

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.



Jules Verne's thrilling and fascinating romance, "Finding the North Pole," is one of the great literary masterpieces, and should at this time be of particular interest in every home. Verne wrote it more than a generation ago, as a story, a thing of fiction. But it has come true on him. Just as his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" came true in the submarines, and his "Round the World in 80 Days" has been shown easy of accomplishment. But none of this famous and gifted French romancer's creations has borne out so fully, so much in detail, as his "Finding the North Pole" 35 years after he wrote it. As in the controversy between Commander Feary and Dr. Cook, there is a fight in Verne's story between two rival explorers for the glory of finding the pole. In the end, as in the present case—well you'd better read the story.



JULES VERNE.

The novel describes—vividly, as only Jules Verne can—the hardships and dangers of polar exploration, and makes clear to the readers with what bitterness one explorer, who has overcome all hardships of nature, will regard a rival explorer who threatens to snatch from him the glory of realizing his life desire. There is a surgeon in this story, the efficient aid to the chief of the party, just as Dr. Cook was Feary's brave and efficient aid before their friendship was broken.

In rapidity of action and tenseness of interest, this old story of the great French romancer is not excelled by anything he himself wrote, and by few stories of adventure written by others.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bold project of Capt. Hatteras to try to push his way to the north pole, and gain for England the glory of its discovery. But he had struggled for nine months against currents and tempests, shattering icebergs and breaking through almost insurmountable barriers. In an unprecedented winter he had outdistanced all his predecessors and accomplished half his task, when he saw all his hopes blasted. The mutiny of his worn-out crew had left him and his little band of three men in a terrible situation—helpless in an icy desert, 2,500 miles from their native land—their ship a wreck, blown up by the mutineers. However, the courage of Hatteras was still undaunted. The three men which were left him were the best on board his brig, and while they remained he might venture to hope. Of the Forward, the brig they had so carefully built, not a vestige remained. Shapeless blackened fragments, twisted bars of iron, cable ends still smoldering, and here and there in

"Yes, but we must first revive Bell," replied the doctor. "Then go and find the sledges, and get the American." Bell lay on the ice almost insensible. Johnson had to take vigorous measures to rouse him, but at last, by dint of shaking and rubbing him with snow, he succeeded. "Come, Bell," he cried, "don't give way like this. Exert yourself, my man; we must have a talk about our situation, and we need a place to put our heads in. Come and help me, Bell. You haven't forgotten how to take a snow hut, have you? There is an iceberg all ready to hand; we've only got to hollow it out. Let's set to work; we shall find that is the best remedy for us." Bell tried to shake off his torpor and help his comrade, while Dr. Clawbonny undertook to go and fetch the sledges and the dogs. "Will you go with him, captain?" asked Johnson. "No, my friend," said Hatteras, in a gentle tone, "if the doctor will kindly undertake the task. Before the day ends I must come to some resolution,



the distance spiral wreaths of smoke—that was all. Books, instruments and precious collections were in ashes. Clawbonny, the surgeon, and Johnson, the boatswain, surveyed the wreck. Bell, the carpenter, lay insensible on the ice. Capt. Hatteras stood apart, arms folded, his faithful dog beside him. "Poor old brig!" exclaimed the doctor. "I had grown attached to her. I loved her as one loves a house where he has spent a lifetime." "Ay! It's strange what a hold those planks and beams get on a fellow's heart," said Johnson. "And the long-boat—is that burnt?" asked the doctor. "The mutineers carried it off." "And the pirogue?" "Shivered into a thousand pieces!" "Then we have nothing but the Hatteras boat!" "Yes, we have that still, thanks to your idea of taking it with you." "That isn't much," said the doctor. "And we have a dying one to look after."



"A dying man?" "Yes, Capt. Aitamont, an American navigator, whose ship, the Porpoise, was stranded somewhere to the north. We found him, half starved and frozen on the ice," said the doctor. Johnson muttered an exclamation of pity. But his mind went back at once to his own desperate situation. "Then we have no fuel whatever?" he said. "No." "And no provisions?" "No." "And no ship to make our way back to England?" "It required courage to face these gloomy realities. After a moment's silence, Johnson said again: "Well, at any rate we know exactly how we stand. The first thing to be done now is to make a hut, for we can't stay long exposed to this temperature."

and the further their labors advanced the more they became sheltered.

