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THE BIRTH-WARK

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXI-Continued. "And now," she said, "what do you

-

want of me?" "What do I want of you?" repeated St. John, his eyes beginning to flash angrily. "Really, after our long parting, this is hardly the greeting I expected from you, Paulette. Is there-

can there be any truth in the abominable rumor I heard from Megrim-that you have a lover here at Hazel Hall?" Her hands worked. Her face, if possibie, grew paler still, but she did not answer. The old-time fealousy flamed darkly into his face.

"Why do you not speak?" he cried, seizing upon her roughly. "Is it true or false? She could tore away.

"Guy, I tell you I thought you dead," she answered. "Yes; you mentioned, also that the

news reached you a few weeks ago. And already you have a lover-he who was with you here in this very place tonight. Truly, mine was an inconsola-

Her stony anguish suddenly gave way. She stamped passionately upon the floor of the pavilion.

"I never loved you, Guy!" she cried. "I recognized you as my master-I feared, but I did not love you!" "And you looked on my death, no

he gave you—I could hardly keep my fail me!" hands off his throat." The same St. John as of old. Paulette

felt her heart sink like lead within her. "Do not speak of him," she cried, with a gesture of intolerable pain. "What would you do-what do you want "Agreed; but first I must understand And now, will you not so much as give of me? Let us talk only of ourselves."

you clearly. I mistook matters once in me your hand at parting, Paulette?" the case of Varneck, and that blunder frankly, do you love this Arthur her worse than death. He stepped "Yes," she answered. "I love him!"

He had not expected so honest a confession. An oath fell from his lips. "You are candid, at least," he said, cannot feel particularly tender toward stopped to listen, hushing her hoarse believe me, until I see her." me. It would have been better, perand left you undisturbed to your fine and there on the lush foliage. Paulette Philander. Your lines, of late, seem to have been cast in pleasant places. It left you to yourself."

"You told me to forget you," she cried. "You forcade me ever to think of you more, and I obeyed you." He winced.

"True. But I was mad with jealousy. You must have known, even then, that I did not mean a word of it." "I knew nothing of the kind," she answered. "You deserted me-you left me to die-and I should have died in very truth, had it not been for General

Guilte." "Do not I tell you I repent the past?" cried St. John. "Look at me. I have been casting forlorn about the world for years, but you are lovelier than ever. You have been petted and happy. Well, that is all as it should be; but would to heaven my love, Paulette, had died at our parting! It did not, however, though I tried hard to kill it. It lives! I love you tonight more fer-

are mine!" This last in wild exultation, advancing toward her again with hurried pas-

vently than ever before. I love you-

yes, and by the heavens above us, you

"Don't touch me!" she cried, her disheveled hair sweeping back from her stricken face, her hands flung out before her. "You love me still? Oh, no, no! You cannot mean it!"

"I love you!" he repeated, chafing savagely, "and these Guiltes have no part nor parcel in you. It is time our me to claim you as my wife. Sorry as I am to say it, you seem to have been with these people too long already. You must leave them now, Paulette, and come with me."

She looked him full in his burning

"I would die sooner!" she said, flatly. There was a moment of ominous silence. The rain began to patter on the both the general's heart and Trent'stop of the pavilion.

"Be careful how you provoke me, teeth. "There's a limit to human patience, and I have almost reached it. You are my wife, and I love you, and I will have you! Why should I not go up yonder and arouse the house, and well now as any time."

He made as if to stride past her. With a cry of terror, she flung herself

"Guy! Guy! Oh, for the love of God, no, no! Give me time to think. You have no proofs. The certificate of our ed through the silent garden at Hammarriage I destroyed with my own merton. It was deep in the hot purple hands. I will deny it all-everything." He looked down on her in dark tri-

"Will you, indeed? I admire your pluck, but your judgment is at fault. den sands. Megrim lives-the Cambridge clergyman lives. I think I shall find them proof sufficient in establishing my claim

why did you come back?-why did you which to look. come here?"

"When you were happy with Arthur Guilte!" he added, bitterly. "Because I out like "Orpheus at the portal of supposed with one husband still living. Hades," "are they all dead here?" you would not care to marry another. For this spasm of morality I do not away lustily, no human thing could be seem to receive many thanks. Come, raised in reply. The gate was as fast come! Let neither of us seek to drive as locks could make it. He stood bafthe other to extremes. Let us be calm fled and furious. and reasonable."

