

## NANSEN TELLS OF HIS VOYAGE

The Famous Explorer's Story of the Expedition and Adventures of His Party.

Every Man on Board Enjoyed Most Perfect Health During the Entire Voyage.

The Fram Left in Charge of Captain Sverdrup, in Whom Nansen Has Confidence.

Singular Meeting of Nansen and Jackson of Jackson-Farnsworth Expedition.

London, Aug. 15.—The story in detail, by the explorer himself, of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's Arctic expedition and the adventures of his party, together with the scientific results obtained, the first of which is his success in penetrating the highest latitude hitherto trod by the foot of man, namely 86 degrees 14 minutes north, are given to the world by the Chronicle this morning.

Nansen says in the Chronicle: "The Fram left Jørgen strait, Aug. 4, 1893, and we had to force our way through much ice along the Siberian coast. We discovered an island in the Kara Sea and a great number of islands along the coast of Cape Cheljuskin. In several places we found evidence of a glacial epoch, during which Northern Siberia must have been covered by an inland ice to a great extent.

"On September 15 we were off the mouth of Olenek river, but we thought it was too late to go in there to fetch our dogs, as we would not risk losing a year. We passed New Siberian Island on September 22. We made fast to a floe in latitude 78 degrees 50 minutes north, and longitude 133 degrees 37 minutes east. There we allowed the ship to be closed in by the ice.

"As anticipated we were gradually drifted north and north-westward during the autumn and winter from being constantly exposed to violent ice pressures, but still the Fram surpassed our expectations, being superior to any strain. The temperature fell rapidly and was constantly low with but little variation for the whole winter. For weeks the mercury was frozen. The lowest temperature was 32 degrees below zero.

"Every man on board was in perfect health during the whole voyage. The electric light, generated by a wind mill, fulfilled our expectations. The men were feeling excellent and time passed pleasantly. Everyone made pleasure his duty and a better lot of men could hardly be found.

"The sea was up to 90 fathoms deep south of the 79 degrees north, where the depth suddenly increased and was from 1600 to 1800 fathoms north of that latitude. This necessarily upsets all previous theories based on a shallow polar basin. The sea bottom was remarkably void of any organic matter.

"During the whole drift I had a good opportunity to take a series of scientific observations, meteorological, magnetic, astronomical and biological soundings. Deep sea temperatures, examinations of the salinity of the sea water, etc. Under a stratum of cold ice water covering the surface of the polar basin I soon discovered a warmer and more saline water, due to the Gulf Stream, with a temperature from 31 degrees to 33 degrees. We saw no land and no open water, except narrow cracks, in any direction.

"As anticipated, our drift north-westward was most rapid during the winter and spring, while northerly winds stopped or drifted us backward during the summer. On June 18, 1894, we were on 81 degree 52 minutes north. On October 21 we passed 82 degrees north. On Christmas eve, 1894, latitude 83 degrees north was reached and a few days later 83 degrees 24 minutes, the furthest north latitude previously reached by man.

"On January 4th and 5th the Fram was exposed to the most violent ice pressures we experienced. The ice was frozen in ice of more than 30 feet of measured thickness. The floe was overridden by great masses which pressed against the port side with considerable force, and threatened to bury, if not crush her. Necessary provisions with canvas kayaks and other equipments had been placed in safety upon the ice, and every man was ready to leave the ship if necessary and prepared to continue with the drift, living on the ice. But the Fram proved stronger than even our trust in her, and when the pressure rose to its highest the ice piled up high above her bulwarks she broke loose and slowly lifted out of her bed in which she had been frozen, but not the slightest sign of a split was to be discovered anywhere in her. After that experience I consider the Fram almost equal to anything in the way of ice pressure. Afterwards we experienced nothing more of the kind, but our drift rapidly continued north and north-westward.

"As I now with certainty anticipated the Fram would soon reach the highest latitude north of Franz Josef Land and that she would not easily find a way out the programme of expedition, namely, to cross the unknown polar basin, I decided to leave the ship in order to explore the sea in a northerly route.

"Joensen volunteered to join me, and I could easily have found a companion in every respect. The leadership of the expedition on board the Fram I left to Captain Sverdrup, and with my trust in his qualifications as a leader and his ability to overcome difficulties, I have no fear he will bring all the men safely back, even if the worst should happen and the Fram be lost, which I consider improbable.

