

'but it seems perfectly incredible that I should actually be here, and that this is the place for which our Phil set out with such high hopes a year ago. Do you realize, John, that it is just one year ago to-day since he left New London? Oh, if we only knew where the dear boy was at this minute! And to think that I should have got here before him!'

'Now he will probably never get here,' replied Mr. Ryder; 'for, on account of that California offer, I shall be obliged to return directly to San Francisco from St. Michaels without even a chance of going up the Yukon, which I know will be a great disappointment to Phil. But look there, Ruth. You have been wanting to see a canoe-load of Indians, and here comes as typical a one as I ever saw. A perfect specimen of an Alaskan dug-out, natives in full winter costume, Eskimo dogs, and a sledge, I declare! They must have just come back from a hunting expedition to the mainland. See the snow-shoes slung on their backs, and how gracefully they handle their paddles! Even Phil might take a lesson from them in that.'

'And, oh!' cried Miss Ruth, 'there is a tiny bit of a child, all in furs, just like its father. See! Nestled among the dogs, with a pair of wee snow-shoes on his back, too. Isn't he a darling! How I should love to hug him! Oh, John, we must find them when we get ashore; for that child is the very cutest thing I have seen in all Alaska.'