

THE BIRTH-MARK

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Ah, I see," she said, bitterly. "I will not answer you."
He looked unutterably pained and dismayed.
"Would you, then, have me believe you feigned that illness to escape me, Paulette?"
"Yes," she answered, "for I did."
"And that you were out in these grounds till long after midnight?"
"Yes," again.

He sat looking at her with griefed, astonished eyes.
"A forced confidence," he said, "is none at all. No, I will ask nothing more. Heaven forbid that so small a matter should come between us for a single moment! It is all right, I know. Some time you will tell me of your own will—till then I can wait."
She arose from her seat.
"Arthur," she cried, "I can never marry you!"
He started up also and stood gazing at her. The peacock spread its gaudy plumes in the walk beside them. The bright sun slanted on their pale faces. An oriole sat singing, mad with joy, in the boughs overhead.

"Paulette," cried Arthur Guille, "are you beside yourself? Do you know what you say?"
"Perfectly," from this moment you are free."
He grew raging red.
"How good of you! But suppose I object to such freedom? Why can you not marry me?"
"I have no reason to give," she answered.
"And you think," he said, slowly, "I can be content without one?"
"You must!" she replied. "Something has happened, and all is changed."
"What has happened?" he demanded, wringing her hands in his own till she was ready to cry out. "Have you ceased to love me, Paulette?"
A spasmodic contraction of her mouth.

"Ceased to love you!" she echoed, in a voice of anguish, and, as if the truth was torn from her against her will, "oh, great God! No!"
He looked intensely relieved.
"Then, in the name of all that's mysterious, Paulette, what caprice has got possession of you? This is hardly a subject for trifling, and yet you cannot be in earnest!"
"Oh, so terribly in earnest, Arthur!" Then she drew his ring from her hand. "Take it!" she cried, wildly; "hate me—forget me—do anything but love me! Oh, that I had never seen you? Take your ring—why do you not take it?"
With a face as colorless as her own, he stood motionless.

"Because you have just admitted that you still love me, and so long as you own that, you are mine—my very own! You are angry because I listened to Hilda—because my jealousy prompted me to question you about your movements last night, and you choose this way to punish me. Paulette, Paulette, say that it is so!"
Never had his love seemed to her so precious as at this moment, when she must yield it forever; never had she so deeply felt its fervor and strength.

"No," she answered, hearing her voice like a sound far off. "You are quite wrong. It is no caprice. Don't torture me with questions. I cannot answer. Arthur—Arthur, take your ring!"
Her great distress moved him to obey. He dropped the golden band into his pocket.
"Is this parting to be for a day or a year, Paulette?"
"Neither," she answered; "but for all time."
"And the general—have you thought of him?"
She wrung her small, childish hands. "Oh, so much—oh, so remorsefully!"
"Paulette, you love him long before you loved me—you are immeasurably dear to him. Since I seem to have no claim to your confidence, will you open your heart to him—will you tell him what this great obstacle is which has suddenly risen between us?"
"No," she shivered. "Oh, no!"
The pain and perplexity in his face deepened. He walked a few steps down the path, then came slowly back. She could have fallen at his feet as she looked at him.

"At least," he implored, "do not break the news to him yet. I may, perhaps, find some means to soften his disappointment. As for myself, I feel like a man in a nightmare. Yesterday you loved me—today you annul our engagement. You give me no clue to the mystery of this sudden change. Paulette, what am I to believe? Have you no pity for me—do you not see that I suffer?"
Yes, she cared. Her aching face, her big, woeful eyes told him that.

"More, Arthur, infinitely more than for myself," she said. "But I have told you all I can tell; we are parted forever, and I can never, never be your wife."
"Yet you say you love me."
She answered only with a gesture. Her proud head had fallen on her breast. He approached her with a grand, overmastering air.

"Give you up in this way," cried he, "for reasons of which I know nothing, I shall not! Words only can never part us—I love you too well! What has come over you? You cannot even guess—some evil spell, surely, and I must trust to time and sober thought to exercise it. Mind, I do not give you up; I shall never give you up so long as we walk the earth together. I do not even consider the bond between us broken; I simply leave you to yourself a little while."
He gathered her suddenly, irresistibly, to his heart, pressed back her white, shuddering face and kissed her; then turned on his heel and walked swiftly, blindly away.

