

Novel Attempt to Reach North Pole

Explorer Will Erect Trolley to Carry His Supplies

To the north pole with the aid of windmill and trolley line is the latest in Arctic exploration, and the plan is only just disclosed by the return of the steamer Gjoa to Hammerfest, Norway, after an unsuccessful search for the Abruzzi expedition, which it missed. The originator of this novel expedition is Lieut. Bauendahl, the German explorer, and on account of the secrecy maintained he reached the Arctic before his plan for reaching the farthest north became known to the world. With the story of the methods to be employed the mystery of the absence of dogs in the expedition is cleared.

Lieut. Bauendahl, who is of some note in Germany as an explorer, left

size of the vessel as it passed out to sea, referring to it sarcastically as "Bauendahl's ice crusher."

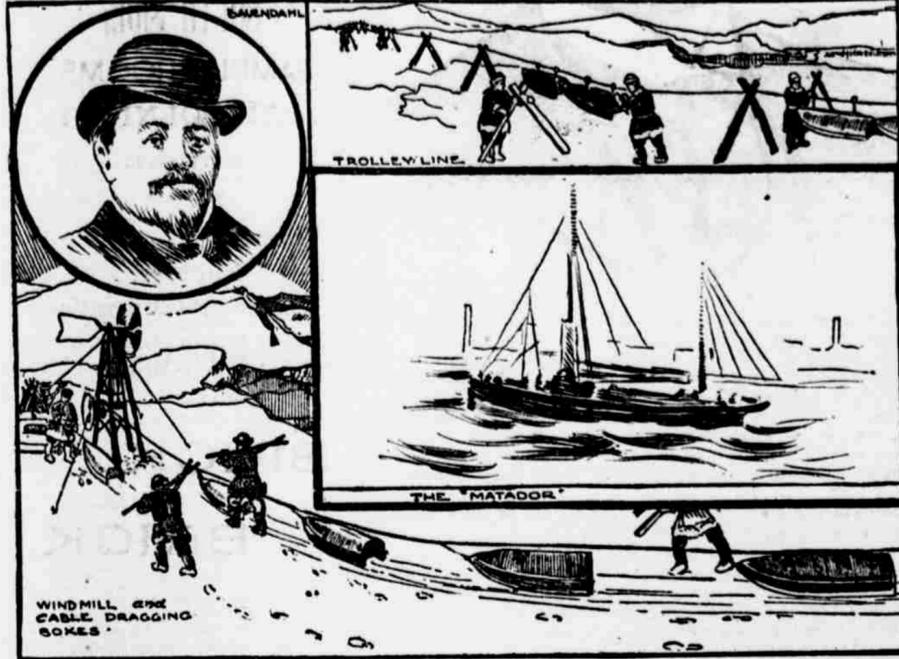
But with the return of the Gjoa light was cast on the plan to be pursued, and the story shows Bauendahl is nearly as daring and startling as the intrepid aeronaut for whom he is to search. The Gjoa fell in with the Matador at Cape South, and on a visit to Bauendahl by Captain Hagerup the former related how he expects to reach the pole.

His plan is to steam his vessel to the edge of the ice field, at about the eighty-first parallel of latitude, where he will disembark his forty water-tight supply chests, each weighing 300 pounds. Thereupon Bauendahl and an

and the performance will be repeated until the pole is reached. The number of chests to be dragged at one haul will depend upon the strength of the wind.

The chests were carefully constructed in Germany for the purpose. They are shaped like the pulkha, a sledge used in Lapland, and fitted out with low runners to facilitate their movement over the ice.

Where a space of water too large to pass around is encountered the chests will be lashed together to form a raft, on which the whole party will cross. When the ice is too broken or uneven to drag the chests by the windmill method, the trolley feature of the plan will be put into use. The cable will be strung on bamboo tripods brought along for the purpose. The chests will be hung to the trolley cable by means of hooks, and pulled along by the members of the expedition, who will remove each impeding tripod as they reach it after having fixed another just behind the traveling chests. Bauendahl calculates his company, split up



