ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Sufferings in the Boat-No Taste of Food for Six Days-Life Among the Fijians A Concert Gotten Up on Christmas Day.



ERE is the story of the wreck of the Norwegian bark, Seladon, told by the second mate. Mr. Olssen to a representative of the London News. He also gives an account of the adventures of the survivors, These,

numbering sixteen, were brought to England by the Orizaba from Sydney, spent the night at the Scandinavia Sailors' home, by the West India docks, and left for Norway the next

The bark was on her way laden with toal from Newcastle, N. S. W., to Honolulu. They were threading their way through these dangerous seas, amid the treacherous currents which rage hereabouts-sweeping backward and forward at the rate of as much as forty to fifty miles in the twenty-four hours -when late one night they struck. They backed the yards, but in vain. The bark was fast, and her back was broken. Two boats were hurriedly lowered, eight men, including the captain and Mr. Olssen, getting into one, the chief mate and seven men getting into the other. They lay off the sunken reef on which they had struck until daylight, hoping that they would be able to get more food, and especially the sextant and chronometer. But when day dawned the seas were beating flercely over her and they steered northward, hoping to make Christmas island, or some inhabited land. The crew had only two breakers of water. a few tins of beef, salmon and sardines and a bag or two of biscuits. They had also a compass and a chart of the South seas and various odds and ends. Being close to the equator, which, as a matter of fact, they crossed twice before they eventually reached land, the sun beat down upon them mercilessly, though now and then clouds hid it for a while, and also kept them supplied with water. The rain water was caught in the sails, and thence poured into the breakers. The allowance was four spoonfuls at 6 in the morning and four spoonfuls at 6 o'clock at night.

The men kept watch as though they had been in their own ship-four on and four off. One steered, one saw to the sail, the other bailed perhapsthat is, until they could not walk from one end of the boat to the other. But though fearfully weak, this was not yet. The captain was the first to go. About dinner time (how prim these evy day words sound in dealing with such a story) the captain said to Mr. Olssen: "Olssen-I don't think I shall last long." "Oh, yes, captain, you will." "Give me a little water, Olssen," said the captain. So Olssen, seeing that he was nearly dead, called to the steward and whispered: "Let him have just a spoonful." The captain swallowed it and lay down on the thwarts. When Olssen looked down again he was dead, This was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The captain had brought a bag with him and clothes in it, charts and one or two trifles after the wreck. They took off his watch, which contained photographs of his wife and children, emptied a bag and reverently placed the captain in it. They spoke as much as they could remember of the service for the dead, sang some simple hymn which is sung in Norwegian houses when one is dead, lifted his remains on to the gunwale and let him fall gently into the ocean. He sank at once.

At last they took their last meal and for six days never tasted food. On the thirtigth morning land was sighted and they came up to one of the innumerable coral islands which stud the southern seas. A fearful surf was lashing it, but they ran the boat ashore. She was shivered to little bits, Two natives of the Fijian group came running down, one brandishing a tomahawk and a long knife; but he was able to speak a little English, and on Mr. Olssen saying they were shipwrecked men, the two natives and their families proved good friends to the miserable men. The carpenter was delirious and could not walk, so they wheeled him up to the huts in a wheelbarrow. The rest being too weak to walk alone took one another's arms and thus managed to follow their com-

rades. The Fijians gave them three bottles of beer and the remains of some chicken; they also killed a pig, cooking it in the ground in native fashion. But not one of the men was hungry. However, in a few days they slowly began to recover the use of their limbs, all but poor Chips, the carpenter, who dled. He was a men of 60.

And now began their life on this finy island, which was practically a desert, but for a few bananas and cocoanut palms. They built themselves a hut, cut roads, planted a little, prepared copra, and did the best they could. During six months the turtles came ashore to deposit their eggs, and were caught, eaten or dropped for stock into a tiny lagoon in the middle of the island. They caught some small eabirds, of which Mr. Olssen does not now the name, ate cocoanuts, and for a treat had one of the few fowls or pigs which belonged to the natives. This was not luxurious fare. Luckily they found among come tools a pair of scissors, and never, therefore, grew | Globe.

