

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Hatteras had aimed well and before either of his companions came up he had plunged his knife in the animal's throat.

"Hurrah! Bravo!" shouted Johnson and the doctor, but Hatteras stood cool and unexcited, gazing at his prostrate foe.

The beast was very fat, and weighed 1,500 pounds. The hunters were so famished that they had hardly patience to cut up the carcass and carry home the flesh to be cooked. It needed all the doctor's persuasion to prevent them eating it raw.

On entering the hut, they were struck with the coldness of the atmosphere. The fire was out. The exciting business of the morning had made Johnson neglect his accustomed duty. The doctor got the tinder and asked Johnson for the steel.

The sailor went through his pockets and searched the hut. The steel was gone.

"Not got the steel!" the doctor repeated, shuddering. "Look again."

"But it is gone."

"This is a serious business, doctor," said Hatteras, gravely.

Each sat looking at the other, and at death. It was serious. Then the doctor sprang to his feet.

"An idea has occurred to me."

"What?" said Hatteras.

"Let us make a lens."

"How?"

"With ice."

"We'll try it. Bring your hatchet, Johnson."

A good-sized piece was soon cut off, about a foot in diameter, and the doctor set to work. He chopped it into rough shape with the hatchet, then with his knife, making as smooth a surface as possible. He finished the polishing process with his fingers, rubbing away until he had obtained a lens as transparent as crystal.

The sun was shining, the tinder was held beneath the ice lens to catch the rays. In a few seconds it took fire, to Johnson's rapturous delight.

He danced about like an idiot, almost beside himself with joy, and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" while Clawbonny hurried back into the hut and rekindled the fire. It was soon roaring, and it was not many minutes before the savory odor of broiled bear steak roused Bell from his torpor.

What a feast this meal was to the poor starving men may be imagined. The doctor, however, counseled moderation in eating, and set the example himself.

"This is a glad day for us," he said, "and we have no fear of wanting food all the rest of our journey. Still, we must not forget we have further to go yet, and I think the sooner we start the better."

"We cannot be far off now," said Altamont, who could speak almost perfectly again; "we must be within forty-eight hours' march of the Pole."

"I hope we'll find something there to make a fire with," said the doctor, smiling. "My lens needs the sun, and there are plenty of days when it does not make its appearance here, within less than four degrees of the pole."

"Less than four degrees!" repeated Altamont, with a sigh; "yes, my ship went further than any other has ever ventured."

"It is time we started," said Hatteras, abruptly.

On the way the doctor asked Altamont what had brought him so far north. The American made only evasive replies. Clawbonny whispered to Johnson: "We've got two men that need looking after."

"You are right," said Johnson.

"Hatteras doesn't talk to this American, and I must say the man has not shown himself very grateful."

"I don't like the expression of his face," said Johnson.

"I think he suspects Hatteras' plan."

"Then you think that Altamont—"

"His ship was certainly on the road to the north pole."

"But don't Altamont say that he had been caught among the ice, and dragged there irresistibly?"

"He said so, but there was a strange smile on his lips."

Next day, after a hearty breakfast of bear's meat, the little party continued the route.

At last, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Altamont started up with a shout. Pointing to a white mass that no eye but his distinguished from the surrounding icebergs, he exclaimed in a loud, ringing voice:

"The Porpoise!"

The Porpoise was completely buried under the snow. Masts and rigging had been destroyed in the shipwreck, and she was lying on a bed of rocks so entirely on her side that the hull was uppermost.

"Never mind," said Hatteras, "we will fix it up and make ourselves comfortable there."

By night Bell had managed to make a tolerably level floor with planks and spars. Altamont was helped on board without much trouble. A sigh of satisfaction escaped him, as if he felt himself once more at home—a sigh which to Johnson's ear bodied no good.

CHAPTER IV.

The Porpoise had been thoroughly equipped and provisioned for a long voyage. They found 6,150 pounds of flour, fat, and raisins; 2,000 pounds of salt beef and pork, 1,500 pounds of pemmican, 700 pounds of sugar, and the same of chocolate; a chest and a half of tea, weighing ninety-six pounds, 500 pounds of rice, several barrels of preserved fruits and vegetables, a quantity of lime juice, with all sorts of medicine, and 300 gallons of rum and brandy. There was also a large supply of gunpowder, ball and shot, and coal and wood in abundance.

