

CAST UPON AN ISLAND.

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.



HERE 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.

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 morning.

The bark was on her way laden with coal 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 in the rate of as much as forty to fifty miles in the twenty-four hours—when late one night they struck.

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 perhaps—that 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.

At last they took their last meal and for six days never tasted food. On the thirtieth morning land was sighted and they came up to one of the innumerable coral islands which stud the southern seas.

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.

And now began their life on this tiny 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.

into Robinson Crusoes. Having no matches they got fire by rubbing two sticks together. And on Christmas day they even managed to get up a little concert beneath the lovely tropic 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.

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.

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

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 princess of Wales, and her second daughter the wife of Alexander III, and mother of the present czar of Russia.

Symmetrical. 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 him.

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 Horn.

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

HOTEL FOR THE POOR

ENGLAND FOLLOWS UP AN AMERICAN IDEA.

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



NEW YORK.—New York has opened its first hotel for poor people, but this is yet far from equaling in many respects its predecessor by some months in London.

5000, 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 eat, 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 than in name.

It is about seven o'clock, and the lodgers 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.



IN THE READING ROOM



ROWTON HOUSE KING'S CROSS



A SKETCH IN THE DINING HALL

ROWTON HOUSE AND ITS INTERIOR.

tables, the glistening walls, and the beautiful pictures. The chairs are well occupied. Some men chat together in groups, play draughts or dominoes; others read papers; a few are industriously addressing wrappers; others again sit silently apart smoking, thinking out the problem of life as it presents itself to this 12-cent lodger.

pers, the wrapper addresses are again represented, while some are looting unconcernedly in the armchairs, or have gone off to sleep. Lord Rowton provides the books and they are lent out free to lodgers. The favorite authors are Captain Marryat, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Kingsley and Charles Lever. The classics are not so much in demand. One philosopher complained that all Carlyle's works were not in the library.

neckwear are the little fur collars, trimmed with lace and ribbon, and the stock and four-in-hand tie, made of plaited mouseline de soie, 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

PENCILS NOT WANTED

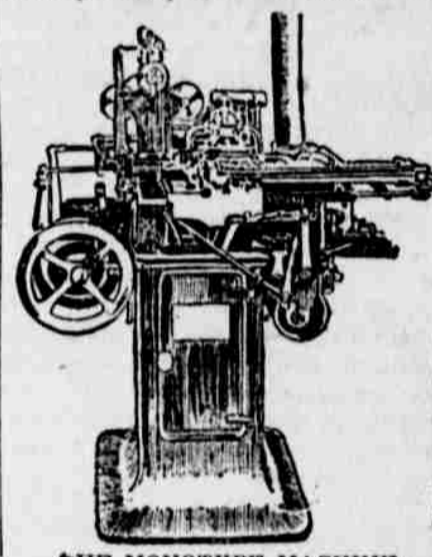
JOURNALISTS WILL USE THE MONOTYPE.

Worked Like a Typewriter—Molten Lead Forms into Letters in an Incredibly Short Space of Time Upon Simply Pressing a Lever.



THE journalist of 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 paper—he will forward rolls of thin paper curiously punctured.

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.



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.

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 correctly 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 country.