



CHAPTER II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ask it, then, Johnson."

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

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

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

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

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

"Is it the Porpoise?"

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

"In these seas?"

The affirmative gesture was repeated. "Is she in the north?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her position?"

"Yes."

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

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

Then Hatteras spoke again.

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

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

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

"Yes," replied Altamont.

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

"Yes," interrupted the sick man.

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

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

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

Again the sign to stop was made.

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

Altamont stopped him once more, and smiled feebly.

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

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

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

But the joyous, exulting words had hardly escaped his lips before a sudden thought made his countenance change.

The serpent of jealousy had stung him, for his stranger was an American, and he had reached three degrees nearer the pole than the ill-fated Forward.

By further patient questioning after a rest, the doctor soon ascertained that the Porpoise was a three-mast American ship, from New York, wrecked on the ice, with provisions and combustibles in abundance on board.

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

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

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

Hatteras looked grim but said nothing more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The days wore on. Progress was



HATTERAS FIRED AND THE BEAR ROLLED OVER THE ICE.

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

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

Worst of all there were only seven charges of powder left, and six balls.

A little game was shot, but quickly devoured. The weary men could hardly drag themselves along by now. The dogs had begun to gnaw their traces.

Their last meal, on the Sunday evening, was a very sad one—unless help came, their doom was sealed.

The next morning Johnson saw a bear of huge dimensions. The old sailor took it into his head that heaven had sent this bear specially for him to kill; and withing waking his comrades, he seized the doctor's gun, and was soon in pursuit.

On reaching the right distance he took aim; but, just as his finger touched the trigger, he felt his arm tremble. His thick gloves hampered him, he threw them off. But what a cry of agony escaped him! The skin of his fingers stuck to the gun as if it had been red-hot, and he was forced to let it drop. The sudden fall made it go off, and the ball was discharged in the air.

It was the last bullet.

Dr. Clawbonny came out and saw what had happened. He dragged the poor fellow into the tent, where he made him plunge his hand into a bowl of water. Johnson's hands had hardly touched it before it froze immediately.

"You are just in time; I should have

had to amputate soon," said the doctor.

CHAPTER III.

That morning they had no breakfast. Pemican and salt beef were both gone. Not a crumb of biscuit remained. They were obliged to content themselves with half a cup of hot coffee and start off again.

They scarcely went three miles before they were compelled to give up the day. They had no supper but coffee, and the dogs were so ravenous that they were almost devouring each other.

Another day—thirty-four hours since they had tasted food. Yet they continued their march, sustained by their superhuman energy of purpose. They had to push the sledge themselves, for the dogs could no longer draw it.

Then Johnson drew baggard-eyed and wild. He caught the doctor's arm that night.

"That bear is following us," he cried, hoarsely.

"A bear following us?"

"Yes, for the last two days."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, about a mile leeward."

"Terrible. And we haven't a single ball to send after him!" said the doctor.

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

"Johnson, calm yourself."

"No, Mr. Clawbonny, since we must die, why prolong the suffering of the poor beast? He is famished like ourselves. There are no seals for him to eat, and heaven sends him men! So much the better for him, that's all!" Johnson was fast going mad. The situation was desperate. "Johnson," said the doctor, "I shall kill that bear to-morrow!"

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

"Yes, to-morrow."

"You have no bullets."

"I'll make one."

"You have no lead!"

"No, but I have mercury."

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



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

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

They soon sighted him, about 300 yards distant.

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

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

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

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

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

"It is on the sledge."

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

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

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

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

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

When the seal was ten paces away the monster sprang forward with a tremendous bound, but stopped short, stupefied and frightened when Hatteras threw off his disguise, knelt on one knee and aimed straight at the bear's heart. He fired and the huge monster rolled back on the ice.

(To be continued.)

Mistaken Identity.

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

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

Actions Speak Louder than Words.

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

China has ten cities with populations of over half a million



"The sun is very low, doctor." "Yes, indeed—I don't think it will last through the night."

Mother—Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed. Alice—Yes, mamma, and so has the hen.

"My new book is out." How much? "Haven't heard from my publisher yet, but I suspect about \$200."—Atlanta Constitution.

"But why do you want to separate, Rosa?" "I don't want my friends to think that you were the only man I could catch."

Examiner—Now, children, what is the difference between "pro" and "con"? Bright Boy—Please, sir they are spelt different.

Said He—Since I met you I have only one thought. Said She—Well, that's one more than you had when we met.—Chicago Daily News.

Beggar—Say, mister, would you give a pore feller a dime ter save his life? Stranger—I should say not. I'm an undertaker.—Chicago News.

She—I have just discovered that the diamonds in the diadem you gave me last year are false. He—Why, then, they just suit your golden hair.

"Does your husband ever speak harshly to you?" "No. Thank heaven, my husband and I are not on speaking terms."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Visitor—What became of that other windmill that was here last year? Native—There was only enough wind for one, so we took it down.—Boston Transcript.

Dorella—I take a long walk every morning for my complexion. Mordelle—Why, I thought there was a drug store just around the corner.—Chicago Daily News.

She—Short stories seem quite the thing just now. He—I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is.—Boston Transcript.

