RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WASHINGTON HAS A FEW.

The Ideal Bust of the Discoverer—A Bolt from His Prison—The Ring to Which He Was Chained—The Bronze Doors of the Capitol.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In the great rotunda of the Capitol is a plaster medallion portrait of a man who will be much talked about during the next three years. It is an imaginary portrait, for the subject has been dead nearly four centuries, and no authentic picture of him is in existence. For the first time,

COLUMBUS RELICS.

the name of Christopher Columbus is to be intimately associated with a great public event in the chief nation of the world which he discovered. The Columbus fair of 1892 will make the voyager's name a household word. His struggles and triumphs will be recited in the ears of millions of human beings. The nations of the Old World will gather with those of the new to do him honor.

All the public memorials of Columbus which this country has erected are clustered about the rotunda of the capital. It is a matter of proper pride with Americans that, though Columbus spoke not the English tongue, and though he never set foot on the soil of the present territory of the United States, this country has not been slow to honor his name and his deeds in monuments of bronze and marble.

This plaster head is one of the saddest things I have seen in the Capitol. Sad because it is a bogus Columbus. Pity that the head of the real Columbus—of the Columbus who lived in a land of painting and sculpture—should have been lost in the mists of the past. Sad because it reminds one of the great man journeying back to the Old World, from the New World which he had discovered, in chains. Sad because it brings to mind the death of Columbus in ignorance of the magnitude of his discovery, in ignorance of the fact that he had brought a new world under the domain of civilization.

There is much that is pathetic in the career of Columbus, and of one of the saddest incidents of his life we find a peculiar souvenir in the National museum. It is well known that this institution contains personal relics of nearly all the great men whose names appear in the history of North America, and yet one is surprised to find something that was associated with the person of the very first European whose feet touched these shores. At first thought one is impressed in much the same manner as he fan-

TRANSOM PANEL OF THE GREAT BRONZE DOOR.

cies he would be on coming upon a personal relic of Adam or Moses. Yet here is a little bolt of rusty iron which held the chain which bound Columbus a prisoner in San Domingo. There is something startling in the thought of laying hand upon a physical object which has felt the touch of the flesh of Columbus, but there is little cause to doubt the authority of the relic. The bolt was obtained by Robert Moore, purser in the navy in 1844, and he guaranteed its genuineness. Corroborative evidence is found in the little bottle lying close by. It contains small fragments of wood, and is marked:

"Wood from the mortised beam in the wall of the dungeon called the dungeon of the prophets, in the city of San Domingo. To this beam was attached the ring from which hung the chain that held Admiral Christopher Columbus during his imprisonment by order of Francisco de Bobadilla in 1500."

Not far away stands a cross which appeals strongly to the imagination of the average American. It is a simple piece of wood which flashes history before him like a flash of fire, which carries the mind instantly back to the most dramatic moment of the career of a continent. Think of holding in one's hand the staff which Columbus held, and which flaunted the flag of Spain when the discoverer first planted his foot on western soil and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yet that is what this cross purports to be made of. Unfortunately, there are some doubts of its genuineness, and the museum authorities not wishing to display a parallel to the skin of the serpent which tempted Mother Eve, which may be seen in a Chicago museum, nor to the historic pair of Shakespeare skulls—"one of Shakespeare the boy, and the other of Shakespeare the man"—said to be on exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, have ordered the cross sent into retirement till further light may be had upon its pedigree.

Should the Columbus quadri-centennial exposition be held in the capital city, visitors will here find the career of the discoverer epitomized in a most curious, most admirable and most enduring form. It is a bronze door—the great bronze door which hangs at the eastern entrance to the rotunda—the door through which a score of presidents have passed on their way to take the oath of office. This door is justly considered one of the attractions of the Capitol. Visitors long linger over it, interested by the novel effect of the pictures made of lines raised from a flat surface, pleased with the graphic portrayal of the life of Columbus, to be comprehended at a glance, and sometimes a little startled on seeing a mere child take one of the ponderous doors in each hand and swing them to and fro. The weight of the two doors is 20,000 pounds. With their casing, also of bronze, and superbly carved, they measure nine feet by nineteen. They were modeled in Rome, in 1858, by an American, Randolph Rogers, and were cast in bronze at Munich in 1860. The cost to the government was $28,000.

