

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.



Jules Verne's thrilling and fascinating romance, "Finding the North Pole," is one of the great literary masterpieces, and should at this time be of particular interest in every home. Verne wrote it more than a generation ago, as a story, a thing of fiction. But it has come true on him. Just as his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" came true in the submarine, and his "Round the World in 80 Days" has been shown easy of accomplishment. But none of this famous and gifted French romancer's creations has been borne out so fully, so much in detail, as his "Finding the North Pole" 35 years after he wrote it. As in the controversy between Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, there is a fight in Verne's story between two rival explorers for the glory of finding the pole. In the end, as in the present case—well you'd better read the story.

The novel describes—vividly, as only Jules Verne can—the hardships and dangers of polar exploration, and makes clear to the readers with what bitterness one explorer, who has overcome all hardships of nature, will regard a rival explorer who threatens to snatch from him the glory of realizing his life desire. There is a surgeon in this story, the efficient aid to the chief of the party, just as Dr. Cook was Peary's brave and efficient aid before their friendship was broken.

In rapidity of action and tenseness of interest, this old story of the great French romancer is not excelled by anything he himself wrote, and by few stories of adventure written by others.



JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I

It was a bold project of Capt. Hatteras to try to push his way to the north pole, and gain for England the glory of its discovery. But he had struggled for nine months against currents and tempests, shattering icebergs and breaking through almost insurmountable barriers. In an unprecedented winter he had outdistanced all his predecessors and accomplished half his task, when he saw all his hopes blasted. The mutiny of his worn-out crew had left him and his little band of three men in a terrible situation—helpless in an icy desert, 2,500 miles from their native land—their ship a wreck, blown up by the mutineers. However, the courage of Hatteras was still undaunted. The three men, which were left him were the best on board his brig, and while they remained he might venture to hope. Of the Forward, the brig they had so carefully built, not a vestige remained. Shapeless blackened fragments, twisted bars of iron, cable ends still smoldering, and here and there in

"Yes, but we must first revive Bell," replied the doctor. "Then go and find the sledge, and get the American." Bell lay on the ice almost insensible. Johnson had to take vigorous measures to rouse him, but at last, by dint of shaking and rubbing him with snow, he succeeded. "Come, Bell," he cried, "don't give way like this. Exert yourself, my man; we must have a talk about our situation, and we need a place to put our heads in. Come and help me, Bell. You haven't forgotten how to take a snow hut, have you? There is an ice-berg all ready to hand; we've only got to hollow it out. Let's set to work; we shall find that is the best remedy for us." Bell tried to shake off his torpor and help his comrade, while Dr. Clawbonny undertook to go and fetch the sledge and the dogs. "Will you go with him, captain?" asked Johnson. "No, my friend," said Hatteras, in a gentle tone, "if the doctor will kindly undertake the task. Before the day ends I must come to some resolution,



"THE EXPLOSION OF THE FORWARD TOOK THEIR LAST MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE."

the distance spiral wreaths of smoke—that was all. Books, instruments and precious collections were in ashes. Clawbonny, the surgeon, and Johnson, the boatswain, surveyed the wreck. Bell, the carpenter, lay insensible on the ice. Capt. Hatteras stood apart, arms folded, his faithful dog beside him. "Poor old brig!" exclaimed the doctor. "I had grown attached to her. I loved her as one loves a house where he has spent a lifetime." "Ay! It's strange what a hold those planks and beams get on a fellow's heart," said Johnson. "And the long-boat—is that burnt?" asked the doctor. "The mutineers carried it off." "And the pirogue?" "Shivered into a thousand pieces!" "Then we have nothing but the Halkett boat?" "Yes, we have that still, thanks to your idea of taking it with you." "That isn't much," said the doctor. "And we have a dying one to look after." "A dying man?" "Yes, Capt. Altamont, an American navigator, whose ship, the Porpoise, was stranded somewhere to the north. We found him, half starved and frozen on the ice," said the doctor. Johnson muttered an exclamation of pity. But his mind went back at once to his own desperate situation. "Then we have no fuel whatever?" he said. "No." "And no provisions?" "No." "And no ship to make our way back to England?" "It required courage to face these gloomy realities. After a moment's silence, Johnson said again: "Well, at any rate we know exactly how we stand. The first thing to be done now is to make a hut, for we can't stay long exposed to this temperature."

