

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE

CHAPTER V.

"Can you prove to me," said Altamont, "that an Englishman has set foot here before an American?"

For a few minutes there was an awkward silence, which the doctor broke by saying:

"My friends, the highest human law is justice. It includes all others. Let us be just, then, and don't let any bad feeling get in among us. The priority of Altamont seems to me indisputable. We will take our revenge by and by, and England will get her full share in our future discoveries. Let the name New America stand for the continent itself, but I suppose Altamont has not yet disposed of all the bays, and capes, and headlands it contains, and I imagine there will be nothing to prevent us calling this bay Victoria bay?"

"Nothing whatever, provided that yonder cape is called Cape Washington," replied Altamont.

"You might choose a name, sir," exclaimed Hatteras, almost beside himself with passion, "that is less offensive to an Englishman."

"But not one which sounds so sweet to an American," retorted Altamont, proudly.

"Come, come," said the doctor again, "no discussion on that subject. An American has a perfect right to be proud of his great countryman! Let us honor genius wherever it is met with; and since Altamont has made his choice; let us take our turn next; let the captain—"

"Doctor!" interrupted Hatteras, "I have no wish that my name should figure anywhere on this continent, seeing that it belongs to America."

"Is this your unalterable determination?" asked Clawbonny.

"It is."

"Very well, we'll have it to ourselves then," he continued, turning to Johnson and Bell. "We'll leave our traces behind us. I propose that the island we see out there, about three miles away from the shore, should be called Isle Johnson, in honor of our boat-swain."

"Oh, Mr. Clawbonny," began Johnson, in no little confusion.

"And that mountain that we will call Bell Mount, if our carpenter is willing."

"It is doing me too much honor," replied Bell.

"It is simple justice," returned the doctor.

"Nothing could be better," said Altamont.

"Now, then, all we have to do is to christen our fort," said the doctor. "About that there will be no discussion, I hope, for it is neither to our glorious sovereign Queen Victoria, nor to Washington, that we owe our safety and shelter here, but to God, who brought about our meeting, and by so doing saved us all. Let our little fort be called Fort Providence."

"Your remarks are just," said Altamont; "no name could be more suitable."

"In our future excursions, then, we shall go by Cape Washington to Victoria bay, and from thence to find food and rest at Doctor's House!"

"The business is settled, then, so far," resumed the doctor. "As our discoveries multiply we shall have other names to give; but I trust, friends, we shall have no disputes about them, for placed as we are, we need all the help and love we can give each other. Let us be strong by being united. Who knows what dangers yet we may have to brave, and what sufferings to endure before we see our native land once more. Let us be one in heart, though five in number, and let us lay aside all feelings of rivalry. Such feelings are bad enough at all times, but among us they would be doubly wrong. You understand me, Altamont, and you, Hatteras?"

Neither man made reply.

A new project now struck the doctor's mind the next day. He said:

"I am going to build a lighthouse on the top of that cone about our heads."

"A lighthouse!" all exclaimed.

"Yes. It would be a beacon to guide us in distant excursions, and also illumine our plateau in the long winter months."

"Very true," replied Altamont, "but how would you make it?"

"With one of the lanterns out of the Porpoise."

"All right; but how will you feed your lamp? With seal oil?"

"No, seal oil would scarcely be visible through the fog."

"Are you going to try to make gas out of our coal, then?"

"No, gas would not be strong enough; and, worse still, it would waste our combustibles."

"Well," replied Altamont, "I'm at a loss to see how you—"

"I'm prepared for everything after the mercury bullet, and the ice lens, and Fort Providence. I believe Mr. Clawbonny can do anything," exclaimed Johnson.

"Come, Clawbonny, tell us what your light is to be, then," said Altamont.

"Very well," replied Clawbonny. "I mean to have an electric light."

"An electric light?"

"Yes, why not? Haven't you a galvanic battery on board your ship?"

"Yes."

"Well, there will be no difficulty, then, in producing an electric light,

and that will cost nothing, and be far brighter."

"Fine," said Johnson; "let us set to work at once."

All went to work and soon erected a ten-foot ice column. The lantern was put on top. The conducting wires were properly adjusted within it, and as soon as it grew dark the experiment was made. It was a complete success. An intense, brilliant light streamed from the lantern and illumined the entire plateau and the plains beneath.

Johnson could not help clapping his hands, half beside himself with delight. A regular course of life commenced now, and the Saturday after the installation a hunting excursion was organized.

As they tramped along over the ice the doctor talked about the habits of the Eskimos.

"My good Bell, your voracity would never equal the Greenlanders," for they devour from ten to fifteen pounds of meat a day."

"Fifteen pounds!" said Bell. "What stomachs!"

