

FINDING THE POLE

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER X.

On May 23, for the first time, the sun never set. The glowing disc just touched the boundary line of the horizon, and rose again immediately. The period was now entered when the day lasts twenty-four hours.

Next morning there was a magnificent halo, the monarch of day appeared surrounded by a luminous circle. The doctor recommenced his sewing for he had plenty of need, but he was surprised to find several growing already between the half-dried stones and even pads, sickly heaths trying to show their delicate pink blossoms.

At last it began to be really hot weather. On the 15th of June the thermometer stood at 27 degrees above zero.

By the middle of June the sloop had made good progress, and Hatteras, Altamont and the doctor went hunting.

The three hunters, accompanied by Duke, set out on Monday, the 17th of June, at 6 in the morning, each man armed with a double-barreled gun, a hatchet and snow knife, and provisions for several days.

About noon of the second day they slighted two ferocious musk-oxen, and surrounded them on a plateau.

The oxen had begun to shake themselves impatiently at Duke, trying to kick him off, when Hatteras started up right in front of them, shouting and chasing them back.

This was the signal for Altamont and the doctor to rush forward and fire, but at the sight of two assailants, the terrified animals wheeled around and attacked Hatteras. He met their onset with a firm, steady foot and fired straight at their heads. But both his bullets were powerless. They rushed upon the unfortunate man like furies, and threw him on the ground in an instant.

"He is a dead man!" exclaimed the doctor, in despairing accents.

A tremendous struggle was going on in Altamont's breast at the sight of his prostrate foe, and though his first impulse was to hasten to his help, he stopped short, battling with himself and his prejudices. But his hesitation scarcely lasted half a second, his better self conquered, and exclaiming, "No, it would be cowardly!" he rushed forward with Clawbonny.

Hatteras fell well understood how his rival felt, but would rather have died than have begged his intervention. However, he had hardly time to think about it, before Altamont was at his side.

He could not have held out much longer, for it was impossible to ward off the blows of horns and hoofs of two such powerful antagonists, and in a few minutes more he must have been torn to pieces. But suddenly two shots resounded, and Hatteras felt the balls graze his head.

"Courage!" shouted Altamont, flinging away his discharged weapon, and throwing himself right in front of the raging animals. One of them, shot to the heart, fell dead as he reached the spot, while the other dashed madly on Hatteras, and was about to gore the unfortunate captain with his horns, when Altamont plunged his snow knife far into the beast's wide open jaws with one hand, with the other dealt him such a tremendous blow on the head with his hatchet, that the skull was completely split open.

It was done so quickly that it seemed like a flash of lightning, and all was over. The second ox lay dead, and Clawbonny shouted "Hurrah! hurrah!" Hatteras was saved.

He owed his life to the man he hated the most. What a storm of conflicting passions this must have roused in his soul! But where was the emotion he could not master?

However, his action was prompt, whatever his feeling might be. Without a moment's hesitancy, he went up to his rival, and said in a grave voice: "Altamont, you have saved my life!" "You saved mine," replied the American.

There was a moment's silence, and then Altamont added: "We're quits, Hatteras." "No, Altamont," said the captain; "when the doctor dragged you out of your icy tomb I did not know who you were; but you saved me at the peril of your own life, knowing quite well who I was."

"Why, you are a fellow creature at any rate, and whatever faults an American may have, he is no coward." "No, indeed," said the doctor. "He is a man, every inch a man—like yourself, Hatteras."

"And, like me, he shall have part in the glory that awaits us." "The glory of reaching the north pole?" asked Altamont.

"Yes," replied Hatteras, proudly. "I guessed right, then," said Altamont.

The American stood still a moment, deeply moved. Then he spoke feelingly: "And you have actually dared to conceive such a project? Oh! it is grand; I tell you it is sublime even to think of it!"

"But tell me," said Hatteras, in a hurried manner; "you were not bound for the pole, then, yourself?" Altamont hesitated.

