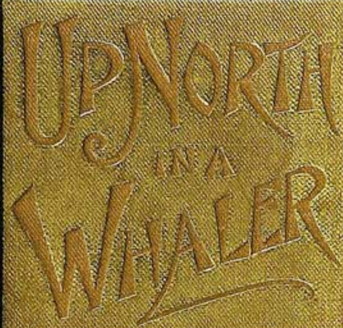

UP NORTH
IN A
WHALER

LOOK-AHEAD
E·A·RAND

Leon F. Gale,
East Georgia, Vt.
Xmas 1893.
From Ma Ma and Aunt Mary.

75

LOOK AHEAD SERIES.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

1.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT; OR, TUMBLE-UP TOM.

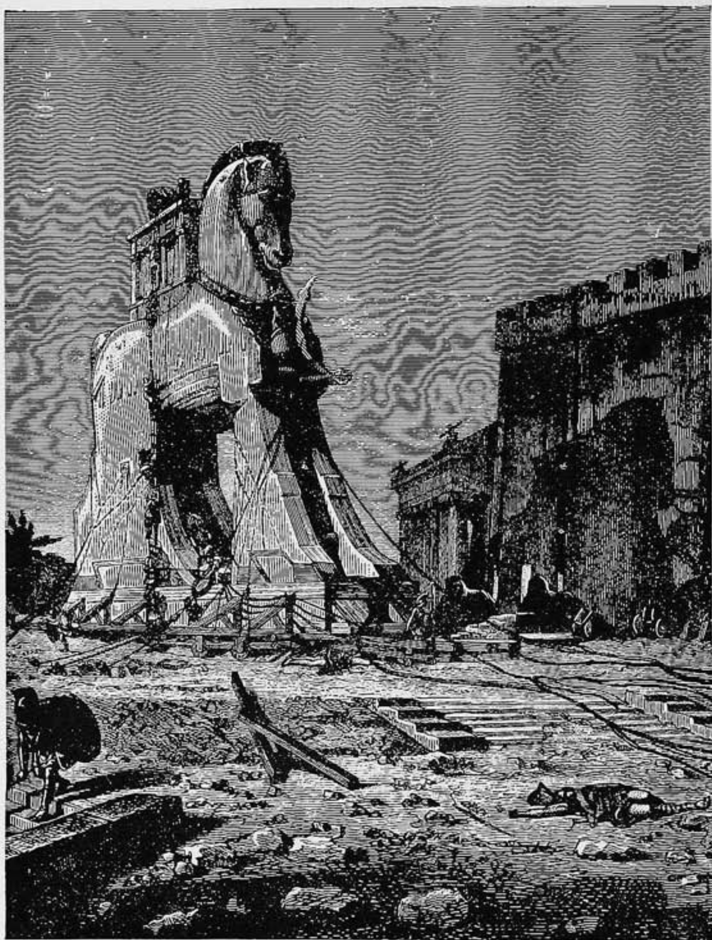
2.

UP NORTH IN A WHALER; OR, WOULD HE KEEP HIS COLORS FLYING?

Others in Preparation.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.



TROY'S UNLUCKY WOODEN HORSE.

LOOK AHEAD SERIES

UP NORTH IN A WHALER

OR,

WOULD HE KEEP HIS COLORS FLYING?

BY

REV. EDWARD A. RAND

AUTHOR OF "MAKING THE BEST OF IT," "FIGHTING THE SEA," "HER CHRISTMAS AND HER EASTER," "SAILOR-BOY BOB," "UP-THE-LADDER CLUB SERIES," "SCHOOL AND CAMP SERIES," ETC.

New York
THOMAS WHITTAKER
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PREFACE.

THIS is a story in part only. Woven into its fabric are threads from the fascinating texture of Arctic life and Arctic heroism shown in Arctic explorations. While such information is given, there is an account of the methods of English Arctic whaling. For this I have consulted as an authority Markham's "Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay." But beyond these Arctic data and any interest also the book may have as a story, I trust its leading idea has value to show how character well grounded in Christian principles may be expected to be an abiding structure. If the colors of the Right are flying at the mast-head of youth starting out in life's voyage, they will not be likely to come shamefully down. How important and prophetic then is the period of life passed in the school-room and on the play ground!

E. A. R.

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UP NORTH IN A WHALER.

CHAPTER I.

WOULD HE DO?

"WHAT'S that noise?" asked a man who was leaning against the corner of a hotel fronting the main street of a seaport town. At the right of the hotel twisted a narrow alley. He turned and looked down this alley. He saw two boys, one of whom was prancing about the other, flourishing a pair of threatening fists. Then came a sharp cry raised by some observant gamin, "Row, row, row!" Instantly, from various unnoticed quarters,—a back yard, a court, an old house, a saloon, a shoemaker's shop, a second alley opening into the first, also from the main street,—swarmed a crowd of idle boys and curious men, gathering around the young fellow still flourishing his fists before the face

of his silent companion. The man at the corner also turned into the alley.

"You don't dare fight!" he heard young Fisticuffs say. This young fellow had light blue eyes that flashed with the excitement of a revengeful purpose, while an inexpressible scorn gave an ugly twist to features otherwise fair and regular. The man said, "Looks like a tiger on the spring." He noticed with intense interest the person opposite this pugilist. He was a boy about sixteen, compact in form, muscular in build, with an intelligent, resolute, trustworthy face. "He has got a good forehead," thought the man. "Built up like a high roof that has a lot of room for goods under it."

The boy's blue eyes had a stern, indignant expression, but cruel you felt that they could be never. He was now greeted with this taunt by his pugnacious companion: "You know you daresn't fight—eh!"

The face of the other reddened with indignation, and his hands worked nervously, as if collecting strength for a very effective blow. When he spoke, his hands were still down, but his tones showed that he kept them down with difficulty, for he spoke under the excitement of an intense effort at self-control; "I am not

going to fight, but—I shall take care of myself if you strike me."

"Ho-ho-ho!" sneeringly cried Fisticuffs. "Just hear him, the good boy!" Assured that he would be entirely safe as long as he made no actual attack, he now danced with a new malignity of expression around his companion, flourishing his fists about that pale, resolute face, very careful never to strike it.

"Can't stand this!" said the stranger, who, from a position near the corner had watched the affair. In an impulsive, strong way, pushing resistlessly the spectators to right and left, he sprang into their midst, shouting to Fisticuffs, "Come! stop disgracing yourself, and home with you!"

"Who are you, I'd like to know?" replied Fisticuffs, saucily.

"He's that English sailor what's been round town," said somebody in a suppressed tone of voice.

"Foreigner! Hands off!" said another, excitedly.

"Here, here!" was the hoarse shout now raised from a new quarter. Looking up, the English sailor, so-called, saw a short, sturdy policeman, gray-haired and gray-whiskered,

who ran toward the crowd, swinging a black-walnut billy.

"Uncle Ike! Uncle Ike! Uncle Ike Waterman!" shouted several, and the crowd broke up, scattered and hurried off speedily as a bunch of flies around the bung of a molasses cask, when the owner shakes a switch at them. Only the Englishman and the boy who refused to fight were left with Uncle Ike.

"What—what's the row? Oh, Phil, this you?" the policeman asked, addressing the boy. "They down on you?"

The boy's eyes swam with tears. He could not speak easily.

"Say, Phil, what is it?" asked Uncle Ike.

"Oh, it isn't—worth—noticing," replied Phil, his voice choking.

"What is it, stranger?" inquired Uncle Ike. "Something, I know. Did you see it?"

The Englishman now moved off with the policeman. Phil thus left to himself moved off also, though in another direction.

"What was it, did you say?" observed the Englishman. "Well, I will tell you all I know. I board at this hotel—"

"Yes, I know that."

"You did? I didn't know that I had met you."

"Oh, well, I saw you the first hour after you arrived. Bless you, we know all about strangers. I haven't been on the force one and forty years this May coming, for nothing. However, about those boys, for I know one of them is a good boy. Phil is a relation of mine."

"I was going to say I board in here, and noticed a disturbance in the alley, cry of 'row' you know—"

"And they all came, didn't they? Never saw the beat of it! I believe we can raise a crowd here—for a bad purpose—quick as they can in New York, and in spite of all that Uncle Ike can do, and I have been one and forty years on the force, as I said, this coming May. But, those boys! I want to know about them. I know enough about Uncle Ike."

"I was going to say, I saw the rabble. I heard the other boy dare Phil to fight—"

"I know that other boy. He is Cater's boy, a sly, spiteful chap, though they do say he has a lady's face. He will come to some bad end, you see if he don't! But the trouble, that's what I want to get at? Who did it?"

The Englishman smiled at the old man's loquacity, and tried once more to make head-

way. "Cater's boy dared Phil, and Phil said he wouldn't fight—"

"I should have guessed that. Phil—I know him—he's a relation, has got a conscience, I assure you. However, that's not getting at all the facts. Sposin' we tackle them again. Just want the preliminaries."

"I was agoing to say, Phil intimated that while he would make no trouble, he could defend himself, and the other boy, Cater's, went on with his gestures, and the crowd—"

"What about them? What about the crowd? Oh, they are tantalizin', I assure ye! Why, I don't think in New York they could beat them. Why, I have had 'em come up to me, cartloads of 'em at once, but I wasn't afraid of 'em; didn't wink, didn't blink. However, what about this crowd?"

"That's a short story—"

"The shorter, the better. Nothing like a Spartican conciseness, you know. What about this crowd? What—"

The stranger did not wait for the close of the last remark of this garrulous guardian of the peace, but improving his opportunity, thrusting in his words like a lance as Uncle Ike began to gasp for breath, he said quickly,

"When the crowd saw you, they ran. That's all!"

This tickled the old policeman. He smiled, chuckled, dropped his head, tapped his left arm with his billy, and said, "He-he! That's about all these street squabbles amount to, when Uncle Ike is round."

Off he strode, very majestically for so short a being, and the sidewalk was hardly wide enough to give sufficient space to the policeman and his swinging billy. The Englishman went back to the corner of the hotel, and leaned against it as before.

"Who is that?" he asked. "Cater's boy, I believe. And that girl on the sidewalk? I saw her, I think, stopping at the corner and looking at the crowd in the alley."

Young Cater had here appeared as a fashionably dressed clerk, hastening down street as if nothing had happened in a certain alley, and he said in a familiar way to the girl, "How d'ye do, Nannie?"

She was gazing abstractedly into a window that offered a showy spread of silk goods, but turned as the young man spoke. She gave no verbal answer, but silently, rebukingly, looked at him with her dark eyes.

"I am ashamed of you," was the language

of that silent look. Cater understood it, bit his lip, colored, and passed on without a word.

"He had a rebuke that time," thought the stranger.

"Did you see that?" said a voice that had a familiar sound. It was the policeman again.

"Oh, that you, sir? See what?"

"How that girl looked at him! She is waiting for somebody inside. Did you see her?"

"I did. She threw some meaning into her look."

"A good deal, I should say. I know all about that girl. She is Jenkinses's girl, and Jenkins is the ship-chandler over there on the other side. See it?"

"See it? Yes, and feel it, you might say. When I see anchors, and ropes, and chains, I feel like singing out, 'ship ahoy!'"

"That shows you are a sailor."

"How do you know I am a sailor?"

"Know it? I told 'em, soon as I clapped my eyes under you—I mean on you, that man's a sailor; you have sailors under you, I should say. You are a master of a vessel, and a good one, I should say."

"I have been in that position, and expect

to be again soon. Stopping here only to get an idea of your country."

"And if I may be so bold, I think it is Arkwright—I mean your name."

"Yes, sir, Richard Arkwright. I didn't know that you knew so much about me."

"My business, sir, my business. When a man comes in town, I try to know all about him, and if he is a good man, I calculate he shall sleep soundly because I know he is here and—"

"That is good."

"Of course, and if he is a bad man, I want him, to feel he has got a bed of thorns to sleep on until he clears out. But where were we? Oh, over at Jenkinses's store. And about those boys. Well, Cater—he is the son of a lawyer, and we call him Cater's boy; he is clerk in the counting-room The other boy, Phil, he has gone into the back door, you might say, while Cater's boy marched in at the front door. But there is a lot to that Phil. He will walk in the front door yet. He is just beginning, doing errands, trying his hand at selling, and—and—so on. That young girl was Nannie Jenkins. She saw what Cater was trying to do, bully that Phil—front door trying to beat down the back door, you may say, and

she didn't like it and showed it. I—I have wished Phil did have a more practical knowledge, you might say, of shipping, for it would help him. You see, I live near the boy, know all about the stock he came from, and *I* think —he—he—will *do*."

"What's his name?"

"Phil Woodward."

The policeman here saw a flock of disorderly young men blocking the sidewalk and promptly went to their discomfiture. Captain Richard Arkwright soon had reason to see for himself that in all probability Philip Woodward would "*do*." It was a question in which he had taken a very recent interest, but he had several times asked himself, "Would that boy DO?"

CHAPTER II.

HE WILL DO.

AS he continued to lean against the hotel corner, it is not surprising that Captain Arkwright, a sailor, watched with interest the ship-chandlery opposite. As Philip Woodward and Seabury Cater were clerks there, he viewed the place with additional interest. There was a third reason for observing "Jenkinses's" store. Repairs by masons had been made upon the front wall of that brick building, and the lofty staging erected for that purpose, had only been partially removed. Who thought that a wind would come along to make any trouble? "Things" happen sometimes when least expected.

"What?" exclaimed Captain Arkwright, looking at the sky with the air of one accustomed to watch the weather. "Wind coming? That dark cloud at the other end of the street is a bag filled with something besides rain."

This indigo wind-bag steadily, rapidly overspread the heavens. People saw it and looked up with an expression of solicitude. Prudent

shopkeepers took in hats, boots, blankets, oiled clothing that had hung out at their doors as an advertisement. Jenkins, the ship-chandler, a rather ostentatious-looking man, portly, smooth-faced, wearing gold spectacles, came to his door, looked at the indigo cloud, looked at the staging rising up above him, hemmed, stroked his smooth, heavy chin as if meditating on a question, and then as if having answered it, nodded his head satisfactorily, and went back into his store.

The interpretation of the inspection was this: "On the whole, I think the staging—will—will—will stand." This showed how little he knew about it. Although it was the latter part of March, no snow was on the ground and the street was very dry.

The wind-bag grew bigger and darker. It rolled over and over, came nearer and nearer. Along the street eddied little gusts of wind that swept up the dust in whirls. The air was cooler. Suddenly, round the corner, up the street, down through the air, somehow, somewhere, though the approach could not definitely be located, came a roaring blast! Shutters began to slam against the walls of upper stories. Signs that swung, creaked

sharply, raspingly. A big dust-cloud like a sand-storm from the desert filled the air.

"Ha, ha!" said a young fellow stepping out of the ship-chandlery and looking about him. "This makes music!"

Captain Arkwright saw him, though not with the greatest distinctness. There was too much dust in the air for the clearest kind of vision. The Englishman saw something else. He saw the staging yielding to the blast. It reeled even as a man in a fit of intoxication.

"That—that will go over! What is that fellow doing?"

"G-g-g-go back!" he shouted, though he doubted if his voice would go with distinctness across the street, any more than his vision. The staging kept swinging, its upper joists swaying, and all the while, the young man below was unconscious of any nearing trouble.

"The fool!" thought Captain Arkwright. "Go-go-go in!" he shouted as he held on to his low felt hat and tried to look across through the thickening dust. "She is a tumbling!" Then he saw something else. Out of the dust-cloud down street, rushed somebody.

"It is a boy!" said Captain Arkwright. This boy dashed under the yielding, sway-

ing joists and boards, and in a dexterous way, threw two ready arms about the surprised spectator and pressed him into the doorway. Cr-cr-cr-crash! came down the whole structure before the ship-chandlery, while for a moment the wind blew harder and the dust-cloud thickened, blackened, and whirled more fiercely. The next moment Captain Arkwright found that he was almost involuntarily rushing across the street, making his way through the blinding, suffocating dust, and then climbing over the fallen heap of lumber.

"Who's hurt?" he shouted, and then stopped. He confronted a singular situation of things. The two youths had fallen, one still grappling the other. Over them was bending the stout form of Jenkins, anxiously trying to find out who was hurt and if he could make any repairs. "Well!" said Seabury Cater, as he rose from the floor and faced Phil Woodward. "Couldn't you get in without knocking a fellow down?"