Altogether, enough to last those five men more than two years. All fear of death from starvation or cold was at an end.

"Well, Hatteras, we're sure enough to live on now," said the doctor, "and there is nothing to hinder us reaching the pole."

"The pole!" echoed Hatteras.

"Yes, why not? Can't we push our way overland in the summer?"

"We might overland, but how could we cross water?"

"Can't we build a boat out of the ship's planks?"

"Out of an American ship!" exclaimed the captain, contemptuously.

Clawbonny was prudent enough to change the conversation.

In five days the men had built an ice house on shore not far from the boat, also a powder magazine and a shelter for the dogs.

The walls of the house were over five feet thick, and the windows made of polished sheet ice resembling port-holes for cannon. Every part was as solid as possible, and a parapet was erected outside for defense against any enemies.

While all these preparations for winter were going on, Altamont was fast regaining strength. He was a type of the American, shrewd, intelligent, full of energy and resolution; enterprising, bold, and ready for anything. He was a native of New York, he informed his companions, and had been a sailor from his boyhood.

The Porpoise had been equipped and sent out by a company of wealthy American merchants.

There were many points of resemblance between Altamont and Hatteras, but no friendship. With a greater show of frankness, he was in reality far more deep and crafty than Hatteras. His apparent openness did not inspire such confidence as the Englishman's gloomy reserve.

The doctor was in constant dread of a collision between the rival captains, and yet one must command inevitably, and which should it be? Hatteras had the men, but Altamont had the ship. It was hard to say whose was the better right.

It required all the doctor's tact to keep things smooth. At last, in spite of all his endeavors, an outbreak came. It was at a grand banquet, a sort of "house-warming," held when the new habitation was completed.

This banquet was Dr. Clawbonny's idea. He was head cook, and made a wonderful pudding. Bell had shot a white hare and several ptarmigans, which made an agreeable variety from the pemmican and salt meat.

Clawbonny was cook and master of ceremonies, and brought in a pudding, himself adorned with the big apron and a knife at his belt.

After dinner different toasts were drunk in brandy. One was given to the United States, to which Hatteras made no response.

This over, the doctor introduced an interesting subject of conversation by saying:

"My friends, we have something yet to do. I suppose we should bestow a name on this continent, which we have found, and also on the several bays, peaks and promontories that we meet with. This has been invariably done by navigators."

"Quite right," said Johnson; "when once a place is named, it takes away the feeling of being castaways on an unknown shore."

Hatteras had taken no part in the conversation as yet, but seeing all eyes fixed on him, he rose at last, and said:

"If no one objects, I think the most suitable name we can give our house is that of its skillful architect, the best man among us. Let us call it 'Doctor's house.'"

"Just the thing!" said Bell.

"First rate!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Doctor's house!"

"We cannot do better," chimed in Altamont. "Hurrah for Dr. Clawbonny."

Three hearty cheers were given, in which Duke, the dog, joined lustily, barking his loudest.

"It is agreed, then," said Hatteras, "that this house is to be called 'Doctor's house.'"

The doctor modestly protested against the honor, but he was obliged to yield. The new habitation was formally named "Doctor's house."

"Now, then," said the doctor, "let us go on to name the most important of our discoveries."

"There is that immense sea which surrounds us, unfurrowed as yet by a single ship."

Altamont looked up quickly.

"A single ship!" he repeated. "I think you have forgotten the Porpoise. She certainly did not get here overland."

"Well, it wouldn't be hard to think so," replied Hatteras, "to look at her now."

"True enough, Hatteras," said Altamont, piqued, "but, after all, is not that better than being blown to atoms, like the Forward?"

Hatteras was about to reply when Clawbonny interposed.

"It is not a question of ships, my friends," he said, "but of a fresh sea."