Her face kep, its white, tragic look. I will not stay here longer."

"There is an engagement of marriage

hear?" said St. John. "Yes." "First of

between you and this Arthur Guilte,

"Go on." "And I repeat that, loving you as I do, I will not give you up. You like, no doubt, this fine home of yours-the luxury and ease you have here. Naturally, you don't wish to leave it for the Bohemian life led by me. Come here again tomorrow night, when the grounds grow dark, and we may then decide, perhaps how we can compro-

mise the matter." "Meet you again?" she protested. "

"Faith," cried he, "then to these Guiltes I go, and make a general confession. They shall know the deceit you have for years practiced on them. This hero, Arthur, shall hear that the woman of his love is little less than a common adventuress—a wife already, parted from her lawful husband by one ove affair, refusing to acknowledge him now because of another."

The pale, proud face crimsoned. "Stop!" she cried, with a gesture.

"That sounds more sensible," said St. John. "By this arrangement we shall each have time to reflect on the situation, which is, to say the least, seonly too glad to be free. I saw that rious enough to demand reflection man with you tonight—I saw the looks Tomorrow night, then, at dark. Do not

She turned upon him suddenly. "Who was the person by whom you sent the note to me tonight?"

He gathered his cloak about him pre paratory to departure. "A masker I happened to meet on the grounds. Many thanks to him!

She recoiled in aversion. His lightest touch at that moment seemed to

"Very well," he said, irritably. remember, at dark, tomorrow!" She turned and darted out of the pa-

vilion, and crossed the lawn, like a hunt-"You like him! Then you ed deer. As she reached the piazza, she breath; but all was still as the grave, save the faint, fitful fall of rain here lifted the long window through which her exit had been made, and stepped

into the dining room. As she did so, you when your poor devil of a husband the door opening upon the hall flew suddenly back, and on the threshold, with her hair in curl-papers, and a candle in her hand, stood Hilda Burr.

She started back, and holding her light aloft, started in amaze at the apparition in the window-the lovely figure in its disordered fancy dress, with golden hair, hanging damp and long about her shoulders.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Hilda; "can believe my senses? You, coming in from the grounds at this hour of the night?" and then she lowered her light, with a smile of offensive significance. "Ahem! Glad, I'm sure, your sudden illness passed so soon! How white and strange you look! I hear it raining. Didn't you find it somewhat damp out

there?" A raging red swept over Paulette's face. She stepped into the room, and lowered the sash behind her. A most unfortunate meeting was this!

"I have been out for a breath of air," she answered, carelessly, "after your hot, stifling fete. I see that your sleep, also, seems disturbed."

"L" said Hilda, "have lost the cross from my rosary, and came seeking it, little expecting such an encounter as this! How very odd you should choose this hour of the night, or rather morning, for a promenade in those wet, lonesome grounds?"

Paulette's dark eyes flashed light nings upon her.

"To tell the truth, Miss Burr, this little matter does not in the least concern secret was known—high time, I see, for you. Go on seeking your cross, by all means, and cease meddling with subjects with which you have nothing to do. I bid you good-night, with great pleasure."

She darted past the curl-papers and the lamp, and vanished up the stairs. Hilda gazed darkly after her.

"You waxen-faced beauty," she said softly; "you who have stolen from me you, who hope to reign mistress here, one day, with me for your dependent-Paulette," said St. John, through his there is something in this midnight ramble of yours which must be looked to, my dear!"

With an honest rapture in her bilious face, as genuine as if she had stumbled on some great, good fortune, Hilda put make known the truth this very hour, down her light, and began to search both to that old man and his heir? As among the debris of the fete for her lost camellia cross.

CHAPTER XXII.

Rap, rap! Loud and imperative the sound thrill twilight of a summer's day. The fire flies were brushing through the thicke like so many stars. The moon was up The sea lay rocking sleepily on the gol Rap, rap!

The person at the gate took hold, and rattled it impatiently. No voice, no sign of life without or within answer ed him. It was impossible to peer over mercy," said Paulette, wildly. "He will the high wall, and the gate of solid oak protect and save me from you. Oh, had not so much as a crack through

> "Deuce take it!" muttered Mr. George Trent, for he it was who stood with-It seemed so, for though he banged

"Since it is plain one cannot enter like a friend," said Mr. Trent, "one "What would you have me do?" she must force his way, like a foe," and he lemanded again. "It is past midnight, began to look around him with an eye to business.

