of Maher's eyelids back. The ball of the eye was of the hue of blood, both eyes exuding thin pus, and it could be seen at a glance that, whatever the cause, Maher was in no shape to fight.

MAY RECOVER IN A FEW DAYS.

Dr. Alward White, one of the most prominent physicians in El Paso, examined Maher's eyes. He says it is a case of ophthalma, such as is common among the Mexicans in this section. The Doctor says Peter's eyes may be all right in a couple of days, but he would not like to promise that they would be in good enough shape to fight before a week had passed.

Martin Julian has visited Maher and satisfied himself that the Irishman is suffering keenly and in no shape to keep his contract, so far as to-morrow is concerned.

James F. Carroll, Fitzsimmons's old trainer, has served papers on Dan Stuart, Stakeholder O'Rourke and the National Bank of El Paso, to garnishee the $10,000 purse. Carroll claims that Fitz owes him $900 on an old account. From the way things stand, the money will be tied up till March 2, the writ of attachment being returnable in El Paso on that date.

The most startling news to develop this afternoon was that Peter Maher had acquired acute inflammation of the eyes and that it was a foregone conclusion that there would be no battle for the world's championship to-morrow. This information was brought to town by Buck Connelly and Jim Hall, who came down from Las Cruces to-day.

As may be supposed the news caused a commotion. Dan Stuart, who, it is claimed, would barely raise his eyebrows if informed that the Rio Grande had begun to flow in an opposite direction and that the embargo had been raised from the carnival, simply said that the facts, whatever they were, would have to speak for themselves.

Martin Julian, manager of Fitzsimmons, assumed the virtue of great concern. He said, of course Maher would have to submit to an examination by an expert oculist, and Stuart indorsed this. Stuart said, in fact, he would have a special physician on his own account, and then Julian declared that Fitzsimmons would also appoint a professional man to pass upon Maher's inflamed optics.

WILLING TO GRANT MAHER TIME.

"In the meantime," said Julian, "I am off across the river to start Fitzsimmons working again. He has been resting since yesterday morning, and as a postponement seems unavoidable, I will have to keep him moving or his wind will get thick. We don't want to put ourselves in a bid light with the public by taking advantage of their man, if misfortune has really come upon him, but we won't stand any fooling. If the doctors decide that he is to fight to-morrow and he insists that he won't, we will surely claim the $1,00 forfeit he has up to guarantee his appearance in the ring February 14."

The news of Maher's condition soon spread around the streets, but in the light of other and wilder rumors, which had preceded it, very little stock was taken in the story. It caused those who have been fearful right along that the fight was to be brought off "on the sneak" to redouble their watchfulness, and there was a stampede of fight followers to the various railroad depots in and around the city.

An idea prevailed against those doubting Thomases—and of such are seven-tenths of the visitors—that the coils gathering around the carnival conductors ,they intended to let outside patronage slide and bury the fight through somewhere in the presence of a kinitscope and a favored few. At odd times during the afternoon, reports were wafted into the busy hamme of the city that something like a special train was being put together at such and such depot, and immediately hacks, loaded roof high with sports, darted at a breakbeck pace toward the particular depot indicated.

After a few of these false alarms had leaked out, the fight followers began to suspect the Johns of giving birth to unreliable reports in order to stimulate trade. The suspicion may have been an unjust one, but certainly it is that the drivers had a busy afternoon of it.

ALL EYES ON STUART.

For some hours this afternoon the idea that a "sneak fight" was contemplated still had possession of the unattached sports, and inquiries as to where Dan Stuart was were cropping up every few moments. The oft repeated answer "I saw him a few moments ago" had but a temporary soothing effect, for pretty soon the query came up again, "Has any one seen Stuart lately?"

As long as somebody had seen the big man from Dallas the others were satisfied, and at 6 p. m. I was told that the vast crowd which hung admiringly around John Sullivan's heels during the forenoon had deserted the ex-champion's banner and was travelling after Stuart. It is very evident that Daniel will never get far out of sight to-night, unless she take a balloon.

