

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER V.

"Can you prove to me," said Altamont, "that an Englishman has set foot here before an American?"

For a few minutes there was an awkward silence, which the doctor broke by saying:

"My friends, the highest human law is justice. It includes all others. Let us be just, then, and don't let any bad feeling get in among us. The priority of Altamont seems to me indisputable. We will take our revenge by and by, and England will get her full share in our future discoveries. Let the name New America stand for the continent itself, but I suppose Altamont has not yet disposed of all the bays, and capes, and headlands it contains, and I imagine there will be nothing to prevent us calling this bay Victoria bay?"

"Nothing whatever, provided that yonder cape is called Cape Washington," replied Altamont.

"You might choose a name, sir," exclaimed Hatteras, almost beside himself with passion, "that is less offensive to an Englishman."

"But not one which sounds so sweet to an American," retorted Altamont, proudly.

"Come, come," said the doctor again, "no discussion on that subject. An American has a perfect right to be proud of his great countryman! Let us honor genius wherever it is met with; and since Altamont has made his choice; let us take our turn next; let the captain—"

"Doctor!" interrupted Hatteras, "I have no wish that my name should figure anywhere on this continent, seeing that it belongs to America."

"Is this your unalterable determination?" asked Clawbonny.

"It is."

"Very well, we'll have it to ourselves then," he continued, turning to Johnson and Bell. "We'll leave our traces behind us. I propose that the island we see out there, about three miles away from the shore, should be called Isle Johnson, in honor of our boat-swain."

"Oh, Mr. Clawbonny," began Johnson, in no little confusion.

"And that mountain that we will call Bell Mount, if our carpenter is willing."

"It is doing me too much honor," replied Bell.

"It is simple justice," returned the doctor.

"Nothing could be better," said Altamont.

"Now, then, all we have to do is to christen our fort," said the doctor.

"About that there will be no discussion, I hope, for it is neither to our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, nor to Washington, that we owe our safety and shelter here, but to God, who brought about our meeting, and by so doing saved us all. Let our little fort be called Fort Providence."

"Your remarks are just," said Altamont; "no name could be more suitable."

"In our future excursions, then, we shall go by Cape Washington to Victoria bay, and from thence to find food and rest at Doctor's House!"

"The business is settled, then, so far," resumed the doctor. "As our discoveries multiply we shall have other names to give; but I trust, friends, we shall have no disputes about them, for placed as we are, we need all the help and love we can give each other. Let us be strong by being united. Who knows what dangers yet we may have to brave, and what sufferings to endure before we see our native land once more. Let us be one in heart, though five in number, and let us lay aside all feelings of rivalry. Such feelings are bad enough at all times, but among us they would be doubly wrong. You understand me, Altamont, and you, Hatteras?"

Neither man made reply.

A new project now struck the doctor's mind the next day. He said:

"I am going to build a lighthouse on the top of that cone about our heads."

"A lighthouse!" all exclaimed.

"Yes, it would be a beacon to guide us in distant excursions, and also illumine our plateau in the long winter months."

"Very true," replied Altamont, "but how would you make it?"

"With one of the lanterns out of the Porpoise."

"All right; but how will you feed your lamp? With seal oil?"

"No, seal oil would scarcely be visible through the fog."

"Are you going to try to make gas out of our coal, then?"

"No, gas would not be strong enough; and, worse still, it would waste our combustibles."

"Well," replied Altamont, "I'm at a loss to see how you—"

"I'm prepared for everything after the mercury bullet, and the ice lens, and Fort Providence. I believe Mr. Clawbonny can do anything," exclaimed Johnson.

"Come, Clawbonny, tell us what your light is to be, then," said Altamont.

"Very well," replied Clawbonny. "I mean to have an electric light."

"An electric light?"

"Yes, why not? Haven't you a galvanic battery on board your ship?"

"Yes."

"Well, there will be no difficulty, then, in producing an electric light, and that will cost nothing, and be far brighter."

"Fine," said Johnson; "let us set to work at once."

All went to work and soon erected a ten-foot ice column. The lantern was put on top. The conducting wires were properly adjusted within it, and as soon as it grew dark the experiment was made. It was a complete success. An intense, brilliant light streamed from the lantern and illumined the entire plateau and the plains beneath. Johnson could not help clapping his hands, half beside himself with delight.

A regular course of life commenced

now, and the Saturday after the installation a hunting excursion was organized.

As they tramped along over the ice the doctor talked about the habits of the Eskimos.

"My good Bell, your voracity would never equal the Greenlanders," for they devour from ten to fifteen pounds of meat a day."

"Fifteen pounds!" said Bell. "What stomachs!"

"Arctic stomachs," replied the doctor, "are prodigious; they can expand at will, and I may add, contract at will; so that they can endure starvation quite as well as abundance. When an Eskimo sits down to dinner he is quite thin, and by the time he has finished he is so fat you would hardly recognize him. But then we must remember that one meal sometimes lasts a whole day."