Hatteras alternately paced up and down and stood motionless, evidently shrinking from any approach to the scene of the explosion. In about an hour the doctor returned, bringing with him Aitamont, the American, on the sledge, wrapped up in the folds of the tent. The dogs were so exhausted from starvation that they could scarcely draw it along, and they had begun to gnaw their harness.

While the hut was being dug out the doctor went foraging about, and had the good fortune to find a little stove, almost undamaged by the explosion. He soon restored it to working trim, and, by the time the hut was completed, had filled it with wood and got it lighted. Before long it was roaring, and diffusing a genial warmth on all sides.

The American was brought in and laid on blankets, and the four Englishmen seated themselves around the fire to enjoy their scanty meal of biscuit and hot tea, the last remains of the provisions on the sledge. Not a word was spoken by Hatteras, and the others respected his silence.

When the meal was over, the doctor rose and went out, making a sign to Johnson to follow.

"Come, Johnson," he said, "our goods are scattered in all directions. We had better pick them up as fast as possible, for the snow may fall at any moment, and then it would be quite useless to look for anything."

"Don't let us lose a minute, then," replied Johnson. "Fire and wood—these are our chief wants."

"Very well, you search one side and I'll take the other, and we'll take from the center to the circumference."

This task occupied two hours, and all they discovered was a little salt meat, about fifty pounds of pemmican, three sacks of biscuits, a small stock of chocolate, five or six pints of brandy, and about two pounds of coffee, picked up near the ice.

Neither blankets, nor hammocks, nor clothing, were found—all had been consumed in the devouring flame.

This slender store of provisions would hardly last three weeks, and they had wood enough to supply the stove for about the same time.

Capt. Hatteras, with Bell and the doctor, had been away on an exploring expedition when the mutiny occurred. The morning after the little party had built their snow house, he called Johnson to him.

"Tell me all the particulars of the mutiny on the brig," he said.

"Well," began the sailor, "almost immediately after your departure Shandon, supported by the others, took command of the ship. I couldn't resist him. Shandon made no attempt at discipline. He made them believe that their privations and toils were at an end. Economy was entirely disregarded."

"A blazing fire was kept up in the stove, and the men were allowed to eat and drink all they wanted. Not only was tea and coffee at their disposal, but all the liquor. On men who had been so long deprived of strong drink, you may guess the result. They went on in this manner from the 7th to the 15th of January."

"And this was Shandon's going?" asked Hatteras.

"Yes, captain."

"It was about the 14th or 15th of January that they resolved to abandon the ship. Their plan was to reach the west coast of Baffin bay, and from thence to embark in the boat and follow the track of the whalers, or to go to some of the Greenland settlements on the eastern side. Provisions were abundant, and the sick men were so excited by the hope of return that they were almost well."

"They began their preparations for departure by making a sledge which they were to draw themselves, as they had no dogs. This was not ready till the 15th of February, and I was always hoping for your arrival, though I half

and I need to be alone to think. Go. Do meantime whatever you think best. I will deal with the future." Johnson went back to the doctor and said: "It's very strange, but the captain seems quite to have got over his anger. I never heard him speak so gently before." "So much the better," said Clawbonny. "I believe Mr. Johnson, that man has done us yet."

And drawing his hood as closely round his head as possible, the doctor stepped on his iron-tipped staff, and set out without further delay. Johnson and Bell commenced digging a hole in the heart of a great block of ice. It was not easy work, owing to the extreme hardness of the material. However, this very hardness guaranteed the solidity of the dwelling.

dreaded it, too, for you could have done nothing with the men, and they would have massacred you rather than remain on board.

"I tried my influence on each one separately, remonstrating and reasoning with them, and pointing out the dangers they would encounter, and also the cowardice of leaving you, but it was a mere waste of words. Not even the best among them would listen to me."

(To be continued.)

The Kitty Reasoned It. Edwin, aged 3, who unwisely fondled his small cat overmuch appeared before his mother one day, his face guiltily pained and a scratch upon his hand. "What happened?" she asked. "I beat the kitty a little," he said briskly.—The Delineator.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Why Plain Men Attract.

A fact that no one can deny is that for some women a really plain man seems to have a definite power of attraction. Can it be that, if beautiful themselves, they find a charm in their opposite; or is it that they brook no rival near the throne, and see in a handsome man more or less of a competitor asks Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart in The Strand. A good looking husband or brother attracts notice, and her royal highness, woman, may refuse to be in the background. At any rate, there can be no doubt that an ugly man seems often to wield an influence that is quite uncanny.