A very lithe and active man was he. Making his way toward the rear of the cottage, he came to the beach-to the very spot where Serle Varneck had effected his entrance into the garden. Quite unconsciously following in the cotsteps of Sibyl's lover, he climbed he wall dexterously, and dropping down on the other side, found himself in the very heart of what seemed to be a tenantless wilderness. "Indeed!" mused Mr. Trent, gazing

around him in the deep, deathly silence, "she is playing the penitent recluse dodge, eh?-explating her early sins after the manner of La Valliere and the rest of them? And visitors are not admitted except by their own efforts. Well, now that we are here, let us see what we shall see."

He plunged into the still green depths of the place, till he came to an uprooted tree, fallen across the way. Its glove and a bunch of faded roses lying. He snatched them up.

"Heaven above! how very dainty! must have, and how pensive and sentimental look these roses! Can they belong to a penitent La Valliere? I

He proceeded with admirable noncha lance up the path, stopping now and then to look and listen, and so came a peal thereat which made the house the aperture appeared a hard, dry, woman's face, staring out on Mr. Trent in mingled anger and amaze.

"Madame, your humble servant!"

the open space a leg and an arm. Hardin, "and how did you get here?" "I entreat you," answered Mr. Trent, with his high-dramatic air. "do not crush me in this doorway, ancient damsel. I have business of importance with floating mass. This lead is the break-Miss or Mrs. Arnault-whichever she ing line between the two bodies of ice. calls herself."

"Then, be off again as soon as yo may," said Rebecca, tartly, "for you'll westerly drift, according to the presnot get in here, and you'll not see Mrs. Arnault. Business she has none with any earthly creature."

"Softly!" pleaded Mr. Trent, edging an inch or two further by main force. "Let me make an experiment. I am the legal adviser of General Guilte of Hazel Hall. If I do not greatly mistake, tnat fact will have its weight with your mistress. I shall not stir from this spot,

He took out a card, and penciled name and the general's together ther

admit me—never fear."

The name seemed to have its weight also with Rebecca. She moved reluctantly from her post, and allowed nin to step across the threshold. "Wait here," she said, and disappear

ed with his card up the stairs. Presently, from heights above, dow dropped her voice again, in no way softened or sweetened.

"You can come up," it said." He ascended with boyish vivacity and following her along a passage, was ushered into Mrs. Arnault's chamber. In her easy chair, before the fire which warmed summer and winter ner bloodless body, reclined the woma: h so longed to see. As he stepped across the threshold, she arose, tall and white, disdaining all support, and confronted

Larger and darker than ever looked her splendid eyes in that face as colorless and regular as a Greek antique Her dressing gown of purple silk swep around her like a royal robe. A sligh trembling only of her handsome mouth betrayed her agitation. Mr. Trent drew back, and made her a profound bow For once some genuine embarrassment

was perceptible in his manner. She was the first to speak. "Sit down," she commanded, shortly 'What do you want with me?"

Rebecca crossed over, and assum her usual place behind her mistress's chair. It was plain she was there to hear all that should be said. Her presence seemed to reassure Mr. Trent, for he grew livelier.

"Delighted," he said, airily, "to make the acquaintance of a lady of whom, in times past, I have heard so much. You see in me a friend of General Guilte's-mind, I do not say I am sent by him, or that he so much as knows of this visit, but I come, nevertheless for your good and his."

He thought to see her change colo at least; but the coolness and compo sure of the superb face remained un disturbed.

"Splendid creature!" thought M rent. "By my soul, it's small wonder these two mad Guiltes lost their heads the sea was sterile. The signs of seal

over her!" "For my good and his," repeated Adah Arnault, with ringing scorn "The two can never be mentioned in the same breath! What can posses you, calling yourself his friend, to approach me-to force yourself upon me in this way?"

Mr. Trent smiled. "Force myself upon you, madame Not for the world!" he cried, gallantly 'Say the word, and I retire at once.' and he rose from his chair. She way ed him back.

"No!" she exclaimed-"no, you shall not go till I hear you out. I thought I glass of the photographic supplies now had hidden myself from all the world proved a priceless discovery. They here-I never expected to hear the name of Guilte spoken again on earth."

"I had some difficulty in finding you tis true," said Trent, placidly: "but glasses and ordinary automobile gogthat always adds zest to a pursuit. As gles had all been tried with indifferent the general's friend, it is, perhaps, results. They failed for one reason or needless for me to say that I am well another, mostly because of an insufversed in the family secrets."

