged to descend two or three times and fill their pouches with water. The sand at the bottom of the lake gets so hot during the day that bathers going into the water of evenings are obliged to wear boot to prevent burning their feet.

Homer Index.

Snow banks are still plentiful near town, on the slopes of Hounts Gilcrest, Scowden, Haverly and Homer, on the southerly side of Mill Creek Canyon and on Mount Hector, north of town, while on the west, circling the head of the canyon, large, unbroken fields of snow loom up against the sky on McClintock Peak, Mount Bill Williams and the Sea Lions.