It is a work of art, which must be not only seen but studied to be appreciated. There are nine panels, four in each leaf of the door and one in the transom, representing in alto relievo the leading events in the career of Columbus. First, the enthusiast is examined before the council of Salamanca respecting his theory of the globe, which is rejected. Next comes his departure for the Spanish court from the convent near Palos, and in succession his audience at the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, his departure on his first voyage, landing on the island of San Salvador and taking possession in the name of his sovereign, an encounter with the natives, triumphal entry into Barcelona on his return to Spain, Columbus in chains, and finally, Columbus on his deathbed. Embellishing the borders are sixteen statuettes of patrons and contemporaries of the admiral. Among these are Pope Alexander VI, Ferdinand, Isabella, the archbishop of Toledo, an early patron of Columbus; Charles VIII of France, a friend to all maritime enterprises; Lady Bobadilla, a friend of the admiral's (likeness of Mrs. Rogers, wife of the sculptor); Pinzon, commander of the Pinta, second vessel in the first fleet to cross the ocean; Columbus' brother, Bartholomew; Bal-

THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA.

boa, discoveror of the Pacific ocean; Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and Amerigo Vespucci, the voyager from whom our continent derives its name.

Just outside the bronze door, on the eastern portico of the Capitol, is the only statue of Columbus in the United States. It is a semi-colossal group, representing the discovery of America. Columbus holds aloft a small globe, on the top of which is inscribed America. At his side crouches an astonished and awe stricken Indian maiden looking up into the face of the admiral. It is said the armor which the figure of Columbus wears is true to a rivet, having been copied from a suit in the palace of the discoverer's descendants at Genoa.

But these are by no means all the Columbus memorials of which the rotunda boasts. Conspicuous among the eight huge paintings adorning the walls is the "Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," Oct. 12, 1492. John Vanderlyn, of New York, was the artist, and the government paid him $10,000 for his work. In the foreground is Columbus, planting in the sand the royal standard, of which fragments are said to be in the National Museum. Behind him are his officers, the two Pinzons, Escobedo, the notary; Sanchez, the government inspector; a mutineer, now in suppliant attitude; a cabin boy kneeling, a friar bearing a crucifix, a sailor kneeling in veneration for the admiral, and on the shore other sailors giving expression to their joy on reaching land, or contending for glittering particles in the sand. From behind trees and bushes the natives are looking out with awe stricken faces.

The chains which bound Columbus, the armor worn by him, the signatures which he made, still exist. How unfortunate it is that no likeness of his face has survived may be judged by a look at these figures in bronze, plaster, marble and canvas. The Columbus who lands

THE ONLY COLUMBUS STATUE.

on our shores in bronze has a beardless face, while the Columbus of the painting is bearded like a patriarch. The Columbus of the statue on the east portico bears small resemblance to the Columbus of the medallion within the rotunda.

WALTER WELLMAN.

They Catch Right On.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroiter goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years. It would have taken any other sort of a man a month to make up his mind on a matter like that.—Detroit Free Press.

LUCKY BOSTON AUTHORS.

HOW "LOOKING BACKWARD" AND "THOU SHALT NOT" ARE SELLING.

Who the Writer of the Latter Book Really Is—His Answer to the Question "Does Novel Writing Pay?" with Advice to Aspirants to Literary Fame.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Seated at a table in a restaurant the other evening, the writer saw the man who wrote one of the two great literary successes of the year in American fiction.

"Well, how is 'Thou Shalt Not' selling?" I asked.

"First rate," was the answer; "the American News company tells me that my book and 'Looking Backward' are the only books that are selling to amount to anything."

The speaker was the man who, under the assumed name of "Albert Ross," wrote that much discussed book, "Thou Shalt Not," and a companion novel, "His Private Character." In that assumed name there is an intentional pun on the name of the series in which both novels were published, the Albatross series.

At first the novel "Thou Shalt Not" was put forth to the reading public anonymously. It was not long, however, before there came a demand to know the name of the author. With the success of the book assured, it was deemed advisable to still keep his personality a secret while seemingly satisfying the demand for the author's name. His real personality is now for the first time made known in print in this article. He is Linn Boyd Porter. He is a man of about 34, of medium height and stout, with a frank and cheery manner. His pleasant blue eyes light up with a smile when he meets you, and the changing expressions of his face, which are unconcealed save by a short mustache, show most unmistakably his pleasure in meeting old or new friends. He has served an apprenticeship of many long years in newspaper work. For years he was editor of The Cambridge Chronicle, and latterly he has been one of the night desk editors on The Boston Herald, from which he resigned when his book became a success.