MANY "SURE ENOUGH" RING SITES.

It is wonderful the number of people who have discovered the "sure enough" ring site that is to be favored by Stuart and his merry men. I have met at least four persons who, while either awheel or horseback, have seen the kinitscope gang and their platform affairs nothing at work, each of these, too, in a different direction, all of which goes to confirm the suspicion that astute Dan Stuart is causing to be erected a few fighting platforms on the decoy duck order, so as to distract attention from the real spot.

Governor Ahumada and staff paid a visit to the carnival headquarters this afternoon. The Governor was introduced to several of the prominent lights of sportdom at present in El Paso, and was shown the set of gloves with which Maher and Fitzsimmons will bid each other. His Excellency evinced great interest in "the mits." He only remained a few moments.

John L. Sullivan, who has been the head guest of Saloon Keeper Ryan to-day, became freelsome this afternoon. He doffed his coat and has not went behind the bar to show with what speed and grace he could serve drinks. As luck would have it, Governor Ahumada was one of the many "Sulls" passed refreshments to.

STUART SAYS HE'LL WAIT.

Stuart was asked this afternoon whether he could say from the facts already in his possession how long a postponement would be necessary.

"I have no idea," he said. "It may be only a day or two, or it may be a week. This I know, however, if these are determined to fight, I will stick to my part of the bargain if it takes a year to heal all their ailings and bring them together. It is a matter of pride with me now, and I'm going to pull this fight off if it takes all Summer."

It was suggested to Stuart that he might arrange to have one of the smaller fights to-morrow, so that the disappointment of these here waiting might not be so keen.

"The big fight first or nothing," was Stuart's sententious rejoinder.

For that matter there is nothing, unless it is the pugilists in training or walking about to show that there is any intention of bringing the lesser events of the carnival about. No one is asked to purchase a ticket for anything but the big fight, but managers of the second and third raters candidly admit that they don't think their men will get a chance to shed their shirts around El Paso.

The news of Maher's misfortune came just at a time when the dead game sports were working themselves into a small sized betting fever. A few small wagers have been made at even money. Warren Lewis is the most pronounced Maher man yet to show up. He offered to-day to take 5 to 1 in thousand of dollars and bet that Maher would batten out Fitz in one round. There were no takers.

The change in the situation has stifled the betting again, however, and now those who have come a long distance to see the mill are on the anxious seat, many of them taking a pessimistic view of things and voicing the belief that there will be no fight.

RANGERS WATCHED THE TRAINS.

Excursion trains have arrived from points in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, as well as from more distant cities, and the town looks as it might be expected to look on the eve of some great holiday. The hotels are crowded, while rooms in even the dingiest lodging houses are at a premium. Saloons and restaurants are doing a roaring trade and the faro dealers are as busy as sailors.

A story showing how alert the rangers are in guarding against the fair name of Texas being sullied by the holding of a prize fight in the Lone Star State is going the rounds. It is told that in wee small hours this morning the peace preservers referred to actually seized and held a westbound train for some hours. It was about 2:30 a. m. when the thing occurred. At that hour a west-bound Southern Pacific train was about to pull out from here. It had two cars attached, which the rangers had reason to believe were loaded with ring apparatus and other accessories of the big fight.

Captain Hughes and a small number of rangers tried to board the train, and the train hands objected. The rangers were persistent, and the railroad people sent for the Captain of Police and as many men as he could bring with him. When the police reached the depot Captain Hughes told him he was acting under orders of the Governor of Texas. He said he merely desired to have his men watch the suspected cars until they passed over the Texas border, and that if his men were not allowed to go the train would not be permitted to move.

