

and came joyfully into the cabin to see if he could do anything for his patient. Thomson was half sitting up in his hammock, his face paler even than it had been before, his

'A snake?' said the boy, stopping short in wonder.

'Ay, and one of the worst kind,' he answered, sinking back on his pillow. 'I saw



'I LAY AND LOOKED AT IT, AND IT LOOKED AT ME, AND CAME CREEPING UP TOWARDS MY FACE.'

eyes wild and staring, bent upon a dark corner of the cabin.

'Take care, Bill!' he said, before the lad had had time to speak, 'there's a snake gone in there!'

it plain enough,' he went on, half to himself, as Bill cautiously moved a box or two, and peered into the dark corner. 'I could have killed it, but I wouldn't; it wasn't sent for that.'