Hamburg with seven men on a little fishing steamer, the Matador, in August last. The objects of the expedition—an attempt to reach the north pole and an incidental search for Andree—were known, together with the fact that it carried provisions for two years. But just how he was to reach the pole, or make any progress at all through the arctic ice in his puny one-engine vessel, Lieut. Bauendahl kept to himself while still in Europe. There were many who doubted the sincerity of the expedition, and laughed at the

assistant will push ahead, dragging a windmill on a sledge. To the windmill will be attached a trolley cable, which will pay out as the sledge advances. When the length of the cable has been run out the windmill will be fixed on the highest ground available and set in motion. The action will turn a winlass, winding in the cable, to which the supply chests have been attached by the party remaining behind. When all the chests have been brought up in this manner Bauendahl will again push ahead with the windmill,

into parties of two along the line of the trolley, can erect and take it down as the chests are moved forward without great delay and without bringing the cases to the ground. The explorer hopes with ten hours of work a day to make two or three miles each twenty-four hours, and in this way cover the 600 miles from his starting point to the pole in a year, allowing 100 days for delays due to storms, intense cold, etc. He figures he has just enough provisions for the journey to and from the pole.

Gave \$10,000 to Eloping Couple.



W. C. McDonald, a wealthy ranchman, whose cattle feed on a thousand hills, and whose great stone house is located twenty-five miles from Cheyenne, Wyo., followed hard and fast on special trains last week to intercept his daughter Anna, who had eloped with Walter Hartwell, a drug clerk at Van Tassels, the little town near McDonald's ranch. The old man had two big revolvers strapped to his waist, and he told every conductor and brakeman and engineer and fireman of each and every train on which he rode of the many things he was going to do to Walter when he caught him.

But when the old man reached Omaha his anger had cooled, and he fell on the hotel clerk's neck and said: "Say, pard, I was mad. Yes, I was. And I was a-going to fill that tenderfoot full of plaintive holes. Yes, I were. But, say, pard, it's all over now. I jest want my little Anna. I'm a poor old lone fool dad, and I want my little girl, and I want to take her back home with me, and if she wants to bring that pill-mixin' dude back with her, why, all right. I guess I can stand it if she can. And, say, I've changed my mind about a-shootin' of him. Yes, I have, pard. Instead of that I'm a-goin' to give 'em \$10,000 for a weddin' present. And there's more

where that came from, pard. Just so I get my little Annie, pard. I won't have to look at him, anyhow, and if the Injuns don't steal him he can roost around the ranch and get his three square meals a day all of his sweet life. All I want is my little girl, pard, that's all."

And at last accounts the telegraph wires in every direction from Omaha were bending almost to the ground under the weight of messages which said: "Anna, come home and be forgiven. Ten thousand dollars for yer wedding present. I won't kick no more on the dude. Anna, come back to yer Poor Ole Dad."

FLORA OF CHAUCER.

Gives Expression to Subjective Pleasure in Outer World.

Just 500 years ago in a little house within the garden of St. Mary's chapel, Westminster, and the sire of English poetry, Oct. 25, 1400, was a day on which a great light passed beyond the ken of men. Darkened for a time, its radiance has brightened and diffused itself down the centuries until now it is the guiding star of all who seek to know our mother tongue. Chaucer's verse marks an epoch in the English language and literature, but strongly as it appeals to the bookman, to the antiquary, and to the thoughtful observer of those earlier conditions of social life, its study is from a less salient point of view of almost equal worth. Among the many critical analyses which this anniversary calls forth, a word may well be given to Chaucer's poetry in its relation to the flora of England. Not only is living therein the charm of English fields, the song of lark, the fluttering leaves and breath of meadow sweet, but Chaucer, first, in some degree, gives expression to that subjective pleasure in the outer world so distinctively an

element in modern life, but hitherto unrecognized in literature and almost unknown to individual emotion. The intellectual enjoyment of nature is largely the outcome, the fine efflorescence, of scientific study. Slight trace of its existence is seen in the older classics. In its more subtle phases, even in Chaucer, the force is but nascent. The opening words of the "Canterbury Tales" tell how under the quickening influences of spring, "longen folk to go on pilgrimages," an impulse which was chiefly a physical exhilaration. Chaucer was himself a typical Englishman, with the love of outdoor life permeating his whole being, but the poet's fancy touched to finer issues that recipient temperament. His pages bubble over in gladness as

"The smale foules maken melodie," and even, when approaching old age, he sat down to write his marvelous tales, like his own Perkin Revelour, "Gallard he was as goldfinch in the shaw."