"Come, speak out, man," urged the doctor.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was not, and the truth is better than self-love. No, I had no such grand purpose in view. I was trying to clear the north-west passage, and that was all."

"Altamont," said Hatteras, holding out his hand; "be our companion to glory, come with us and find the north pole."

The two men clasped hands in a warm, hearty grasp, and the bond of friendship between them was sealed. When they turned to look for the doctor they found him in tears.

"Ah! friends," he said, wiping his eyes; "you have made me so happy it

is almost more than I can bear? You have sacrificed this miserable nationality for the sake of the common cause. You have said, 'What does it matter if only the pole is discovered, whether it is by Englishman or an American? Why should we brag of being American or English when we can boast that we are men?'

The good little man was beside himself with joy. He hugged the reconciled enemies to his bosom, and cemented their friendship by his own affection to both.

Calming themselves the men cut up the oxen and made their way back to camp. At supper the doctor said: "My dear old Johnson, I look out an American and an Englishman with me, didn't I?"

"Yes, Mr. Clawbonny."

"Well, I bring back two brothers." This was joyous news to the sailors, and they shook hands warmly with Altamont; while the doctor recounted all that had passed, and how the American captain had saved the English sailor's life. That night no five happier men could have been found than those that lay sleeping in the little snow-house.

Bell completed the sloop; the ice began to break up.

A trial was made to Cape Washington. This short sail of six hours sufficiently proved her excellent qualities.

On the 22d of June, Hatteras began to load the sledge. They put in 200 pounds of salt meat, three cases of vegetables and preserved meat, besides lime juice, and flour and medicines. They also took 200 pounds of powder and a stock of firearms. Including the sloop and the Hatteras boat, there was about 1,500 pounds weight, a heavy load.

However, the distance to the pole was not 255 miles at the outside, and as they did not intend to go more than twelve miles a day, as they could do it comfortably in a month. Even if land failed them, they could always fall back on the sloop, and finish the journey without fatigue to men or dogs.

On Sunday, the 23d, all was ready, and it was resolved to devote the entire day to rest.

They retired early to rest, for they needed to be up betimes. So passed the last night in Fort Providence.

CHAPTER XI.

Next day at early dawn, Hatteras gave the signal for departure. The well-fed and well-rested dogs were harnessed to the sledges. They had been having a good time of it all the winter, and might be expected to do good service during the summer.

It was at 6 in the morning when the expedition started. After following the windings of the bay and going past Cape Washington, they struck into the direct route for the north, and by 7 o'clock had lost sight of the lighthouse and Fort Providence.

During the first two days they made twenty miles in twelve hours, devoting the remainder of the time to rest and meals. The tent was quite sufficient protection during sleep.

The temperature began to rise. In many places the snow melted entirely away, and great patches of water appeared.

Hunting was not forgotten during the march. Altamont and Bell kept their guns loaded, and shot ptarmigan, gull-moats, geese, and a few young hares.

Hatteras advised them not to go more than a mile away, as there was not a day, nor even an hour, to lose, for three months of fine weather was the utmost they could count upon. Besides, the sledge was often coming to difficult places, when each man was needed to lend a helping hand.

For several days the expedition had been attended with no fatigue. The travelers had only suffered from the intense glare of the sun on the snow, which threatened them with snow-blindness.

At another time of the year they might have avoided this by walking during the night, but at present there was no night at all. Happily the snow was beginning to melt, and the brilliancy would diminish as the process of dissolution advanced.

On the 8th of June the thermometer rose to 45 degrees, and the rain fell in torrents. Hatteras and his companions, however, marched stolidly on, and even hailed the downpour with delight, knowing that it would hasten the disappearance of the snow.

As they went along, the doctor often picked up stones, both round ones and flat pebbles, as if worn away by the tide. He thought from this they must be near the Polar basin, and yet far as the eye could reach was one interminable plain.

There was not a trace of houses, or huts, or cairns visible. It was evident that the Greenlanders had not pushed their way so far north, and yet the famished tribes would have found their reward in coming, for the country abounded in game. Bears were frequently seen, and numerous herds of musk-oxen and deer.

