

# FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Hatteras had aimed well and before either of his companions came up he had plunged his knife in the animal's throat.

"Hurrah! Bravo!" shouted Johnson and the doctor, but Hatteras stood cool and unexcited, gazing at his prostrate foe.

The beast was very fat, and weighed 1,500 pounds. The hunters were so famished that they had hardly patience to cut up the carcass and carry home the flesh to be cooked. It needed all the doctor's persuasion to prevent them eating it raw.

On entering the hut, they were struck with the coldness of the atmosphere. The fire was out. The exciting business of the morning had made Johnson neglect his accustomed duty. The doctor got the tinder and asked Johnson for the steel.

The sailor went through his pockets and searched the hut. The steel was gone.

"Not got the steel?" the doctor repeated, shuddering. "Look again."

"But it was gone."

"This is a serious business, doctor," said Hatteras, gravely.

Each sat looking at the other, and at death. It was serious. Then the doctor sprang to his feet.

"An idea has occurred to me."

"What?" said Hatteras.

"Let us make a lens."

"How?"

"With ice."

"We'll try it. Bring your hatchet, Johnson."

A good-sized piece was soon cut off, about a foot in diameter, and the doctor set to work. He chopped it into rough shape with the hatchet, then with his knife, making as smooth a surface as possible. He finished the polishing process with his fingers, rubbing away until he had obtained a lens as transparent as crystal.

The sun was shining, the tinder was held beneath the ice lens to catch the rays. In a few seconds it took fire, to Johnson's rapturous delight.

He danced about like an idiot, almost beside himself with joy, and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" while Clawbonny hurried back into the hut and rekindled the fire. It was soon roaring, and it was not many minutes before the savory odor of broiled bear steak roused Bell from his torpor.

What a feast this meal was to the poor starving men may be imagined. The doctor, however, counseled moderation in eating, and set the example himself.

"This is a glad day for us," he said, "and we have no fear of wanting food all the rest of our journey. Still, we must not forget we have further to go yet, and I think the sooner we start the better."

"We cannot be far off now," said Altamont, who could speak almost perfectly again; "we must be within forty-eight hours' march of the Porpoise."

"I hope we'll find something there to make a fire with," said the doctor, smiling. "My lens needs the sun, and there are plenty of days when it does not make its appearance here, within less than four degrees of the pole."

"Less than four degrees!" repeated Altamont, with a sigh; "yes, my ship went further than any other has ever ventured."

"It is time we started," said Hatteras, abruptly.

On the way the doctor asked Altamont what had brought him so far north. The American made only evasive replies. Clawbonny whispered to Johnson: "We've got two men that need looking after."

"You are right," said Johnson. "Hatteras doesn't talk to this American, and I must say the man has not shown himself very grateful."

"I don't like the expression of his face," said Johnson.

"I think he suspects Hatteras' plan."

"Then you think that Altamont—"

"His ship was certainly on the road to the north pole."

"But don't Altamont say that he had been caught among the ice, and dragged there irresistibly?"

"He said so, but there was a strange smile on his lips."

Next day, after a hearty breakfast of bear's meat, the little party continued the route.

At last, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Altamont started up with a shout. Pointing to a white mass that no eye but his distinguished from the surrounding icebergs, he exclaimed in a loud, ringing voice:

"The Porpoise!"

The Porpoise was completely buried under the snow. Masts and rigging had been destroyed in the shipwreck, and she was lying on a bed of rocks so entirely on her side that the hull was uppermost.

"Never mind," said Hatteras, "we will fix it up and make ourselves comfortable there."

By night Bell had managed to make a tolerably level floor with planks and spars. Altamont was helped on board without much trouble. A sigh of satisfaction escaped him, as if he felt himself once more at home—a sigh which to Johnson's ear boded no good.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Porpoise had been thoroughly equipped and provisioned for a long voyage. They found 6,150 pounds of

flour, fat, and raisins; 2,000 pounds of salt beef and pork, 1,500 pounds of pemmican, 700 pounds of sugar, and the same of chocolate; a chest and a half of tea, weighing ninety-six pounds, 500 pounds of rice, several barrels of preserved fruits and vegetables, a quantity of lime juice, with all sorts of medicines, and 300 gallons of rum and brandy. There was also a large supply of gunpowder, ball and shot, and coal and wood in abundance.

