

# FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The storm lasted for ten hours, and the weary travelers anxiously watched for the morning. About daybreak its fury seemed to have spent itself, and Hatteras, accompanied by Bell and Altamont, ventured to leave the tent. They climbed a hill about 300 feet high, which commanded a wide view. But what a metamorphosed region met their gaze! All the ice had completely vanished, the storm had chased away the winter, and stripped the soil everywhere of its snow covering.

But Hatteras scarcely bestowed a glance on surrounding objects; his eager gaze was bent on the northern horizon, which appeared shrouded in black mist.

"That may very likely be caused by the ocean," suggested Clawbonny.

"You are right. The sea must be there," was the reply.

"That tint is what we call the blink of open water," said Johnson.

"Come on, then, to the sledge at once, and let us get to this unknown ocean," exclaimed Hatteras.

Their few preparations were soon made, and the march resumed. Three hours afterwards they arrived at the coast, and shouted simultaneously.

"The sea! the sea!"

"Ay, and open sea!" added Hatteras. And so it was. The storm had opened with the polar basin, and the loosened packs were drifting in all directions. The icebergs had weighed anchor, and were sailing out into the open sea.

This new ocean stretched far away out of sight, and not a single island or continent was visible.

After a careful survey of the coast, Hatteras determined to launch the sloop that very day, and to unpack the sledge, and get everything on board. By 5 o'clock nothing more remained to be done. The sloop lay rocking gracefully in the little bay, and all the cargo was on board except the tent and what was required for the night's encampment.

## CHAPTER XII.

The sight of the sloop suggested to Clawbonny the propriety of giving Altamont's name to the little bay. His proposition to that effect met with unanimous approval, and the port was forthwith dignified by the title of Altamont harbor.

According to the doctor's calculations, the travelers were now only three degrees distant from the pole. They had gone over 300 miles from Victoria bay to Altamont harbor, and were in latitude 87 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 118 degrees 35 minutes.

Next morning by 9 o'clock all the remaining effects were on board, and the preparations for departure completed.

A quarter of an hour afterward the little sloop sailed out of Altamont harbor, and commenced her voyage of discovery. The wind was favorable, but there was little of it, and the weather was positively warm.

Toward evening Hatteras and his companions lost sight of the coast. Night came on, though the sun remained just above the horizon. Since the departure from Altamont harbor, the sloop had made one degree farther north.

The next day brought no sign of land; there was not even a speck on the horizon.

At length, about 4 in the evening, a dim, hazy, shapeless sort of mist seemed to rise far away between sea and sky. It was not a cloud, for it was constantly vanishing, and then reappearing next minute.

Hatteras was the first to notice this peculiar phenomenon; but after an hour's scrutiny through his telescope, he could make nothing out of it.

All at once, however, some sure indication met his eye, and stretching out his arm to the horizon, he shouted, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Land! land!"

His words produced an electrical effect on his companions, and every man rushed to his side.

"I see it, I see it!" said Clawbonny.

"Yes, yes, so do I!" exclaimed Johnson.

"It is a cloud," said Altamont.

"Land! land!" repeated Hatteras, in tones of absolute conviction.

"Let us make right for it, then," said Hatteras.

It was impossible longer to doubt the proximity of the coast. In twenty-four hours, probably, the bold navigators might hope to set foot on its untrodden soil. But strange as it was, new that they were so near the goal of their voyage, no one showed the joy which might have been expected. Each man sat silent, absorbed in his own thoughts, wondering what had happened since this pole must be.

At last sleep overcame the tired men, and one after another dropped leaving Hatteras to keep watch.

While Hatteras dreamed of his own fame, an enormous cloud of white and blue had begun to darken the sky. A hurricane was at hand. The first blast of the tempest struck the captain and his companions, and they were on their feet in an instant, ready to meet it. The sea had risen tremendously, and the ship was tossed violently up and down on the low waves. Hatteras took the helm, and kept a firm hold of it, while Johnson and Bell baled out the water which was constantly dashing over the sloop.

This sudden tempest, might have seem to such excited men, a stern prohibition against further approach to the pole; but it needed but a single instant of their resolute faces to know that they would neither yield to winds nor waves, nor go right on to the end.