"Arctic stomachs," replied the doctor, "are prodigious; they can expand at will, and I may add, contract at will; so that they can endure starvation quite as well as abundance. When an Eskimo sits down to dinner he is quite thin, and by the time he has finished he is so fat you would hardly recognize him. But then we must remember that one meal sometimes lasts a whole day."

"This voracity must be peculiar to the inhabitants of cold countries," said Altamont.

"I think it is," replied the doctor. "In the arctic regions people must eat enormously; it is not only one of the conditions of strength, but of existence. The Hudson Bay Co. always reckoned on this account: Eight pounds of meat to each man a day, or twelve pounds of fish, or two pounds of pemmican."

"Must be strengthening," said Bell. "Not so much as you imagine. An Indian who guzzles like that can't do a whit better day's work than an Englishman, who has his pound of beef and pint of beer."

"Things are best as they are, then, I suppose."

"No doubt of it, and yet an Eskimo meal may well astonish us. In Sir John Ross' narrative, he states his surprise at the appetites of his guides. He tells us that two of them—just two, mind—devoured a quarter of a buffalo in one morning. They cut the meat in long strips, and the mode of eating was either for the one to bite off as much as his mouth could hold, and then pass it on to the other, or to leave the long ribbons of meat dangling from the mouth, and devour them gradually, like boa constrictors, lying at full length on the ground."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Bell, "what disgusting brutes!"

"Every man has his own fashion of dining," remarked the philosophical American.

Soon a walrus was sighted. It was of huge dimensions, and not more than 200 yards away. The hunters surrounded the animal, crept along cautiously till within a few paces of him. Then they fired simultaneously.

The walrus rolled over, but speedily got up again, and tried to make his escape. But Altamont fell upon him with his hatchet, and cut off his dorsal fin. He made a desperate resistance, but was overpowered by his enemies, and soon lay dead, reddening the ice field with his blood.

It was a fine animal, measuring more than fifteen feet in length, and would have been worth a good deal for the oil. But the hunters contented themselves with cutting off the most savory parts, and left the rest to the ravens, who had just begun to make their appearance.

Night was drawing on, and it was time to return to Fort Providence.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a dreary affair to live near the pole, for there is no going out for many months, and nothing to break the weary monotony.

The day after the hunting excursion was dark and snowy, and Clawbonny could find no occupation except polishing up the ice walls of the hut, and emptying out the snow which drifted into the long passage leading to the inner door. The "Snow-House" stood out well, defying storm and tempest. The snow only increased the thickness of the walls.

They could do nothing but wait. It wasn't time to try to build a boat.

The men were compelled to spend the greater part of the days in complete idleness. Hatteras lolled on his bed absorbed in thought. Altamont smoked or dozed, and the doctor took care not to disturb either of them, for he was in perpetual fear of a quarrel.

At meal time he always led the conversation away from irritating topics. He gave them dissertations on history, geography or meteorology, handling his subject in an easy, though philosophical manner, drawing lessons from the most trivial incidents.

His inexhaustible memory was never at a loss for fact or illustration, while his good humor and geniality made him the life and soul of the little company. He was implicitly trusted by all, even by Hatteras, who cherished a

deep affection for him.

On the 26th of April, during the night, there was a sudden change in the weather. The thermometer fell several degrees, and the inmates of the Doctor's House could hardly keep themselves warm even in their beds. Altamont had charge of the stove, and he found it needed careful replenishing to preserve the temperature at 50 degrees above zero.

The increase of cold betokened the coming end of the stormy weather, and the doctor hailed it gladly as the harbinger of his favorite hunting and exploring expeditions.

He rose early next morning, and with the others climbed up to the top of a hill nearby. Soon he found numerous traces of animals on all sides, and this within a circle of two miles of Fort Providence.

After gazing attentively at these traces for some minutes, the hunters looked at each other silently, and then the doctor exclaimed:

"Well, these are plain enough, I think!"

"Ay, only too plain," added Bell, "bears have been here!"

"First-rate game!" said Altamont. "There's only one fault about it."

"What is that?" asked Bell.

"Too much of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this—there are distinct traces of five bears, and five bears are rather too much for five men."

"Are you sure?" said Clawbonny.

"Look and see for yourself. Here is one footprint, and there is another quite different. These claws are far wider apart than those, and see here, again, that paw belongs to a much smaller bear. I tell you, if you look carefully, you will see the marks of all five different bears distinctly."

"You're right," said Bell, after a close inspection.

"If that's the case, then," said the doctor, "we must be careful, for these animals are starving after the severe winter, and they might be extremely dangerous to meet."

"You think they have discovered our presence here?"

"No doubt of it, otherwise why should these footprints be in a circle round our fort?" said Bell.