She—Some day I want to show you our family tree. He (looking at her admiringly)—I should like to see it. I am sure it must be a peach.—Somerville Journal.

"Is Brown's place in history secure?" "Secure! I should think it is. Six men have already made affidavits to prove that he doesn't deserve it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed. "I have tried," she replied, kindly but firmly. "My rich aunt has just died." He went on. "In that case, dear, I will try again."

"I'd like to get on some big New York newspaper." "What could you do on a New York newspaper?" "Well, I believe I could write the unconfirmed rumors."—Pittsburg Post.

Belle—How silly men act when they propose! Why, my husband acted like a perfect fool. Nelle—That's what everybody thought when your engagement was announced.—Cleveland Leader.

"When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken." "My wife looked at me, too, and I don't believe that a word was unspoken."—Houston Post.

"That is a hallucination you have about possessing a weak heart. Three weeks' treatment with me will dissipate all of your fears." "Disipate my fears? Gee, doc, that's how I got my weak heart."—St. Louis Star.

"Old Moneybags is afraid that prince he bought for his daughter is a bogus one." "Why so?" "When it came to settling up he asked for the prince's debts, and the fellow told him he hadn't any."—Baltimore American.

Elsa—Oh, mamma, my bread and butter has fallen butter side down again! Mother (to her governess)—Miss Smith, I must ask you to be more careful to butter the child's bread on the right side.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—Green Bag.

"You say it was your 'double' that stole the chickens?" "Yessuh." "You know I gave you thirty days once for chicken stealing." "Ah remembah, suh." "Well, this time you get sixty. That's the court's double."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Friend—My dear girl, you have brought all this wretchedness on yourself. What made you want to marry such an unattractive, disreputable fellow as this spendthrift lord? Titled Wife (sobbing)—I didn't want to marry him, but papa got him so cheap I couldn't resist such a bargain.—Baltimore American.



White Soft Soap.

One can perfume lye, five pounds of drippings or grease, one-half pound borax, eight gallons cold water; melt grease or drippings and strain; when cool enough to bear the hand in it, then add the lye and stir with a stick until all is dissolved; add borax and stir. When all is well blended add eight gallons of cold water (hard or soft) and stir about five or ten minutes. In three or four days it will be firm like jelly, making an excellent soap for boiling clothes, making them white and sweet; also good for washing dishes and scrubbing.

To Boil Vegetables.

When boiling vegetables be sure the water is at boiling point before putting in the vegetables to be cooked. If it is cold or lukewarm the freshness and flavor will cook out into the water. Place the saucepan over the hottest part of the stove, so that it will boil as quickly as possible, and be careful that the boiling does not cease until the contents are thoroughly cooked and ready to be dished.

Kentucky Gingerbread.

Cream together one cupful of butter and one and a half cupfuls of New Orleans sugar. Add four eggs beaten light, one and one-half cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of buttermilk to which one teaspoonful of soda has been added, four cupfuls of flour, and two level tablespoonfuls of ground ginger. Bake in a shallow pan, in a moderately hot oven.

Chocolate Almonds.

Shell the almonds and pour boiling water over them. Allow them to stand for a few minutes, then slip off the skins, and lay on a platter to dry. This process is called "blanching." When the almonds are dry dip them in melted sweet chocolate into which a teaspoonful of butter has been stirred and lay on waxed paper until dry.

Jam Pudding.

Three eggs, one cupful of sugar, half cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of jam, three tablespoonfuls of buttermilk in which a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved, two teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, ground; half teaspoonful of ground allspice, half teaspoonful of nutmeg. Bake and serve with sauce.

Pineapple Sherbet.

Mix three cups of granulated sugar with three-fourths of a cup of flour and stir these into a half gallon of boiling water. Boil for ten minutes, strain and cool. Add the juice of two lemons and two cans of grated pineapple. Freeze slowly, pack well and allow the sherbet to stand for an hour or longer before serving.

Poor Man's Gingerbread.

Beat one egg, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of salt and one of soda. Mix well together; add one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour; beat well. Bake in a shallow tin and frost.

Pineapple and Nut Salad.

Cut the fruit into little balls with a potato cutter, blanch and chop the nuts, dice the celery, serve in white lettuce leaves well chilled, and cover with heavy mayonnaise, to which add a little whipped cream just before serving.

Inexpensive Yellow Cake.

Two eggs, two tablespoonfuls butter, one and one-quarter cups sugar, two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup milk, one teaspoonful flavoring extract. If one desires a white cake add three whites of eggs.

Apple Meringue.

Line a pie plate with crust and fill with stewed apples, sweetened and flavored. Bake until the crust is done, then cover with meringue made of whites of egg and powdered sugar. Return to the oven and brown.

Baked Mush.

Instead of frying the mush, roll the slices in egg and then in buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven until golden brown. This is much more wholesome and is delicious.

Vermicelli Soup.

To one quart of consomme take one ounce vermicelli, break it up slightly and throw it into the consomme. When it comes to a boil let it simmer for ten minutes and serve.

Hints About the House.

Constant washing ruins a brush that has an expensive back. Therefore, a brush for daily use should have an ordinary wooden handle and back with good stiff bristles to withstand the softening action of water and borax.