(To be Continued.)

er left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion and the in our goggles. The amber glass shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now ourning quite briskly, and said: urning quite briskly, and said:
"No, I aindt hurt. But I got out main mission did not permit of denoted a pirring to take ourselves after a few monust in time. Eh?"—Lippincott's.

The squall soon spent its main mission did not permit of denoted to forget at any time that ments' rest. The squall soon spent its main mission did not permit of denoted to forget at any time that ments' rest. The squall soon spent its main mission did not permit of denoted to forget at any time that ments' rest.

The Conquest of the Pole

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snowshoes and with spread legs I led the way. The sleds with light loads followed. The surface vibrated as we moved along, but the spiked handle of the ice ax did not easily pass through. For trunk was evidently used as a seat, and about two miles we walked with an on it Mr. Trent now saw a little gray easy tread and considerable anxiety. but we had all been on similar ice before and we knew that with a ready line and careful watchfulness there What a charming hand the owner was no great danger. A cold bath, however, in that temperature, forty degrees below, could have had some

lead had a more picturesque effect. For a time this huge separation in unchallenged to the door of the Gothic the pack was a mystery to me. At cottage. It seemed as silent, as utterly first sight there seemed to be no good without life as a grave. After close reason for its existence. Peury had search Mr. Trent found a bell, and gave found a similar break north of Robeson channel. It seemed likely that ring. A tremulous echo succeeded, dy- what we saw was an extension of the ing far away within-then silence-then same lead following at a distance the the door opened an inch or two, and in general trend of the northernmost land

serious consequences. In two crossings

all our supplies were safely landed on

the north shores, and from there the

This is precisely what one finds on a smaller scale wherever two fee packs come together. Here we have the pack of the central polar sea me. ting the She made as if to shut the door land ice. The movement of the land smartly upon him. He saw the design pack is intermittent and usually along in time to frustrate it, by inserting into the coast. The shallows, grounded ice and projecting points interfere with a "Who are you?" scowled Rebecca steady drift. The movement of the central pack is quite constant and almost in every direction.

The tides, the currents and the winds each give momentum to the It widens as the pack separates, parrows or widens with an easterly or sure of the central pack. Early in the season when the pack is little crevassed and not elastic it is probably wide: later, as the entire sea of in becomes active, it may disappear of shift to a line nearer the land.

New Ice Stops Drift. In low temperature new ice forms rapidly, and this offers an obstruction to the drift of the old ice. As the heavy central ice is pressed against the unyielding land pack the small ice is ground up, and even heavy floes are crushed. This reduced mass of small ice is pasted and cemented along the shores of the big lead, leaving a broad tion similar to it, extends entirely around the polar sea as a buffer between the land and the middle pack.

With the big lead and its many possibilities for troublesome delay behind. a course was set to reach the eighty- furs with sticks, and their curling tails fifth parallel on the ninety-seventh meridian. What little movement was noted on the ice had been easterly. and to allow for this drift we aimed to keep a line slightly west of the

The wind was not a troublesome fac tor as we forged along for the first day over this central pack. After a run of eleven hours the pedometer registered twenty-three miles, but we had taken a zigzag course and therefore only placed seventeen miles to our credit. The night was beautiful. The sun sank into a purple haze, and soon there appeared three suns in prismatic colors, and these soon settled into the frozen sea. During the night a narrow hand of orange brightened the northern skies, while the pack surface glowed in magnificent shades of violet and lilac and pale purple blue.

Land Clouds Still Visible. Satisfactory observations at noon on March 24 gave our position as latitude 83 degrees 31 minutes, longitude 96 degrees 27 minutes. The land clouds of Grant Land were still visible, and a low bank of mist in the west occasionally brightened, offering an outline suggestive of land. This we believed to be Crocker Land, but mist persistently screened the horizon and did no offer an opportunity to study the con-

Until midday the time was used for observations and a study of the land conditions. The dogs sniffed the air as if scenting game, but after a diligent search one seal blowhole was found and an old bear track, but no alga or other small life was detected in the water of the crevices. At the big lead a few algae were gathered, but here and bear, however, were encouraging for a possible food supply. In return ing the season would be more advance ed, and the life might move north ward, thus permitting an extension of the time allowance of our rations.