CAST UPON AN ISLAND. into Robinson Crusoes. Having nt | HOTEL FOR THE POOR | the crockery is stored. The shop is a | busy with their toilet. There is PENCILS NOT WANTED matches they got fire by rubbing two sticks together. And on Christmes day they even managed to get up a little concert beneath the lovely trople moon; having, in fact, found a broken accordion and patched it up in honor of the day.

On the 17th of July, 1897, looking out over the ocean one morning, a sail was sighted, which grew bigger and bigger. Greatly excited, Olssen jumped into a little boat belonging to the natives and put off to her. She was a little government cruiser. Her captain and Olssen were soon at close quarters, and, after some debate, the visitor having but a scant provision on board, agreed to take the crew to Sural on the condition that they brought some of their turtle aboard, which they did, and arrived safely in Fiji. sailing in another Norwegian bark for Sydney, where they went aboard the Orizaba and sailed for England.

ROYAL MATCHMAKING.

The Remarkable Success in That Line of

Queen Louise of Denmark. Denmark is a small country which does not have a large part in the world's affairs, but its court is an important one by reason of its marriage alliances and the personal influence of the king and queen, says the Youth's Companion. Whenever there is a court ball at Copenhagen one of the livellest dancers is King Christian IX., who is still young at heart, although close to his eightieth year.

His wife, Queen Louise, is his senior by several months, and has ceased to than in name. Let us have a look dance in the royal quadrilles. She has been one of the most successful matchmakers in Europe, and still takes keen interest in this royal

For her eldest son, the crown prince, the queen found a suitable partner nearly 30 years ago in Princess Louisa, daughter of the king of Sweden and Norway. Her eldest daughter became the princes of Wales, and her second daughter the wife of Alex- in the lobby. To the left you enter ander III, and mother of the present czar of Russia. Her second son, after his election as king of Greece, married a Russian grand duchess. With one grandson on the Russian throne and another the duke of York, destined to reign in England, and two other grandsons heirs to the crowns of Denmark and Greece, Queen Louise may be described as the grandmother of four emperors and kings. Two other marriages this adroit matchmaker has arranged. Her third sen, Prince Waldemar, married Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, and her third daughter became the wife of the duke of Cumberland, a great grandson of George III of England, who might have been king of England if Queen Victoria had died in her girlhood. These were marriages which brought great fortunes to the Danish family, for the Orleans princess was an heiross, and the duke of Cumberland was also rich. Queen Louise, having married off all her children with marked success, has begun to arrange a new series of alliances for her grandchildren. Her theory has been that the reigning house of a feeble country like Denmark can be converted into a center of influence in Europe by discreet but ambitious marriages. She acted upon this principle when she advised her grandson, the crown prince of Greece, to marry a sister of the German emperor. The queen is not only a matchmaker, but also a woman of great force of character, and a good mind. Her influence has been felt in the family councils throughout Europe. The late egar and the present emperor of Russia have attached great weight to her advice. Copenhagen has been the capital where for two generations the Russian imperial family have been frequent visitors and have thrown off the cares of state. In September Queen Louise's 80th birthday was celebrated by a reunion of her descendants and relations in Copenhagen. It was a large family party from many courts of Eu-

Symmetrical.

the continent.

rope, and she received the congratu-

lations of nearly all the sovereigns on

Walker-"The trouble with bicycling is that it does not develop the arms in proportion to the legs." Wheeler -"Yes, it does, if you will only use one of those little two-ounce hand pumps to inflate your tires."-Indianapolis Journal.

LOAVES AND FISHES.

The creed will not be wrong, if the life is right.

A good man is a man who knows how bad he is.

Asking for "Our daily bread" includes all things needful. The time is lost that is spent in

looking for an easy place.

