

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 lake 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. I 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 eyes 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 he decent 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 had 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 astonishment, for there was no sign of res-

ognition 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 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 tinued 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 Hatteras 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 20th 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 28th of September, by superhuman exertions, they arrived at last at Cape Hornburg, the extreme point of North Devon.

They were on the shore of Baffin's 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!"

But, 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 Korom, 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.)

Unexpectedly True.

The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of the railway station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express, which was almost due to start, says a writer in Tit-Bits. But in vain. Assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage, and cried in a stentorian voice:

"All change here! This carriage isn't going!"

There were exclamations low but deep from the occupants of the crowded compartment; but, nevertheless, they hurried out of the carriage and packed themselves away in other parts of the train. The smile on the face of the young man was childlike as he settled himself comfortably.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a grand thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they'd hurry up and start."

By and by the station-master put his head in the window, and said:

"I suppose you are the smart young man who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one, and he smiled.

"Well," said the station-master, with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director!"

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 checkkitter 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.

Wire Hairpins.

The wire hairpin was first made in 1645 in England. Prior to that wood-skewers were used.

A DISRESPECTFUL ANIMAL.

Miss Caroline and Miss Matilda Barge lived in an old-fashioned house with a lean-to shed, the roof of which ran nearly to the ground. Returning from church one day, they noticed on approaching their dwelling that the churchgoers ahead of them paused in passing, and gazed upward with interest and mirth. A moment later they saw why. Their neighbor's billy-goat had escaped, mounted the lean-to to the ridge-pole of the kitchen roof, and with one end of a flaring circus poster streaming banner-like from his jaws, stood outlined boldly against the sky a chamois on a mountain peak, calmly contemplating the sabbath procession.

Miss Matilda laughed. Miss Caroline did not.

"The abominable beast!" she gasped, deeply scandalized. "I never saw anything so—so disrespectful!"

The goat is indeed a disrespectful animal. He is no respecter either of property or person, as many an individual held in honor by mankind has ruefully discovered. Admiral Evans has related with pride, as a worthy achievement, his triumph in his earlier days over a refractory goat on ship-board, which refused to yield the milk required for a sick man.

After it had baffled everybody whose proper task it was to secure the milk, the captain sent for Evans, and directed him to go and get it.

Evans respectfully intimated that he had not supposed "milking goats to be part of the duty of a navigating officer;" but the captain thereupon asked it as a favor, and he undertook the task.

With a little warm water, much persuasion, some firmness, and a recollection of the ways of certain "darkies" with misbehaving cows, he succeeded, and was unmercifully chaffed by his comrades on his success. Indeed, he was far from happy in it until he had taught his method to a marine, and was assured that he would not have to keep on milking for the rest of the voyage.

He was more fortunate than another distinguished man, Horace Greeley, who was a conspicuous failure as a milker of goats, although he was bred to the farm and Evans to the sea. When, in accordance with Mrs. Greeley's theories of diet, goat's milk was desired for their little son, they attempted to keep a goat in their New York premises, and Mr. Greeley undertook to milk it. His ignominious tussles with the creature became a source of delighted mirth to his neighbors.

One saw from his rear windows the complete overthrow of the great editor in his back yard, while the goat remained victoriously chewing the latest edition of the Tribune, which had fallen from Mr. Greeley's pocket in the contest. He relates that he called down to him, gleefully:

"Well, Mr. Greeley, nanny, there hasn't much respect for editors!"

Sitting on his hat, and with one foot in an overturned barrel, Mr. Greeley, in his high, squeaky voice, called back:

"No matter, no matter! The man is nothing and the opinions everything. You see she appreciates the Tribune!"

MEXICO'S RICHEST MAN.

His Cattle Literally Upon a Thousand Hills.

General Luis Terrazas is Mexico's wealthiest man. General Terrazas is 79 years old, the same age as President Diaz. The lives of both men have been full of stirring adventure. It was in reward for daring military service that General Terrazas obtained from the government large gifts of land which placed him upon the road to the great fortune which he now possesses.

It is conservatively estimated that General Terrazas is worth not less than \$200,000,000. His property holdings are chiefly in the state of Chihuahua, but he also has large investments in other parts of the republic.