During our talk, he became rather more communicative on personal matters than is his wont, and for the first time openly acknowledged that he was the author of "Thou Shalt Not." He also gave several incidents relating to the early history of that book which have never been told. Aspirants for literary fame and resulting fortune will be interested in this story of a phenomenally successful novel. It is now nearing its one hundredth thousand, and its sale is made more remarkable from its being the first work of an unknown writer. I tell the story just as he told it me.

"I wrote the story," he said, "nearly three years before it was published. In order to secure perfectly legible manuscript I dictated it to a typewriter, after which I laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer. I often took it out and read it over, and I never doubted that it would be a success if it once got on the market; but I could not muster sufficient courage to offer it to any publisher. At last, when going on a pleasure trip to New York, I took the manuscript with me, determining to make one desperate effort to overcome my timidity. The next morning I walked to Twenty-third street, and with many misgivings ascended the elevator, to the office of G. W. Dillingham. I never felt more relieved in my life than when a gentlemanly clerk informed me that the publisher was not in.

"'Here is some manuscript that I would like to have him read,'" I said, laying down my little package. The clerk took it, informing me that it would probably be returned at my expense, which I did not doubt in the least. If such had been the story's fate, it would, very likely, have been relegated to the bureau drawer for another three years, but within a fortnight I received a letter from Mr. Dillingham, accepting the novel and proposing a royalty, which was as generous, I believe, as is paid by any American house to its authors."

It is not likely that any anonymous novel has ever had such a rapid rise to a great circulation in this country, for the first editions appeared, as stated above, without any signature whatever, and with no especial advertising or other means of attracting attention. When the second novel was issued last August there were advance orders for 20,000 copies. More than 30,000 more have been sold since that time, and the demand for both "Thou Shalt Not" and "His Private Character" compels at the present time the printing of 4,000 copies a week. They are sold from Bangor to San Francisco and from Galveston to Montreal, and the demand bids fair to continue.

While thus talking over his success, Mr. "Ross," as he still prefers to be called, let out the fact that he is engaged on and has nearly finished a story which will bear the peculiar title "Speaking of Ellen." It treats of the labor question, and in it is interwoven a love story of the kind which has made his pen famous. Ellen is the chief of the spinners and weavers of Riverfield, and the "contest of intellect" between her and Philip Westland, agent of the corporation, in which, of course, the girl comes out victorious, makes a story which, as rapidly outlined by Mr. "Ross" in his impetuous conversation, must be of absorbing interest.

The writer asked him the question now so frequently raised:

"Does it pay to write novels?"

In reply, he said that his income, the first year of his attempt in that direction, exceeded the salary of a United States cabinet officer and equaled the combined amounts paid by the state of Massachusetts to its governor and council. In other words, it amounts to about $9,000 a year for the first year. He will put his money to good uses, too. He is receiving proposals from prominent publishers almost daily, while requests for his autograph are sent from all over the country. The best of the whole matter, too, is that his head is not at all turned by his sudden elevation from comparative poverty as a newspaper man to affluence.

More widely known than he, because his personality has been less concealed, is the author of the other and greatest success of the year, Edward Bellamy, whose novel "Looking Backward" is now in the one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand. It will have reached and passed the two hundred thousand limit before the end of the year. It is now selling at the rate of 1,500 copies a day, or 9,000 copies a week. The author's royalties on these are at the usual rate of 10 per cent. on the retail price. This is five cents a copy on the paper edition, which, on the sales of 9,000 copies a week, amounts to the snug income of at least $450. This extraordinary sale, unprecedented since Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to which, by the way, this book has been compared, has only been in full swing since the first of July.

Although having known him for over a year and meeting him many times, I could not help being struck when at a dinner, a short time ago, at which he, W. D. Howells and several other authors and newspaper men were present, by the difference between him and Porter. They are two of the most successful authors of the year, and yet how different in looks, in style and constructive method. In fact, they seem almost antipodal, yet the great public enjoys both. It seemed to me that the same personal difference found a parallel in the subjects of their novels and the manner in which they were treated. Porter's personal outlines have been already given. His novels are a succession of pictures, devoid of plot, and are realistic and Zolaesque to the verge of animality.

