

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I shot it this morning," he continued, "we'll use it."

"What do you mean?" asked Altamont.

"I mean to blow up the bears en masse with 100 pounds of powder."

"But where is the powder?" exclaimed his friends.

"In the magazine. This passage I dug will lead to it. I made it purposely."

"And where is the mine to be?" inquired Altamont.

"At the farthest point from the house and stores."

"And how will you manage to entice the bears there, all to one spot?"

"I'll look after that. Let us set to work. We have 100 feet more to add to our passage to-night, and that is no easy matter. There are five of us—we can take turns. Bell will begin, and we will lie down and sleep meantime."

One by one, all went to work, and in ten hours—that is to say, about 8 in the morning—the gallery was entirely open.

With the first streak of day the doctor reconnoitered the position of the enemy. The patient animals were still occupying their old position, prowling up and down and growling.

Hastening away to the mine, he had a strong stake fixed firmly on the granite foundation, on the top of which the dead fox was fastened. A rope was attached to the lower part of the stake, long enough to reach the powder stores.

"This is the bait," he said, pointing to the dead fox, "and here is the mine," he added, rolling in a keg of powder containing about 100 pounds.

"And how will you manage?" asked Altamont.

"By hauling in this rope we leave the dead fox exposed to view. The bears are so famished with their long fasting that they won't lose much time in rushing toward their unexpected meal. Well, just at that very moment, I shall set fire to the mine, and blow up both the guests and the meal."

"Capital! Capital!" shouted Johnson, who had been listening with intense interest.

Hatteras said nothing, for he had such absolute confidence in his friend that he wanted no further explanation. But Altamont must know the why and wherefore of everything.

"But doctor," he said, "can you reckon on your match so exactly that you can be quite sure it will fire the mine at the right moment?"

"I don't need to reckon at all; that's a difficulty easily got over."

"They you have a match a hundred feet long?"

"No."

"You are simply going to lay a train of powder?"

"One of us must light the powder," said Johnson. "I'm ready—ready and willing."

"Quite useless to risk your life, brave fellow," replied the doctor, holding out his hand. "All our lives are precious, and they will be all spared, thank God!"

"We have an electric battery," he continued, "and lines long enough to serve our purpose? We can fire our mine whenever we please, in an instant, and without the slightest danger."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Hurrah!" echoed the others, without heeding whether the enemy heard them or not.

The doctor's idea was immediately carried out, and the lines connected. By 9 o'clock everything was ready. Johnson was stationed in the powder magazine, in charge of the cord which held the bait.

"Now," said Clawbonny to his companions, "load your guns, in case our assailants are not killed. Stand beside Johnson, and the moment the explosion is over rush out."

"All right," said Altamont.

"We have done all we can to help ourselves. May heaven help us!"

Hatteras, Altamont and Bell repaired to the powder magazine, while the doctor remained alone beside the pile.

Soon he heard Johnson's voice in the distance calling out "Ready!"

"All right!" was the reply.

Johnson pulled the rope that brought the body of the fox on top of the ice. The next instant the bears had eagerly rushed to seize the booty.

"Fire!" called out Johnson, and at once the electric spark was sent along the lines right into the keg of powder. A formidable explosion ensued; the house was shaken as if by an earthquake, and the walls cracked asunder. Hatteras, Altamont and Bell hurried out, with the guns. But four of the bears lay dead, and the fifth, half roasted, though alive, was scampering away in terror, as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hurrah!" Three cheers for Clawbonny!" they shouted, and overwhelmed the doctor with plaudits and thanks.

Next morning there was a singular rise in the temperature, the thermometer going up to 15 degrees above zero. This comparative heat lasted several days. In sheltered spots the glass rose as high as 31 degrees, and symptoms of a thaw appeared.

The ice began to crack here and there, and jets of salt water were thrown up, like fountains in an English park. A few days later the rain fell in torrents.

For about a fortnight hunting was the principal occupation. There was an abundant supply of fresh meat to be had. They shot partridges, ptarmigans and snow otterlings, which are delicious eating.

"Do you think we shall have a long spell of this weather, Dr. Clawbonny?" asked Johnson.

"No, my friend, I don't; it is a last blow from the cold. You see these are his dominions, and he won't be driven out without making some resistance."

"What is the reason?"