"It is no new sea," returned Altamont; "it is in every polar chart, and has a name already. It is called the Arctic ocean, and I think it would be very inconvenient to alter its designation. Should we find out by and by, that, instead of being an ocean it is only a strait or gulf, it will be time enough to alter it then."

"So be it," said Hatteras.

"Very well, that is an understood thing, then," said the doctor, regretting that he had started the discussion.

"Let us proceed with the continent where we find ourselves at present," resumed Hatteras. "I am not aware that any name whatever has been affixed to it, even in the most recent charts."

He looked at Altamont as he spoke, who met his gaze steadily, and said:

"Possibly you may be mistaken again, Hatteras."

"Mistaken! What! This unknown continent, this virgin soil—"

"Has already a name," replied Altamont, coolly.

Hatteras was silent, but his lip quivered.

"And what name has it, then?" asked the doctor, astonished.

"My dear Clawbonny," replied the American, "it is the custom, not to say the right, of every navigator to christen the soil on which he is the first to set foot. It appears to me, therefore, that it is my privilege and—"

"But, sir," interrupted Johnson, nettled.

"It would be hard to prove that the Porpoise did not come here, even if she got here by land," continued Altamont, without noticing Johnson's protest. "The fact is indisputable," he added, looking at Hatteras.

"I dispute the claim," said the Englishman, restraining himself, by a powerful effort. "To name a country you must first discover it, I suppose, and that you certainly did not do. Where would you have been, sir, at this moment, pray? Lying twenty feet deep under the snow?"

"And without me, sir," retorted Altamont, hotly, "without me and my ship, where would you all be at this moment? Dead, from cold and hunger."

"Come, come, friends," said the doctor, "don't get to words; all that can be easily settled."

"Mr. Hatteras," said Altamont, "is welcome to name whatever territories he may discover, should he succeed in discovering any; but this continent belongs to me. I should not even consent to its having two names like Grinnell Land, which is also called Prince Albert's Land, because it was discovered almost simultaneously by an Englishman and an American. My right of priority is incontestable. No ship before mine ever touched this shore; no foot before mine ever trod this soil. I have given it a name, and that name it shall keep."

"And what is that name?" inquired the doctor.

"New America," replied Altamont. Hatteras trembled with suppressed passion, but by a violent effort restrained himself.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT THE "KANSAS BANANA."

Pawpaw Abundant There—Many Consider It a Delicacy.

George Remsburg, the Atchison county historian, says the Kansas City Journal, has been hunting up something about the pawpaw. He says:

"In the old chronicles of the early explorers and travelers through this section of the country I find much mention of the pawpaw, which seems to have been as abundant in this region a century or more ago as at the present time. In these early accounts the estimates of the edibility of the pawpaw seem to be about equally divided. One pronounced it delicious, while another would lead you to believe that it was really deleterious. However, I believe the following from Charles Augustus Murray, in an account of his western travels in 1834, 1835 and 1836, is the strongest encomium ever bestowed upon the Kansas and Missouri banana.

"While passing this locality on a steamer he landed and secured some ripe pawpaws, the first he had seen, and which he pronounced the most delicious fruit in the world. 'It resembles the banana of the West Indies,' he continues, 'but is more rich and luscious. When opened the interior is exactly like a custard and the flavor something between a fig and a pineapple. Although I prefer this fruit to the banana or pineapple, I find it is not generally so highly esteemed, being considered too rich and cloying; moreover, I was told it was extremely unwholesome. This I found to be an absurd prejudice (as I have often eaten from six to twelve at a time without unpleasant consequences).'

"The belief in its hurtful qualities probably owes its origin to the fact that hogs, which roam the woods and eat the produce of every other fructiferous plant, would not touch the pawpaw. Another cause of the low estimation in which it is held is its extreme abundance; they grow in thousands in the woods, as thick as nuts in an English hazelwood, and children soon get sick and tired of eating them.' (Travels in North America, vol. II, pages 83-84.) John Bradbury, in his travels in this region in 1808-10-11, observed plenty of pawpaws, which he pronounced 'of the consistency of custard and very agreeable to some palates.'"