"If that isn't impudent!" exclaimed Captain Arkwright in a voice half aside. Indignant at the young man's ingratitude, he asked, "Couldn't you see that you never would have got in at all but would have been lying out there dumb and dead as one of those sticks of

wood, if this young man"—he here looked at Phil—"had not risked his own life to save yours and just shoved you out of danger? I saw it all."

Phil stood panting after his noble, self-forgetful effort, astonished at Cater's charge, bewildered by his fellow clerk's misunderstanding and ingratitude.

"Who are you?" asked Cater, refusing to see what Phil's purpose was, and now turning towards Captain Arkwright.

"Your employer knows me, though you don't—"

"Yes, yes!" interposed the ship-chandler. "Glad to see you, Cap'n."

"Well, let me improve my opportunity, Mr. Jenkins, and say I saw this young man"—he pointed at Seabury Cater—"browbeating and threatening the very person"—he here nodded toward Phil—"the very person who has generously forgotten the quarrel and tried to save his enemy's life, and he saved it too, though your clerk here is not magnanimous enough to allow it, but says—or thinks—that Phil—I believe that's his name—wanted to get into the store on his own account and roughly shoved him when he tried to get in. If that isn't what you call cheek!"

"You know a lot about it," said Seabury Cater. "But my time is not my own, and I think I will go into the counting-room and look after my employer's business, if the knock that feller gave me hasn't disabled my arm." So saying, he strode off with the air of one honorably alive to a sense of his employer's interests and thinking only of these. Phil, still dazed, murmuring, "I wanted to get Seabury in safe," but uncertain whether he had done a favor or inflicted an injury, and if possibly something of the former, whether it was not more than offset by the latter, retired to the rear of the store and went to work polishing some rusty sailor-knives. Seabury Cater, occasionally groaning and checking the movement of his pen long enough to rub his bruised arm, occupied his accustomed high-chair at a desk in the counting-room.

"Well!" said the disgusted captain to Jenkins, "I don't believe I am needed any longer and I'll go."

"Oh, hold on!" exclaimed the ship-chandler. "Stop a moment! I want to say something."

He levelled his gold spectacles at a knot-hole in the worn floor, rough with the dragging of ships' chains over it year after year, and then,

pompously laying a fat finger of one hand on the thick, fat palm of another, said: "You see, Cap'n, clerks will be clerks. I knew that Seabury and Phil had not worked together in absolute harmony. I heard a discussion, this very day, which led probably to the browbeating you speak of. However, they both have their good points. They will get used to one another after a while. Clerks will be clerks. Phil is a good boy, though not so cute as the other. Oh, *he* is sharp, I tell you! Keeps books like an old hand and saves me a lot of trouble. Clerks will be clerks. I don't think I will interfere."

"Mr. Jenkins, you know I am friendly."

Captain Arkwright looked the ship-chandler steadily in the face as if challenging him to discover anything but the best of motives at the bottom of his words.

"Oh, yes, Cap'n, I know that. Thank you."

"Well, sir, unless I am a poor judge of character, that Phil Woodward, as people call him, is true to the backbone. As for that fellow" —he pointed at Seabury Cater, apparently busy for his employer on the other side of a glass partition, but slily reading a barbarous novel in the shelter of the corner of a big

ledger—"as for that fellow, look out for him! He may save you trouble in keeping your books, but I am very much mistaken if he does not make you trouble in another way, and a lot of it."

"Ha-ha!" said the ship-chandler, tipping his head back and his spectacles up. "You talk like my Nannie. She keeps warning me. I shall keep my eyes open, though. But there! This blow is over and I must have that sidewalk cleared up. The police will be after me with a warning. Uncle Ike will have no mercy."

"One minute! If, Mr. Jenkins, you should lose your boy, Phil—I mean if he should have an offer of employment elsewhere, you wouldn't consider it an interference?"

"Oh, if he can do better, he is at liberty to do so, of course. Are you going, Cap'n—"

Before he could say another word, an imperative voice shouted, "Come, come, Jenkins! you are setting a bad example. This ought to be cleared up." The voice came from the direction of the lumber heap on the sidewalk. On the heap, like a king mounted on his throne, stood the stubby old policeman, Uncle Ike.

"There, Ike, I just said the police would be after me," replied the ship-chandler.

"Well, if you don't want us to be *after* you, you must be *before* us and clear up, you know."

"Aye, aye!"

Here Captain Arkwright left, murmuring to himself, "I think that Phil will do; I will hunt him up this very night."

CHAPTER III.

A PROPOSITION.

"OH, that isn't the door! You might pound there all night, and nobody but yourself know it."

"Ah, that you, Uncle Ike? You seem to be around everywhere."

"I mean to be, Cap'n," proudly replied the policeman; "and it's well for such folks as you that I am. Now, I take it that you want to find Phil Woodward."

"You have guessed right, as a Yankee would say. Isn't this it? I thought somebody said so, that I asked back there."

As he spoke, Captain Arkwright, through the evening shadows imperfectly scattered by the light of a gas-lamp opposite, looked at a small two-story building.

"Oh, this is the for'c'stle."

"The for'c'stle? I am a sailor, and ought to recognize that."

"This is Cousin Ivory's."

"Cousin Ivory?" said the mystified sea-captain.

"He is a cousin of Phil's mother, and lives with her family. She is a widder. He supports 'em mostly, too. He is a shoemaker and works in here, upstairs, and calls it his for'c'stle. Jest a fancy. Everybody has something of the sort."

"Well, where do they live then? Somebody told me on the corner."

"Corners have two sides, Captain, you know, and it is on t'other side of the corner."

"Oh, yes!"

They moved alongside an adjoining building in a room of which a lamp had been lighted, and turning its corner, halted before a door whose sill was lower than the level of the sidewalk.

"Hark! Hold on, Cap'n! Cousin Ivory's a prayin'!"

"A what?" asked the captain whose raised knuckles were within an inch of a door panel.

"Don't you hear him? Hark!"

Captain Arkwright listened, and at intervals caught the sound of a bass monotone.

"Allers has prayers with the family—a kind of father to 'em, you know—jest after supper. I come along here and I hear him, and I say, 'Iv'ry, it is about quarter of seven.' I open

my watch-case and there it is. He is reg'lar as that. A very good man is Iv'ry. Some earth to him but more salt, I tell them. He is too good for his own interests anyway. A master-hand at prayin'. Now he is through, jest wound up with the doxology. I know his prayers, when he gets to the heathen, and all about it. Well, good night. Do your best for Phil."

"Phil?"

"Yes, of course, that's what you are after, I take it, puttin' things together. Good night."

"Good night."

When the door opened, such a little woman it was that stood there! She was naturally of low stature, but the level of the little entry floor being below that of the sidewalk, it dwarfed still further this little woman. She wore a linen cap, spotlessly white, and two bright eyes flashed behind the lamp that she carried.

"Mrs.— Wood—ward?" said the captain slowly, like one feeling his way along an uncertain path.

"Yes, sir," said the little woman decidedly.

"Philip in?"

"Yes, sir," was the second decided answer,

followed by as emphatic an invitation, "and won't you come in?"

Captain Arkwright entered a room that manifestly served several purposes. The stove said, "This is a kitchen." A little stand covered with a red cloth, and prefaced with a red and yellow rug, a rocking chair adjoining it, said, "This is a sitting-room." Here Phil sat. The form of the table under an industriously ticking clock said, "This is a dining-room." Four shelves suspended from a wall, filled with books, said, "This is a study," and Phil's brother, Fred, ciphering at the little stand, his school-books near him, confirmed this idea.

Phil rose at once from his chair and said, "Mother, this is a kind friend, Captain Arkwright."

"What a little woman she is!" the captain said in his thoughts. She was not higher than Phil's shoulder. He proudly acknowledged her though as his mother. And the middle-aged man over in the corner, with thin, sandy hair and whiskers, a face open and honest though irregular in feature and homely, was presented as Cousin Ivory. The captain received such a cordial welcome that he felt at

home immediately, and very soon came to his errand.

"You may wonder why I call, Mrs. Woodward, and it is to say something that may be a help to Phil, if you accede to my proposition."

What could it be? Phil and Fred opened their eyes at once.

"I am a sea-captain, and have been staying in town, simply looking about and getting an idea of the country, being an Englishman."

"That's what I am," promptly said the little mother, "or an Englishwoman," she added, blushingly correcting the mistake. "Phil is not, because he was born here—I mean—not an Englishwoman—there, sir! He is a Yankee boy!"

She blushed again, and laughed, and was now clear of all breakers in her statement. The captain resumed his remarks:

"That is pleasant, to be among those who came from England. Well, I like it so well that I may and probably shall return to settle here, and if so, I shall go into some kind of shipping business. But first, I have an engagement still as sea-captain. I am the captain of an English steam-whaler, and I must first take her to the Arctic Ocean. I start for

St. John's, Newfoundland, next week. There, my vessel will be waiting for me, and we start at once, arriving on the whaling grounds by the middle of May, I hope. Now, I shall spend the summer there, reaching England in the fall, though possibly I may come to St. John's, and the vessel be sold there, cargo and all. In all probability though, I shall go directly to England, and thence come to America before winter weather fairly sets in."

How Phil and Fred listened to the statement that suggested big, glistening icebergs, spouting whales, fierce polar bears and squatty Eskimos! Their eyes opened wider when the captain said, "I want Phil to go with me!"

"What?" exclaimed Phil. "Say that again, please! You don't mean it!"

"Ha-ha! You want to hear it again? I will say it again and I mean it. My proposition is that your mother let me have you for eight months, say. I want somebody in my cabin who will be a kind of clerk—he will have much writing to do—and then I may want to send him round the ship to take an order or fetch something. I shall expect him to hold himself in readiness to do any light duty I may assign him, but his principal work will be writing. He will sleep and eat in the

cabin with me and my officers. I will pay him what I think will be satisfactory. He will see a good deal, and get many useful ideas that will help greatly in the shipping business in which I think I shall want him when I get back here. Now—"

"I'll go!" enthusiastically said Phil.

"Hold a minute!" cried his more cautious parent. "We thank the captain and will talk it over."

After the captain had left, and Phil and Fred had gone to bed, the little woman and Cousin Ivory had a conference. Mrs. Woodward, like a prudent mother, said, "I wish to know about this captain of a whaler before I let Phil go with him."

"Oh, I think he is good and true, but we can find out all we need to. You see I have been talking with Uncle Ike about him this very day, before supper. Uncle Ike says the captain has been here several weeks, a kind of prospecting and looking round, having a fancy for America, likes us, you know. He says the captain is well thought of among the banks and the people that have anything to do with the shipping. And, Fanny, you don't know that Phil was quite a hero to-day. Did he tell you?"

"Oh, never! He is close as a clam, you know," said the little woman, proud to hear that Phil had been a hero, and also that he had not been boasting of his heroism.

"Uncle Ike says at the time of the blow, this afternoon, a staging in front of the store tumbled, and if it hadn't been for Phil rushing Seabury out of danger, he would have caught it. And Phil didn't say a word!"

"Oh, no!" replied the little woman. "Tight as one of the big safes up at the bank!"

"And did Phil say he and Seabury had had any trouble?"

"Not a word! He never blows about those things."

"Uncle Ike says the boys probably didn't agree in the store, and Seabury wanted to fight it out in the street."

Uncle Ike's statement was correct. The boys had differed first in the store. Seabury wanted a public appeal to fists.

"I'm glad Phil didn't disgrace himself to fight."

"He didn't, Fanny."

"Then I'm twice proud of him, for refusing to fight and for saving a very ungentlemanly enemy."

"I—I—don't think Phil's quarters have been pleasant for him, and a change to be with the captain might be pleasant. Then I don't doubt but that he will get as much pay as now, and he will have the experience to help him when he comes back and goes into business with the captain."

The little woman made no objection, so that the sandy-haired Cousin Ivory knew that she was favorable to the whaling captain's proposition. They sat in silence, broken by the clock on the wall ticking, or a chance grocer's wagon rattling down the street, leaving a late order. At last, Phil's mother rose and went to a picture of a ship on the wall. It was a small ship, but it flew the national flag as boldly and proudly as the heaviest craft. The mother pointed at the flag.

"Do you see those colors, Cousin Hivory?"

She usually tried to attach her hs to the right team, but sometimes an old country shibboleth would bother her. Especially when excited, she would forget everything but the subject pressing upon her thoughts, and out would come the aspirate in the wrong place. Phil, Fred and Cousin Ivory understood the sign very well.

"Mother is a-getting the hs on," would be

Phil's thought. That meant that the little woman was stirred profoundly by some exciting subject.

"Cousin Hivory," now said Mrs. Woodward, pointing at the flag of the little craft, "this is what I want to know. If Phil goes hoff hin the whaling-ship, will he keep his colors a-flying? Phil is a member of the church of Christ. He promised to be true and faithful. If he goes to sea, will he keep 'is colors a-flying?"

"Fanny," said Cousin Ivory, calmly, "I think so. I know there are temptations on board a ship, but I think Phil will try to do his duty. I know, Fanny, it is very important that he should. I will try him if you say so."

"Try him?"

"I—I will sound him on the subject."

"Ah, they take soundings at sea, Cousin Hivory. That is where he will be sounded. You can't sound hon land for to-morrow at sea."

"I know it, but—but, I can get his mind."

The next day, Cousin Ivory endeavored to get Phil's mind. They were in the little shop where Cousin Ivory worked at his trade. Cousin Ivory had a fancy that he knew very

much about the sea, but like some other people with the same fancy, he knew very little. He told Phil, one day, he would call his shop the "for'c'stle." Around the walls of the "for'c'stle" were various sea-pictures, vessels like the "Nelly Jane under Full Sail," the "Ocean in a Storm," "Race between the Rover and the Racket," "Sunset at Sea," and Cousin Ivory told Phil that he should buy a picture of a whaler as soon as possible. He had several models of swift-sailing yachts, and he had a model of a renowned clipper fully rigged, its bright, clear colors flying proudly at the mast-head. This was the "White Wing." Phil was very fond of the "for'c'stle." In cold weather, it was sure to be warm, and Phil would oftentimes take a book out to this snug retreat and read there. In warm weather, a breeze from the water of the harbor, a little way off, was quite sure to seek the open windows of Cousin Ivory's shop, and fan the industrious workman within. At one of these open windows, Phil loved to sit and look off upon the craft moored at the wharves or winging their flight across the water. Cousin Ivory, the very next day when Phil chanced to run up into the shop, "got his mind," or "sounded" him. He took up the model of

the clipper and sharply eying its bright flag, said,

"Phil, those colors are all right now, flying at the mast-head."

"Of course, Cousin Ivory."

"Now, supposing I haul them down."

As he spoke, Cousin Ivory pulled down the little flag, till, humbled, it lay on the deck.

"What does Cousin Ivory mean?" thought Phil.

"Now what if I trample upon it, what if it be fouled and dishonored and—" here Cousin Ivory smote with his shoe-hammer the little flag. "I know something worse," said Cousin Ivory. Then he took a shoe he was mending. He brought its hard heel down upon the flag, as if within the shoe were a will trampling upon the flag and spurning and dishonoring it.

"I call that pretty mean treatment of a flag," said Phil warmly, the blood mounting his fair cheeks as if it were a personal dishonor that he was witnessing.

"What does Cousin Ivory mean?" thought Phil, again looking at the shoemaker.

"There!" said Cousin Ivory, "I know you wonder what I mean, and I will tell you. When you were a child, you were given away

to God. Christ's mark was put upon you. Your father and mother did that honestly. You have been brought up that way, trained to love the Saviour and serve Him. You have for yourself said in church that you would be His disciple. You have confessed Him as all young people should. I know you read your Bible. I know that you pray. I know you try to do right, and I believe you are afraid to do wrong. Those are your principles, your colors. You have run them up to the masthead. They are flying to-day, are they not?"

"Hope so, Cousin Ivory. That—that's what I intend."

"I don't doubt it. We will have these colors up again. That's where they belong to-day."

Cousin Ivory hoisted the flag again, and said, "Now you are going to sea. You will meet all kinds of people. You will be tempted to give up prayer. Down comes your flag, may be!"

Cousin Ivory here pulled the colors down.

"You will be tempted to give up your Bible, perhaps to drink, perhaps to swear, perhaps to throw your religion all away, blushing before others to own that ever you knew

the Saviour. There's your flag, and it is down. Oh, how dishonored, despised and trampled on!"

