

WINNING 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.

CHAPTER XII

The sight of the steep 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 200 miles from Victoria bay to Altamont harbor, and were in latitude 87 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 118 degrees 35 minutes.

Next morning at 8 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 next day brought no signs 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!" exclaimed Clawbonny. "Yes, yes, so do I!" exclaimed Johnson.

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 it wobbled 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 perpendicular, 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 conference, 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, mangled corpse.

Longer search was useless, and nothing remained but to resume the north. The tempest was dying out, and about 5 in the morning, the sea gradually became calm. The sky recovered its polar clearness, and how then 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 6,000 feet high, just about the height of Mount Hecla. "Can we land?" said the doctor. "The wind is carrying us right to it," said Altamont.

"Let us go, then," said Clawbonny, dejectedly. "Let us go, then," said Clawbonny, dejectedly. He had no heart now for anything. The north pole was indeed before his eyes, but not the man who had discovered it.

voice. 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 inserted 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 admiral." (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.)

CASE LIKE CRANE'S

Edwards Started as Minister for Mexico, but Never Got There. The experience of Charles R. Crane with the mission to China recalls the case of the almost forgotten Ninian Edwards, who started out as United States minister to Mexico, but never reached the capital of the sister republic.

Edwards had been United States Senator from Illinois, and Monroe near the close of his second term gave him the Mexican mission, says the New York Sun. The country was then nearing the end of the so-called era of good feeling, and Edwards had been contributing his share to the political discord of that curious time by writing letters signed "A. B." in a Washington newspaper published in the interest of Calhoun. These letters accused William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, of corrupt practices in office, and they were intended to kill off Crawford as a candidate for president. Calhoun himself was the subject of similar attacks instigated by Crawford, but he easily disproved them.

Edwards arranged that after he had started for his post in Mexico the "A. B." letters should be sent to the House of Representatives as the basis of impeachment proceedings against Crawford. It was then that the authorship of the letters became known. In transmitting them to the Speaker of the House Edwards avowed himself their author and added to the charges already made public others that were sufficient as ground for impeachment.

Crawford at the time lay ill at home, having been attacked with paralysis about four months earlier. In September, 1823, and left in such condition that he transacted much of his business as Secretary of the Treasury by proxy. The attack in the House had been made by Edwards at such a time as made it difficult for Crawford to prepare a defense before the political campaign of 1824 was finished.

His friends rallied to his aid and asked that Edwards be fetched back. The House accordingly sent the sergeant-at-arms after the minister and he was overtaken near New Orleans. He came back 1,500 miles to Washington in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms.

Crawford meanwhile had got together a mass of evidence on his side and Edwards completely failed to make good his charges, so that a committee of which Daniel Webster and John Randolph were members unanimously reported in vindication of the accused Secretary.

Although Edwards had a long, honorable and successful public career as a judge in Kentucky and as territorial Governor of Illinois, and then as Senator, this affair was his ruin in national politics. It was known that Crawford had fought two duels and killed his man in one of them, and maybe this fact was taken into account by the public in estimating the quality of Edwards' performance in making an attack upon a physically disabled man and hastening to a distant land just when his share in the matter should become known.

At any rate, such a storm of contempt broke upon him that he resigned his appointment to Mexico and returned to Illinois. He was then under 50, but he took no further part in national politics, though he had a sort of vindication at home by his election as Governor of Illinois. He died less than ten years after this affair. Crawford, the invalid, outlived him by about a year.

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 Well Got. "Well, the proofs are out." "Of the pole discovery?" "No; of the book?"—Kansas City Journal.

THE MODEL CELLAR

A Clean, Dry Place Quite Unlike the Damp Hole It Once Was. A warm, dry cellar is literally and actually the foundation of a warm, dry, well-ventilated house. The evolution of the cellar is an interesting study in the development of human intelligence.

It was devised originally simply as a subterranean frost-proof pit, or cave, under the house, in which could be stored, first wines and later apples, potatoes, cabbages and other perishable fruits, together with milk, butter and cheese.

Next it was utilized, when the absurd insufficiency of stoves and fireplaces for heating purposes was recognized, as a convenient place to put the furnace. Then it was raised above ground to make the furnace draw better, and lighted and ventilated, until now it has become one of the most important sections of the house from a sanitary point of view.

