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The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

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Explorer's Own Account of His Journey to the Goal—Hunting Adventures Among the Eskimos

(FIRST ARTICLE)

THE expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the John R. Bradley, withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers. No tooting whistles signaled our departure.

An arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the help of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R. Bradley. Its destiny was shaped by the writer.

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the north. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed none had the privilege of heaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the returning polar traveler.

In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period. One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea which made it equally a difficulty to land on the ice.

In Ice Free Polar Waters. Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village, at North Star bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated, and in the north through the narrow breaks we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting on the rising water. Darting through the air were countless gullmots, gulls, little auks and elder ducks. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures of the sea find a marine oasis in midst of a polar desert.

This kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important.

The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the arctic ice wall of Melville bay in the south and the stupendous line of cliffs of Humboldt glacier in the north.

Home of the Eskimos. Widely scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grass upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou. Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place in summer for myriads of marine birds that seek the small life of the ice waters. Blue and white foxes wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhal and white whale sport in the summer sun, while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme sound. As we neared Table mountain, which guards North Star bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, he of many wives; Ooblah, who had executed Angodigbsh, styled the villain by Gibson at Redcliffe House, and Pincoota, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later, Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter. Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooh. There were seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these in large numbers were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill. They were odd looking specimens of humanity. In height the men averaged about five feet two inches and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad, fat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short, but thick.

There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation. It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life be-

cause there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives. In other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family, the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

Dwellings of the Eskimos. The tent had a raised platform upon which all slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman from cabin boy to captain had suddenly got rich in the gambles of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful foxskin of less use to a native than a dog belt he had secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and igloo for years to come.

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her makeshift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled

into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanooh was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its 250 people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter and to enjoy the rare sport of yachting and hunting in man's northernmost haunts we prepared to visit as many villages as possible. In the morning the anchor was raised, and the yacht set sail to a light wind headed for more northern villages. Ducks were secured in abundance. Seals were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies. An Eskimo Widow's Story. Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life—a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of sealskins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

She had come from American shores, and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood, Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahtah, a plump maid and a good seamstress.

Mance had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children culminated it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf

and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale weaking of three.

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient ruses and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away. They were not to participate in the strife of life. But an unusual mother loved them.

A few days before the previous winter the old father, anxious to provide warm bearskins for the prolonged night, had ventured alone far up into the mountains. His gun went off accidentally, and he never returned.

The executor of the brother of Mance's former husband was kind to her for the long night and kept flame from her door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come? Her only resource was to seek the chilled heart of her former husband, and we were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife No. 2.

When we later saw Ikwa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but we had expected no reward.

The speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the decks, and to escape the icy air we sought our warm berths early. At 4 o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun poured forth a suitable wealth of August rays.

At this time we passed the ice battered and storm swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was Whale sound. On a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, whales spouted and walrus shouted. The grampus was out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried missions.

Entering Ingfield Gulf. The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Ingfield gulf, and near Iktibin there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Orlirk's bay. While the yacht was tacking for a favorable berth in the drift off Kanga the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Iktibin. There were only one woman, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a caribou hunt, and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a year.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for the launch, and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

An Eskimo Trade. We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk? We would be delighted, said Mr. Bradley, and a handful of sweets went with the bargain. Her boy brought down two ivory tusks, each eight feet in length. The two were worth \$150.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon was also given just to show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward across Ingfield gulf. It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Karnah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Mance and her children were the only occupants.

Karnah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikwa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting campaign, and their location was not exactly known.

Attahungwah, Mance's rival, a fat, unsocial creature, stood on a useful stone, where we chose to land, and did not accommodate us with footing on the same platform.

A Thrifty Eskimo Camp. There were five sealskin tents pitched among the bowlders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was placed on the rocks and stones to dry. Skins were stretched on the grass, and a general air of thrift was shown about the place.

Bundles of sealskins, packages of pelts and much ivory were brought out to trade and establish friendly intercourse. We gave them sugar, tobacco and ammunition in quantities to suit their own estimate of value. The fat woman entered her tent, and we saw no more of her during our stay, for she did not venture to trade as did the others. Mance was kindly treated by the other village folk, and a pot steaming with oily meat was soon served in her honor. We were cordially invited to partake of the feast, but had a convenient excuse, just having finished a meal.

Would we not place ourselves at ease and stay for a day or two, as their husbands would soon return? We were forced to decline their hospitality, for without the harbor there was too much wind to keep the yacht waiting. Eskimos have no system of salutation except a greeting smile or a parting look of regret. We got both at the same time as we stepped into the launch and shouted goodby.

