

"What are ye howlin' fer, anyway? Why can't ye stan' up an' take yer dose like a man, instid of whinin' like a baby?"

"Chuck him into the river, Sol," called out one of the men. "That will cool him off."

"No, I'll not soil me hands with the likes of 'im; I've other things to do," and Sol turned on his heel and started for the Indian camp.

He had almost reached the place when he saw the missionary emerging from the old chief's lodge, and with him was Amos, the catechist.

"Good morning, Mr. Burke," said Keith, extending his hand. "I'm afraid you have had a bad night of it."

"None the best, sir," came the reply. "But, say, how's Pete?"

"Bad, very bad," and a pained expression came into Keith's face.

"Any chance of gittin' better, de'ye think?"

"I'm afraid not. He is wounded internally. He was badly jammed by the ice."

"An' how did you come through without gittin' pinched?"

"I cannot tell. It was all like a terrible dream. The water swept me off my feet, and when I thought it was all up with me, Pete seized me in his strong arms. A block of ice caught us and drove us to the shore, crushing Pete as it did so. Oh, it was fearful! We were face to face with death."