TO REACH THE POLE.

SCHEME OF MR. LEWIS TO USE GOVERNMENT CRUISERS.

Large Ship Run by Powerful Engines and Provided With a Ram—Torpedoes and Dynamite Are Needed—Claims Only One Difficulty Lies In the Way.

T. A. Lewis of Baltimore has a plan for reaching the north pole. He spent several years on a whaling vessel and was shipwrecked in Cumberland inlet, passing the entire winter on its shores.

"You are doubtless aware," he said, "that all the expeditions which have gone northward were fitted out in slow ships. The idea seems to have been to reach a point as far north as practicable in some old wooden tub, cast anchor and wait to be frozen to death. Whatever is done in the frigid zone in summer by way of sailing must be done quickly. What is needed, therefore, is a large ship run by powerful engines, provided with a ram and torpedoes, with which to plow its way through Davis strait, past Spitzbergen, or due north from Bering strait into the open polar sea. One of our cruisers, for example, well stocked with facilities for fighting against the ice pack, with 200 men on board, plenty of coal and a magazine of dynamite, would succeed in the undertaking, and sailing to the north pole will never be accomplished by other means.

"About June 15 each year," Mr. Lewis continued, "Davis strait begins to get clear of ice. At that time also the whales come down from the north and enter Hudson bay. There is much floating ice, of course, and probably several packs might be encountered on the passage, but it is certain that in ordinary years there is a comparatively free path for ships from the opening of Davis strait to the north pole between July 15 and Aug. 30. As for bergs and any large ice floes which might be met with there need be no fear.

"During the entire 24 hours it would be light enough to read a newspaper on the deck of the cruiser, the approach of large masses of ice could be seen, the ship could be got out of their way, and the pack could be dealt with by very simple means. Torpedoes placed under it would blow it to atoms, and the ship's ram would make short work of any ordinary areas which might be encountered.

"The route through Davis strait, Baffin's bay and Smith sound, past Grinnell Land or through Jones sound to the westward, is comparatively free from ice by July 1 of each year. Professor Heilprin, leader of the Peary relief expedition, landed on the shores of McCormic bay on July 24, and his ship proceeded two days northward before it struck anything like solid ice. From the upper end of Baffin's bay, through Kennedy channel, into Lincoln sea, is about 600 miles. The way is narrow, and probably much floating ice would be found, but the ram and torpedoes would be at hand to demolish it, and the warship could sail through into the open sea beyond in ten days, when it would find probably an unimpeded path to the north pole.

"But while the passage north from the Atlantic ocean is possible, that from the Pacific is much easier and more direct. It is well known that the Japan current flows steadily through Bering strait into the Arctic sea, and whalers will tell you that they have chased 'bowheads' all over the waters above Point Barrow well up to 76 degrees north without seeing a cake of ice big enough for a shaker lemonade. The Japan current is warm, and it is joined on the Siberian coast by the fresh waters of the great rivers which flow into the northern ocean. This creates a strong flow of the ocean currents across the Arctic circle toward Greenland. It carries the ice along, and the movement beneath is aided above by the prevailing winds. Consequently the way to the pole is much less impeded on the western than on the eastern side.

"You know, perhaps, that any number of whalers have been lost by drifting into the current above Point Barrow in September and never getting out. Suppose they should go up there about July 1 instead. They would have time to sail to the pole and back again before getting nipped by the return cold weather in the fall.

"Give me a good coal supply on Wrangell island and the government cruiser, and I will agree to start out on June 25 from that point and astonish the natives by discovering the pole. I wish to say, however, that the polar sea may not always be open. That region, like the lower latitudes, has its cold and warm summers. About two years out of five the way would probably be barred by impassable ice in what the explorers call the paleocrystic sea. But from the lookout on the cruiser it would be possible to size up the extent of icefields about, and a little reconnoissance in front would soon determine the possibility of breaking through. Should it be found that the way was blocked I would simply back out and wait a year for a more open sea. And let me tell you," said the old seafarer with great earnestness, "if this plan should be pursued year after year, at small expense and with no risk to the ship or lives of its crew, a curious world would not have to wait more than five years to know all about the circumpolar regions.