The police refused to interfere, and after a couple of hours' delay to admit of wiring for instructions by the train handlers, the necessary permission was forthcoming for the rangers to ride as far as they wanted to. Only four rangers took passage, and these dropped off when they reached the far side of the bridge which crosses the Rio Grande, about five miles from here.

The train and the cars, with their contraband contents, whirled away in the direction of Los Angelos.

W. W. NAUGHTON.

WOMAN AMONG FIGHTERS.

Parson Davies Tells Her That Parkhurst Started the Anti-Pugilistic Crusade.

El Paso, Feb. 13.—"El Paso," said a gentlemanly cow-puncher to me, this bright and glorious morning, "El Paso is all tore up."

"Is how?" said I to the gentlemanly cow-puncher, and then he took me over into the little brown plaza in front of the hotel and explained.

"You see," he said, "the storekeepers they voted coin to get this here fight—$10,000 they voted. The men went and bought boxes and seats for their wives and the wives invited friends and folks from near and far, and the preachers got in and rounded up the whole range, and everybody is mad, all but the preachers; they're kind o' lightsome and free. They didn't lose nothin' by it, but the women say, 'Have you seen Stuart, the man that's running this show? Looks troubled in his mind, don't he?'

"You'd ought to hear the names the women are calling him. He tells them there aint goin' to be no boxes nor yet no seats, but they clamor to go, wanderin' and chirpin' through the roads. He says no; no he says, he aint goin' to have a lot of women cryin' round, if the soldiers come an' break things up. I wouldn't be in Stuart's boots, not for no money."

The cow-puncher spoke truly. El Paso is all torn up. Nobody knows where the fight is going to be, or who's going, or whether there's to be any fight at all. Some practical joker has started his minions abroad to scatter tales, and now all the ladies who want to go rush forth with the joyous news that Mexico has relented and that the big fight will be in the bull ring across the river, with boxes and dress circle and all. Again the minions spread dreadful tales of Mexican orders to shoot without sparing, and there you are.

Parson Davies and I had a good little talk about the whole affair this morning. The Parson says this is the last fight America will see, "unless," he said, with a fine smile, "unless I can get twenty-two fighters and line 'em up, eleven on a side, then the Government might not interfere."

Parson Davies has managed more prize fights than any man alive, and he known among the elect as a "Dead game sport." He is a very handsome and well groomed man, and he looks exactly like an intelligent clergyman with pink cheeks and very white teeth and very blue eyes—and a large and devoted congregation.

The hotel parlor is given over to cots, so the Parson and I sat in the large and chilly dining-room and talked. A clean little Chinaman, with a shining queue neatly bound around his square head, was listening. Incidentally he was setting tables.

"Of course you know," said the Parson, "this is all nonsense. Prize-fighting is no worse now than it ever was, and it never was bad. You take the races. A jockey is thrown and killed. Somebody says, 'Poor fellow.' The bell rings and the next race is on. Nobody stops the racing. Take football, or even baseball—but what's the difference, they've got us, these ministers, and it don't do a bit of good to cry. They've simply got Congress, and they've got the Governors. And we've got to make the most of it. I'm sorry to see it. I think it a bad thing for any country. It never could happen in England. There's a league, there are athletic leagues, and every time a man's put for Parliament the league sends some one to him and the some one says 'How do you stand on sports?' The man tells, and if he's all right, al right; if he's wrong—well"— and here the Parson drew his well-kept hand across his throat and smiled amiably.

"How do I account for this sudden rising against fighting? Hysterics, I guess; hysterics are catching, same as measles. Parkhurst started the thing. Parkhurst is all right, I guess. From what I hear I think he's on the level. He thinks he's right and he's got a lot of sand. But there are others. They are just falling over their heels to imitate him. They don't know a thing about boxing; they never saw a fight in their lives, but they are just aching for a chance to hit somebody, and we give 'em the chance and they hit us, that's all.

