

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," replied Altamont, "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 boatswain."

"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 gracious 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 had 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!"

"Aretic 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 gorges like that can't do a whit better day's work than an Englishman, who has had 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 25th 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 iceberg 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, 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.)

AWFUL DOSE CURES SULTAN.

Directions of the American Surgeon Are Mightily Misunderstood.

This actually happened in Mindanao. The story was told to me by the army surgeon himself.

He was seated in his tent one morning when a number of the followers of the Sultan of Pantar came hurrying to him, saying the Sultan was dying of cholera. Aided by the slight knowledge he had then had of their language, the surgeon diagnosed the case from their reports as a well-nigh hopeless one. Still, anxious to show the skill and friendliness of the American for the Moro brother, he hastily made up six powders, each containing one-sixth of a grain of morphia and thirty grains of bismuth. These he gave to the emissaries, telling them to give the Sultan one of them in a glass of boiled water every three hours and to report to him next morning how the patient was getting along.

The next morning the surgeon was more than surprised to see the Sultan himself walk into the tent. Wan and weak as he was, he had come some eight miles to thank the surgeon personally for having saved his life, and had brought with him one of his subjects who spoke Spanish well enough to serve as an interpreter.

It was through this interpreter that the surgeon learned how his directions had been followed. First, they had given the entire six powders to the Sultan at one dose—a full grain of morphia and 180 grains of bismuth—and then had poured a tumblerful of boiling water into him every three hours afterward, scalding his mouth and throat so that he could hardly speak.

But it cured him, and the surgeon says the same treatment cured many another Moro who would probably have died under lesser doses.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lots Like Him.

"I'd like to get a job on a newspaper."

"Had any experience as a journalist?"

"None."

"Then what could you do on a newspaper?"

"Seems to me that I could dish out excellent advice of some kind."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS SUCCESSFUL

PUBLIC schools conducted in the open air summer and winter have been a success in a number of cities of the United States as well as in Europe, according to Elnora Whitman Curtis, holder of the degree of master of arts and an honorary fellow of Clark University, who gives in the American City Magazine a description of such schools.

In the United States open-air schools until lately have existed only in two cities. Providence established its school some two years ago, and Boston followed about a year ago. The more prominent cities to try the method are Chicago, Pittsburg, Rochester and Hartford. Concerning the Providence experiment the writer says:

"About two years ago an old city schoolhouse was remodeled by removing a portion of one side of its upper story so that considerable exposure to sun and air was effected. Adjustable windows that can be lowered were provided, but the idea is to so harden children to weather conditions that this would be seldom necessary. The room is heated during the winter by two stoves, which temper the air slightly so that it averages 10 degrees or so warmer than that outside. These stoves are used also for cooking purposes and for heating the soapstones that form part of the school equipment.

"The children sit in their outside clothing, over which are drawn heavy canvas bags, which protect the lower part of their bodies and extend up over the backs of the chairs. The desks upon movable platforms are placed opposite the wide opening, so that the children

face away from the light with their backs exposed to the sun and air. The number of pupils is limited to twenty-five, and the studies are those of the usual ungraded school. Health cards are kept for each child, and the school physician makes regular visits, looking after the needs of individual cases. Children have made good progress physically, and have been able to keep up most satisfactorily in their studies, so that the school may be counted an unqualified success. It is a part of the regular school system, though run in connection with the local Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, through whose efforts it was established."

In contrast to the Providence school is that in Boston, started at the beginning of the last school year and run by the city in conjunction with the Society for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis. Here twenty children study and play; they undergo medical examination and records are kept showing their weights and measurements. No soapstones or stoves are provided, but canvas bags are used.

On the general results of the experiments made the writer says: "Such experience with defectives cannot but point to broader conclusions as to the care and education of children in general. That delicate and backward children can accomplish in far less, sometimes in half, the time the task of ordinary school children, raises the question as to whether similar methods in elementary school instruction might not be adopted to the benefit of all school children. On the grounds of social hygiene alone, then, outdoor schools would seem justifiable. On the pedagogical side they are a revelation."