—From the Modern Culture Magazine.

The traveling man wants full fare at hotels, but he doesn't object to half fare on the railroads.

Inconstant as Esau. We are, for the most part, inconstant as Esau—full of good resolves today, and tomorrow throwing them to the winds; today proud of the ardour of our calling, and girding ourselves to self-control and self-denial, tomorrow sinking back to softness and self-indulgence. Not once, as Esau, but again and again, we barter peace of conscience, and fellowship with God, and the hope of holiness, for what is, in simple fact, no more than a bowl of pottage.—Marcus Dods.

Short-Service Conscription Army. The compulsory service act is expected to become a law in Chile in a few days. By this act the distinction between the regular army and the national guard is abolished and a short service conscript army established, with permanent instructors. About 30,000 men will be under arms at all times. All young Chileans will be liable for service from nine months to one year at the age of 20, thereafter passing into the reserve.—Robert H. Reid in Chicago Record.

Envy is the acknowledgment of the good fortune of others.

RUSSIA OF TODAY.

The Depressing Poverty of the Russian People.

Poverty and illiteracy naturally go hand in hand. In no other great country of the world is poverty—universal, monotonous, hopeless poverty—the national characteristic of the people. The only parallels I know are in some of the Balkan states. At almost any point in rural Russia you might think yourself in the interior of Serbia or Bulgaria, except that even in these countries the poor peasant is not quite so poor, and his bearing is more independent. Long train journeys in Russia are depressing experiences. Once past the limits of the towns, every village is the same—a wide street or two—not really streets, of course, but deep dust or mud, according to the season, and from a score to a couple of hundred gray, one-story wooden houses, usually dilapidated, and a church. Russia is still first and foremost an agricultural country, she produces including (Poland) two thousand million bushels of grain, and grain products form more than half her total exports to Europe; therefore, at the right season, there are great stretches of waving fields and later, the huge mounds of straw, whence the grain has been threshed. But it is in her most fertile districts that the worst famines occur, for famine—a little one every year, a big one every seven years—has now become a regular occurrence. And the country, as one flies across it, leaves the general impression of indigence. In sharp and painful contrast with western Europe, there are virtually no fat stackyards, no cosy farm houses, no chateaux of the local lands owner, no squire's hall—pitiful assemblages of men and women just on the hither side of the starvation line. And, from all one learns, disease is rife. Whole villages, I was told by men who knew them well, are poisoned with syphilis, and the authorities, gravely alarmed at this terrible state of things, have appointed of late, several commissions of inquiry to devise remedial measures. Drunkenness, too, is a national vice, the peasant having his regular bout whenever he has saved up a small sum.—From "Russia of Today," by Henry Norman in the October Scribner's.

FAMILY OF DESTINY.

Visitors to Corsica Go to See Napoleon's Birthplace.

Visitors to Corsica always go to see the house where Napoleon was born. A sojourn in this Napoleonic mansion sets the imagination working when one remembers the children that were born therein. There was Joseph, the eldest son; Napoleon, the second; Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Caroline, Elise, Pauline—all the children of an obscure notary, and in the course of time (and not so long, either) they were crown torn from the heads of kings, wore them defiantly, too, in the sight of the whole world, and caused themselves to be embraced as brother by emperors and kings, and great nations fell at their feet and delivered the land and people to a band of Corsican adventurers. Napoleon, as emperor of France; Joseph, king of Spain; Louis, king of Holland; Jerome, king of Westphalia; Pauline and Elise, Princesses of Italy; Caroline, queen of Naples—all of these remarkable people were born and educated in this modest house up a back street by a woman unknown to fame. Letitia Ramolino, who at the age of fourteen, married a man equally obscure. There is scarcely a tale in the famed "Arabian Nights" that sounds more fabulous. There is plenty of food for reflection in a visit to the Casa Buonaparte.

A Happy Old Age in Burmah.