"To my mind only one difficulty lies in the way of sailing to the pole. If the theory regarding an open polar sea is accepted, the cruiser would enter it in latitude 84 to 86, but when once the ship had sailed across these untraversed waters and reached the pole it would be necessary to turn around and immediately return. To remain would mean to have the outlet fastened with impassable ice and the vessel left for six months in a closed sea. Besides, it is not known what fate would befall the compass as soon as the ship should pass under the polar star. The mariner might be left without his reckoning and not know which direction to take. There would be no stars to point out his track, no icebergs, perhaps, to tell whence he had come, and he might be left upon a trackless waste without a chart or compass—a hopeless fate for the sailor. But that such a scheme is practicable is apparent to every old whaler. Men whose observations have been at all extended in the northern ocean will not much doubt the possibility of doing what I have described. You see, the conditions would be entirely changed were the cruiser Detroit, for instance, sent into the arctic circle in place of the old whaleboats which have gone there hitherto."—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

DESIGNER OF OUR FLAG.

Captain S. C. Reid's Grave Said to Have Been Definitely Located.

The location of the grave of Samuel Chester Reid, who designed the present United States flag, has been definitely determined by Joseph M. E. Burnett of the Samuel Chester Reid Monument association. Captain Reid died in the Naval hospital in Brooklyn in 1861 and was buried in Cypress Hills cemetery in a lot that had been purchased by his two brothers. A man named Marchant, who has been employed at the cemetery for 47 years, now certifies that he sold the lot at Cypress avenue and Zephyr path to the Reid brothers, and that by his advice they buried Captain Reid in the middle one of the five graves in the rear of the lot. The grave is without any mark, but the association is going to erect a fitting monument over it.

Captain Reid was born in 1783. When there was a dispute as to the form of the United States flag in 1818, Captain Reid suggested that a star be added in the field of the flag for each state admitted to the Union, and that the number of stripes be not increased. Rankin post, G. A. R., has for years placed flowers on a grave at some distance from that of Captain Reid in the belief that it was honoring Captain Reid's grave.—New York Sun.

HIS MOTHER'S RING.

Sent to Mr. Roessle by a Thief Who Kept It Thirty Years.

T. E. Roessle, proprietor of the Arlington hotel, in Washington, received from Paris the other day a package addressed in a hand which he could not identify.

Opening the package, he found a valuable diamond ring in a curious old fashioned setting. There was no letter—nothing to indicate the name of the sender.

At first Mr. Roessle fancied that the ring was a gift from a friend, but it had a strangely familiar appearance, and finally he remembered it and the circumstances attending its loss. It is the engagement ring given by his father to his mother and was stolen from her 30 years ago.

There has never been a trace of the thief, and none of the family had ever seen the ring from the time it was stolen until it came so mysteriously to Mr. Roessle from Paris.—New York World.

Saved Her Purse by Throwing It Away.

Miss Sadie Hanley of Chicago threw away her purse a few evenings ago while a highwayman was clutching her throat and later in the night returned to the scene of the attempted robbery and recovered her money. Miss Hanley was returning to her home after making some purchases when she was confronted by a tall, slim young man, who seized her by the throat and told her he would kill her if she screamed. The plucky young woman disregarded his command and screamed as loud as his tight hold would permit. The highwayman continued his struggle, and Miss Hanley threw her purse into the grass on a front lawn. By this time residents were attracted by the sounds of the scuffle, and the footpad released his hold on the young woman and ran away. Later the young woman was able to search for her purse, with the result that it was found.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Unfortunate Illustration.

An incident in the trial of a lawsuit in Judge Henry's court in Kansas City recently made the jury burst out laughing. Ella Downend was suing Kansas City for $5,000 because of injuries she received by tripping over a step in the sidewalk. Attorney George Jones, representing the city, said all through the trial that the step was no more than the step to the witness chair in front of the jury and a person would be no more liable to stumble over it. "And you know, gentlemen, that no person would be likely to trip over that step there," said Mr. Jones, pointing to the step before him. A moment later Mr. Jones started to go to the witness chair and stumbled over that very step and fell sprawling.—Kansas City Journal.

No Legacy to Cigarette Fiends.

The heirs of the late George G. Seaton of Rockford, Ills., must not become cigarette smokers if they wish to receive their legacies under his will.

