

men were there ; and there was one dead body—that of Tim Tuttle of Raggles Island, who had strayed away from his fellows and been lost. And thus they awaited the full break of day, while eyes were strained into the departing night. Where was the ship? Had she survived? These were the questions they asked one another.

“What’s that patch o’ black?” Bill o’ Burnt Bay asked. “Due west, lads—a mile or more off?”

“Sure, it looks like the ship,” some of the men agreed.

As the light increased, the storm passed on. A burst of sunshine at last revealed the *Dictator*, lying on the ice, listed far to port. The broken ice in which she had been caught, they learned afterwards, had been forced under her, and she had been lifted out of danger when the fields that nipped her came together.

When it is said that old Captain Hand welcomed his crew with open arms, and embraced Archie—the meanwhile searching through all his pockets for a handkerchief, which he could not find—there remains little to be told. He was more haggard than the rescued men. What