ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

A Visit to the Home of the Ancient Mariner—How the Island Looks Today.

Special Correspondence.

Valparaiso, Chili, Dec. 13.—Being on the western side of South America, it is an easy matter to visit Juan Fernandez—the island known to the world as "Robinson Crusoe's"—for it lies only about 400 miles from Valparaiso, sailing straight toward sunset. Oor rather, it is easy whenever somebody succeeds in drumming up an excursion party, large enough to pay for chartering an especial steamer; otherwise one might as well dream of going on foot to Polynesia, as there is no regular communication between the main land and this isolated Chilian possession. There is a picnic two or three times a year to Juan Fernandez—more for the purpose of shooting goats and seal and fishing for cod and lobsters than for visiting the haunts of the Ancient Mariner, for the memory of that worthy is not held in much veneration near the scene of his adventures.

Since so many of the heroes of our earlier days have lamentably turned out to be myths—since it has been proved that William Tell did not shoot an apple from his son's head, nor Barbara Fritchie flirt a flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson's men, and since in the broad light of nowadays even Santa Claus is doubted, I am delighter to be able to declare that there really was a "Robinson Crusoe," (though, as everybody knows, that was not his true name), and that he lived on the island, almost exactly as described in the story, just 200 years ago. But local traditions of the affair differ greatly from the account with which we are familiar.

It seems that in the year 1704, a Scotchman named Alexander Seleraig, (now commonly called Selkirk), mutinied on board the Spanish bark Cinque Ports, and was given the choice of being hanged at the yard-arm or put ashore alone on an uninhabited island. He chose the latter alternative, because it offered some hope of life; but when landed on the mossy rocks of Juan Fernandez, with his sailor's kit and small supply of provisions, the desoluation of the place so weighed upon him that he begged with tears to be taken back and hanged, rather than remain—a solitary human speck surrounded by a wild waste of water.

A few days afterward he discovered an Indian on the island, who had come down some years before, from the Mosquito coast of Central America, on the pirate, Danthere; and who, having gone ashore to hunt, got lost and was abandoned by his companions. This was the man "Friday," whom Daniel DeFoe immortalized.

After Selkirk had lived on Fernandez four years and four months, he was rescued by an English ship and taken to Southampton, where he told his story with some judicious omissions and exaggerations; and so it came to DeFoe's ears, and finally into print. The book was not published until more than 10 years after Selkirk's return to England, and it is asserted that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" never saw his hero nor held any communication with him, but that he picked up the narrative by bits here and there, mainly from newspaper items which doubtless originated in the sailor's own account of himself. At any rate, it is surprising how correctly the scenery of Juan Fernandez island is portrayed in the well-known story, so that to this day it serves well for a guide-book, and by it one may readily find the "lookout," the "cave," and what remains of Crusoe's 'castle' and other haunts.

But Mr. DeFoe does not appear to have been very well posted on the geography of this part of the world, for he has located his island on the wrong side of the continent, and mixed up Valparaiso on the western coast with Montevideo on the eastern.

Hunt up your long unread "Robinson Crusoe" and turn to the fourth section. There you will read that the hero starts from Brazil, where he had been living as a planter, on a voyage to the northward. Driven by heavy gales toward the equator, along the eastern coast of South America, the captain of the vessel finds himself upon the coast of Guiana, on the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward that part of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great river; "and began to consult with me," continues Robinson, "what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and much disabled, and he was for going directly back to the coast of Brazil. I was positively against that, and looking over the charts of the sea coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Carribee Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; which, by keeping off to the sea to avoid the in-draft of the Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in fifteen days' sail."

And somewhere in those waters the mariner of the story found his island and never saw Juan Fernandez at all. To this day West Indians insist that the island of Tabogo is the one named in the story. There is considerable literature bearing on this subject, most of it as old and quaint as Crusoe himself, which may occasionally be found by searching the musty shelves of antiquarian book sellers. Probably the most authentic account of Selkirk's adventures is contained in a very curious litle book, written by the man who rescued him, Captain Woodes Rogers himself, commander of two Bristol privateers, the Duke and Dutchess. Captain Rogers says that when his ship approached Juan Fernandez (in February, 1709), a light was discovered which they at first thought to be on board a ship at anchor. Two French pirates had been in search of Captain Rogers, and it was supposed that these were lying in wait, close to the shore. The boats which had started landward, hastily returned to the ship; and the wonder is that they did not sail away leaving poor Robinson to his solitude. But Captain Rogers was a brave man, and instead of flight he prepared for battle. Next day, seeing no vessel there, they went on shore, where they found a man—so says the narrator, "clad in goat-skins and looking wilder than the first owners of them." It was Selkirk, who—almost crazed with excitement at sight of a longed-for sail which might deliver him—had built the fire that attracted their attention. The privateers took him on board, and finding that he had been a ship's officer, appointed him mate of one of Roger's vessels and took him to England.