Proned on the garden seat, in a silent, motionless heap, lay Paulette, tasting in that moment of the very bitterness of death. It was the ringing of the breakfast bell that aroused her at last. There

was nothing for her to do but put on her every-day air, and face Hilda and the general and assume before them her usual demeanor toward Arthur Guille.

"Polly!" cries her guardian, as she takes her usual seat at his right hand. "You look like the moon in her last quarter. It's plain, dissipation doesn't agree with you. Are you quite well this morning, my dear?"
"Quite well," she answers, smiling assurance on him with her beautiful, desolate eyes.

At this Hilda darts a significant glance at Arthur Guille, who sits beside her unusually grave and silent.

"You see," she whispers, "what a hypocrite she is! and the general is as readily duped as a child!"
He transfixes her with a look.

"I forbid you," he answers back, "to say anything of what you saw last night. Do you hear?"
"Oh, indeed! I am expected to lend myself to her deceits, then?"
"You are expected neither to watch her movements nor gossip of her affairs."

Blessings brighten as they take their flight. Hazel Hall has never seemed to Paulette such an earthly paradise as on this day. The general is kinder, even than his wont, and talks merrily to her of his dear boy. She wanders through the house like one taking an adieu of familiar things. She lingers longest in the old dining room, where she first met Arthur Guille—where his boyish portrait hangs on the wall. She sits down at the piano in the corner and goes over one of Mozart's masses and a German love-song as sad as a dirge. The room is dark and still. Her blurred eyes cannot see the notes. Her fingers falter on the keys, she sinks forward, and the first tears she has shed break forward in a torrent.

At this, some one who has been listening to her music in the deep window behind her, starts and steps out into the room. She hears him and lifts her wet face. He stands voiceless, silent, and stretches out his arms to her with unspeakable yearning. A bitter cry breaks from her lips; she shrinks away. "Oh, Arthur!" she sobs, "I cannot—cannot!"

He turns with a deep sigh. The door closes on him, and she is alone.

He does not appear at dinner.

"Hilda," says the general, in the midst of that meal, "what the deuce is Trent doing at the north? I saw one of his letters in your mail this morning."

"And of course you read the post-mark," she answers. "I am not in Mr. Trent's confidence."
"Which is no fault of yours," mutters he. "Well, we'll ask him down to the wedding, hey, little Polly? Don't turn white like that!"
She watches the night drop down on a condemned man right down the stairs of his death-day. Hilda looks in on her curiously.

"Are you not lonesome? Shall I not sit with you?" she asks, with unvoiced solicitude.

"No, thanks," Paulette answers, stoutly, and listens as her tormentor goes off along the corridor.

The house is still. Only her curtain rustles in the night wind; an owl hoots in the oaks by the bay. She has dressed herself in dark colors. She now puts on a black shawl and a round hat. In the deep dusk she steps out on the veranda, descends the night of stairs, unseeing and unheeding, and hurries away toward the pavilion.

Still as death it seems as she enters. "Some one may be watching," she says, inwardly, then hears a smart rustle, sees the vines part before her, and into the trusting place steps St. John.

The light is just sufficient for them to discern each other.

"Glad to find you so punctual," he says, in a cautious voice. "Rather dark, is it not? Shall I light the lamp again?"
She made a dissenting movement.

"Some one may be watching," she said last night.

He started. His face under his broad southern hat looked less amiable than ever.

"Ah! who saw you?"
"An enemy whom I have here."
He held out his hand. She did not touch it.

"Come, come," he grumbled, "is not this hard treatment, Paulette?"
"I would sooner stand and cry my story to the whole world than endure so much as the weight of your fingers!" she burst out in high passion.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw! You have not yet dropped your stage airs, I see. Kiss me once, Paulette, for our old love's sake!"
She warned him back with a gesture.

"There never was any love between us," she answered. "You were but a boy and I years younger; neither of us knew the meaning of the word."
"Speak for yourself. I loved you then. I love you still, devoutly; and what I said to you last night I say again. I cannot—will not give you up!"
Her breath came hoarse, and shot through her parted lips.

"You are, then, determined to claim me, unwilling as I am?"
"Exactly. I have thought of nothing but this matter since last night. Have you seen Arthur Guille?"
"Yes."
"What have you told him?" he demanded, in a hard, cruel voice.