General Terrazas is the greatest land and live stock baron in the world, it is said. He owns fifteen ranches in the state of Chihuahua. The ranches embrace an aggregate area of more than five million acres. For many years special attention has been given to raising horses upon these ranches. More than five million head of horses are grazing upon the Terrazas land.

The mule supply for most of Mexico comes from the Terrazas ranches. These animals now number more than one million head and are scattered over the different properties. General Terrazas' cattle holdings number more than one million head. Several hundred thousand head of goats and sheep graze upon this land. It is said that the choicest grass lands in northern Mexico are embraced in the Terrazas estate. Streams of running water pass through them, and the grass grows luxuriantly the greater part of the year.

Some idea of the vastness of these landed possessions may be had when it is known that more than ten thousand men are kept constantly looking after the live stock. The services of one thousand men are required to "ride the fences." It is the duty of these fence riders to see that the wires are kept intact, so that the live stock cannot escape from the pastures. Many thousand miles of wire were used in constructing the boundary fences. More than a score of towns, some of them of considerable size, are upon the ranches.—Kansas City Star.

It occurs to every husband occasionally that his usefulness as a citizen is measured, in certain degrees, by the quantity of kin he cares for.

Occasionally a man has conceit so well developed he is convinced his teeth ache harder than anyone else's.

YOUNG FOLKS

Ship Saved by Dancing.

The battleship Dominion was cautiously feeling her way toward Quebec on the night of August 16, 1906, when the navigating officer, mistaking by a bush fire on land, took the wrong bearings and suddenly struck on a hidden reef with such force that the huge ship was shaken from stem to stern. Orders were at once given for the whole crew, officers as well as men, to assemble on deck with their kits in their hands, and all the 850 men were told to dance so as to keep the ship "alive," and so prevent the Dominion's keel from settling down on the ledge. At first the bluejackets whistled an accompaniment to keep the men in step till the captain ordered the ship's band to play lively selections. The men danced with a will, stamping their feet and swaying their bodies, and doing all they could to rock the ship. In the end they succeeded, for finally, with the engines working full speed astern, the Dominion slowly gave way and backed again into deep water. The dancing had saved the ship.

A Bath-Tub Joke.



Clean and sweet from head to feet is Jerry, but not his twin. "Now for the other!" says merry mother.

And quickly dips him in. Jim and Jerry, with lips of cherry, And eyes of the seafoam blue; Twins to a speckle, yes, even a freckle—

What can a mother do? They wink and wriggle and laugh and giggle—

A joke on mother is nice! "We played a joke"—'twas Jimmie who spoke— "And you've washed the same boy twice!"

History Game.

The following is a pleasant little game to play with your friends or with the grown folks. Try it with the lat-

EX-QUEEN OF HAWAII'S GIFT.

Liliuokalani Provides in Will for the Orphans of the Islands.

By the terms of a deed of trust just executed Former Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands has provided for the endowment, after death, of orphan asylums for children of Hawaiian or part Hawaiian blood. The entire estate is valued at \$200,000. The trusteeship of the large portion which will be devoted to this humanitarian object rests in W. O. Smith, A. S. Clegg, and C. F. Iaukea.

Though 71 years old, the former queen is said to be in excellent health, says an exchange. W. O. Smith, oddly enough, in view of his selection as a trustee, was a leader in the movement to bring about Liliuokalani's dethronement. Iaukea, formerly a sheriff in Honolulu, represented the Hawaiian government at the coronation of Czar Nicholas and the jubilee of Queen Victoria. He was Liliuokalani's manager until her return from Washington last year, where she had gone to urge her claims against the United States government.

The trust deed stipulates that certain annuities are to be paid to a few former retainers and that relatives are to have the use of the real property. The Spreckels mortgage of \$70,000 is also to be paid. The entire residue of the estate, of which she is to enjoy the benefit while she lives, will go to forward the asylum project.

Liliuokalani is the great-grandniece of the celebrated Kapulani, one of the first converts to Christianity at the time the American missionaries from Boston visited Hawaii, in 1820. The ex-queen was herself a communicant in the Episcopal church.

Reports putting her character in none too favorable a light gained wide circulation a few years ago. Her relations with Marshal Wilson, a Tahitian half-breed who enjoyed many of her royal favors, to his own enrichment, became notorious.

