Anson's Voyage Over 150 Years Ago Hasn't Its Equal in History.

OF NEARLY 2,000 MEN

Only 195 Survived the Cruel Cruise of the War With Spain.

THEY MADE ONLY ONE CAPTURE.

But That One Was the Richest Ever Made in a Single Rottom.

FACTS RIVALLING MARRYATI'S TALES

[WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Of all the voyages sround the world, from the days of Magellan to the present time, not one equals in interest the famous voyage

of Commodore Anson in the good ship

Centurion. Anson, following as he did Cxuam, Drake, Cavendish, Woodes-Rogers, Dampier, Selkirk and others, has been designated "the last of the buccaueers." as Cxuam was undoubtedly the first-at least in the South seas-but as Anson sailed with a regularly organized naval squadron, and in a time of declared war, he scarcely

merits the appellation. Perhaps one reason why Anson was thus called was because the voyagers immedintely following him-Cook, Bougainville, Carteret, Wallis, Vancouver, La Pirouse, Calnett, Flinders and others, had a nobler nim in view than that of the cruisersscience and discovery!

War Frem Slashing Off an Ear. The war with Spain in 1740 was precipitated in England by the cruel treatment or one Robert Jenkins, master of the Rebecca of Glasgow, by a Spanish Guarda Costa. When Jenkins appeared before the House of Commons he told the members that after the Spanish crew had maltreated his men they savagely cut off one of his ears, put it into his hand and bade him take it home

and present it to his sovereign.
The burst of indignation which inflamed all England rendered war with Spain in-evitable. It is told by Jenkins, upon being asked by a member of the House of Com-mons as to his feelings at the time of his maltreatment, he made the memorable reply: "I committed my soul to God and my cause to my country." Walpole said these words were put in his mouth by another. The English Government prompted hostili-ties even before the declaration of war; but the motto of those days—taken from the buccaneers of the previous century—was: "No peace beyond the line.

The English Plan of Campaign,

The intention of the Government at first was to send out two squadrons, one to pro-ceed direct to the Phillipine Islands via the Cape of Good Hope; the other to round Capa Horn, seour the coast of South Amer-ica, and then to cross the Pacific and join

The latter part of the plan only was carried out. A squadron was fitted out for this purpose and consisted of the following vess: Centurion, 60 guns, 400 men, Commodore George Anson; Gloucester, 50 guns, 200 men, Captain Richard Norris; Severa, guns, 300 men, Captain Hon. E. Legg; earl, 40 guns, 250 men, Captain M. Mitchell; Wager, 28 guns, 160 men, Cap-iain Dandy Kidd; Tryal, 8 guns, 100 men,

Captain Hon. J. Murray. In fitting out these vessels the Admiralty brutality, bardly to be conceived of in these days. It had been originally settled that part of each ship's company should consist of soldiers, and the regiments which were to furnish them had been specified. out a most execrable and unhappy change was made in this particular. Instead of the 300 sailors of whom he was short of complement, Anson only received 170, and of these 22 were from hospitals and 98 were green marines.

Embarked an Army of Invalida

The land force of the expedition was Intended to consist of 500 soldiers; but instead of embarking suitable men, orders were issued for 500 invalids to be collected from among the "out-pensioners" of Chelser College-poor fellows whom old age, wounds and disease had long unfitted for any active

The wiseneres of the Admiralty thought the invalids the "best seasoned" and fit troops for the occasion! Most of the men were over 60, and some upwards of 70 years Not one of these aged warriors, some of whom had survived the carnage of the Boyne and at Blenheim, lived to revisit

The squadron was delayed sailing so long that the Spanish Government had time to dispatch information to South America, to put the colonies in a state of defense, as war-four a them of the line-under Admiral Josef Pizarre, to intercept Auson on

Never was there a squadron worse equipped, or sent to sea under greater disadvantages. But that did not deter the active and vigorous spirit of Anson, who now hoisted his broad pennant as Commo-dore, and soon afforded presumption that the resources of his own mind were capable of counteracting some of the evils which

were entailed on them. The squadron sailed from St. Helens September 18, 1740, and after a tedious passage arrived at Madeira on the 25th of October, where, having taken in wine and

other refreshments, the Commodore con-tinued his course, narrowly escaping from the Spanish fleet under Pizarro. A Record of Sickness and Storm.

Even at this early period of the voyage much of that sickness prevailed in the squadron by which its crews were soon afterment so fearfully thinned. Anson or

ship for more effectual ventilation. On the 18th of December the squadron anchored at the Island of Santa Catalina, on the number of some hundreds: but, through the masolence and treachery of Don Jose Sylva de Paz, the Portuguese Governor, after burying great numbers, the sickness rather increased than diminished,

The ships were here fumigated, cleansed and washed with vinegar.
January 18,1741, the ships sailed for Port St. Julian, in Paragonia, where they anchored. The Tryal was here refitted. On chared. The Tryal was here refitted. On the 7th of March they passed the Straits of Maire; and here the trouble began. The

stormy season came on, the ships were separated, and encountered appalling diffi-culties and unparalleled distress. The Cen-turion was for 58 days under rected courses, and all this time was trying to double the dreaded Cape Horn.
In wearing ship, by manning the fore-

shrouss, one of the abiest scamen was thrown overboard. They were unable to lower a bout; yet as the historian (Chaplain Walter) tells us: "We perceived that he swam very strong, and it was with the most concern that we found ourselves unable to assist him."

Cowper's Poem of the Castaway. Upon this incident the poet Cowper founded his exquisite poem of "The Cast eway." In it occurs the verse:

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could be Their haste itself condern; Aware that flight in such a sea

the crew to a melancholy degree, and a sourcy of the most virulent kind carried dis-may to every heart. It was no uncommon thing for those who were able to walk the deck to drop down dead in an instant, and many perished in this manner. In those days sailors afflicted with the

acurry were, upon reaching land, buried up to their necks in the earth. The late Commodore J. C. Long, U. S. N., told the writer he had been treated in this way as late as about 1800. late as about 1820. The Severn and Pearl bore up for Rio de Janeiro, and never rejoined the squad-ron, which was now reduced to the Cenron, which was now reduced to the turion, the Gloucester, the Wager, the turion, the Gloucester, the Wager, the Tryal, and the Anna Pink (storeship). On April these were so completely the 23d of April these were so completely dispersed in a storm that no two of them

were in sight of each other.

