

Miss Maloney's till the morning; and make it down to Dawson to-morrow evening."

And so they did, Viva curling up like a squirrel in the bunk over Uncle Sandy's, and the rest disposing themselves on the other bunks and on the floor. Scotty and Tom only remained awake with Long Sandy, who with indomitable will repressed every sigh or groan of pain that might disturb his Lassie's rest.

The task that confronted the six stalwart men was a difficult one. Sandy, though spare, was heavy. There was no road along which two could march abreast; but only a narrow path, crooked, slippery, rough and muddy. Stumbling over roots and stumps, slipping on clay and on sidling rocks, sinking into moss and mud, they made their way as best they could with their precious burden. Viva ran alongside whenever the trail permitted, and ahead or behind when it became too narrow, chirping to Uncle Sandy like a bird; and he answered back as cheerily.

Lanky Bill, who had just returned from a trip to Dominion, joined them at Lucky Number Claim to take his share of the labor; and others gave a lift.

"It's a big awkward gossoon ye are, Uncle Sandy, and it's bad judgment ye've shown," scolded Miss Maloney as she received the old miner and helped the men lay him upon a bed prepared in her own sitting room. "Let me make ye a hot Scotch to liven ye up a bit after yer mush."

"Now, Miss Maloney," he laughed, "you know I've never tasted the stuff, and it won't mix up well with the 'Water of Life' that I'm drinking."

Early in the morning the cavalcade was on its way