"Joensen and I left the Fram on the 14th of March, 1895, at 53 degrees 53 minutes north and 100 degrees 27 minutes east. Our purpose was to explore the sea to the north and reach the highest latitude possible and then go to Spitzbergen via Franz Josef Land, where we felt certain to find a ship. We had 28 dogs, two sledges and two kayaks for possible open water. The

dog food was calculated for 30 days and our provisions for 100 days. We found the ice in the beginning, tolerable good travelling and so made good distances and the ice did not appear to be drifting much. On March 22 we were at 85 degrees 19 minutes north. Although the dogs were less enduring than we hoped, still they were tolerably good. The ice now became rougher and the drift contrary. On March 25 we had only reached 85 degrees 19 minutes N. and on March 29th 85 degrees 30 minutes.

"We were evidently drifting fast towards the south. Our progress was very slow and it was fatiguing to work our way and carry our sledges over high hummocks constantly being built up by the floes grinding each other. The ice had a strong movement and ice pressure was heard in all directions. On April 3 we were at 85 degrees 50 minutes north, constantly hoping to meet with smoother ice. On April 4 we reached 86 deg. 1 minutes north, but the ice became rougher, until April 7, it got so bad I considered it unwise to continue our march in a northerly direction.

"We were then 86 degrees, 14 minutes north. We then made an excursion on skis further northward in order to examine as to the possibility of a further advance, but we could see nothing but ice of the same description, hummocks beyond hummock to the horizon, looking like a sea of frozen breakers. We had had a low temperature, and during nearly three weeks it was in the neighborhood of forty degrees below zero. On April 8 we reached 86 degrees 30 minutes, but soon sank again to 30. When the wind was blowing in this temperature we did not feel very comfortable in our woollen clothing. To save weight we had left our fur suits on board the ship. Minimum temperature in March was 49 and the maximum temperature 24. In April the minimum was 38 and the maximum 20. We saw no sign of land in any direction. In fact the floe ice seemed to move so freely before the wind that there could not have been anything in the way of land to stop it for a long distance off. We were now drifting rapidly northward.

"On April 8th we began our march on skis. On April 12th we reached 87 degrees 12 minutes north, and the unusual length of our march. After that date we were uncertain as to our longitude, but hoped our dead reckoning was fairly correct. As we came south we met many cracks, which greatly retarded our progress, and the dogs rapidly decreasing, and the dogs were killed one after the other in order to feed the rest.

"In June the cracks became very bad and the snow in an exceedingly bad condition for travelling with dogs on the ski and sledge runners broke through the superficial crust and sank deep in the wet snow. Only a few dogs were now left and progress was next to impossible. But, unfortunately, we had no line of retreat. The dogs ran as well as our own, were reduced to a minimum and we made the best way we could ahead. We expected daily to find land in sight, but we looked in vain. On May 21st we were in 82 degrees 21 minutes north, and on June 4th in 82 degrees 26 minutes north, but on June 15 we had been drifted to the northwest to 82 degrees 26 minutes north. No land to be seen, although, according to Payer's map, we had expected to meet with Petermann's Land at 82 degrees north. These discrepancies became more and more puzzling as time went on.

"On June 22nd we had a last shot at a bearded seal and as the snow became constantly worse I determined to wait until the snow melted away. We also shot three bears. We had only two dogs left, which were well fed upon meat. On July 22nd we continued our journey over to tolerable good snow. On July 24th, when at about 82 degrees northwest, we sighted an unknown land, but the ice was everywhere broken into small floes, the water between being filled with crushed ice, in which the use of kayaks was impossible. We therefore had to make our way by balancing from one piece of ice to another, but we did not reach land until August 6th, at 81 degrees 38 minutes north and out 63 degrees east longitude.

"This proved to be entirely ice-capped islands. In the kayaks we made our way and westward to open water along these islands for travelling with dogs on the ski and sledge runners broke through the superficial crust and sank deep in the wet snow. Only a few dogs were now left and progress was next to impossible. But, unfortunately, we had no line of retreat. The dogs ran as well as our own, were reduced to a minimum and we made the best way we could ahead. We expected daily to find land in sight, but we looked in vain. On May 21st we were in 82 degrees 21 minutes north, and on June 4th in 82 degrees 26 minutes north, but on June 15 we had been drifted to the northwest to 82 degrees 26 minutes north. No land to be seen, although, according to Payer's map, we had expected to meet with Petermann's Land at 82 degrees north. These discrepancies became more and more puzzling as time went on.