The trend of the times may have something to say on the subject. A modern woman, with her brains and her freedom and her strenuous ideals, has no use for what is weak, insipid, and decadent. She has no place in her heart for the scented exquisite, who waves his hair, twists his mustache, manures his hands, and admires his face in the looking glass. In fact, pink and white prettiness is now at a discount, and most of us would sooner see our men brown and battered and serenely conscious of their own lack of attractions. Rough-hewn, features, we say, show strength, and a plain form may be the shell of a great soul, a keen brain, and soaring ambitions. Certain it is that the Adonis type has gone out of fashion. The woman of to-day scorns the "beauty man," avoids him as a friend, and disregards him as a husband.

Russian Military Suit.



Very smart and jaunty is the little suit of dark blue mohair sables, intended for wear under a heavy fur coat. The Russian belted smock is suggested in the coat, which opens over a vest of white broadcloth, this vest and the turndown collar, which is a continuation of the long revers, being braided with crosswise trips of gold soutache. Tiny gilt buttons fasten the front of the vest and above is a little yoke of tuckered cream net. Lines of black silk braid and a black belt passing through gilt rings add to the military air of the little suit.

Needlework Notes.

A child's thimble is useful to slip into the tip of a kid glove while mending it.

An odd hatpin holder is a bag of ribbon embroidered in flowers and filled with rice.

Crossbar muslin with hand embroidered scalloped edges makes a dainty and serviceable school apron for a small girl.

A fancy letter for marking towels is made of slanting satin stitch, French knots and feather and outline stitches.

Embroider your name on a narrow piece of silk ribbon and sew it on the strap of your parasol. It provides an excellent and inconspicuous mark of ownership.

Pretty sewing bags are made of flowered silk gathered on oval embroidery hoops, with a bow of ribbon at each corner and the hoops ribbon-wound.

A tiny sewing outfit, to fit in the traveling bag, will be no end of a comfort for one going visiting. It may be made of linen or silk, with just a bit of embroidery to give it a chic air.

Bagged Shoe Linings.

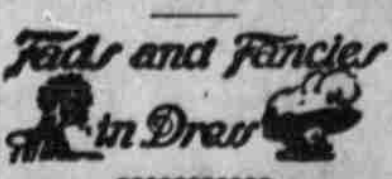
The buyer of one of the largest stocking departments in this city says that the stocking trade is increased to a large extent by the carelessness with which men and women wear shoes with ragged linings. Even a small hole in the lining of a shoe is sure to repeat itself in the same place in the stocking, and when there is a large opening it is sure to ruin the stocking. Shoe departments mend shoe linings for their customers at small expense.

Threading Needles.

There are women who are so sensitive about growing old that they stop sewing in public as soon as they begin to find it hard to thread a needle. But difficulty in threading a

needle is not limited to the aged. Here is a hint which will make the task easier.

In threading a needle hold the needle firmly between thumb and first finger. The thread is held in the left hand with a short end extending from between tips of first finger and thumb. The knuck lies in pressing the two thumb joints hard together, keeping thread taut, when it will be found to go easily into the eye.



The large rolling-pla brim shrdiu Small boys are wearing tam-o-shanter hats in cloth, bearskin and corduroy, the ear flaps silk lined.

The large rolling-brim hats of the Gainsborough type hold first place for afternoon and evening wear.

Fine gold wire is entwined through curls, while immense cabochons of dull coloring appear in the hair.

Mandarin is the name given to a yellowish tan, while Corinth is an extremely faded shade of old rose.

The new scarfs this year are wide, perfectly flat and very long, many reaching to below the knees in front.

Two rich materials, tapestry and fur, are to be found on some lovely little turbans, and the effect is beautiful.

As trimming on daytime dresses and evening robes, beads are used with great success. They are seen in all colors.

Nun's veiling is a material particularly suitable for the small mourning hat. It drapes easily and is light in weight.

The wrist or elbow puff is a familiar sleeve treatment at this hour. But the puff is not the baggy thing of old. It is moderate to the point of modesty.

One-piece dresses made without collars are often supplied with that very necessary article in a separate neck-piece made of gold net, finished with a velvet bow at the front.