The Commodore, having succeeded in doubling the cape, steered for Juan Fernan-dez, but was so much in doubt as to the longitude that, having arrived in the lati-tude of the island, he steered east (instead of west) until he made the main land of Chile. He then put about and arrived at Juan Fernandez June 9, having lost much valuable time, by which they estimated

they lost 70 or 80 men. Death's Harvest Without a Battle.

"Three months before had seen them with a crew of upward of 490 healthy officers and men, besides the quota of supernumeraries; but of these 200 were buried and 130 were

on the sick list."

The Tryal arrived a day or two afterward, having lost 34 of her small comple-ment. The sick and afflicted of the two ships were carried ashore, and refreshments of all kinds speedily obtained, but it was 20 days before the mortality ceased and for the first ten or 12 days they seidom buried less than six each day.
"While here the sailors caught or shot

some goats whose ears had been alit, and were therefore conjectured to have been thus marked, some 30 years before, by Alexander Selkirk." (Robinson Crusoe.) On the 26th of June the Gloucester ap-peared in the offing. Boats with men and rovisions were sent to her; but as she had ost two-thirds of her crew it was not until the 23d of July that she could make the chorage, 146 days from Port St. Julian! About the middle of August the Anna, toreship, arrived, which caused much re-

joicing, as all fears of scarcity o provisions were now removed. This vessel was the last that joined them. She had suffered but little, "having been forced into a com-modious harbor of the Peninsula de Tres Montes, not far to the northward of where the unfortunate Wagner struck, and her crew were then enduring much misery." The Anna, being found not seaworthy, was proken up.

Nearly Two-Thirds Were Dead. The three men-of-war had left England with 961 men on board, of whom 626 were dead before this time; and the number that were left were barely sufficient to man the Centurion, an appalling circumstance, when hey expected every day to fall in with the

eet under Pizarro. What became of Pizarro we shall soon see. On October 8 the squadron, considerably refreshed, left Juan Fernandez, and on the 11th they captured a large Spanish ship from Callao. They learned from her of Pizarro's failure to double Cape Horn with his squadron, and that the Spaniards of Peru thought all of Anson's ships had per-

The Tryal was next destroyed, as unseaworthy. There now remained but the Centurion and Gloucester. "In one of their prizes they found an Irishman who gave them some particular intelligence which induced the Commodore to steer for Paita."

They landed a force at Paita, captured the town, and obtained a very rich booty in plate and merchandise. The Spanish refusing to ransom the town, it was burned. Son prisoners were taken, whom Anson treated courteously and well. The ship now went off Acapuico to look for the Galleon from danilla, and touched at Quibo Island on the way.

All Ships Gone but One.

Upon their arrival at Acapulco they learned that the Galleon had already arrived; and that, moreover, she would not leave that fortified and safe harbor for a Anson then went further up the to Tejupau for wood and water. On the 6th of May, 1742, the ships started across the Pacific Ocean. The scurvy broke out again and made fearful havoe among them. The Gloucester was now in so leaky a condition that on the 13th of August she was abandoned and burned, and the Centurion was left alone. On the 28th of August, after a very long passage and which is partly to be attributed to very bad navagation, the Centurion anchored at

Tinian, one of the Ladrone islands. At this time only 71 men were capable of standing to a gun! The sick were landed, and retreshments in the shape of beef, pork, poultry, with vegetables, watermel ous, oranges, limes, cocoanuts and bread truit, were obtained in abundance. On the 12th of November they arrived at Macoa, then, as now, in the hands of the Portuguese. "The Chinese, a jeople always jealous of strangers, vexationsly harrassed the Commodore by equivocating measures as to refitting the ship; but his firmness and concilating carriage counteracted the shuffling of the Calerials."

of the Celestials. They shipped here 23 new hands, and the officers and crew now amounted to 227 healthy men, which, though still a short complement, was superior to what they had lately been used to."

Fighting Comes at Lost. The Commodore now gave out that he was bound to England, via Batavia, and sotually received on board the mails for the latter place, and on the 19th day of April, 1743, the Centurion sailed. When clear land Anson called all hands and announced

his intention of cruising off Cape Espiritu
Santo, Samar Island, and having another
"toy" for the galleon. The crew responded
with three cheers.
From the 30th of May to the 19th of June Anson cruised off Cape Espiritu Santo, drilling his men constantly at the great guns and small arms. At sunrise June 20, Midshipman Charles Proby from the mast head announced a sail to windward. "The general burst of joy which this occasioned was heightened to rapture when she was soon afterward seen from the deal." soon afterward seen from the deck, coming down before the wind toward the Centurion The Commod rewis somewhat surprised to ing her course, and seeing her take in her top-gallant sails and fire a gun induced him

see her advance steadily on with to suppose she was making a signal to her consort to hasten her up. But that lucky vessel was already in Manilla, vessel was already in Manilla, and it afterward appeared that the Spanish commander instantly conjectured how matters stood, and trusting to the British ship being weakly manned, as well as from a conviction that an action could not be avoided, he beat to quarters, hoisted his colors and stood beldly on. She was much larger than the Centurion, and had a full complement of men; but though pierced for 64 guns had only 42 mounted, exclusive of a row of brass piedra-

roes which each carried a tour-pound ball. A Memorable Victory on the Sea.

The crew of the Centurion, though short in number, were in good health, well trained and distributed to advantage. On the lower deck each full gun's crew fought two guns. At 12:30 P. M. the ships closed and the action began, which was smartly maintained, and attended with great slaugh ter to the galleon, but with little mischief to the Centurion. The small arm men in the tops of the Centurion shot down every officer but one who appeared on the quarter

deck of the galleon. "British valor and foresight then prevailed; the Spanish colors were hauted down, and our gallant stars were amply rewarded for all they had undergone by the welcome prize."

