

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

All, except Hatteras; and why could this extraordinary man not sleep like the others? He grew more and more excited, and it was not the thought of returning that so affected him.

Whatever might be the cause, he could not sleep; yet this first night at the pole was clear and calm. The ice was absolutely uninhabited—not a bird, nor an animal, nor a fish.

Next morning, when Altamont and the others awoke, Hatteras was gone. Feeling uneasy at his absence, they hurried out of the grotto in search of him. There he was standing on a rock, gazing fixedly at the top of the mountain. His instruments were in his hand.

Presently Hatteras said, in a hurried, agitated manner, as if he could scarcely command himself.

"Friends, listen to me. We have done much already, but much yet remains to be done."

"We are close to the pole, but we are not on it."

"We are still 45 minutes latitude from the unknown point," resumed Hatteras, with increased animation, "and to that point I shall go."

"But it is on the summit of the volcano," said the doctor.

"I shall go."

The tone of absolute determination in which Hatteras pronounced these words it is impossible to describe.

His friends were stupefied, and gazed in terror at the blazing mountain.

"Very well," he said, finally, "since you are bent on it, we'll go, too."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was about 8 o'clock when they commenced their difficult ascent; the sky was splendid, and the thermometer stood at 52 degrees.

Hatteras and his dog went first, closely followed by the others.

But as they got higher, the ascent became more and more difficult, for the flanks of the mountain were almost perpendicular, and it required the utmost care to keep from falling. Clouds of ashes whirled round them repeatedly, and torrents of lava barred their passage.

Hatteras, however, climbed up the steepest ascents with surprising agility, disdaining the help of his staff.

He arrived before long at a circular rock, a sort of plateau about ten feet wide. A river of boiling lava surrounded it, except in one part, where it forked away to a higher rock, leaving a narrow passage, through which Hatteras fearlessly passed.

Here he stopped, and his companions managed to rejoin him. He seemed to be measuring with his eye the distance he had yet to get over. Horizontally, he was not more than 200 yards from the top of the crater, but vertically he had nearly three times that distance to traverse.

"Hatteras," said the doctor, "it is enough; we cannot go further!"

"Stop, then," he replied, in a strangely altered voice; "I am going higher."

He had hardly uttered the words before Hatteras, by a superhuman effort, sprang over the boiling lava, and was beyond the reach of his companions.

A cry of horror burst from every lip, for they thought the poor captain must have perished in that fiery gulf; but there he was safe on the other side, accompanied by his faithful Duke who would not leave him.

He speedily disappeared behind a curtain of smoke, and they heard his voice growing fainter in the distance, shouting:

"To the north! to the north; to the top of Mount Hatteras! Remember, Mount Hatteras!"

All pursuit of him was out of the question.

At intervals, however, a glimpse of him could be caught through the clouds of smoke and showers of ashes.

Hatteras did not even turn once to look back, but marched straight on, carrying his country's flag attached to his staff.

At last he reached the summit of the mountain, the mouth of the crater. Here the doctor hoped the infatuated man would stop, at any rate, and would, perhaps, recover his senses, and expose himself to no more danger than he descent involved.

Once more he shouted:

"Hatteras! Hatteras!"

There was such a pathos of entreaty in his tone that Altamont felt moved to his inmost soul.

"I'll save him yet!" he exclaimed; and before Clawbonny could hinder him, he had cleared with a bound the torrent of fire, and was out of sight among the rocks.

Meantime, Hatteras had mounted a rock which overhung the crater, and stood waving his flag amidst showers of stones which rained down on him. Duke was by his side; but the poor beast was growing dizzy in such close proximity to the abyss.

Hatteras balanced his staff with one hand, and with the other sought to find the precise mathematical point where all the meridians of the globe meet, the point on which it was his sublime purpose to plant his foot.

All at once the rock gave way, and he disappeared. A cry of horror broke from his companions, and rang to the top of the mountain. Clawbonny thought his friend had perished, and lay buried forever in the depths of the volcano. A second—only a second, though it seemed an age—elapsed, and there was Altamont and the dog holding the ill-fated Hatteras! Man and dog had caught him at the very moment when he disappeared in the abyss.