To four nieces and six nephews he bequeathed sums ranging from $100 to $200 each, with the following proviso: "It is hereby to be expressly understood that if any of the legatees above named shall use to excess either cigarettes or alcoholic liquors that portion which was to go to them shall go to some charitable institution that my executors shall determine."—Philadelphia Press.

Sale of Jane Hading's Jewels.

The society feature of Paris this week was the sale of Jane Hading's jewels on Thursday. Her lapdog's collar, studded with diamonds, fetched $1,000; a dog collar, with superb pearl and diamond pendants, was sold for $7,000, and a pearl necklace was auctioned off for $9,000. The paintings and furniture of the popular French actress will be sold next week. The principal actresses and demimondaines were present.—New York Tribune.

SOD'S SWEET SONG.

BY JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Burroughs Pass was a town of some 40 houses. It was beautifully situated on the sloping sides of two mountains, between which wound the little stream known as White run. On the south side of the little stream ran the railway line which wound up through the canyon and crossed the range at Burroughs pass, about eight miles from the station which bore its name. On the slope of North mountain, back of the houses which constituted the "north side" of the town, were a number of mines and prospect holes in varying stages of development, but the camp of Burroughs Pass had not yet acquired fame as a producer of precious metals.

Henry Willitts was the railway company's agent at the station of Burroughs Pass. He had been in the employ of the company since the construction of the road to that point, and when the Pass was the terminal there was a great deal of work for the agent to perform, but as construction progressed and in course of time a terminal station was established on the other side of the range there was less to do at the station, and the agent had considerable time to spare. Like most of those who live in mining towns, Henry Willetts was subject to attacks of prospectors' fever. During one of these attacks he had staked a claim, which he named the Mary Ellen, on the side of North mountain, and, working in his spare hours, had sunk a shaft that at the time of the events which are to be related had reached a depth of about 40 feet and was equipped with windlass and buckets. Up to this time he had not struck anything richer than peacock iron, but there is no limit to the supply of hope that the real prospector always has stored up in his bosom.

The Willitts family consisted of Henry, Mary, his wife and Benjamin, their 5-year-old son. Little Ben was the pride of Burroughs Pass. He had the honor of being the first child born in the little town, and everybody thereabout knew and loved him. And well they might, for he was good as he was beautiful, bright as he was kind. The miners had christened him Gentleman Ben because of his politeness. Ben was often at the railway station with his father, and the trainmen would frequently take him for rides on the locomotive.

While Ben frequently joined in games with some of the children who lived near, his favorite playmate was Sod. Who was Sod? Well, you should have seen him, known him. You would have obtained a better idea from that acquaintance than from any other of your life of what constitutes genuine patience, kindness and—must it be said?—laziness.

Sod was a mule, a long eared donkey. The people of Colorado call this species "mountain canaries," but the right designation is burro. Sod wasn't much larger than a full grown Newfoundland dog, but he could perform wonderful feats of strength and agility if allowed to take his time and go his own way. These little beasts carry burdens often almost equal in weight to themselves, and they climb mountains and scale dangerous places that try the strength and courage of experienced men.

While burros are not indifferent to comforts they do not mind the weather, and many of them do not have shelter other than large rocks, trees and the eaves of buildings afford even in the severest winter. Sod, of course, was an exception. He had a comfortable little stable to sleep in and to shelter him in stormy weather. He also had hay, corn and oats to eat. You know it is said that burros live upon shavings, sagebrush and tin cans and that the covering from a canvased ham is a positive luxury. As to the latter, the writer can testify. He once saw a burro chewing on the remains of a ham sack in most evident enjoyment of the delicate repast.

Sod—by the way, you haven't been told why he was named Sod. Well, you must know that railway companies, at least in the west, require their agents to make reports of any shortage or surplus of freight as checked from the shipping agents' bills or of any damage to goods received. These reports are called "short, over and damage" reports. Railway office men speak of them as "S., O. and D." reports. When checking out a car of freight one day, Mr. Willitts found the burro lying in a dark corner, and as he couldn't discover any mention of him in the freight bill he made an "S., O. and D." report on his find. The burro had evidently wandered on to the freight platform at some other station and into the car when no one was looking. He didn't know how or probably didn't care to protest when the car was closed, and so he took a free ride to Burroughs Pass.