For a whole day the struggle lasted, death threatening them each moment. The next evening, just as the fury of the waves seemed at its highest pitch, there came a sudden calm. The wind was stilled as if miraculously, and the sea became smooth as glass.

Then came a most extraordinary inexplicable phenomenon.

The fog, without dispersing, became strangely luminous, and the sloop sailed along in a sort of electric light. Mast, sail, and rigging appeared pencilled in black against the phosphorescent sky with wondrous distinctness. The men were bathed in light, and their faces shone with a fiery glow.

"It is a phenomenon," replied the doctor, "neither met hitherto. If we go on, we shall soon get out of this brilliant glow and be back in the darkness and tempest again."

"Well, let's go on, come what may," said Hatteras.

The doctor was right. Gradually the fog began to lose its light and then its transparency, and the howling wind was heard not far off. A few minutes more, and the little vessel was caught in a violent squall, and swept back into the cyclone.

But the hurricane had fortunately turned a point toward the south, and left the vessel free to run before the wind straight toward the pole.

At last they began evidently to near the coast. Strange symptoms were manifest in the air; the fog suddenly rent like a curtain torn by the wind; and for an instant, like a flash of lightning, an immense column of flame was seen on the horizon.

The wind suddenly changed to southeast, and drove the ship back again from the land.

As Hatteras stood with disheveled hair, grasping the helm as if welded to his hand, he seemed the animating soul of the ship.

All at once a fearful sight met his gaze.

Scarcely twenty yards in front was a great block of ice coming right towards them, mounting and falling on the stormy billows, ready to overturn at any moment and crush them in its descent.

But this was not the only danger that threatened the bold navigators. The iceberg was packed with white bears, huddling close together, and evidently beside themselves with terror.

For a quarter of an hour, which seemed a whole century, the sloop sailed on in this formidable company, sometimes a few yards distant, and sometimes near enough to touch.

The storm now burst forth with redoubled fury. The little bark was lifted bodily out of the water, and whirled round and round with the most frightful rapidity. Mast and sail were torn off. A whirlpool began to form among the waves, drawing down the ship gradually by its irresistible suction.

All five men stood erect, gazing at each other in speechless terror. But suddenly the ship rose perpendicularly, her prow went above the edge of the vortex, and getting out of the center of attraction by her own velocity, she escaped at a tangent from the circumference, and was thrown far beyond, swift as a ball from a cannon's mouth.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning.

For a few seconds they seemed stupefied, and then a cry of "Hatteras!" broke from every lip.

On all sides nothing was visible but the tempestuous ocean.

"Take the helm, Altamont," said the doctor, "and let us try our utmost to find our poor captain."

Johnson and Bell seized the oars, and rowed about for more than an hour; but their search was vain—Hatteras was lost!

Lost! and so near the pole, just as he had caught sight of the goal!

At such a distance from the coast it was impossible Hatteras could reach it alive, without an oar or even so much as a spar to help him; if ever he touched the haven of his desire, it would be as a swollen, mutilated corpse.

Longer search was useless, and nothing remained but to resume the route north. The tempest was dying out, and about 5 in the morning, the sea gradually became calm. The sky recovered its polar clearness, and less than three miles away the land appeared in all its grandeur.

The new continent was only an island, or, rather, a volcano, fixed like a lighthouse on the north pole of the world.

The mountain was in full activity, pouring out a mass of burning stones and glowing rock.

This enormous rock in the middle of the sea was 4,000 feet high, just about the altitude of Hecla.

"Can we land?" said the doctor.

"The wind is carrying us right to it," said Altamont.

"Let us go, then," said Clawbonny, delightedly.

He had no heart now for anything. The north pole was indeed before his eyes, but not the man who had discovered it.

As they got nearer the island, which was not more than eight or ten miles distant, the navigators perceived a narrow strait, just large enough to harbor their boat, and made toward it immediately. They feared their captain's dead body would meet their eyes on the coast, and yet it seemed difficult for a corpse to lie on it, for there was no shore, and the sea broke on steep rocks, which were covered with glaciers above water mark.

At last the little sloop slid gently into the narrow opening between two banks just visible above the water, where she would be safe from the violence of the breakers. Before she could be moored, Duke began howling and barking again in the most piteous manner.

"Duke! Duke!" called Clawbonny. But Duke had already disappeared.

