

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
The storm lasted for ten hours, and the weary travelers anxiously watched for the morning. About daybreak its fury seemed to abate itself, and Hatteras, accompanied by Bell and Altamont, ventured to leave the tent. They climbed a hill about 300 feet high, which commanded a wide view. But what a metamorphosed region met their gaze! All the ice had completely vanished, the storm had chased away the winter, and stripped the soil everywhere of its snow covering.

But Hatteras scarcely bestowed a glance on surrounding objects; his eager gaze was bent on the northern horizon, which appeared shrouded in black mist.

"That may very likely be caused by the ocean," suggested Clawbonny.

"You are right. The sea must be there," was the reply.

"That tint is what we call the blink of open water," said Johnson.

"Come on, then, to the sledge at once, and let us get to this unknown ocean," exclaimed Hatteras.

Their few preparations were soon made, and the march resumed. Three hours afterwards they arrived at the coast, and shouted simultaneously.

"The sea! the sea!"

"Ay, and open sea!" added Hatteras.

And so it was. The storm had opened with the polar basin, and the loosened packs were drifting in all directions. The icebergs had weighed anchor, and were sailing out into the open sea.

This new ocean stretched far away out of sight, and not a single island or continent was visible.

After a careful survey of the coast, Hatteras determined to launch the sloop that very day, and to unpack the sledge, and get everything on board. By 5 o'clock nothing more remained to be done. The sloop lay rocking gracefully in the little bay, and all the cargo was on board except the tent and what was required for the night's encampment.

CHAPTER XII.

The sight of the sloop suggested to Clawbonny the propriety of giving Altamont's name to the little bay. His proposition to that effect met with unanimous approval, and the port was forthwith dignified by the title of Altamont harbor.

According to the doctor's calculations, the travelers were now only three degrees distant from the pole. They had gone over 200 miles from Victoria bay to Altamont harbor, and were in latitude 87 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 113 degrees 35 minutes.

Next morning by 8 o'clock all the remaining effects were on board, and the preparations for departure completed.

A quarter of an hour afterward the little sloop sailed out of Altamont harbor, and commenced her voyage of discovery. The wind was favorable, but there was little of it, and the weather was positively warm.

Toward evening Hatteras and his companions lost sight of the coast. Night came on, though the sun remained just above the horizon. Since the departure from Altamont harbor, the sloop had made one degree farther north.

The next day brought no signs of land; there was not even a speck on the horizon.

At length, about 6 in the evening, a dim, hazy, shapeless sort of mist seemed to rise far away between sea and sky. It was not a cloud, for it was constantly vanishing, and then reappearing next minute.

Hatteras was the first to notice this peculiar phenomenon; but after an hour's scrutiny through his telescope, he could make nothing out of it.

All at once, however, some sure indication met his eye, and stretching out his arm to the horizon, he shouted, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Land! land!"

His words produced an electrical effect on his companions, and every man rushed to his side.

"I see it, I see it!" said Clawbonny.

"Yes, yes, so do I!" exclaimed Johnson.

"It is a cloud," said Altamont.

"Land! land!" repeated Hatteras, in tones of absolute conviction.

"Let us make right for it, then," said Hatteras.

It was impossible longer to doubt the proximity of the coast. In twenty-four hours, probably, the bold navigators might hope to set foot on its untrodden soil. But strange as it was, new that they were so near the goal of their voyage, no one showed the joy which might have been expected. Each man sat silent, absorbed in his own thoughts, wondering what sort of place this pole must be.

At last sleep overcame the tired men, and one after another dropped off, leaving Hatteras to keep watch.

While Hatteras dreamed of home and fame, an enormous cloud of an olive tinge had begun to darken sea and sky. A hurricane was at hand. The first blast of the tempest roused the captain and his companions, and they were on their feet in an instant, ready to meet it. The sea had risen tremendously, and the ship was tossing violently up and down on the billows. Hatteras took the helm again, and kept a firm hold of it, while Johnson and Bell abated the water which was constantly dashing over the ship.

This sudden tempest might well seem to such excited men, a stern prohibition against further approach to the pole; but it needed but a glance at their resolute faces to know that they would neither yield to winds nor waves, but go right on to the end.

For a whole day the struggle lasted, death threatening them each moment. The next evening, just as the fury of the waves seemed at its highest pitch, there came a sudden calm. The wind was stilled as if miraculously, and the sea became smooth as glass.

Then came a most extraordinary inexplicable phenomenon.