Hatteras was saved! Saved in spite of himself; and half an hour later he lay unconscious in the arms of his despairing companions.

When he came to himself, the doctor looked at him in speechless anguish, for there was no chance of res-

ognition in his eye. It was the eye of a blind man, who gazes without seeing.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Johnson, "he is blind!"

"No!" replied Clawbonny, "no! My poor friends, we have only saved the body of Hatteras; his soul is left behind on the top of the volcano. His reason is gone!"

Three hours after the whole party were back once more in the grotto.

"Well, friends," said the doctor, "we cannot stay longer in this island; the sea is open, and we have enough provisions. We ought to start at once, and get back without the least delay to Fort Providence, where we must winter."

The day passed in profound dejection. The insanity of the captain was a bad omen, and when they began to talk over the return voyage, their hearts failed them for fear. They missed the intrepid spirit of their leader.

Next morning they made all ready to sail, and brought the tent and all its belongings on board.

But before leaving these rocks, never to return, the doctor, carrying out the intentions of Hatteras, had a cairn erected on the very spot where the poor fellow had jumped ashore. It was made of great blocks placed one on the top of the other, so as to be a landmark perfectly visible while the eruptions of the volcano left it undisturbed. On one of the side stones, Bell chiseled the simple inscription:

JOHN HATTERAS.

The duplicate of the document attesting the discovery of the north pole was inclosed in a tin iron cylinder, and deposited in the cairn, to remain a silent witness among those desert rocks.

This done, the four men and the captain, a poor body without a soul, set out on the return voyage.

On the 15th they sighted Altamont harbor, but as the sea was open all along the coast, they determined to go round to Victoria bay by water, instead of crossing New America in the sledge.

As the sloop made Victoria bay they all hastened to Fort Providence. But what a scene of devastation met their eyes! Doctor's house, stores, powder magazine, fortifications, all had melted away, and the provisions had been ransacked by devouring animals.

After a thorough search, a few cases of pemmican were found scattered here and there, and two barrels of preserved meat, altogether enough for six weeks, and a good supply of powder. It was soon collected and brought on board.

At last, after thirty days tolerably quick sailing, and after battling for forty-eight hours against the increasing drift ice, and risking the frail sloop a hundred times, the navigators saw themselves blocked in on all sides.

Altamont made a reckoning with scrupulous precision, and found they were in 77 degrees 15 minutes latitude and 55 degrees 2 minutes longitude.

"This is our exact position, then," said the doctor. "We are in South Lincoln, just at Cape Eden, and are entering Jones sound. With a little more good luck we should have found open water right to Baffin bay."

"I suppose, then," said Altamont, "our only course is to leave the sloop, and get by sledge to the east coast of Lincoln."

The rest agreed.

The little vessel was unloaded and the sledge put together again. At last, on the 24th, they set foot on North Devon.

It was not till the 30th of August that they emerged from those wild mountains into a plain, which seemed to have been upturned and convulsed by volcanic action at some distant period.

Altamont, who had displayed great unselfishness and devotion to the others, roused his sinking energies, and determined to go out and find food for his comrades.

He had been absent about an hour, and only once during that time had they heard the report of his gun; and now he was coming back empty-handed, but running as if terrified.

"Down there, under the snow!" cried Altamont, speaking as if scared, and pointing in a particular direction.

"What?"

"A whole party of men!"

"Alive?"

"Dead—frozen—and even—"

He did not finish the sentence, but a look of unspeakable horror came over his face.

The doctor and the others were so roused by this incident that they managed to get up and drag themselves after Altamont towards the place he indicated.

They soon arrived at a narrow part at the bottom of a ravine, and what a spectacle met their gaze! Dead bodies, already stiff, lay half buried in a winding sheet of snow.

It was evident this ravine had been, but recently the scene of a fearful struggle, that the poor wretches had been feeding on human flesh, perhaps while still warm. And among them the doctor recognized Shandon, Pen and others of the ill-fated crew of the *Forward*!