What Happened to Young Billups

Mary Coles Carrington of Richmond sends us the following:

"One of the curious characteristics of the old-time darkies is their ability to make themselves always intelligible, no matter how twisted the long words, which are their delight.

"Aunt Dilsey, what has become of young Tom Billups? I asked my 'mammy' recently.

"De lan' sakes, Miss Baby, she replied, with uplifted hands and eyes like saucers, 'he dun run off to de Lewis imposition, but we ain't heard from him, nary line, 'cent's 'tis one o' dese sump'n' n'er picture cards; an' I jes' believe, Miss Baby, dat he's dun bin catstapped.'—Atlanta Constitution.

They Were Shady.

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?

Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Very Unusual.

"I wish I had an idea for a poem."

"What do you want to put an idea into a poem for?"—Kansas City Journal.

A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

FOR AFTERNOON AFFAIRS.

Inclivity of Women.

We hear and read much concerning woman's rudeness to man and man's ungentlemanly attitude toward woman—but what about woman's inclivity to woman? Is there anything to equal it? There are, says an observing writer, would-be ladies, there are so-called ladies and there are ladies. The first may get into the second class, but neither of the two is likely to rise to the third. Whether through fault or misfortune an unlabeled lady seldom achieves the finished state.

The lack of consideration for the rights of others shown in public by women who pass by courtesy for ladies is of a kind peculiar to itself and members of their own sex are usually the victims. Women who travel in public conveyances with their children are sometimes almost brutally callous. Who has not seen a mother sitting angle-wise, with a child for whom she has paid no fare occupying another full seat, while tired and package-laden women are "strap-hanging" in visible discomfort directly in front of her? Conductors, however efficient, must not criticize the manners of their passengers too strenuously and few men venture to complain to or of a woman, therefore the remedy would seem to depend on the victims themselves, if the evil is to be remedied at all.

One of the guiding rules of would-be ladies who never will be ladies appears to be that of "last come first served." You will best observe this womanish trait at a ticket window, a bargain counter, or any similar place where individuals are being waited on one at a time, and the order of precedence is not enforced. Go, for example, into any large department store which maintains a "trading stamp" booth. Meek and patient women who have been waiting five or ten minutes for a turn, see some well-dressed imitation of a lady sail airily up, elbow herself to the front, claim her stamps and go blithely on her way, quite with the air of having done nothing that could call for unfavorable criticism. However other women may feel about it, to a man it is both amusing and exasperating to note the serene impudence with which some of these dear angels of the fair sex rush in where poor 'vois of men fear to tread.

Velvet and Fur Suit.



The velvet street suit trimmed with fur is the fad. These little suits are jaunty and graceful and are cut in short walking length, a band of fur trimming the bottom, as well as bordering the coat and the draped velvet turban. This suit is of royal blue velvet and the border fur is sealskin, the blue velvet turban having a sealskin border and an ornament of dull silver and blue.

Some Don'ts for Wives.

Don't begrudge your husband a few hours spent with his men friends. You meet friends. Be considerate and give him the same privilege.

Don't bother him with troublesome trifles that happen during the day.

Don't whine and complain over household difficulties.

Don't overwork and be tired and cross when he comes home. Your husband will see you tired and irritable where he will not be conscious of a few grains of dust which you may have dissipated at the expense of your strength.

Don't let yourself get old and ugly. Take time to keep yourself young and to cultivate good looks. If you can't be beautiful, try to be interesting.

Don't forget to cultivate your mind. Read about what is going on in the great world, so that if he makes a remark on current events you will be able to answer him intelligently instead of giving him a blank stare.

Don't inquire how his business is unless you are sure from his face that he has something pleasant to tell you.

Mustard Plaster.