THE INDIVIDUAL

I will obey my light
Though my light be night;
This is the only right.

I will declare my word
Though to the world absurd;
Thus only may I be heard.

I will live out my dream
Though it should folly seem
And but for me the gleam.

I will pursue my way
Though no illuming ray
Keats the toilsome day.

Others may scout the plan,
Wise men my nature ban—
I will be my own man.
—Success Magazine.

JUST A WOMAN

"Why do you look at me like that, Ken? I'm only flesh and blood, you know, just like any other girl."

"Oh, no, you are more beautiful than any other girl," replied Kenneth Mayes impetuously—"far more beautiful!"

They were standing together in front of the fireplace, and now that they were once more alone, after long days of absence, they felt that they must unburden their minds to one another, come what might.

"Do you know, you frighten me sometimes," said the girl slowly, after a pause, "because you're so dreadfully earnest. Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Oh, Ken, you silly boy! Why, how long have you known me, sir? About thirteen weeks, isn't it? And, of course, I've been on my best behavior all the time. You've only seen one side of me—the amiable side. You haven't seen me just as I am—at home with the mater and sister."

"But I hope to. You will introduce me?"

"Oh, of course. I've no horrid crimes to confess. Just a few little peccadilloes, that's all. Now, instead of hugging a delusion to your heart and waking up one day crying you've been deceived, I should like to have you forgive me for something beforehand, and yet to love the woman while you deplored the fault."

Presently she found him picking up a book she had been reading which had fallen to the floor.

"H'm! Tennyson," he said, and opened it. His eye fell on a photograph.

"Price Carew!"—looking at her. "You knew him?"

"Yes," she said, simply, wondering at the change in his tone. "Did you?"

"He was the dearest friend I ever had. A man I would have laid down my life for." He spoke sternly, evidently striving to suppress his emotion. "Where did you get his photo?"

"It was given to me." Her face was crimson, and her eyelids drooped low over her eyes.

"By him?"

"Yes."

He groaned.

"To think it should be you, Madge—to think it should be you! You broke his heart—one of the truest that ever beat. And I've been deluding myself—"

"Kenneth!" she broke in. "Wait—don't blame me till you've heard the story."

"Do you know that he practically committed suicide—exposing himself recklessly to the Boer marksmen till at last a bullet found him? I know now what it was that made your face so familiar. He carried your photo next his heart, and when he was dying he put it into my hand. 'Bury it with me, Ken,' he said. And I did. He had told me the story a few months before, without blaming you, and without mentioning names. But you killed him, and he was one of the best."

"I deny it," she cried sharply. "I deny it. His death brought sorrow to me. The story is a very unhappy one."

If a girl finds she has made a mistake—

"A mistake?" he interposed, and there was a look of scorn in his face. "A nice sort of a mistake. Do you claim that a woman can amuse herself with a man—encourage him, lead him on, and then, when she's got him in the toils, turn round and tell him she's very sorry, but she's made a mistake?"

"You are heaping blame without having heard the girl's side of the story. She—"

"A woman who makes such mistakes is unpardonable—unpardonable! Why didn't—"

"Kenneth! Be careful. You are the only man, Kenneth, that I have ever allowed to make love to me—the only man I have ever loved. The only one."

"H'm!" he muttered sullenly. "It's all very well to put it off on a mistake. I like the word as little as I like the action. And a girl who does that sort of thing once may do it twice. Now, what guarantee have I got that next week, or next month or next year, you won't find that you've made another mistake?"

Then he looked up, and there was a sneer on his lips.

"I won't keep you waiting even a week, Kenneth," she said, quietly, "because I have found it out already."

The next moment she was gone.

For ten minutes he remained where she had left him. Then, hardly knowing what he was doing, he picked up the volume of Tennyson, and looked at the title page. On the flyleaf he read the name, "Madge Prentice," in Price Carew's well known hand.