The queerest of all the books is a little quarto volume of only twelve pages, published in 1710, and profusely garnished with capital letters, after the fashion of that time. It is entitled "Providence Displayed, or a very Surprising Narrative of one Alexander Selkirk, master of a merchantman called Cinque Port, who, dreaming that the ship would soon after be lost, he desired to be left on a desolate island in the South seas, where he lived four years and four months without seeing the face of man, the ship being afterwards cast away as he had dreamed. As also how he came afterwards to be miraculously preserved and redeemed from the fatal place by the two Bristol privateers, Duke and Dutchess, that took the rich Acapulco ship worth one hundred tons of gold and brought it to England. To which is added an account of birth and education; his description of the island where he was cast: how he subsisted; the several strange things he saw, and how he spent his time. With some pious Ejaculations that he used during his melancholy residence there. Written by his own hand and attested by most of the eminent merchants upon the royal exchange.'

Probably it was this same little book that furnished DeFoe with a text for his story which has delighted generations of young people in all parts of the world, and filled them with vague longings for sea-life, shipwrecks and solitude. "Robinson Crusoe" had a phenomenal success, accorded to few works since Job wished that his enemy would "make a book," and has by no means lost prestige after two hundred years.

When an excursion to Juan Fernandez is on he tapis, the newspapers of Santiago and Valparaiso advertise it in glowing terms for weeks beforehand; and, as amusements of any sort are rare in Chili, the little coaster that is chartered for the trip is generally crowded to its utmost capacity, though the fare is as high as accommodations are poor. The party we joined,—composed mostly of Chileans and Germans—set sail from Talcahuano, a port some two hundred miles south from Valparaiso; and the fare was put at $50 (gold) per capita, for an absence of eight days.

We were struck by a "norther" when a few hours out, (which, as usual in these waters, came tearing up from the south around Cape Horn), and the seasick misery that commonly attend a voyage so short that one has not time to get his sea-legs on, was intensified by the over crowded condition of the tiny steamer, and the odoriferous messes (limberger, liverwurst, and other mysteries) that our Teutonic friends insisted on devouring between their hearty ar-o-o-u-u-ups. But the most disagreeable things have an end, and late on the second day we came to anchor on the island of our dreams. Nothing could be seen but wild seas on one hand rolling off into the darkness, and on the other a black, perpendicular wall of rock, whose ragged pinnacles appeared to pierce the sky, broken by awful gorges through which the wind wailed dismally. Some of the cliffs seemed so near that we might almost touch them with our hands, and the surf beat so frightfully upon them that returning waves kept the ship rolling as when out on the unsheltered ocean. Sleep was out of the question, so a little group of Americans beguiled the hours by reading "Robinson Crusoe" aloud to one another, in the uncertain light of swaying lanterns. Another passenger had thoughtfully brought along the later book of Mr. J. Ross Browne, called "Cruso's Island," and elicited unmeasured applause by reading how that distinguished man felt when he first set foot upon Juan Fernandez.

Next morning all hands were on deck to see the sun rise over the hills of Cusoe's Island; and when the thick vapors that shrouded them were lifted, a scene of beauty was disclosed worth coming far to see. Beyond the abrupt walls of the rocks that towered a thousand feet straight out of the sea, were mountains whose tops were bathed in the glory of morning, their sides covered with greenest verdure and golden fields of wild oats, their feet hidden in groves of corkwood pimento and myrtle. Farther inland, great peaks of reddish stone towered to the clouds, silvery cascades leaped down to the ocean; and snowy foam outlined the shore where the surf beat in measured swells like the voice of a distant Niagara. The ravines showed flocks and herds and cultivated fields, and in the central valley, nestled amid blooming orchards, were the bamboo cottages thatched with straw in which the few inhabitants live. There is but one spot in all the southern coast, which is the side of the island usually approached, where the rock opens wide enough to admit the smallest vessel. This single inlet is named Cumberland Bay, and nearly all the rest of the shore is totally inaccessible to man, with fearful cliffs overhanging the water, where wailing winds and moaning surf keep up a perpetual dirge for the thousands of sailors who have been shipwrecked in sight of safety. This letter is already too long to admit of a description of the island and an account of our adventures ashore; so we will defer it until another week.

