

nothing to eat for, as far as I remember, thirty-six hours ; who had during that time lain in the bottom of the craft I have described, nearly blind, all but deaf, his face blue from the effects of a dynamite accident, and the stump of one of his arms still bleeding through the rough wrap in which it was bound !

In the spring, when the ice was considered unsafe, he had made his way alone up the river to Telegraph Creek, though he knew nothing of the road, or of the use of snow-shoes. Yet he arrived alive, though nearly starving. After a summer's work at the mine, he had blown himself up with dynamite (they call it 'giant powder' in Jötunheim), and after tying up the stump of an arm in his pocket-handkerchief, had been helped to sit a horse, from the mine to the river, upon which he had embarked with his mates, making down stream for the sea and a doctor. It was the old story, 'the more haste the less speed.' The 'boys' tried to run the river at night, struck a snag in rough water, and knocked the whole bottom out of the boat, losing oars and paddles, food and axe, and everything but their lives and the wreck of their canoe. As they struggled in the water for their lives, this is what they heard from the darkness of the mid-stream :

'Stay with it, boys ; don't mind me—I am bully.' The one-armed lad clinging to the snag that split the canoe, in that boil of waters, was thinking of the other men and was 'bully' ! Since then they had starved and shivered, and he must have suffered, but he never once complained.

Bob and I gave them all a square meal and then sent them on in our canoe with our Indians, sitting down ourselves on the sand-spit until they could send some one to us ; and I think, though the boy was an American citizen, we were proud men when we remembered that his name was Ferguson, and that therefore he probably came, as we came, 'of the Blood,' as Kipling puts it.

But I have left my bears behind somewhat abruptly, and indeed I had to, for as soon as I reached camp I found that the ice was running.

When we had had our last meal, some thirty hours before, the river was clear ; now great cakes of dirty ice-cream seemed to fill it from bank to bank, moving, too, so slowly that you almost expected every minute to see it stop and turn to hard ice under your eyes.

'You had better stop with me for the winter, Cap.,' urged Bert. 'I've got 600 lbs. of flour and some other stuff, and I'd be right glad to have your company.'