When Burman parents are past their prime their children pray them to "nobosat," which means that they should be at the children's charge for the remainder of their lives, as the children had first been at their parents'. The turning point is not marked by any formality, but a child approaching parents on a solemn occasion adopts the gestures of veneration. The aged are not idle; they preserve a great elasticity of mind and interest in things; they study their religious book and occupy themselves with their grandchildren. When they are too old to go on pilgrimages with the others they keep the house and tell their beads alone. The old people wear plainer clothes than the young and, according to old Burmese fashion, less of it. The human dignity of the aged is of a kind that apparel can not add to. Steeped in the spirit of Buddhism the aged never yield to anger. Wanting neither for necessities nor honor, the pathos of their serene old age is purely that of years. A peaceful end is their lot.—Ferrari's Book on the Chinese.

The "Protestant Pope."

Pope Clement XIV. has been called the "Protestant Pope," because he issued a bull in 1773 suppressing the order of Jesuits. This society was established by Ignatius de Loyola in 1537 to establish the power of the Pope. Protestants, kings and national bishops were to be regarded as enemies, and it became the most influential society in the church. In 1656, when the Jesuits were in the height of their power, Pascal published a book against them, and from that time their influence declined, until France, Portugal, Spain and other countries of Europe demanded that the Pope abolish the order, which was afterward restored by Pius VII., in 1815.

The man with the hoe is entitled to a grub stake.

Woman Bag Puncher

MISS GORDON GIVES ADVICE ON THE EXERCISE

Bag punching as a system of physical training has become one of the most popular exercises adopted by all who wish to develop the muscles of the body. For this purpose it is accepted by all directors of physical culture as one of the best measures of development and there is hardly one gymnasium or school of physical culture in the country where the punching bag is not in use. Bag punching is an exercise which gives full play to every muscle in the human body and it not only develops the body, (but quickens the eye. To bring the various muscles into play there is no exercise more adapted than bag punching. The arms, wrists, head, neck, shoulders, body and limbs are brought into play and in this manner every portion of the body gets an equal amount of exercise. Moderation is one of the chief points of success while training the body. Too much work is worse than none at all. One of the first lessons is to find out how much the body can stand without tiring. As soon as the body becomes tired the exercise should stop. Each day will find one able to do more, and this gradual increase is what makes the exercise show itself in the wanted improvement gained. Among the thousands who have taken up bag punching as a model of exercise, there are now numbered many of the gentler sex, and they are using it now as a builder up of the system. A muscular woman is not always beautiful in a ball room dress, but physical exercise can be taken without development of the muscles to a degree of coarseness. A routine of daily exercise will do a great deal towards making beauty show itself where other systems would fail absolutely.

Some excellent advice is given to women by Miss Belle Gordon, who now holds the championship of the

world for lady bag punchers. Miss Gordon is still young in years and is one of the most physically perfect specimens of women in the country. She was not always thus, but early in life began to build up the body by taking daily exercise. A lover of outdoor sports, she took aptly to it and at once began to show improvement.

One of her chief methods was the use of the punching bag, and she soon mastered the art completely and won renown for her cleverness. She was the first woman to master the art of bag punching, and has invented the majority of the blows she uses, and which have been adopted by men and women alike. Miss Gordon has been seen in nearly every city in this country, and has recently returned from a trip through England, Germany and France. In all her travels, both in this country and abroad, she has at times met in open competition, members of both sexes and has never once failed to come off with flying colors. She has met many who claimed to be champions of the art, and has signally defeated them in every instance, and now stands ready to defend her title against any lady bag puncher in the world. A great deal of amusement can be gotten out of bag punching and many of the taps used are real pretty to look at, as well as being wonderfully clever. Single and double taps, elbow and back arm movements are executed with wonderful skill and judgment. The head is brought into play and even the shoulders are used. Continual shifting of the feet and legs with great quickness is another marked feature of the art and one which must be perfected as well as the use of the hands. Miss Gordon indorses bag punching as an excellent exercise for building up the system and one which can be adopted as one of the chief exercises for women.