It should be cleaned, lighted, heated and ventilated winter and summer as carefully and scrupulously as any other part of the house. When this is done, writes Dr. Hutchinson in Outing, we are rid at one stroke of dampness, with all its well-known rheumatic, tuberculous and other disease-breeding tendencies, of bad smells from decaying vegetables, accumulations of dirt in dark corners, leakage of sewer and other pipes, which are now in plain sight instead of buried in the earth, of cold floors and all the injurious effects which come from dampness and moist decay all through the house.

The complaint that heating the cellar has spoiled its use for storage purposes is simply a proof of its advantages. Nothing could be more utterly unsanitary in this twentieth century than to permit vegetables, cheese, fruits and milk to be piled together in dark bins and adjoining compartments, nibbled at and reeled over by mice, rats and cockroaches, imparting the odors of decay from cabbage and rotting apples to milk, cream and cheese, and sending their combined aroma streaming constantly upward through the house on a natural automatic ventilation current.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

There are always some men and women who are willing to sacrifice the fragments of their self-respect in order to gain what they imagine to be social distinction, who will have social distinction even at the cost of moral extinction.—Rabbi Stephen S. Wax, Hahrew, New York City.

The little child that is familiar with his catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many so-called philosophers of our time.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Many a noble character has yielded to the tiny climbing of the vine of a sinful habit and practice. At first it was a small thing, but by tolerance, it grew and became stronger and stronger as the years passed by, and, alas, the sad end has come.—Rev. Dr. Broughton, Congregationalist, Atlanta.

He loyal to the church, loyal to the lofty principles she has ever inculcated for the good of humanity, loyal to the memory and the godly inheritance transmitted by our forefathers, loyal to the country under whose free institutions we have flourished.—Archbishop Farley, Roman Catholic, New York City.

The kingdom of God waits because it seems to demand too much. To do good to men and to build up society is stopped midway because it takes too much heartache and too many weary hours. Everything of value in this world, it has been said, has been gained at the point of pain.—Rev. John A. Brown, Baptist, Providence.

To be king in the absolute sense in which Jesus asks it one must meet at least three demands. First, he must believe in me even more than I can believe in myself. Second, he must entirely and absolutely satisfy my intellect, and third, he must by his devotion and sacrifice win and hold my love. Jesus Christ does all these things.—Rev. Luther Freeman, Methodist, Chattanooga.

Today the idea of heaven and hell as places of reward and punishment is almost wholly abandoned. Even the most conservative are teaching that there are states of life, whether here or hereafter. Consequently, we must find a new answer to the old question. Our answer is very simple. The measure of value in life here or hereafter is happiness. It is not money, nor position, nor influence, but the joy these are expected to bring.—Rev. A. G. Singen, Baptist, Providence.

France's New Glory. In this conquest of the air France has earned a glory of which nothing can deprive her. After all the foolish talk about French decadence it is refreshing to see the aspiring germs of France soaring triumphant into untraveled heights. Only America contests her supremacy in a domain which she has made her own. France may be proud of what is happening at Betheny. The spectacle is one full of reproach to ourselves, but we do not grudge France her glory. We rejoice in her renaissance. She has resumed her role as a pioneer of humanity.—London Chronicle.

Asking Too Much. Charlie and Nancy had quarreled. After their supper mother tried to re-establish friendly relations. She told them of the Bible verse. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." "Now, Charlie," she pleaded, "are you going to let the sun go down on your wrath?" Charlie squirmed a little. Then: "Well, how can I stop it?"—Everybody.

Some women look killing and others look dangerous. As tired children go to candle-light—The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun. Almost too languid, now that play is done, To seek their father's knee, and say "Good night!"

So, to our greater Father out of sight, When the brief gamut of the day is run, Defeats endured and petty triumphs won, We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain—no tender thrill, As when we leave the presence of a friend, No lingering content our souls to steep But reckoning our gains and losses still, We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end, And, careless, drift out to the sea of sleep. —May Riley Smith.

WHEN WE PRAY.

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A Question . . . of Grit.

"No, Jim, I can't marry a man that has done nothing but go to school. My future husband," she said, with pride, "must be a man who has proven his bravery; for there is nothing I hate worse than a coward."