SOD TASTING A DELICACY.

To diverge, they tell a story of a check clerk out in Colorado which includes an experience like that of Sod's. A young man fresh from an eastern college had been made check clerk in the freight office at a busy station on a mountain road. One day he was checking out a car the contents of which were presumably consigned to his station. The way bill called for "one burro," and the clerk looked all over the car for what he could not find—one bureau—while he inveighed against "those westerners who can't spell correctly." He found instead one of those queer little fellows just like Sod. With commendable promptness he made out and forwarded to the general freight agent an "S., O. and D." report, which read:

"One bureau short, one jackass over."

No one claimed the burro that Mr. Willitts found in the car, and he was left to run at will around the railroad yards. Ben made friends with the homeless and friendless fellow, and soon they became so attached to each other that Mr. Willitts put up the little stable on the lot adjoining his home, and, so to speak, gave the keys to the waif, whom he christened Sod because of the manner in which he came to Burroughs Pass.

Sod had no bad habits, unless you count chronic laziness a bad habit, and as that was in accordance with his nature it would have been pretty difficult to make a case against him. Like Old Dog Tray, "he was gentle, he was kind," and was never known to show temper.

* * * * * * *

One summer day a little after the noon hour Mr. Willitts came hurrying down from his mine, which was about half a mile up the hill from the Willitts cottage. The hat he carried in his hands was filled with pieces of dark gray rock. Hurrying through the cottage yard, he called:

"Mary! Mary! Come here!"

Mrs. Willitts at once appeared in the door and anxiously inquired:

"Why, Henry, what's the matter?"

"I think I've struck it at last, my girl. If this doesn't run 50 to the ton, I miss my guess. I'm going to take the 1:30 down to Black Hawk to have the stuff assayed. I'll be back on the 6:40, Providence permitting. Where's Ben?"

"Here I am, daddy!" cried little Ben as he came running around the corner of the cottage.

"Give your dad a kiss, my boy. I'm off for the city to find out whether you're to have that cart and harness for Sod. If what I've got in this old hat turns out as I think it will, you'll get a cart with silver hubs and harness with gold buckles. Take care of yourself. Dad will be back for supper. Goodby, Mary."

He rushed off down the slope toward the station just as Sod came loafing around the corner of the house and, strolling up to Ben, who was watching his excited father's flight, took the boy's straw hat in his teeth and began to chew away at it. Ben rescued his hat, a thing he had often to do, for Sod had a fondness for yellow straw hats, and the two, the boy and the burro, returned leisurely to their pile of sand in the back yard, while Mrs. Willitts went indoors to resume her household duties.

* * * * * * *

"Benny, Benny!"

It was close on to 4 o'clock, and Mrs. Willitts, who had been busy in the house since her husband went to the train, was now out in the yard calling her boy. She had not seen him for more than two hours, and now she was somewhat anxious at not receiving the usual prompt and cheery reply to her calls. She searched for him all over the premises and then, not meeting with the desired result, called upon her neighbors. None could give her information, but Mrs. Wilson suggested the railway station. To this point the now thoroughly excited mother hurried, only to be told by the clerk in charge during her husband's absence that Ben had not been there that day. Now almost frantic, her mother heart swelling almost to bursting, Mrs. Willitts hurried from place to place, weeping and wringing her hands.

Her excitement became contagious, and every one who could leave his affairs for a time turned out to hunt for the boy they all loved. Men hurried each way for two or three miles on the railway track, dreading what they might find, as a heavy freight train had passed south at 3 o'clock. But not a sign could be found. The search was kept up without rest and with a continually recruited force, and it seemed that every possible place had been visited.

"Henry! Oh, my Henry! This will break his heart!" cried Mary Willitts, who, worn out with exertion and sorrowing, sat on the floor of her now desolate little parlor, rocking to and fro in her anguish.

The 6:40 had just whistled for Burroughs Pass, and the triumphant voice of man's powerful handmaiden sounded as the shrieking of a thousand enraged fiends in the ears of the poor woman who knew that her boy's father was on that train, all unconscious of the blow that was soon to descend upon him.