FANNIE B. WARD.

MISS HADLEY WHO SEES SPOOKS.

Grace T. Hadley

Grace T. Hadley, an authoress and teacher, who says she formerly resided in Salt Lake City, claims to have received the following communication: "The Danites are not all dead; their power may still reach from Zion to Babylon. Remember the old doctrine of blood atonement." Meanwhile Miss Hadley continues to see "spooks" of every possible peace-disturbing shape whenever "Mormon" or "Mormonism" is mentioned. Under all circumstances she can be depended upon for furnishing sensations for the "crusaders."

"JACK THE RIPPER."

Emil Totterman, the Swedish sailor, awaiting trial in New York for the diabolical murder of a woman of the streets. The manner of the deed was strikingly similar to the series of London murders which startled the world a decade ago. Some of the quickest detective work on record was done in apprehending Totterman.

PROGRESS OF GOVERNMENT IRRIGATION

FREDERICK H. NEWELL, in charge of the government irrigation work, told an interesting story the other day before a joint meeting of the senate and house irrigation committees, of what the government is doing under the irrigation law. Construction work is under way in Arizona and Nevada and very detailed surveys and investigations of certain projects are being made in California, Montana and Wyoming, while general surveys are going on all over the arid and semi-arid region. Mr. Newell impressed upon the committee the necessity for thorough surveys and the highest utilization of the water resources—the irrigation of the greatest number of acres possible—since the works which the government will build are to be of such a substantial character as to endure for centuries, like the Roman irrigation works of old. It is not a wise policy, he said, to rush hastily into construction of works before all the detailed facts and figures of any project have been gathered and carefully worked out.

The cost of this reclamation, is, under the law, to be borne by the irrigator, and it is estimated will vary from $8 to $20 per acre. All government irrigated land will unquestionably be quickly taken up at such low figures, especially where it is government land and can be secured under the homestead law. If it is held in private ownership it may not be settled so promptly. The government engineers find, in most instances where they have selected promising reservoir sites, that large tracts of the adjacent irrigable lands have been taken up for speculative purposes, under the Desert land act or the commutation provision of the homestead act and are being held "for a rise." The opportunity offered is a good one for the land speculator who will take his profit from the settler.

It is conceded that our forests are being wasted at a fearful rate, and that if the present methods of lumbering continue the entire United States will be denuded of its woods inside of 40 years. What objection can there be to the plan, as advocated by the forestry associaions and the National Irrigation association, to include all the remaining public timber lands, in government forest reserves? This would keep the title to the forests in the national government and prevent the present destruction. The government could sell the timber, or stumpage, but under such regulations as would preserve the young growth, thus insuring the water supply and future cutting of timber, as is done in the German forest department.

The accompanying step to this end is the repeal of the present iniquitous timber and stone law under which corporations can hire men to buy government timber land worth $100 an acre for $2.50. The big companies and their attorneys will naturally oppose any such action, but the people will support it.

GUY E. MITCHELL.

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HUMOROUS.

"He's the most wonderfully optimistic man I ever met."

"Say you so?"

"In truth! His side lost the election and yet he thinks the country may ultimately survive the shock."—New York Sun.

Jokeley—Here's a conundrum for you. In what way am I like a monkey on a stick?

Miss Pert—But you're really not like a monkey on a stick, you know.

Jokeley—So good of you to say so, but—

Miss Pert—But you're not. The monkey on the stick doesn't make a monkey of himself, you know.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I should think you'd be afraid that some of these amateur hunters would mistake you for the bear," remarked the tourist.

"Oh, that ain't where the danger comes in," returned the guide. "S'long as they take me for the bear, I'm safe. It's when they're really shootin' at the bear that the danger to me comes in."—Chicago Post.

"Has anybody engaged this berth above me?" asked the passenger in the sleeping car.

"No sir," said the conductor.

"Then will you please tell the porter to fold it up so I can have a little more air?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, that would be giving you more air than you have paid for, and you can see for yourself that we can't do business on that principle."—Philadelphia Press.