Meter engaging her, says Anson in his official report, "an hour and a half within less than pistol shot, the Admiral struck his flag to the main topmast head. She was called the Nuestra Senora de Caba Donga, Don Gironimo Montero, Admiral; had 42 guns, 17 of which were brass, and 28 pied-Their haste itself conderm;
Aware that flight in such a sea
Alone cond succor them.
Yet cruel telt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.
Meanwhile disease again raged among

to be very leaky. The greatest damage I received was by my foremast, mainmast and bowspirt being wounded, and my rigging being shot to pieces, having received only 15 shot through my hull, which killed but two men and wounded 15. I was under great difficulty in vavigating two such large shins in a dangerous and unknown sea, and to guard 492 prisoners.

Richest Capture On Record. The galleon had on board 1,313,843 pieces-of-eight;" 35,642 ounces of virgin silver, some cochineal and a large quantity of merchandise. It was calculated afterward that the total amounted to no less than £1,000,000, the largest sum ever cap-tured in a single bottom. On the 11th of July the Centurion anchored with her prize at Macao, to the great wonder of the "Heathen Chinee." The prize was sold to

the merchants of Macao.

It is interesting to note the errors in the longitudes of Anson. Though he had on board W. Pascoe Thomas, "Teacher of the Mathematics," and who appears to have been pretty well versed in the theory and practice of navigation, the longitude was requestly as much as eight degrees in error! This is the more remarkable as Dampier in 1687—fifty-six years before Anson—was only about three degrees in error. But Dampier was the most skillful navigator of his day and gator of his day, and a very remarkable

To resume: The Centurion having disposed of her prize, sailed for home about December 15, 1743, and, after an excellent passage, in which she touched at the Cape of Good Hope, arrived at Spithead June

"Thus did a single ship, out of a whole squadron, regain England, and of 1,980 men who had embarked in the summer of 1740-exclusive of the crews of the Anna and Tudustry only 195 were restored to their homes. The Centurion's safe arrival was a subject of much public exultation. The treasure of the galleon was drawn in triumphal pomp through the city of Lon-don in 32 wagons, which were preceded by a band of military music playing national airs, and guarded by a detatchment of sea-men and marines of the victor ship, smid the shouts and acclamations of thousands of spectators. The crew was paid off with immense sums of prize money.
. CAPTAIN W. H. PARKER.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME AMERICA. Jules Marcon Save the Word Was Taker From the Indian Language.

Pearson's Weekly. 1 M. Jules Marcon, of the Paris Geograph ical Society, has lately spent a great deal of time in making researches into the ori-gin of the name "America." The popular notion that America was so called from the Christian name of Amerigo Vespucci is, he says, wholly unfounded, the name really being taken from "Amerrique," the Indian name of the mountains between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the provinces of Chon-tales, which separate Lake Nicaragus from

the Mosquito egast the Mosquito coast.

The name in the Maya language signifies "the windy country," or "the country where the wind blows alws s" The Christian name of Vespucci was Iberico in Italian and Spanish, and Albericus in Latin, but it is subject to a great number of varia-tions, and consequently M. Marcon suggests that the name Amerigo is an adaptation of Amerrique, added to Vespucci's name to distinguish it (Amerrique being a name to distinguish it (Amerrique being a name already known and applied to the New World) in the same way as we say now "Chinese Gordon" to distinguish this particular Gordon by suggesting one of his heroic feats. Vespucci's claim to the discovery of America is put out of court by the fact that he was in Seville when Columous made his voyage. He did, however, make two or three voyages to the New World later on, and being a vain man and acquainted with map-makers, he would be nothing loath to see his name associated with the vague splendors of the new con-

THE PACIFIC PISHERIES

Begion of the Future. ew York Times. ]

As to the importance of the Pacific fisher ies, taking 1889 as the last year of which reliable statistics of the salmon-canning industry were obtainable, the vast total of 1,287,060 cases of salmon is presented as the yield of Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California. This was worth at first cost \$7,000,000. Taking the whole canned product during the 14 years prior to 1889, the Pacific salmon were equivalent in weight to 1,000,000 head of cattle, and "exceeded the laster in economic importance and food

Every year there are more canned salmon coming from Alaska. In 1883 there were 35,000 cases; in 1889, 675,000 cases. But how long this enormous supply will last is not known. The yield in Oregon was at one time apparently diminishing. Captain Collins writes: "It would seem that in any event Alaska is to be the great salm region of the future." British Columb British Columbia ows the same increase in salmon products. In 1876 she made 10,000 cases of salmon; in 1889, 414,400 cases. British Columbia selle her products in Europe and one-half of her products in Euro about one-fifth in the Eastern States.

A Star That Isn't Coming to America. One of the new faces that charm on the English stage is Miss Ethel Mathews. She



Londoners, In the five years of buoyant, bubing humor, Miss Mathews has had the advantage of She is at present

Ethel Mathews. other cultivated players. taking the part created by Miss Marion Terry, a sister of the divine Ellen, in "The Magistrate." An unusual feature of her declared ambition is that it does not include

an American starring tour. Played Billiards Without Balls

Chicago Times.] According to an eye witness a peculiar incident happened one evening recently in the billiard room of a hotel at Tacoma, Wash. The room was crowded and all e the billiard and pool tables were occupied but one. Two gentlemen entered the room attired in full evening dress. Engaging a billiard table, the boy brought the balls, but the players, to his utter astopishment told him they did not need them. Removing their topcost, costs and hats, they took cues and commenced a mimic game. They made the customary moves around the made the customary moves around the table, studied apparent plays, made the customary grimaces at misplays, and regu-larly counted their strings. A wondering crowd gathered about them. They thought the men were crazy. A funny part of it was that they never smiled, took the "guying" of the crowd serenely, and, when the points were marked up, paid for the game

and unconcernedly walked out. The solu-tion of the mystery was that the imitation game was played on a wager. A New Plan for Exploring Africa

San Francisco Chronicle.] The old-fashioned method of striking across the dark continent in search of new territory has been abandoned. One man takes a district in the upper Kongo, another a hit of East Africa, another a corper of Mashonaland. In this way the course of interesting facts are discovered. It will take only a few years at the present rate to leave no part of Africa unexplored. CHILDREN OF AFRICA

Mrs. French-Sheldon Gossips on New Phase of Her Experience.