"Ah, here's Mr. Bat Masterson," and the Parson introduced Mr. Masterson to me and told me that Mr. Masterson was the greatest ring goer in America, and he said that Mr. Masterson could "keep trouble down" with his eye, while any two other men would need Winchesters.

Mr. Masterson blushed and bowed and then sat down and began to talk about the preachers. He doesn't like preachers and he does like a good fight, and he said:

"America is no free country. Hear 'em hollering about the bird of freedom election time, and then see 'em swoop down on a quiet little mill. Why, it's ridiculous. Then little old Mexico comes whooping along, yelling 'No fights in Mexico!' and sending troops down to arrest us all. What about them bull fights of theirs? These 'ere Governors are a lot of old grannies. Why, that man in Arizona makes me tired; afraid somebody'll scrap in his little old cactus patch. Well, it's business, business. It helps them along in their graft. We've always minded our own affairs, we sports. I guess we will have to get in and tend to these yere things a little. Organized citizens, I guess. I guess we will organize a bunch. It's give and take in this old world—give and take."

Mr. John L. Sullivan says it's all simple enough. He was getting ready to go over to see the old cathedral across the river when I saw him.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Sullivan. "I'll tell you; politics. That's what's the matter. Politics and too much chin fighting. Folks get tired of reading about fights and never seeing none. This is the last there'll be in print or in the ring for a long time. Fightin's down. There's no get right in and land in any more. It's all talk with them; no wonder folks are sick of it. Politics and chin fighting, that's what's killing the business."

"Well, said the gentlemanly cow-puncher, when I told him what these gentlemen said, "Well, each man's got his own brand."

WINIFRED BLACK.

ON NEW MEXICO'S SOIL?

Letter to the Mexican Minister at Washington Describes the Alleged Battle Ground Selected.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Senor Don Romero, the Mexican Minister, has received a long letter from an official of his Government at El Paso, expressing confidence that the fighters will not attempt to enter Mexican territory. He says he has visited the place which has been prepared for the fight and gives a full description of it.

It is located in the Territory of New Mexico, near the Texas boundary, and only two and a half to three miles from the city of El Paso, from which it can be reached by a good wagon road. It is also only a few hundred yards from the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific railway lines.

Here a nearly square amphitheatre, measuring about fifty-eight by seventy yards, has been constructed, with boxes, seats and all facilities for 15,000 to 20,000 persons, and everything was complete except the roof, which was to be of canvas and placed in position later. The report expresses confidence that the attempt to fight will be made at this point.

The strongest disbelief is expressed that any attempt will be made to have the fight on disputed territory near Ysleta, or that any "rush" will be made into Mexico, as it would be impossible to provide accommodations for the great crowd under such circumstances.

Minister Romero is sure that nothing will be left undone by his Government to prevent the fight from occurring on Mexican soil.

NANSEN DEAD, SAYS GREELEY.

The American Arctic Expresses the Gravest Fears for His Expedition.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13.—"General Greeley, when interviewed to-day, called attention to the fact that the dispatch announcing Nansen's success did not state where he was when heard from, and this he regarded as a suspicious circumstance.

"It would have been easy when telegraphing the reported discovery of the North Pole to have stated just where Nansen was when this trader heard from him. As a matter of fact," said General Greely, "nothing had been heard from the explorer since his departure from civilization."

"It was expected that he would touch at the New Siberia Islands on his way around to take extra provisions and dogs for his sleds. Several parties had touched at the islands during the past two or three years, however, and they had found no evidence that Nansen had been there."

Genneral Greely has gone on record as condemning the theory upon which Nansen's expedition was founded, and, like Commodore Melville, he believed the project to be utterly impracticable.

According to General Greely, Nansen held that by getting into the Jeanette current he would be carried north to the pole, and then across it south into warmer waters again. Nansen based his belief upon the existence of such a current on the finding of what was claimed to be relics of the Jeanette expedition, which had been found on the Greenland coast, and on a theory he conceived, based on the direction of the currents of the wind.