Altogether, enough to last those five men more than two years. All fear of death from starvation or cold was at an end.

"Well, Hatteras, we're sure of enough to live on now," said the doctor, "and there is nothing to hinder us reaching the pole."

"The pole!" echoed Hatteras.

"Yes, why not? Can't we push our way overland in the summer?"

"We might overland, but how could we cross water?"

"Can't we build a boat out of the ship's planks?"

"Out of an American ship!" exclaimed the captain, contemptuously.

Clawbonny was prudent enough to change the conversation.

In five days the men had built an ice house on shore not far from the boat, also a powder magazine and a shelter for the dogs.

The walls of the house were over five feet thick, and the windows made of polished sheet ice resembling port-holes for cannon. Every part was as solid as possible, and a parapet was erected outside for defense against any enemies.

While all these preparations for winter were going on, Altamont was fast regaining strength. He was a type of the American, shrewd, intelligent, full of energy and resolution; enterprising, bold, and ready for anything. He was a native of New York, he informed his companions, and had been a sailor from his boyhood.

The Porpoise had been equipped and sent out by a company of wealthy American merchants.

There were many points of resemblance between Altamont and Hatteras, but no friendship. With a greater show of frankness, he was in reality far more deep and crafty than Hatteras. His apparent openness did not inspire such confidence as the Englishman's gloomy reserve.

The doctor was in constant dread of a collision between the rival captains, and yet one must command inevitably, and which should it be? Hatteras had the men, but Altamont had the ship. It was hard to say whose was the better right.

It required all the doctor's tact to keep things smooth. At last, in spite of all his endeavors, an outbreak came. It was at a grand banquet, a sort of "house-warming," held when the new habitation was completed.

This banquet was Dr. Clawbonny's idea. He was head cook, and made a wonderful pudding. Bell had shot a white hare and several ptarmigans, which made an agreeable variety from the pemmican and salt meat.

Clawbonny was cook and master of ceremonies, and brought in a pudding, himself adorned with the big apron and a knife at his belt.

After dinner different toasts were drunk in brandy. One was given to the United States, to which Hatteras made no response.

This over, the doctor introduced an interesting subject of conversation by saying:

"My friends, we have something yet to do. I suppose we should bestow a name on this continent, which we have found, and also on the several bays, peaks and promontories that we meet with. This has been invariably done by navigators."

"Quite right," said Johnson; "when once a place is named, it takes away the feeling of being castaways on an unknown shore."

Hatteras had taken no part in the conversation as yet, but seeing all eyes fixed on him, he rose at last, and said: "If no one objects, I think the most suitable name we can give our house is that of its skillful architect, the best man among us. Let us call it 'Doctor's house.'"

"Just the thing!" said Bell.

"First rate!" exclaimed Johnson. "Doctor's house!"

"We cannot do better," chimed in Altamont. "Hurrah for Dr. Clawbonny."

Three hearty cheers were given, in which Duke, the dog, joined lustily, barking his loudest.

"It is agreed, then," said Hatteras, "that this house is to be called 'Doctor's house.'"

The doctor modestly protested against the honor, but he was obliged to yield. The new habitation was formally named "Doctor's house."

"Now, then," said the doctor, "let us go on to name the most important of our discoveries."

"There is that immense sea which surrounds us, unfurrowed as yet by a single ship."

Altamont looked up quickly. "A single ship!" he repeated. "I think you have forgotten the Porpoise. She certainly did not get here overland."

"Well, it wouldn't be hard to think so," replied Hatteras, "to look at her now."

"True enough, Hatteras," said Altamont, piqued. "but, after all, is not that better than being blown to atoms, like the Forward?"

Hatteras was about to reply when Clawbonny interposed.

"It is not a question of ships, my friends," he said, "but of a fresh sea."

"It is no new sea," returned Altamont; "it is in every polar chart, and has a name already. It is called the Arctic ocean, and I think it would be very inconvenient to alter its designation. Should we find out by and by, that, instead of being an ocean it is only a strait or gulf, it will be time enough to alter it then."

"So be it," said Hatteras.

"Very well, that is an understood thing, then," said the doctor, regretting that he had started the discussion.

"Let us proceed with the continent where we find ourselves at present," resumed Hatteras. "I am not aware that any name whatever has been affixed to it, even in the most recent charts."