Here Cousin Ivory took the old shoe and with its heel pressed hard on the humbled flag.

"I see! I know what you mean, Cousin Ivory. I don't—don't—think you need do it any more."

"And, Phil, that's what your mother and I —not that we believe you will do all this to your religion, but we are afraid you will be tempted and—"

"God helping me," said Phil, looking up, his face crimsoned with emotion, "I will keep my colors flying! I will try hard anyway."

"Good for you, Phil!" cried Cousin Ivory. "I believe, boy, you will keep them flying!"

He spoke enthusiastically, and gave the colors a rapid run to the mast-head.

"We will pray for you, Phil, that you be steadfast, Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end. While you are away, if you have a hard fight, just *nail* your colors to the mast-head, yes, to the mast-head, and keep them ever flying."

The color flushed Cousin Ivory's face as if he were an old sea-warrior, who, looking up the line of the long, tapering mast, had seen the

glorious flag of his country flung proudly to the breeze, and floating there above all smoke of battle, and had resolved that it should float till he was victor, or his hand be powerless in death to pull it down.

Cousin Ivory's object-lesson made upon Phil an impression that no lapse of years or change of circumstances could wipe out. His thoughts in after days would turn away from the Arctic wastes of sea and ice, and looking afar he would see the little "for'c'stle," the flag at the mast-head of the clipper-model, and would hear Cousin Ivory saying, "We will *pray* for you, Phil, that you be steadfast, Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end." Then he would catch those other earnest words,—"While you are away, if you have a hard fight, just nail your colors to the mast-head, yes, to the mast-head, and keep them flying."

Phil Woodward had been a member of the Round-about-Home Society that Mr. Eastburn, the teacher, as recorded in another volume, had formed in the shadow of Moose Mountain. Mrs. Woodward's home in America had alternated between the country and the old seaport amid whose bustle this story opens. Phil was one of the lads expect-

ing at the end of a certain decade to meet and report upon their ways and success or ill success in life.

He now wrote to Tom Parlin, the Secretary;

"*Dear Tom Parlin :—*

" I suppose you will want as Secretary of our Society to know what I expect to be up to. I am going with a Captain Arkwright on a voyage in an English whaler to the Arctic Ocean. When I come back, I expect to go into business with the same captain and in this town. I don't think you will be likely to see me a sailor, at the end of ten years, but in some kind of shipping business. I hope to do well, and send my love and best wishes.

" Yours forever,

" PHIL WOODWARD."

P. S.—My mother sends her love to your mother.

The real point at issue for the ten years was not whether Phil would succeed in business that concerned the sea, but whether he would maintain his Christian standing, whether he would, as his mother first put it, keep his colors flying? Would character be likely to develop along the lines of a life loyal to God? Many young people solicitously ask, "If I start in a new and better

life, shall I be likely to continue in it? If I start, shall I be likely to hold out?"

Yes, if you start right, thorough in your purpose. Then too you must patiently strive in the future to be loyal. It then becomes not just a question of our holding out, but there is the certainty of God's holding on; for when did God ever drop a soul that would cling to Him?

If we thus run our colors to the mast-head and try to keep them flying, another Hand than ours will be laid upon the ropes to hold them there.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTING OFF THE ROPE.

IT was a number of days before everything was finally arranged for the expected trip to the Arctic Ocean. "It is what I call getting ready to cast off the rope," said Cousin Ivory, indulging in a little nautical phraseology. "Phil must be in good sea-trim."

It seemed as if Phil's relatives and Phil's friends tried to remember all his possible needs, and certainly those at home did everything in their power to meet those wants. The floor of Mother Woodward's kitchen was strewn with bits of cotton cloth, and woollen cloth, and yarn, and thread, till she said it looked like the tailor's shop just round the corner.

"I must have your stockings and underclothing in good horder, Phil," said the little woman with much emphasis, "and every rent in your coats will be stitched up, hand—hand —"

She could not easily say anything more. There were some big tears dropping, about

that time. She could tell where she had sewed not only by the line of stitches but by the moist places reaching across the cloth.

"Dreadfully hurried up here," declared Cousin Ivory in the "for'c'stle." "I must put Phil's old boots in extra repair, and then I am working night and day to make him a pair of new ones, and some comfortable slippers, you know." He said this to Uncle Ike Waterman, who liked to stop and look at the shoemaker as long as the law would allow him to halt on his beat. Phil had presents from various friends. His late employer said he would give Phil as good an outfit of storm-weather clothes as the market would afford, and when he was dressed in these, his brother Fred capered round in ecstasy. Phil's mother said it was good as going to the menagerie, while Cousin Ivory declared that if Phil had been on board a ship when the family inspected him, "not a soul of them could have told Phil from a real old salt." The ship-chandler's daughter, Nannie, gave him a pretty volume of Longfellow's poetry. Some of the old ladies in the church where Phil attended, St. John's, gave him mittens and stockings, soft and thick as if a lamb's fleece had gone into each, Fred said. One thing brought to him, perplexed Phil.

Good Miss Page, an old pillar on the female side of the parish, handed him some "very sound sermons," as she said, to give to the Eskimos. "Good religious readin' as ever was!" she said. No doubt of it, but alas! they were all in English! However, he stuck them in his chest.

Among those who manifested an interest in the casting off of the rope by Phil was Seabury Cater. He was very social, very friendly. "Here, my fellow-clerk, is a package not to be opened till you are out to sea," he told Phil. "Take good care of it, boy! Don't forget old times!"

"Which one of the old times?" asked Cousin Ivory when Phil told him. "When he wanted to fight you in the alley?"

"How did you know about it?" asked Phil, who had never told of this affair.

"Oh, Uncle Ike told me, I think, and I ought not to have spoken of it now, but an old line in Virgil comes to me."

Cousin Ivory had once read Virgil, and this Latin feat gave him a proud sort of pleasure as often as recalled.

"What line?" asked Phil.

"Well, it means, 'whatever it is, I fear the Greeks and them bringing gifts.' You see

when the Greeks were fighting the Trojans, the Greeks left a wooden horse before Troy, and then went off."

"What was that?" asked Fred, his eyes kindling and snapping.

Cousin Ivory told it, and may I go over the old story, as if taking Cousin Ivory's place, making the "for'c'stle" big enough to hold all who will listen, hoping that in the big audience there may be awakened an interest which will lead to the reading of the story in the tongue of Virgil, the original narrator?

For ten years, the brave Trojans had successfully defied the Greeks besieging their walls. For ten years, the Greeks had stubbornly stormed the city, but all in vain, and they at last were tired of their bloody, costly assaults. They planned one more effort. With the help of the goddess Minerva, the story runs, they built a huge horse of wood. Whether it was hollow inside, or a solid horse, whether it had anything within different from the inside packing of horses generally that can't walk, we shall see. The creature was left behind while the Greeks slyly withdrew to the island Tenedos. The Trojans looked down from their walls and saw a deserted camping-ground. The Greeks were

gone, those hated old Greeks! The Trojans were frantic with joy. They threw open their gates. Out they rushed. They wandered amid the deserted camp of the enemy. They noticed also where the Grecian fleet had been moored. No vessels there now! But what was meant by that immense wooden horse? Everybody was curious to know the reason why it stood there, big, but dumb, and deaf, and blind. Dead? Wait and this too you will see. Something must be meant by this beast and what? Thymetes advised that it be led inside of Troy and placed in the citadel. Thymetes had the impetuosity of youth, though he may not have had its years. Capys was shrewd. He advised that this wooden monstrosity be tumbled over, that it be fired and reduced to ashes, or he would have the interior carefully examined. He was enthusiastically supported by Laocoon, a priest of Troy. This one rushed down from the high citadel, crying out to his countrymen in tones of warning. He plainly thought the horse a Grecian trick. He said, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;*" "I fear the Greeks and them bearing gifts." When he had expressed his opinion, he shot with great strength a big spear towards the horse and it

pierced its body. The hollow recesses sent back a groan! Why did not the Trojans follow up that bold spear-thrust and dissect that horse? A new actor now appeared on the scene. It was a young man whom the Trojan shepherds had found and now led bound to the Trojan king. He had a strange story to tell, that abused by the Greeks and threatened with death as a sacrifice to propitiate divine favor, he had made his escape. The Trojans pitied and released him, and then asked him about that horse, what it was built for. He was very much affected, raised his eyes and lifted his hands toward heaven, and called on the gods, playing the rôle of a pioûs, honest man, abjuring all perjury. He said that the Greeks had offended Minerva by stealing her image from a Trojan temple. Troy's safety had depended on the preservation of this image. Having seen indications of Minerva's anger in the strange conduct of this image, the Greeks constructed this huge horse in place of the stolen image. They had now gone home, carrying the image with them, and having "taken the auspices" again, or consulted the mind of the gods, they would come back, bringing the image with them. This horse, built with a desire to propitiate the

pouting Minerva, the Greeks had purposely made huge and lofty, lest the Trojans might take it within their gates. What if the Trojans should possibly get it within their city? Great prosperity would visit Troy. The Greeks though had made it too big for any such reception, and besides they hoped the Trojans would go at it, and assault and harm this sacred creature. The captive, Sinon, by name, concluded his pious talk. Oh, how tantalizing that dumb, deaf, blind horse did look! Can you not see the Trojans gathering about it in wonder, afraid to touch? There were those who began to say, "This wonder ought somehow to be got inside the walls." And how badly looked the wound made in the sacred animal's side by that wicked Laocoon! The wretch! Now, there happened something which gave art a wonderful subject expressed in sculpture that was found over three hundred years ago among the ruined baths of Titus at Rome. Two awful serpents gliding across the sea, reached the shore and then pushed their ugly coils toward Laocoon, who was conducting solemn services at an altar of Neptune, there slaying a big bull. The dreadful serpents first twisted their coils about Laocoon's sons, crushing the life out of

them. As Laocoon rushed up in answer to the pitiful outcries of his sons, brandishing his weapons, the serpents coiled about the father, who struggled in vain, howling in an agony of terror and pain. He tried to tear off those cold, slimy fetters, but they only contracted closer, closer, in a deadly stricture. Then they glided away to the shrine of the goddess Minerva, as if they had done her work, and at the feet of her image sought protection from any Trojan assault. The people's interpretation of Laocoon's disaster was that he had received punishment for wounding with his accursed spear that consecrated horse. This divinely protected creature must be received within the city, and the insulted Minerva be addressed in humble supplication. But how get the horse within the gates? "Break down the walls," was the common thought. Stones that the Greeks had vainly tried to batter out of the way, very soon yielded to the Trojans. An immense hole was made in the city's wall. Rollers were placed under the mammoth's feet. Ropes were fastened to his neck. And as if it were a triumphal procession, Troy joined in giving a welcome to this wooden beast. As it moved forward, boys and virgins raised their pliant

voices and sang sacred chants. Minerva could not have received a more enthusiastic ovation than did this stupid mass of wood. It is true that it was thought a bad omen when one touched the threshold in entering or leaving a house, and this blundering creature caught four times on the threshold of the big, new portal made for it. Each time, there was a suspicious noise within. The Trojans though paid no attention to it. You can almost hear the boys and the virgins singing with new ardor, happy if they can touch the ropes with their hands and join in the pull as well as the song. And so tugging, and straining, and singing, Trojans dragged the big, stumbling brute far into the city, into the very heart of that Troy that the Greeks had longed to penetrate and occupy. In the citadel itself towered the huge creature, while Troy with garlands hung the shrines of the gods. It was for the last time. Night came. The moon rose gloriously, and as if in pity it looked how tenderly upon the doomed city! The wearied Trojans threw themselves down in slumber to dream of security and glory, only to awake—to what? Had any one noticed the glittering sea dotted with the dark forms of vessels putting out from the murmuring shores of Tene-

dos? No, Troy slept on. A light had suddenly flashed from one of the vessels, that which bore the Grecian leader and king, and the fleet had obeyed it and crawled out upon the silent, glorious sea. With careful, steady sweep of the oars, the vessels advanced toward the Trojan shore. And that consecrated horse? Through the shadows thrown down by the buildings, there was a suspicious object stealing along. It was a man. He looked about him. He saw, heard nothing. Now through the silver light falling about that dumb wooden effigy, he swiftly ran, and then reached up to the bars of pine in the side of the horse. As he raised his face toward the moon, one would have said, "Why, that is Sinon, the captive, the honest man so afraid to tell a lie!" He took down the bars of pine, a door opened, and a lot of Greeks armed from head to foot slid down a rope dropped to the ground. There were stern Ulysses, Menelaus, Epeus, who made this wooden cheat, and others numerous enough to spread out into a formidable assault. They attacked Troy smothered in sleep and wine—how many misfortunes are sealed up in the bottle—and the watchmen of Troy were cut down speedily. The warriors from Tenedos found open gates and poured

in their eager, revengeful forces to join the contents of that wooden horse. The despairing shouts of the conquered and the flames of war rose above the streets and the homes of unhappy Troy. The only comforting thing was that the wooden horse must also have been ashes long ere another moon arose. That was the treacherous dealing of the old Greeks. Cousin Ivory had reason to distrust this modern Greek, Cater, bringing his gift to Phil. It went into Phil's chest some day to be opened and examined.

Seabury Cater in various ways professed a deep interest in Phil's voyage. At the store, one day, Cater said, "I shall want to send a letter to you, old chum. Real sorry you are going. Where shall I direct it, North Pole, or Arctic Circle? But, really, I will send you a letter that will be waiting for you when you return to St. John's, say?"

"Captain Arkwright—he thinks he will go direct from the whaling grounds to England—vessel comes from there, or a Scottish port rather—I believe that is his final intention."

"Well, tell me just the port this final intention will take him to and write your name above it, Philip Woodward, in good handsome

script, for you are the boy, you know, for fine writing."

"You flatter me."

"Oh no, I don't. Let us nave your autograph to remember you by, so that while you are chasing whales up there in Greenland, getting money and glory, I down here in this humble pen of an office may have something by which to think of you. There, set it down! and come to think of it, set it down at the bottom or the middle of the page, say."

"Top will do, won't it?" asked Phil, who had begun to leave a very neat trace of himself on a sheet of note paper.

"Top? Oh, I don't want to look away up at the top. You are getting lofty in your ideas. The middle, or bottom, say!"

"Well, Seabury, I feel very humble, and I will take a low place," said Phil laughing. "There, my name is down at the bottom, name of port and so on."

What would not Phil have given if a looking-glass could have been set before him, in which he could have seen the malign face just above his shoulder, bending eagerly down to see every pen-stroke that Phil made! Such a sly, cold, fiendish exultation as glared out of Cater's eye, such duplicity and hate! Phil

would never have completed that autograph, if the mirror had been before him. While Cater's tones were sweet as if they had been rolled in honey, his expression was Satanic. He threw away the expression and kept only the tones when Phil looked up from his writing, and Phil saw just a pleasant face smiling as it said, "Thank you! there, I've got you now, you know, just where I can find you when I write my letter."

"Got you now!" Phil was impressed by these words. They have a serious meaning sometimes, and just this association may have made Phil a little uncomfortable in his thoughts. He dismissed the uneasy thinking, and yet when he reached home, he recalled the whole transaction, and somehow was impelled to tell it to Cousin Ivory, treating it as "something rather queer," and then accusing himself in his thoughts as "a big fool." Cousin Ivory, who liked to have something to say to the policeman, reported that "Seabury" seemed to show much interest in Phil's movements and desired to write to him and had asked for his autograph—"his address, you know, Uncle Ike."

"And Phil gave it to him, Ivory?"

"Oh yes, wrote his name down on a sheet of

note paper, in a humble place, Phil said, at the bottom of the page."

"This friendship may be all right, but I can't help saying it is a young rogue back of the friendship, Ivory. Bottom of the page,—what did he put it there for?"

"Don't know," said Cousin Ivory, smiting a piece of leather with his hammer as if it were the only thing he did know. "Don't know, I am sure."

"Neither do I," said Uncle Ike, "and I guess I must be going."

This seemingly trivial incident Uncle Ike thought no more about, at that time. One day, though, he recalled the fact that Cousin Ivory said that Phil gave Seabury his autograph, and set it down at the bottom of a page of note-paper. It was of such importance that Uncle Ike complimented himself, and ejaculated as he addressed Isaac Waterman, "You have a fine memory, young man, and I am very glad of it. I am proud of you."

Very soon, the "rope was cast off" by Phil actually, and what a difference it made in the humble home on the corner!