"Because generally there is a periodical frost in the month of May, and that is coldest from the 11th to the 13th. That is the fact."

The doctor was right, for the cold lasted till the end of the month, and put an end to all their hunting expeditions. The old, monotonous life indoors recommenced.

CHAPTER IX.

During this compulsory leisure, Clawbonny determined to have a talk with the captain on an important subject—the building of a sloop out of the planks of the Porpoise.

The doctor hardly knew how to begin, as Hatteras had declared so vehemently that he would never consent to use a morsel of American wood; yet it was high time he was brought to reason, as June was at hand, the only season for distant expeditions, and they could not start without a ship.

He thought over it a long while, and at last drew the captain aside, in the kindest, gentlest way:

"Hatteras, do you believe I'm your friend?"

"Most certainly I do," replied the captain, earnestly; "my best, indeed, my only friend."

"And if I give you a piece of advice without your asking, will you consider my motive is perfectly disinterested?"

"Yes, for I know you have never been actuated by self-interest. But what are you driving at?"

"Wait, Hatteras; I have one thing more to ask. Do you look on me as a true-hearted Englishman like yourself, anxious for his country's glory?"

Hatteras looked surprised, but simply said:

"I do."

"You desire to reach the north pole," the doctor went on, "and I understand and share your ambition, but to achieve your object you must employ the right means."

"Well, and have I not sacrificed everything for it?"

"No, Hatteras, you have not sacrificed your personal antipathies. Even at this very moment I know you are in the mood to refuse the indispensable conditions of reaching the pole."

"Ah! it is the boat you want to talk about, and that man—"

"Hatteras, let us discuss the question calmly, and examine the case on all sides. The coast on which we find ourselves at present may terminate abruptly; we have no proof that it stretches away to the pole; indeed, if your present information prove correct, we ought to come to an open sea during the summer months. Well, supposing we reach this arctic ocean and find it free from ice and easy to navigate, what shall we do if we have no ship?"

Hatteras made no reply.

"Tell me, now, would you like to find yourself only a few miles from the pole and not be able to get to it?"

Hatteras still said nothing, but buried his head in his hands.

"Besides," continued the doctor, "look at the question in its moral aspect. Here is an Englishman who sacrifices his fortune, and even his wife, to win fresh glory for his country, but because the boat which bears him across an unknown ocean, or touches the new shore, happens to be made of the planks of an American vessel—a castaway wreck of no use to anyone—will that lessen the honor of the discovery? If you yourself had found the hull of some wrecked vessel lying deserted on the shore, would you have hesitated to make use of it; and must not a sloop built by four Englishmen and manned by four Englishmen be English from keel to gunwale?"

Hatteras was still silent.

"No," continued Clawbonny, "the real truth is, it is not the sloop you care about; it is the man."

"Yes, doctor, yes," replied the captain. "It is this American I detest; I hate him with a thorough English hatred. Fate has thrown him in my path."

"To save you!"

"To ruin me. He seems to defy me, and speaks as if he were lord and master. He thinks he has my destiny in his hands, and knows all my projects. Didn't we see the man in his true colors when we were giving names to the different coasts? Has he ever avowed his object in coming so far north? You will never get out of my head that this man is not the leader of some expedition sent out by the American government."

"Well, Hatteras, suppose it is so, does it follow that this expedition is to search for the north pole? May it not be to find the Northwest Passage? But, anyway, Altamont is in complete ignorance of our object, for neither Johnson, nor Bell, nor myself, have ever breathed a word to him about it, and I am sure you have not."

"Well, let him always remain so."

"He must be told in the end, for we can't leave him here alone."

"Why not? Can't he stay here in Fort Providence?"

"He would never consent to that, Hatteras; and, moreover, to leave a man in that way, and not know whether we might find him safe when we came back, would be worse than imprudent, it would be inhuman. Altamont will come with us; he must come. But we need not disclose our projects; let us tell him nothing, but simply build a sloop for the ostensible purpose of making a survey of the coast."

Hatteras could not bring himself to consent, but said:

"And suppose the man won't allow his ship to be cut up?"

"In that case, you must take the law in your own hands, and build a vessel in spite of him."

"I wish to goodness he would refuse, then!"

"He must be asked before he can refuse. I'll undertake the asking," said Clawbonny.