DO NOT CAKE FOR PLAYTHINGS. Broke Up Her Dolls and Shot Holes in the Kites Ehe Brought,

SHE ENTHUSES A WRITER TO POETRY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.! It seemed to me, I remarked to Mrs. French-Sheldon at Washington the other day, that Stanley had told us very little about the women and children of Africa-of love, family life, marriage, manners, fun,

of love, family life, marriage, manners, run, games—would she speak of them?

"Yes," she said, "but 'love'—there is no such word in the languages of the savages whom I saw, They have words for 'like,' for 'pleasure,' for 'husband,' 'wife' and 'friend,' but none for 'love.' No word for 'love' and none for 'God,' whether spelt with a large or little 'g.' They have no idea of immortsility whatever, and of course nortality whatever, and of course

"Now, do you see what follows from the fact that they have no God? Why, of course, they have no oaths. One may travel among them for months, as I did, without among them for months, as I did, without ever hearing an oath. When they give way to anger they must get their satisfaction out of 'You are a pig!' 'You are a toad!' 'You are a goat!' 'You are a jungleman!' This is the extreme of their lingual affronts. Sometimes they fight, but they haven't anything to swear by, differing in this from Mark Train's content who you remember. Mark Twain's captain, who, you remember, 'wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neu-tralities of undecorated speech.'

Africa Needs a Lot of Sawa I asked what was apparently needed most by the savages among whom she traveled.
"Saws!" she said. "No, not Bibles or hymn
books or missionaries, school books or
schools, but saws and axes and augurs means of working easily in wood. Ten thousand dollars' worth of tools and ten arpenters would go a good way toward civilizing all the wild men between Zanzibar and Kilmanjaro. Saws are what they need and I am going back there some time and I

and I am going back there some time and I shall carry a cartload of sawa."

African children have been very little talked about, and I asked Mrs. French-Sheldon if she could tell me something.

"Yes, I am glad to," she said. "Africa under the equator is the children's paradise. In all those months, among children every day, I never saw a child struck, and I heard a child cry only twice while in the Dark Continent. Up to the age of 6 or 8 children go analysis as they were born; children go anaked as they were born; after that they wear a small piece of cloth or leather, and are little men and women, learning to be bread winners. There are of course, no schools; but the young ones early begin to learn—learn to work; the girls to sew in their rude way, and the boys to swim, and to run, and to use the Low and

arrow expertly.

Different Work for Each sex. "There is a definite division of labor be tween the sexes; the men kill game, do the fighting, make the weapons, (fundas), and fabricate the women's ornaments, while the women work the gardens and plantations, tend the herds, and build the dracean hedge of canes. The married woman dresses simply in some animal's skin drawn round her shoulders; the unmarried woman in a fig leaf aoron. Girls are often married at 10; at 15 they are old maids. After the age of

6 they are children no longer.

"I saw a pretty comedy in front of my tent on Lake Chala one morning. A boy of about 6 was playing with a little girl of 5 or so in the stately, serious fashion of the equatorial tets. He walked around facing her, and flourishing his wooden spear, and he said to her in a loud and boastful voice: 'See! When I shall be el moran (a warrior) and thou en dito (a belle) I shall con-quer nany and wear the bearded collar, shalt have more beads than all of Endella's wives, aye? I have spoken! Now walk thou with me, and show my fellows how a sultana ought to look!' and the two midgets went circling pompously round about."

Don't ppreciate Dolls and Kies. "About playthings?" I said, "have these children no plaything?"
"Hardly anything that can strictly be called playthings I carried out a lot of dolls and they would not play with them. They broke them up. I carried some fine Japanese kites in the shape of birds and fishes, but, instead of being amused by them, the little boys drew their bows and shot my poor fliers full of arrows. I carried some mechanical chickens that could hop a little ways and peep. But these got me a reputation for witcheraft, and came near breaking up my caravan. It I had had have been being I should probably been

a phonograph along, I should probably been burnt as a witch. It is dangerous to trifle with the intelligence of the African."
"I judge from what you say that women bave considerable freedom in A rica?"
When I asked this question Mr. Sheldo leaned back on the sofa and laughed— laughed till her very blue eyes half closed, and her autumn-leaf hair quivered, and her

pink slippers twinkled. "The desire for freedom seems to be "The desire for irregion scens to be largely a matter of fashion," she said.
"Every married woman in Central Africa wears lily-shaped iron bells on her wrists and ankles, so that her husband can always find where she is-somewhat like the sheep in flocks on the common.

The Women Favor Polygamy. "Polygamy thrives in Africa, and every her career as an actress in parts always glad when their mutual husband that require girlish charm and a brings another wife to divide the labor.

They receive her with enthusiasm when she appears—sing to her and feed her with sweetmeats. In the family kraal each wife hes a hut of her own-a boma-and it is verily her castle. Her husband never enters verily her castle. Her husband never enters till he has knocked and called out 'hodi?' (may I come in?) and received the answer 'karlboo!' (welcome.) The equatorial peo-ple are very polite.

"At every new village I came to in that tour of 2,000 miles I advanced alone and

held up in my hands a bunch of grass—the signal of peace—and was received with friendly salutations. They are very courteous to each other, too. If they meet a hundred times a day they exchange the 'ah, kwahari'—(how d'e do?). When a man wants a wife he first buys her from her peacets and then hunts the flaging sid interpretation. parents, and then hunts the fleeing girl into the woods and captures her. It is the universal fashion for her to run away when he

mes after her." Was Going to Shoot Some Men.