"Never thought I should miss Phillie so!" moaned the little woman, making many "moist places" in the clothing she handled, and on the

floor also she left her tears. "Freddie sighs for him; I see that."

Out in the "for'c'stle," Cousin Ivory said, "Fearful lonely somehow out here!"

He grew very marinelike and exclaimed, "Should think this old craft had been wrecked and sunk, and I was left alone on a desert island."

CHAPTER V.

POLEWARD.

IN due time another rope was cast off, even that of a sturdy whaler, and out of the harbor of St. John's, it boldly pushed. On board was Phil Woodward. He felt that he had come into a new world, and it was so strangely unlike the old one at home, that it seemed as if one or the other must be an unreal world. Had he ever lived in Grantport? Did he have a little woman, with a great, brave heart, for a mother? Was Cousin Ivory a myth? Was not the "for'c'stle" a fancy? This last feature of the life at Grantport was very unlike that place where the tired sailors found a refuge from storms and rest after toil. But to what kind of a structure had Phil been received? Phil stood in the bows of a vessel of about four hundred and seventy-five tons. Above him tapered three masts, and there was a ship's rigging. Not a sail though was set, and yet the Crow's Wing was vigorously going. This ambitious craft was not one of the old-fashioned kind dependent alone on

huge squares of canvas. From her deck rose a black funnel throwing out a long pennant of smoke, and in the hold of the Crow's Wing, engines were throbbing like a very energetic heart. These engines were reputed to have as much strength as eighty horses. If eighty sea-horses had been harnessed to her, all snorting and plunging, and Father Neptune had been stirring up his team with his trident, the Crow's Wing would not have gone faster. The Crow's Wing was built for her work, to meet rough seas, to have a tussle with icebergs, to drive against fields of ice and slash through them, asking the least possible leave. She was strengthened within and without by solid timber and tough iron. Especially were her bows protected. "Angle irons" were fastened to either side of the stem, giving the Crow's Wing a formidable apparatus with which to cut up ice that had any kind of accommodation to it and was willing to yield to the progress of an enterprising vessel like this. She had a working force—counting every officer—that numbered almost sixty. "Miscellaneous" was a label that could fittingly be attached to the crew, some of the men coming from England, a few from Norway, many from Scotland, and half a dozen had been shipped

at St. John's, all of whom had heard a whale blow and were eager to hear one—even many—blow again. With this crew, Phil would be associated about five months. Phil was not a person that easily made acquaintances, but when made, he was apt to hold on to them. He and his brother Fred were very different in this particular. Fred would go through a street and after he had traversed it, he would know the name of the baker, be able to exchange nods with the butcher, and receive from the fish man the next time he met Fred, a "How-dy-do?" Phil would need to go a number of times before he could report such an acquaintance. Phil was not quick to make friends, but he seldom lost any when once gained. And as he now leaned over the bows of the Crow's Wing, enjoying the musical swash of the foam the whaler threw up, thrilled by the sight of the wide, limitless ocean opening before him and stretching far to the north, cold, solitary, unknown, who was it that silently approached him and when Phil chanced to turn, gave him a friendly nod? It was somebody much taller than Phil and eight or ten years older.

Phil looked up and saw a pair of brown eyes, deep and kindly, fastened on him. Above

the eyes was a shaggy sailor's cap. Below them were features irregular and even homely, a nose that some time had been knocked out of perpendicular, a mouth that was big and uneven, while the complexion was browned by exposure to the weather. A black beard, coarse and stubby, did not add any attractiveness to this homely face. There were the eyes, though, that shone soft and warm with a world of tenderness, and Phil's heart went out to the man at once.

"How are ye?" said the stranger. "Gittin yer sea-legs on?"

"Tryin' to," replied Phil.

"Sick any yit?"

"N—no! Shouldn't wonder though if I had to turn in."

"Well, it isn't everybody that has a bunk to turn into. So that is one good thing. You go in the cabin, don't you?"

"That is the understanding."

"So I hearn. You from the States, aint you?"

"Yes, sir."

The man grinned.

"You quite 'spectful, aint you? Shows your bringin' up. Folks don't ginerally say 'sir,' 'cept to the officers, you know. They

are awful set on that. You from the States! Good! So am I. We two the only live, real Yankees on board. Not ashamed one bit to be a Yankee."

He looked up to the British flag fluttering in pride at the mast-head, and nodded his old shaggy cap as he said, "Good as you be!"

"Better!" said Phil.

"Ha, ha! You're a Yankee, a real un. We'll hold our own agin' the hull of 'em. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

A proud light danced in the brown eye of the Yankee sailor.

"Good folks on board, you know, of course. We have good times together," he added, as if afraid that he had left a wrong impression and wished to rectify it at once.

"Oh, yes, I understand. Now perhaps you can tell me about the crew. Who make it up? How many officers are there and so on?"

"Yes, harpooners, engineers, carpenter, cooper and sich like. You set down and I'll tell you all about it. Set down on this rope."

Seated on a coil of rope, Phil listened to the Yankee sailor, the whaler all the while driving through the waves, throwing to right and left big heaps of foam, as if in contempt of the sea.

"Wall, now, I can stick 'em on my fingers long as my fingers hold out."

He held up his hand and began to enumerate, "Fust mate, second mate, doctor ginerally, but I believe the cap'n said—"

"There is one on board, Dr. Sinclair."

"Oh, is there? Wall, we have an engineer and second engineer, carpenter and his mate, cooper, harpooners—got eight of 'em if you count the two mates and speks'neer—"

"The what?"

"Speks'neer."

"That doesn't sound English."

"I believe she is a Dutch word and stands for blubber. He is—I mean the speks'neer—is the officer who sees that the whale is cut up."

Speck in the German means fat, oil, lard, and the duties of a "speksioneer" are evident.

"I am going to give you all kinds on board ship, whether officers or not. I mentioned the cooper. Then we have boat-steerers and line-managers—and you can guess what they do when a whale is hunted—a cook, steward, firemen, skeeman,—"

"Skeeman?"

"All I know about it is that he is the feller what sees that the blubber is stowed away in

the tanks 'tween decks. He bosses that job. Now lem-me-see! Guess I got 'em about all, ship-keeper, bosun, blacksmith—did I mention him? Wall, then there is the crew, and—and so on, the hands in the for'c'stle that work the ship and row the boats."

"How many boats are there? I counted eight."

"You're right there, eight boats, and each boat has a crew of six hands. It takes five at the oars and there is the steerer. We have eight boat-steerers on board. The skeeman and the bosun, they are both steerers."

"What do you steer with? I've got a cousin at home and he says you don't use rudders."

"Rudders? Jest a steer-oar. You see you can swing a boat round with it 'mazin' quick."

"Well, where are the harpooners?"

"Oh, they are handy. The harpooner, you know, cap'ns the boat. He pulls the bow-oar. You see that puts him in a handy place for strikin' the fish. The boat is a-goin' it, say, and he jest rises, turns round, and from the bow, lets the fish have it."

"But the lines? The harpooner looks after those?"

"No, the line-manager. You see he pulls

the stroke-oar, as we say, and he must see that the lines are coiled away all right, and when payin' out, see that they run right. The boat-steerer helps him. Say! You—you feel—uneasy? Sick—what's your name?"

"Call me Phil, Phil Woodward."

"And I'm Ned, though that's not the hull of me. I'm Joe Neddock, but somehow they never say 'Joe.' Only my old mother ever said that. Shipmates say Neddock and Ned, or Neddie. I like Ned 'bout as well as any."

"Ned, then."

"My old mother wouldn't care, I s'pose, if sometimes you said 'Joe," and as the sailor spoke, the brown eyes looked pleased.

In a moment he asked, "You sick, Phil?"

"Eh—a little!" said Phil, giving a rather melancholy smile.

"Wall, now I tell you. Let officers and crew all go. Don't talk about 'em. Rest of us will work the ship, and you go below. Git into your bunk and—and—dream you are at home among the Yankees."

Phil thanked him, and accepting his advice, rose and feebly stepped along the deck.

"Jest lean on me,'' said Ned.

"Feel like retirin' to private life, Bub?"

asked a big-limbed fellow as he saw Phil's white face and trembling gait.

Phil tried to smile.

"That's right, Phil!" said Ned, who narrowly watched his protege, and was anxious to see him take a stand as a manly mariner. "Grin and bear it!"

"I mean to, but I shall be glad to get where I can grin lying down," said Phil, and when he was stretched out in the bunk for which there was a place in his state-room but for hardly anything else, he felt that he would not exchange this chance to lie down for all the glories of the most successful harpooning and boat-steering and line-managing in the world. Captain Arkwright soon looked into the state-room.

"A little uneasy? You stay here. I'll let the steward fetch you something that will help you, Phil."

"We steaming—the vessel, I mean?" asked Phil, languidly lifting his pale face to the captain.

"Yes, but we have got a good stiff breeze and I am about to give the vessel all the canvas she will bear. Now, you stay quiet."

"Yes, sir."

That day and through the night, Phil kept

his bunk. He tried to sleep, and several times launched off into a nap, but he did not get into very deep waters. He dreamed that he was at home and that Cousin Ivory was complaining of sea-sickness. "I believe," he told Phil, "I shall give up sea-talk and shan't call my shop the for'c'stle any more. When I do, and the wind blows in a storm, and the for'c's-tle trembles, it brings on a fit of nausea. I seem to be at sea. I shall give up this being a sailor on land."

Phil thought Fred was sea-sick, and his mother was sea-sick also, and so was everybody in Grantport.

"A funny world!" said Phil in his dream, a smile playing over his pale face. Somebody with a lantern had come into Phil's quarters and held it above Phil's face.

"He's dreaming!" said Captain Arkwright. "Probably dreaming of home. I've been in the same place myself. Hullo! He is smiling. That's good! Don't get a smile out of some folks for a week after they leave port. This one is all right. He'll make a sailor."

CHAPTER VI.

LAYING OUT HIS COURSE.

WHEN Phil awoke the next morning, he confusedly glanced about his narrow quarters and wondered where he was.

"Let me see! Where did I start yesterday and I ought to be where this morning?" he asked, raising himself in his bunk and leaning on his elbow. He could see the opposite wall and it was almost within touching distance. There was a wash bowl in a little shelf projecting from a corner, the bowl setting in a hole cut in the shelf. Another shelf held a pitcher set also in a hole.

"That doesn't look like home!" thought Phil.

Just then he felt a heavy roll which threatened to throw him out upon the floor. There was no such heaving earthquake at home. He sank back in his bed.

"Oh, I'm in that whaler!" he exclaimed. "I had forgotten.'

Tap—tap!

Some one was gently knocking at the door of his little state-room.

"Come in!" said Phil.

The door was already opening, and Captain Arkwright's good-natured face appeared.

"Well, how is my third mate?"

"Thank you," said Phil. "Your third mate thinks it is time for him to get up. Where are we now?"

Here there came another earthquake sending Phil back upon his bed again.

"Don't—don't be in a hurry. Rather heavy sea now," said the captain gripping the side of the bunk. "You—f—feel better?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good. You wanted to know where we were. Oh, we are heading for the North Pole and the whales, fast as we can get there."

"I don't hear the engines."

"No, the wind is so lively that we are making good progress under sail. Now if the wind should go down, we would raise steam and take in sail. We don't want to use our engines all the time. You see we have just so much coal aboard, and it must last us till we get back."

"What time do we have breakfast, sir?"

"About eight. Then we get down to din-

ner at twelve say, and have tea at five in the afternoon."

"All hands get into the cabin to eat?" said Phil, wondering if he should see Ned.

"Well—no—" replied the captain.

"There, Captain Arkwright, I knew better than that. Of course they don't. You'll think I am a real land-lubber."

"Oh, it is the privilege of all to make a few mistakes. I certainly want that permission. I'll tell you who will mess with us in the cabin. There are the two mates, the doctor, the engineer, the second engineer, and the steward you will also see. But I don't believe you will feel very much like eating breakfast, and if you don't, you stay here. I will let the steward get you something light."

"Thank you, sir."

"And I don't know—but—"

Here came an earthquake that took the captain unawares and almost rolled him over upon the floor.

"I act like a land-lubber, Phil, and it looks as if it is almost time for me to give up sea-life. I started to say that the water is so rough to-day, I doubt whether you will have your sea-legs on and be round much. But there, you can have a quiet time you know,

and you may feel like laying out your course."

"My course?"

"Oh, thinking over your duties and when to do them. They will be mostly writing. Do you want to see my diary that I want you to copy?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain stepped back into the cabin but quickly reappeared and held up a bulky handful in black covers.

"There! I don't know but some time I may publish this. It is about Arctic life as I have seen it in previous voyages. The subject somehow seems to fascinate most people. I knew you could write a good hand some time ago—"

"Why—how—"

"How did I find it out? When I was at the ship-chandler's (I mean Jenkins), several times I saw where you had written your name or set down a few items that somebody had bought, and I said, 'He writes a good hand—'"

"Thank you."

"Now, it will take you some time to copy this—not in such a tossing ship as this, by any means—"

Here, promptly, as an illustration, came the heave of another earthquake.

"But—but we shall have smoother water and everlasting day."

"Oh, I want to see that! I've read about it."

"Yes, sunlight all through the twenty-four hours. You'll have something to tell of when you reach home."

"I'll make Fred's eyes open," thought Phil.

"Now, speaking about that writing," said the captain, "while you are taking it easy, you might be thinking it over, when you will do it. It is a good idea to have system. We accomplish more if we say: 'I'll do so much and at such a time, every day.' That is what I mean by laying out your course. Then, Phil, I want you to improve your opportunity and read what you can about Arctic explorations and the Arctic regions. We have a ship's library and you will find some interesting books in it."

"I'll begin to-day—"

"If you feel like it—I don't know how much you will do to-day," said the captain. "Don't hurry out to breakfast; make yourself comfortable here. Your quarters are small,

but snug. I had these state-rooms put in, for they are more cosey and convenient." He looked at Phil's pale face, and said as he left, "Remember!"

"I will, sir."

Phil did not find the pangs of hunger very sharp. He heard without concern the clatter of breakfast dishes out in the cabin. That clatter was growing lighter, when, after a slight rap on the door, a round, bald head was thrust into Phil's little pen, and Bob, the steward, said in a cheerful, ringing voice, "Won't you have something this morning, clerk?"

Phil soon learned that he was known among the crew as the 'cap'n's clerk.'

"That's what I am thinking of, steward," replied Phil, returning the compliment that had been paid him in the use of his title. "I find I don't want hardly anything."

"I see! You had better not be a-feastin' if you're sick, you know."

"I don't feel sick, but I don't feel hungry."

"Might try a little gruel. That is a good land-lubber dish, you know," said the grinning steward.

"All right," said Phil. "And I'll come out and take it at the table."

When Phil rose, he found that he was light-headed and weak. He went out into the cabin though, holding on to the wall or the door amid the heavings of the ship, and sat down to eat his gruel. The table was of oak, and its surface was divided by strips of wood running lengthwise.

"That's to keep the dishes from slipping round and spilling over," thought Phil looking at the strips.

Overhead, he noticed a rack for tumblers. These were set in holes and so could harmlessly swing with the swinging ship. There was a binnacle lamp suspended within its ring of brass, that it might also go to sea without danger. There was a clock in the cabin peacefully ticking away, and there was also that weather-prophet, the barometer.

"Oh, here is the library!" thought Phil catching a sight of several well filled shelves. "While I am waiting for my gruel, I will pick out a book and be laying out my course, as the captain says."

He steadied himself carefully and going to the library, selected a volume on Arctic travel. Then he went back to the table. When Bob appeared, a bowl of steaming, odorous gruel in his hands, Phil felt like going to bed.

"Guess, Bob—"

"That shows you are a Yankee. You Yankees are always guessing. Why, man, how pale you look! You want bunk more than gruel."

Phil nodded his head and tried to rise. "You are very kind, Bob, but——"

"Now, clerk, don't you worry!" said the steward, setting down the gruel on the oaken table. "Let me get you into harbor."

So saying he supported Phil back to his bunk, and Phil sank gratefully down into it.

"Now you are in port, clerk, you had better stay there."

"I think so. Perhaps I can read."

"I would, clerk, and let me know if I can do anything for you. Dr. Sinclair—"

"Oh, you needn't speak to him. Don't want to go into hospital. Just keep still, you know."

The steward now left, and the clerk, propped up in his bunk, opened his library book.