"Mary Jackson, what do you mean by bravery? I believe I am counted pretty nifty by the boys." "Yes, that's it. You and the boys think because a man plays football and does a few athletic stunts he's brave. I don't count that to your credit, for all you had to do was to go to school and train while your father paid the bills."

Looking gloomily across the sunlit, sparkling river, he seemed "out of tune" with the gaiety of the excursion party; while her eyes watched him with the sternness that seventeen gives to decisions of the heart. "Of course I love you, Jim, but a woman must be sure she'll never regret her choice in after life; and until you do some brave act to prove your courage I'll have to say no."

"You're too hard on a fellow. There's nothing I can do to prove it unless the old boat would blow up, or I'd go to the Philippines; and then the chances are I'd be detailed to some clerical job." "The chance will come when you're least expecting it," she replied. "Well, there's one thing I want you to remember, I'm going to be your husband. You say you love me, but all I lack is proof of my courage. The first



chance I have, I'll risk it even if it's sure death." "I couldn't possibly marry a dead hero, Jim," she said with a little smile. "Come, let's go where the rest of the crowd are and see if you can't lose that solemn look."

"All right," he answered as he rose from his chair, and taking her arm started toward the others, "but I don't want you talking to Jack Brown too much. He thinks he's a greater soldier than Napoleon since his company shot those miners."

"Why, Jim! I believe you're jealous because he treats me like a gentleman." "Huh! Like a gentleman?" he snorted. "A gentleman doesn't look at girls like he could eat them up."

"Didn't you say I was good enough to eat, and you couldn't keep your eyes away?" "Yes, but that's different because we're promised to marry."

"Since when?" she asked as she stopped and looked at him with a sparkle in her eyes. "Since you said you love me. You know that."

"But I said I wouldn't marry until you proved your courage. And the way you're acting now, I don't think I would then."

"Miss Jackson," he answered with an accent on the miss, "if you'd rather talk to Jack Brown than me, you can do so. I guess there are other girls besides you."

Looking him calmly up and down, she started forward while he silently followed. After a few words and exclamations with the others, she went to the opposite side of the deck looking almost as gloomy as he had a few moments before.

Seeing her alone he went over and said: "Mary, please forgive me. I love you so much I hardly know what I say until it's said."

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.



MAUD ALEXANDRA, THE DUCHESS, ALEXANDRA VICTORIA.

It seems that the wife-hunting expedition of the minister of King Manuel of Portugal has come to an end and that the boy King, without being asked whether he likes it, will be made to marry Princess Alexandra of Fife. It is a neat political arrangement, but what about the feelings of the young couple? Manuel is 18 years old; Alexandra is the same age. Alexandra is a simple girl, who has been raised on the country estates of her parents. She was presented at court only a few months ago. She is quick and even brilliant mentally, while Manuel is sluggish in brain and body. If ever romance enters into the lives of this royal pair it will be after marriage. Poor Cupid! He may operate in the common, workaday world at will, but courts and thrones are forbidden him.

The Princess Alexandra of Fife is a granddaughter of King Edward. Her mother, the Princess Louise Victoria, is his majesty's eldest daughter, and she married the Duke of Fife in 1859. In our illustration the prospective bride of King Manuel is at the right. Her younger sister also bears the name Alexandra, but is generally called by her first name.

ETHEL WHARTON, HEROINE.

As the water bubbled and foamed around them. Jumping over the rail, he dived head-first, cutting the water as clean as a kingfisher. A second or two later he came up near where the two had gone down, and treading water, waited for them to reappear. At last a hand was thrust out, and just beneath the surface were the two, struggling in each other's arms. Hestitating no longer, with two or three over-hand strokes to put him in reach, he grasped the back of the woman's collar and tried to pull her from the other's hold. The collar came loose and they slowly sank lower until he caught her by the arm and brought the two, now quiet, to the surface.

Hearing a shout of warning, he looked around and saw they had drifted within short distance of the dam, toward which they were going faster and faster. The crew of the steamer were frantically getting a skiff in the water, but he knew they couldn't reach him, loaded as he was, before he went over. And to go over the dam meant almost sure death, for if he didn't get any bones broken he was liable to be knocked unconscious on the rocks and drowned without a struggle.