"That we must separate—nothing more."
"You will naturally find life beneath the same roof with him somewhat embarrassing after this. Knowing, as I do, that you love him—that he loves you—do you think I will consent to leave you here longer? I should be a fool—a great scandal—if I did!"
She saw the justice of his words, and seemed quite unable to answer.

"Then, consider. You have left the stage. What refuge have you but with me? Do you dread an explanation with these Guilles? None is needed. I have a carriage waiting for you near by. Walk out of their gates with me tonight—tomorrow send whatever message you please to the general. He has been kind to you—yes, he has spent much money on you, no doubt; but I am not penniless. The death of a relative at Havana has put me in possession of a comfortable sum. I will repay him dollar for dollar. You shall be relieved from all obligations toward him. You shall also find in me a willing slave. I will live henceforth for you only; our miserable past shall be wiped out. It is not possible you have quite forgotten that marriage night at Cambridge?"
"Paulette, my wife! If you cannot love me, at least try once more to regard me kindly—cease to hate me, for the love of God!"
The aversion in her look—in her attitude—seemed to increase rather than diminish at this appeal.

"I do try!" she cried, in despair, "and I cannot, Guy! You talk of repaying the general. What a mockery of words! And you ask me to leave him now like a thief in the night—never!"
He set his teeth in his keen disappointment.

"The devil is in you, Paulette! What will you do, then?"
"You can have no part in my future," she answered, "whatever it is. I will go from here, but not with you. The world is wide enough to hide me. I will go back to it—to the stage, anywhere; but I will never, of my own will, look on your face again."

"Have you care, Paulette?"
"I abhor you! There is small need for you to tell me that you have gone from bad to worse in these three years; I feel it instinctively. Your presence only would kill me. This is what I came to tell you tonight—this is all I can or will do!"
She faced him defiantly. Her slight figure seemed to grow taller.

"You throw me over completely, then?" he said.

"Call it what you will. I will never live with you or acknowledge any claim you may make upon me."
He stood as if at an utter loss. There was a dead, portentous silence, then he cast himself prostrate at her feet.

"Paulette, can nothing move your hard heart? Yes, you are a woman, and you must pity me. I have crossed you now in your dearest purpose—have snatched your lover from you; but you must—must you forget this all in time. Do you blame me because I could not, because I came to you? Do you blame me? Will not a love that can so humbly itself touch you? Paulette, Paulette, pity me!"
His voice was full of pain and passion, but her dull ears would not thrill. Her heart lay lurching as lead within her. She snatched her dress from his hold.

"Pity!" she echoed, contemptuously; "and what is pity worth? No! I have not even that to give you. I seem breathing in a pestilence as I stand here. I can bear it no longer; let me go!"
"And is this your final, your unchangeable answer, Paulette?"
"Yes—yes!"
He leaped to his feet with an oath. Under cover of his cloak his cunning hands had been at work.

"Then, my dear wife, since pleading will not do, something else must be done, and, sealing her in a violent embrace, he bent back her shuddering face, pressing down upon it breathlessly a handkerchief reeking with some deadly, smothering odor.

One smothered scream struggled through her lips.

"Help!"
Then, gasping in his hold, she felt herself clasped close, kissed passionately, lifted off her feet. At the same moment a hurried step sounded on the walk without, and a man stepped through into the pavilion.

It was Arthur Guille!
The darkness there seemed at first to baffle him.

"Paulette!" he called, in a ringing voice, "where are you, Paulette?"
Quick as lightning, St. John's arms fell away from his prisoner. She dropped to the floor. With a bound, he dashed through the tangled bushes of vines and disappeared—a black, indistinguishable object, melting away into the blacker night.

Arthur Guille bent over Paulette and snatched her up.

"Speak to me—look at me!" he cried, wildly.

She opened her eyes with a shudder.

"Oh, is it you?" she groaned, and her face went down into her trembling hands.

He tried to lift it—to look into it. His agitation seemed even greater than hers.

"Paulette, did you cry for help?"
She was silent.

"Who was that man? What was he doing here?"
Still no reply.

"Merciful God! Don't drive me wild! Answer me! Was it a man or a shadow? I will believe anything but ill of you!"
"Not a syllable! His face grew stern and white."