On the 29th Bell killed a fox and Altamont a musk-ox. These supplies of fresh food were very acceptable, and even the doctor surveyed, with considerable satisfaction, the haunches of meat they managed to procure from time to time.

"Don't let us stint ourselves," he used to say on these occasions; "food is no unimportant matter in expeditions like ours."

"Especially," said Johnson, "when a meal depends on a lucky shot."

"You're right, Johnson; a man does not think so much about dinner when he knows the soup-pot is simmering by the kitchen fire."

On the 30th they came to a district which seemed to have been overturned by some volcanic convulsion, so cov-

ered was it with cones and sharp, lofty peaks.

A strong breeze from the southeast was blowing, which soon increased to a hurricane, sweeping over the rocks covered with snow and the huge masses of ice, which took the forms of icebergs and hummocks, though on dry land.

On all sides nothing could be heard but the noise of cracking ice and falling avalanches.

The travelers had to be very careful in avoiding hills, and even in speaking aloud, for the slightest agitation in the air might have caused a catastrophe. Indeed, the suddenness is the peculiar feature in arctic avalanches, distinguishing them from those of Switzerland and Norway.

Often the dislodgement of a block of ice is instantaneous, and not even a cannon ball or thunderbolt could be more rapid in its descent. The loosening, the fall and the crash happen almost simultaneously.

Happily, however, no accident befell any of the party, and three days afterwards they came to smooth, level ground again.

On the fourth of July there was such an exceedingly dense fog that it was very difficult to keep the straight course for the north. No misadventure, however, befel the party during the darkness, except the loss of Bell's snowshoes.

At Bell's suggestion torches were contrived, made of tow steeped in spirits of wine and fastened on the end of a stick, and these served somewhat to help them on, though they made but small progress; for, on the 6th, after the fog had cleared off, the doctor took their bearings, and found that they had only been marching at the rate of eight miles a day.

Determined to make up for lost time, they rose next morning very early and started off, Bell and Altamont as usual going ahead of the rest and acting as scouts. Johnson and the others kept beside the sledge, and were soon nearly two miles behind the guides; but the weather was so dry and clear that all their movements could be distinctly observed.

Storms blew up again and the tent was pitched in a ravine for shelter, as the sky was dark and threatening, and a violent north wind was blowing.

"I'm afraid we'll have a bad night," said Johnson.

"A pretty noisy one, I expect," replied the doctor, "but not cold. We had better take every precaution, and fasten down our tent with good big stones."

"You are right, Mr. Clawbonny. If the hurricane swept away our tent, I don't know where we should find it again."

The tent held fast, but sleep was impossible, for the tempest was led loose and raged with tremendous violence.

"It seems to me," said the doctor, during a brief lull in the deafening roar, "as if I could hear the sound of collisions between teabags and tea fields. If we were near the sea, I could really believe there was a general break up in the tea."

"I can't explain the noises any other way," said Johnson.

"Can we have reached the coast?" I wonder?" asked Hatteras.

"It is not impossible," replied Clawbonny. "Listen! Do you hear that crash? That is certainly the sound of icebergs falling. We cannot be very far from the ocean."

"Well, if it turns out to be so, I shall push right on over the ice fields."

"Oh, they'll all be broken up after such a storm as this. We shall see what to-morrow brings; but all I can say is, if any poor fellows are wandering about in a night like this, I pity them."

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Tourist Says It Is Being Divested of All Interesting Features.

The battlefield at Waterloo, writes an American tourist from Brussels, according to the American Register, is rapidly being divested of all its interesting features.

The houses which sheltered men who helped to make history there are being torn down, the roads and paths are being obliterated and soon there will be nothing left to remind one of Napoleon's last stand but the great mound capped by the Waterloo lion.

The museum, where all the battlefield trophies are on view, uniforms, arms, drawings and pictures, was never a pretentious institution, but no visitor failed to look with interest at the many exhibits behind the glass doors.