The man who has truth for his friend, will be helped of God. It is as necessary to cut down the

weeds as it is to hoe the corn. One of the best offices of education is to teach us how to teach ourselves. Many a loud amen is nothing more

than a brag by the man who makes it. The man who can get good out of a good book, already has some good in

The man who sets out for a gold mine too often leaves his fortune behind him.

The ox standing idle in the shade. has more trouble with the flies than the one wearing the yoke.-Ram's

So far the general prosperity seems to have blessed every one except those who owe bills at this office.-Atchison

ENGLAND FOLLOWS UP AN AMERICAN IDEA.

Palatial Quarters for Twelve Couts a Day-Men Can Live on Next to Nothing and Can Cook Their Own Meals If They Want To-



EW YORK.-New York has opened its first betel for poor people, but this is yet far from equaling in many respects its predecessor by some menths in London. Rowton House, the name It goes by, as far as its exterior

goes, is surpassed by the American Mills Hotel, for the English structure, with its hundreds of little windows, like so many port-holes, has a somewhat forbidding aspect. But it is only after internal inspection, such as the writer made on a recent visit, that the observer is able to appreciate the value of so many small windows.

Peep into the entrance corridor of Rowton House, and you will see its inviting, hospitable aspect. Penetrate further; inspect the large comfortable rooms where lodgers cat, read or lounge; see how comfortable the bedrooms are, and how clean the whole place is, and you will readily admit that Rowton House is a model more round among the occupants. It is about seven o'clock, and the

toilers or unemployed, or whoever the lodgers may be, are turning in. They file past the office where a clerk takes the 12 cents for a night's lodging, and gives the lodger a key. Some are permanent residents, and enter their hotel with a familiar air. A few who have supped are sitting on the garden seats thoughtfully provided for them a large smoking room, and note the

universal provider so far as the lodgers are concerned. Everything they need may be purchased here. The quality is excellent, and the price lower than in the retail shops outside. The shop sells note paper, stamps and cigars from a penny upwards. There is also a restaurant, and the food is served from the bar of the shop. Everyone is his own waiter. A large bowl of soup may be had for 2 cents, roast beef is 8 cents, steak pudding 6 cents, cold meat 6 cents, potatoes 2 cents, tca 2 cents a large cup, and a slice of bread and butter one cent. But the lodger may prefer to be his own cook as well as his own waiter. In that case he has the utensils of the establishment at his disposal, a sink with plenty of water just outside the dining room door to clean his provisions, and cooking ranges are in the room. The lodger can buy his provisions at the shop or bring them in. He can use his own teapot and cups if he likes, although it should be noticed that the Rowton House crockery is very good quality, and lodgers are not charged for breakages. You are impressed with the scope there is for individual tastes. Communal comforts combined with individual liberty might be the motto of Rowton House. You see one man sitting down to a big spread. He has made a table cloth of an evening paper and has bought two or three courses from the kitchen. He is dining, perhaps, at the rate of 25 cents a meal. Near him is another man who has just cooked a kipper on the dining-room fire. He has a big teapot and a tin of condensed milk, as it lasts longer and is cheaper. He has large slices of bread and butter. His dinner will not cost him more than 8 cents. But there is a thin, careworn man, who is sustaining life on two cents worth of soup-good nourishing stuff it is-a cent's worth of tea, and

dines for 4 cents. Then there is the library, welllighted and finely decorated. There are two bookcases at the end of the room. Most of the men are reading either

a cent slice of bread and butter. He

large lavatory with hot and cold water always ready to be turned into 30 basins. There are troughs for feet washing, baths which cost a penny. There are dressing-rooms for those who wish to change, a barber's shop, a tallor, and a shoemaker. The accommodation for these craftsmen is provided by the company, and a moderate charge made by the men who do the work. The lodgers' washhouse was an interesting feature. The men can do their own laundry work. There is every facility, but a laundryman finds employment in working for the lodgers. There is a heating stove for speedy drying, and a rare assortment of linen and garments were hung up to dry or tied up in small parcels. The lockers are in the basement. Every lodger has a locker and a key to himself. There is also a parcel-room where lodgers can leave things too bulky for the lockers. Its contents just now included an up-to-date bicycle with pneumatic tire.