The fog, without dispersing, became strangely luminous, and the sloop sailed along in a zone of electric light. Mast, sail, and rigging appeared penciled in black against the phosphorescent sky with wondrous distinctness. The men were bathed in light, and their faces shone with a fiery glow.

"It is a phenomenon," replied the doctor, "seldom met hitherto. If we go on, we shall soon get out of this brilliant glow and be back in the darkness and tempest again."

"Well, let's go on, come what may," said Hatteras.

The doctor was right. Gradually the fog began to lose its light and then its transparency, and the howling wind was heard not far off. A few minutes more, and the little vessel was caught in a violent squall, and swept back into the cyclone.

But the hurricane had fortunately turned a point toward the south, and left the vessel free to run before the wind straight toward the pole.

At last they began evidently to near the coast. Strange symptoms were manifest in the air; the fog suddenly rent like a curtain torn by the wind; and for an instant, like a flash of lightning, an immense column of flame was seen on the horizon.

The wind suddenly changed to southeast, and drove the ship back again from the land.

As Hatteras stood with disheveled hair, grasping the helm as if welded to his hand, he seemed the animating soul of the ship.

All at once a fearful sight met his gaze.

Scarcely twenty yards in front was a great block of ice coming right towards them, mounting and falling on the stormy billows, ready to overturn at any moment and crush them in its descent.

But this was not the only danger that threatened the bold navigators. The iceberg was packed with white bears, huddling close together, and evidently beside themselves with terror.

For a quarter of an hour, which seemed a whole century, the sloop sailed on in this formidable company, sometimes a few yards distant and sometimes near enough to touch.

The storm now burst forth with redoubled fury. The little bark was lifted bodily out of the water, and whirled round and round with the most frightful rapidity. Mast and sail were torn off. A whirlpool began to form among the waves, drawing down the ship gradually by its irresistible suction.

All five men stood erect, gazing at each other in speechless terror. But suddenly the ship rose perpendicularly, her prow went above the edge of the vortex, and getting out of the center of attraction by her own velocity, she escaped at a tangent from the circumference, and was thrown far beyond, swift as a ball from a cannon's mouth.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning. For a few seconds they seemed stupefied, and then a cry of "Hatteras!" broke from every lip.

On all sides nothing was visible but the tempestuous ocean.

"Take the helm, Altamont," said the doctor, "and let us try our utmost to find our poor captain."

Johnson and Bell seized the oars, and rowed about for more than an hour; but their search was vain—Hatteras was lost!

Lost! and so near the pole, just as he had caught sight of the goal!

At such a distance from the coast it was impossible Hatteras could reach it alive, without an oar or even so much as a spar to help him; if ever he touched the haven of his desire, it would be as a swollen, mutilated corpse.

Longer search was useless, and nothing remained but to resume the route north. The tempest was dying out, and about 5 in the morning, on the 11th of July, the wind fell, and the sea gradually became calm. The sky recovered its polar clearness, and less than three miles away the land reappeared in all its grandeur.

The new continent was only an island, or rather, a volcano, fixed like a lighthouse on the north pole of the world.

The mountain was in full activity, pouring out a mass of burning stones and glowing rock.

This enormous rock in the middle of the sea was 6,000 feet high, just about the altitude of Hecla.

"Can we land?" said the doctor.

"The wind is carrying us right to it," said Altamont.

"Let us go, then," said Clawbonny, dejectedly.

He had no heart now for anything. The north pole was indeed before his eyes, but not the man who had discovered it.

As they got nearer the island, which was not more than eight or ten miles in circumference, the navigators noticed a tiny fiord, just large enough to harbor their boat, and made toward it immediately. They feared their captain's dead body would meet their eyes on the coast, and yet it seemed difficult for a corpse to lie on it, for there was no shore, and the sea broke on steep rocks, which were covered with cinders above water mark.

At last the little sloop glided gently into the narrow opening between two sandbanks just visible above the water, where she would be safe from the violence of the breakers. Before she could be moored, Duke began howling and barking again in the most piteous manner.

"Duke! Duke!" called Clawbonny.

But Duke had already disappeared.

Duke was barking vehemently some distance off, but his bark seemed full of grief rather than fury. He had found the body of Hatteras.

All four rushed forward, in spite of the blinding cinder dust, and came to

the far end of a fiord, where they discovered the dog barking round a corpse wrapped in the British flag!