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"The country became more and more puzzling, as I could find no agreement with Payer's map. I thought we were in a long island, that was, if the map was correct, a narrow strip of travelling straight across the Wilkes arch. Dove glacier, without seeing any land near us. On August 26th we reached a spot in 81-13 north and 56 east, evidently well suited to wintering, and as it was not too late for the voyage to Spitzbergen, I considered it wise to stop and prepare for winter. We shot bears and walrus, and built a hut of stone, earth and moss, making a roof of walrus hide tied down with rope and covered with snow. We used walrus for fuel, and made a fire. Bear meat and walrus blubber was our only food for ten months. Bear skins formed our beds and sleeping bag.

"Winter, however, passed well, and we were both in perfect health. Spring came with sunshine and with much open water to the southwest. We hoped to have an easy voyage to Spitzbergen over the floe of ice and open water. We were obliged to manufacture new clothes from blankets and a sleeping bag from a bear skin. Our provisions were raw bear meat and blubber.

"On May 19th we were at last ready to start. We came to open water on May 23rd, 81-05 north, but were retarded by storms until June 3rd. We sailed and paddled in order to proceed across Spitzbergen from the most westward cape, about which Payer's map was misleading.

"His Meeting with Jackson. Yordoe, Norway, Aug. 14.—The captain of the Windward, which the British north polar expedition commanded by Captain Jackson, and known as the Jackson-Farnsworth expedition, filed a telegraphic message here yesterday describing the accidental meeting between Jackson and Dr. Nansen, forming one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of Arctic exploration. The Norwegian explorer had been living in a hut quite close to one of the English explorer's stations for a

long time previous to the meeting of the two men, yet neither of them was aware of the other's appearance. Jackson describes his meeting with Dr. Nansen, while the latter was traversing the ice pack. It was a lucky meeting for the Norwegian explorer, as he had been misled owing to an inaccurate map drawn by Payer, the discoverer of Franz Josef Land, and also because Dr. Nansen's chronometers and watches having stopped, he was unable to establish his position. Jackson, after meeting Nansen, conducted the latter to Elmwood, the headquarters of the British expedition, where the doctor awaited the arrival of the Windward, which left the Thames on June 10 and Yordoe June 28 to take supplies to the Jackson expedition, and not to bring them back as currently reported.

Captain Jackson, in the dispatch filed by the captain of the Windward, says: "On June 17 I met Dr. Nansen three miles out on a floe, S.E. of Cape Flora. He had wintered in a rough hut within a mile or two of our northern limit in 1895, and this spring we unwittingly came within his field of vision. He was then 86 degrees, 14 minutes north, and a lieutenant in the Norwegian navy and director of the astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic observations, and reached the latitude 86-14, travelling northeast from where left the Fram, which was in 84 north, 102 east. Dr. Nansen expressed the greatest surprise and liveliest satisfaction at meeting with us."

Although he described his own experiences in exploring the western part of Franz Josef Land, telling how he has drawn extensive accurate maps and has discovered new regions adding: "When the windward came to the northward in a little boat, the Mary Harnsworth, and discovered a large tract of land to the west of hitherto known limits and a magnificent headland, composed of ice from the south, coupled with the fact that its base a huge negotiable rampart of ice. We named it Harnsworth Cape and only approached the base of the headland with the greatest difficulty. This spring has been phenomenally mild. Although we marched north a great distance, using sixteen dogs and a pony, we met after a fortnight open water, reaching from the face of a huge glacier east to the precipitous end of another huge glacier west. Advance by sledges was thus cut off. We then struck southeast down Markham Sound and added greatly to our discoveries of 1895, but we are again stopped by the open water. During April, a terrible snow storm, coupled with rises in the temperature, entirely broke up the ice and prevented our marching, but we took a number of valuable photographs."

Dr. Nansen, in describing the winter of 1895-96, says: "I came on and myself started in the direction of Spitzbergen on May 19. After we occupied six weeks on snow shoes, dragging sledges and kayaks (the Arctic canoes) loaded on the sledges after us. We were then cut off by the ice and were stranded where we found all in good health. We remained there about six weeks until the steamer Windward arrived. I left the Fram in good condition and drifting south in the ice."

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE TSETSE-FLY.

