

Eskimo on its hands during the winter, so the easiest way out of the difficulty was to get the *Bear* to take them aboard and carry them to their home at King Island, seventy miles away. When we reached there we found that the Eskimo lived in clefts in the rocky cliffs; they were cliff-dwellers. It was a dreary view that met our eyes that cold, windy September morning, but the Eskimo were delighted for to them it was home.

Leaving King Island we called at the school-master's at St. Lawrence Island, to leave mail and provisions from Nome. The latter were badly needed, for short rations had been the order of the day for some time. Steaming around the western end of the island through a smooth sea under brilliant sunshine, we were at last definitely bound south.

With St. Matthew's Island a-beam, the next morning, our wireless reported that all the boats from the *Tahoma* had been picked up; we had heard the S. O. S. call from the *Tahoma* a day or so before. As we afterward learned, the *Cordova*, anchored in the roadstead at Nome, had picked up the *Tahoma's* call and had gone to her assistance. The *Tahoma* had struck an uncharted shoal about a hundred miles south of Agattu Island, one of the western Aleutians, and had become a total loss. The officers and crew had reached land in the ship's