Duke was barking vehemently some distance off, but his bark seemed full of grief rather than fury. He had found the body of Hatteras.

All four rushed forward, in spite of the blinding cinder dust, and came to

the far end of a ford, where they discovered the dog barking round a corpse wrapped in the British flag!

"Hatteras! Hatteras!" cried the doctor, throwing himself beside the body of his friend. But next minute he started up with an indescribable cry, and shouted, "Alive! alive!"

"Yes," said a feeble voice, "yes, alive at the north pole, on Queen's Island."

For a few minutes the joy of recovery of their captain filled all their hearts, and the poor fellows could not restrain their tears.

The doctor found, on examination, that Hatteras was not seriously hurt. The wind had thrown him on the coast where landing was perilous work, but, after being driven back more than once into the sea, the hardy sailor had managed to scramble on to a rock, and gradually to hoist himself above the waves.

Then he must have become insensible, for he remembered nothing more except rolling himself in his flag. He only awoke to consciousness with the loud barking and carcasses of his faithful Duke.

After a little Hatteras was able to stand up, supported by the doctor, and tried to get back to the sloop.

He kept exclaiming, "The pole! the north pole!"

He had become quite delirious with excitement, and fever burned in his veins. His eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, and his brain seemed on fire. Perfect rest was what he most needed, for the doctor found it impossible to quiet him.

Altamont speedily discovered a grotto composed of rocks which had so fallen as to form a sort of cave. Johnson and Bell carried in provisions and gave the dogs their liberty.

But Hatteras would do nothing till the exact position of the island was ascertained; so the doctor and Altamont set to work with their instruments, and found that the exact latitude of the grotto was 89 degrees 50 minutes 15 seconds.

The 90 degrees of latitude was then only about three-quarters of a mile off, or just about the summit of the volcano.

When the result was given to Hatteras, he had a formal document drawn up to attest the fact, and two copies made, one of which should be deposited on a cairn on the island.

Clawbonny was the scribe, and indited the following document, a copy of which is now among the archives of the Royal Geographical Society of London:

"On this 11th day of July, 1861, in north latitude 89 degrees 50 minutes 15 seconds, was discovered Queen's Island at the north pole, by Capt. Hatteras, commander of the brig Forward of Liverpool, who signs this, as also all his companions.

"Whoever may find this document is requested to forward it to the admiralty."

(Signed.)

"John Hatteras, Commander of the Forward.

"Dr. Clawbonny.

"Altamont, Commander of the Porpoise.

"Johnson, Boatswain.

"Bell, Carpenter."

After the party made themselves as comfortable as they could, and lay down to sleep.

(To be continued.)

### Obedient Orders.

Seamen are strict disciplinarians, and a ship's crew seldom even dreams of interpreting a commander's orders otherwise than literally. Of the recognized rigid type was a certain English captain. The way the strict letter of his law was observed aboard his ship is described by a writer in the London Telegraph.

One day, while the ship was in a certain port, the captain gave a dinner to some town acquaintances, and as the resources of the ship were not great, some of the sailors were deputed to wait on the table to re-enforce the insufficient number of stewards.

As these men were not used to such work, each one was told exactly what service would fall to his share.

The hour came, and the dinner went merrily on. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none near her, and the finely disciplined stewards seemed to be quite blind to her need. She turned her head and spoke softly to the man at her elbow.

"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her if it had been in his power. He saluted in fine naval style.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said he. "I'm told off for 'taters."

### The Best Proof.

Little Ted, 7 years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel!"—Judge.

### New Definition.

Scot—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him.

Mott—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.—Boston Transcript.

### Well Defined.

"Dad, what sort of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"Oh, any bureau that has five drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it."—Houston Post.

### Best We'll Get.

"Well, the proofs are out."

"Of the pole discovery?"

"No; of the book!"—Kansas City Journal.

A high British court has followed the example of one in France in ruling that bleaching is not deleterious to flour.