Now, according to General Greely, the supposed relics of the Jeannette had never been authenticated as such, although it would have been easy to do so.

Upon this flimsy foundation, said General Greely, the Fram expedition started. He said he did not believe that it has gotten to the Pole, but, in view of the length of time since the party started, he believes that it has perished, or is in great peril.

The Norwegian Government evidently takes the same view, he said, for it has projected an expedition to go to Nansen's relief, though no one can suggest the point where the relief expedition should be sent.

HELD IN AN ICY GRASP.

Henry G. Bryant, a Well-Known Arctic Traveller, Discredits the Nansen Rumor.

Philadelphia, Penn., Feb. 13.—Henry G. Bryant, a well-known scientist, who was with the first Peary expedition to the North Pole and who commanded the relief expedition in 1894, said this afternoon that he thought the report of Nansen's reaching the Pole was premature. "I believe that it is another foolish rumor like that started by the Figaro last Spring," he said. "To my mind the first we shall hear of the doughty Norwegian will be from the Danish colonies in Greenland. You see it was Dr. Nansen's idea to allow his ship to be carried slowly across the neighborhood of the Pole by the currents which he argued existed. The Fram started from the new Siberian islands and sailed directly north. He expected to drift across the Pole in the ice floes and come out near Greenland. When he sailed in 1893 he expected to be gone about three years, but took provisions for five. In my opinion there was nothing wild about the scheme, but still it is a dangerous thing for a man to give himself up wholly to the forces of nature. When Nansen is caught in the ice he will be at its mercy, and nothing that he can do will get him out. He must remain passive to every movement, and it may be a long time before he is released, if ever."

HAS DR. NANSEN FOUND THE POLE?

Continued from First Page.

months earlier, twenty-five months after Nansen had started, his brother Alexander wrote to the newspapers, saying that his brother spoke to him thus before his departure:

"I candidly don't consider that there is any chance of my returning home in two years. I do not think in any case we can get home in less than three years. Possibly four years may pass, or even five, but you may depend on it return we will. Of this there is not a shadow of doubt, for no expedition was ever fitted out like ours."

Latest Advices in London.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Feb. 14—3 a. m.—The morning papers state that the news from Nansen was received by the Oriental Review of Irkutsk, from ouchmareff, through an official at Kolymsk. It was sent by letter to Yakutsk, thence to Kirensk and from there by telegraph.

A later dispatch adds that the news originally came from Ust Yansk, at the mouth of the Yana River.

A dispatch from Christiana this morning states that the relatives of Nansen declare they attach no credence to the report that Nansen is heard from, but some of the Swedish geographical authorities do not think the news improbable, because if the explorer is returning home Kolymsk would be the first station he would reach.

The Chronicle says no one is able to form an opinion. It puts no faith whatever in the story that the North Pole has been reached. It suggests that the dispatch had to come 2,000 miles across the great plain of Siberia from Irkutsk to Kolymsk. In the second place this news comes to soon, as Nansen is only away half the time he expected to be gone.

The Daily Telegraph says, editorially: "Nansen would have to float against the current which carried the Jeannette relics to Siberia and back to Greenland again. This is not time when the ice opens.

"Yet how glad every brave, intelligent human heart would be if the report proved true, as it may really prove."

WHAT THE BERLINERS SAY

A Number of Leading Scientists Sanguinely Believe That the Norwegian Explorer's Expedition Is a Success.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, Feb. 13.—The news which reached here this afternoon via St. Petersburg that an agent of Dr. Nansen had received word from the doughty Norwegian explorer that he has succeeded in reaching the North Pole and that he had discovered land in the extreme Arctics has startled Berlin. It is the talk of the town. The news is discussed especially in scientific circles, where Dr. Nansen is well known, he having delivered many geographical lectures here some years ago.

Many of the geographical experts are reported as saying that they believe the rumor well founded, that the news was perhaps received in Northern Siberia months ago, but has only just reached his agent, Kouchnareff, in Irkutsk.