and I need to be alone to think. Go. Do meantime whatever you think best. I will deal with the future." Johnson went back to the doctor and said: "It's very strange, but the captain seems quite to have got over his anger. I never heard him speak so gently before." "So much the better," said Clawbonny. "Believe me, Johnson, that man can save us yet." And drawing his hood as closely round his head as possible, the doctor seized his iron-tipped staff, and set out without further delay. Johnson and Bell commenced digging a hole in the heart of a great block of ice. It was not easy work, owing to the extreme hardness of the material. However, this very hardness guaranteed the solidity of the dwelling,

and the further their labors advanced the more they became sheltered. Hatteras alternately paced up and down and stood motionless, evidently shrinking from any approach to the scene of the explosion. In about an hour the doctor returned, bringing with him Altamont, the American, on the sledge, wrapped up in the folds of the tent. The dogs were so exhausted from starvation that they could scarcely draw it along, and they had begun to gnaw their harness. While the hut was being dug out the doctor went foraging about, and had the good fortune to find a little stove, almost undamaged by the explosion. He soon restored it to working trim, and, by the time the hut was completed, had filled it with wood and got it lighted. Before long it was roaring, and diffusing a genial warmth on all sides. The American was brought in and laid on blankets, and the four Englishmen seated themselves around the fire to enjoy their scanty meal of biscuit and hot tea, the last remains of the provisions on the sledge. Not a word was spoken by Hatteras, and the others respected his silence. When the meal was over, the doctor rose and went out, making a sign to Johnson to follow. "Come, Johnson," he said, "our goods are scattered in all directions. We had better pick them up as fast as possible, for the snow may fall at any moment, and then it would be quite useless to look for anything." "Don't let us lose a minute, then," replied Johnson. "Fire and wood—these are our chief wants." "Very well, you search one side and I'll take the other, and we'll take from the center to the circumference." This task occupied two hours, and all they discovered was a little salt meat, about fifty pounds of pemmican, three sacks of biscuits, a small stock of chocolate, five or six pints of brandy, and about two pounds of coffee, picked up by bean off the ice. Neither blankets, nor hammocks, nor clothing, were found—all had been consumed in the devouring flame. This slender store of provisions would hardly last three weeks, and they had wood enough to supply the stove for about the same time. Capt. Hatteras, with Bell and the doctor, had been away on an exploring expedition when the mutiny occurred. The morning after the little party had built their snow house, he called Johnson to him. "Tell me all the particulars of the mutiny on the brig," he said. "Well," began the sailor, "almost immediately after your departure Shandon, supported by the others, took command of the ship. I couldn't resist him. Shandon made no attempt at discipline. He made them believe that their privations and toils were at an end. Economy was entirely disregarded. "A blazing fire was kept up in the stove, and the men were allowed to eat and drink all they wanted. Not only was tea and coffee at their disposal, but all the liquor. On men who had been so long deprived of strong drink, you may guess the result. They went on in this manner from the 7th to the 15th of January. "And this was Shandon's doing?" asked Hatteras. "Yes, captain." "It was about the 24th or 25th of January that they resolved to abandon the ship. Their plan was to reach the coast of Baffin bay, and from thence to embark in the boat and follow the track of the whalers, or to get to some of the Greenland settlements on the eastern side. Provisions were abundant, and the sick men were so excited by the hope of return that they were almost well. "They began their preparations for departure by making a sledge which they were to draw themselves, as they had no dogs. This was not ready till the 15th of February, and I was always hoping for your arrival, though I half

LOMBROSO ABSENT-MINDED.