She had not long to wait. As Henry stepped from the train he was met by kind friends, who told the dread news, but with expressions of hope that the boy would soon be found. Hurrying with all possible speed, he ascended the slope, and soon had his sorrowing wife in his arms.

"Have you searched everywhere?" he asked as soon as his first burst of grief had spent itself. Henry Willitts was a brave man, as well as tender, and, what was more, he was thoroughly practical.

"Yes," said one of his neighbors, "we haven't missed a place where he could possibly go."

"Have you been up the mountain?"

"Yes, part of the way."

"Why didn't you go all the way?"

"The boy couldn't climb the knob this side the Mary Ellen. What's the use of looking beyond the knob?"

"Come with me, all who will!" cried Henry Willitts. "You have never seen that boy go up a hill holding on to Sod's tail or you would go to the top of North mountain to look for him if necessary."

And under the leadership of that father, whose wits were quickened and limbs strengthened by love, twoscore of searchers rushed up the sometimes sloping, sometimes steep sides of old North mountain.

Young Harry Martin, the station telegraph operator, who had been busy in the office, was one of the first to reach the top of the knob, and he was soon joined by others who had taken the easier way around the base of the knob. Then they all shouted and waved their hats, for they could see the lost boy and his companion, and they knew that the boy was safe. Sod was slowly ambling down the slope, and he was carrying something in his mouth that he had evidently taken from the boy. It was a small, dirty, ragged piece of pasteboard, and on it was printed in rude letters with a lead pencil the words, "Mary Ellen."

Sod was a hero. He had saved the boy who had been his friend from a fate worse than death. He had saved him from the terrible death that had overtaken many others who had gone into the mountains never to be seen alive again. He had saved him from the pitiless cold of the mountain night. He had saved him from the wolves and the mountain lions. He had saved him for his father and mother and for his playmate, who loved him as he was beautiful, bright as he was kind.

Sod was a hero, and he was treated as such. He was petted and fed with the choicest morsels that his friends could procure, and he was given a new home in the village, where he was to live with his master, who was to be his friend and protector as long as he should live.

Ben had been found sitting on a rock on the side of the knob, crying because he was so far from home and was so tired that he could not walk another step. He had gone up the side of the knob to see if he could see his father coming on the train, and he had climbed and climbed until he had lost his way and was afraid to come down for fear he would be lost in the woods. He had been crying for his mother when Sod came along and he had caught hold of the tail that was within his reach and had allowed Sod to lead him down the mountain to his home.

Ben had been lost for more than two hours, and he had been carried more than two miles from his home by the time he had reached the knob where he had been found by his father and his friends. He had been lost in the woods on the side of North mountain, and he had been found by his faithful friend, Sod, who was now his own property, to have and to hold as long as he should live.

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CHILDREN OF MEXICO.

They Start the Big Mornings of the Little Lives by Singing Songs of Praise.

Mexican babies learn to tell their beads long before they know the names of the many brilliant flowers that tangle

MEXICAN BOY OF WELL TO DO PARENTS.

about their brown feet. But whether the spiritual or the physical father of the household starts the morning hymn all the household catch it up, and the wife, the grown children, the half grown children, the toddling babies, and last but not even in Mexico least the servants catch the sweetly worded but simply melodied song, and out beyond the cabina, the adobe hut or the richly carved palace the hewers of Mexican wood, the drawers of Mexican water, the tenders of Mexican grains and of Mexican flowers, join in the morning chorus. But sweetest of all those sweet Mexican notes ring the treble notes of the baby Mexican voice.

The children of Mexico are born, live and develop under grave disadvantages, but nature, even in Mexico, is the justest of stepmothers, and nature compensates the children of Mexico for some at least of the disadvantages with which she scourges them. I do not know how a child can better start the big mornings of his little life than by singing with his father, his mother and all the other people of his homestead a song of simple welcome to that morning. And this is what the Mexican babies often sing when the Mexican sunshine first riddles the Mexican window panes—an awkward English translation of the first line of one of the first songs that a Mexican baby learns:

Singers at dawn
From the heavens above
People all regions.
Gladly we, too, sing.

Mamma's Apple Talk.