Bellamy's novels are, on the contrary, of more or less intricacy in plot, and, like himself, of a delicate, sensitive organism. Of about the medium height, Mr. Bellamy is rather slender in build. His dark, grave face is illuminated by a pair of kindly gray eyes, which have at times a shrewd, and occasionally quizzical, look about their corners. His forehead is large and finely formed. A heavy, drooping mustache covers his mouth. He talks in a warm, sympathetic voice, which immediately commands attention. In manner he is quiet, and liable to be introspective. His whole appearance, when in repose, stamps him as the man of imagination. Any one who has read his shorter stories of recent date, "To Whom This May Come" and "A Positive Romance," or his earlier works, "Miss Ludington's Sister" and "Dr. Heidenhof's Process," must admit that in him is present a delicate, playful and exuberant imagination such as is possessed by no modern author since Hawthorne. His "Looking Backward," considered simply as a work of the imagination, commands the respect even of the enemies of its theories.

He has often told the writer that he had never read any book on social questions before he wrote "Looking Backward," and believed that he never would have written it if he had read them, for his mind would have then been confused.

Although comparatively wealthy now, he is not happy, as he is a long and patient sufferer from that old fashioned New England disease, dyspepsia. On this account he will this winter take a trip to Cuba for several months. He has orders for a number of books that he cannot yet see his way to write, and is now engaged on a dramatization of "Looking Backward." This winter he hopes to write a work which shall present in didactic form the social theories contained in that book. He is now about 39 years of age, and lives with his charming family in the old homestead at Chicopee Falls, Mass. An enormous mail comes to this little postoffice for him from all over the world. Many of his literary brethren in and near Boston have expressed a great desire to meet him, and were he in good health he would be overloaded with courtesies from them. Invitations have also come across the sea from England from several prominent literary men and artists asking him to come over there. Already "Looking Backward" (a pirated edition, by the way) is selling there very rapidly, 15,000 copies having been disposed of at the shilling rate.

Like Porter, he has served in newspaper work, having been for eight years actively engaged on Springfield and New York papers. He, in addition, has been admitted to the bar, but has done but little practicing. Both men are of old New England stock.

Such is a hasty pen picture of the two most talked about authors of the day, and the men who, with but one or two notable exceptions, are making the most money out of fiction.

"Does novel writing pay?"

With Bellamy making $20,000 a year and Porter $9,000, what is your answer?

CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

Couldn't Part with That.

A few of us had arrived early at Sunday evening services in a church in an Ohio town, when the minister was taken with a tickling in the throat. After coughing for several minutes he asked if any of us had a troche. A young fellow and his girl occupied close quarters in one of the seats, and his thumb and finger went down into his vest pocket at the request.

"Ah! Thomas, I shall be greatly obliged," said the good man as he advanced.

Thomas fished up a lozenge with some red letters on it, started to hand it to the minister, but changed his mind and dropped it back into his pocket.

"Well?"

"You see, sir," whispered Thomas, as he rose up, "I've only got one, and I can't part with that. It says: 'I love you' on it, and I'm going to slip it to Sarah as soon as you folks stop looking!"—New York Sun.

Crusty—Be careful, waiter, your thumb is in the soup.

Waiter—I don't mind it, sir; I'm used to it.—Epoch.

BEARDS AND GOOD HEALTH.

Medical Authority's Testimony to Prove That They Are Useful.

What medical arguments can be adduced in favor of wearing the beard?

The weight of the evidence, says Dr. Ferdinand Seeger in Medical Classics, seems to prove that those who wear the beard are less subject to colds, sore throats, bronchitis, coughs and consumption than those who shave. The Jews, Turks and certain tribes who never shave are comparatively free from these disorders.

By glancing at the exciting causes of these affections, it is seen that sudden checks to perspiration, in consequence of exposure of the throat and neck to cold, rank first in importance.

Is it strange that the public speaker, who habitually exercises the muscles of his throat in crowded assemblies, and then seeks the open air with the pores of this sensitive part open and relaxed, should be a sufferer from bronchitis, catarrh, sore throat and other disorders of the respiratory apparatus? Is it surprising that the public, who daily remain for hours in overheated apartments, or in attendance upon public meetings, should contract colds, coughs and other pulmonary diseases? A considerable portion of the throat is usually kept snugly enveloped in a handkerchief or cravat, thus securing a free opening of the pores so long as the individual remains in the house, and an abrupt closure of them whenever he enters the open air.