"You're right," said the doctor, "and what's more, it is certain that they have been here last night."

"And other nights before that," replied Altamont.

"Well, we can easily find out if they come to-night," said Altamont.

"How?"

"By effacing all the marks in a given place. To-morrow if we find fresh ones, it will be evident that they are after us."

The three hunters set to work then, and scraped the snow over till all the footprints were obliterated for a considerable distance.

Next morning at early dawn, Hatteras and his companions, well armed, went out to reconnoiter the state of the snow. They found the same identical footmarks, but somewhat nearer. Evidently the enemy was bent on the siege of Fort Providence.

"But where can they be?" said Bell.

"Behind the icebergs watching us," replied the doctor. "Don't let us expose ourselves imprudently."

"What about going hunting, then?" asked Altamont.

"We must put it off for a day or two, I think, and rub out the marks again, and see if they are here to-morrow."

The doctor's advice was followed, and they entrenched themselves in the fort. The lighthouse was taken down, as it was not of actual use meantime, and might help to attract the bears. Each took it in turn to keep watch on the upper plateau.

The day passed without a sign of the enemy's existence, and the next morning, when they hurried out to examine the snow, they found it wholly untouched!

"Capital!" exclaimed Altamont. "The bears are put off the scent; they have no perseverance, and have grown tired waiting for us. They are off, and a good riddance. Now let us start for a day's hunting."

"Softly, softly," said the doctor; "I am not so sure they have gone. I think we had better wait one day more. It is evident the bears have not been here last night, at least, on this side; but still—"

"Well, let us go round the plateau, and see how things stand," said the impatient Altamont.

"All right," said Clawbonny. "Come along."

Away they went, but no trace of the enemy was discoverable for two miles.

"Now, then, can't we go hunting?" said Altamont.

"Wait till to-morrow," urged the doctor again.

The American was unwilling to delay, but yielded at last, and returned to the fort.

(To be continued.)

Cats in the Navy.

The ships of the navy carry more dogs than cats because the dog is a better sailor and more easily trained, but a good many grimalkins go to sea under the stars and stripes. The discipline of the service is not relaxed in their favor, and when they become overfed and lazy they are put ashore to shift for themselves. A cat does not stand rough weather so well as a dog or a monkey, and one battleship that started on the voyage round the world with ten cats returned with only one, all the rest having died on the way.

Instead of using barley and rice for thickening soup, try oatmeal occasionally.



Miss Prim—I want a husband who will be easily pleased. Miss Grouch—That's the kind you'll get.—Life.

Patience—I have been spending a week looking for traces of my ancestors. Patrice—Indeed? And did your ancestors wear traces?

He (in full uniform)—I love the smell of powder. She (delightedly)—Oh, do you? Don't you think the violet scent is the best?—Baltimore American.

"Well, Johnny, do you wish you were a grown-up man?" "You bet I do." "But why?" "So people wouldn't ask me such fool questions."—Cleveland Leader.

Small Boy—Pa, what is an optimist? Pa—An optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a rap what happens so that it doesn't happen to him.—Tit-Bits.

"Do you think you will keep your new cook?" "We don't know. She has taken us on trial, but we are in hopes that we will suit."—Baltimore American.

Hostess—You won't come to church with us, then, Phyllis? Phyllis (down for the week end)—I don't think so, dear. You see, I shouldn't know a soul there!—London Opinion.

He—When I called you up on the telephone last evening you seemed very cold in your answers. She—Oh, no, really! It must have been the ice on the wires.—Boston Transcript.

His mother—Charlie, come down from that tree this minute, or I'll call your father! Charlie—Oh, pop can't come now; he's busy writing my composition for me.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Dick—I know a girl who accepts rings from men she doesn't know. Clara—I don't believe it. How could she? Dick—Why, she has to, you know; she's a telephone girl.—Tit-Bits.

College Student—Roses are red, violets are blue, Send me ten dollars and I'll think of you. Loving Father—Some roses are red, others are pink. Enclosed find ten dollars, I don't think.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?" "Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

Elsie—Why is Clara always so short of money? Didn't her father leave her a lot? Madge—Yes; but you see she's not to get it till she's 30, and she'll never own up to that!—Boston Transcript.

"There will be a balcony scene in this play." "I dare say," said the cynical manager, "and there'll probably be a scene in the gallery and parquette, too, if you ever try to put it on."—St Louis Star.

Wife—Now, see 'ere, Jim; if yer don't provide for me better I shall quit—so I warns yer. Husband—Provide better? Well, I like that. Why, ain't I got yer three good jobs o' work this last month?—Sketch.

"I married my first husband for money, and my second for love." "Then you are very happy now, I suppose?"

