

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 have spent 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 sledge 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 118 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, now 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 was rising tremendously, and the ship was tossed violently up and down on the billows. Hatteras took the helm again, and kept a firm hold of it while John-

son and Bell baled out 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 appeared 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.)

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.

Scot—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.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The wind gauge on shipboard registers up to 105 miles an hour, which is as much speed as anyone expects.

A discarded automobile tire makes a good life preserver. Its buoyancy is sufficient to keep several persons afloat.

According to the United States census tables, based on the present growth, the population of New York City will be 9,000,000 in 1930. Manhattan island will then have 4,000,000.

Siem has adopted the gold standard, which really was promulgated in 1908, and henceforth the unit of the Siamese monetary system will have a value equal to 55.3 centigrams of pure gold.

Baltimore's school board has under consideration the question of allowing corporal punishment in the public schools. The subject has been referred to a committee, to confer with the teachers.

Portuguese gardeners at Punta Delgada, on St. Michaels, Azores, are getting rich raising fine pineapples under glass for the New York market. They are the biggest and best that reach that town.

The cup of St. Jacques, which, in New York, is a dessert of delight, with its peaches, cherries, pineapple, orange and citron en compote in delicate ices, becomes in Paris a wretched compound of sliced sour apple in mushy snow.

French lights are the best along the shores, say the navigators. They are posted low, close to the water line, and so do not mislead like the Italian pharos perched high above the sea. They have the best lenses and are always visible.

The project for building a new iron railway bridge across the Neva in St. Petersburg has now been worked out, and the bridge is to be begun without delay. The bridge will be of an extremely simple pattern, and its length is to be 1,750 feet.

The last statement of the interest-bearing debt of the United States makes the total \$897,253,990, while the gross bonded indebtedness of New York city at its last statement was \$905,260,115. The metropolis is carrying \$8,006,125 more than the nation.

There has recently been launched at Bath, Me., the largest wooden vessel ever built in the United States. The Wyoming, as she has been named, is a six-masted schooner of 3,730 gross tons, with a total length over all of 350 feet. Next to her in size among wooden vessels is the William L. Douglas, with a gross tonnage of 3,708.

Sausage is served as an adjunct to roast chicken on the London & Great Western dining cars. It rather resembles a frankfurter in flavor and texture. The dining car service is diligent and well-meaning and the food is simple and plain. The car itself has about the same aspect of luxury as an American freight caboose.

The common law of England is an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs of British, Saxon and Danish origin, which, by long use and approval, have become fundamental in English jurisprudence. Many of the principles of the English common law hold in this country, and throughout the English-speaking world as well.

As to the name Smith, a correspondent of the London Chronicle points out that while there are now about 350,000 members of the great family in England alone, in Old Testament times, according to the first book of Samuel, "there was no Smith throughout the land of Israel." This verse the late Bishop Wilberforce said was the hardest one in the Bible to quote without smiling.

Just before the American fleet left for its famous trip around the world there was some newspaper talk of a possible clash with Japan. The yarn goes that a highly placed person asked Admiral Schroeder what he would do if the Japanese fired on his ship. Schroeder sniffed. "They won't fire on my ship," said he, positively. "But if they did?" "Now," said Schroeder, angrily, "if they did, hey? What the dickens do you think I'd do? Sue 'em?"

"Love your wife like your soul, and beat her like your carpet." This is a Russian proverb. Another of the same spirit: "Not long hurt the bumps from a loved one's thumps." Wives have undoubtedly been subjected to much ill-treatment in Russia, where most husbands have always held to the opinion that "Liberty spoils a good wife." Some Russian proverbs are cynical as to the delights of matrimony, and most married men know how to say: "Wed once, wall always."

Not being in sympathy with certain actions of the hereditary branch of the British Parliament, the London Chronicle has been speculating on the possible future of the word "lord." "So far it has resisted the democratization that has befallen 'lady,' no one talks of 'chorus lords,' or begins a speech with 'Ladies and lords!' In modern Greek, however, 'lordos' means simply 'Mr.' and it would be rash to predict that our descendants will not all be 'lords' in the twenty-first century."



Ham Sandwiches.

The secret of the delicious ham sandwiches served at an afternoon tea last week was in the cooking of the ham and the abundance of mayonnaise used in mixing the meat. The ham had been broiled until it was brown and then ground very fine and mixed plentifully with mayonnaise. The meat may be cooked in the oven, a thin slice being allowed to bake until it is well browned, or the meat may be fried. There is a more definite flavor about ham cooked in any of these ways than there is if it is boiled.

For Tender Steak.

A round steak may be made tender by soaking it over night in butter-milk. If there is no time to do this pound the steak thoroughly and as it fries add a little water and cover it well to create steam. This makes the toughest meat tender. Although it is better to broil steak than to fry it, if the latter process is used butter gives a better flavor than lard. A round steak is nice stuffed with bread dressing and baked. It must be cooked slowly and basted often with the liquor.

Rice à la Creole.

Chop one large onion and a small slice of cooked ham fine; put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter; add one cup of cooked rice, also one small can of tomatoes or a dozen fresh ones, one teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika. Mix well together and heat thoroughly. Then put in baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and put in the oven for fifteen minutes. The tomatoes should be stewed until thick before serving.

Soft Ginger Cakes.

One cup of lard and butter, one cup of molasses (Orleans), one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of soda, one cup of boiling water, salt, two eggs, five scant cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and two of ginger. This batter can be kept for a fortnight and baked in gem pans at the shortest notice, even after the company are on the porch. Have used it for over thirty years.

Raisin Pie.

Cover one-half cup of seeded raisins with a cup of water and let them stand for two hours. Beat an egg until light, add a cup of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. Add the raisins and the water in which they have soaked and cook in a saucepan until the mixture thickens. Bake with an upper and lower crust.

Lemon Wafers.

One-half cupful butter, one-half cupful sugar, yolks of two eggs, the grated rind of a lemon, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Spread thin on iron sheets, sprinkle with chopped almonds, bake and cut into squares while hot.

White Cookies.

One heaping cup of sugar, one heaping cup of butter creamed with sugar, one egg well beaten, half a cup of sour milk, a small half teaspoonful of saleratus, flour to make a dough that can be rolled. Roll thin and cut into cookies.

Dropped Dumplings.

Beat an egg light, add a cup of sweet milk, a pinch of salt and enough flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder to make a good batter. Drop with a spoon into boiling gravy. Cook until done and serve immediately.

Muffins.

Four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of milk, one heaping cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and bake in deep muffin tins.

Hints About the House.

It makes fish soft to cover the pan in which it is being cooked.

In dry cake flavors try mixing almond and rose together as a flavor for angel food cake. It is delicious.

When hot dishes have made marks on your polished dining table rub with a spritz of camphor. It will remove them.

Window glass, lamps and lamp glasses, marble and stone vases or mantels, granite sills, etc., if rubbed with salt are quickly cleansed.

A new flavor can be given to cooked prunes by adding a few slices of lemon. Another method is to cook them with a bag of spices.

Soap well applied to drawer slides will keep the drawers in furniture and closets from sticking. It is also effective for doors that stick.

For a fancy salad cut red peppers into shreds and sprinkle over the chopped lettuce and garnish with sliced olives, curled parsley and celery tops.