"Come away! come away!" cried the doctor, dragging his companions from the scene. Horror gave them momentary strength, and they resumed their march without stopping a minute longer.

Even the men themselves were never able to give any detailed narrative of the events which occurred during the next week. However, on the 9th of September, by superhuman exertions, they arrived at last at Cape Eborac, the extreme point of North Devon.

They were on the short of Baffin bay, now half frozen over; that is to say, on the road to Europe, and three miles off the waves were dash-

noiselessly on the sharp edges of the ice-field.

Here they must wait their chance of a whaler appearing; and for how long? But heaven pitied the poor fellows, for the very next day Altamont perceived a sail on the horizon.

Just then a happy inspiration came to the doctor. His fertile genius, which has served him many a time in such good stead, supplied him with one last idea.

A floe, driven by the current, struck against the ice-field, and Clawbonny exclaimed, pointing to it:

"This floe!"

His companions could not understand what he meant.

"Let us embark on it! let us embark on it!"

Bell, assisted by Altamont, hurried to the sledge, and brought back one of the poles, which he stuck fast on the ice like a mast, and fastened it with ropes. The tent was torn up to furnish a sail, and as soon as the frail craft was ready the poor fellows jumped upon it, and sailed out to the open sea.

Two hours later the survivors of the *Forward* were picked up by the *Hans Christian*, a Danish whaler, on her way to Davis straits.

Ten days afterward, Clawbonny, Johnson, Bell, Altamont and Captain Hatteras landed at Korsaa, in Zealand, an island belonging to Denmark. They took the steamer to Kiel, and from there proceeded by Altona and Hamburg to London, where they arrived on the 13th of the same month, scarcely recovered after their long sufferings.

The first care of Clawbonny was to request the Royal Geographical Society to receive a communication from him. One can imagine the astonishment of the learned assembly and the enthusiastic applause when he read Hatteras' document.

The doctor and his companions had the honor of being presented to the queen by the lord chancellor, and they were feted and "lionized" in all quarters.

The government confirmed the names of "Queen's Island," "Mount Hatteras" and "Altamont Harbor."

The insanity of Capt. Hatteras was of a mild type, and he lived quietly at Sten cottage, a private asylum near Liverpool, where the doctor himself had placed him. He never spoke, and understood nothing that was said to him; reason and speech had fled together. The only tie that connected him with the outside world was his friendship for Duke, who was allowed to remain with him.

For a considerable time the captain had been in the habit of walking in the garden for hours, accompanied by his faithful dog, who watched him with sad, wistful eyes, but his promenade was always in one direction in a particular part of the garden. When he got to the end of this path he would stop and begin to walk backwards. If anyone stopped him he would point with his finger towards a certain part of the sky, but let anyone attempt to turn him round, and he became angry, while Duke, as if sharing his master's sentiments, would bark furiously.

The doctor, who often visited his afflicted friend, noticed this strange proceeding one day, and soon understood the reason for it. He saw how it was that he paced so constantly in a given direction, as if under the influence of some magnetic force.

This was the secret: John Hatteras invariably walked towards the north.

(The end.)

Unexpectedly True.

The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of the railway station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express, which was almost due to start, says a writer in *Tit-Bits*. But in vain. Assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage, and cried in a stentorian voice:

"All change here! This carriage isn't going!"

There were exclamations low but deep from the occupants of the crowded compartment; but, nevertheless, they hurried out of the carriage and packed themselves away in other parts of the train. The smile on the face of the young man was childlike as he settled himself comfortably.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a grand thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they'd hurry up and start."

By and by the station-master put his head in the window, and said:

"I suppose you are the smart young man who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one, and he smiled.

"Well," said the station-master, with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director!"

Epigram Criminal Code.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Curiosity is the porch climber of society.

The past is the hold-up man of ambition.

Good-fellowship is the firebug of sobriety.

Consent is the sneak thief of contentment.

The bore is the pickpocket of patience.

The college boy is the checkkiter of humor.

The firecracker is the pirate of peace.

The Welsh rabbit is the ghoul of sleep.