Criminologist Took No Thought of Money—Amusing Adventures. One side of the late Prof. Lombroso's character little known to outsiders made him adored by his children, especially his two daughters, who looked after him as though he were a child. His two greatest domestic characteristics were disregard of appearances and absent-mindedness, says a London letter to the New York Sun. When he was invited out in the evening it was the work of two or three days to get him keyed up to putting on his dress clothes, and even then he was capable of weakening at the last moment and going out just as he happened to find himself. Once when going to Rome he lost his overcoat, but was not in the least discouraged, as he entered the first shop of ready-made clothing and bought the top-most warm thing which came to hand without even looking at it. It proved to be a long, bright, bottle-green cloak, which came down to his heels and in which he looked, with his broad-brimmed felt hat, like a figure attired for the carnival. His absent-mindedness was so great that when under the care of the home circle he never attempted to look after the money and would even leave the house to go shopping without ever looking to see if he had his purse with him. Naturally when he traveled the consequences for his pocket were disastrous. He invariably arrived home without a penny, no matter how much he had taken with him, having either lost it or had it stolen. In Vienna once he lost his purse, which frightened him so that when he recovered it he resorted to the expedient of dividing his funds into various small sums, which he concealed about his person in all kinds of unlikely places, so that at least he would not lose it all at one time. There was a note in the lining of his hat, another in his boot, several pinned to his shirt, and so on, but, notwithstanding this, he arrived home in his usual penniless condition.

Book News and Reviews.

A "Lorna Doone" pageant is to be held next summer in the famous Valley of Rocks at Lynton, in England. In "The Mississippi River," a book to be published, Julius Chambers has set down the history, most picturesque and romantic, of the great waterway. "Trans-Himalaya," Sven Hedin's chronicle in the bleak wilderness of Tibet, which has been described as the "roof of the world," is to be brought out in German, Dutch, French, Finnish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Italian as well as in English and Swedish.

A Welsh writer, Joan Dane, has drawn, she declares, from old Mass. in the abbeys of Strata, Florida and Conway the materials for a book which she calls "Prince Madog—the Welshman Who Discovered America, A. D. 1170." Her chief object in the preparation of the work, she notes, is to arouse interest in and do justice to a great Welshman whose name has long been hidden in oblivion. It is evident that Mrs. Humphrey Ward does not see in woman suffrage a solution of the divorce problem, which she has made the theme of her recent novel, "Marriage à la Mode." The eminent writer has just been elected a member of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage in company with two other well known English women. Mrs. Ward has long led the "antis" in England, while her sister, Miss Arnold, is actively engaged on the other side.

One of the many ways in which the growth of the suffrage movement has grown both in the United States and in England is demonstrated by the increased demand for fiction on the subject as well as for serious work. "The Convert," Elizabeth Robin's novel published some two years ago, is now selling as though it were just issued. It is a novel of English life at the time when suffragette violence was just beginning to attract the attention of the world and had not yet become a factor in the movement. Booker Washington says in the preface of his new book, "The Story of the Negro," that "in writing this volume it has been my object to show what the negro himself has accomplished in constructive directions. I have not undertaken to discuss the many problems which have arisen through the contact of the negro with other races but to tell a simple, straight story of what the negro himself has accomplished in the way of attaining to a higher civilization." In writing of the effect made upon himself by the study of the origin and development of his people he says that "there grew up within me a determination to spend my life in helping and strengthening the people of my race in order to prove to the world that whatever had been its feelings for them in the past, it should learn to respect them in the future, both for what they were and what they should be able to do."

The Cost of Living Again.

Soapless Sam—I went thru an awful ordeal last week. A leddy made me wash before givin' me a meal. Unwashed Upham—Yes, de price uv food is goin' higher an' higher every day. Dis ain't no place for a poor man. —Chicago News.

YOUNG FOLKS

Hieroglyphics.
This game, which is really a trick, is played with a confederate, and if cleverly done, a "goodie company" may be deceived.
A Showman, armed with a long, pointed stick, stays in the room and his confederate, the Guesser, is shut out, while the company thinks of a word. The Guesser is called in, and the Showman proceeds to spell out the word on the floor, with sundry taps and strokes of his stick.
The solution is simple enough. The taps represent the vowels; one tap for a, two taps for e, three i, four o, five u, and the Guesser need pay no attention to any other talking. Suppose, for instance, the company selects the word "book." The cue is given in the sentence which the Showman uses to call the Guesser in. He would say, in this case, "better come in," and the Guesser would know at once that the first letter of the first word in that sentence will be the first letter of the word to be guessed. The Showman taps four times with his stick and makes a lot of misleading strokes and signs; then he taps four times for the letter b, then for o, then for o, then for k. The Guesser introduces up with the word "book," and the Showman says, "The clever beginning wise the time for rabbits all, wear a coat of gray, themselves or else the snow give them quite away. Ago News.