"No insubordination in your command?" I saked. "Never but once. At the foot of Mount Kilima-Njaro eight of my guard refused to obey my orders to move on. The Sultan of Zanzibar, in awearing them in, had given to me the right to kill any man who disobeyed, and I had to enforce my authority."

I inquired if she did that in the traditional manner of her sex. She laughed and said: "No, sir; I did not cry! Two of the men yielded. The other six were mar-shalled before me and I simed a rifle at the leader and ordered 'Fall in! one, two,' and he lell into the column. The same policy brought each one to submission." I asked her if she would actually have

killed them.
"I would!" she said, and her very blue eyes flashed like an arc light. "I would have shot them in their tracks, one by one, without flinching. It was either authority or death for me, don't you see?" or death for me, don't you see?"

It is not necessary to say that the enterprising narrator is quite cosmopolitan in her language and manners and far from prudish; but she is also facile and pictorial of speech, melodious of voice, and so witty and selposed as to be quite capable of surprising audacities, which make her less conventional but more interesting. She obviously knows all of human nature, for a woman would not be likely to explore savagery till she had theroughly explored civilization.

Size is a solidly built, comely woman,

slightly less than the average height of her sex, with dainty feet and hands which she loves to decorate and which respond sympathetically, with an agreeably modulated voice, brown hair and eyes as blue as indigo on the whole, rather an attractive personality, and I wonder that some savage chief didn't seize her for his own and build for her a "boma."

Come, O, my Muse, Allons! O, French with the Sheldon attachment, Come, O, my Muse, Allonsf
O, Franch with the Sheldon attachment,
Cerulean eyes, golden thatchment,
Gemmed fingers and slipper a-quiver,
And voice like a soft running river,
And nobe like a princely Egyptian,
And lips that bewilder description—
O Sheldon, permit me to ask it,
When erst thou wert slung in thy basket,
Or, wishing the weather were colder,
Wert tripping, with zun on thy shoulder,
Defiant of African arrow,
From ocean to Kilima-Njaro,
So flerce when the line was assaulted,
So cool when the caravan halted,
O, Franch, with the ligatured Sheldon,
To whom we voofferate "Well done!"
In that countorial jungle
Betweet Zanibar and Uwungle,
Exposed on that lonesome occasion
With house of the colored persuasion,
No Yankee or Briton or Asian,
O, Sheldon, with Franch and the hyphen,
While facing the terrible typhon,
Why didn't some chief that was bigger
Than others—some king of a negro—
Just gobble year outfit and make you
His Queen—to the Washaga take you,
And build, when compliant he found you,
A nice little "boms" around you?
O wouldn't he with pride have been giddy?
I'm glad he abstained, but why did he?
W. A. CROFFUT.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

Shirley Dare on Coarse Skin, Darrillos Noses and Round Shoulders. Of the numerous inquiries sent to Shirley Dare by readers of THE DISPATCH, she has found time to answer the following: A SEWICKLEY GIRL-I am in despair

about my nose. It shines so that at times it is absolutely dazzling. Of course I use powder, and the luster is dimmed for perhaps ten minutes. My nose perspires dreadfully—it is the only part of my face that does perspire. What can I do?
Use equal parts of pulverized borax and

prepared chalk as a powder. Plaster the nose with this moistened with glycerine at night or melt fine eastile soan and rub on the nose nightly. Keep a piece of flannel to rub the nose frequently instead of powdering it by day. Mild purgation and alteratives are called for and correction of all irregularities of health and habita.

Second—Can you tell me how to make my

eyelashes grow?

If you have a friend you can trust, elip the minute points once a month and apply a drop of glycerine nightly with a fine hair Third-How often should a Turkish bath

be taken? Is once a week too often? Not if one has fair health and strength It is often enough for any one.
Fourth-What exercise can I take to keep my shoulders back? I lean over a desk all day, and I am afraid I am growing round-shouldered.

Throwing the arms back till the hands touch 40 or 50 times dails is good. Or ait bolt upright, let the arms hang down easily with elbows stiff and straight, raise the arms two feet from the sides and swing them back till they touch the sides again with the upper arm, keeping the forearm out. This exercise should be easy and comfortable. If the palms of the hands are kept uppermost then the shoulders naturally fail back. then the shoulders naturally fail back. Painful gymnastics are not to be recommended for sedentary, nervous persons. Skipping rope, throwing it backward over the head, also corrects bent forms, and is the best of exercise for the whole body. Or go to the end of a room, face a wall, and throw bean bags backward over the shoulders, 40 or 100 times in succession. Beaus are especially healthy when taken in this form. This is the sort of letter I like to get from a woman, who thinks about her habits all round. man, who thinks about her habits all round. and does not concentrate her apprehensions

on a few pimples or on her gray bangs.

M. J.—I wish you would advise me what to do for my skin. The pores are coarse. Some years ago it was ouly on my nose, now my forehead and chin and face around Some years ago it was only on my nose, now my torehead and chin and face around my nose are all large pores and my face is very flabby. I have tried steaming it every day for six months. It brought out a red rash that did not disappear for three Hints from just such experiences are in-

valuable, proving that there is no specific mode of treatment for the disorder known as a bad skin. Massage is not a general improver, steaming is not, salves and creams remedial processes must be selected and goes to the work of a physician. Steaming the face is a risky performance, and the woman who tried it daily for six months was lucky to get off with an inflammation that was cured in three. The most intelligent and experienced French cosmetic artists do not advise the use of hot steam, as it tends to make the face wrinkled and baggy, just as the thing of the honds is after scaling in her the skin of the hands is after soaking in hot suds and steam over a washing. Women who intend buying a steam apparatus for home treatment had better send the money to starving Russia, for it will do their com-plexions more good and save facial neuprexions more good and save racial neu-ralgia most likely. The cure for enlarged porces must be internal, if the improvement is to be at all lasting. The skin of the lace is very sensitive, the blood vessels numerous, and local irritation predisposes to the disorder. As for steam treatment, a woman might as well apply a mustard plaster daily for the same length of time as the heated vapor, which draws the blood to the urisce even more powerfully.