"No. Alas! no. You see, my first husband married me for love, and my second for money."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Ethel (calling on her friend)—I didn't know you were one of those athletic girls. Madge—What do you mean, dear? Ethel—Look at those fells over your bureau. Madge—Fells! Why, those are my hat pins.—Boston Transcript.

Newlywed—Don't you think, dear, if I were to smoke it would spoil your curtains? Wife—You are certainly the most thoughtful husband. It wouldn't do the curtains any good. Newlywed—Then, dearie, take the curtains down.—Kansas City Journal.

Young Wife—Yes, dearest, I'm going to favor you at dinner to-night with a new cake that I invented all by myself. Young Husband (gloomily)—Say, I guess this will be a good night for me to bring Jim Taggart home to dinner. I don't like Jim.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

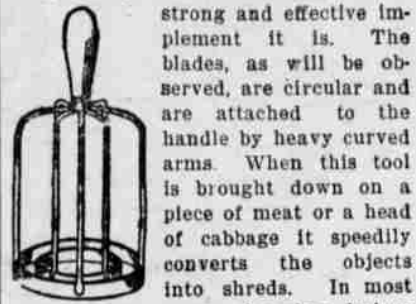
"Say, maw, do I look like you?" "Why, Yes, Willie, I think there is a resemblance. Why do you ask?" "Cause when Mr. Pipton laid his cigar down on the porch rail I took it up an' smoked it, an' he said I had your eyes, maw, an' your nose, an' your chin—an' paw's nerve!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Davey was forever asking questions. "You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know." Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"—San Francisco Star.



Chopping Knife.

No this is not a bird cage in the illustration. It is a chopping knife designed by a Colorado man and a



strong and effective implement it is. The

blades, as will be observed, are circular and are attached to the handle by heavy curved arms. When this tool is brought down on a piece of meat or a head of cabbage it speedily converts the objects into shreds. In most cases chopping knives

KNIFE, are made with single,

or at best, double blades. It will be

readily seen that a circular blade will

do much more work than one or two

straight ones. Another use for this

cutter is in cutting the dough for

doughnuts, cookies or other circular

cakes, though in ordinary round cakes

the inside ring will form the cake while

the hoop of dough that is left can

either be baked into a hoop of cake

or the leftover dough can be rolled

again and the cutting continued till all

is used up, as is usually done.

Fruit Salad.

Peel two large oranges and cut each lobe into three pieces. Remove the seeds from a cup of Malaga grapes; shell and break into bits a dozen English walnut meats. Mix these ingredients and set on the ice until very cold. Line a chilled bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, put the fruit in the center of the bowl and cover well with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Plain Fruit Cake.

Two cups dark-brown sugar, one cup sour milk, teaspoon of baking soda in milk, scant cup of melted shortening, teaspoon of ginger, teaspoon of cloves, teaspoon of cinnamon; mix smoothly. Add three cups sifted flour, two teaspoons (level) baking powder, cup raisins, cup currants. Mix again and bake in a loaf for one hour in moderate oven.

Southern Batter Bread.

One quart of white cornmeal, half teaspoonful of soda, enough buttermilk or clabber milk to make a pliable batter, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir well and bake thoroughly in gem pan or heavy iron or pour thin layer in iron skillet. Serve pipkin apple sauce and Kentucky bacon with this for breakfast.

Deviled Beef.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan or chafing dish; add two tablespoonfuls of green pepper and one tablespoonful of onion, both finely minced; one teaspoonful each of salt and lemon juice, one tablespoonful of flour. All one-half cup of tomato sauce. Heat beef in this until smoking hot, and serve at once on hot plates.

Corn Bread.

Beat together one-quarter cup of white sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg, and stir in two beaten eggs. Add one-half pint of sweet milk, two cups of white flour, one-half cup of yellow cornmeal, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Beat hard and bake in a long, narrow bread tin in a moderate oven.

Apple-Sauce Cake.

One and one-half cups apple sauce, warm and sweetened; one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, cream together; add one cup raisins, two teaspoons cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, two cups of flour or a bit more, one teaspoon baking soda, stirred into apple sauce; bake in loaf forty minutes.

Ham Patties.

Mix one pint cold boiled ham, chopped fine, with two parts bread crumbs wet with milk. Put the batter in gem pans, hollow out center, break one egg in each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover with cracker or bread crumbs and bake until browned over.

Chicken Broth.

Put on whole nicely-drawn chicken, well covered with cold water. Bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Lift the chicken after it has cooled in the broth and fill for baking. Skim and strain broth, reheat and serve with croutons.

Gingerbread (Fine).

Two cups molasses, cup shortening, cup buttermilk, teaspoon cloves, teaspoonful ginger, half cup raisins, flour for soft dough; drop with teaspoon on greased tins or bake in shallow pans.