Queen Liliuokalani made the latest of many visits to Washington last January as a claimant for \$250,000, which represented, it was held, the value of lands passed to the United States. During her reign the queen maintained the area of the crown lands was about 1,000,000 acres, and their value in excess of \$12,000,000.

A life interest in the crown lands became vested in each monarch as successor to the trust, and it was a private income to be used as the monarch saw fit. The income from this source, when the government was overthrown, she placed at \$65,000 a year. In addition to this the privy purse, amounting to \$20,000 a year, inured to the occupant of the throne. These items formed the basis of her claim. It was her hope, after ineffectual appeals to Congress, that the conscience of the American people could be aroused. Her claim has had prominent supporters in this country, among them Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.

ter, and see if they remember as much of their American history as they should.

The initials, or first letters of the words correspond with those of the character's name. When you have used this list, make a new one.

Perilous Rider.
Great Warrior.
Always Loyal.
Worthy Peacemaker.
Harbor Hunter.
Exceptional Ally.
Considered Crazy.
Before Foreigners.
Religious Wanderer.
Sailed Confidently.
Unusually Successful General.
Marching Suitor.
The answers in this case would be:
Paul Revere.
George Washington.
Abraham Lincoln.
William Penn.
Henrik Hudson.
Ethan Allen.
Christopher Columbus.
Benjamin Franklin.
Roger Williams.
Sebastian Cabot.
Ulysses S. Grant.
Miles Standish.

The American Cattail.

The cattail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair bottoms and the like.

Old Ballfrog.

For playing this merry game one child is seated on the ground with his legs under him while the other players form a ring around him. They then pull him about and give him little pushes, and he must try to catch one without rising from the floor. The child who is caught takes the middle, while the frog joins the circle.

Coin Under the Mast.

One of the old customs which have never been changed in the launching of a new ship is that of placing a gold coin under the mainmast. This coin, which is not of any certain denomination, always bears the date of the launching of the boat, and is claimed to bring good luck to the vessel and her crew.

who interested himself in her behalf without success.

The ex-queen is a woman of culture and marked personal charm. She has found refuge since her dethronement in reading, in the study of languages and in music.

CITY COMFORTS INCREASING.

Statistics Relative to Bathing Beaches, Pools, and Play Grounds.

It is shown in the United States Census Bureau's special annual report for 1907, now in press, relative to the statistics of the 158 largest cities each having over 50,000 population in 1907, that from 1905 to 1907 the number of bathing beaches reported increased from 44 to 53; swimming pools, from 56 to 61; and all the year baths, from 15 to 78. The total bathing attendance increased from 19,158,562 in 1905 to 29,204,838 in 1907, an increase of 52.4 per cent. More than half of this attendance was reported from New York City, those ranking next in order being Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and Milwaukee.

New York has the largest acreage (378.5) devoted to zoological parks, followed in order by Washington (166.5) and Atlanta (140). In the number of mammals and birds that such parks contain, New York ranks first and Cincinnati second, while Washington ranks third in number of mammals and Philadelphia third in number of birds.

Playgrounds are maintained in 76 of the 158 cities included in the report, and the city appropriations for playgrounds increased from \$515,177 in 1906 to \$741,912 in 1907. More than one-third of the amount was appropriated by New York, the cities next in order being Milwaukee, Washington and Pittsburgh. Private contributions for playgrounds was greatest in Washington. The total acreage devoted to playgrounds was greatest in Indianapolis, followed by New York, Boston and Baltimore. In New York most of the area devoted to playgrounds was connected with public schools, while in the other cities named most of the playground area was in city parks.

Woman's Point of View.

Husband—What! Three hundred and fifty dollars for that gown? My dear, how extravagant you are!

Wife—No more than you. Didn't you spend \$75 for your last suit?—New York Press.

Immense.

Farmer Grayneck—S'pose you are goin' to git the automobile fever, Eszy, like everybody else?

Farmer Hornbeak—Nope! I've been vaccinated in the pocketbook and it took.—Puck.

A New York dressmaker duns delinquent customers by sending them bunches of forget-me-nots.

How a woman does enjoy being tired, if it is from shopping!