Were a specific called for, upon honor, I wheat meal. The readiness with which the disagreeable appearance of the large glands vanishes when this bread becomes glands vanishes when this orean becomes a fixed diet is delightful. But as it is easier to live on golden plovers' eggs than to se-cure a constant supply of good bread, one must fall back on the established treatment. A hearty purgation to begin, A table-spoonful of Epsom salts in a small cup of coffee first thing in the morning or a pill at night, not a mercurial one. Follow this with half a teaspoonful of the salts in half a cup of hot water, with five drops aromatic sulphurie acid daily for two or three weeks. to clear the system of its accumulated wastes. By this time a coarse nutritious diet should render such medicines unnecessary. Hot alkaline baths to stimulate the skin all over, twice a week if not daily, tenderloin steak twice a day and sunshine every hour will supply nervous energy and strength. If these are unattainable the same preparation of iron, strychnia and quinine must be a poor substitute.

Mrs. W. M.—What will make the eye-

lashes grow dark and heavy?
An old and very clever book says a decoetion of dandelion plant and root will restore this growth, applied nightly. Olive reported as having a satisfactory effect on reported as naving a satisfactory enect on the lashes. Use it six weeks, and if the growth starts, have a discreet friend clip the tips infinitesimally. Lanoline might be of use, as it seems to make hair grow every-

where it ought not.

M. P.—What is good for a red nose?

The nose is an index of the state of the alimentary organs. If inflammation or ulceration exist there the nose reddens in sym-pathy. If it comes from a tendency to erysipelas, poultice with cooked cranberries, and take sweetened lemonade or cream of tartar water, drinking a pint in the course of the day, taking it preferably an hour before meals. White vitriol the size of a pea dissolved in a pint of warm water was recom-mended by a well-known physician of New York to a pati nt with a nose inflamed by nuch drinking. Polly Peabody—What can I do for my

Polly Penbody—What can I do for my feet to make them soft. They are very hard and dry and feel unconvortable?

Bathe in water hot as they can bear, with a teaspoonful of borax to the pail of, water, 10 minutes nightly or oftener as convenient. Keep the water hot till the end of the bath, dry the feet thoroughly and rub all harsh parts with plenty of vaseline or any of the petroleum jellies, and wear thin stockings to bed. In a week or two the skin will be fine, soft and sufficiently moist. The persoiration sometimes cannot moist. The perspiration sometimes canno get through the calloused thickened sur

OARSMEN IN COLLEGE.

Walter C. Dohm Tells How the Crews Of Yale and Harvard Train.

THEY BEGIN WITH THE NEW YEAR. General Gymnasium Work First and the

Cockle-Shells Later. MEN WHO WILL ROW THE GREAT RACE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,1 What would you boys think if beginning with the 1st day of January you had to go to school seven times a week? If absence for even a single day for any other reason than sickness positively would not be tolerated? And if the beginning of spring and summer vacation meant the beginning simply of longer hours and harder work? Would you not think life not worth living?

And yet this is exactly the sort of thing to which each year a score of young giants the very men who by reason of their physical strength feel the restraint more than others-submit and submit willingly and gladly. The school they attend is the gymnasium; their recitations are held in an eight-oared shell, and their final examination over a four-mile course on the River Thames at New London, Conn., before a score of thousand yelling half frenzied spectators, who line the river banks, follow on the water in steamboats and on the shore by trains and open cars.

Not Much Fun in the Training.

The work of the athletes in whose hands lies the boating reputation of Yale and Harvard begins in earnest immediately after the Christmas vacation, though for weeks before the men have been taking preliminary exereise. There are but eight seats for oarsmen in each boat, but perhaps 50 or 60 candidates apply for the positions at each

university.

The athletes are first taken to the gymnasium, where their muscles are hardened by constant exercise. The "wind" is improved by running, care being taken of course that each man is warmly clothed before he starts, and that he is well rubbed and dried before he resumes his ordinary costume. On Sun-days the discipline is relaxed somewhat and the men are required to take only long

walks. Then comes the exercise in the improvised "rivers" in the gymnasiums. Each university has a large rowing tank, in which is fixed the "boat." The water passes through troughs when the oars begin to work, and a current is established flowing around the boat. That the resistance offered by the water to the oars may not be too
great, large holes are cut in the oar blades.
Here the men are taught the primary principles of rowing. At first the sliding seats
are iastened, and day after day for weeks
the men are "coached" in the correct
mathed of principles. method of using the arms and swinging the

body. They First Cruiss in a Heavy Barge, About the middle of February or the 1st of March, outofloor rowing is begun-not in a shell, but in heavy barge. By this time the three-score candidates have been reduced to a dozen or 15. First, the men who show a lack of interest are told they need train no longer. Then go those who, though willing, have not the weight and though willing, have not the weight and strength to make them available.

Once on the water the men begin with a very slow stroke. Individually and by pairs and by eights the men are taught by

masters of the stroke who come from Bos ton, New York, Philadelphia and even Chicago. The stroke is dissected and each part is explained until the carsman knows muscles, until they forget that they have such a quality as strength.