"Let me see! I'll try to get over so much ground every day when I can—laying out my course. How many pages are there to this book?" wondered Phil.

Turning the pages over, he saw a word which arrested his attention at once.

"Bible!" he exclaimed.

There was the word in very plain type and in good English.

"Hullo!" he thought. "Here I am, laying out my course, and handling this book, and havn't touched my Bible to-day. That won't do! Where is my Bible? Mother wouldn't like it if I should omit that. Cousin Ivory would say I had lowered my colors. I'll find that."

Bibles kept near us are more likely to be Bibles read by us, and Phil's was within reach.

"I'll start in the New Testament to-day," he said, "and I'll try to be more prompt than this."

When he had read the opening of the beautiful story of the Saviour's life, he said before closing the book, "I'll take my lead pencil and draw on the fly-leaf Cousin Ivory's flag at the mast-head. If I don't read, he would say I lowered my flag. That will remind me, drawn on the fly-leaf. No, I can do better than that. I'll get a slip of paper, cut it in the form of a book-mark, and sketch my flag on that. I shall be sure to see it every time I read."

He drew the flag on a paper-slip, inserted it in his Testament, and then laid the book aside.

Oh, how little flag-lowering there would be in this life, if the Bible were daily read! Phil was meeting one of the conditions of successful character, because faithful to Bible-reading. If we want good fruit in our gardens, we must plant for it. If we want a flag afloat at the mast-head, we must not cut the halliards, and we do it, if we cut off our habit of Bible-reading.

Phil now took up the story of Arctic travels.

"I'll read about Sir John Franklin, the man who never came back from his last voyage," thought Phil.

It is a fascinating story. While the Crow's Wing is skimming the ocean, the wind roaring through the rigging, and that boy in his bunk bending over the pages in his lap, we will trace also the flight of Franklin across the seas and the subsequent efforts to find him. Sir John Franklin was born in England, 1786. He was a brave officer in the English navy, much interested in everything pertaining to sea-life. His father did not intend that he should go to sea. "John shall be a clergyman," was the purpose of the father. While at school, there came a holiday. John improved this small vacation by walking twelve miles to get a look at the great ocean. He

had heard of the sea often, of course, but he had never looked upon it. There he was at the end of the long walk, looking off upon that vast, tumbling reach of blue water. It so fascinated John that he made up his mind to be a sailor. "Oh, that won't last," was the father's thought, and that he might taste salt water, and want no more of it, John was sent off in a merchant-ship. He was not disgusted, but wanted more of the same briny water, and his father permitted him to enter the navy. Franklin there had a brave and honorable record. He was very much interested in Arctic exploration and very successful in such cold weather travels. In 1845, he was appointed to the command of a British expedition to find the Northwest passage, so-called. This was an old and famous ambition. By going south, Magellan had found a way round the continent of South America, and now by going north, would not a watery way around North America be discovered? It might make a new and valued route to Asia. To hunt amid the ice-fields and icebergs of the North, for a gateway into Asia was the aim of this expedition of 1845. It was thought at first that Franklin was too old to go on this voyage. He had desired to go, but the first

lord of the admiralty said to an English officer, Sir Edward Parry, "I see that Franklin is sixty years of age; ought we to permit him to go out?" Parry replied, "He is the ablest man I know, and if you do not send him, he will certainly die of despair."

To Franklin—and it must be remembered that he was on the border-line of old age—it was said, "Can you not repose on the laurels won in such good service for your country?" Franklin's answer was, "My Lord, I am but fifty-nine." What could you do with such a man as that? "Let him go," you say. Franklin went. May 19, 1845, he left England. He had in his little squadron the Erebus and Terror, and a transport ship to take stores as far as Disco, Greenland. With Franklin went a brave band of a hundred and thirty-four, officers and men. England never saw their faces again. Their commander was a brave, resolute, noble soul. His vessels safely reached Disco, and there the transport parted with the Erebus and Terror, taking back to England the last mail ever sent home by those courageous adventurers. This is Franklin's last letter, and I like its sentiments so well that I want to copy this fragment of it:

"*My Dear Sister:—*

* * * * *

"The appearance, dress and manners of the Eskimos bespeak that care is taken of them by the government. Several of them can read the Bible with ease, and I am told that when the families are all collected, the children are obliged to attend school daily. I looked into one of the huts arranged with seats for the purpose. When the minister comes over from Disco, he superintends the school; at other times, the children are taught by a half-caste Eskimo. How delightful it is to know that the Gospel is spreading far and wide, and will do so till its blessed truths are disseminated through the globe. Every ship in these days ought to go forth to strange lands bearing among its officers a missionary spirit, and may God grant such a spirit on board this ship. It is my desire to cultivate this feeling, and I am encouraged to hope we have among us some who will aid me in this duty. We have divine service twice on each Sunday, and I never witnessed a more attentive congregation than we have. May the seed sown fall upon good ground, and bring forth fruit abundantly to God's honor and glory.

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"JOHN FRANKLIN."

After these letters, the twenty-sixth of July, Franklin's ships were spoken by two whalers. That date, "Everything was going on well, officers and men busily shooting the birds, the

auks, which surrounded them, to add to their provision stores." Over this pleasant picture of plenty fell a dark, thick, mysterious veil not to be lifted for years. As time passed and Franklin did not return, rescue parties were sent after him. These efforts finally became voyages to find a footprint of Franklin's course, for there was no expectation of finding him alive. Now and then the waiting world would be startled by the discovery of some sign of the missing ones. In 1850, rescuers came upon traces. White men dragging a boat might have been seen by natives, and such a story was told by Dr. Rae's exploring party in 1854.

Between 1848 and 1854, about fifteen expeditions left England and America, hoping to solve the strange, sad problem of the disappearance of Franklin's expedition. There was a wide-spread interest taken in such efforts. Lady Franklin moved many hearts by her appeals for sympathy and help. The word that Dr. Rae brought, stirred the British government to send, in 1855, a party down the Great Fish River, which pours into Arctic waters. Around its mouth they obtained from Eskimos relics of the Franklin expedition. It was concluded that a party of the

brave explorers tried to reach the Hudson Bay Company's settlements by way of the Fish River route. Lady Franklin's thoughts steadfastly were turned towards that silent land of the cold and the dark from which no spoken word had come to her listening ear. The dumb relics of her husband's explorations meant something; she must have other testimony. Once more she made an effort to raise money for the equipment of a vessel. She gave to it her all. Friends aided her, and the yacht Fox, commanded by the daring McClintock, sailed in July, 1857, for the far Northern land. When McClintock returned, there came with him that voice for which Lady Franklin had listened. He not only found articles belonging to Franklin's ships, but at Point Victory, McClintock's party found a cairn in which had been deposited a very precious record. This gave a history of the Franklin expedition up to April 25, 1848. There it was, at last, the story of nigh three eventful years. The sad chronicle was found of Franklin's death, June 11, 1847. The Erebus and Terror having been beset by ice since Sept. 12, 1846—think of the long, icy imprisonment—they had been deserted a few days previous to the above date, April

25th. The touching declaration was appended that they would "start on to-morrow, April 26, 1848, for Back's Fish River." There were about a hundred souls still living to begin this cold, icy, last journey. We ca imagine them struggling along, abandoning here and there various articles that were sad footprints of this unrecorded movement toward—death. It was a pathetic attempt to find the South and a warmer sun, friends and home. One by one those heroic souls drop and die, some gathered ice-heap hiding the body and hinting of that last disaster. The survivors still struggle forward, through blinding snows, amid pitiless cold. To-night they halt in the lee of an ice-clad crag. On the morrow, still in hope, they wearily travel on. The column of this travel grows thinner, shorter, till the last man drops in an unnoticed grave, or dies within the walls of an Eskimo hut. And this was the rear of that movement starting out in England one Spring day with so broad and noble and admired a front. Three ships there and huzzahing friends; in the cold North, those lonely, starving, freezing adventurers in the land of the snow and the ice-fields, falling into graves without a headstone. Somewhere, McClintock found a boat containing two skeletons. What

a chapter to suddenly open in the volume of the Franklin disaster, as the discoverers stumble upon that boat! Intense must have been the suffering of those poor fellows.

England and all the civilized world have brought into the light of an honoring and undying remembrance those who took part in that expedition. If you ever go to Westminster Abbey, London, you can see there a monument to Franklin's memory. It was erected by Lady Franklin. This marble memorial has a bass-relief of an ice-bound ship. From that noble chant, the Benedicite, which so many have used and loved, have been taken these sentences for that memorial:

> "O ye frost and cold! O ye ice and snow!
> Bless ye the Lord!"

Underneath are the words of Tennyson:

> "Not here: the white North has thy bones, and thou,
> Heroic Sailor Soul,
> Art passing on thy happier voyage now
> Toward no Earthly Pole."

The inscription concludes thus:

"Erected by his widow, who, after long waiting, and sending many in search of him, herself departed to find him in the realms of life."

Franklin with others previously had determined the fact of a channel along America's northern coast "with which the frozen sea wherein he was beset, had a direct communication." It was declared therefore that Franklin "had in a geographical sense firmly established the existence of a northwest passage." In a commercial sense, such a passage is only an icy trap to the vessel sailing into it, and Franklin rendered great service in proving its treacherous, hopeless, worthless character. To prove it, the brave fellow gave up his life. May we not have any more such experiments.

The boy on board the whaler, reading the story of Franklin, fell asleep over his book. A dream came to him and it seemed as if he were in Grantport again, sitting in the warm sheltered kitchen of home. Then he was abruptly transferred to the decks, cold and icy, of a vessel going north. "Bah!" said the dreamer. "Wish I was at home!"

Captain Arkwright came into Phil's stateroom softly, saw that his clerk was very quiet, bent down to him and said, "Ah, he is asleep! And what is that? Has he been crying? Shouldn't wonder? Sea-sick and homesick! No discredit to a boy to miss his

home! He will be all right in a day or two."

The captain was correct, and soon Phil cheerfully trod the decks of the whaler that was dashing away toward the Land of the Snow and the Ice.

CHAPTER VII.

FOG! FOG!

BREAKFAST was over in the dusky little cabin. Those who messed there—with the exception of Phil—were apt to linger and prepare themselves for the day's further duties by a smoke. Phil was very glad to escape from the dense cloud that would be evolved from those industrious pipes. Ben Holton, the first mate, noticed it. Phil did not like Holton. The boy was very positive in his likes and dislikes. He inherited this from his mother. She was sometimes very unreasonable in her prejudices. The first time he saw Holton, Phil's silent observation was, "I don't like you." He had not seen occasion to change his opinion. Holton was a stout, wide-shouldered fellow of thirty, with a dense, bushy beard of brown, eyes that were rather small and gray, and had a look as if the owner were criticising you, and after the criticism would laugh at you. He had a teasing, joking, sneering style of conversation. He plainly

thought that he knew everything and that other people knew nothing.

"I don't believe Cap'n Arkwright likes him," concluded Phil. "Then I don't see why he keeps him."

Captain Arkwright did not like his first mate as a man, but Holton was a superior sailor. In an emergency, it was Holton's knowledge of the nautical thing that ought to be done and his resoluteness in executing what he knew, that came to the front. As a man, Captain Arkwright was so unlike him that he could not possibly find him agreeable. The captain was different in his looks. He had an open, frank countenance that you could not help trusting, and a certain refined expression that seemed out of place among the crew of the whaler.

Holton looked as if he would be fully at home down in the rough and boisterous forecastle, though he was a person of great pride and never would have humbled himself to the level of its crowded berths. Holton had a teasing way towards Phil, and used a certain offensive style of badgering and bullying which is contemptible in a man's relations to a boy, and is still worse in a big boy's treatment of a little one. The morning of this section of our

story, the usual cloud began to rise in the cabin from the pipes of the mess, and Phil was about to make his usual rush for the pure air on deck. Captain Arkwright was already there, giving orders. Dr. Sinclair was down in the forecastle looking after a sick man whom he intended to put into "hospital." Bob, the steward, had withdrawn the sunshine of his round, laughing face from the cabin, not feeling very well, and in his absence, Ned was trying to serve. Phil was moving towards the cabin door when Holton reached out his big arm, and said, "Hold on, Bub!" Phil stopped and then shrank back from his grasp.

"I won't hurt ye. I see you don't smoke."

"No, sir."

"Humph! Too good for ye?"

"No, 'tother way," said Phil, trying to laugh though in no laughing mood.

"I see your bringin' up has been neglected," observed the mate.

Phil did not like this reference to his training at home. but was silent. Phil's silence nettled the ill-mannered tease.

"You mean to say you never smoked nor chewed?" said Holton.

"Never," replied Phil.

"A curiosity!" exclaimed Holton in a sneering tone.

Batson, the second mate, laughed.

Both officers, as if to show their superiority to this lad so unappreciative of tobacco, exhaled big puffs of smoke.

"Trouble with you," said Holton, "is that you are afraid to do other than what your marm tells you."

"That is it, exactly," said Phil. "I think too much of my mother to do what I think she would not like to have me do."

As he spoke, he looked good-naturedly but steadily and fearlessly into the face of his big tormentor. I think if Cousin Ivory could have seen Phil's colors, that moment, flying at the mast-head, he would have said, "Good for you, Phil!"

Somebody said it for him;

"Good for you, Phil!"

It was Captain Arkwright. Unobserved, in the absorbing nature of this discussion, he had opened the cabin door, and had caught Phil's remark. He added: "A boy who makes that his purpose, who sails under that flag, won't be likely to get on to the rocks."

It seemed as if Cousin Ivory attempting to

be nautical, had spoken through the captain of the whaler, the Crow's Wing.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Batson, the second mate. "Now you got it, Ben Holton."

"Eh!" said Holton, throwing out another cloud of smoke through which he squinted conceitedly at the ceiling. "My turn will come another day."

Affecting to laugh, he rose and left the cabin, followed by Bob Batson. The engineer, Bill Laurie, went in another minute. "Ah!" said the captain. "The morning smoke through so soon?"

"I tell ye—Phil—Phil," exclaimed Ned excitedly, coming forward from a corner of the cabin where he had been apparently busy with some duty as steward *pro tem.* "I tell ye, cap'n, Phil was too much for Ben Holton and jest routed him. 'Twas about tobacco, you see. La! I'm an old hand at it. When I am among folks, I mean to do as folkses do. Folks smoke and chew at sea, and I foller suit. But—it stands to reason—" Here Ned assumed the attitude of an orator, for he had a fancy that by nature he was something of a hand at an argument, and he began to gesticulate emphatically!

"But, it stands to treason—reason, I mean,

when a boy has orders from his mother jest how to cruise, he ought to sail accordingly—shouldn't he?"

"I should say so," said Captain Arkwright. "I should say so, Ned. And Phil must feel that nobody is going to interfere. I use tobacco when I feel like it, but still I wish I didn't, and nobody shall trouble Phil. He is free to do as he pleases."

That word "free" was like the pressure of a strong hand on a hidden spring in Ned's nature, and what enthusiasm escaped!

"Free!" he cried, and he swung his arm furiously. "There's where ye steered straight into harbor. Up with the Stars and Stripes forever!"

"Look-k out!" cried Phil, stooping to avoid a heavy blow from the enthusiastic orator, as he heedlessly swung his arms. The whole affair ended in a hearty laugh. Captain Arkwright and Phil were laughing as they left the cabin. The two mates, Ben Holton and Bob Batson—in the ship-vernacular, people retained their first names and in the very shortest form—were standing together on the deck and heard the laugh.

"There is that boy, the cap'n's clerk," said

the first mate in a surly tone, "he doesn't amount to much."

"Got the better of you, Ben, this morning. Took the wind out of your sails."

"I don't see how, Bob Batson," said Holton, complacently stroking his big beard. "Mark my word; not much sail anyway to him. Sort of drift-wood the cap'n took a fancy to and picked up."

"Here he comes!" said the second mate.

Phil and the captain were passing.

"What a fog!" exclaimed Phil. "How long have we been in it?"

"About an hour."

"And there's no wind?"

"Not even a cat's-paw. We took in sail and have raised steam."

"What a good thing steam is!"

"Good does not begin to describe it. Steam is something we English whalers feel we cannot do without. Our fathers went just under canvas, but we feel that we must have a steam-engine under us. Working through the ice-fields or when the wind fails us in open water, it is of untold value. You see what a help it is just now! Can't go ahead much, and yet we don't want to lie still. What a thick fog!"

"And the ice, cap'n!"