These throat bandages are so admirably arranged as ventilators that the slightest motion of the head or the act of speaking when out of doors allows a current of cold air to come in contact with the neck, so that, if there is no protection from a beard, a cold is pretty certain to ensue. Another important office which these neck ligatures perform consists in making such pressure upon the superficial veins of the neck as to interfere materially with the return of blood from the head to the trunk, thus giving rise to headaches, vertigo, congestion and occasionally to epilepsy. This remark is especially applicable to persons of sedentary habits or to those whose occupations require them to pass much time in bent and constrained positions, like writers, students, etc.

Every man who reads this will be sure to make himself an exception to this rule, and, to fortify his position, will place himself in an upright posture and insinuate his two forefingers with ease between his throat and the ligature alluded to; but let this same man watch himself narrowly for twenty-four hours and he will find himself half strangled twenty times during this period, on account of the different positions he will be called upon to assume.

Musicians who are accustomed to blow upon wind instruments rarely shave the upper and lower lips. Experience teaches them that a mustache and imperial enhance materially the strength of the lips and enable them to accomplish more than they would be able to do if deprived of them.

In Africa the heads of the natives are furnished with such perfect non-conductors in the form of wool that the most intense rays of their tropical sun cannot penetrate it sufficiently to produce any deleterious effect upon the parts underneath. In this instance the hair is not merely useful, but absolutely indispensable to the preservation of health, and perhaps life. In cold latitudes the hair, by this non-conducting property, serves admirably to retain the heat of the body and to resist the injurious action of external cold. In temperate and changeable climates nothing is better calculated to guard the throat and chest against sudden checks of perspiration than the beard. Clergymen and other public speakers troubled with hoarseness should always let their beards grow.

But, asks the advocate of shaving, if these views are just, why are not females furnished with beards?

To this the reply of the medical gentlemen is that women's organization proves that she is designed by nature to act in a different sphere. With a fragile body, a delicate constitution, a sensitive, timid and shrinking disposition, instead of the courage, resolution and self reliance peculiar to the male, it would manifestly be a perversion of the designs of nature to subject her to the outdoor occupations of the other sex. If a man excels in intellectual and physical strength, woman is his superior in everything that pertains to the affections. If man, with his rough nature, can contend successfully against the severe trials of active life, woman, by her gentleness, her purity and her love is capable of strewing his path with flowers, of watching over the tender years of his children, and of inclining him to higher and holier aspirations. The appropriate sphere of the "weaker vessel," they say, is evidently a domestic one, and her vocation is within doors, where beards and other manly appurtenances would prove superfluous.

Cured Her Freckles.

Misses Lila Jordan and Emma Elwood, of this county, a few days ago were at the junction of the Corydon branch and the Air Line railroad, and had occasion to cross a deep ravine, over which was a very high and long trestle. They ventured upon the lofty structure, and with careful step managed to keep safely upon the cross ties until they had reached about the center of the trestle, when, looking ahead of them, they saw a train coming. What could they do? If they should turn back the train would overtake them before they could get half way off, and to jump from the trestle would be a doom equally as horrible. So the thought came to them that nothing could save them from an untimely and awful death but to swing under the trestle until the train could pass.

They hastily got down between the cross ties, and, locking their tender arms around a girder, they swung off under the trestle a hundred feet or more from the ground below, while the train went thundering over them, almost shaking them from their grip for life. When the train had passed over, the girls had barely strength enough left to drag themselves back upon the trestle and complete their journey. When they reached home their faces were deathly white. When they recovered from the fright it was found that the freckles had entirely disappeared from the face of one of the ladies.—Corydon (Ind.) Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Oldest Commodore.

The oldest commodore in the United States navy is Joseph B. Hull. He was born in 1799 and was appointed midshipman in 1813. He is a nephew of the Capt. Hull who commanded the frigate Constitution when she captured the Guerriere. Commodore Hull performed gallant service during the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion. He was in command of the Philadelphia navy yard from 1864 to 1866. Although 90 years of age he is hale and vigorous and enjoys meeting old friends.—Detroit Free Press.

The queen regent of Spain has returned to Madrid, after a few weeks at San Sebastian. Before leaving she presided over the annual fete of the "bathing women," and, after watching the graceful national dances which formed the chief feature of the festivity, the queen asked one of the women: "Who has taught you to dance so well?" to which the woman, with ready wit, replied: "Dame, madame, the good God himself. He is a ready teacher, and not expensive, either."