They argued that Dr. Nansen proceeded in the early Winter toward Scandinavia, but on account of the drift ice will not reach Christiania until the Summer.

But there are just as many scientists who are very sceptical on the subject, and who believe that the expedition has perished in the Arctics.

COL. GILDER'S THEORIES.

The Great Arctic Traveller Believes Trustworthy Reports Will Only Come Through Whalers.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 13.—Colonel W. Gilder, when interviewed to-day on the Nansen dispatch, spoke in a very pessimistic tone. He said: "If any looks at the map of Siberia and bears it in mind that the Prefect of Kolymsk has received news of Nansen that he at last reaches Irkutsk, he must wonder what strange dispensation of Providence brought the daring explorer of the Polar Regions in communication with the Ispravnik of the Kolyma.

"The Kolyma is the most easterly of the Siberian rivers, and Irkutsk is on the Angara River, a small territory of Lake Baikal in the southern part of that vast territory and only a few miles distant from the Chinese border. It is many weeks' journey from Sradne Kolymsk, where the Ispravnik of the Kolyma lives, to Irkutsk, and news of Nansen arriving that way could only come in one of two ways.

"Either Nansen has been forced back upon the Siberian coast from the point where he entered the ice, near the New Siberian Islands, or he has passed over the pole, and, instead of coming out between Spitzberger and Greenland, the drift has carried him clear across the polar regions and brought him down in the eastern coast of Siberia. In either case he would find that he is to the east instead of the west of the point at which he entered the ice and all his theories would be overthrown.

"The despatch, anyway, bears upon the face of it the brand om improbability.

"Dr. Nansen originally came into view as the first man to lead a party across the Great Mer de Glace, the ice cap of Siberia, which was a feat to be proud of. Several of the most listinguished explorers of the Arctic regions had attempted the same trip and failed. Often this failure was due to the fact that the transit of Greenland was attempter from the west coast, where are the homes of the Danish settlers, thus rendering necessary a return trip before the exploring party could escape from the perils of the travel on the Greenland ice cap.

Nansen, in violation of all precedent, started from the sast coast and came out in the settlement on the west, as one who knew the subject might suppose."

"Dr. Nansen believes that the "Fram" could not be crushed by the ice, though that is a matter to be determined by experience, but even if she should be crushed it is quite probable that the crew would find a safe retreat to Europe, or some of the islands to the southward, for though there has been a number of memorable ice journeys in the annals of the Arctic exploration, there is no record existing of any one having been lost upon those wonderful and appalling journeys.

"When correct news is received from Nansen it will probably come from Whalers or walrus hunting vessels in the North and East of Nova Zembla."

PRAISE FOR DR. NANSEN.

Scandinavian Ministers Enthusiastic Over the Explorer's Work.

The Scandinavian ministers of this city and Brooklyn, who are attending a special conference at the Norwegian Church, Third avenue and Pacific street, Brooklyn, were enthusiastic when Rev. Dr. Jacobsohn announced at the beginning of the afternoon session the published reports of the success of Dr. Nansen in reaching the North Pole.

At the close of the session Dr. Jacobsohn said:

"The dispatches from Siberia announcing that Dr. Nansen has discovered the North Pole will be eagerly read by the Scandinavians in this country. They are great admirers of him, and at the time he was fitting out the expedition they subscribed liberally to help him carry out the project. Of course the cablegrams and dispatches received so far are very meagre and it may be months before it is positively known that Dr. Nansen reached the North Pole, but I see no reason to doubt it.

"Dr. Nansen is a man of pluck and strong will power. He has had considerable experience in the Arctic seas, and with the ship designed by him for the purpose of resisting the ice, and with his pluck and energy, I believe that he has accomplished his object."

A Group of the Crew of the Fram.

