

hands, and he crawled on it unseeingly. His snowshoes were an impediment to his crawling. He twisted his heels from their loops and let them go clattering behind. At the noise a husky snarled, and it sounded to the voyageur like a human voice. He lifted benumbed fingers and rubbed his eyes through which piercing, hot pains continually shot. Outside the cabin two dog teams of five dogs each were halted, anchored there by the turning of the sledges on one side. Again Félix passed his fingers across his eyes. He was afraid that he was seeing double. But the two teams remained. With febrile energy he dragged himself between the sledges to the log step of the cabin, felt for the latch string, and pulled. The door gave suddenly. Bruneau fell face downward on the slab floor.

"Starving!" whispered Chasni Jim, as the two men laid him on the bunk by the fire.

For once the Sitka had seen the spectre of want stalking among the people of his own island, and henceforth he knew its emaciated face.

"Starving!" agreed Dane, grimly. "Only the shade of the old Félix! He's been caught out somewhere while making for the Kusawaks. Hurt, too! He's bleeding!"

Together they worked over the wraith of the voyageur. Chasni Jim poured a little whisky down his throat. Jules rubbed him all over and stanchd and bandaged the wound in the hip. Their own