

Basil craned his neck to look, then exclaimed in surprise, "Why, it is Tyke, one of our Inlet Indians! What is he doing here, I wonder?" and he elbowed his way through the throng of sympathizers to where the sufferer was being energetically rubbed with snow to his ultimate advantage but present discomfort, as testified by his howling protests.

"Hullo, Tyke! Where did you spring from?" demanded Basil, when by dint of pushing he had made his way into the inner circle.

The boy ceased his outcries, jerking up his head and staring in amazement at the questioner.

"Why, it am Boss Basil!" he ejaculated, in incredulous amazement, then enquired in tentative fashion, "An' you ain't dead neither?"

"Plainly not; but where did you spring from, boy?" demanded Basil brusquely.

"Me an' Missi Maudie set out for to go to de town, 'cause Boss Jim is drownded wid all de schooner crew, an' we was to see ships on wheels, an' stores, an' houses set in rows like herrings hung up to dry. But we got lost in de snow, an' foun', an' brought here," explained the boy, in a jumbled incoherent fashion, then commenced to howl again as a fresh onslaught of snow-scrubbing was begun upon his right hand and arm.

"Maudie here?" cried Basil, then turned at once to the door of the inner room, where he understood the other sufferer had been carried.