He kept his word, for that very same night, at supper, he managed to turn the conversation towards the subject of making excursions during summer for hydrographical purposes.

"You will join us, I suppose, Altamont," he said.

"Of course," replied the American. "We must know how far New America extends."

Hatteras looked fixedly at his rival, but said nothing.

"And for that purpose," continued Altamont, "we had better build a little ship out of the remains of the Porpoise. It is the best possible use we can make of her."

"You hear, Bell," said the doctor, eagerly. "We'll all set to work to-morrow morning."

In the end of May the temperature again rose, and spring returned for good and all. Rain fell copiously, and before long the melting snow was running down every little slope in falls and cascades.

But while they were building their boats arguments sprang up.

Dr. Kane was the first bone of contention on this occasion, for the jealous Englishman was unwilling to grant his rival the glory of being a discoverer, saying that it was by mere chance he had made a discovery.

"Chance!" interrupted Altamont, hotly. "Do you mean to assert that it is not to Kane's energy that we owe his great discovery?"

"I mean to say that Dr. Kane's name is not worth mentioning in a country made illustrious by such names as Parry, and Franklin, and Ross, and Belcher, and Penny; in a country where the seas opened the Northwest Passage to an Englishman—McClure!"

"McClure!" exclaimed the American. "Well, if ever chance favored anyone it was that McClure. Do you pretend to deny it?"

Hatteras started to his feet, and said:

"I will not permit the honor of an English captain to be attacked in my presence any longer!"

"You will not permit!" echoed Altamont, also springing erect. "But these are facts, and it is out of your power to destroy them!"

"Sir!" shouted Hatteras, pale with rage.

"My friends!" interposed the doctor; "pray be calm. This is a scientific point that we are discussing."

But Hatteras was dead to reason now, and said angrily:

"I'll tell you the facts, sir."

"And I'll tell you," retorted the irate American.

"Gentlemen," said Clawbonny, in a firm tone, "allow me to speak, for I know the facts of the case as well as and perhaps better than you, and I can state them impartially."

"Yes, yes!" cried Bell and Johnson, who had been anxiously watching the strife.

"Well, go on," said Altamont, finding himself in the minority.

With charts the doctor told the history of McClure's voyage. Still Hatteras and Altamont were dissatisfied.

"Well, if arriving on one side and leaving at the other is not going through, I don't know what is!" said Hatteras.

"Yes, but he went 470 miles over ice fields," objected Altamont.

"What of that?"

"Everything; that is the gist of the whole argument. It was not the investigator that went through."

"Altamont," said the doctor, "we all consider that you are wrong."

"You may easily do that," returned the American. "It is four against one, but that will not prevent me from holding my own opinion."

"Keep it and welcome, but keep it to yourself, if you please, for the future," exclaimed Hatteras.

"And pray what right have you to speak to me like this, sir?" shouted Altamont, in a fury.

"My right as captain," returned Hatteras, equally angry.

"Am I to submit to your orders, then?"

"Most assuredly, and woe to you if—"

The doctor did not allow him to proceed, for he really feared the two antagonists might come to blows. Bell and Johnson seconded his endeavors to make peace, and, after a few conciliatory words, Altamont turned on his heel, and walked carelessly away, whistling "Yankee Doodle." Hatteras went outside, and paced up and down with rapid strides. In about an hour he came back, and retired to bed without saying another word.

(To be continued.)

A Lay Matter.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have them unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

A Lesson in Politeness.

He was dining at a restaurant, and while he was sipping his black coffee, a stranger gracefully commandered his overcoat. He had just reached the door when the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, meekly, "but would you allow me to get another cigar from my coat pocket. In case I do not meet you again?"—Tit-Bits.

What Started Him as an Art Patron.

"Yes, Mr. Gotrox is making quite a number of purchases of paintings abroad."

"Indeed? I never understood he cared for pictures. When did he take up the fad?"

"When they removed the duty from imported art."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Likely.

"She thanked him with a look."

"I s'pose her gown was so tight that she couldn't trust herself to speak, eh?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

APPENDICITIS AND GOUT IN VOGUE 6000 YEARS AGO.

If the world was created 6,000 years ago and the story of the expulsion from Eden is not a myth, confirmatory evidence of that fact will be found by old-line Bible people in some of the things recently unearthed in Nubia. From very recent research it has been established that disease entered the world in the form of gout and tuberculosis not less than 6,000 years ago—either entered it at that time or had been there for an indeterminate time previously.