It was long before he met her again. Mrs. Prentice and her daughters had gone abroad and had not returned. It



"THEN IT WASN'T YOU AT ALL!"

was a time of wretchedness and misery for Kenneth. In spite of all, he loved her still. Perhaps he had been hasty. Certainly he had not asked for her side of the story. Anyway, he must see her again.

The Prentices arrived back one evening, and the next morning Madge got a wire:

"May I come?"

"Well, Ken," she said, after she had allowed him to babble incoherences for several minutes, "are you sure now?"

"That I cannot live without you? Why, yes, of course, otherwise—"

"No, no—sure that you know me for what I am—just a woman, a faulty woman, and not a—"

The door opened slowly and a woman's form appeared on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon, I thought—"

"Come in, Kate, come in. I want to introduce you to Mr. Mayes. Kenneth, my sister, Kate."

Kenneth was staring so hard at the lady that for a moment he did not see the proffered hand.

Miss Prentice was frail and delicate, obviously an invalid. But in health she must have been the very picture of Madge—only four years older.

"I'm glad to see you," she said. "Madge has told me about you—that you were a great friend of Mr. Carew's. I am glad to welcome any friend of his." Then she slipped away as quietly as she had come.

"You mustn't blame her, Ken. She suffered as much as he did. She nearly died. She has never been well

since. No, you wouldn't understand it, but I don't blame you for that. It was a sad—said mistake for both of them. Leave it there."

"Then it wasn't you at all?"

"No."

"But why did you let me think it was?"

"You misunderstood—jumped to the conclusion; and then—well, it was a woman's whim. I saw a chance to try whether you really loved me—me, or the dream woman—not the real woman, but the ideal woman."

"Madge! And you let me go through—"

"Have I gone through nothing—loving you as I did? Why, the very first time, sir, you merely thought I was wrong—yes, and without wanting or waiting to see, you blamed me—me, the perfect woman! Oh, Ken!"

"Still, I don't think it was quite right of you to let me believe that wasn't really true," he said, glad to have something to urge against her.

She laughed. "Oh, Ken!" she cried, again. "I don't defend it. But forgive me, dear boy, forgive me! And be thankful that you'll have just a woman for a wife, and not a spotless, flawless goddess that you couldn't even forgive."—M. A. P.

ANECDOTE OF CLAY.

Incident Showing the Esteem in Which the Senator Was Held.

Adlai Stevenson, commenting on Henry Clay, tells this anecdote, an exchange says:

Possibly since the foundation of the government, no statesman has been so completely idolized by his friends and party as was Henry Clay. Words are meaningless when the attempt is made to express the idolatry of the Whigs of his own state for their great chieftain. For a lifetime he knew no rival. His wish was law to his followers. In the realm of party leadership a greater than he hath not appeared. At his last defeat for the presidency strong men wept bitter tears. When his star set it was felt to be the signal for the dissolution of the great party of which he was the founder. In words worthy to be recalled, "when the tidings came like walling over the state that Harry Percy's spur was cold, the chivalrous felt somehow the world had grown commonplace."

The following incident, along the line indicated, may be considered characteristic. While Mr. Clay was a senator a resolution in accordance with a sometime custom was introduced into the Kentucky house of representatives instructing the senators from that state to vote in favor of a certain bill then pending in Congress. The resolution was in the act of passing without opposition when a hitherto silent member from one of the mountain counties, springing to his feet, exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, am I to understand that this legislature is undertaking to tell Henry Clay how to vote?" The speaker answered that such was the purport of the resolution. At which the member from the mountains, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Great God!" and sunk into his seat. It is needless to add that the resolution was immediately rejected by an unanimous vote.

To Prevent Contagion.

To prevent contagion when a patient has diphtheria, scarlet fever or any of the dreaded diseases, take equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid; put one-half teaspoonful at a time in a kettle of water kept near the boiling point. The odor gives relief to the patient and also prevents the spread of the malady if kept in the room.

After the Quarrel.

"I asked him for my lock of hair."

"What then?"

"He sent me back enough locks of hair to make a beautiful set of puffs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The trouble with some men is that they not only yield to temptation, but hunt it up.