Though the heat of the sun was barely felt, its rays began to pierce the eye with painful effects. The bright light, being reflected from the spotless surface of the storm driven snows, could not long be endured even by the Eskimos without some protection. The amber colored goggles that we had made at Annootok from the effectually removed one of the greatest

torments to arctic travel. the troubled angle of ice, the usual The darkened or smoky glasses, blue breakfast was simplified. Melting some ficient range of vision or a faulty construction, making it impossible to proceed more than a few minutes without removing the accumulated condensa-

Relief In Amber Glasses

screened only the active rays which injure the eye, but did not interfere with the range of vision. Indeed, the eye, relieved of the snow glare, was better enabled to see distant objects than through fieldglasses. It is frequently most difficult to detect ley

The Big Lead-An Arctic Hurricane -- Narrow Es-

************ perfectly, enabling the eye to search carefully every nook and crevice vague incandescence which blinds the observer in hazy weather. The amber glass therefore reduces not the quantity of light, as do smoky glasses, but the quality. We were not only relieved of the pain and fatigue of snow glare, but the amber color gave a touch of cheer and warmth to our chilled horizon of blues. So thoroughly were we in love with these goggles that later they were ture condensed and froze either to the worn while asleep, with the double facial bair or to the line of fox tails object of screening the strong light which passes through the eyelids and also to keep the forehead warm.

cape From Death When

[SEVENTH ARTICLE]

Ice Parted

On this march in the early part of the afternoon the weather proved good arranged a line of icicles from every and the ice, though newly crevassed. improved as we advanced. The late start spread our day's work close to the chill of midnight, and before we were quite ready to camp there were signs of another gale from the west. Little sooty clouds with ragged edges scurried along at an alarming pace, and beyond a huge smoky bank blackened the pearly glitter.

Suitable camping ice was sought, and in the course of an hour an igloo was built. The structure was built stronger than usual. Double tiers of snow blocks were placed to the wind ward and a little water was thrown over the top to cement the blocks. The dogs were fastened to the lee of hummocks, and the sleds were secure ly lashed and fastened to the ice.

We expected a hurricane and had not long to wait to taste of its bitters. Before we were at rest in our bags the wind brushed the snows with a force inconceivable. The air thickened with rushing drift. In a few moments the dogs and sleds were buried under banks of snow and great drifts encircled the igloo. The cemented blocks of our dome withstood the sweep of the blast very well, but many small holes were burrowed through the snow wall, permitting some drift to enter. Early in the morning, after a rush of but a few hours, the storm ceased as suddenly as it came and left a stillness which was appalling. The dogs soon began to howl desperately, as if red by a hear and we ru

approaching creature. It was a combined signal of distress The storm driven snows had buried ous barrier to sled travel. It seems They had partly uncovered themselves, quite likely that this lead, or a condi- but by trace and harness they were frozen to hardened masses, so much so that few could rise and stretch, which is a severe torment to dogs after a storm. We freed their traces, beat the cemented snows from their and pointed noses told of common gratitude

> As we skirmished about for a little stretch ourselves the sun rose over the northern blue, flashing the newly driven snows in warm tones. The temperature during the storm rose to 26 below, but now the thermometer sank rapidly below 40. The west was still smoky, and the weather did not seem quite settled. It was too early to start, so we disrobed again, slipped into the bags and sought a quiet slumber.

> A few hours later we were rudely awakened by loud explosive noises. Looking about, nothing unusual was detected about the igloo, and a peep through the eye port gave no cause for the disturbance. It was concluded that the ice was cracking from the sudden change of temperature in quite the usual harmless manner, and we turned over to prolong the bag com-

Then there came a series of thundering noises, with which the ice quivered. Ahwelah arose and said that the house was breaking. I turned to rise and sank into a newly formed crevasse, which up to that moment was bridged by snow. A man in a bag is a nelpless creature, and with water beow and tumbling blocks of snow from above pressing one deeper and deeper the case was far from humorous at a

temperature of 48 below. Still, the boys laughed heartily. Their hands, however, were quickly occupied. Ahwelah grabbed my bag and rolled me over on snow of doubtful security. They then slipped into furs with electric quickness and tossed the

things out on safe ice. In the extreme cold the water froze in sheets about the bag, and when the ice was beaten off the reindeer skin was, to my pleasure, found quite dry. A few moments more of sleep and we might all have found a resting place in the chilling deep. That experience kept us ever watchful for the dangers of the spreading ice in all calms after storms.