This also is to be dismantled and the articles which have been carefully kept for years will be distributed among the provincial museums of Belgium, where as individual exhibits they will lose much in value.

A Positive Proof.

"My dear child, have you reason to suppose that Mr. Flirty entertains a frank liking for you?" "Well, ma, last night he handed me a box of chocolates with the remark that they were his candid sentiments."—Baltimore American.

An Instance.

Klecker—Time brings strange changes. Bocker—Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths.—Harper's Bazar.

A Ready Explanation.

"What is the reason you were so late in discovering the north pole?" "Well," answered the explorer, "you see they have such long nights in the arctic regions that I overslept."—Washington Star.

Dwellings in Gotham.

Foreign Visitor—Does it cost much to live in New York? Host—No, sir; it doesn't cost much to live in this city, but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances.—New York Weekly

Women and the Home



Woman.
Untamed and forever the tameless,
The frail yet forever the free,
Unshamed and forever the shameless,
The top of creation is she.
All civilizations have passed her
And left her barbarian still,
And the man who had dreamed he is
master
Is simply the slave of her will.

She simpers and glances demurely,
And looks like a saint as she goes;
As sweet as a lily, yet surely
She's leading some man by the nose.
For here are the primeval resources
Of strong, unregenerate sense;
Duplicitous marahals her forces
And art is her subtle defense.

Oh, man, you may marvel and wonder,
May reason and argue and fret;
Oh, man, you may bluster and blunder
You never have conquered her yet!
You lecture and tutor and teach her,
But still she is ever the same,
The free, irresponsible creature
That nothing can fetter or tame.
—Chicago News.

Modish Turban Coiffures.



The turban coiffure is first in favor or dress occasions, and that the hair dresser may not suffer by the simplicity of the fashion, waves and puffs are being introduced, and as our illustration indicates with pleasing effect. It is impossible, however, to arrange one's own hair in this manner, and the puffs and hair band on each side are false and adjusted after the wavy tresses are drawn back over the turban foundation.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Sweet spirits of nitre is used for slight fevers.
Use witch hazel salve for sores, bruises, burns, abscesses, etc.
Carbolic salve or zinc ointment may be used for flesh wounds, boils, etc.
Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.
Camphorated oil is ideal for the relief of sprains and is a mild counter-irritant for sore throat.

Crib Pillows.

For pillows for cradle purchase ticking which reflects a pale blue flower. Make the pillow case of soft white dimity, hemstitch it and finish with a hemstitched pillow. The colors show through the white in delicate tracery. A pillow for the crib should be filled with down, and should not be stuffed full. A gift should include one pillow and three pillow cases.

Women Seldom Color Blind.

Color blindness is scarce among women, according to Prof. Samuel P. Hayes. He mentioned that only one woman in 1,000 seems to have defective color vision. In some experiments which were made at Mount Holyoke College with sixty-three students of the class of 1905, but fourteen made very slight mistakes.

Women's Looks in Business.

An attractive, slender figure, a bright, healthy appearance, an alert bearing and graceful ease of movement—these are beauties and personal advantages which women in business do well to cultivate and preserve. They are often a passport to success when applying for a situation, while the young woman with a clumsy figure,

shallow complexion, and slow movements has a much smaller chance. There is also the question of health. Stout persons, as a rule, are more inclined to the common ailments of everyday life than those who are slim and "on the move;" and obesity, a disease in itself, brings others in its train. Plumpness is often very charming. It is when the plumpness turns into real, undoubted fatness that there is cause for alarm. Neglected fatness will soon mean chronic obesity; then troubles come.



Four honors at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris have been won by women this year.

Miss Ellen Day, the organist, is still living in London at the age of 81. Miss Day was only 5 years of age when she was summoned to play for Queen Victoria.

Miss Elizabeth Moore, a Vassar graduate, has entered the agricultural department of the University of Missouri at Columbia and has announced her intention of becoming an expert farmer. She is a member of several clubs in St. Louis.

Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, Emperor William's only daughter, has an exquisitely beautiful string of pearls, which her mother has been collecting for her ever since her birth.

Miss Clirid Gude, daughter of the United States, is an ardent believer in votes for woman. So is Mrs. Agnes Bryce, the Englishwoman, who has been visiting her brother-in-law, the British ambassador at Washington.

Good Manners for Girls.

The girl who is properly coached in matters polite does all of these smaller things:

- Takes off her hat at the theater.
- Is invariably courteous to servants.
- Never reads the crimes in the newspapers.
- Never speaks with her mouth full at table.
- Removes her glove to shake hands with elderly persons.
- Prefers to walk out with a girl friend than to go alone.
- Never uses slang or other unbecomingly words of any sort.
- Offers her chair anywhere and everywhere to old ladies and gentlemen.
- Never forgets for a moment that her conduct must be at all times and in all places on its best behavior.
- Never gossips about a girl friend or does anything else to anybody she would not have done to herself.

Care of Mahogany.

The less polish the better where antiques are concerned. Old oak and other wood always require more elbow

grease than applications. Sweet oil—sparingly applied—is, however, excellent for antique mahogany. If a flannel is dipped in the oil it should be rubbed over the wood, the surface having been first of all well dusted. Stains and spots on old mahogany can be taken out by dipping a cork in oxalic acid and water and working it over the marks. Two ounces of yellow beeswax dissolved in the same quantity of spirits of turpentine represents another good medium for mahogany.

Women in the Professions.

Only two professions, according to statistics, have so far not been invaded by the persistent American woman. There are no women sailors in the marine corps and no female linemen for telegraph and telephone systems. The other professions and trades number as follows:

Architects	1,041
Clergymen	2,873
Electricians	409
Engineers	78
Journalists	2,199
Lawyers	1,519
Teachers	\$27,614
Bookkeepers	\$5,240
Cherks	\$5,246
Commercial travelers	24
Officials in banks	1,207
Manufacturers	3,423
Factors and shippers	19,989
Stenographers	\$4,118
Telegraph operators	\$12,526
Undertakers	123
Carpenters	545
Masons	227
Painters and glaziers	1,750
Milliners	126
Misess	1,209
Blacksmiths	183

Modish Felt Hat.



Felt hats for wear with walking suits are very popular, and our artist has sketched a model especially well liked. This might be successfully worked out in purple felt with darker shade velvet trimming and a dull gold buckle. Be sure, however, that your milliner knows how to handle velvet, as the beauty of this hat lies in the clever draping of the trimming at back.

Hanging Wall Paper.

When papering a room, if you are a novice at the business, choose either a plain or striped paper, as there is then no difficulty in making the pattern fit. If the paper is striped, cut the stripes from the pieces left over and use them wrong way up for a frieze. The criss-cross effect is delightful.

At Last.

A girl's idea of culture is something which will enable her to dodge dish-washing.—Aitchison Globe.

IN PARTY-LAND.



Nothing daintier or more delightful could be imagined than the lovely party dresses for children and young girls. Our charming trio gives an idea of the elegance in some cases, each of which, however, may be copied in less expensive materials. The little frock on the left is a pale pink messaline, elaborately trimmed with white lace on blouse and a flounce of same on the short skirt. A wide sash of the material cleverly covers the joining of blouse and skirt and ends in large loops without ends.

On the right we show a more babyish frock, built on lines suggestive of the old-time Mother Hubbard fashion. This one is pale blue chiffon surah silk with white lace and pink rosebuds for decoration, put on as shown in illustration. The sash in this case is pale blue satin ribbon, with long ends falling from left side.

Big sister is wearing a gown of white crepe de chine, with accordion-plaited deep flounce and surplice cut bodice, each trimmed with an applied band of fine white lace. It is cut en princesse, and the fullness above flounce is artistically held in place and caught at right side with a spray of pink roses matching those on sleeves.