Nearly sixty centuries have rolled away since the Nubians lived in the Valley of the Nile and were victims of the intestinal concretions which seem to be the cause of appendicitis. Fortunately for archaeological science, the diggers took with them an anatomist or two, who knew a thing or so about their business, and turned over to their inspection the bodies that were unearthed from this ancient civilization which has been lying buried under the wash and sands of the Nile from a time which merges into the vanishing point of history. In these excavations were found evidences of a civilization from a date preceding the earliest known dynasties of Egyptian kings down to the Byzantine age. These people seem to have lived undisturbed in the possession of their fertile fields and their well-built towns, probably under the protection of the kings of Egypt. In fact, a careful examination of their heads and faces showed that they were in reality Egyptians themselves. They did not belong to the aristocracy, but were rather the humble tillers of the soil—the farmers of that prehistoric time. They had a knowledge of copper, but they had not yet progressed sufficiently far in the metallic arts—in the period previous to say 1800 B. C.—to use that metal for instruments. The only utility they could find for copper was its use as ornaments for the person. For this purpose it was manufactured and sold

extensively. For tools the Nubians of that date used stone, and very good and sharp-cutting tools they made of it, too. Flint lance-heads and flint knives were found in abundance, but no trace of a copper tool was in evidence for some centuries.

The next period ranges from 2800 B. C. to 1800 B. C., during which copper was discovered to be highly useful as a cutting metal and was manufactured accordingly. This was also the period of greatest change in the bodily characters of these people. The anatomists who made the examinations declared that a new type of man had been imported among the people of the lower Nile and had mixed his blood with that of the people he found there before him. The secret of the perfect preservation of bodies for six centuries lies in the fact that the people, probably not able to afford the methods of embalming that were practiced by the "swell" Egyptians, just took their dead and thoroughly salted the bodies.

One disease which seemed to have been prevalent to an extraordinary degree was rheumatic gout. Thousands of these people had suffered from gout and from rheumatism. Graves were found containing fifteen or twenty bodies, all members of the same family, and several generations of the same family. The anatomists were thereby enabled to trace peculiar anatomical resemblances from father to son, as well as evidences of transmitted disease.

That this marvelous method of preserving the dead is not practicable generally to day is due to the fact that one of the essentials of the success of the method is the peculiarly dry atmosphere of Egypt and the unlimited quantities of perfectly dry sand in which to bury the bodies after they have been treated with the salt or the solution of salt which the ancient Nubians used.

FASHION HINTS



Russian influence is strongly felt in some of the newest fashions, both for street and evening wear. The accompanying sketch shows a walking costume of cream serge, with trimmings of lavender and cream braid. It is very dainty and attractive, and is one of the many pretty things now made for southern wear.

TELLS OF HIS FAMOUS HYMN.

Faces of Street Audience Gave Material Inspiration for "Life Line."

Surrounded by a model of a life gun, a piece of cable, life buoy, megaphone, wig-wag flags, tailboards containing instructions to sailors and two life ropes, the Rev. E. S. Ufford, of Rockland, Me., evangelist and author of the famous revival hymn, "Three Out the Life Line," sat placidly among these mementos of fearful storms which have raged along the New England coast, in the Union station waiting for his train to Minneapolis, the Des Moines Register and Leader says.

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is an evangelist and this paraphernalia, which has been actually used in the rescue of sailors from wrecked vessels and was presented to him by captains of the saving stations at Cape Cod and Nantucket, is used by him in his evangelistic services to illustrate his sermon.

"I was Sunday a pastor in East Boston one Sunday night in 1854, and when we were returning home after the service the subject of conversation turned on evangelists and hymns. I began thinking about a hymn that would reach the people. My father and grandfather had been choir leaders before me and I had been praying that I should write a song that would live long after I had passed away. On the afternoon of that Sunday I went to the village square and spoke to non-church goers. As I looked upon the faces of those about me—faces upon which were written the story of sin—they seemed to be like perishing men in the billows of death. This must have suggested to me the inspiration for my version of the hymn. I returned to the parsonage, sat down and wrote the hymn at once.