The ice about was much disturbed and numerous black lines of water opened on every side, from which oozed jets of frosty steam. The great difference between the temperature of the sea and that of the air made a contrast of 76 degrees, and the open spots of ice water appeared to be boil-Anxious to move along away from

snow, we poured down the icy liquid as an eye opener and then began at the half pound bowlder of pemmican, but with cold fingers, blue lips and no possible shelter the stuff was unusual-To warm up the sleds were prepared and under the lash the dogs jumped into harness with a bound. The pemmican, somewhat reduced with the ax. was ground under the molars as we

kept from chattering, and the stomach was fired with durable fuel. As we advanced the ice improved to some extent, and with a little search a safe crossing was found over all of erly wind carried a piercing cold.

went along. The teeth were thus

mains of polar environment.

The Bitter Cold.

In starting before the end of the ice fields in the long northward march we had first accustomed our eyes to a frigid darkness and then to a perpetual glitter with shivers. This proved to be the coldest season of the year. We should have been hardened to all kinds of arctic torment, but man only gains that advantage when the pulse ceases to beat.

Far from land, far from other life. there was nothing to arouse a warming spirit. Along the land there had been calms and gales and an inspiring contrast, even in the dark days and nights, but here the frigid world was felt at its worst. The wind, which came persistently from the west-now strong, now feeble, but always sharpinflicted a pain to which we never became accustomed

The kind of torture most felt in this the face. Every bit of exhaled mois- the bags. about the hood. It made a comical caricature of us.

The frequent turns in this cours brought both sides to the wind and hair offering a convenient nucleus. These lines of crystal offered a pleasing dash of light and color as we looked at each other, but they did not afford much amusement to the individual exhibiting them. Such hairs as had not been pulled from the lips and the chin were first weighted, and then the wind carried the breath to the long hair with which we protected our heads and left a mass of dangling

An Icy Coating. Accumulated moisture from the eyes coated the eyelashes and brows. The humidity escaping about the forehead left a crescent of snow above, while that escaping under the chin, combined with falling breath, made a semicircle of ice. The most uncomfortable icicles, however, were those that had formed on the coarse hair within the nostrils. It is to free the face of this kind of decoration that the Eskimos pull the facial hair out by the roots; hence the real poverty of mustaches and beards.

In the Heart of a Storm. New Land Sighted -- Mid-Polar Basin a Lifeless World A [EIGHTH ARTICLE]

**************** out, seeking guns, but there was no with encouraging results, and on the evening of March 26. band of troublesome surface as a seri- and bound them in unyielding frost, of dead reckoning for position, we were placed at latitude 84 degrees 53 minutes. The western horizon remained persistently undisturbed. A brisk storm, it seemed, was gathering but it was a long time in coming eastward. On the evening of the 26th we prepared for the blast and built the

igloo stronger than usual, hoping tha

the horizon would be cleared by a good

blow on the morrow and afford us a day of rest. The long, steady marches without time for recuperation, had be gun to check our enthusiasm. In the daily monotony of hardship we had learned to appreciate more and more the joy of the sleeping bag. It was the only animal comfort which afforded a relief to our life of frigids. and with it we tried to force upon the

weary body in the long marches a pleasing anticipation. In the evening, after the blocks o snow walled a dome in which we could breathe quiet air, the blue flame lamp sang the notes of gastronomical delights. A heaven given drink of ice water was first indulged in to quench the chronic thirst, and then the process of disrobing began, one at a time, for there was not room for all to act at

once.

Tea In an Hour. The fur stuffed boots were pulled and the bearskin pants were stripped Then half of the body was quickly pushed into the bag. A brick of pemmican was next taken out, and the teeth were set to the grind of this bonelike substance. The appetite was always large, but a half pound of cold withered beef and tallow changes hungry man's thoughts effectually.

The tea, an hour in making, was now ready, and we rose on elbows to take it. Under the influence of the warm drink the fur coat with its mask of ice was removed. Next the shirt, with its ring of ice about the waist, comes off. giving the last sense of shivers. Pushing farther into the bag, the hood was pulled over the face, and we were lost to the world of ice.

The warm sense of mental and phys ical pleasure which follows is an intersting study. The movement of others, the sting of the air, the noise of torturing winds, the blinding rays of a heatless sun, the pains of driving snows and all the bitter elements were absent. The mind, freed of the agitation of frost, wandered to home and better times under these peculiar circumstances; there comes a pleasing sense with the touch of one's own warm skin, while the companionship of the arms and legs, freed of their cumbersome furs, makes a new discovery in the art of getting next to

In the Heart of a Storm

On March 27 it blew a half gale at night, but at noon on the following day the wind eased. The bright sun and rising temperature were too tempting to remain quiescent, and. though the west was still darkened by threatening clouds, the dogs were put to the sleds and off they went among hundred feet. The lower surface was so rush of a storm struck us.

