

fiant whistle she steamed away from inhospitable St. Michaels, towing a dozen native boats behind her.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil Ryder, as he and Serge stood on her upper deck. "We are off, at last. Hurrah for snow-shoes and sledges! I say, old man, I'm glad we got away before that craft came in. She may be bound to Oonalaska, or somewhere down among the islands, and, if so, I suppose we should have felt it our duty to go with her. But you can't stop us now, old ship! You're too late!"

The craft to which he thus referred was a small schooner beating up the sound. From her deck Mr. John Ryder was scanning the oncoming steamboat through a powerful telescope. Suddenly it fell from his hands, as he cried out, in wild excitement:

"Thank God, Jalap Coombs, our long search is ended! There is my boy—there, on that steamer! We can hail him, and have him alongside in five minutes more."

"Right you are, sir," replied the mate, peering through the glass the other had dropped. "It looks like the young scamp, and I believe it is him, but don't ye be dead sartain ye've got him till ye lays hands on him. As my friend old Kite Roberson uster say, 'Eels is never so slippery as when they's caught.'"

THE END