There was a young fellow named Leicester
In love with a damsel named Heicester.
She was a coquette,
And when he called her "Puette,"
She giggled: "You're only a jeicester."

At this the young fellow named Leicester
Heaved sighs like a raging nor'weicester
They melted her heart,
And with movements Delsarte
She yielded, and Leicester careicester.
—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT TO EAT.

Valuable Suggestions for the Kitchen and Dining Room.

This matter will be found to be entirely different from and superior to the usual run of food articles, in that every item is a nugget of culinary wisdom and eminently practical.

Conducted by Katherine Kurtz, Marquette Building Chicago, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

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Menus for Next Three Days.

SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Oranges
Cereal — Cream
Oyster Omelet — Hashed White Potatoes
Whole Wheat Puffs — Coffee

DINNER.
Cream of Tomato Soup
Braited Fowl — Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Lettuce Salad
Banana Pudding — Wafters — Cheese
Coffee

SUPPER.
Broiled Oysters on Toast Points
Lady Cake — Preserved Plums
Chocolate

MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit
Cereal — Cream
Broiled Ham — Creamed Potatoes
Rice Gems — Coffee

LUNCH.
Minced Chicken on Boiled Rice
Hot Biscuit with Maple Syrup
Marble Cake
Tea

DINNER.
Chicken and Rice Soup
Mutton Fricassee — Boiled Rice
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery Mayonnaise
Apple Pie
Cheese — Wafers
Coffee

TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Bananas
Cereal — Cream
Poached Eggs on Toast
Baked Potatoes
Pocket Rolls — Coffee

LUNCH.
Oyster Chowder
Raisin Bread — Fruit Salad
Cocoa

DINNER.
Vegetable Soup
Boiled Tongue, Tomato Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Diced Turnips — Spinach Salad
Suet Pudding — Wafers — Cheese
Coffee

Wine Sauce.

Beat one cup of confectioner's sugar with half a cup of butter to a cream, add to this the well-beaten yolk of one egg, beat the white to froth and add to the other mixture. Flavor with sherry wine and vanilla to taste. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Place the bowl in hot water and stir constantly until the mixture becomes a thick cream. Serve at once

Bananas with Corn Starch.

Peel and cut in four pieces as many bananas as will be required, selecting fine large firm ones for the purpose .To one quart of boiling water add half a cup of granulated sugar and the juice of half a lemon; boil the bananas in this until tender but not broken; drain them and place on a pretty glass dish. Boil the water down one-half in which they were cooked, then stir into it one tablespoonful of arrowroot or corn starch, moisten in a little water; allow it to cook until the starch is clear, remove from the fire and flavor with lemon or orange juice; allow rto stiffen a little, then pour it over the bananas, sprinkle with sugar and chopped English walnuts and place in the oven a moment to brown. If preferred the bananas can be stuck full of split blanched almonds.

Bananas a la Conde.

Wash thoroughly ten ounces of rice, place in a saucepan with water to cover well and boil for five minutes rapidly, drain in a colander and rinse with cold water; return the rice to the saucepan and add a pint and a half of rich milk or cream and boil until tender and thick; then add one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and the yolks of four eggs; butter a border mold, dust well with flour, put in the rice and bake fifteen minutes; then put in a warm place. Peel and cut in half one dozen ripe bananas and boil them in sugar syrup until they can be pierced with a straw; take te bananas out carefully and place on a plate to drain; boil the syrup slowly until it begins to thicken, then put back the bananas adn set them in a warm place; just before serving turn the rice onto a chop platter or large round plate, place the bananas in the center and pile them high, pour the syrup over the fruit, also over the rice, and serve at once. A very dainty entree.

Banana Float.

Place one qaurt of milk in a saucepan, add half a tablespoonful of corn starch mixed with half a cup of sugar and the yolks of four eggs, place the saucepan in a kettle of boiling water and stir over the fire until near the boiling point ,remove at once, pour the custard into a dish and add one teaspoonful of lemon extract; prepare half a dozen bananas and cut them in thin slices, ad whe nthe custard is quite cold stir them in carefully, being careful not to break the slices; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix with a little powdefed sugar, cover the floats with this meringue, place a row of lady fingers areund the edge of the dish and serve very cold.

Banana Toast.

Peel and press six fine ripe bananas through a fruit press. Moisten slices of zwieback with hot cream and serve with a tablespoonful of the banana pulp on each piece. A dainty dish for luncheon or tea.

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