In every direction was a dense, gray, woolly cloud that lifted before the whaler as it penetrated the fog, but behind, it closed up immediately. Here and there were masses of ice, like the fragments of an ice-field that had been shattered. This parting of the fog ahead and its closing in the rear had a strange effect. It was like the opening and shutting of the mouth of an immense monster, and the masses of ice were his white teeth.

"Toot-t-t-t!" went at intervals the whaler's whistle. Such an hour of desolation, that gray fog, the ghostly ice, the dark water and that solitary "toot-t-t! toot-t! toot!"

"Are you afraid of meeting anything?" asked Phil. "It doesn't seem as if anything living could be here."

"We are off the coast of Labrador, and there may be fishermen round. Can't say, you know, and so I prefer to go whistling."

"You ever in Labrador?"

"No, but I know something about it, and there are heavy fisheries off this way, and I don't want to run a fishing-craft down."

"I suppose they are run down."

"Oh, yes, sometimes, poor fellows. I think vessels never heard from may go down that way, and the world not know anvthing about

it. The ocean is a sad place for many human hopes."

"I wonder you ever were a sailor." Here Phil looked up into his captain's face. This face that had a profile almost classic, the blue eyes gentle and sympathetic while brave, a certain look of the scholar rather than the adventurer, did not seem to be just in place here on the deck of this rough old whaler.

"I will tell you, Phil, how it was, and at the same time be on the look out, while others are watching. You see this is a risky place we are in."

There were two men in the bow of the Crow's Wing on the lookout, and orders were flying across the deck, "hard-a-port," or "hard-a-starboard," as some icy obstacle loomed up ahead.

"Perhaps you are too busy now, cap'n, to talk," said Phil, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no, I can give you a part of my senses, and my ship shall have the rest. I will tell you a little something about Labrador. To begin with, it is a pretty big country. Must be, to stretch one way eleven hundred miles, say, and then another, east and west, seven hundred. Lay the British Isles, France, and Prussia alongside, and you would have a

country of the size of Labrador. And a hard place it is on the whole, I judge, rough and rocky. Still, it has its fertile spots and its inhabitants. I think there are over twelve thousand people, but then there are several thousand Indians among them, and the Eskimos, I understand, are about seventeen hundred. The Eskimos have come under the influence of the Moravian missionaries. Wonderful men are the latter, while unpretending. They tell me there are about twenty in Labrador in four stations. Hopedale and Hebron are the names of two of the stations. You will see a church rising up at each station, and besides the missionaries' houses there are workshops and a store. A splendid work—"

"Must be a cold place in Labrador."

"Of course it is. Can't be otherwise. You see we are now between the same parallels of latitude as my English home, but how different the weather!"

"What makes it?"

"Oh, we have the cold currents from the north here, bringing down the ice. The gulf stream strikes over toward Europe and helps warm up Scandinavia and then farther down it helps keep old England comfortable. In Labrador, snow lasts from September or Octo-

ber till June. Summer is short but it must be beautiful. The shore scenery is grand, I understand, and tourists will be flocking to Labrador some day."

"Well, what do folks live on in Labrador?"

"Oh, there are the fisheries, and they are valuable. Battle Harbor is a fishing village, and much business is done in that neighborhood. Great many Newfoundland fishermen go there. Cod is a famous fish along the Labrador coasts. Then Labrador gives to the outside world seal skins, herring, salmon, mackerel, and so on."

"Toot — toot — toot!" "Hard-a-port!" "Hard-a-starboard!"

These shrieks of the throat that was iron and those that were human, became so frequent that Captain Arkwright broke off the conversation, saying, "There, Phil, I forgot after all to tell you how I became a sailor, but that will keep till another day. My vessel needs me now." Phil went to the stern of the whaler where he saw Ned leaning over the vessel's rail.

"I tell ye, Phil, this—this is skittish. You see I heard 'em talkin' back there, mates and cap'n, and they feel that we got in too near

the Labrador coast, and we are goin' to try to get out of this."

"Toot—toot—toot! Yes—yes—yes!" said the steam-whistle as if in response. "Get—out—of—this-s-s!"

Phil shivered. It is true the air was sharp and cold, but his timidity as a landsman gave the shiver much emphasis.

"You think there is any danger?"

"Oh, we shall come out all right. I don't like to have things jest easy. More excitement, more fun, you know. I like to be in a ship."

Phil gave an uneasy smile. He thought he would give a good deal if he were at home in another kind of craft, Cousin Ivory's "for'c's-tle." Phil was afraid he had not properly appreciated those safe quarters. There you could be at sea and yet on land.

"Fishing grounds about here, Ned?"

"Can't say, but I guess so. You want to fish?"

"Oh, no! I was thinking if any fishermen were caught in this fog—"

"Dare say. If they are fools to get far enough off, why it gives 'em a lesson."

"Toot—toot—toot!" said the whistle. "Toot—toot!"

"Hard—a—starboard!" was the cry to the man at the wheel.

Ahead was a big, misshapen stretch of ice bearing down out of the fog upon the Crow's Wing. The first order to the engineer was to slow up, then to stop, next to go ahead, and now to the man at the wheel came the cry, "Hard—a—starboard!" The whaler was going to steam past this obstruction, when suddenly from the lookout in the bows came a warning in tones of horror. Nobody had seen anything but the ice. In turning a corner of it, the lookout saw behind a screening projection of crystal—a boat—and a man who was scrambling from side to side of his boat, as if to pick up an oar and with it try to reach out to the ice near which he was drifting. The occupant of this boat had been tempted out amid the ice by the thought that seals might be basking on the fragments of this shattered floe. And then without warning, the fog had closed upon him. He had hoped to catch; and now he was caught. Out of this ugly trap, the fog, that had the softest of jaws and the most tenacious also, he had tried to escape. Bewildered amid the channels opening in the ice, he had at last come to the conclusion that he was lost, and what was to be

done? When would the fog lift? When would the fog scatter, the sun be seen, and the shadow of his form falling across his boat be a finger to tell him which side of the sea was east and which was west, where Europe might be, and where Labrador? He turned his searching face pitifully toward that vast roof of this cavern of fog, trying to see some break in the vault, down through which might fall a guiding ray of the sun.

"Don't see anything!" he said, while the fog seemed on the other hand to grow denser, the air was chillier, damp and tomb-like, the ice pressing closer as if it would squeeze to splinters this unlucky boat. Suddenly, hark!

"Toot-t-t-t!"

The lonely figure rose in his boat, excitedly pointed in the direction of the sound, and shouted, "A steamer's whistle!"

He shouted back:

"Hul-lo-o-o-o!"

He shouted a second time:

"Hul-lo-o-o-o!"

"That is foolish!" he said. "They can't hear me. I must wait, or anyway, I can sail toward the sound."

He raised the sail though there was no wind to fill it, and then took up his oars. Grad-

ually, the sound of the whistle came nearer. By these successive blasts, hope was strengthened. Pictures of a return to the fishing settlement where he lived, grew vivid.

"Toot—toot—toot!"

"I shall get into the harbor again."

"Toot—toot—toot!"

"I shall moor my boat at the old landing."

"Toot—toot—toot!"

"I shall have a good welcome from the fishermen. I can see them coming about me."

"Toot—toot—toot!"

"I shall have my old seat by the fire and my warm bed at night."

The whistling grew so vigorous because so near, that all these pictures came out into clearer outline and sharper coloring. The air so chilly was warm with hope.

"I do think the sun is coming out," said this poor prisoner of the fog looking up where the sky generally is found.

And now as through the mist broke the form of the whaler so immense in comparison with his little craft, the masts towering and tapering, faces looking over the ship's rail, human brotherly faces, it was like home itself and the faces of old friends breaking through the mist and advancing to his rescue.

"Hur—rah!" he was saying with one breath, and with the next, he was giving a groan of despair.

"She don't see me and will run over me!" was the horrid thought settling about his soul like a new descent of fog shutting out all the sunshine of hope.

"Perhaps I can reach that ice and climb out on it," he said.

He was not many feet from it. He seized an oar and tried to reach the ice, and then seating himself tried to pull up to it. Another moment—as it seemed to him—a huge, trampling mass of wood, of iron, without any mercy, came crashing along near the edge of the ice, and—there was no boat on that dark sea!

On board the whaler, there was the intensest excitement.

"Phil, Phil!" shouted Ned, "See that boat and the man in it, and, and—we have gone over him!"

Signal was rung to the engineer to stop his engines, and as the Crow's Wing was moving very slowly, she was quickly a motionless mass on the surface of the sea.

"Phil, I believe I see him!" was Ned's cry to Phil who with a horrified face was looking down into the water. The next moment, Ned

was slipping off his boots and throwing away his jacket. The next, he shouted to Phil, "Hold on to t'other end!" and then he dropped over the vessel's side. It was all done so quickly that Phil could hardly realize what Ned was attempting. A big splash down in the sea was an explanation. A rope which had been coiled up on the deck but was now going over the ship's rail rapidly, was additional explanation. It said in behalf of Ned, "Phil, there is a man down in the water, I am going after him. This rope will help us both in the struggle for life. You make that t'other end fast. Don't let it go."

Ned's end of the coil of rope that had been lying in the stern of the vessel, was rapidly disappearing. Phil gripped the other end of the rope, threw it round a belaying pin, gave it a second twist, and held on. How he did want to see what was going on at Ned's end of the rope! On deck the officers and crew were hurrying about. An order to lower a boat had been given, but how long it did seem before the boat went down into the sea, the first mate in charge of it! In the mean time, amid the uproar, Phil's ear caught distinctly a hoarse shout from the surface of the water, "More rope! More rope! Quick!"

Phil knew what it meant. He unwound his end of the rope twisted round the belaying pin, sprang over the vessel's side, clinging with one hand, and with the other, winding once about his wrist that rescue-rope, let out all the length that was possible.

"They may have my wrist but the rope shan't go without it!" resolved Phil, grimly, setting his teeth firmly together.

There was a delay in launching the boat, and when Ben Holton and his men were in it fairly resting on the sea, the mate said, "Where are the oars, boys? Somebody hand em!"

"Pull—in—that—rope!" came from the sea.

Phil heard it and screamed, "Quick! Pull!"

Captain Arkwright was the first to reach him. Half-a-dozen hands were laid on Phil and his rope.

"Three cheers for Ned! Three cheers for cap'n's clerk!" somebody shouted.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" echoed across the sea, and as the cheers were going out, Ned and his prize were coming in toward the vessel.

"See the cap'n's clerk!" said one of Ben Holton's crew. "Hasn't he the stuff in him! See!"

Ben Holton chose not to look. "Pull away!" he growled. "Pull away for those men!"

But by the time he was ready to start, the steamer having backed toward the men in the water, those on deck also pulling on the rope, Ned and his companion were at the vessel's side.

"Git—t'other—boat!" yelled Ned.

While those on board the Crow's Wing were pulling in Ned and his prize, Ben Holton's crew rowed off, found the overturned little craft, towed it to the whaler, and both boats were then hoisted out of the water. Ned and the fisherman were at once furnished with warm, dry clothes, and soon were able to tell their story. Ned's was short. "When I went down, cap'n, I got my man pretty quick, but he was bruised and sort of wild, and couldn't do much, you know—like a ship on a lee shore. I managed to git my rope under his arms, and when I had made fast, you know the rest."

"You did royally, Ned," said the captain.

"Oh, no, but you git that t'other craft's story. Let him tell his cruise."

The "t'other craft's" story was very brief, and we know part of it already. He was a

black-eyed man, a little older than Ned, with long, straight black hair and a beardless, sallow face.

"You have a wife?" asked the captain.

He shook his head as he answered, "Not now; dead."

"Brother, sister, parents?"

"All alone. They're all dead. Got a boy."

"Well!" said the captain, "what would you like to have us do with you?"

The man stared at him. Without any special thought on the subject, he took it for granted that his next departure would be for home. He was silent for a few minutes.

"You say you've got a boy. Have you a wife living? asked the captain.

"No, cap'n, I told ye already, only a boy. He's goin' off to sea. Would like to see him 'fore he goes," said the man in a dazed way.

"Well, we will do the best we can for you. We may speak a ship that will take you back, and if not—"

"Where goin'?" asked the man.

"Whaling," said the captain, thinking that the best road out of the difficulty was the shortest and straightest.

"Whew-w-w-w!" exclaimed the man.

A new horizon now opened before him, as he saw the possible length of the run of this vessel which had so unexpectedly gone over him and picked him up. He saw too what might be before him, and he adapted himself to it at once.

"I can't say that I owe you anything for going over me and my boat, but I do owe you a good deal for pickin' me up, and my boat. I see—there she is. Well-l-l—thank ye!"

The man gave his name as Jem Johnson. The crew had a briefer name. He had been picked up and already described so often in the forecastle as the one "pickt up," he finally was called "Pick-tup." He seemed to be at home, and there was only one fact that seriously burdened him as a grief.

"Got a boy," he told the captain in his short way.

Pick-tup's boy, just how he fared starting out in a sea-life, both going and gone,—this subject pressed upon Pick-tup. He confessed it to Phil, to whom somehow he took a fancy.

CHAPTER VIII.

CITY OF CRYSTAL.

"MAGNIFICENT!" exclaimed Phil. The Crow's Wing had reached Davis' Strait, whose broad blue arm is thrust between British America and Danish America of Greenland, keeping the two lands forever apart. Out of the waters of the strait, projected what towering masses of crystal, of every shape, of every size! There were the embattled walls of fortresses, frowning towers, soaring spires, lofty domes, and all these icy surfaces glittered in the sunlight, sending back its rays in countless sparkles. Had this city of crystal risen out of the deep, or descended from the skies rather, like that glorious city of the New Jerusalem which the apostle saw, pure, radiant, dazzling? Phil had seen the icebergs in an isolated fleet, and lately at the time of the fog, the Crow's Wing had been confronted by low masses of drifting ice, but never before had the whaler sailed among so many bergs.

"Chilly!" said Phil, wrapped in his stout, thick overcoat, brought from Grantport.

"Yes," replied Captain Arkwright, "icebergs are apt to send the mercury down very sensibly."

"You ever run into any?"

"Into an iceberg? We have rubbed against them. You see they are coming down in a current flowing from the pole, and they will go down below Newfoundland and melt away in warmer waters. You know where they come from?"

"Out of the Arctic regions, of course."

"Yes, you may say they are the nubs of glaciers. The glacier is a river of ice flowing, in this case, down from the heights of Greenland. Reaching the sea, the ends break off, and then float away. It is fresh water ice."

"I have seen a statement that by far the greater part of an iceberg is down out of sight."

"Only about a ninth out of water."

"What is the highest you ever saw?"

"Perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, but on the other side of the globe, in the latitude of Cape Horn, they say they have been seen high as seven or eight hundred feet. That would give over a mile of ice under water. Pretty deep!"

"All sorts of shapes they have."

"Yes, and they won't stay in any one form. You see they drift away, and the farther down the coast they get, the more rapid is the process of dissolving, and as they melt, they must shift to get into equilibrium. They roll over and break, and every time they split, there is a new form given to them of course," said the captain. "I—I—don't like to be hindered by these visitors. We are not far from the whaling grounds, Phil, and we don't want to be bothered by icebergs when there are fish to be hunted."

There was but little wind, and the whaler was steaming cautiously through this city of ice, its structures divided by streets of water, like some crystal Venice by its glassy canals.

"Seals!" cried Phil, as he noticed a cluster basking in the sun that flooded the base of an iceberg the Crow's Wing was passing.

"Yes, Phil, we shall see an abundance of them up in these waters; replied the captain. "You may want a pair of seal-skin pants made by a fashionable Eskimo tailor."

"Ahem!" grunted somebody in the rear of the talkers. They turned, and there with flashing eyes, his hands working nervously, all

his attitude betraying excitement, stood Pick-tup, the sealhunter.

"Cap'n—I—wish—you—would let me try for those seals. I—I—could get them."

"I don't doubt it, but a fish like a whale is worth vastly more than a seal, and we shall soon have plenty of the former about us, Johnson. If I should stop to catch those seals, I might lose a whale which I hope to have on the other side of those icebergs."

Pick-tup moved off with an air of dejection.

"Don't be blue over it!" cried the captain. "We shall have seals enough to hunt up here in Greenland."

That remark did not comfort the forlorn Pick-tup. It suggested to him the dismal fact that he might have more time to pass in the whaler than was agreeable.