"Paulette!" he cried, pulling her hands from her face, "you have been holding tryst with him, then?"
"Yes!" she answered at last.

He staggered back, stood staring down upon her, stony and stark, for one terrible moment, then flung her from him, turned on his heel and without another word walked out of the pavilion.

[To be Continued.]

All Knew the Answer.—A young English suffragette tells of a funny incident that happened at a meeting in the Scotch Highlands. "Speeches had been made to a large crowd. Questions had been replied to amid applause. Imbecile young men making remarks about minding babies and mending socks had been silenced. Then, just as there was a respite, a large number of the crowd rasped slowly in with the inquiry, obviously the result of prolonged rumination. 'What made a mess of Adam?'—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

At the railroad: "Will you think me very often when you are away, dearest John?" "But, Emily, you know that this is to be a pleasure trip!"

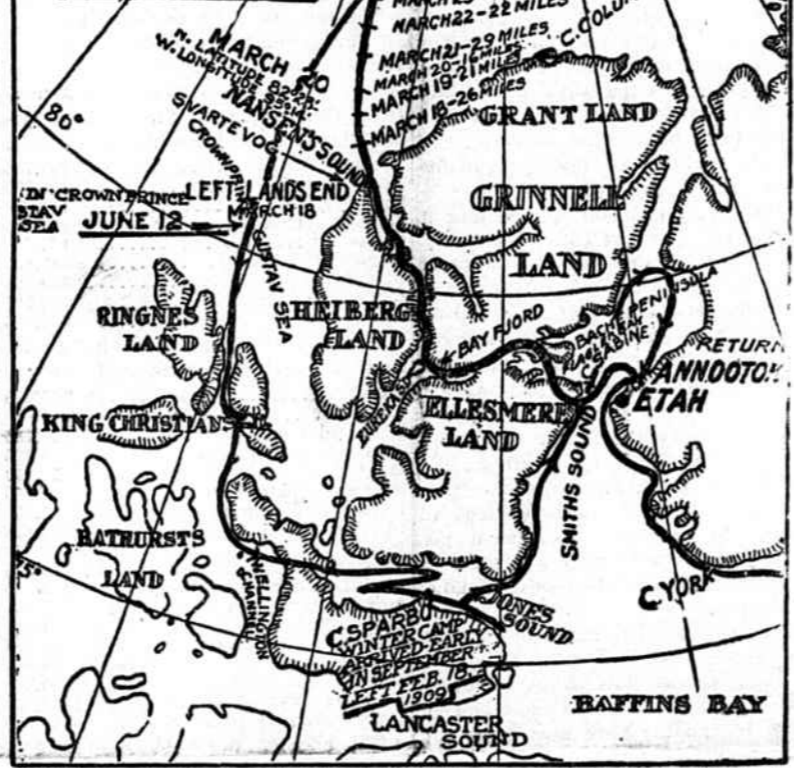
The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK
Copyright, 1909, by the New York Herald Company, Registered in Canada in Accordance With Copyright Act. Copyright in Mexico Under Laws of the Republic of Mexico. All Rights Reserved.

The Return Begun. Pack Drift Active—Never Changing Sameness. Friendliness of the Dogs.
[ELEVENTH ARTICLE]

DURING the first hour of April 23 we were turned to the pole and to the sun. Our exploring ambition had been thoroughly satisfied. There were few glances backward.

The eagerness to solve the mystery had served its purpose, and the memory of the adventure for a time re-



DR. COOK'S ROUTE TO AND FROM THE POLE.

mained as a reminder of reckless daring. As we now moved along the feeling of elation slowly subsided with the realization of the prospective difficulties of the return. Though the mercury was still frozen and the sun's perpetual flash was lost in a frigid blue, the time was at hand in lower latitudes for the ice to break and drift southward.

With correct reasoning all former expeditions had planned to return to land and secure a line of retreat by May 1. We could not hope to do so until early in June. It seemed, therefore, probable that the ice along the outskirts of the polar sea would be much disrupted and that open water, small ice and rapid drifts would seriously interfere with our return to a sure footing on the shores of Nansen sound. All of this and many other possibilities were carefully considered before, but the conquest of the pole was not possible without risks.