Trim the crust from a thin slice of light bread, then sprinkle it thickly with ground mustard. Spread a thin cloth over the mustard and dampen with vinegar or water. Your plaster is all



A gown such as this would be ideal for afternoon teas, receptions, restaurant dinners, etc. It is made from Chinese blue moire velour, with inset pieces of darker velvet on either side at waist line, cut in points as shown in the sketch. The beauty of the gown is further enriched by bands of sable over shoulder and around bottom of skirt. Note the clever and artistic cut of tunic, the points of which are finished with rosettes of velvet. The yoke and stock are white lace and the band across bust line is heavy with gold embroidery.

ready, with nothing to clean up after making it, and much better than the old sticky batter plaster. A piece of bread well dampened is better as a poultice than either flax seed or slippery elm, and will neither dry out nor sour so quickly.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Change of employment gives rest, but not sufficient for the needs of the body. The absolute idleness, if it may be so called, of sleep is essential to health.

Nervousness due to hurry and high pressure is one of the most active promoters of indigestion. A few minutes' relaxation before eating will help to cure this difficulty.

The wise use of ten minutes every day in active rigorous exercise aimed at enlivening the vital organs rather than at mere muscular development will go far to induce a healthy body.

Spotted veils are hurtful. That is true of all striped visible clothing, blinds, wall papers, etc. All rapid alternations of light and shade are bad, as when walking by a line of tall railings through whose spaces a brilliant sun is shining.

Freedom of bodily activity insures health, since it helps to clear away the waste and debris of the physiological processes. The kidneys can do their work well if plenty of water is taken. Most people drink too little water. A daily average of six glasses is not too much in most cases.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

The silk cashmere comes in nearly every color imaginable.

A new veiling has a colored Russian center with a black chantilly border.

Golden-brown velvet, made in Russian blouse style, is an attractive model for the school girl.

Soft satins are more used for petticoats than taffeta, the latter's tendency to "whisper" being against it.

Madras in figured materials made into pretty blouses can be worn with moire skirts. The colors should be alike.

The button counters now have gift ornaments in the way of slides and tassel tops for the finish of the narrow velvet scarfs.

Pointed fox, rich and lovely, seems to have captured a large share of feminine attention. The huge muffs and scarfs to match are especially popular.

One-sided frills on sheer blouses are the popular fad of the hour. Knife-plaited and scalloped edged, or simply ruffled and lace trimmed, they are French and dainty-looking.

Useful and Happy.

Try to be useful just where you are. Many of us are fond of imagining how much we should do if our cir-

cumstances were other than they are. But that is waste of time. The thing to do is to do as much, as you can for others here and now, and so make the most of your opportunities.

Don't be so busy preparing for some vague future time when you will be happy that you have no time to be happy to-day. The future will soon be the present, and the chances are that, when it does come, we shall still be so busy planning that we shall miss our chance of happiness altogether.



Miss Hattie Pearce, of Billings, Mo., is a clerk in the Court of Appeals.

Miss Nellie Horton, of Fort Worth, has been elected treasurer and secretary of the Farmers' Union in Texas. She has just passed her 25th birthday.

Mrs. Danforth Willard Blanchard, one of the oldest woman suffragists in the world, is 99 years of age and lives with her niece, Mrs. J. B. Booth, in Detroit.

The Rev. Sarah A. Dixon, for several years associate pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Lowell, Mass., is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Tewksbury, Mass.

Miss Mary Nye of Columbus, Miss Bertha Salzgeber of Bellaire, and Mrs. Irvine C. Miller of Springfield, O., have been appointed deputy inspectors of workshops and factories.

The Wesleyan Conference of England recently passed by a large majority a motion to admit women as lay delegates. This resolution has to be approved by the synod before it can become a rule of the denomination.

Mrs. C. C. Kenelly has been appointed probation officer of the New Orleans Juvenile Court by Judge Wilson. She has taught school for several years and has also had experience in handling children and young women as the agent of the Travelers' Aid Society of New Orleans.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice of New York was chosen at the conference in London of the International Society for the Suppression of Street Noises to have charge of the second congress of the society, which is to be held in New York in 1912. The first congress is to meet in Berlin in June, 1910.

Women's Hats.

Women started on merry widows, but they've gone on to peach baskets, wash bowls inverted, and then to flower pots, but now they've gone on to wash baskets, and I wonder where they'll stop.—Gen. Ballington Booth.

One or the Other.

Triumph, or else yield to clamor; Be the anvil or the hammer.

—From the German