The mystery which has hung so long over the cause of that peculiar African epidemic known as "fly disease," a disease of certain domestic animals, which our great traveller Livingstone was among the first to describe accurately and make familiar to the English reader, seems, says the British Medical Journal, at last to be in a fair way of being cleared up. It has all along been believed, both by the natives and by the majority of travellers, that the tsetse-fly (Glossina morsitans, Westwood), was, if not the cause, at all events the principal medium for the distribution of the disease it seemed to be associated with. This fly is a dipterous insect, slightly larger than the common domestic fly. It is provided with powerful maxillary apparatus by which it is enabled to penetrate the skin and suck the blood of the lower animals and even traversing the clothes of man himself.

As the tsetse is a voracious blood-sucker, feeding in search of food from one animal to another, it is regarded as a medium for the conveyance and transmission of the germs of blood diseases. It has an extensive distribution, being found here and there over almost the whole of Central Africa; it abounds to the north of the Transvaal, and on the right bank of the Zambesi, and it is also common on the low country lying between the Ougogo and the eastern shore of the continent. It shuns villages and cultivated places, preferring the borders of swamps and wooded places, and, curious enough, in some way or other its distribution is bound up with and depends upon the presence of large game. The goat, the buffalo, the antelope, and the various deer, are not seriously affected; but the dog, the ox, the sheep, the ass and the horse, when bitten by it under what are now well known conditions, are doomed to almost certain death. Travellers tell us how large herds of oxen have perished, one animal after another, and how, in this way, it is a serious obstacle to the settlement and civilization of the dark continent.

Elaborate studies of the nature of the poison assumed to be introduced into its victims by the tsetse-fly was unknown. Livingstone suggested that it might be derived from the secretion of certain glands which are rather a conspicuous feature of the mosquito, and others have conjectured that it might be a germ of some description. Others, again, have denied that the fly was in any way the cause of the disease. It would now appear now that the natives were right, and that the disease is caused by the tsetse-fly, and that the fly is a serious obstacle to the settlement and civilization of the dark continent.

In closing, the editors of the Journal make the following remarks: "Surgeon-Captain Bruce's discovery will draw attention once more to the part played by insects, particularly blood-suckers, as factors in pathology. The role of the mosquito is beginning to be recognized; and, possibly, ere long, other blood-suckers will be found to possess similar properties, either as active agents, in the biological cycle of disease germs, as in the case of the mosquito, or as media for their conveyance from one human being or from one animal to another, as in the case of the tsetse-fly. Disease distributions—distributions apparently not directly dependent on the climate, but upon some strictly local and limited circumstances—may be conveyed in the same way as the tsetse-fly disease, and owe their peculiar geographical distributions to something of the same sort."

FAMOUS DRAUGHT PLAYERS.

Draughts is very easily learned, but it is by no means an easy game. In a few minutes one can understand the moves, but years of assiduous study and practice are required before the subtleties of this profound intellectual pastime can be mastered. The great Scotch player, James Wyllie, and who is 77 years of age, and who is known throughout the English-speaking world as "the Herd Laddie," a sobriquet which has stuck to him since 1832, when his master, a Biggar cattle dealer, introduced him, a boy of 14, to the Edinburgh "cracks"—has played the game incessantly since boyhood, and he affirmed recently that he is still discovering new and beautiful lines of play.

Wyllie is the high priest of draughts, just as Tom Morris is the high priest of golf, in virtue of years, brilliant performances, and recognized worth of character. Considering his age he plays a remarkably fine game. One has sorrowfully to admit, however, that he is past his best, as his great match last year with Ferrie showed. All the same, his record as a match player will probably never be excelled.

Wyllie is short of stature, with a big bald head, bright eyes, and a round, ruddy face. For many years, when travelling from town to town for the purpose of playing exhibition games, he wore a woollen cravat and a Kilmarlock bonnet. He now appears in club smocks with a neat collar and a natty smoking cap. While on his way to a draughts players' "howl," it is recorded that he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got his umbrella thoroughly soaked. By the time he finished play the watery clouds had rolled past, and the sun was shining brightly. As soon as he got out he put up his umbrella. A friend who was with him said, "Man, Jamie, it's no raining the noo." "No," replied Wyllie, "but my umbrella's wat." Wyllie has travelled extensively, having made long tours in the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, where he met all classes of players. Walking is his own physical exercise, and a few miles daily are sufficient to keep him in good health. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Another grand man of draughts is Robert Martins, a Scotsman by adoption but English by birth. He is the junior of Wyllie by a few years, and he is also an ex-convict of the world. In personal appearance he is the reverse of the "Herd Laddie," being tall, pale-faced, and long-headed. He is courteous in manner, and very cautious in expressing an opinion about a knotty point in a game, always prefacing his remarks with "I think," or "I'm not sure." He and Wyllie have played no fewer than six championship matches, the net result of which is that Wyllie is three games ahead, while Martins' pocket is the richer by £20. The last important match Martins took part in took place in Glasgow nine years ago, when F. C. Barker of Boston defeated him by three wins to one, with 45 drawn games. For

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...ALL GOES... "Merry as a Marriage Bell" IN HOMES WHERE White Star Baking Powder IS USED.