He looked at Altamont as he spoke, who met his gaze steadily, and said: "Possibly you may be mistaken again, Hatteras."

"Mistaken! What! This unknown continent, this virgin soil—"

"Has already a name," replied Altamont, coolly.

Hatteras was silent, but his lip quivered.

"And what name has it, then?" asked the doctor, astonished.

"My dear Clawbonny," replied the American, "it is the custom, not to say the right, of every navigator to christen the soil on which he is the first to set foot. It appears to me, therefore, that it is my privilege and

"But, sir," interrupted Johnson, nettled.

"It would be hard to prove that the Porpoise did not come here, even if she got here by land," continued Altamont, without noticing Johnson's protest. "The fact is indisputable," he added, looking at Hatteras.

"I dispute the claim," said the Englishman, restraining himself, by a powerful effort. "To name a country you must first discover it, I suppose, and that you certainly did not do. Where would you have been, sir, at this moment, pray? Lying twenty feet deep under the snow."

"And without me, sir," retorted Altamont, hotly, "without me and my ship, where would you all be at this moment? Dead, from cold and hunger."

"Come, come, friends," said the doctor, "don't get to words; all that can be easily settled."

"Mr. Hatteras," said Altamont, "is welcome to name whatever territories he may discover, should he succeed in discovering any; but this continent belongs to me. I should not even consent to its having two names like Grinnell's Land, which is also called Prince Albert's Land, because it was discovered almost simultaneously by an Englishman and an American. My right of priority is incontestable. No ship before mine ever touched this shore; no foot before mine ever trod this soil. I have given it a name, and that name it shall keep."

"And what is that name?" inquired the doctor.

"New America," replied Altamont. Hatteras trembled with suppressed passion, but by a violent effort restrained himself.

(To be continued.)

### The Bishop Stayed.

The bishop of a Southern diocese was once making a missionary journey through Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and on his arrival at Natchez he said to the landlord of a hotel, "I have been traveling for a week, day and night, in a mail wagon, and I want a comfortable room."

"Sorry," said the landlord, "but I don't believe there's a vacant room in Natchez; there's a horse race, a Methodist conference and a political convention in the city, and every house is full up. The only thing I can give you is a shake-down."

Then, observing the bishop's tired face, he added, "The best room in my house is rented to a noted gambler who usually remains out all night and seldom gets in before breakfast. If you will take the risk, you shall have his room; but if he should come in there'll be a row, I'll promise you that."

The bishop decided to take the risk. About 4 o'clock in the morning the gambler returned and promptly shook the bishop by the arm.

"Get out of here, or I'll put you out!" he shouted.

The bishop, the gentlest of men, raised himself on one elbow, so that it brought the muscles of his arm into full relief.

"My friend," he began quietly, "before you put me out, will you have the kindness to feel of my arm?"

The gambler put his hand on the bishop's arm.

"Stranger," he then said respectfully, "you can stay."

### They Were Shady.

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?

Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

### Very Unusual.

"I wish I had an idea for a poem."

"What do you want to put an idea into a poem for?"—Kansas City Journal.

### AN OBSCURE BENEFACTOR.

#### William Henry Dallinger Fitted to Rank With Great Scientists.

Many men receive extended obituary notice who deserve it far less than did a modest and unpretentious Methodist minister who died in England a few days ago. The name of William Henry Dallinger has not been greatly trumpeted about, but it was borne by a man who is entitled to be ranked among those scientists of the past generation who contributed materially and much toward the ascertainment of truth, and especially of that truth which is of greatest fascination and importance—the origin and nature of life, the New York Tribune says.

Dallinger became especially interested in this subject about forty years ago, when the old controversy over spontaneous generation was revived, with Bastian and Tyndall as opposing protagonists.

While he stood in the background his researches and observations were of inestimable advantage to Tyndall, and, indeed, to all scientists, both in the direct result of his laboratory work and also in the great impetus which he gave to the improvement of microscopic lenses. His painstaking investigations, which extended through many years, confirmed in the most convincing manner the conclusions of Pasteur and Tyndall that spontaneous generation was a myth and that all life must come from pre-existing life.

It was Pasteur's demonstration of that fact which inspired and enabled Lister to establish antiseptic surgery. From the reaffirmation of it by Tyndall and equally by Dallinger, has proceeded our whole system of antibacterial sanitation and therapeutics. And every triumph of mosquito netting over yellow fever and malaria, of the water boiler and filter over cholera and typhoid, and of the rat trap over bubonic plague proclaims the vast benefits to the human race which have accrued from the painstaking labors of these searchers after truth.