Aboard, the captain was told to proceed to Cape Robertson. The wind ceased, a fog came over from the inland ice and blotted out the landscape down to about a thousand feet, but under this the air was clear.

The Conquest of the Pole

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Ready For the Dash to the World's Farthest North—Expedition Well Planned and Equipped

(SECOND ARTICLE)

WE awoke off Cape Robertson and went ashore before breakfast. The coast here rises suddenly to an altitude of 2,000 feet and is crowned with an ice cap. It is picturesque enough. Large bays, blue glacial walls and prominent headlands offer a pleasing variety, but it is much like the coast of all Greenland.

It had, however, the tremendous advantages of a southern exposure and rocks, providing a resting place for the little auk in millions. These little birds darted from the cliff to the sea. Rather rich grassy verdure also offered an oasis for the arctic hare, while the blue fox found life easy here, for he could fill his winter den with fat feathered creatures.

As we approached the shore 10 men, 9 women, 31 children and 100 dogs came out to meet us. I count the children and dogs, for they are equally important in Eskimo economy. The latter are by far the most important to the average Caucasian in the arctic.

Only small game had fallen to the Eskimos' lot, but they were eager to venture out with us after big game. At last Mr. Bradley had found a suitable retinue of native guides, and we were not long in arranging a compact.

Free passage, the good graces of the cook and a knife each were to be their pay. A caribou hunt was not sufficiently novel to merit a return to Orlirk's Bay, where intelligent effort is always rewarded, but it was hoped we might get a hunt at Kookaan, near the head of Robertson Bay.

Setting Sail For Etah. This venture, however, failed, though it gave us an interesting chase about dangerous waters in a violent gale. We returned to the igloo to do homing. Our guides, made presents to their women and children and set sail for Etah.

Clearing weather after the storm afforded delightful yachting weather. A fairly strong offshore wind filled the big wings of canvas. The cool air was bracing, while the bright sun threw glittering smiles from slant to slant. The seamen forward sang of the delights of fisher folk.

A photograph sent music, classical and otherwise, into the arctic air from the cabins. At table there was a kind of continuous performance with a steady hand and receptive stomach.

During two days of stormy discomf several important meals had been willingly missed. But in the arctic food accounts must be squared as quickly as possible.

On the following morning we passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith sound. Half a gale came from the sea, and we entered Foulke ford. The town of Etah was composed of four tents, which for this season had been pitched beside a small stream just inside of the first projecting point on the north shores.

Inside this point there was sheltered water to land the Eskimos' kayaks. It also made a good harbor for the yacht. It is possible in favorable seasons to push through Smith sound.

My own equipment aboard for sledge traveling could be made to serve every purpose in the enterprise. The possible combination left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success.

Only good health, endurable weather and workable ice were necessary. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the quest.

Strong efforts had been made to reach the pole from every available quarter. Only the angle between Alaska and Greenland had been left untried. In our prospective venture we aimed to pierce this area of the globe.

If we failed in our main effort we would at least make a track over a blank spot. With the resources for transportation which the Eskimos offered I hoped to carry ample supplies over Ellesmere Land and along the west coast of the game land.

There was reason to suppose that we would avoid the troublesome pack agitated by the Greenland currents. The Eskimos were willing to trust to the game resources of this region to feed and fire the expedition en route to the land's end.

Splendid Advantages Offered. If their faith proved correct, it offered me a series of advantages denied to every other leader of polar expeditions, for the movement would not only be supplied at the expense of the land which it explored, but men and dogs would be taken to the battleground in superb training, with their vigorous bodies nourished by wholesome fresh meat, not the nauseating laboratory stuff which is usually crowded into the unwilling stomach.

Furthermore, it afforded me a chance to test every article of equipment in actual field work, and, above all, after a hard campaign of this kind I could select with some chance of success the most likely winners for the final race over the circumpolar sea.

A compact was made with the little men of the farthest north to push the venture into the boreal center. When

it was noised about at Etah that preparations were in progress to try for the pole most of the men on board the yacht volunteered to serve.

Captain Bartlett, skipper of the John R. Bradley, said that he also would like to stay; but, if compelled to return, he required at least a cook and an engineer to take the yacht back to Newfoundland.

The situation was eased when the captain was told that but one man was wanted. No group of white men could possibly match the Eskimo in his own element. The willing hands of a tribe of 250 people were at my disposal. More help was not required.

But a companion and a general overseer was in demand for this post. Rudolph Francke was selected. Anootok was to be the base of operations.