"Hatteras! Hatteras!" cried the doctor, throwing himself beside the body of his friend. But next minute he started up with an indescribable cry, and shouted, "Alive! alive!"

"Yes," said a feeble voice, "yes, alive at the north pole, on Queen's Island."

For a few minutes the joy of recovery of their captain filled all their hearts, and the poor fellows could not restrain their tears.

The doctor found, on examination, that Hatteras was not seriously hurt. The wind had thrown him on the coast where landing was perilous work, but, after being driven back more than once into the sea, the hardy sailor had managed to scramble on to a rock, and gradually to hoist himself above the waves.

Then he must have become insensible, for he remembered nothing more except rolling himself in his flag. He only awoke to consciousness with the loud barking and caresses of his faithful Duke.

After a little Hatteras was able to stand up, supported by the doctor, and tried to get back to the sloop.

He kept exclaiming, "The pole! the north pole!"

He had become quite delirious with excitement, and fever burned in his veins. His eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, and his brain seemed on fire. Perfect rest was what he most needed, for the doctor found it impossible to quiet him.

Altamont speedily discovered a grotto composed of rocks which had so fallen as to form a sort of cave. Johnson and Bell carried in provisions and gave the dogs their liberty.

But Hatteras would do nothing till the exact position of the island was ascertained; so the doctor and Altamont set to work with their instruments, and found that the exact latitude of the grotto was 89 degrees 50 minutes 15 seconds.

The 90 degrees of latitude was then only about three-quarters of a mile off, or just about the summit of the volcano.

When the result was given to Hatteras, he had a formal document drawn up to attest the fact, and two copies made, one of which should be deposited on a cairn on the island.

Clawbonny was the scribe, and indited the following document, a copy of which is now among the archives of the Royal Geographical Society of London:

"On this 11th day of July, 1861, in north latitude 89 degrees 50 minutes 15 seconds, was discovered Queen's Island at the north pole, by Capt. Hatteras, commander of the brig Forward of Liverpool, who signs this, as also all his companions.

"Whoever may find this document is requested to forward it to the admiralty."
(Signed.)

"John Hatteras, Commander of the Forward."
"Dr. Clawbonny."
"Altamont, Commander of the Porpoise."
"Johnson, Boatswain."
"Bell, Carpenter."

After the party made themselves as comfortable as they could, and lay down to sleep.

(To be continued.)

Obedient Orders.
Seamen are strict disciplinarians, and a ship's crew seldom even dreams of interpreting a commander's orders otherwise than literally. Of the recognized rigid type was a certain English captain. The way the strict letter of his law was observed aboard his ship is described by a writer in the London Telegraph.

One day, while the ship was in a certain port, the captain gave a dinner to some town acquaintances, and as the resources of the ship were not great, some of the sailors were deputed to wait on the table to re-enforce the insufficient number of stewards.

As these men were not used to such work, each one was told exactly what service would fall to his share.

The hour came, and the dinner went merrily on. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none near her, and the finely disciplined stewards seemed to be quite blind to her need. She turned her head and spoke softly to the man at her elbow.

"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her if it had been in his power. He saluted in fine naval style.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said he. "I'm told off for 'taters."

The Best Proof.
Little Ted, 7 years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel!"
—Judge.

New Definition.
Scott—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him.

Mott—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.—Boston Transcript.

Well Defined.
"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"
"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

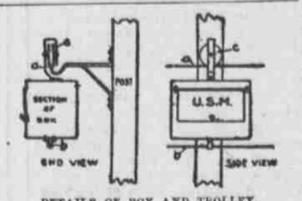
Best We'll Get.
"Well, the proofs are out."
"Of the pole discovery?"
"No; of the book?"—Kansas City Journal.

A high British court has followed the example of one in France in ruling that bleaching is not deleterious to flour.

FARM NOTES

Trolley Mail Box.
Many patrons of rural delivery routes live a considerable distance from the highway, and a device which would carry the mail between the house and the road would be a great convenience. A Kansas subscriber whose house is 90 rods from the rural route and who has a straight line of telephone poles to the road, asks if an endless wire cable could be arranged in some way to carry a small box.

A No. 10 wire can be attached to



DETAILS OF BOX AND TROLLEY.

brackets fastened to the poles at such a height as not to interfere with teams, etc. A small box and carrier can be run over this between the house and the road. The box can be sent down and brought back from the house by the use of a cord or light twisted wire cable. Attach it to the box and pass it through a pulley on a post at the road and around a drum or through another pulley at the house. The trolley wire should be soldered to the brackets so the carrier may run



MAIL BOX TROLLEY LINE.

over it without trouble. With a little Yankee ingenuity anyone can rig up a device of this kind.—Farm and Home.