"This voracity must be peculiar to the inhabitants of cold countries," said Altamont.

"I think it is," replied the doctor. "In the arctic regions people must eat enormously; it is not only one of the conditions of strength, but of existence. The Hudson Bay Co. always reckoned on this account: Eight pounds of meat to each man a day, or twelve pounds of fish, or two pounds of pemmican."

"Must be strengthening," said Bell.

"Not so much as you imagine. An Indian who guzzles like that can't do a whit better day's work than an Englishman, who has had pound of beef and pint of beer."

"Things are best as they are, then, I suppose."

"No doubt of it, and yet an Eskimo meal may well astonish us. In Sir John Ross's narrative, he states his surprise at the appetites of his guides. He tells us that two of them—just two, mind—devoured a quarter of a buffalo in one morning. They cut the meat in long strips, and the mode of eating was either for the one to bite off as much as his mouth could hold, and then pass it on to the other, or to leave the long ribbons of meat dangling from the mouth, and devour them gradually, like boa constrictors, lying at full length on the ground."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Bell, "what disgusting brutes!"

"Every man has his own fashion of dining," remarked the philosophical American.

Soon a walrus was sighted. It was of huge dimensions, and not more than 200 yards away. The hunters surrounded the animal, crept along cautiously till within a few paces of him. Then they fired simultaneously.

The walrus rolled over, but speedily got up again, and tried to make his escape. But Altamont fell upon him with his hatchet, and cut off his dorsal fin. He made a desperate resistance, but was overpowered by his enemies, and soon lay dead, reddening the ice field with his blood.

It was a fine animal, measuring more than fifteen feet in length, and would have been worth a good deal for the oil. But the hunters contented themselves with cutting off the most savory parts, and left the rest to the ravens, who had just begun to make their appearance.

Night was drawing on, and it was time to return to Fort Providence.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a dreary affair to live near the pole, for there is no going out for many months, and nothing to break the weary monotony.

The day after the hunting excursion was dark and snowy, and Clawbonny could find no occupation except polishing up the ice walls of the hut, and emptying out the snow which drifted into the long passage leading to the inner door. The "Snow-House" stood out well, defying storm and tempest. The snow only increased the thickness of the walls.

They could do nothing but wait. It wasn't time to try to build a boat.

The men were compelled to spend the greater part of the days in complete idleness. Hatteras lolled on his bed absorbed in thought. Altamont smoked or dozed, and the doctor took care not to disturb either of them, for he was in perpetual fear of a quarrel.

At meal time he always led the conversation away from irritating topics. He gave them dissertations on history, geography or meteorology, handling his subject in an easy, though philosophical manner, drawing lessons from the most trivial incidents.

His inexhaustible memory was never at a loss for fact or illustration, while his good humor and geniality made him the life and soul of the little company. He was implicitly trusted by all, even by Hatteras, who cherished a deep affection for him.

On the 26th of April, during the night, there was a sudden change in the weather. The thermometer fell several degrees, and the inmates of the Doctor's House could hardly keep themselves warm even in their beds. Altamont had charge of the stove, and he found it needed careful replenishing to preserve the temperature at 50 degrees above zero.

The increase of cold betokened the coming end of the stormy weather, and the doctor hailed it gladly as the harbinger of his favorite hunting and exploring expeditions.

He rose early next morning, and with the others climbed up to the top of a hill nearby. Soon he found numerous traces of animals on all sides, and this within a circle of two miles of Fort Providence.

After gazing attentively at these traces for some minutes, the hunters looked at each other silently, and then the doctor exclaimed:

"Well, these are plain enough, I think!"

"Ay, only too plain," added Bell, "bears have been here!"

"First-rate game!" said Altamont. "There's only one fault about it."

"What is that?" asked Bell.

"Too much of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this—there are distinct traces of five bears, and five bears are rather too much for five men."

"Are you sure?" said Clawbonny.

"Look and see for yourself. Here is one footprint, and there is another quite different. These claws are far wider apart than those, and see here, again, that paw belongs to a much smaller bear. I tell you, if you look carefully, you will see the marks of all five different bears distinctly."

"You're right," said Bell, after a close inspection.

"If that's the case, then," said the doctor, "we must be careful for these animals are starving after the severe winter, and they might be extremely dangerous to meet."

"You think they have discovered our presence here?"

"No doubt of it, otherwise why should these footprints be in a circle round our fort?" said Bell.

"You're right," said the doctor, "and, what's more, it is certain that they have been here last night."

"And other nights before that," replied Altamont.

"Well, we can easily find out if they come to-night," said Altamont.

"How?"

"By erasing all the marks in a given place. To-morrow if we find fresh ones, it will be evident that they are after us."