There is no harbor near this village to facilitate a rapid landing of supplies, and to hasten the departure of the yacht on her homeward run everything for the polar campaign was

brought on deck while the vessel was still at anchor in Etah, and below all was prepared for the expected storms of the return voyage.

Starting For Annotok. Late in the evening of Sept. 1 the entire village of Etah was taken aboard, the anchor was tripped, and soon the Bradley's bow put out on the waters of Smith sound for Annotok. The night was cold and clear, brightened by the charm of color. The sun had just begun to dip under the northern horizon, which marks the end of the summer double days of splendor and begins the period of storms leading into the long night. Early in the morning we were off Annotok.

The weather was now changed. A strong wind came from the sea. With shallow water, unknown rocks and much ice drifting about no comfortable berth could be found for the yacht. If the overloaded decks were to be cleared at all it must be done quickly.

The launch and all the dories were lowered and filled. Eskimo boats were pressed into service and loaded. The boats were towed ashore. Only a few reached Annotok itself, for the wind increased and a troublesome sea made haste a matter of great importance. Things were pitched ashore anywhere on the rocks where a landing could be found for the boats.

The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about three hours all was safely put on shore in spite of threatening winds and forbidding seas.

Supplies Taken by Dr. Cook. Following is the complete list of the supplies provided from John R. Bradley's yacht for the polar dash of Dr. Frederick A. Cook:

Eleven cases of flour, twenty cases cornmeal, six barrels cornmeal, thirty-nine cases biscuits, twelve barrels biscuits, four cases rice.

One case smoked corned beef, four cases pork and beans, eight cases ham, five cases bacon, fifteen cases pemmican, one case beef tongue, two cases codfish.

One case peas, sixteen cases beans, two cases potatoes.

Twenty-one cases sugar, six cases tea, ten cases coffee.

Four cases milk, one case eating butter, one tub butter for cooking, one tub lard.

One case soups, one case catchup, one case pepper, spices, horseradish, etc.; one case vinegar, pickles, mustard, etc.

One case assorted jams and fruits, one case strawberry juice for drinking, one case salt, one case raisins and currants, one case maple sirup, one case dried peaches.

Nine cases tobacco, one case washing and baking powder.

Seven cases matches, seventeen cases coal oil, 115 gallons alcohol, one case candles, 118 bags coal, four stoves, two alcohol stoves, lamps.

One canvas boat, one case rifles, 2,000 rounds ammunition, one Winchester rifle, 1,000 rounds ammunition, one thermos bottle.

Two pairs shoes, complete cooking outfit, hickory wood for fifteen stoves, iron, copper, nails and screws.

Bedding, sleeping bags, one silk tent. One box tools for ironwork, one box carpenter's tools, one pair fieldglasses, one camera, with plates.

Two dories with oars, one dozen panes of glass for windows, fifty feet stovepipe, three chairs.

Twelve fox traps, one keg black powder, one box books, 200 tin boxes with wood outside.

Wood for building house, rope, twine, charts, maps, instruments, compasses, knives and needles for trading with natives.

WEST END.

Personal Paragraphs and News Items Contributed by Miss Lily Templeton.

Mrs. J. B. Mosley of Lowndesville was in the city for a few days last week the guest of Mrs. Laura B. Love.

Mr. J. E. McDavid spent last week in Greenville. He was attending United States Court.

Dr. J. T. Hill went to Greenwood Friday on professional business.

Mr. Joe P. Giles of New York spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Huchabee of Lowndesville were the guests of Major and Mrs. Nance for several days last week.

Mrs. Mary Parker has returned to her home after a short stay here with Mrs. V. D. Lee.

Dr. S. F. Killingsworth and his pretty little daughter, Elizabeth, of Columbia, were in the city for several days last week. Dr. Killingsworth came to Abbeville to attend the Odd Fellows meeting.

Mr. James Moore, of Charlotte, N. C., is in the city spending a while with friends.

Miss Mary Stark has returned home after a very pleasant stay with friends in Cheraw. Miss Stark has been indisposed since her return, but her friends are delighted to see her out again.

It is reported that we had frost Monday. Mr. Edgar Kellar, Mr. Lawrence McMillan and Mr. Leonard McMillan left Monday for Arcadia, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Miss Leonora Neville Long, voice teacher at Due West College for Women, spent Sunday here as the guest of Mrs. J. C. Ellis. Miss Long assisted in the music at the Methodist church. She has a wonderful voice and her singing is always enjoyed.

Mr. James Hemphill is at home again after a year's stay in Orange, N. C., where he has had a position in Edison's laboratory. The friends of Mr. L. H. Russell are sorry to know that he is not well. They hope he will soon be well again.