Throwing ourselves over the sleds. we waited the passing of the icy blast. There was no suitable snow near to begin the erection of a shelter, but a lieved then, as proved by later experifield beans with it." the new crevices, though a strong west. few miles northward was a promising ence, that these were the earth's northarea for camp, and to this we hoped ermost rocks, but the pressing need

we were invading the forbidden do- force, and in the wind which fonowed tours. Resolutions were re-enforced fering severely. The temperature was ward for the pole in an air line. 41 degrees below zero F. and the ba-

> rometer 29.05 Once in moving order, the drivers required very little encouragement to prolong the effort to a fair day's march in spite of the weather. As the sun settled in the western gloom the wind increased its fury and forced afternoon of March 31, and we saw Es into camp. Before the gloom was no more of it. Day after day we nowfinished a steady, rasping wind brush- pushed along in desperate northward ed the hummocks and piled up the efforts. Strong winds and fractured, snow in large dunes like the sands of home shores.

with water. The tone of the wind did not seem to indicate danger, and, furthermore, we were beginning to realize the great need of fuel economy. We therefore did not deem it prudent to use oil for the fire to melt snow, except to quench thirst. Not particularly anxious about the

outcome of the storm and with senses wind and humid air of an arctic pack blunted by overwork and benumbed was a picturesque mask of ice about with cold, we sought the comfort of Buried Under the Snow. Awakened in the course of a few

hours by drifts of snow about our feet. it was noted that the wind had burrowed holes in the weak spots through the snow wall. Still, we were bound not to be cheated out of a few hours' sleep, and with one eye open we turned over. Later I was awakened by falling snow blocks.

Forcing my head out of the ice incased hood, I saw that the dome had been swept away and that we were being buried under a dangerous weight of snow. In some way I had tossed

good progress was made without suf- and energy was harbored to press on-

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Fair Marches Made. Every observation, however, indicat-

ed an easterly drift, and a westerly course must be continuously forced to counterbalance the movement. A curtain was drawn over the land in the regular ice increased the difficulties. I rogress was slow.

In one way or other we managed to gain a fair march between storms during each twenty-four hours. In an occasional spell of stillness mirages spread screens of fantasy out for our entertainment. Curious cliffs, odd shaped mountains and inverted ice walls were displayed in attractive colors. Discoveries were made often, but with clearer horizon the deception was

On April 3 the barometer remained steady and the thermometer sank. The weather became settled and clear. The pack became a more permanent glitter of color and joy. At noon there was now a dazzling light, while the sun at midnight sank for but a few moments under a persistent northerly haze, leaving the frosted blues bathed in noonday splendor.

In these days we made long marches. The ice steadily improved. Fields became larger and thicker, the pressure lines less frequent and less troublesome. Nothing changed materially. The horizon moved; our footing was seemingly a solid crust of ice, but it shifted eastward. All was in motion.



THE NEW LAND PHOTOGRAPHED.

about sufficiently during sie. did not respond to a loud call.

were made to free their bags, but the snow settled on them tighter with each tussle. I was surprised a few moments later as I was digging their breathing place open to feel them burrowing through

without undressing and half emerged

came Eskimo shouts. Violent efforts

with shirt and pants on, but without After a little more digging their boots were uncovered, and then, with protected feet, the bag was freed and placed on the side of the igloo. Into it the boys crept in full dress, except coats. I rolled out to their side in my

bag. Move on Refreshed.

The air came in hissing spouts, like lets of steam from an engine, but soon after noon of the 29th the ice under our heads brightened. It became possible to breathe without being choked delight. Still farther along, in the with floating crystals, and as the ice about the facial furs was broken a little blue was detected in the west.