Emancipation of Women.

The emancipation of women has led to some questionable social conditions. When she is educated she marries later in life and is less inclined to marry. When she marries later in life she has fewer children. If this means an improvement in quality rather than an increase in number, the outcome is rather wholesome. Problems are introduced which as yet have not been solved. All we can do is to state them. It is claimed that the better educated, the higher developed a woman is, the less inclined she is to have offspring, and when she is a mother, the offspring are not as healthy and vigorous as those of other women.

The kitchen is practically the sole survival of the old industrial aspects of the home, and one result has been that the children have been individualized and relieved of the obligations of household duties. The Sunday-school, the prayer meeting and the church have to a great degree assumed the former religious functions of the home; the kindergarten, the school, the playground and the social settlement have usurped the home's educational work, and the state has taken over, to a great extent, the responsibility for the education of her child.—Leslie's.

Right and Wrong Walking.



Women who desire to appear attractive should pay considerable attention to their manner of walking. The effect of a beautiful gown is often ruined by the wearer's unsightly stride. It requires no scientist to discover character delineations unfolded by the woman's walk. The most casual observer is at once conscious of some important phase of her character. Her walk, if graceful, natural and unexaggerated, expresses gentility. If women only realized what a story is told by the walk, how careful they would be to cultivate a walk which tells a pleasant story.

Hand-Made Tucks.

"I have discovered an easy way of making hand-run tucks in lingerie," said a seamstress. "Create the first tuck as usual for machine tucking and

adjust the tucks, but do not thread the machine. Then run through the tucker. The needle will leave a distinct line, along which to run your hand-sewing. The marker also leaves a line for the next tuck. It is best to sew each tuck as it comes from the tucker, as handling obliterates the marks."

Health and Beauty Hints.

Borax and ammonia lighten the color or brown hair.

The best cleansing agent for greasy hair is a solution of one tablespoonful of tincture of quillina in one quart of hot water.

That the eyes must have plenty of rest goes without saying. Nowhere does lack of sleep make itself felt more quickly or unpleasantly than in the eyes.

The habit of taking medicines of any sort for headache is vicious and is not so harmful, says a writer. While medicines sometimes give temporary relief, they do not remove the cause.

For a delicate child give nightly a warm bath, followed by a gentle, thorough rubbing with warm olive oil all over the body and limbs. This simple, safe, home treatment works wonders if given a fair trial.

Good health is partly dependent upon freedom of the body, and to attain this the abdominal muscles upon whose motion depends the activity of the digestive functions should be allowed room for unhampered movement.

Do not, even in a case of emergency, risk making a child's bed up on the floor; the impure air that is near the floor is most pernicious, and there is also almost a certainty of drafts, which will result in a stiff neck or toothache.

Coquettish Theater Bonnet.



One is fairly captivated with the little bonnets which pretty women are wearing at the theaters, says a New York writer. These gay little head-dresses—for they are scarcely more than that—do not hide the waves of the coiffure and make a most charming frame for the face. This bonnet is of coarse white net over blue satin, the net being darned with rows of baby blue velvet and ribbon, a fringe of net finishing the edge. Turquoise colored beads and pearls also decorate the cabochon.

An Ice Poultice.

In many cases of inflammation an ice poultice is a very useful application. It is made in this way: Spread a layer of linned meal, three-quarters of an inch thick, on a piece of cloth, and upon the meal put at intervals lumps of ice about the size of a marble. Sprinkle meal over the ice and cover all with the cloth, turning the edges over. In this way the ice will last much longer than it otherwise would, and the poultice will be quite comfortable.

Aids Working Women.

The New York Equal Suffrage society, of which Mrs. Clarence Mackay is the president and leading spirit, has reduced its annual dues from \$6 to \$3. According to Mrs. Mackay, this reduction is for the purpose of getting self-supporting women as members. She believes that women wage-earners need the ballot more than any other class to protect themselves against the man-made laws regulating hours of work.

"Bear Grapes."

She could cook, she could not bake, she could not wield a garden rake, she could not sew, she could not darn, she could not knit socks out of yarn and she could not a husband get; so she became a suffragette and joined a club who motto said: "THI we can vote we shall not wed."

Womanly Strength.

The strongest woman in the world is not the richest, the best educated, the most graceful, nor the one endowed with the greatest physical beauty, but the purest woman.