The sanitary arrangements of the House are excellent, and so well are all the rooms ventilated that they are not in the least "smelly."

The Popular Chatelaine. The chatclaine is to the front again, and the most popular are of oxidized silver. Another favorite is of gun metal and gold plate. White metal is also very much in evidence. The jeweled chatelaine is a new departure. In gold or silver, with precious stones, these very soon develop into luxuries beyond the purse of the average woman. Such excellent imitations can be secured, however, that almost anybody can indulge for a moderate price, if so inclined. It is usually better to have all the attachments match in color, if possible. But, if this is not feasible, it is quite en regle to mix the oxidized and white metals. The attachments come in any number from three up. For three the most useful are the purse, tablets and pencil. To these are added, in the full-fledged affairs, the salts, bon-boniere or powder box, mircomfortable chairs and benches, solid books from the library or evening pa- | ror and charity box. Novelties in

JOURNALISTS WILL USE THE MONOTYPE.

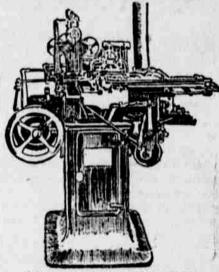
Worked Like a Typewriter Melten Lead Forms Into Letters in an Incredibly Short Space of Time Upon Simply Pressing a Lever.

(Special Letter.)



HE journalist o. the near future will have no use for pads of paper and well-sharpened pencils, Instead of sending by messenger boy an illegible scrawl written on any kind of newspaper one prominent

newspaper writer uses margins of old newspapers-he will forward rolls of thin paper curiously punctured. The new Lanston monotype machine for type setting and casting will work the miracle. Something much like it, the linotype machine, is now used in all the big newspaper offices of the country. In viewing the monotype at work one sees a man sitting before a kind of typewriter working in what seems to be the usual way, till one sees the roll of paper which he attacks, instead of receiving the impression of letters, is being assailed by a series of punches which drive neat little holes through it. Here is a mystery. The roll of paper steadily revolves and, unwinding itself, passes through the district of the punches, and then winds itself upon another spool. After a while the operator takes the spool with the punctured paper and fastens it in a machine of no great magnitude, which stands near; then he turns a handle or presses a lever and the machine suddenly changes and clatters and becomes a thing of life. Almost instantly a glistening type-letter marches out of the door in the machine, immediately followed by another and another and another. They march along at right angles to what may be called an ordinary printer's galley. Nobody stands near. When the line of type is as long as the width of the galley it gravely steps forward, aided by a metal arm, and takes its place in the galley ready for business. It seems magical and the gravity with which the metal letters march along is irresistibly comic; each one seems a live



