

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.



CHAPTER II.

"Shandon was impatient to be off, and fixed the 22d of February for starting. The sledge and the boat were packed as closely as possible with provisions and spirits, and heaps of wood, to obtain which they had hewed the brig down to her water line. The last day the men ran riot. They completely sacked the ship, and in a drunken paroxysm Pen and two or three others set it on fire. I fought and struggled against them, but they threw me down and assailed me with blows, and then the wretches, headed by Shandon, went off towards the east, and were soon out of sight.

"I found myself alone on the burning ship, and what could I do? The fire hole was completely blocked up with ice. I had not a single drop of water? For two days the Forward struggled with the flames, and you know the rest."

A long silence followed the gloomy recital, broken at length by Hatteras, who said:

"Johnson, I thank you; you did all you could to save my ship, but single-handed you could not resist. Again I thank you, and now let the subject be dropped. Let us unite efforts for our common salvation. There are four of us, four companions, four friends, and all our lives are equally precious.

"We are all devoted to you," said the doctor; "and your words come from our hearts. But what do you think we should do?"

"My opinion might appear interested," said Hatteras, sadly. "Let me hear all yours first."

"Captain," said Johnson, "before pronouncing on such an important matter, I wish to ask you a question."

"Ask it, then, Johnson."

"You went out yesterday to ascertain our exact position; well, is the field drifting or stationary?"

"Perfectly stationary. It had not moved since the last reckoning was made."

A discussion opened at once about what to do. Hatteras wanted still to try to reach the pole, as retreat seemed equally impossible.

"We may find rich hunting grounds," he urged. "We know the route back is barren."

The other three wouldn't listen to such a proposal and Hatteras was declaring he would start for the pole alone, when he felt a light touch on his arm. It was Altamont, the American, who had crawled out of bed and managed to get on his knees. He was trying to speak, but his swollen lips could scarcely make a sound. Hatteras went towards him, and watched him so attentively that in a few minutes he made out a word that sounded like Porpoise. Stooping over him he asked:

"Is it the Porpoise?"

Altamont made a sign in the affirmative, and Hatteras went on with his queries, now that he had found a clew.

"In these seas?"

The affirmative gesture was repeated.

"Is she in the north?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her position?"

"Yes."

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

For a minute or so nothing more was said, and the onlookers waited with palpating hearts.

Then Hatteras spoke again.

"Listen to me. We must know the exact position of our vessel. I will count the degrees aloud, and you will stop me when I come to the right one."

The American assented by a motion of the head, and Hatteras began:

"We'll take the longitude first. One hundred and five degrees, No? 106 degrees, 107 degrees? It is to the west, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Altamont.

"Let us go on, then: 109 degrees, 110 degrees, 112 degrees, 114 degrees, 116 degrees, 118 degrees, 120 degrees."

"Yes," interrupted the sick man.

"One hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, and how many minutes? I will count."

Hatteras began at No. 1, and when he got to 15, Altamont made a sign to stop.

"Very good," said Hatteras; "now for the latitude. Are you listening? Eighty degrees, 81 degrees, 82 degrees, 83 degrees."

Again the sign to stop was made.

"Now for the minutes: Five minutes, 10 minutes, 15 minutes, 20 minutes, 25 minutes, 30 minutes, 35 minutes."

Altamont stopped him once more, and smiled feebly.

"You say, then, that the Porpoise is in longitude 120 degrees 15 minutes, and latitude 83 degrees and 35 minutes?"

"Yes," sighed the American, and fell back motionless in the doctor's arms, completely overpowered by the effort he had made.

"Friends!" exclaimed Hatteras; "you see I was right. Our salvation lies indeed in the north, always in the north. We shall be saved!"

the ice, with provisions and combustibles in abundance on board.

Altamont and his crew had left her two months previously, taking the long boat with them on a sledge. They intended to get to Smith's sound and reach some whaler that would take them back to America; but one after another succumbed to fatigue and illness, till only Altamont remained alive.