"Got a boy!" he murmured. That boy going to sea, and possibly on the sea by this time, filled the father's thoughts. He wanted to get back to Labrador to find him, or to learn of the vessel that had carried him away.

"What did Pick-tup say?" asked the captain.

"Something about his boy, sir," replied

Phil. "I suppose he is afraid he won't get back to him."

"Sorry, sorry! That is one of the unfortunate things about a fisherman's life. The sea is unfair."

"Oh, Cap'n Arkwright, you never told me why you went to sea. You remember you said you would."

"I hav'n't forgotten it. Well, Phil, I went to sea because my health was poor. I wanted to go into business, but the doctor said 'no.' 'Go to sea!' he said. I went. I did not find it to my liking. I found my health though, and the doctor advised me to stick to it. I did so, but I mean to make this my last voyage, as you know, feeling that I have stuck long enough. When I found that it was advisable to keep at sea I did this; I tried to succeed as a sailor as fully as if I were born to the thing. I reasoned, 'Here I am, and I can't be elsewhere. I will do my best. I will adapt myself to ship life, I will like the pleasant things just as thoroughly as possible, and the unpleasant I will shut my eyes upon and forget, just as thoroughly as I can.' That one resolution has helped me very much. Whatever success I have had, this purpose accounts for it, and I want to recommend the like thing

to every young fellow in whatever kind of work he is. Be determined to do your best in it, and enjoy what is agreeable, and be blind and deaf to what you don't like."

"I will try to, cap'n. I will do my best to succeed in whaling as far as I have anything to do with it," said Phil, laughing.

"That's right. You see, we are getting ready for work. The crow's nest we get up to-day, and the boats will be all ready by to-morrow."

The crow's nest on board a vessel in the Arctic seas is a big cask. Its place was at the main-royal mast-head of the whaler. It was securely fastened there for the benefit of a lookout aloft. On the fishing-ground, there is always such a bird in the nest. This crow gets into his nest through a trap-hatch in the bottom just large enough to admit him. He then drops this door and stands on it. He is furnished with a telescope which he rests on an iron support. There he patiently waits at that lofty elevation above the sea, watching for any indication of the big fish whose capture he has come all this distance to accomplish.

That day, the crow's nest was triced up to the main-royal mast-head.

"To-morrow" the captain said again to Phil,

"we will have the boats hoisted up and made ready."

Two boats were already up, one having been used at the time that Pick-tup was run over. The others had been stowed away to be brought out as needed.

It was the latter part of May, and the sun was setting very late.

"After ten!" said Phil, when he crawled into his berth. "Sun just gone down!"

Before leaving the deck, he noticed that the icebergs were thinning out. The whaler seemed to have reached a gateway in this wall of bergs and was passing out of it. Toward the west, though, crowded thicker and closer the palaces and temples of another City of Crystal. The last of the sun jewelled those pure, glistening masses, till they seemed more than ever like the structures of the New Jerusalem. Like a dream of beauty disappearing in the depths of sleep, they vanished away.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL READY.

"LOT to do, to-day, Phille, I tell ye," said Ned. "Got to be all ready now any time. Wales, you see, have already begun to pop up."

As Ned spoke, he laid a huge hand on the shoulder of the captain's clerk.

"Boats,—got to make those ready?"

"Yes, Phil, but you be round, and you will see. The Crow's Wing has got six boats."

Phil watched with curious eyes all the preparations. There were the harpoons for the boats, harpoons sent by hand and harpoons discharged from a gun. The latter was fixed on a swivel in the boat's bows, and its aim could be regulated by the harpooners. It could be raised or lowered, moved to right or left (a sailor would say to starboard or larboard, if an old-fashioned sailor, to starboard or port, if a modern Jack). There were the lines, each boat carried five, about 120 fathoms in length, and the five would measure over 600 fathoms. That would be almost three quarters

of a mile. There were the oars, five for rowing, one for steering. There were two snow shovels, a fog-horn, box of ammunition, two boat-hooks, two piggins or small buckets for the watering of the lines to prevent the firing of the woodwork from friction, a flagstaff and jack, mast and sail, four lances, hatchet—ask an old English sailor in a whaling fleet to tell you the rest.

Phil found Ned at work about as busily as if he were getting ready apparatus to put out a fire, and asked him about the steering of the boat.

"Why don't you have a rudder, Ned?"

"Don't you see, boy, that you can scull with an oar and work a boat ahead when it wouldn't do to be splashing water with your rowin' and so frighten a wale? You see wales are sensitive critturs. They hear sharp, and you must look out for 'em. Then sposin' you are in the ice, don't you see you can send a boat ahead by your scullin' when you couldn't run your oars out very well and work 'em a-rowin'?"

"Well, I shouldn't think you could use your oars at all if the whales hear them."

"We do have to muffle 'em anyway. We have what we call a thrum mat, and we lay it

on the gunwale" (Ned said, "gunnell"). "Wales hear? Oh, my! We have to be careful how we handle our ship, lest the engines, you know, a-startin' up the screw to workin' might 'scare the fish.' What a fish hears under the water, any strange splashin' you know, would jest set 'em to walkin' off lively."

"You say 'fish.'"

"'Course I do. They say a wale ain't a fish, but it's good enough fish for us walers and we say 'fish.'"

"Don't your lines break sometimes, when a big feller gets hold of them?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes we have to cut 'em, too, when a line fouls, for if we didn't, a wale might draw us down, and then it would be good-by for some poor chap."

"Don't some whales take all your line?"

"Oh, yes. A wale may make line scarce in five minutes. Take all you got, then you must hist a piggin—a bucket, you know—on an oar, say, and they'll see it from the ship, and send you some line. More oars—that would mean, 'hurry up.' A fish dives when it is struck, and takes everything with it that will come. In deep water, a fish wants a lot of line."

"Pretty exciting."

"Pritty? Fine! Then you know there's money in it. More fish, better pay. We git oil-money, so much a ton—that's besides our wages—and then we have bone-money, so much a ton. Then sposin' we are in the boat that fust may strike a fish and make fast, harpooner and every one in the boat's crew will git 'stickin'-money.' Sometimes they say, 'fast-boat money.'"

"You get it anyway. What if the whale makes off?"

"Don't say wale. Say fish, boy."

"Fish, then."

"That is like a true waler. If we lose our fish, we lose the stickin'-money. Then she must be a payable fish."

"What is that?"

"Why, a fish not under six foot of bone in length. Walebone, you know, is valuable. You take a big fish what has about ten feet bone, and you'll git a ton of walebone. That is not—not—to be sneezed at."

All this time Ned was bending down to his work, making his hands fly as he manipulated a small rope ladder with wooden rounds.

"What's that for?"

"This?" replied Ned, not looking up. "This 'ere? She is a Jacob's ladder."

"Jacob's ladder?"

"Yes, and handy. Look round the deck. Ain't they busy?"

It was the bustle of a beehive. Sailors were fitting various tackles and purchases, examining harpoons and lines and lances, securing the harpoons to lines and neatly coiling them in the boats, or hoisting some boat up into place. A laugh, a song, the bustle of animated conversation, could be heard. Everybody seemed at work, and everybody seemed happy.

"Yes," said Phil, replying to Ned's question, "they are hard at work, and enjoying it, too."

"Wall, now, sposin' they are out on the ice—"

"Ice?"

"Have it all round us, 'fore we git through. Sposin' suthin's after them, say, and they want to scrabble upon deck, or sposin' there is water and they are comin' in boats you know, why, one of these ladders will be handy as an east wind, if comin' into Davis' Straits. What would all them fixin's"—here without looking up, Ned waved a hand toward the marine beehive on the ship's deck—"what good would them fixin's do without suthin' handy to climb up by?"

"That is it, Ned," said a voice. The voice made Phil uneasy. He knew it was the first mate who was speaking, Ben Holton, and Phil in his thoughts instantly put himself on the defensive.

"How many Jacob's ladders you going to have?" asked the officer.

"About a dozen, sir."

"They'll do a lot of good, more good tnan the Jacob's ladder in the Bible. Won't they, Skip? Say quick."

Skip was one of several boys down in the forecastle who all looked on Phil living in the cabin, as an aristocrat. "Skip" was the mate's nickname for John Mendum, a boy of fifteen, and a mulatto. He was a mixture of good-nature one day, and of malicious moods the next. Then he was profane, vulgar, and had no hesitation in telling lies faster than he could go up the ship's shrouds, and he was unusually good at that. He was nimble as a monkey. Phil could not endure the boy's talk, and avoided him whenever he saw him coming. For some reason, the first mate appeared to take an interest in the boy, praised him before Phil and advised Phil to try to be as much of a sailor as Skip.

"That boy, Phil, can beat you holler," he

said one day. "See him skip up the mast some time. 'Skip' is the right name for him."

Skip was entirely willing to reflect all of the mate's fancies, but while he was only a looking-glass in the mate's presence, down in the forecastle with the other boys, he was never tired of making fun of the mate. On the deck, he now replied to Ben Holton's question.

"Them ladders more good than the ones in the Bible? Of course they are, sir."

He answered promptly and respectfully, but what kind of an object that Jacob's ladder in the Bible might be, he could not possibly state. Skip's religious training had been very much neglected. What training indeed had he received? His parents dying when he was at an early age, he had been left to grow up any way, every way, in public institutions, and at last in the employment of an English shipping-merchant who had sent him aboard the whaler, because he did not want absolutely to cast the boy off, and in a vessel the merchant thought Skip might come under the influence of some kind of healthy authority. He had come especially under the influence of the first mate, and this was very unhealthy. Skip was

shrewd and understood what the officer wanted, to be a passive target to receive all his arrows of banter, to come up or down rather to the officer's standard of opinions, no matter what they were, to do what he ordered without any questioning. Such a lump of soft putty, to be worked over into any shape, did not fall every day into the officer's hands. As Skip's conscience never got into the putty in any way, to be a hard, resisting obstacle, Ben Holton's manipulations were always successful.

The mate now tried his coarse hands on Phil, and Phil was expecting it.

"Phil don't think so. He thinks there is nothing like Jacob's ladder in Exodus," remarked the officer.

Phil had purposed to hold his tongue. The mate's blunder though was too great a temptation to express an opinion of some kind.

"Jacob's ladder is in Genesis," said Phil, and he could not help saying it triumphantly.

"Is it? Phil knows. Oh, yes, he knows," said the officer with a sneer. "He knows all about the Bible. Brought up on it. He don't believe it though. He don't believe in Jacob's ladder in the Bible more than I do."

Phil was silent now, but his eyes were snap-

ping. The mate continued: "Just an old woman's book, a mother's book, eh?"

Phil was not going to stand it any longer.

"Yes, and anybody that respects his mother's memory will not laugh at a book she respected."

"Hold, boy! You going to sass *me?*" The mate was mad now. He gripped Phil's arm savagely and made the boy face him.

"Take your hand off! I am not your servant. Captain Arkwright is my master, sir."

Phil was not afraid to look the man in the face, and before the boy's searching, rebuking eyes, the mate's countenance fell.

"What—what is to pay?" asked Captain Arkwright, stepping forward at this interesting moment.

"Your boy is sassy," said the mate, boldly.

"Captain Arkwright, you know me better than he does, and you know I don't do that thing knowingly. When I am indignant I may speak strongly, but I intend no disrespect. Mr. Holton taunted me about the Bible, and sneered at it and said it was an old woman's book and a mother's book, and I said anybody that respected his mother's memory would not laugh at a book she respected. I didn't mean his mother. I spoke of my own. I respect

her and respect her Bible, and I will stand up for them both."

Did not the old flag, the dear old flag of the Cross, fly out bravely then?

"There's where you are right. Good for you!" said a voice in low tones. It was Ned. He was not looking at his work now. He seemed to be as little concerned about it as if there were not a whale within a thousand miles, as if no Jacob's ladder would be needed by any sailor coming back from a hunt for the great "fish," as if he were not on board a vessel, but far, far away where his brown eyes were looking, toward the southwest, where in the States he once had a Bible-reading mother.

"Eh-eh-eh!" laughed Holton. "A good joke!"

And Skip, the echo, he laughed and said, "a good joke."

The captain walked away with Holton, and Skip told one of the boys in the forecastle that "Ben Holton was white in the face as a cake of ice when the cap'n talked to him. Ben was jest mad, 'cos the cap'n won't stand any nonsense shown that ristercrat up in the cabin."

And all the boys thought as Skip did, and

sneered at the boy who was a "ristercrat up in the cabin."

Phil was silent now, as he stood by Ned still looking far away across the sea. Phil felt several ways hurt by what the mate had said, and indignant, and he would not have been a boy if he had not felt uneasy in the thought that in the same cabin was a man who would be a persecutor at every chance, decent only when he was compelled to be, and at heart hostile always. Ned was sagacious enough to guess Phil's feelings.

"Don't you care, Phillie," he said. "You stood up for your principles. Bless me! I haven't any. If I should try to stand up, where should I begin? Phil, you grow'd while you was a-standin' up, riz right up. And you keep-er standin' up! That's my advice."

"It isn't pleasant to be twitted, Ned," said Phil, with a sober face.

"Let 'em twit, let 'em twit! You can stand it, can't you? You can keep standin' up." Ned's earnestness made Phil smile. "That's it, laugh! Why, it makes me laugh to think I have gone into the business of helpin' folks stand up, ha-ha!" Then Ned was suddenly sober. "Phil, I'd like to see my old mother, see her as she used to be, a-readin'

her Bible. My father didn't have a knack that way, but my mother—what you say, makes me think of her a-readin', yes, every day."

Somehow Ned did not work very energetically after this, but often looked up from his Jacob's ladder, and long gazed southward, beyond the misty waters.

CHAPTER X.

"A FALL, A FALL."

THE next day, there was a commotion up in the crow's nest. The lookout had caught sight of the spout of a whale. The news was sent promptly down, and there was a commotion on the deck. The main top-sail was backed at once. Two boats put off promptly. As a second and a third whale were seen blowing, two more boats went off. In one of the boats was Ned, and I shall follow the fortunes of his boat. The steerer was Nat Stetson, the boatswain. The harpooner was Sedley James. He pulled the bow-oar. The line-manager was Smith Thompson. He had the stroke-oar. He and the boat-steerer were required to see that the lines were properly coiled away. When a fish had been struck and the lines were running out, Smith and Nat were expected to look after them. One might think it was early for a fishing-trip, as it was only three o'clock in the morning. The sun was up, though, but not shining. A bank of haze along the horizon screened his face.

The crew in Nat's boat pulled steadily for a black lump just projecting above the water. That meant "whale." One of Nat's neighbors in the boat was Tim Dove, a self-sufficient chap who never yet made a mistake, or at least never allowed that he had made one. He had been making a dismal prophecy of "no luck, that day."

"Oh, Tim, you wait and see! We shall have a fish," claimed Ned.

"No luck, no luck! 'Twill be just as I say. We've got some greenies in our boat's crew. They'll get overboard, Ned, see if they don't. Never did that thing in my life. Catch me! No luck! No luck!"

"Oh, you croaker! Now you stop!" cried Ned.

"Greenies will bother us. No luck!"

The croaker groaned and shook his head. He was now pulling towards the desired prey.

"Boys," said the steerer, "we are most there." The harpooner had charge of the boat and his eyes flashed excitedly. All hands were now urged to "pull stiddy," "go it soft," "pull together."

Would the whale, or the fish, using the English whaler's phraseology, detect their coming? The fish was not aware of it yet. Its huge

head and huge body showed plainly, an easy target if the boat only got near enough. Five thousand dollars were in that fish. The strain of the excitement in the boat was intense. Every man rowed as carefully and steadily and effectively as possible. The rowing ceased, and the steerer began to scull. "Hist!" was the whispered word of command. "Keep quiet!"

Only the steerer made any noise, and he worked his oar so skilfully that it made very little disturbance. The whale was still lying on the sea, a mammoth creature, not suspecting any danger. The crew almost held their breath. The steerer still worked his oar noiselessly as possible. The harpooner had risen in the bow, aimed the harpoon-gun, and—fired? Not quite yet. The boat must be nearer. The steering oar was worked a little longer, Oh, how carefully! Every man had turned his head to see the huge fish, but nobody spoke. The steerer gazed at that fish as if it were a long-lost heritage and were now to be recovered. The line-manager turned round to take another look down at the line. Suddenly, came a—"bang-g-g!"

The fish was struck and darted down out of sight!