Hard luck is the shoplifter of hope.

Bad cooking is the sandbagger of civility.—Puck.

The Mustang.

What is known as the California horse or mustang is in his ancestry and essential qualities an Arab.

Wire Hairpins.

The wire hairpin was first made in 1645 in England. Prior to that wood-skewers were used.

WHERE THEY WERE BORN.

Nat Goodwin is a Boston man.

Robert Edeson came to life in Baltimore.

Baron Max Hoffmann was born near Cracow, Poland.

Robert Mantell is a canny Scot, having been born in Ayrshire.

Far away Portland, Ore., was the birthplace of Blanche Bates.

Don't start, but the birthplace of John Mason was Orange, N. J.

Otis Harlan first saw the light of day in Muskingum County, Ohio.

Grace Hazard was born in St. Louis, but her parents are New England Yankees.

Elsie Janis was born in Columbus, Ohio, and still calls that place her home.

Clara Morris spent her childhood in Cleveland, but was born in Toronto, Canada.

Isabell D'Armond was born in St. Louis. Her father was a surgeon and practiced for years in the Mound City.

Miss Gertrude Hoffmann is a San Francisco girl. Her father is one of the constructors in the Scott ship-building works.

Little Mlle. Dazie, the dancing star of vaudeville, came into the world in St. Louis in the Peterkin family. She was "raised" in Detroit.

Jefferson De Angelis and Edna Wallace Hopper and William A. Brady and James J. Corbett all were born and raised in San Francisco.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

The only self-supporting territory of the United States is Alaska.

The Chilean government has under contract 698 miles of railroads at an estimated cost of \$24,207,660.

A chimney of concrete block was recently built in Germany without the use of scaffolding, which represents a great economy in the cost.


Billiards and pool on shipboard are now possible through the recent invention of a self-leveling table which accommodates itself to every movement of the vessel.

Levantine newspapers report that Turkey has granted a conditional concession to an American syndicate for a 1,343-mile railroad through Asia Minor.

Our oil exports to China increased from 23,000,000 gallons in 1899 to 87,000,000 in 1909 and nearly 104,000,000 in 1908, having thus quadrupled in ten years.

Thirteen grams of radium chloride have been produced at the Imperial Austrian radium factory, located at St. Joachimsthal. It is estimated that this mineral has a value of \$45,000 to \$50,000 a gram, or more than \$500,000 for the entire amount. Pure metallic radium is never seen.

FASHION HINTS



Long lines and extreme simplicity make this charming gown of chiffon velvet. A heavy silk mesh insertion four inches wide, is the only trimming used.

Ammon, in his studies of the people of the small cities of Carlsruhe and Freiburg, proves that city-born people diminish in the course of one and two generations from 100 per cent to 29 per cent, and 15 per cent. He believes that families that move from the country to the cities on an average almost die out in the course of two generations. It is asserted that one-half of the inhabitants of the German cities are immigrants from the country, and the conclusion from this fact is that the cities must renew themselves completely in the course of two generations.—New York Press.

A Good Guess.

"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive "I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't look up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

Jury Fury.

I hold it a fact That hell hath no fury That's like to a man Who's drawn on a jury.—Buffalo News.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED



THE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

The Salvation Army was born in 1865. It has something to show for the elevation of the downtrodden. One of its champions says:

"The Salvation Army flag is flying in fifty-five countries. It has no less than 7,500 societies and, excepting in heathen countries, is self-supporting. The Salvationists hold services in thirty-two languages and are led by 15,000 officers, assisted by 50,000 local officers, men and women, who earn their living by the sweat of their brows and give their time and money and work to the cause. In its advocacy twenty-five newspapers are published in seventeen languages. There are 17,000 bandmen who play sacred music without pay. In Great Britain these bands march 54,000 miles a week to attract men and women to the cross. Over 200,000 hungry and wretched creatures are fed by its instrumentality. No man, woman or child who has fallen out of a hand and says: 'I want to get up again and want to lead an honest, industrious life,' to every such person there should go out another hand to lift him up. We have many other branches of work. In all we have 120 different departments or plans for benefiting people, and the number is increasing constantly.