"Why had the Porpoise come so far north?" Hatteras asked.

"She was irresistibly driven there by the ice," Altamont replied, feebly.

Hatteras looked grim but said nothing more.

"Well," said the doctor, "it strikes me that, instead of trying to get to Baffin bay, our best plan would be to go in search of the Porpoise. It's a third nearer, and stocked with everything necessary for winter quarters."

"I see no other course open to us," replied Hatteras.

"If we start to-morrow," said the doctor, "we must reach the Porpoise by the 15th of March, unless we mean to die of starvation."

No time was lost in getting ready to start. A couch was laid on the sledge for the American. The provisions did not add much weight, and the wood was piled up on top.

The doctor calculated with three-quarter rations to each man and full rations to the dogs, they might hold out for three weeks.

By 3 in the afternoon everything was ready for the start.

It was almost dark, for, though the sun had reappeared above the horizon since the 31st of January, its light was feeble and of short duration. The moon would rise about half-past 6.

The days wore on. Progress was slow. Blinding snow storms held them back. Moreover, the men, in spite of their iron will, began to show signs of fatigue. Halts became more frequent, and yet every hour was precious, for the provisions were rapidly coming to an end.

On the 14th of March, after sixteen days' march, the little party found themselves only yet in the eighty-second latitude. Their strength was exhausted, and they had a hundred miles more to go. Rations had to be still further reduced. Each man must be content with a fourth part, to allow the dogs their full quantity.

At the snow hut, Hatteras slipped into the seal skin.

"Now, give me the gun," he said.

"Courage, Hatteras!" said the doctor, handing him the weapon, which he had loaded with the mercury bullet.

Soon a seal was making its way toward the bear. It was a perfect imitation. The bear, greedy-eyed, waited.

When the seal was ten paces away the monster sprang forward with a

tremendous bound, but stopped short, stupefied and frightened when Hatteras threw off his disguise, knelt on one knee and aimed straight at the bear's heart. He fired and the huge monster rolled back on the ice.

(To be continued.)

His Favorite Novel.

If the girl hereinafter mentioned was silly, the man was mean. Let it be a lesson to girls not to pretend, in order that mean men may not have the chance to make fun of them! The New York Times prints the story.

She was young. This may account for it. Besides that, her companion was well read, so she naturally tried to show her own reading qualities and quantities.

"You've read Dumas?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Ain't he grand?"

"And Hugo?"

"Yes; he's fine!"

"Dickens?"

"I think he's just glorious!"

"How about Scott?"

"De-licious!"

He regarded her keenly for a moment. "Which of his works do you like best, 'Ivanhoe,' or—"

"Oh, 'Ivanhoe,' by all means!" she exclaimed with fervor.

He smiled. "Of course," he said, deliberately, "you've read Scott's 'Emulsion'?"

"Of course," she replied, indignant that he should ask such a question.

"But," she added, "I don't think it's as good as 'Ivanhoe.'"

What he thought of it he did not say. He simply put the question to the girl on the other side of him, and she tittered.

Mistaken Identity.

"I always did enjoy that scene in which Hamlet comes out and soliloquizes," said Mr. Cumrox.

"My dear," replied his wife, "you are confused again! You have gotten Hamlet mixed up with that vaudeville person who comes out and throws his voice."—Washington Star.

Actions Speak Louder than Words.

The Sunday school class was singing "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—The Delinquent.

Cholera.

No race is safe from cholera. It is deadliest to negroes.

China has ten cities with populations of over half a million.

ball to send after him!" said the doctor.

"He is reckoning on a good feed of human flesh!" cried Johnson, his brain giving way. "He is sure enough of his meal!" continued the poor fellow. "He must be hungry, and I do not see why we should keep him waiting."

"Johnson, calm yourself."

"No, Mr. Clawbonny, since we must die, why prolong the suffering of the poor beast? He is famished like ourselves. There are no seals for him to eat, and heaven sends him men! So much the better for him, that's all!"