He could drop his burden and swim back against the current, but the "nerve" that Mary had decided would not allow that. "I guess Mary'll have to marry a dead hero, if she marries me," he grimly thought.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind. With a few kicks, and his free arm, he swung the two in front. Then holding his feet well under him, and his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees with the surface of the water, he struck the dam with a jolt that shook him all over.

As the water was about two feet deep on the crest, the pressure kept him standing on a reclining position on its upper face, and all he had to do was to keep their mouths clear of water and hold on until rescued.

When the crowd saw what had been done they raised a greater cheer than any he had ever heard at a football game. Tying a rope to the end of the skiff, so the section of the dam wouldn't draw it over, the captain and two men drifted down and took all three aboard; when many willing hands, grasping the rope, soon pulled them out of danger.

After putting on some of the captain's dry clothing Jim left the reviving couple and started for the upper deck amid the admiring glances and remarks of his fellow passengers. At the head of the stairs, where the mate had kept the majority of the crowd, he met Mary, who, with shining eyes, slipped her hand under his arm and whispered: "I've reconsidered, Jim, for your 'nerve' is all right," and before all she pulled his face down and kissed him.—Penny-vanias Grit.

It Sounded Hopeful. A young man who was particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation. "Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."—Lippincott's. "No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."—Lippincott's. You may imagine people give you the worst of it, but if your stomach could talk, you would be abused a good deal more than you are.

Every time a modest girl sees a man look in her direction she imagines he is trying to start a flirtation. "So that jilted young fellow's all dark, is it?" "Not altogether. He's just a little bit of a lightnin'."—Baltimore.

Miss Welsh Nurse Won Medal and Name Saving Baby's Life.

Miss Ethel Wharton is the nurse heroine of Wales, and the first British woman to receive the Carnegie medal for heroism, the London News says. All Great Britain knows of the valor of her deed, but in Wales she is, as shrouded in the heart of every mother, for she risked her life and became a cripple to save a baby.

Nurse Wharton was staying not long ago at the Jersey Beach Hotel at Aberystwyth when a great fire broke out. The hotel was full of visitors, but in the panic of the moment the nurse was "every one for himself"—and the baby was left behind in an upper room.

Into that caldron of smoke and flame sped Nurse Wharton, her face enveloped in a wet cloth, her head close to the floor. She gained the staircase and groped her way through the fire, how she cannot tell, but at last she reached the baby and, wrapping it in a blanket threw it down to the excited onlookers in the street below, who held a sheet to receive it.

That saved the baby, but the plight of the rescuer upstairs was desperate. Firemen tried to reach her, but all their escape ladders were too short, and every moment brought the flames nearer and nearer to the nurse, while the crowds outside trembled with the horror.

At last the firemen decided to hold out the same sheet that had received the baby—it was the only one available—and the nurse stepped out to the window sill and jumped toward it. Unfortunately, the sheet was not strong enough to withstand the force of her leap from such a height. She fell through it, and struck the pavement with sickening violence. Strong men wept as they carried her to the hospital, where she lay for weeks hovering 'twixt life and death, with all classes making pilgrimages of inquiry day by day to learn the latest tidings of her condition.

Skilled surgeons from all around attended her, and at last, almost by a miracle, her life was saved. But she will be a cripple for life, and her working days are over.

Needless Sacrifice of Life.

The problem of the milk supply for the babies is one that has to be solved all the year round. The mortality from gastro-intestinal diseases is heaviest during the summer, but the babies need pure milk quite as much in the winter. The eventual wrecking of countless baby lives is inevitable. The city fathers who make no provision for the supervision of the sources of the milk supply are not only virtually asleep, but recklessly extravagant. Dr. Goler's estimate is \$500 a month for a city the size of Rochester. Put opposite this amount the economic loss, due to the appalling waste of baby life. It is estimated that 375,000 babies under one year old died in this country last year. Economists put the financial value of each of these babies at \$90, so that the total loss, expressed merely in dollars and cents, amounted to \$33,150,000. And yet physicians say that at least one-half of this waste could have been prevented by the adequate supervision of the sources of the milk supply.

A Clever Writes.

Patrice—You say she is a clever writer? Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers.—Yorker Statesman. "Not altogether." "So that jilted young fellow's all dark, is it?" "Not altogether. He's just a little bit of a lightnin'."—Baltimore.