"Now, what are you doing to lift up the people who are down? The poor, the drunkard, the sinful, the hungry, and the poor lassies who have gone over the line and who are in the worst hell this side of the river? What are you doing for them all? Do you think it is my special work, that you have no part in it? Will you help me? Will you help the Salvation Army? Will you help with your sympathy and prayer? You may say: 'We have our churches and missions to maintain.' What a pitiful condition your city would be in if you did not have. When you have done all this there will be something left for the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is no longer an experiment. It has passed out of the area of speculation. It is an accomplished fact."

SAVES TRAINER'S LIFE.



At New York the sharp teeth and claws of Clayton, a leopard, nearly cost the life of Mrs. Pauline Russell, his trainer, but the length and strength of his tail saved her. Clayton would not perform. Mrs. Russell prodded him with an iron bar and called to her assistant for aid. In the instant of turning her head to call, the leopard leaped. He bore the woman to the ground and stood over her, growling and lashing his tail. It was then that the quick-witted assistant, reaching into the cage, grabbed Clayton's tail, took a double hitch around the bars of the cage with it, and rescued Mrs. Russell.

Two shifts—the "scouting force," as they call themselves—work between 11 in the afternoon and 9 the next morning. Each bank has a big drawer in the general postoffice. Messengers clear this of its letters every hour at night long. Three thousand letters a day is the average mail of one of these large banks. Two-thirds of it comes during the night. These letters, in the case of one of the biggest of these banks, contain from 35,000 to 40,000 checks and drafts. At times these enclosures represent as much as \$10,000,000. Rarely does the total fall below \$20,000,000.

The letters are opened as fast as they are received, the checks are counted and the totals verified with the footings of the lists. The letters are then stamped, which shows that they have been "proved in," as the banks call it. After that they are turned over to the clerks, who send out the formal acknowledgments of the remittances they contain. The various checks are assorted according to the numbers of the books in which they are to be entered and otherwise; the night drafts are grouped according to the routes of the bank's messengers and all is made ready for turning the night's accumulation over to the day force, so it may be handled by it as expeditiously as possible.

Each of these shifts of night workers at the banks consists of from twelve to twenty men. Some banks get along with but one extra set of clerks at night. These come on duty at midnight and leave at 8 a. m. The plan of working all night long in order to keep up with the tremendous amount of business that comes in by mail was inaugurated about five years ago. The first bank that tried it found that so much valuable daytime was saved that one institution after another took it up, until now there are four that have these three eight-hour shifts of clerks, and several more who work only a part of the night.

NIGHT TOILERS IN BANKS.

Some Money Repositories Work Clerical Forces Continuously.


Four big banks in the Wall street district resemble the great gold mines of the West in one striking feature, Harper's Weekly says. They have three eight-hour shifts of toilers, and the work never stops. One set takes up the routine where the other leaves off. All night long, Sundays and holidays, a staff of men in each of these banks is busy opening thousands of letters, sorting and listing innumerable checks and drafts that represent fabulous sums of money and getting them ready for the day force, which is the only one the public comes in contact with or ever hears about. If this work was not carried on incessantly the banks would soon be overwhelmed with a mountainous accumulation of detail.

Defined.

Willie—Pa, what are "Conversations powers?"

Pa—Oh, what are 'em? Table and the republics.—Puck.

ODD METHOD OF BOOKKEEPING.



A method of bookkeeping as novel and ingenious as it is pathetic was discovered a short time ago by a New Orleans business man who had been obliged to spend a few days in an out-of-the-way country place. The hotel was postoffice, country store, jail and all else of a business nature the place possessed, but the proprietor and hotel manager could not write. On leaving the place he was presented with the bill shown in the drawing. The figure in the bed means just what it implies, and the four lines with the bed were counted seven times. The dollar sign and three ones designated for this privilege was \$3.00. The figure drawn as seated at the table and the marks following show that twenty-four meals were eaten at \$5.00.—Popular Mechanics.