Johnson was fast going mad. The situation was desperate. "Johnson," said the doctor, "I shall kill that bear to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" said Johnson, as if waking up from some bad dream.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"You have no bullets."

"I'll make one."

"You have no lead!"

"No, but I have mercury."

So saying, he took the thermometer which stood at 50 degrees above zero, went outside and laid it on a block of ice. At dawn they rushed out to look at it. All the mercury had frozen into a hard piece of metal ready for use.

Just then Hatteras made his appearance, and the doctor told him his project and showed him the mercury.

The captain grasped his hand silently and the three went off in quest of their game.

They soon sighted him, about 300 yards distant.

"Friends, this is no idle sport," said Hatteras. "We must act prudently."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "we have but the one shot. We must not miss. He would outstrip a hare in fleetness!"

"We must go right up to him," said Hatteras. "I have a plan."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Well, you kept the skin of the seal you killed, didn't you?"

"It is on the sledge."

"All right! We'll get it. Leave Johnson here to watch it."

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DISPUTED DA VINCI BUST.



Dr. Bode, who was responsible for the purchase of the "Leonardo da Vinci wax bust" that has aroused so much controversy, is the director of the Kaiser Friedrich museum, Berlin, and it was for that institution that the bust is, in very truth, the work of Leonardo as are certain others that it is the work of R. C. Lucas, the British sculptor, who flourished in the middle of the nineteenth century. Indeed, the more the doctor examines the bust the more certain he is that it is a genuine early sixteenth century work.

His Response to a Speech of Eulogy at a Banquet.

William H. Rideing tells in McClure's Magazine of a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston at which Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, was the guest of honor:

"Whether he (Stanley) sat or stood, he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables—not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he—this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience. He squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who, etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

"It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. He was a cap that Livingston had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

A Curious Experience.

Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, once had a curious experience. He was in a printing office correcting the proofs in his "Delinquent Man" with the chief reader when on reaching a page which dealt with a young man who, impelled by jealousy, had stabbed his fiancée, he made a surprising discovery. The proofreader was this man.

"Suddenly," Lombroso said in telling the story, "he threw himself at my feet, declaring that he would commit suicide if I published this story with his name. His face, before very gentle, was completely altered and almost terrifying, and I was really afraid that he would kill himself or me on the spot. I tore up the proofs and for several editions omitted his story."

At the Darktown Culture Club.

Chairman (including an address of introduction)—"An' now, ladies and gentlemen, I hab de honor of presentin' to dis audience de speaker of de evening—Prof. Johnsing of de Westville seminary—who will proceed to define de indefinable, depict de indecipherable and unswear de unswearable.—Life.

A Frequent Insincerity.

"The man's own words prove him a trevaricator," said Mr. Quibbles.

"In what way?"

"He writes me an insulting letter and signs it 'Yours Respectfully.'—Washington Star.

Before Election Out West.

"Our ticket is bound to win in Froz'n Dog."

"All over but the shouting, eh?"

"All over but the shouting," explained the native politely.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Wrong Party.

Bill.—Congratulations on your marriage, old man.

Will.—Congratulate my wife, old boy; she got the best of men.—Harvard Lampoon.

A Braggart.

"Pa, what is a braggart?"

"He's a man, my son, who is not afraid to express his real opinion of himself."—Boston Transcript.

Riches have wings, but poverty hobbles around on crutches.



FARM NOTES

Profit in Crop Rotation.

Farmers in lower Delaware are greatly interested in an experiment just concluded by Capt. William E. Lank, who has thoroughly proven the advantage of the rotation of crops on a four-acre field. Last spring he manured the four acres, which had been in corn the previous year. The manure was plowed under, the ground well harrowed and peas drilled in. The crop grew well, and in June the peas were sold at a net profit of \$92.

As soon as the peas were removed, plows again turned the soil over and it was planted with corn. From this a fine crop of fodder was saved, yielding a net profit of \$65. The ground now has a fine set of scarlet clover on it, the seed having been sown at the last harrowing of \$40 corn, with every indication of a constant improvement to the land.