"It has been often thought that I at one time must have been associated with seafaring men to give me vivid a picture as the lyric depicts, or that I had dashed off the stanzas after witnessing a wreck of some vessel. Neither surmise is correct. It is simply a mental picture which came to me a quarter of a century ago, vivid to be sure, but to which I added the color."

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is building a unique church by popular subscription and from the royalties received from his hymn. A large anchor is supported over the tower. The building is divided into two parts, an auditorium and a parlor. Over the rostrum is a painting by the noted artist, Charles C. Murdock, and represents Christ in the act of saving Peter from the waves. The frieze around the auditorium represents Columbus' caravels coming to America. The church is appropriately located at the corner of Water and Ocean streets in Rockland. His study is in the church tower overlooking the bay.

"My church will be known as the Temple of Galilee, or the People's church, and will always be open to people of all creeds."

In Extenuation.

A little girl between 4 and 5 years of age came running in from sliding one day and exclaimed to her mother: "Oh, mamma, did you see me go down? I went like thunder!"

To her mother's astonished question as to whom she had heard say that the little one replied, "Well, mamma, you know you said one day 'as quick as lightning,' and it always thunders after it lightens, doesn't it?"

A widow's plea of popularity is so strong that the men call her "Irresistible."

Coal is obtained in many parts of New Zealand, but the chief mines are in the Westport district, in South Nelson; the Grey district, in Westland; in Otago and Auckland. The best coals occur in the two former, the Westport mines producing a quality scarcely equaled throughout the world.

The River Jordan.

The historic river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

REVIVAL OF CHINA PAINTING.



A FASCINATING OCCUPATION FOR GIRLS.

There is a distinct revival in china painting among young girls in the east, and in addition to becoming expert in the art it is considered quite an essential part of the training to make a study of the best examples of old china to be found in museums and elsewhere, and from them gather inspiration for the decoration of modern pieces.

In every department of art or industrial training nowadays the "home" idea is made prominent. Girls are learning domestic economy and domestic science, and everywhere the predominant thought is the fitting of girls for the domestic side of life, and it may be because of this wave of fireside sentiment that the decoration of table ware is so deservedly popular.

To quote one of the leading instructors, "There is, to my mind," said she, "nothing more closely allied to domestic life than the hand decorating of china. It gives a girl a love for beautiful things for the home table and opens her eyes to the nicety of table appointments, and we all know that a well appointed table is usually the index to a successfully managed household.

"To make collections of any sort is an admirable thing, but the collecting of rare china for girls is particularly so, for it not only gives the collector a special interest in life, but she can never afterward pass by a bit of fine china, porcelain or pottery but she will glean enjoyment from it.

"The entire outfit, colors, brushes, oils and palette knives can be purchased for between \$3.00 and \$4.00, perhaps more, perhaps less. A course of ten lessons should make the average girl quite independent of a teacher, except, of course, when it came to some new and vexing problem; then she would doubtless require the advice of an instructor. In this art, as others, there is a great difference in girls, for some are quick with their hands while others are clumsy."

RUBBISH BURNER.

Flames, Hot Ashes or Sparks Cannot Escape from It While in Use.

There seems to be some urgent demand for a means of consuming the accumulation of paper boxes and similar material which gather about an ordinary household. The bonfire is effective, but it is always attended with a considerable element of danger. Wire baskets which have been invented for the purpose reduce this danger very much, but it is said for the newest device for this purpose, which is made of sheet metal and entirely inclosed, that sparks and flames cannot escape, and consequently no damage can be done from its use.



Title of "Esquire."

Esquire dated back to the days when the Greeks and Romans were in the heyday of their existence. The armor bearers who served as attendants of

the knights by way of bodyguard were called esquires. Later, in England the king created esquires by placing collars about their necks and bestowing upon them pairs of silver spurs. The title has never lapsed in that country. There are now legally esquires by heritage, by creation, or by virtue of the holding of some office.

In this country the title has come into general use simply by courtesy, but it must be admitted that it is a very flimsy excuse for its adoption. In England there is a disposition to use it as applying to men not engaged in trade.

Spartan Self Denial.

When Mr. D., known to be miserly, but not believed to be a miser, was approached delicately for a contribution to the organ fund, he shook his head courteously, but with an air of finality.

"Charity," he said, "is a pleasure one must do without."

To a man who does his business by means of checks, a \$20 bill looks like a lot of money.