Fowls Require Salt.
Fowls require salt in their ration in order to thrive best, the same as do all other animals. The mineral elements in the salt are desired by the fowls, and their systems crave them. But only a little salt is needed—not more than a handful a week to the average-sized farm flock. Too much may be more harmful than too little. And since fowls often do not know when they have had enough of it, we dare not place the salt before them, and let them eat all they want, as can be done with most other farm animals. So the best way is to mix a handful occasionally with the soft food or mash. This seasons the food and gives it a palatable taste, as well as proving a benefit to the fowls.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Superior to the Mule.
The greatest hybrid that the world has ever known is the mule. This is a cross between the horse and the ass. The resultant mule was, however, barren, and the possibility of developing a more perfect type through selection did not exist. The mule had to be taken as he was and made the most of. At that he has borne the brunt of cornfield labor at home and tugged the nation's cannon into the ever-advancing frontier. He has surpassed both the horse and the ass that bred him in many ways. The zebra is evidently a creature superior in every way to the mule, and it is believed, with selection and scientific breeding, it will take a place in the world that will tend to retire the latter, and, possibly, the horse, from the field of action.

Value of Humus in Soil.
The value of humus in the soil is not only that it supplies an element of plant food, but that it absorbs moisture and is an obstacle to evaporation, says the Rural Californian. It also prevents soil erosion and waste. The most successful farmer is the one who takes the most pains to utilize every element of his farm products that contributes humus to the soil. This is especially important in localities where the surface is uneven or broken, and the earth is not firm, or, in other words, is easily eroded by rainfall.

Points in Pruning.
Do not choose the dormant season to cut back trees that are growing too fast to be fruitful; it will only make them grow the faster in the spring. Wait till they are in full flush of growth in May or June if you want to drive their surplus energies into fruit buds. Be sure to carry a paint pot along with the pruners, and whenever a limb as much as an inch in diameter is cut off, cover the wound with oil and white lead to keep out dampness and the entrance of fungi spores that will produce rot. In the spring this cover is not so necessary, for as soon as growth begins the tree will begin to cover its wounds with new wood that will creep over it from all sides.—Rural Wor.

The Farmer's Automobile.
While automobiles are expensive vehicles, in a sense, they are daily becoming less so. Improvements in methods, materials and knowledge have made a cheaper car possible and the fact that the purchasers of fancy cars are already supplied has caused manufacturers to devote their energies to turning out a car that is medium priced and of high quality. A new field for the marketing of the product of their factories was necessary and this field was found among the farmers. High-priced, fancy cars would not go with them, but quality would, and those manufacturers who were shrewd enough to make a car of high quality at a reasonable price have found ready customers among the farmers.

It is estimated that there are now in use about 100,000 automobiles among the farmers of this country and something like 5,000 of these are in Kansas. They are great favorites among the dairy farmers as time savers in the delivery of milk, but they are no less so among other farmers, who find in them a means of rapid transit without disturbing the farm teams. The new farm automobile is here to stay.—Kansas Farmer.

Wheat for Laying Hens.
Many farmers grow and sell wheat, but they do not feed any of it to their chickens. Wheat is one of the best egg-producing feeds, and it will pay to feed it to the hens at all seasons, even when it is above a dollar a bushel. Wheat is similar in composition to milk and eggs; it contains nearly all the elements in right proportion for perfect animal growth and maintenance. A little of it will go a long way in feeding.

A Merciless Parasite.
The flous macrophylia, commonly called the Moreton Bay fig, is a merciless Australian parasitical growth, says a writer in the Wide World magazine. It takes root in the forks of its host tree (which in this case is a Queensland bloodwood) and ultimately smothers the latter and usurps its place as an independent tree. Many valuable trees in the scrubs of Queensland are destroyed in this manner.

Certified Milk Pays Best.
Certified milk sells in all large cities for about twice the price of other milk. It is absolutely clean, no impurities being allowed to get into the milk. A layer of fine cheesecloth is stretched over the milk pail, a layer of absorbent cotton is placed upon that, then another piece of cheesecloth. There is no sediment in the bottom of the milk vessels of milk treated in this way. It's not expensive, either.