Construction of Colony House.

During the dull season our local lumber dealer and his assistant built some portable colony poultry-houses as follows, writes an Indiana correspondent of Orange Judd Farmer: The frame is securely bolted to the sills, which are made sled-runner style. The walls are made from closely-fitted tongue and groove drop-siding. The floors are tight, and the ventilators covered with screen wire to keep out rats, weasels, etc.; the cover is roofing felt. Each house is painted. The size is 6 by 8 feet; 6 feet high in front and 4 at the back. They cost me \$15 each for all material and work. Very likely they could be built for less in places where lumber is cheaper.

First Imported Horses.

It is said that the first horses imported into New England were brought over in 1623, or nine years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. One stallion and seven mares survived the voyage. From this it will be seen that the first nine years of our history was a horseless "age" in New England. The colonists in Virginia differed from the sober-minded Puritans of New England in being fond of sport, loving fast horses and trying their speed on the race track. The horses imported were English hunters and racers. Fearnought, brought over in 1764, left his mark on a numerous progeny of uncommon beauty, size and speed.

Keeping Up Spraying Fight.

The fight against insect, scale and fungus diseases in our orchards must not be dropped with the harvesting of the fruit crops. It cannot be hoped that you have, by your spraying operations during the summer season, killed all the scale insects and fungi, and doubtless during the press of work on the farm during the midsummer season the matter will have been neglected, or very little done, since the fruit was formed, and it can be depended upon that there will now be on your orchard trees a fine collection of all sorts ready to hibernate and come forth in the spring stronger than ever.

How West Has Developed.

Five years ago it was freely predicted that land values in the West had reached their height, but they are 20 to 40 per cent higher now than then. The families of the first comers are grown. The second generation has come to the fore and is taking part in the business of the communities. They have grown up with the country and know what it can produce and just how valuable it is for the purpose of production and for a home.—C. M. Harger in the Atlantic Magazine.

Good Roads of Sawdust.

Making good roads with sawdust is being practiced in a number of localities in the South. Two ridges of earth are thrown up (a road machine being required to do the work) at a certain width from each other, the space between being filled with a six-inch bed of sawdust. Dirt is then mixed with the sawdust, and it is claimed that heavily loaded vehicles in passing over this kind of a road make no impression upon it. It is estimated that the cost of building is about \$250 per mile.

Feeding Calves by Hand.

It is always best to feed the calves by hand, because one knows just what they are getting and how much. It is really not such a terrible task to feed a dozen calves, but is quite a nuisance to go through the motion just for one or two. Perhaps a great many dairymen who object to raising calves or their own herds would change their minds if they should practice it in a wholesale way.

Light in Cow Stables.

The light in a cow stable should come from the rear of the cows, so the milkers can see to clean the cows properly for milking. This arrangement is accomplished in modern stables by building them thirty-four to thirty-six feet wide and having two rows of cows facing toward a feeding alley in the center.

Public Troughs Dangerous.

Be careful about letting your horses drink from public watering troughs where there are any contagious diseases in the country. The trough is a distributing center for infection.

World's Wheat Crop, 1909.

Broomhall's final estimate of the 1909 wheat crop of the world placed the total wheat production of the wheat acreage of the world at 3,347,000,000 bushels, an increase of 25,000,000 bushels over the production of 1908, a 427,000,000 bushel increase over the crop of 1907. The production in Europe aggregated 1,872,000,000 bushels, being 160,000,000 bushels over the 1908 crop. The crops of North and South America reaches 1,040,000,000 bushels, or 80,000,000 bushels over last year. It is likely that this great production will not be more than enough to supply the demands of the world's population.

Conservative Corn Policy.

It is, after all, but evidence of a desire to speculate when the corn belt farmer, particularly the one located in the northern part, plants a type of corn which is too big to mature in the season lying between the limits of killing frosts in spring and fall.

Where an exceptionally favorable season makes possible