Famine and Frost.
We started earlier than all other polar aspirants, and no time had been lost en route. If misfortune came to us it could not be because of wasted energies or unnecessary delay. In the last days of the onward rush to success there was neither time nor opportunity to ponder over the bitterness of subsequent remorse, but now facing

balance this a still more westerly course was set.

At this time the never changing sameness of the daily routine was again felt. The novelty of success and the passion of the home run were no longer operative. The scenes of shivering blue wearied the eye, and there was no inspiration in the moving sea of ice to gladden the heart. The thermometer rose and fell between 30 and 40 below zero F., with a ceaseless wind. It was still very cold.

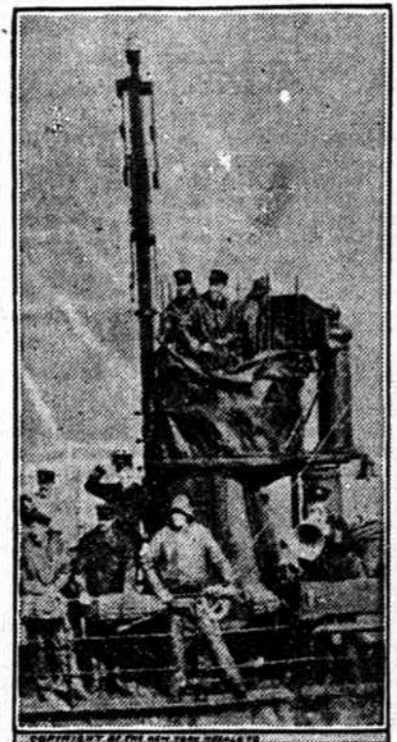
May 2 was at hand, bringing to mind the blossoms and smiles of a kindly world, but here all nature was narrowed to lines of ice. The sun circled the skies in lines of glaring, but its heat was a sham and its light a torment.

With weary nerve and compass in hand my lonely march ahead of the sleds was continued. Progress was satisfactory. We had passed the eighty-ninth and eighty-eighth parallels. The eighty-seventh and the eighty-sixth would soon be under foot, and the sight of the new lands should compel action. These hard fought times were days long to be remembered, but only the marks of the pencil now remain to tell the story of a suppressed existence.

Fellow Feeling For Dogs.
The long strain of the march had

given a brotherly sympathy to the trio of human strugglers. Under the same strain was made the descent to canine levels. The dogs, though still possessing the savage ferocity of the wolf, had taken us into their community. We now moved among them without hearing a grunt of discord, and their sympathetic eyes followed until we were made comfortable on the cheerless snows. If our dogs happened to be placed near enough they edged up and encircled us, giving the benefit of their animal furs. To remind us of their presence frost covered noses were frequently pushed under the bag, and occasionally a cold snout touched our warm skin with a rude awakening.

We loved the creatures, however, and admired their superb brute strength. Their adaptability was a frequent topic of conversation. With a belt that was a guarantee against all weather conditions they threw themselves down to the sweep of winds—in open defiance of death dealing storms. They



DANISH TORPEDO BOAT JERBOHNER WELCOMING DR. COOK AT SEAGRAM.

willingly did a prodigious amount of work each day, and then as bedfellows they offered their fur as shelter and bones as head rests to their two footed companions. We had learned to appreciate the advantage of their beating breasts. The bond of animal fellowship had drawn tighter and tighter in a long run of successive adventures. And now there was a stronger reason than ever to appreciate power, for together we were seeking an escape from a world which was never intended for creatures with thumping hearts.

Much very heavy ice was crossed near the eighty-eighth, but the endless unbroken fields of the northward trails were not again seen. The weather changed considerably. The light cutting winds from the west intensified in force, and the spasmodic squalls came at shorter intervals. The clear purple and blue of the seas were gradually changed to light gray, and a rush of frosty needles came over the pack for several hours each day.

Could Break No Delay.
The inducement to seek shelter in cemented walls of snow and wait for better weather was very great. But such delay forestalled certain starvation. Under fair conditions there was barely enough to reach land while even short delays might easily jeopardize our return. We could not, therefore, do otherwise than to force ourselves against the wind and drift with all possible speed, closing the eye to unavoidable suffering.

With no alternative, we tried to persuade ourselves that conditions might be worse.

The eighty-seventh was crossed, the eighty-sixth was neared, but there came a time when both mind and body were tired of the whole problem of forced resumption.