The illustration taken from a Christiania paper, shows the five leading members of the expedition—Dr. Nansen, Captain Otto Swedrup, the ship's master; Sigurd Hansen, lieutenant in the Norwegian Navy; Henrek Blessing, surgeon and botanist, and Theodore Jacobsen, the mate.

NAUSEN WILL NOT RETURN

The Intrepid Explorer's Friends and Relatives Believe He Has Succumbed to Arctic Perils.

The following letter, which was intended for publication in next Sunday's Journal, shows that most of Dr. Nansen's countrymen believe that he and his crew have perished:

Christiania, Feb. 2.—Where is Dr. Fritjof Nansen?

Where is the Fram, that gallant little steamship which two and one-half years ago left Norway's capital blessed by the earnest prayers and good wishes of an enthusiastic throng of hardy Norsemen to brave the ice-bound waters of the North? These are the all-absorbing questions just now in Christiania, and, it may be said, throughout Scandinavia.

Notwithstanding the fact that the doughty explorer assured his family and friends that they need not worry if they did not hear from him for three years to come, poor Mrs. Nansen is inconsolable. "He will never return to me," she said a few days ago, and her pale countenance personified despair while she spoke the words.

Her friends report that she is just recuperating from a long sickness, during which her feverish ravings depicted a battered hull tightly clasped by floating columns of ice in the bleak unknown vastness of the North, every man aboard frozen stiff, and the brilliant aurora borealis of the Arctic, which sometimes lightens the sky, revealing to her the outstretched body of her intrepid husband, failure and despair disfiguring his noble features.

Mrs. Nansen was brave and patient until the beginning of this Winter, but she expected some news of Dr. Nansen would surely come by that time. The report which was published in a Christiania paper and copied on the Continent, that the carrier pigeons which the doctor had taken North with him had returned to their cote in this city and had brought an affectionate epistle from her husband was a canard. It was started by a gossipy neighbor, who saw the carpenter repairing the dove cote in the Nansen yard after it had been partly wrecked by a storm.

Solicitude for the fate of the Fram has now also been expressed by the Norwegian scholars and scientists, phlegmatic and long-suffering scribes, who have ventured all sorts of theories during the last year, none of which seems to satisfy the public. And now the question is on every lip, and the answer seems just as quickly ready: "He will never return alive."

There are only three men of prominence in all Norway who have not yet abandoned hope, though when they are interviewed their scientific conjectures do not seem plausible, even to themselves, and it does not take a very deep student of human nature to detect how bottomless are their convictions. The men referred to are Professor Dr. Yngvar Nielsen, of the Christiania University; Dr. Nansen's secretary, Herr Christoferson, and Alexander Trontheim, the Russian, who delivered to the explorer his pack of Eskimo dogs.

Professor Nielsen has been a life-long friend of Dr. Nansen. To him were confided all the secret aspirations of the explorer and the details of the voyage. "Since the Fram left Chaborowa, the last European station at which the ship dropped anchor, to take the Eskimo dogs aboard, I have had no tidings from Dr. Nansen," said Professor Nielsen in an interview recently.

"His secretary, Christoferson, remained on board from June 24 until August 3, 1893, during which time the Fram sailed from Christianafjord past the long Norwegian coast as far as Vardoe, and then along the 70th degree of latitude to Jugorski Shar, and thence to Chaborowa, the most Northern European station. Here Mr. Christoferson left him and returned overland to Christiania.

"According to the original project which we mapped out," said Dr. Nielsen in a significant tone, "the Fram was to stop on the Siberian coast, at the mouth of the Alenek, to take on another supply of dogs. It was also understood that some communication, by mail or telegraph, would be sent from some town on the coast. It has now been established beyond a doubt that the vessel has not been seen there at all.

"If no disaster overcame the vessel before it could reach the New Siberian Isles, in order to start on the long drift to the Pole, then the only thing that can be surmised is that Dr. Nansen changed his course this side of the isles and made up his mind to follow some ice current direct northward.