The dogs were freed of snow entan-

glements and fed, and a shelter was made in which to melt snow and make tea. A double ration was eaten, and then the sleds began to move again. Soon the sun burst through the separating clouds and raised icy spires in youd were night and hopelessness. towers of glitter. The wind then ceased entirely, and a scene of crystal glory was laid over the storm swept fields. With full stomachs, fair weather and run of death. a much needed rest, we moved with in-

freshed as one does after a cold bath. The pack had been much disturbed, and considerable time and distance were lost in seeking a workable line of sion there are open spaces of water, travel. Camping at midnight, we had and these during most months are only made nine miles for a day's ef-

Awakening in time for observations on the morning of the 30th, the weather was found beautifully clear. The fog. which had persistently screened tions we have come to the conclusion the west, had vanished, and land was discovered at some distance west, extending parallel to the line of march The observations placed us at latitude 84 degrees 50 minutes, longitude 95

degrees 36 minutes. A Long Coast Line.

In the occasional clearing spells for several days we had seen sharply defined land clouds drifting over a low band of pearly fog, and we had expected to see land when this veil lifted. We had, however, not anticipated to see so long a line of coast. The land as we saw it gave the impression of with its cover of snow, is so thick that being two islands, but our observations were insufficient to warrant such an assertion. They may be islands; they may be a part of a larger land extending far to the west. What was seen of the most southerly coast extends from 83 degrees 20 minutes to 83 degrees 51 minutes, close to the one hundred and second meridian. This land has an irregular mountain-

ous sky line, is perhaps eighteen hundred feet high and resembles in its upper reaches the highlands of Heiberg island. The lower shore line was at no time visible.

From 84 degrees 23 minutes, extending to 85 degrees 11 minutes, close to the one hundred and second meridian, the coast is quite straight. Its upper surface is flat and mostly ice capped. rising in steep cliffs to about twelve the wind swept hummocks. We had indistinctly seen that we were unable not gone many miles before the first to detect glacial streams or ice walls. Both lands were hopelessly buried

under accumulated snows. We were eager to set foot on the newly discovered coast, for we be-

Often we were too tired to build snow on top of the accumulating dran, but houses, and in sheer exhaustion we my companions were out of sight and bivouacked in the lee of hummocks. Here the overworked body called for After a little search a blowhole was sleep, but the mind refused to close the

located, and in response to another call | eye.

There was a weird attraction in the anomaly of our surroundings which aroused the spirits. We had passed beyond the range of all life. For many days we had not seen a suggestion of animated nature. There were the snow. They had entered the bag no longer footprints to indicate other life; no breath spouts escaped from

the frosted bosom of the sea. Even the sea algae of the surface waters were no longer detected. We were alone, all alone, in a lifeless world. We had come to this menta blank in slow but progressive stages. As we sailed from the barren areas of the fisher folk along the outposts of civilization the complex luxury of the metropolis was lost and the brain call-

ed for food. Beyond, in the half savage wilder ness of Danish Greenland, there was the dawn of a new life of primitive ultima Thule of the aborigines, the sun rose over the days of prehistoric joys. Advancing beyond the haunts of man, we reached the noonday splendor of thought in times before man's

creation. Now, as we pushed beyond the habitat of all creatures, ever onward, into the sterile wastes, the sun sets. Be-With eager eyes we searched the dusky plains of frost, but there was no speck of life to grace the purple

In this mid-polar basin the ice does spirations anew. Indeed, we felt re- not readily escape and disentangle. It is probably in motion at all times of the year, and in the readjustment of the fields following motion and expan-

quickly sheeted with new ice.

Measuring the Ice. In these troubled areas we were given frequent opportunities to measure ice thickness, and from our observathat the ice during one year does not freeze to a depth of more than about ten feet. But much of the ice of the central pack reaches a depth of from twenty to twenty-five feet, and occasionally we crossed fields fifty feet thick. These invariably showed signs of many years of surface upbuilding. It is very difficult to surmise the

amount of submerged freezing after

the first year, but the very uniform

thickness of the antarctic sea ice leads

to the suggestion that a limit is reached in the second year, when the ice, very little is added afterward from be-Increase in size after that is probably in the main the result of addition to the superstructure. Frequent falls of snow, combined with the alternate melting and freezing of summer and a process similar to the upbuilding of glacial ice, are mainly responsible for the growth in thickness.

ice and escape along the east and west coasts of Greenland are therefore mostly augmented from the surface.

The very heavy, undulating fields

which give character to the mid-polar

Illinois Versus Missouri.-A Missourian informed a traveler who had inquired about corn that "each stalk had nine ears on it and was fifteen feet

in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel; but we never could raise any "Why?" asked the Missourian.

"That's nothing compared to our

corn," replied the other, quickly. "Up

"Because," nodded the other, "the n grew so fast that it pulled the

[To be Continued.]