The hard work of igloo building was now a thing of the past—only one had been built since leaving the pole, and in it a precious day was lost—while the atmospheric fury changed the face of the endless expanse of desolation. The little silk tent now housed us sufficiently from the icy air. There were still 80 degrees of frost, but with hardened skins and insensible nerve filaments the torture was not so keenly felt.

The steady diet of pemmican and tea and biscuits was now entirely satisfactory. We longed for enough to give a real filling sense, but the ration was slightly reduced rather than increased. The change in life from winter to summer, which should take place at about this time of the year, was in our case marked only by a change in shelter, from the snow house to the tent, and our bed was moved from the soft snow shelf of the igloo to the hard, wind swept crust.

Long Delays by Open Water—Drifting on Floes—Dogs Sacrificed and Sleds Abandoned
[TWELFTH ARTICLE]

In my wakeful watches to get a peep of the sun at just the right moment I was kept awake during much of the resting period, and for pastime my eyes wandered from snoring dogs to snoring men. During one of these idle moments there came a solution of the utility of the dog's tail, a topic with which I had been at play for several days. It is quoted here at the risk of censure, because it is a typical phase of our lives which cannot be illustrated otherwise. Seemingly trivialities were seized upon as food for thought. Why has the dog a tail at all? The bear, the musk ox, the caribou and the hare each in its own way succeeds very well with but a dwarfed stub. Why does nature in the dog expend its best effort in growing the finest fur over a seemingly useless line of tail bones? The thing is distinctive, and one could hardly conceive of the creature without this astounding as much as man. The dog supplied me with his tail. At the time when I made this discovery a cold wind charged with cutting crystals brushed the pack. Each dog had his back arched to the wind and his face veiled with an effective curl of his tail. He was comfortably shielded from icy torment by an appendage adapted to that very purpose.

A Heavy Snowstorm.
On May 5 we were stopped at 6 a. m. by the coming of the gloom of an unusual gale. The wind had been steady and strong all night, but we did not heed its threatening increase of force until too late. It came from the west, as usual, driving coarse snow with needle points. The ice about was old and hummocky, offering a difficult line

of march, but some shelter. In the strongest blasts we threw ourselves over the sled behind hummocks and gathered new breath to force a few miles more.

Finally, when no longer able to force our dogs through the blinding drift, we sought the lee of an uplifted block of ice. Here suitable snow was found for a snow house, and a few blocks were cut and set, but the wind swept them away like chips. The tent was tried, but it could not be made to stand in the rush of the roaring tumult. In sheer despair we crept into the tent without creating the pole. Creeping into the bags, we then allowed the flapping silk to be buried by the drifting snow. Soon the noise and discomfort of the storm were lost, and we enjoyed the comfort of an icy grave. An efficient breathing hole was kept open, and the wind was strong enough to sweep off the weight of a dangerous drift. A new lesson was thus learned in fighting the battle of life which was afterward useful.

Several days of icy despair now followed each other in rapid succession. The wind did not rise to the full force of a storm, but it was too strong and too cold to travel. The food supply was noticeably decreasing. The daily advance was reduced. With such weather starvation seemed inevitable.

Camp was moved nearly every day, but ambition sank to the lowest ebb. To the atmospheric current were added the instability of broken ice and the depressing mystery of an unknown position. For many days no observations had been possible, and our location could only be guessed at.

The maddening struggle was daily forced, while the spirits were pressed to the verge of extinction. Now that the object of our trip had been accomplished much of the incentive was gone. At times it seemed as if our life's work had been accomplished and to have lain down for the final sleep would have been easy, but the feeble

Camp was moved nearly every day, but ambition sank to the lowest ebb. To the atmospheric current were added the instability of broken ice and the depressing mystery of an unknown position. For many days no observations had been possible, and our location could only be guessed at.

The maddening struggle was daily forced, while the spirits were pressed to the verge of extinction. Now that the object of our trip had been accomplished much of the incentive was gone. At times it seemed as if our life's work had been accomplished and to have lain down for the final sleep would have been easy, but the feeble

of the homing passion kept the eye open.

At the Eighty-fourth Parallel.
On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to give us a set of observations. We were on the eighty-fourth parallel near the ninety-seventh meridian. The new lands were hidden behind a low mist. The ice was much crevassed and drifted eastward.