"From a Russian and not altogether reliable source I learned that the expedition touched again on the Russian coast, near Chaborowa, and Dr. Nansen seemed to have little confidence in the success of his enterprise.

"Christoferson, who is now living in Christiania as a journalist, has in numerous articles denied these rumors. In fact he has always taken a roseate view of the situation, explaining that the Fram is a stanch, well built ship, constructed expressly for such a voyage; that there were ample provisions on board for several years for a small company; that the object of the expedition was not so much to make a record trip to the Pole as to aid science with invaluable acquisitions through astronomical and meteorological observations, etc.

"Dr. Nansen was peculiar in some of his ways. He was exceedingly reticent, even to me, on certain points. I believe he possessed some secret knowledge of the Arctics, with which science is not acquainted, a knowledge which seemed to make him hesitate at times in his plans. I remember one Autumn evening in 1892, when we were walking home together from the university that he said suddenly in the course of conversation, which, as usual, pertained to his coming voyage: 'I suppose you know that I have changed my plans with respect to the course.' But immediately he checked himself and added, 'but I will say nothing further about this.'

"I often think of these words when I am overcome with fear regarding his safety and that of the brave men who accompanied him, and some faint hope that I will still clasp their hands some day comes to me. Herr Christoferson has also informed me that during the deliberations on board the Fram Dr. Nansen had often expressed the opinion that if the dogs already aboard would prove efficient, it would be useless to undertake the round about voyage by way of the New Siberia Isles to take on another pack."

"Herr Christoferson also tells me that much ice was floating in the westerly direction during the stop at Chaborowa. It drifted in a rapid current and it was a most enchanting sight, that long procession of sunlit crystal bodies, speeding to unknown icefields. When on the night of August 13, at 12 o'clock, the Fram finally sailed out of sight of man and civilization a strong wind, almost a hurricane, set in. Those that remained behind saw the Fram steer toward the Carian Sea.

"If Dr. Nansen and his men have perished," concluded Professor Nielsen, "I am sure it is not from starvation, as there was food enough on board for a four years' voyage."

One of the oldest and most experienced captains of a sealer shook his head ominously when asked to give his opinion of Dr. Nansen's fate. "Everything depends," he said, "on the character of the ice in which the Fram drifted after leaving Chaborowa. If after a few days' sail he met the large ice in motion he would encounter the greatest peril. The strongest vessel would be wrecked in short order. In that case it was surely the last of the expedition. If he encountered only small ice in motion then, as the Winter progressed, his ship would have been frozen in between the mass and it would have been lifted up with it. Toward Summer he would have beeen enabled to travel further north."

Still these three men—Dr. Nielsen, Herr Christofersen and Trontheim—foster hope and Nansen's secretary and journalist, often quotes the explorer's words:

"All that is necessary for a Polar expedition is plenty of food and clothing, then I fear no other danger," but the Scandinavian public think of their courageous countryman and his company as frozen stiff in the battered hull of the Fram.

The Fram.

The ship in which Dr. Nansen sailed from Christiana to discover the North Pole. It was built especially to meet the perils of the Arctics, and was thought to be indestructible by ice floes.

"WHO SAID MASSACRES?"

Information of Gladstone's Return to Politics Supplied by the Authority Who Announced His Retirement.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Feb. 13.—The Chronicle announces that the rumor of Mr. Gladstone's return to public life is "absurd."

This is the same paper which used the same word in reference to the news of Mr. Gladstone's retirement when first published in a London newspaper.

The curious parallel goes further still, because the rumor that Mr. Gladstone had expressed an inclination to go back to Parliament to rouse England in behalf of the persecuted Armenians comes from the same close, intimate friend who first gave the news that the "Grand Old Man" intended to retire into private life and end in peace those declining days now so greatly disturbed by the horrors of Turkish murders in the Southeast of Europe.

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