From the barge the crew steps into the

light, cranky, paper or cedar shell. Then the trouble begins anew. In their efforts to keep the shell from rolling, the men seem to forget everything they have ever, learned. Gradually, however, they become accustomed to their new seats, and then the "coachers" go to work to the more delicate points of the stroke and to teach the men uniformity in their work, that the whole eight may row as a single man. The Time for the Final Choice,

The regular 'varsity crew is selected as soon as possible. Harvard, particularly, carsmen who will represent her on the Thames. It is an open secret that the easy victory of the crimson over the blue last summer was due in a great measure to the fact that the eight oarsmen who won the race had been working and rowing together since the February preceding. Yale's crew, on the contrary, had not been definitely chosen to within a month of the

race. There are many names that will becom familiar to the boy who reads rowing news this year. There is Crptain "Bob" Cook, the father of Yale's stroke, who runs up to New Haven from Philadelphia as often as possible to give the crew the benefit of his when Captain Cook can't be also ex-captains of the Yale navy, will be there to carry out Cook's instructions. At Cambridge the most familiar names will be those of "Charley" Adams, "Harry" Keyes and Captain Perkins, of last year's victor-

ious crew. The Captains Are Veritable Glants. Then there are the captains of this year's crews. Few, even of Yale men, would recognize, under the name of John Augustus Hartwell, the athlete who for five years has been famous on the football field and on the water as old "Josh" Hartwell. Captain Hartwell entered college in 1886, when he was but 16 years old. He has road in three victorious crews, those of '88, '89 and '90, and he played last fall on the football eleven that defeated the teams of both Princeton and Harvard. Captain Hartwell is 6 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 176

Cap ain Keiton, of Harvard, though not so well known to the outside world as Cap-tain Hartwell, is every ounce an athlete, and that means a great deal, when one con siders his weight of more than 200 pounds "Pa" Kelton, as he is known to Harvard men, is a scholar as well as an athlete, and when he is graduated this summer he will be very near the head of his class, though has taken his four years' college course three. WALTER C. DOHM. in three.

The Oldest Living English Authors. Lord Tennyson is the oldest living English author, his first book having been published in 1830. Mr. Gladstone comes next, his pamphlet, "The State in Its Rela-tions With the Church," appearing eight

Sen Francisco to New York, J. Edwin Stone, the pedestrian now en route from San Francisco to New York, wrote from Logan, Ia, on his arrival there: "Since I have been on my walk across the continent I have suffered greatly from diar-rhosa through change of water. I was in-duced to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhes Remedy, and say with pleas ione all for me that it was represented to

emedy. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by

Way allow bedbugs to keep you awake at night when a bottle of Bugine will destroy them all in half a minute? 25 cents. CARRARA AWNINGS-Don't fail to see the

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AN IMAGINATIVE ROMANCE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

In a sleeping car journeying from the West to Chicago are six chance acquaintances, Millionaire Vanderlyn, of Caicago; Prof. Wilder, inventor of the Aeropole; Sergeant Will-Millionaire Vanderlyn, of Caicago; Prof. Wilder, inventor of the Aeropole; Sergeant Will-Millionaire Vanderlyn, of Caicago; Prof. Wilder, inventor of the Aeropole; Sergeant Will-Millionaire Vanderlyn, Sergeant Will-Millionaire Vanderlyn, Sergeant Willerick Ball, an astronomical tutor. Out of a jesting remark a serious expedition to the North Pole in Prof. Wilder's airship is arranged. Millionaire Vanderlyn furnishes the money, Wilder the conveyance, Willtwig the experience, and the three younger men the enthusiasm. Just as they start officers arrive to serve an injunction on Wilder. The action is brought by Hennepin, who claims the airship is his invention. After some exciting experiences the officers are persuaded to desist. The airship gets off, and when over Lake Michigan Sergeant Willtwir remembers that he left his supply of matches in Chicago. Only a few can be found in the pockets of the explorers and they are preserved as if they were gold. Soon a strange, new sickness over the party. It is like seasickness, only more severe. While they are prestrated by it they narrowly escape dashing against a mountain top in Canada. All goes well until in the far north they sepp a ship in the ice and from its a man is signaling. They throw him some provisions, go on and finally reach the pole.

A GHASTLY RENDEZVOUS. "What a fool!" he gasped as he feverishly wrote down crooked figures that would rank him with the greatest discov-The Sergeant now acted like a madman. He cursed the flag, the man, his luck and the evil star that presided at his birth. Then, beside himself, forgetting his sense of honor, he began to wrench the flag to pieces. erers of the world. His voice came in hoarse whispers. The Sergeant supported him as he spoke.

"That barometer is all right. The air is rarefied, as if we were on a great height, hecause-" he coughed as he went on, "because we are in a partial vacuum caused by the rotation of the ellipsoid at the Pole. You see, the currents of the air rise from the shoulders of the earth, tangent to the earth's surface. Yet the wind blows." Thus science and feeling had the usual contest even here.

"You're right! You're right! That's worth coming up for! That's one problem solved." The Sergeant tasted the point of his pencil, and was jubilant for the mo-

Now the tutor calculated eagerly, as it he were afraid that his strength would not hold out. As it was, he could hardly drag one foot before the other. Read what befell the crew of the Jeannette after the ship was nipped and sunk, and you will understand a little of the tutor's condition. At last, he "I make it just 876 feet W. N. W. from where I sit. I think I will be able to get

there."
With infinite care they measured the space between them and the mystic goal of their journey. A strange exhibitantion ani-mated the tutor. He tried to burst into a college song, but his vocal cords only uttered Only a hundred feet more! The Sergeant took from his breast, with the hand that was not supporting his companion, a United

States flag, and solemnly regarded it. Fifty feet more! They halted. Even in that feet more! They halted. Even in that dreadful temperature perspiration coxed from the faces of both.

"My country, 'tis of thee," sang the tutor. At the end of the first line his voice hushed into a sob. Ten feet more! Before them was the pole. They stopped and stared. The first human eyes that ever looked upon the dream, the despair and the murderer of thousands gazed at it sternly, and then at each other. The tutor would have fallen had he not been held in strong and tender arms.

and tender arms. Before them lay the North Pole! Then the commander of the Polar expedition took the flag and fastened it to the head of the staff. He took from his belt his ice-pick to make a hole, and cut blocks of ice and snow to prop the pole up. For ten minutes he dug powerfully. The tutor, minutes he dug powerfully. The tutor, leaning upon one arm, watched him as if hypnotized. With the other hand he fumoled beneath folds of fur. After several

futile attempts he brought out a book.
"What's that?" asked the digger resting "It's only a prayer hook—one I happened to have. Put it under the flag-staff when you plant it. It'll make a good foundation for it, if you dont' mind." The young man fell back exhausted. "All right!" said the Sergeant. He could

find no more words. He bent to his work, to hide the fact that he was unmanned. ly starting back. "What's this?" he shricked. His eyes glared with terror, and, with the fear of his being suddenly stricken mad, he sought the tutor-for confirmation no, for denial. "What is it? Speak!" eried the tutor,

starting up like a corpse galvanized.
"My God! I dare not look again. It's human hand!" Fearing that the final excitement had