# A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

## TYPICAL DESIGNS FOR SHIRTTWAISTS.



This year it is evident that extraordinary attention has been paid to small details in the fashioning of lingerie blouses. One of the most noticeable features borrowed from the dressmakers' models is the tendency to stimulate a side-front closing. Many of the more elaborate of the new blouses give the appearance of fastening easily and quickly, just at the left side of the front. As a matter of fact, the closing is effected by means of minute buttons and tiny loops hidden away under a tucked flap at the back. Other blouses demonstrate the extent of the Russian influence on the fashions of the moment, finished with narrow tucks. Graduated embroidered buttons were placed as shown in the cut, and the collar and cuffs were embroidered. The sleeves of the new waists are anything but monotonous and so long as they are not plain they are fairly sure to be acceptable in view of the multitude of varying styles.

who buy like this are always well dressed, and they spend far less money in the process than women who buy indiscriminately without regard for fitness or color.

### Will Need All Her Tact.

Mrs. Herbert John Gladstone, whose husband is now Governor General of United South Africa, is said to be a very fit companion for him in his difficult task of governing this part of the world with a satisfaction to everyone concerned. She is a woman of most gracious mien and infinite tact, which qualities will be very necessary to her in her new position. She is the daughter of Sir Richard Paget and of a family of Conservatives, but is, no doubt, able to adapt herself to her husband's politics.

### Hint for Cleaning.

Clean silver toilet articles with a paste of alcohol and whiting. It will not scratch the surface of plain silver. A soft brush should be used to get the paste into crevices. Wipe with chamolais or soft cotton and brush the embossed or engraved parts with a soft bristle brush. A solution of salts of tartar will clean white bristles nicely, and if well rinsed the brushes will look new.

## Fads and Fancies in Dress

### Lace girdles are seen.

Coat gowns are to continue popular. Many a summer gown will have the skirt made up of a series of ruffles of varying length.

The newest black silk stockings are embroidered up to the instep with tiny jet beads.

Dresses of colored embroidery on white will be found among the gowns for summer wear.

Lapels of coats are faced with moire, velvet or satin, the long separate coats oftener than otherwise having a collar of caracul, astrakhan, mink or other fur.

In place of the long-used white net or lace yoke, one finds the self-colored net or lace once more conspicuous and the lower sleeve is also of the dyed net or lace.

Children's styles are strongly Napoleonic. They, as well as their mothers, are wearing the military coat without the capes, fastened up the side with heavy gold or braided frogs.

Frocks of batiste, Swiss and Paris muslin, daintily hand embroidered and lace trimmed, are among the most becoming gowns for young girls where the occasion demands them.

Tulle is nearly always becoming and makes a satisfactory finish to nearly every sort of evening frock. With a high-necked gown a narrow fold of it at the throat instead of lace or ruching is often more becoming. It softens harsh outlines and has the effect of youthfulness.

### To Clean Upholstered Chairs.

An upholstered chair can be cleaned of a great amount of dust if an old towel is dampened and placed over the upholstered part and then beaten with a rattan carpet beater. As the towel collects the dust it should be rinsed clean and the process repeated. This is a method of dusting a chair when there is no yard for one to take the furniture into, and it is done to keep the dust from flying over the room, settling on other pieces.

### To Appear Well-Gowned.

Use hairpins, visible, invisible and all kinds.

Wear a net or thin veil to keep in vagrant locks.

Cleanse your face with cream every night before going to bed.

Keep your shoes polished and don't allow the heels to become run over.

Wear immaculate neckwear, a clean shirtwaist and gloves without holes.

Don't allow the public glimpses of a soiled white skirt or a shredded silk one.

Don't wear your collar pins awry, and don't forget to sew on missing buttons.

Don't display a hole in your stocking right above your heel when you hold up your dress.

Don't go around with soiled nails or nails that are as vindictively long as a mandarin's.

Don't wear a veil with a slit across the face, and don't wear one at all unless you can adjust it neatly.

But, above all, look at your back in the glass before you start out; the punishment of Lot's wife does not await you if you do.

### Some Chic Bandeaux.



A group of becoming bandeaux, to be worn with the latest fashion in coiffures, is shown here. The one on the left is a particularly dainty thing and would be most becoming on blonde tresses; it is fashioned of silver tissue and pearls, and a buckle formed of the same holds on the right a stiff waste algrette. The center figure wears a twist of black velvet holding a golden sheaf of wheat. The right is a girlish bandeau of satin ribbon held by a jeweled buckle and terminating in a bow of the ribbon low on the nose.