The three hunters set to work then, and scraped the snow over till all the footprints were obliterated for a considerable distance.

Next morning at early dawn, Hatteras and his companions, well armed, went out to reconnoiter the state of the snow. They found the same identical footmarks, but somewhat nearer. Evidently the enemy was bent on the siege of Fort Providence.

"But where can they be?" said Bell.

"Behind the icebergs watching us," replied the doctor. "Don't let us expose ourselves imprudently."

"What about going hunting, then?" asked Altamont.

"We must put it off for a day or two, I think, and rub out the marks again, and see if they are here to-morrow."

The doctor's advice was followed, and they entrenched themselves in the fort. The lighthouse was taken down, as it was not of actual use meantime, and might help to attract the bears. Each took it in turn to keep watch on the upper plateau.

The day passed without a sign of the enemy's existence, and the next morning, when they hurried out to examine the snow, they found it wholly untouched!

"Capital!" exclaimed Altamont. "The bears are put off the scent; they have no perseverance, and have grown tired waiting for us. They are off, and a good riddance. Now let us start for a day's hunting."

"Softly, softly," said the doctor; "I am not so sure they have gone. I think we had better wait one day more. It is evident the bears have not been here last night, at least, on this side; but still—"

"Well, let us go round the plateau, and see how things stand," said the impatient Altamont.

"All right," said Clawbonny. "Come along."

Away they went, but no trace of the enemy was discoverable for two miles.

"Now, then, can't we go hunting?" said Altamont.

"Wait till to-morrow," urged the doctor again.

The American was unwilling to delay, but yielded at last, and returned to the fort.

(To be continued.)

AWFUL DOSE CURES SULTAN.

Directions of the American Surgeon Are Slightly Misunderstood.

This actually happened in Mindanao. The story was told to me by the army surgeon himself.

He was seated in his tent one morning when a number of the followers of the Sultan of Pantar came hurrying to him, saying the Sultan was dying of cholera. Aided by the slight knowledge he had then had of their language, the surgeon diagnosed the case from their reports as a well-nigh hopeless one. Still, anxious to show the skill and friendliness of the American for the Moro brother, he hastily made up six powders, each containing one-sixth of a grain of morphine and thirty grains of bismuth. These he gave to the emissaries, telling them to give the Sultan one of them in a glass of boiled water every three hours and to report to him next morning how the patient was getting along.

The next morning the surgeon was more than surprised to see the Sultan himself walk into the tent. Wan and weak as he was, he had come some eight miles to thank the surgeon personally for having saved his life, and had brought with him one of his subjects who spoke Spanish well enough to serve as an interpreter.

It was through this interpreter that the surgeon learned how his directions had been followed. First, they had given the entire six powders to the Sultan at one dose—a full grain of morphine and 180 grains of bismuth—and then had poured a tumblerful of boiling water into him every three hours afterward, scalding his mouth and throat so that he could hardly speak.

But it cured him, and the surgeon says the same treatment cured many another Moro who would probably have died under lesser doses.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Comfortable Sweater.

This sweater is rather heavier or closer knit than the regulation garments of this sort. It is all white, in a small block design, and trimmed with large white pearl buttons and large flat collar, in ribbed stitch matching the belt and cuffs and piece down front. The jaunty cap is also knit and makes a chic finish to a very pretty skating or strolling costume.

Women of the Future.

There is not a country in the land but bristles with Jane Austen women, says a writer. With a good many exceptions, one would not be sorry to see them go. They are kindly, but small—deadly small.

The woman of the future is not of this type. She is far too busy to be womanish, but she will never grow out of being feminine. She is shedding her smallness. Like the genie in the Arabian Nights, now the cork has been removed, she is darkening the whole sky like a pillar of smoke; but presently the smoke will settle into "a figure of gigantic size." She will be the Meredith woman, softened by reality, as Galatea softened into life.

She will not glide about with uplifted finger like Agnes, nor drive tired men to distraction with her prattle, like Dora, nor weep eternally when George is unkind, like Amelia. No, when she feels hysterical she will go and sit on a Himalaya till she is cooler, and when her husband annoys her out of her usual placidity, steking a few pigs in Texas or India will soon put her straight. And with it all she will wear her frills as well as ever.

Lot's Like Him.

"I'd like to get a job on a newspaper."

"Had any experience as a journalist?"

"None."

"Then what could you do on a newspaper?"

"Seems to me that I could dish out excellent advice of some kind."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lot's Like Him.

"I'd like to get a job on a newspaper."

"Had any experience as a journalist?"

"None."

"Then what could you do on a newspaper?"

"Seems to me that I could dish out excellent advice of some kind."

Louisville Courier-Journal.



The Home Storeroom.