A Star It of Distoury shallow hole. Beneath the translucent ice and snow, embalmed and lifelike, a hand stretched itself out to him. A finger al-

ost touched the air. each other. They laughed hysterically. One of them cursed his senses. Nay, they deceived not. There lay a hand-perhaps attached to a body-to an explorer. Can it be to another, a previous discoverer of the Pole? Yes, even so! Human ambition bent before the ghastly remains. There is nothing new; nothing undone under the

sun. Two hours of superhuman work laid the chipped body entirely to view. The lifelike, emaciated face of a man mocked at the futility of their achievement. It seemed as if he had breathed only a minute before. A sardonic smile still distorted the mouth, as if it had prophesied this denouement. He might have lain there ten years, a hundred years, or ten thousand. Men have eaten with relish the meat of a mastodon dead 3,000 years. Compared with this corpse the mummy of a Pharaoh is a caricature of the human race. The one is a revolting sketch in tan bark; the other lay before the astounded explorers, almost palpitating in his own flesh and blood. He looked as if a cab-alistic word would raise him to life. But he

was as hard as flint. That he died of starvation and cold was evident. His shoes were only a few tattered skins partly gnawed. His attitude indicated a final yielding to a forlorn struggle. One hand was bent at his breast and evidently

hand was bent at his breast and evidently clutched at something.

The sergeant tugged at it. It broke off like a stalagmite. He drew the arm out and tore open the tattered garments. There came forth's British flag!

This was more than the patriot could bean The incarnation of American endur-

Who knew of it? The only witness to his defeat lay frozen before him. None should But the tutor touched his arm. "No," he

ance, doggedness and magnificent push staggered before the emblem of British pluck. To find another man before you was not so bad, but to be superseded by a rival nation—this was not to be endured.

The Sergeant now acted like a madman.

But the tuter touched his arm. "No," he said, gently. "We must not, we cannot," and he took the obnoxious flag from the Sergeant's tense fingers. As he did so a puper fell heavily to the snow. It had evidently been carefully folded in the flag for preservation. It was the log of the ill-fated man, written in lead pencil. With tremendous difficulty the explorers deciphered the tortuous scrawl of a numb hand.
"1824, September. Am sole survivor of 28 men of Franklin expedition. Franklin dead. No hope of rescue. Had to die anyway. We marched to the north to die as near the pole as possible, Last observanear the pole as possible. Last observa-tion at 82° 28' 26 days ago. I-" Even as he had written, the torpor had reached his



The Tutor's Last Effort.

paralleled heroism into this flag which, as sole survivor, he carried upon his heart, he But what diabolical agent brought this man here, then? If the last was made at the eighty-second degree, how could this starved and frozen creature make his way from thence, nearly 480 miles?

was a monstrous impossibility.

Such thoughts demanded an answer; and
the two dumfounded men demanded a solution from each other. They glared at the dead face, but it rendered no account of its grewsome presence. Then, to cap the climax of this day, the Sergeant sat down and cried, like a man shaken with a terrible sorrow, or like a woman relieved from an awful anxiety.
"Oh-oh!" he sobbed in broken tones,

"it's all right. Of course he's here." "How?" stammered the tutor, looking for all the world like the dead man, in glassiness of color.
"Thank God! Oh-h-he didn't come He drifted! He just happened here!"
This scientific and simple solution relieved the amour-propre and the maddening distress of the explorer so suddenly, so

utterly, that the great sobs came as a bless ing.
"We can raise our own flag, anyway,"
Sergenti remarked the young man. Sergeant Willtwig did not notice how feebly the words were spoken. He only thought of the honor of taking possession of the land and of doing it honorably.

"When will it emerge between Spitz-bergen and Nova Zembla?" mused the Sergeant as he raised the pole.
"I think the English flag ought to float there, too," observed the tutor. "It got "But it wasn't its fault." The Sergeant

glanced at the pleading eyes of his com-panion. They looked as if they belonged to a body translated. "It shall fly below," to a body translated. "It shall fly below," he added. Reluctantly he tied the British it. The tutor struggled to his feet and stood before the flags. For a moment both removed their fur caps and bowed their heads before the emblem of their nation, placed on the proudest eminence in the The beautiful Stars and Stripes floated

fair and free above their heads.

"Can't it go a little higher?" urged the tutor in a whisper, pointing to the British flag. "Somehow—I think—it deserves it," faitered the shattered man. Mumbling a little reluctantly, as if it detracted from his glory, the Sergeant raised the under flag "There! that's enough!" he growled. "Oh.

my boyl we haven't eaten for five hours. Comel let me carry you back. What have I been doing?" Remorse smote him too late; he saw the anguish of death in the

late; he saw the anguish of death in the tutor's face.

"Not yet," he breathed.
Crawling even upon his knees, the generous youth, with a last effort, stood up and raised the undermost ensign until it floated on an equality with its conquering rival. The Sergeant look at him helplessly. This act killed the boy. He cast into the face of the Sergeant an imploring, a commanding, a loving look, tried to speak again, and passed, like hundreds of Arctic heroes, softly into the other world.

As he breathed his last, the most beautiful phenomenon of nature saluted his marching soul. About the sun, two other suns of marvelous radiance were seen to

suns of marvelous radiance were seen to shine. They glowed in the colors of the blue, the yellow and the orange. Their iridescent rays kissed the face which soon, in its eternal tomb on the neighboring island, would never know change and dewith bowed head the bereaved man, now the loneliest man in the world, set his back upon the dead here, upon the triumphant flags, his face against the glittering parbellon, and sought, with broken steps, his

LTo be Continued next Sun