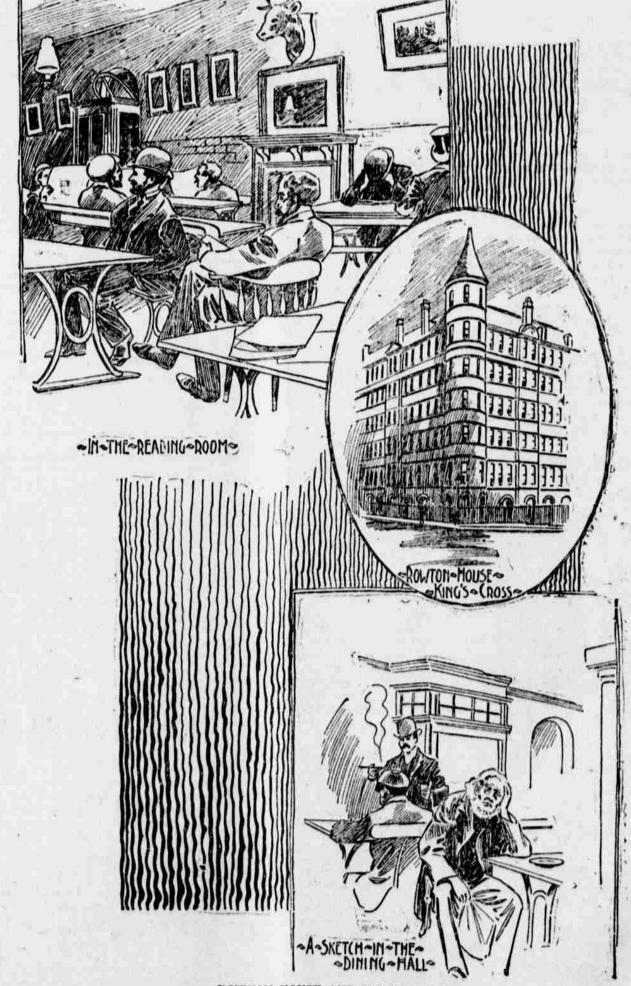
THE MONOTYPE MACHINE.

ing being, a sort of well-drilled soldier doing a march past. That was the whole matter; the one monotype machine, aided by the operator, punched the paper, the other machine produced and set up the type aided by no man, and set up in such a fashion that you could take your stereo or print from it at once. Each one of the glistening letters that marched along was only about the third part of a second old when it set out upon its life's task; and in some newspaper offices its life would be but a question of a few minutes, and yet during the few minutes of its sudden existence it may help to overthrow an empire or build one up. When the perforation in the rib-

bon of paper reaches a particular spot a portion of that molten metal is forced into a mold, then molded into type, cooled, picked out and set on its legs or rather leg. And the operation is repeated about three times in the second, which is at a rate in which you could not utter the famous "Jack Robinson." How is it done? All mechanically, all automatically. No new principle of science is involved, no startling development of electricity. The actual casting and setting is done by means of compressed air. The machine works as fast as three compositors, and, since it produces a new type each time, the question of bad impressions from worn-out type or plate disappears. It produces automatically a perfect "justification," in other words spacing. In the case of writers who can typewrite no question of difficult scribbling occurs. For, the typewriting part being separate from the casting, the author can write on the machine and send over the perforated rolls to the office to be put into the machines. He has infinite choice of type, and can have proofs adinfinitum. The machine has been rigorously tested by many practical men, who are unanimous as to its speed, efficiency, and the quality of work it produces.

Names of Months.

The four last months of the year are called the seventh (September), eighth (October), ninth (November), and tenth (December) months respectively-instead of the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th months as they now really are. When the present names of these months were given them, they were corectly described, because then the year commenced in March instead of January as it now does, and September was the seventh month under the Roman calendar. The change was not made in this



ROWTON HOUSE AND ITS INTERIOR.

beautiful pictures. The chairs are well occupied. Some men chat together in groups, play draughts or dominoes; others read papers; a few ing, thinking out the problem of life as it presents itself to this 12-cent modation for nearly 400. On the way | were not in the library. we pass the shop and a room where

represented, while some are lolling unconcernedly in the armchairs, or have gone off to sleep. Lord Rowton provides the books and they are lent are industriously addressing wrappers; out free to lodgers. The favorite auothers again sit silently apart smok- | thors are Captain Marryat, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Kingsley and Charles Lever. The classics are not lodger. We pass next to the dining so much in demand. One philosopher room, where there is sitting accom- complained that all Carlyle's works

tables, the glistening walls, and the | pers, the wrapper addresses are again | neckwear are the little fur collars, trimmed with lace and ribbon, and the stock and four-in-hand tie, made of plaited mousseline de sole, trimmed with pencil velvet and edged with lace. The new cashmeres come in thirty or more shades. This multiplicity of nuance has a long list of French names, which the general shopping public will take a long time to master.

Be charitable before wealth makes