Miss May Bailey, one of Greenwood's most charming young ladies, was in the city last Friday attend "The Lion and the Mouse." She was the guest of Miss Mamie Morse while in the city.

Mrs. J. D. Kerr went over to Greenwood Friday on account of the extreme illness of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Kerr.

Miss Helen White came home Saturday from Spartanburg where she is teaching at Converse and stayed here with her home people until Monday.

Miss Mamie Morse entertained a few of her friends Friday evening after "The Lion and the Mouse." The guests were Mr. and Mrs. McKisick, Miss Susan Arnold, Miss Hattie Hodges, Miss Coleman, Mr. Nickles, Captain Evans, and Dr. Neal.

Miss Kate Haddon spent Sunday in the city the guest of her uncle, Mr. B. M. Haddon.

Miss Belle Visanaka is at home again after an extended stay in Atlanta. Her friends here are glad to welcome her home.

Mrs. John Hall of Charlotte, N. C., is in the city spending awhile with Mrs. Garry Hall.

The Secession Chapter of the Daughters of Confederacy will meet this Thursday afternoon with Miss Esther Graydon. A full meeting is desired. Four-thirty o'clock is the hour for meeting.

Mr. Clyde Morgan went to Monroe Saturday and stayed until Monday with his home people.

Mr. T. P. Quarles has gone to Charleston to attend the meeting of the Synod of South Carolina that is being held in the First Presbyterian Church in Charleston.

Mrs. John Yates of Monroe, N. C., is in the city to attend the Seal-Smith wedding.

Mr. T. M. Miller was in the last week attending the Odd Fellows meeting. Mr. Miller holds a prominent office in the Odd Fellows' lodge here.

Miss Carelie Hanvey who has been the guest of Mrs. C. D. Brown for the past week left Saturday for her home in Charleston after a pleasant stay here. Miss Hanvey received many delightful social attentions during her visit to Mrs. Brown.

Miss Carrie Harris left Friday for Birmingham, Ala., where she will visit friends before returning to her home in Courtland, Ala. Miss Harris has been the guest of her sisters Mrs. Lawrence Parker and Mrs. E. S. Link during the summer.

Mrs. H. G. Anderson went to Anderson last week to attend the Humphrey-Farmer wedding.

Miss Mamie Morse, Miss Fannie Harris, Mr. James Morse and Mr. Sam Cooper went over to Greenwood Monday afternoon to attend the funeral services of Mrs. J. W. Kerr.

Mrs. F. E. Harrison is at home again after a short stay with relatives in Manning.

Mrs. Joe Wilson entertained Monday evening in honor of Miss Willie Seal who is to be married to Mr. William Warren Smith, Oct. 27th.

Mr. James H. Graig of Anderson, and Mr. W. H. Cobb of Columbia, were on the program of the Odd Fellows Thursday. Both of these gentlemen delivered fine addresses.

Mrs. E. V. Snipes spent a few days with her home people in Verdery last week.

Miss Bessie Herbert of Newberry spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Gill at Sharon.

Mrs. Charles Gilliam of Sharon and Miss Bessie Herbert of Newberry were in the city last week, visiting Mrs. Foster McLane.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Edwards of Edgefield were in the city several days last week visiting Mrs. Edwards.

Mr. W. E. Johnson went to Donalds on Sunday and spent the day with his home people.

Mr. Roy Anderson spent Sunday with his home people in Clinton.

Mr. Gottlob Neuffer came over on Sunday from Greenwood and spent the day with his home people. Mr. Neuffer has a position with the Hodges Brothers Drug Co.

BIRTHDAY PARTY. Little Miss Florence Neuffer celebrated her sixth birthday last Wednesday afternoon by a delightful party. The little hostess was more attractive than ever in her dainty white dress and pretty ribbons. After a pleasant hour of play refreshments of chocolate and cake were served.

Miss Annie Hawthorne of Latimer was shopping in the city Tuesday.

SAD DEATH. Mr. Sidney Graves died Tuesday morning at the home of his brother, Mr. Alex Graves, after an illness of several months. Mr. Graves has made his home in Abbeville for the past five years, and has a large number of friends who regret to learn of his death. The funeral services will be conducted at his home and the body laid to rest at Long Cane.

Mr. Willie Tribble, of Monroeville, N. C. spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this city.

Best quality spectacles and opera glasses at Rykard's.

If you want to sell your real estate list it with me. Robt. S. Link.



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.



JOHN R. BRADLEY, CAPTAIN OF DR. COOK.



AN ESKIMO BELLE.