Ensilage and Alfalfa Feed.
The scientific ration for a cow giving twenty pounds of milk with 4 per cent of butter fat—a good average dairy cow—is forty-five pounds of ensilage and ten pounds of alfalfa hay a day. Ensilage costs about \$2 a ton and alfalfa about \$10 a ton. Thus the cow feed cost of 9½ cents a day, which is more than a third cheaper than could be sustained on an ordinary corn ration.

Protect the Grindstone.
A grindstone should never be left exposed to the sun. The weight of any handle will always cause one portion of the stone to remain uppermost, and this from exposure will reach a different degree of hardness from the underside, so that after a while the stone will be ground out of circle. If the stone has to stand in the open a flat box can easily be obtained to serve as a cover.

Meat Barrel Cover.
This sketch shows a meat barrel that can't be beat. Get a barrel that has top and bottom and saw it through in the middle, making two tubs. Use these tubs for covers on meat barrels by turning them over the barrels as shown in the sketch and they will assuredly keep out the dust and moisture.

Testing Eggs in Incubator.
During incubation, eggs should be tested on the seventh and fourteenth days. At the first test the air cell should measure about a quarter of an inch; on the tenth day, one-half inch; on the fifteenth day, five-eighths of an inch; nineteenth day, three-quarters of an inch. The measurement should be taken from the middle of the large end.

Care of Horses' Teeth.
Horses seldom suffer from decayed teeth, but because of the upper teeth closing on the lower ones a little on the outside points are sometimes found which lacerate the cheek or penetrate the gums, creating a tenderness that prevents the proper mastication of food, annoying the horse so much that he falls away very rapidly.

Mixture for Pasture.
Minnesota farmers have found six pounds of timothy, five pounds of white clover, three pounds of Kentucky blue grass, and one pound of red top seed per acre, to be an excellent mixture for pastures. If the ground is inclined to be wet, the red top seed takes the place of the timothy.

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN

His Condition as Compared to the Irish and German Laborers.
J. B. Street, statistician for the Irish department of commerce and labor, who has been investigating comparative conditions of working throughout Germany, the United States and England, says that the American workman lives longer, works longer hours and has a longer time all around than either his German or English brethren.

"I find that the skilled man in the United States has a better and more varied diet than in any other country I have investigated," he said. "The English workman has as much meat but he hasn't the variety of vegetables and sweets. His meals lack imagination."

The German mechanic Mr. Street finds to be in the worst condition of all. His trades unions are the most complete and best organized of the three countries considered, and yet he works more hours, gets less pay, wears less, and is worse housed than any of them. They get 25 per cent less than Englishmen," said Mr. Street. "They work 10 hours a day as against nine in England and eight in the United States, and their cost of living is 18 per cent higher."

The poor districts of American cities failed to horrify Mr. Street, he said they had worse at home.

"I've been through your poorest section," said he. "It is much the same as one finds in all the large cities of the world. The difference here is that there is an appearance of energy and hopefulness in most of your poor people. The reason is, I take it, that they had enough enterprise and thrift to start with to get themselves over with the intention of bettering their condition."

FASHION HINTS



Foulards are coming in such lovely shades and patterns, that it's no wonder they are to be more than ever popular this season. One of wistaria, figured over with irregular dashes of white, is shown here. It is designed for general wear. A little hand embroidery on the vest adds to its attractiveness. The "kimona" or "peasant" type of shoulder-and-sleeve-in-one, is again fashionable.

Fish Versus Beef.
When the Beef Trust puts the price of steak up to \$1 a pound we can go to eating more fish. Grazing land diminishes every year, so it is only a question of time until beef gets up somewhere near canvas back duck in price. Old ocean will always be in business at the old stand and with the same undiminished confines, unless we run afoul of a wildcat comet or planet and are wiped out; then it won't make any difference. So long as fish is a trifling incident of our diet its price will somewhat follow up the price of beef, for lack of general supply. When it becomes a chief article of food enormous fish industries will be established everywhere, and the supply will keep up with the steady demand. There can't be a monopoly of the ocean; there can't even be such a monopoly in the handling of fish as in the slaughtering, packing and cold storing of beef.

A Bright Lawyer.
An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed: "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?" By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.

Accessions of almost priceless value form a part of the 167,677 volumes which were added during the year to the Library of Congress, making the total number of volumes in that great library 1,702,635. The valuable additions include a set of the great Chinese encyclopedia given by the Chinese government.

Early historic times in Norway are to be illustrated at an exposition to be held at Bergen next summer.