Dig Their Own Graves

Plenty of men in eastern Pennsylvania have their graves dug and walled up all ready for occupancy. They visit their graves once a week and take good care of the turf and the flowers. They have the satisfaction of knowing that when death does come the burial lot won't be disfigured by earth thrown on the grass from the newly dug grave. The earth to fill these ready-made graves is brought in wagons. Some men want such earth brought from a particular spot near their home. Elderly women also have their graves prepared in advance in accordance with their ideas. One old lady has her grave walled up with stones taken from an ancient bake-oven in which her grandmother baked the best custards she ever ate in her life. She says she knows it is only a notion, but she wants it that way. An old sexton of Lehigh county has charged the young minister of the church with one sacred duty, as he calls it. The preacher must see to it personally that he is buried without a coffin. He wants his body wrapped in a sheet and lowered into a grave eight feet deep and then covered with yellow sand from a near-by hill where he played when a boy. The floor of the grave is to be of the same sand a foot thick. He says the brave soldier boys were buried in their blankets and a sheet is good enough for him. Many girls and young men choose their graves, but if they marry, then the conditions change and their funeral arrangements are reconsidered.

In the lower valley of Berks county a hermit in the Oley hills owns a far-away corner in an obscure cemetery, where he wishes to be buried entirely separated from any other grave. The hermit's plot will not be encroached upon in a hundred years. He says he wants no company, even in death, and his gravestone is to be inscribed "Here Lies Nobody." An aged church organist died last year. His last request was that he should be buried on a hill in a certain cemetery and that an Aeolian harp should be erected over his grave. He left \$300 to the graveyard trustees to pay the expense of keeping such a wind instrument in good repair, so that he could have music whenever there was a breeze. Near the borders of Schuylkill county a well-to-do farmer has his grave dug and in the side near the bottom is an opening four feet long and two feet wide—a sort of crypt. At his death his favorite bulldog is to be killed and buried in the crypt and his own coffin is then to be lowered by the side of his dog. He never had a wife and says his dog is his best friend. He is so well off and has so much influence that the church trustees will not refuse a cemetery burial to the dog. An eccentric old stage driver has his grave dug and the bottom of it so bricked that the head of the coffin will be two feet higher than the foot. The old man suffers from asthma and cannot lie down to sleep, but has to be reclining. He wants to have his head elevated even in death.—New York Sun.

Nothing But Apples

During a visit to the south of England a gentleman was met with who related a unique and most interesting experience in dietetics. It was that for the last three years he had lived on one meal a day, and that meal was composed chiefly of apples! Further astonishment was evoked by his reply to my question as to what he drank when he stated that the juice of the apples supplied him with all

the moisture or drink he needed, says Chambers' Journal. This, he claimed, was of the purest kind, being in reality water distilled by nature and flavored with the pleasant aroma of the apple. He partook of his one meal about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied him, the meal occupying him from twenty minutes to half an hour. He looked the picture of healthful manhood and is engaged in daily literary work.

THE MODEL KITCHEN.

A Good Range is One of the Important Things.

Although the kitchen plays such an important part in our daily life, it is often, even in large establishments, the room which is most neglected. The model kitchen should have the walls tiled, but if this is not possible, have a high dado of oilcloth with a pretty varnished paper above, representing tiles; blue and white always looks cool and clean. Linoleum or cork carpet is the best covering for the floor, and this must be a good one, as it will get hard wear. A most important thing is the range. A gas stove is a most useful article, and saves both time and trouble. A good roomy dresser with cupboards underneath and drawers for holding clothes, etc., should occupy one side of the kitchen. A good clock should be in the kitchen, also a slate for writing down orders, plenty of hooks for hanging up things, and if there is no sitting room for the maids several easy

chairs will be necessary; a table cover to put on in the afternoon, and a shelf or small table for holding books, newspapers, workboxes, writing materials, etc.

Met a Terrible Death.

Despondency over the fact that he had sold out his business to his partner at a low price and could not buy it back induced Carl Kruger, a flower gardener of San Francisco, Cal., to cast himself from the interior of the dome of the city hall to the marble floor, 80 feet below. He was picked up with both legs broken and skull fractured, and lived only a few hours. Two men on the floor below narrowly escaped death, as Kruger's leg struck one of them as the body fell with a third.

Difference Between Devil and Saint.

The difference between a devil and a saint is easily expressed. The former knows how to do right, and yet does wrong; the latter knows how to do wrong, and yet does right.—Donald Bruce.