The cellar or other similar room in which vegetables and fruits, either green or canned, are stored for winter should have the windows open on mild days for ventilation and for lowering the temperature of the room for chilling the store. The cooler they are held without freezing, the better they will keep. Bacteria which cause fermentation and decay cannot grow and multiply in low temperature. Dry cold will always hold them in check.

Dry Cure for Colds.

A French physician has been writing in one of the Paris papers about a cure for colds which he says is very old, but which a long time ago fell into disuse and was practically forgotten. It is a very simple remedy, the only requirement being that the patient refrain from all fluids for a

VELVET IN FAVOR FOR FORMAL GOWNS.



Velvet in black and other deep rich tones is very much in favor for formal gowns, and especially for walking suits. It is also used for long, handsome top coats, often with a soft white fur. The sketch shows three velvet models, each one serving in a different garment. The first figure shows a long coat of smoke gray velvet over a princess gown of gray satin cloth. It is quaintly cut and partly covered with arabesques of tarnished silver



braided. The one in the center is a black afternoon gown worn for teas, weddings and musicales. It is a bold princess, with bands of fur at the edge of the long skirt and the short sleeves. The belt is of black satin, with an immense rosette in front, and one long tasseled end. The hat is of velvet with white feathers. The third figure shows a street suit of dark blue velvet with stitched seams and military frogs in front.

Fads and Fancies in Dress.

Silk blouses are severe. The sleeves are flat, with little or no fullness. Flat jet ornaments, as well as those of metal, are frequently used as trimming.

The vogue for gilt is now at its height, and silver trimming is also in demand.

Tasseled ornaments and fringe vie with each other for chief favor in trimming.

Some of the new bracelets encircle the wrist and end in a tiny jeweled bowknot.

Coats are a bit closer than the half-fitting ones of the past season, and skirts are usually plaited.

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Braiding upon coats has lost none of its vogue, and all manner of original results are gained by its combination with silk cordings, rattail buttons and made ornaments.

A quaint pelerine and muff was of white fox, with one large pink velvet rose on each piece and silk cords and tassels.

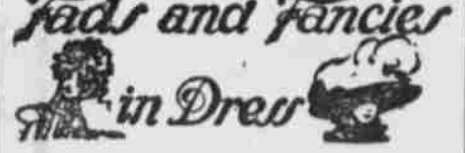
A novel trimming is made of two bands of black velvet ribbon fagoted together, with a gold braid under the open stitching.

Copper is one of the most popular tones of the season, but it is of a reddish shade, not the brown or yellow one of former years.

Favorite shopping bags of the day are as big as ever, but they are flat, and are carried under the arm with the straps over the wrist.

Transparent scarf coats of tulle or chiffon will be general favorites in alliance with evening or ultra-elaborate afternoon toilettes.

Tiny flowerlets are scattered over the evening gown of satin and placed with the view of giving the gown a good hem finish. The flowers are partially covered with thin tissue drapery.



Hat for a Young Girl.

While this is a Parisian model, could nevertheless be copied by one of the many private and inexpensive milliners for a very reasonable amount of money. If the exact shape is obtainable, a near duplicate should be covered with black velvet and trimmed generously with white marabout. The result is, indeed, pleasing.

Health and Beauty.

Beef tea is one of the best of all plants and the poorest of foods.

Acids taken before meals and after meals taken after meals lessen acidity.

You should not take tea or coffee with any meal containing fresh fruit.

Malt preparations are the best of all edibles for dyspepsia caused by food containing starch.

In combing the hair use a comb with blunt, widely separated teeth. Never use one with sharp teeth.

Much vinegar causes gastric tarrh, whereof comes indigestion, which in turn gives rise to various diseases.

Lettuce and onions promote indigestion. Resting with the head to the north is essential for the repose of some people.

The most useful of all drugs for rickets is iron, not lime. Lime is useful, but iron compels the system to assimilate it.

The Happy Habit.

Mothers who are constantly cautioning the little ones not to do this or not to do that, telling them not to laugh or make a noise, until they lose their naturalness and become little old men and women, do not realize the harm they are doing.

There is an irrefragable longing for amusement, for rollicking fun, in young people, and if these longings were more fully met in the home it

Health and Beauty.

Beef tea is one of the best of all plants and the poorest of foods.

Acids taken before meals and after meals taken after meals lessen acidity.

You should not take tea or coffee with any meal containing fresh fruit.

Malt preparations are the best of all edibles for dyspepsia caused by food containing starch.

In combing the hair use a comb with blunt, widely separated teeth. Never use one with sharp teeth.

Much vinegar causes gastric tarrh, whereof comes indigestion, which in turn gives rise to various diseases.

Lettuce and onions promote indigestion. Resting with the head to the north is essential for the repose of some people.

The most useful of all drugs for rickets is iron, not lime. Lime is useful, but iron compels the system to assimilate it.