### NOT TO BE MENDED.

Charles Dickens once wrote to a friend, "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady, unknown, down to dinner, and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And expatiated to the member for Marylebone, thinking him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constitution, and the Marylebone representative."

Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three inside passengers of a London-bound coach, who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett, until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciation was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife.

Much to his dismay, the solitary woman passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked:

"Pardon me, sir, a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I am William Jobbett's wife."

Mr. Giles of Virginia and Judge Duval of Maryland, members of Congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years, and remarkable for talkativeness.

When Jefferson became President, Duval was Comptroller of the Treasury, and Giles a Senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the Senator asked the Comptroller if he knew what had become of "that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon."

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the unexpected reply.

Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. Happening to observe to a fellow guest that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill-looking.

"I have made a mistake," said the horrified Tuberville. "I meant the lady who sat on my left."

"Well, sir, she is my sister."

This brought the frank avowal: "I can't be helped, sir; for if what you say be true, I confess I never saw such an ugly family in the course of my life."

### Prayer.

If you believe in prayer, don't pray to be delivered from your enemies; pray that you may never hear what your friends say about you behind your back.—Atchison Globe.

He's a poor lawyer who mistakes the will for the deed.

And when a cigar is called a "wood" the reason is obvious.

# SHEAR NONSENSE

"She talks twice as much as the other girls I know." "Yes, she has a double chin."—Cleveland Leader.

"My husband was a very high-strung person." "Yes, I've heard he was hung on Pike's Peak."—Harper's Weekly.

Sister—Well, Harry, how are you getting along with arithmetic? Harry—Oh, pretty well. We're in dismal fractions now.

"Mrs Jones has a new hat." "Well, you look mightily pleased about it?" "You just ought to see how it looks on her."—Houston Post.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"They say Harold Coddington has brain fever." "Impossible. Could an angeworm have water on the knee?"—Chicago Record Herald.

Novice—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. Old Stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I tried that once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What do you figure is the result of a college education?" "The young man learns to yell for the money, and the old man to whistle for it!"—Puck.

Blotbs—Harduppe says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Harduppe is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes \$10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

Inquirer—Did Miss Howell's voice fill the hall? Critic—Well, it filled the lobby. Nearly everybody went out there when she sang.—Huntington Herald.

"Have you heard that poor Firmin is dead?" "No. He wasn't ill long, surely." "Ah, you see, medicine has made great progress lately."—Bon Vivant.

Ted—Isn't Tom thinking rather seriously of getting married? Ned—He couldn't have thought very seriously about it, for he has gone and done it.—Brooklyn Life.

"I wonder who the people are in that machine who look so haughty?" "Probably the poor relations of the owner, who is taking them for a spin."—Buffalo Express.

Wife—You promised that if I would marry you my every wish would be gratified. Husband—Well, isn't it? Wife—No; I wish I hadn't married you.—Illustrated Bits.

"Sir, your son has just coined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—" "Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My good man," said the kind old lady, stopping before the prison cell, "what are you in for?" "Robbin' de guests in a hotel, mum." "Ah, were you the proprietor or the head waiter?"

Wife—You were late last night. Hub—Beg your pardon, my dear. As I came in the front door the clock struck 11. Wife—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?—Boston Transcript.

"And why," the teacher continued, "should we hold the aged in respect?" "Cause it's mostly the old men that has all the money," Tommy answered. And the teacher wasn't able to offer any better reason.

Bessie—I gave Charlie on Christmas a beautiful necktie of my own make. Tessie—Was he pleased? Bessie—Immensely. He said its beauty shall be for no other eyes but his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?

Jones—Green bought a second-hand automobile three weeks ago, and he has been arrested six times in it. Smith—For exceeding the speed limit? Jones—No; for obstructing the street.—Chicago Daily News.

De Artist—You say you walk a great deal? De Actor—Yes. De Artist—When you are playing golf? De Actor—Sometimes when I am playing golf and sometimes when I am playing Hamlet.—Chicago Journal.

"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.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."

"I can't understand why Brown should have failed." "Nor can I. I always thought he was doing finely. He often came to me for advice."