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|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| Full Size, 2 quarts  | 51 |
| " " 1-2 "            | 52 |
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| Long Beef            | 54 |
| Corr. 3 line for     | 55 |

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fly to the disease, though wrong as to the nature of the virus. Surgeon-Capt. David Bruce has shown that the true cause of the tsetse-fly disease is not any secretion or property of the fly itself, but that the fly is merely the passive agent for conveying a living virus from infected to uninfected animals.

The virus is found to be a micro-organism, a protozoan, resembling that which produces a similar disease, the surra, in India. The connection of the fly disease with the presence of large game is explained by the fact that the larva of the fly develops in the dung of the buffalo. The fact that the micro-organism distributed by the fly is so deadly to some animals and so comparatively harmless to others has not been explained, but it is a quality also possessed by other germs, which appear to thrive in the blood of one creature while that of another is fatal to them.

In closing, the editors of the Journal make the following remarks: "Surgeon-Captain Bruce's discovery will draw attention once more to the part played by insects, particularly blood-suckers, as factors in pathology. The role of the mosquito is beginning to be recognized; and, possibly, ere long, other blood-suckers will be found to possess similar properties, either as active agents, in the biological cycle of disease germs, as in the case of the mosquito, or as media for their conveyance from one human being or from one animal to another, as in the case of the tsetse-fly. Disease distributions—distributions apparently not directly dependent on the climate, but upon some strictly local and limited circumstances—may be conveyed in the same way as the tsetse-fly disease, and owe their peculiar geographical distributions to something of the same sort."

FAMOUS DRAUGHT PLAYERS.

Draughts is very easily learned, but it is by no means an easy game. In a few minutes one can understand the moves, but years of assiduous study and practice are required before the subtleties of this profound intellectual pastime can be mastered. The great Scotch player, James Wyllie, and who is 77 years of age, and who is known throughout the English-speaking world as "the Herd Laddie," a sobriquet which has stuck to him since 1832, when his master, a Biggar cattle dealer, introduced him, a boy of 14, to the Edinburgh "cracks"—has played the game incessantly since boyhood, and he affirmed recently that he is still discovering new and beautiful lines of play.

Wyllie is the high priest of draughts, just as Tom Morris is the high priest of golf, in virtue of years, brilliant performances, and recognized worth of character. Considering his age he plays a remarkably fine game. One has sorrowfully to admit, however, that he is past his best, as his great match last year with Ferrie showed. All the same, his record as a match player will probably never be excelled.

Wyllie is short of stature, with a big bald head, bright eyes, and a round, ruddy face. For many years, when travelling from town to town for the purpose of playing exhibition games, he wore a woollen cravat and a Kilmarlock bonnet. He now appears in club smocks with a neat collar and a natty smoking cap. While on his way to a draughts players' "howl," it is recorded that he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got his umbrella thoroughly soaked. By the time he finished play the watery clouds had rolled past, and the sun was shining brightly. As soon as he got out he put up his umbrella. A friend who was with him said, "Man, Jamie, it's no raining the noo." "No," replied Wyllie, "but my umbrella's wat." Wyllie has travelled extensively, having made long tours in the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, where he met all classes of players. Walking is his own physical exercise, and a few miles daily are sufficient to keep him in good health. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Another grand man of draughts is Robert Martins, a Scotsman by adoption but English by birth. He is the junior of Wyllie by a few years, and he is also an ex-convict of the world. In personal appearance he is the reverse of the "Herd Laddie," being tall, pale-faced, and long-headed. He is courteous in manner, and very cautious in expressing an opinion about a knotty point in a game, always prefacing his remarks with "I think," or "I'm not sure." He and Wyllie have played no fewer than six championship matches, the net result of which is that Wyllie is three games ahead, while Martins' pocket is the richer by £20. The last important match Martins took part in took place in Glasgow nine years ago, when F. C. Barker of Boston defeated him by three wins to one, with 45 drawn games. For

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