The pack was sufficiently active to give us considerable anxiety, though pressure lines and open water did not then seriously impede our progress.

There remained on the sleds scarcely enough food to reach our caches unless we averaged fifteen miles daily. On the return from the pole to here we had only been able to make twelve miles daily. Now our strength, even under fair conditions, did not seem to be equal to more than ten miles. The outlook was far from hopeful to me, though the sight of the cleared sky infused new courage into Etukisbuk and Ahweh.

Trying to make the best of our hard lot, a straight course was set for the musk ox lands of the inner crossing.

At the eighty-third parallel we found ourselves to the west of a large tract extending southward. The temperature rose to zero, and a persistent mist obscured the heavens.

With a few lines on paper to register the life of suffering, the food for man and dog was reduced to a three-quarter ration, while the difficulties of ice travel rose to disheartening heights.

At the end of a struggle of twenty days through thick fog the sky cleared, and we found ourselves far down in Crown Prince Gustav sea, with open water and impossible small ice as a barrier between us and Helberg island.

With the return to Annotok rendered impossible by the unfortunate westerly drift, our only alternative was to go south with the ice. We hoped in this course to find game for food and fuel. The Scottish whalers enter Lancaster sound and touch at Port Leopold. The distance to this point was shorter than that to Greenland, and by this route I hoped that I could return to Europe during the same year, 1908.

Passing through Hessel sound between the Ringnes Lands bears and seals were secured, and slowly we moved southward over Norwegian bay into Wellington channel. The ice was small, there was much open water, and progress was slow, but the drift carried us along.



CROWD GREETING DR. COOK IN COPENHAGEN.

One sled was left here; the other was taken apart and placed in the boat. Then followed a long and perilous adventure by boat and sled, during which our last ammunition was expended in securing birds for food. After that, by looped lines and slingshots, birds were still captured.

Early in September we were bestruck on the shores of Baffin bay with neither food, fuel nor ammunition. New implements were shaped, and we returned westward to Cape Sparbo to seek a place to pitch a winter camp. An



HOME AGAIN! DR. COOK'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

underground den was built of stones, bones and turf, and with our primitive weapons we fought the walrus, the bear, the musk ox and other animals. Thus food, fuel and skins were secured, and death by famine was averted.

The winter and the night of 1908-9 were spent preparing food and equipment for the return.

On Feb. 15, 1909, we started with a remodeled sled and reached our camp at Annotok in the middle of April. Here I met Mr. Harry Whitney and told him of our conquest of the pole.

Because a ship was to come after Mr. Whitney to take him down to home shores, most of my instruments were entrusted to his care. Anxious to gain a few months in the return home, I proceeded by sled over land and sea southward to Upernivik and from there onward to Copenhagen by Danish steamers.

THE END.
SOME SIBERIAN RESOURCES.
Also Some Drawbacks to Development of Industrial Life.

In order to prevent an overproduction of grain in Siberia and a crisis, it is necessary to take all possible measures for developing the Siberian markets not only for agricultural, but also for industrial purposes, declares the Consular Report. The industrial life in the development of Siberia in Siberia is the lack of large capital of Siberia," by Engineer Rutoyev, gives a full description of the mineral wealth in the Altai region. According to this work there is no locality in the world where deposits of copper ore are so richly dispersed by nature; for instance, in the Karkaralinsk mountains, where the deposits contain from 22 to 28 per cent of ore. The same mountains abound in silver, lead, iron, manganese and gold deposits. This westerly drift, our only alternative was to go south with the ice. We hoped in this course to find game for food and fuel. The Scottish whalers enter Lancaster sound and touch at Port Leopold. The distance to this point was shorter than that to Greenland, and by this route I hoped that I could return to Europe during the same year, 1908.

Passing through Hessel sound between the Ringnes Lands bears and seals were secured, and slowly we moved southward over Norwegian bay into Wellington channel. The ice was small, there was much open water, and progress was slow, but the drift carried us along.

At Pioneer bay we were stopped by a jam of small ice over which sledging was impossible. Unable to wait for the ice to move because no large game was here secured, we crossed in early July to Jones sound. Here, again, no big game was found. There was much open water, and the folding canvas boat was spread for use.

Unable to feed the dogs, they were given the freedom of their wild progenitors, the wolves.

At the police force in England and Wales includes over 45,000 men.