

# 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 the 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 glance of recognition 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 tinned 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 85 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 Baffins 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 Horsburg, the extreme point of North Devon.

They were on the shore of Baffins bay, now half frozen over; that is to say, on the road to Europe, and three miles off the waves were dashing 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 Korsam, 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 "honored" 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.)

## 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.

Conscience 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



## The Experimental Plot.

Every farmer should have, and easily can have, a small experimental plot of ground for testing the soil and different crops. No farmer can ever know the highest capacity of his soil till he has fertilized a small portion of his land very heavily with a complete balanced mixture of fertilizers, planted the very best of seed, and given the crop, or crops, extra good cultivation. Many farmers hear or read of 100 bushels of corn to the acre, or several hundred dollars an acre made in growing special crops, and do not believe that it is possible. They do not believe it because they have never done half so well on their own land, but they never put half the amount of fertilizers, nor half as good seed, nor half as good cultivation, to the crops they grew. Try an acre, or even a half acre, of ground on your own farm this coming season and see what results can be had from it. Begin now to fertilize and do not stop till the piece of land is as fertile as it can well be made with at least three different kinds of fertilizing matter. Prepare the land in the very best manner, use the best seed, and give a dozen cultivations. You will surprise yourself with results.—Journal of Agriculture.

## Bran Mash.

Can you make a bran mash? Like coffee, mashed potatoes and a few of the everyday things, the average furnished is not of good quality. To make a bran mash, take a clean bucket, well scalded out, and put in the measure of bran. Then pour into the center, stirring all the time, scalding water enough to make it moist. Cover it closely while hot with a blanket, and let it stand three or four hours, until cold. There are many times when a cow or horse is sick and weak, and needs a bran mash. The

**The Alaska Wheat Fake.**  
The "Alaska wheat" fake, which has been pretty thoroughly exposed in the west, is now attracting attention in the east. Commenting on the result of some experiments made by a New Jersey farmer with this cereal "gold brick," the Boston Transcript remarks: "If the wheat of Alaska can reclothe our old but still responsive acres with harvests of the golden grain, it will be an obligation of no mean magnitude to be added to what we already owe her for past and potential yields of gold and copper, lumber and coal." Unfortunately for the responsive acres which are awaiting the coming of Alaska wheat, that famous cereal has been repeatedly exposed as a fraud. Its latest previous appearance in the limelight was in Idaho, and the Saturday Evening Post, by giving it a page of praise, brought it to the attention of scientists and agricultural experts, with the result that the government issued a fraud order which prohibited the Idaho promoters circulating any literature regarding it.

## To Prevent Feed Bolting.

So many horses, especially nervy drivers, get in the habit of gulping their feed down in great mouthfuls.

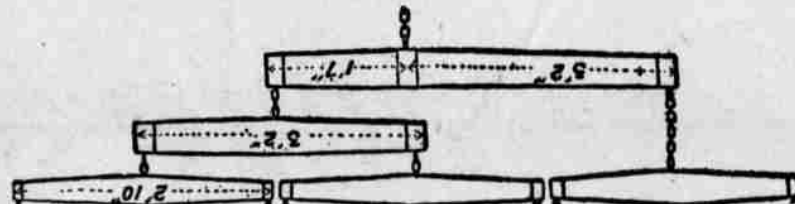
Here is a device that I have found very convenient and effective in preventing feed bolting. The feed is put into a hopper (b) outside the manger, and is allowed to run

into the manger box (a) in a thin stream. The size of this stream is regulated by the slide (c), and it is impossible for the horse to get more feed in his mouth at one time than he can easily masticate.—Farm and Home.

## The Wheat Situation.

The high prices which our farmers have run up for wheat have stimulated the cultivation of the grain wherever it is possible to raise it. Last year Chile produced 19,000,000 bushels, and was encouraged by the results to sow many more acres this year. Experimental stations of the Chilean government are distributing the best varieties of seeds among the

## THREE-HORSE HITCH.

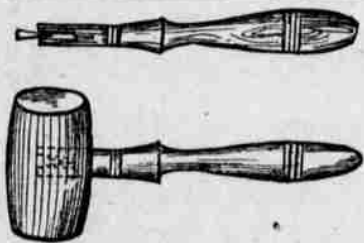


This arrangement enables one horse to walk in the furrow when ploughing and two on the unploughed land. The length is marked on each of the parts. The draught chain must be set well toward the left of the head of the plough.

usual proceeding is to use any old bucket and some hot water. A handful of bran is stirred into a slop, and scalding hot, is put under the sick animal's nose, only to be rejected. It should be cool, or cold, and only moist enough to hold together when pressed in the hand. Then add a little salt, and it is relished by the sufferer.—California Cultivator.

## How to Fasten Mallet Handles.

The old method of fastening mallet handles by boring a hole through the head and inserting a wedge from the outside may be superseded by a new way that makes the tool much



stronger and one that conceals the wedge and eliminates all possibility of the head flying off as the wedge cannot come out. This new way is to bore a hole the size of the handle and three-fourths the distance through the head, then cut a slot in the handle and insert a wedge as shown in figure 1. Put the wedge end into the hole bored in the head and drive it in. When the wedge touches the bottom of the hole (Fig. 2) it will be driven into the split of the handle, thus forcing the sides out and making a tight fit.—Popular Mechanics.

## Deep Plowing.

Results of experiments at the Kansas station show that deep plowing (8 to 10 inches) tends to increase the number of soil bacteria in both sandy and silt soils. Deep plowing tends to increase bacterial activity. More ammonia is produced. Deep plowing tends to decrease denitrification of the reduction of nitrate and the liberation of free nitrogen.

## Increase in Farm Horses.

Government reports show that farm horses have increased in number from 13,000,000 to 20,000,000 since 1900, and in value from \$44.61 to \$95.64 each. Illinois has more farm horses than any other State in the Union.

farmers. If American farmers keep down their production to hold up prices they may find they had such a good thing that they tempted all the world into it and broke up the snap.—New York Press.

## Making Good Butter.

The best butter is made from cream collected about the same time. Mixing cream from three or four days' skimmings is what makes the texture of butter uneven and the flavor poor. Keep the different skimmings separate, and churn them separately, as far as possible. This requires some more work, but it makes better butter. If several skimmings are mixed, stir the mixture well when cream is added.

All cream should be frequently stirred when ripening in order to make the ripening progress evenly through the mass. Always skim milk before it becomes coagulated.

## Straw in Manure.

Owing to its abundance, straw is added to barnyard manure, but it can be made more serviceable if made fine with the feed cutter before being used. While straw may soon rot after being mixed with manure, yet in a fine condition it is a much better absorbent and can be forked into the manure with advantage. When loading and spreading manure there is a saving of labor when handling that which is fine, and the manure will be more valuable because the loss of ammonia will be arrested by the use of suitable absorbent materials.

## Diversified Farming Spreading.

Diversified farming is fast redeeming agriculture. Even the Western people are finding out that crop rotation is more remunerative than the one-crop method of farming. Diversified farming and stock raising will redeem the West as it has the prosperous part of the East.

## Object of Soil Culture.

Cultivation of the soil is not merely done to kill weeds, but it is a moisture conservator; makes the soil more porous, so that the plant roots more easily penetrate in search of plant food. In time of protracted drought the cultivator should be kept going whether there are weeds or not.