Winter Nature Notes.
The Juncos are collecting junk. They're always on the wing; They plan to start a junk-shop For birds who come in spring.
The Cat-tails, who in meadows live, Are losing all their fur, They surely need a good shampoo, They're too fopsorn to purr.
The Sparrows' favorite resting place Each cold winter night, Is upon a leafless branch An electric light.

TRADING C.
The time for rabbits all, wear a coat of gray, themselves or else the snow give them quite away. Ago News.

PROPERTY OWNERS
deal honestly with
A Straight Commission
HOMESEEEKERS AND LAND BUYERS
GET THE BEST
ON RANCHES AND

What bird's nest is richest with contents in China? (Swallow.)
What bird can stand motionless for hours watching for its prey? (Heron.)
What bird stands on one leg most of the time? (Stork.)
What bird is a menace to farmers? (Crow.)
What large bird of prey soars solitary to heights of perpetual snow? (Condor.)
What bird awakens the day with its song? (Lark.)
What bird sings at night? (Night-lingale.)

The Sitting-Room Lamp.
Aunt Ethel took off the shade from the lamp on the sitting-room table, struck a match carefully on the little iron Chinaman's back, and in a moment there was a pleasant light in the room.
"Aunt Ethel, what makes the lamp burn?" asked Constance.
"Kerosene," replied Aunt Ethel, who was busy with her knitting.
"Would the lamp burn if there was water in it?" asked the little girl.
Aunt Ethel shook her head smilingly. "Of course not, Constance," she said. "The oil feeds the cotton wick in the lamp, and the wick feeds the flame."
"What does ker-o-sene mean?" questioned Mary, forgetting the shadows in the corners and coming close to the table, where she could watch the flame.
"Dear me," replied Aunt Ethel, "I shall have to find that out. I don't know myself," and she laid down the knitting and brought a big book from the book shelves and began turning the leaves.
"Here it is," she said. "Well, it is a made-up name, partly Greek. It means fuel—that is, something that will burn—and it means light."
Both the little girls repeated the word over as if not quite satisfied.
"It is really an oil," went on Aunt Ethel, "that is found in the ground, and it is of more value to all the people of the earth than all the minerals, such as silver, gold and copper. But its real name is petroleum. Kerosene is made of petroleum.
"Does everybody have it?" asked Mary.
"Who found out that it could be burned in lamps?" asked Constance, before Aunt Ethel could answer Mary's question.
"Well, Constance, I will answer your question first, because it says right on this very page that no one knows who first used petroleum, as a thousand and the Japanese were using it, and called it 'burning water,' because it came from the ground. And they dug wells where the oil was found to secure a supply. And in Egypt there were wells of oil, and the people used it for light, very much as we do now."
"I guess everybody knows about it," said Mary, for her aunt had answered both questions.
"There are oil wells in this very State, New York," went on Aunt Ethel, "and in Ohio, where Aunt Mary lives, and in Texas, and in California. And

Why He Hadn't Tried It.
The party was encamped on the Hoop river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up and at first seemed inclined to pass on with out a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried: "How fur to Salt Lake?" "Three hundred miles," "Humph!" "Traveled far?" "About 200 miles." "Got your jaw hurt?" "No; it's just an infernal toothache, and I'm a-riding five hundred miles to get it pulled." We invited him down, and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as quick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about I inquired: "Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?" "Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."
Anecdotes Told of Wit.
When A. T. Stewart conceived the idea of setting up a coat of arms he went to W. R. Travers, the New York wit, for advice. Mr. Travers suggested an employer rampant, chasing a lazy salesman with a yard-stick, and Mr. Stewart did not speak to him again for a month. This anecdote is probably as authentic as the other, which states that Mr. Stewart being extremely loquacious at a state banquet at Delmonico's, Mr. Travers silenced him by calling the length of the table: "Cash!"
One of the (W) WIT'S AND.
Maud—So your new beau possesses an airship, does he? What kind is it? Ethel—The best kind possible—the ship to about a million dollars.—Boston Transcript.