When I asked my three little folks which fruit they would choose could they have but one, Tommy shouted "Oranges!" and Will and Dot both said "Peaches!" Then they asked me. I said, "Oh, I will take the same as the queen of England, if you please!"

Then Dot asked if I really and truly knew what fruit the queen of England liked best, and when I said, "Yes, she likes apples best," all three cried out together: "Why, mamma! Apples!" "Yes," I said, "she likes apples best."

"But, mamma! Apples are so common."

Then I "stood up" for the apple. I praised it for being common, for being so plentiful that every child could have all the apples it wanted. And then I praised it for beauty. Oranges are always yellow, but you can almost make a rainbow with rows of apples—all the shades of red, all the shades of yellow, all the shades of green—and there are bluish apples and purplish apples and brown ones, and so many sweet kinds and so many sour kinds, sauce apples, and pie apples, and dumpling apples, and roasting apples, and apples for little pockets. Oh, how I did praise apples!

Then I praised the tree—the tree that bears the beautiful rosy apple blossoms, the birds' tree, the robins' tree—more birds' nests in the cozy apple tree than in any other tree.

And I praised orchards more and more—how everybody loved to walk in them, and children loved to play in them, and how painters loved to paint pictures of them, and I said it was from our beautiful American orchards the queen's apples were taken. "And where did we Americans first get apples?" Dot asked. "Did the pilgrims bring them over?" "No," I laughed, "but the Puritans did."—Little Folks.

The Boy on the Fence.

"As I was once riding to mill with my father," said Captain John Lamar, "I saw, as we drove along, a boy sitting on the topmost rail of an old fashioned stake and rider worm fence, reading so intently that he did not notice our approach. My father turned to me and said: 'John, look at that boy yonder, and, mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true.' That boy was Abraham Lincoln."

Little Brown Dog at the Door.

Early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
For a quick football and a boyish call,
For your master to come once more,
Eager to follow through field and hollow,
Wherever his feet may roam,
Content to stray, if he leads the way,
Wherever he is is home.

But you never hear the whistle clear
Nor the sound of the boyish call
Nor the scamper of feet, all bare and fleet,
Down through the shadowy hall,
Though long you wait at door and gate
For your playfellow of old,
With his eyes so blue and his heart so true
And his hair like the sunshine's gold.

'Tis a year and a day since he went away
To a country beyond our ken,
And those who go that way, we know,
Never come back again.
Still early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
But the voice is still, and, watch as you will,
Your master comes no more.

—Dorothy Deane.

COUNTESS LICHTERVELDE.

Pleasing Personality of the New Belgian Minister's Wife.

Count G. de Lichtervelde, the new minister from Belgium, is one of the tallest and finest looking men in the diplomatic corps at Washington. When he was presented to President Cleveland for the first time last February, he pleasantly referred to his stay in this country some 25 years ago in the beginning of his diplomatic career. He did not bring his family with him last year. When he came back in November, he was accompanied by his wife and the youngest of their five sons, a handsome boy of 7 years, who is at school in Washington. The other boys are pursuing their studies at home, the eldest, about 21, intending to follow in his father's footsteps.

Count and Countess de Lichtervelde are members of two of the oldest and most distinguished families in Belgium.

COUNTESS DE LICHTERVELDE.

The countess' ancestors were the Counts de Spangen, and her grandfather was a general in the Austrian army. Her mother was a beautiful Spanish lady of noble lineage. Her husband has filled many important diplomatic positions, has represented his king at the Swedish, Italian and other courts, and everywhere the countess' pleasing personality has won for her many friends. She is slight and graceful, of medium height and has a bright, sparkling face. Her dark, curly hair is sprinkled with white, and her gray eyes dance with merriment when she is amused. She talks entertainingly in several languages, speaking English quite fluently, is fond of outdoor life and greatly enjoys wheeling about the broad smooth streets of Washington. Not long before leaving home she took up photography and is already quite an expert. She goes out nearly every day with her camera and has a fine collection of views.

JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

Miss Jane Addams of the Hull House settlement in Chicago has been appointed postmaster of substation No. 10 in that city; salary, $2,400. Now Miss Addams will be able to make practical application of still more of her philanthropic plans.

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