Instead now of a noiseless boat and a quiet crew, everything was changed. The men threw up their arms and shouted as if crazy, "A fall, a fall!" The situation had been appreciated by the lookout up in the crow's nest, and he too shouted, "A fall, a fall!" This only means that a boat is fast to a fish. There are various explanations of the word given. Some think it is used because it means that the men on board must stand by the falls of the boats and be prepared to lower, while others in the German for "whale" (wallfisch), find the origin of the word.

When a "fall" had been shouted at the ship, the excitement seemed greater there than in the boat that had struck the fish. Two more boats were ordered to be lowered, and into these, the men tumbled in confusion. That eager interest was natural. The securing of a prize that might be worth several thousand dollars meant so much money to every man. It would help shorten the voyage and take the crew home all the sooner to spend the money earned. There was reason then for the hurry in the two boats putting off from the ship. Everything now was orderly, each oarsman in his place was pulling with even, steady strokes, while the steerers headed the boats for the

scene of the battle between fishermen and fish. Here, the successful boat had hoisted its jack as signal that it was fast, and the line was running out rapidly and satisfactorily.

"All right," cried Ned to Tim Dove. "She's goin' out lively and she smokes! All right though!"

Yes, everything was satisfactory, but the creature that had been struck, asked, or rather took down without asking a great quantity of line. To the surface of the chilling water, were pulled the bows of the boat, while the smoke developed by the intense friction of the line against the woodwork, came up in a little cloud. There was a field of ice ahead, and everybody was afraid the whale might run for that, and such a place of retreat threatened to make the work of capture difficult. But Ned cried suddenly, "There she blows!" in tones sharp and nasal, like a true Yankee's. The whale had come up to breathe this side of the field of ice, and two boats got additional harpoons into the fish. Three boats were now fast to it and three signals hoisted. The fish quickly went down but rose to blow.

"There, there, there!" came in a chorus from the different boats. Help arrived, lance after lance was shot out. It was a prolonged

but uneven battle. The advantage was all on one side, and the fish surrendered as soon as it comfortably, or uncomfortably could. It turned over on its back, and this was a sign that it meant to offer no further opposition to going to England in the tanks of the whaler, finally to be turned into oil. The flags of the fast boats were lowered. Cheer after cheer arose from the battle-field, an answering series of shouts coming from the ship. Ned's boat, being the first fast boat, made the fish ready for towing to the ship. There was a hole cut in each fin, and these were lashed together, that they might not hinder the fish in this its last journey. Steam was raised on board the whaler, and it came to meet the victorious seamen towing home their prize. This was moored on the port side of the ship. It was the only prize of the day, but as there were many pounds, shillings and pence in it, everybody was happy. Everybody? Tim Dove was an exception.

"Ned," he said in great self-complacency, rising in the boat as the ship was reached, "things would have gone differently if some of us old hands had not been aboard. Did you see, man?"

"Wall, no, I thought they all seemed used to the ropes, Tim."

Tim's hand now grasped the Jacob's ladder dangling near his boat. Then he raised a foot and planted it on the lowest round, saying, confidently "It takes chaps of 'sperance to—"

Abruptly, that round gave way! Unexpectedly, that proudly planted foot went down also, and as Tim's grasp of the rope was just a single-handed one and not ready for emergencies, his body went down as well as that foot, and he splashed into the water, bawling pitifully, "Help—p—p!"

"Man overboard!" sang out one of the boys.

"Man alive, shut up and hand us your flipper!" cried Ned, bending down and promptly gripping Tim by the coat-collar, and then seizing him by a "flipper."

"Ugh! It is cold!" moaned Tim. Everybody in the whaler was rushing to the vessel's rail and looking over, while those in the boats were twisting about, anxious to see what had happened. For a few minutes, Tim was more of an object of attraction than the whale itself. This experienced hand, Tim—not the whale—was helped on deck and got into dry clothes, and then Abram, the colored cook, gave him a warm seat in the old caboose.

"Phil," said Ned when the two met, "got suthin' interestin' to tell ye. That Jacob's ladder—"

He was interrupted by a voice in the rear: "Say, who spliced together that ladder where Tim made a fool of himself?"

Phil and Ned turned. They saw the first-mate and the captain. It was Ben Holton who was asking about the ladder.

"It is shameful!" continued Ben Holton. "Land-lubber's work!"

The vigilant mate then turned to Ned and said, "What ladder were you at work on?"

"The very one that Tim fell from," said Ned, coolly, and without hesitation.

"You did?" flamed out the mate. "Hold on, sir!" replied Ned, interjecting a little of the respect that the officers always liked to hear, but this officer, the first mate, did not relish what followed. "I rigged that ladder all but the last rung, and you put that in! That's what Tim stepped on."

"What, Ned? No—*no*—sir!"

"I can prove it, sir. You said when you got through, 'I'll knot this end of the rope.' See if you don't find a knotted end below that rung on one side of the ladder!"

The ladder was lifted, and below the faith-

less round, on one side, was a rope's end knotted! A boisterous laugh from a curiously watching and listening crowd emphasized the discovery and increased the mate's confusion. He went away, muttering to himself, and vowing in his thoughts that he would be even with Ned.

"What did I tell ye, Phil?" said Ned, when the two were again alone. "He does not know so much 'bout that subject of a Jacob's ladder as he thinks for. You tripped him up 'bout that Gen—Gen—"

"Genesis, Ned."

"That's it. I know 'bout this kind of a ladder better than that in the Bible, and I tripped him up on it."

"I expect he is mad with us, Ned."

"What if he is?"

"I don't like to feel that anybody is an enemy."

"Wall—no, and specially—specially," said Ned slapping a knee with his huge hand, "an officer, but, there! If we take up all our time thinking who don't like us and who might hurt us, it will take out of our comfort jest so much, don't you see? It won't help us do our duty by the rest of mankind neither. Do your duty, Phil, do your duty, and don't

worry about Ben Holton. I'm goin' to be happy thinkin' not who dislikes me but who likes me."

Phil smiled.

"Here is one that likes you, Ned."

"Give us your hand, boy, on that."

When they joined hands, Phil felt that his was nigh lost in Ned's big, covering grasp. Each felt stronger for those clasped hands.

"Got a friend, there, and he stands near the cap'n too," thought Ned.

That night, Ned had a dream, and he concluded that he could certainly count on another friend.

"Could count on her afore, but this sort of brings it up again," murmured Ned.

He seemed to be looking up into the sky and he saw a ladder with silver rounds stretching up towards the sky, and who was standing on it?

"Makes me think of the pictur' in the old family Bible," thought Ned. "And there is mother, right on Jacob's ladder. She's a prayin' for me. Got another friend near the Cap'n."

Yes, nigh unto the Great Captain lived a mother who never forgot Ned, and often used Jacob's ladder in behalf of one somewhere on

the sea—she knew not where—her "sailor-boy," as she called this strong man.

"Wish I could see mother!" thought Ned, dropping off to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

SNOW-LAND AND SEAL-LAND.

THE next morning it was snowing. All the air was filled with the softest, purest down. There was no wind to veer it east or west, north or south, and each flake as if a stone fell in a perpendicular line.

When Phil came on deck, he saw this great circular wall of white, a wall forever falling and yet ever in position, hiding everything a hundred feet away. He looked over the vessel's side, and saw huge fragments of ice down in the water. He crossed to the opposite, the starboard side of the ship, and looking down, did he not see an unbroken sheet of ice as far as he could see at all? The ship did not move. Was it moored to the ice? Through the snow powdering the decks and frosting the rigging, Captain Arkwright now advanced. "Snow-storm, Phil, snow-storm the very last of May."

"And the vessel made fast to the ice, too, sir?"

"Yes, don't you see?"

"I thought so, sir."

"Fast to a field of ice. There is no wind to take us ahead, and I didn't care to raise steam and shove through this ice when I had a fish to drag along also. Must cut that up, to-day."

"In this storm?"

"Oh, that won't hinder. Besides, if this storm should become violent—it is very quiet now—it would not be so easy to take along our consort with us. So we begin at once to cut up our fish. It is quite an accomplishment, and you will want to see it."

"Thank you. I am managing my writing so as to have a little time, to-day, if you are willing."

"Certainly, certainly. I want you to see everything that is going on."

"Cap'n! If you please, sir!"

This was not Phil now speaking. It was a man who touched his shabby old cap respectfully and said again:

"Cap'n! If you please, sir!"

"Oh, it is *you*, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Pick-tup.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Cap'n, I think I may find a seal or two on the ice, and it seems sort of homelike, you know,

to go a sealin'. Me and my boy used to. Got a boy, cap'n, you know. I can bring back a seal if you will let me."

"In this snow?"

"You see they have got to come up some time, and here is a lot of ice, and a seal will pop out of some hole you know, and you can get at him. If you please, sir?"

"Oh, put on your cap. You will get cold."

In the eagerness of his quest, he had stood all this time with bare head, holding out his cap to the snowflakes as if he thought that these white little wings from the clouds might be willing to shed into the old cap a soft lining of eider-down.

"Thankee, sir. I mean, of course, after the fish has been flinched and the blubber is in. I'll help on that."

"You may go."

"Oh, let me go too, cap'n?"

"You, Phil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just let him, sir," pleaded Pick-tup. "You know I have got a boy. I'll look after him. Seem homelike, you know."

"Well-l-l! Don't be gone long, and bring my boy back all right."

"I will, sir."

Phil was pleased to have the captain say, "my boy."

The process of removing the blubber of the whale began at once, and after that, the blubber was taken in. The men flew about, careless of the snowflakes, each going to his assigned place and promptly beginning operations. There were two boats lowered, and each of these was manned by two of the crew, who were ready to extend any needed help to those cutting up the fish. Half-a-dozen harpooners equipped with blubber spades and knives stood upon the fish. Iron spikes or "spurs" fastened to the boots of each harpooner, enabled him to keep his standing without any slipping. This force was under the oversight of the speksioneer. As already explained, this officer sees that the whale is cut up. The blubber was taken off from the carcass in lengthy strips, and when one side had been peeled, the fish by the help of large tackle was turned over, and the blubber stripping was continued. The next item to be removed was the whalebone. The lips also were secured. The last thing of course, was a little surgery on the tail-end. The tail having been removed, the carcass was ready for dismissal to the deep. Three cheers were given,

and down it was permitted to go, plunging into the element that had always cared for and nourished the fish when alive, kindly receiving and disposing of the last fragment when the fish was dead.

While the above operation was in process, the boat-steerers were busy on deck. With knives sharp and long, they carved the big blubber strips into blocks about two feet square. But where were the line-managers? Harpooners and boat-steerers had been at work, and now came the turn of the line-managers. They forwarded these blocks of blubber to the skeeman and his assistant, who stowed them between the decks, for the present. The tail of the whale Phil noticed, and saw that it was put to a singular use. It was divided into blocks, chopping-blocks they might be termed, for on these the blubber was laid and then cut up. Phil saw the men take in the whalebone and divide that into many sections. Another day, he witnessed the removal of the blubber from its place of storage between decks, and it was then carefully cut up into pieces weighing from a dozen to sixteen pounds. All pieces of skin, and anything else damaging it, the men carefully removed. When it had been cleaned, the

blubber was subjected to a division into small fragments which were sent down into the tanks and stayed there.

"How long was the fish we took, Cap'n Arkwright?" asked Phil, the day of the snow-storm.

"I should think about fifty—yes, over fifty feet long, Phil. I hope it will bring us fifteen tons of oil, and in all be worth pretty well up to a thousand pounds. Can't say accurately, of course. I count in the whalebone. You know how much a pound is worth?"

"Yes, sir, about four dollars and eighty-four cents. They are easy figures to remember, four, eighty-four. But, sir, blubber is not oil. Where do you make the oil?"

"Oh, in Scotland, when we get back. The blubber is carried home in big tanks. It is taken out when we get ashore, cut up by machinery, crushed and boiled down. That is how we get our oil."

After the blubber had been removed from this first whale, Pick-tup and Phil left the ship on that proposed seal-hunt. They descended a Jacob's ladder, jumped down on the ice now covered with snow, and moved off.

"Keep near the ship!" shouted the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Pick-tup.

He explained to Phil his plan.

"I don't mean to get far from the ship, but I couldn't help going off—seemed so homelike—having this good chance on the ice, and we don't know when we shall get another good as this. May have bright weather but not the ice. As you go along, kick up the snow all you can."

"Why, sir?"

"It will be harder for the snow to cover up our tracks, and will help us get back."

The idea that they might not get back startled Phil, and he kicked up the snow furiously.

"This seems strange," thought Phil. "A heavy snow-storm on the edge of June. But, but are we not getting off rather far?"

Through the thick, white, quivering veil of snowflakes, the masts of the whaler could hardly be traced, and Phil stopped.

"Hadn't we better stop here? Ship's going out of sight," he said to his companion.

"Afeard?" asked Pick-tup.

"Don't want to get lost," said Phil.

"No. You hold on here and I'll find something," said the ardent seal-hunter. "I'll be back soon or call to you."

Off into the cloud of descending flakes moved Pick-tup. Phil was left alone.

"This grows stranger and stranger," thought Phil. "Where am I? Away up—somewhere—on toward the North Pole—winter, and yet close at hand is summer—ice under me and snow all around me—daylight about all the time—that funny old seal-hunter, there, crazy to get a seal, and the whaler back of me—funny place! Where am I? What would Fred and Cousin Ivory say?"

To all these meditations, the snow made no reply but continued silently to fall and threatened to cover up the tracks made by Phil and Pick-tup.

"I'll keep this path open," thought Phil, retreating until he could plainly see the whaler, kicking aside the snow at every step. Then he returned toward that vast, silent, unknown world into which the seal-hunter had vanished. It occurred to Phil that having made one path to the whaler, he might open another in a little different direction.

"Pick-tup will then have two tracks back to the ship if he should get bewildered, and I might make a third, running it still farther out from the ship," thought Phil. "Don't know when I shall see that funny seal-hunter again."

While Phil was stretching out his paths from the whaler into snow-land, he was looking

out for any "bit of water." The seal-hunter had told him that a seal might show itself. "What I want is the sun," said the hunter. "Oh, if the sun would come out and cover this ice, that would tempt 'em. You'd see 'em stretchin' out on the ice. Oh, what a seal-hunt! Still—still—they must breathe, and one may come up."

And what did Phil see at his left as he was busily making a new path? The dark patch was water, he knew, and he pushed toward it, not forgetting to keep his path well open. A small hummock of ice rose between him and this pool, and cautiously approaching, Phil looked over the summit of the hummock down into the pool. He drew back in alarm. He had seen something that looked like a man's face staring mournfully at him!

"I'll take another look," he said. Projecting his head above the hummock, he looked again. The face was gone.

"That's queer!" he said. He walked about the pool, seeing nothing, and then returned toward the whaler.

"Who's that?" he said, noticing the figure of a man in the blinding snow-fall.

"Oh, that you?" he asked, approaching Pick-tup.

"Yes, and don't see anything," replied the seal-hunter, mournfully.

"Wasn't it strange? I saw something like a man's face in water beyond that hummock."

"Where? You show me."

"This way."

Phil led off, the seal-hunter following and carrying under his arm a steel-headed pole that had been saved with his boat, the day the whaler had stepped on him.

"Now, you—you keep back. Hist! Don't ye say nothin'!" the hunter softly enjoined Phil. "I'll go ahead. I see the water-line."

The snow would have muffled the feet of any being on the ice, but the hunter was not satisfied. Which way did the wind blow, if it blew at all? That morning there had been an absence of all drafts of air, the snow coming down in straight lines. These, however, slanted now, and the seal-hunter noticed it. Guided by these long, white vanes, the hunter shifted his course, that the wind might not take to the pool by way of scent any suggestion of his presence. Phil could see Pick-tup crawling over the ice, strangely moving his head about.

"What queer antics!" thought Phil.

Pick-tup returned at last, dragging something and shouting, "There for you!"

"Got him?" asked Phil.

"Yes, got a seal. That's what you saw that had a man's face. They do look like it. Dead now! Just rapped him on the head with my pole, and then took my knife. Now I will take his skin and show it to the cap'n. You never saw a seal before?"

"No, sir, not so near. I have seen them on the ice since coming here, and once I saw them at home in the harbor; not close up, you know. What were you doing on the ice, bobbing—"

"Oh, I was makin' b'lieve seal, that was all. You want to see me take his skin and his blubber?"

"N-n-no, you can do that, and I will go off here and come back when you get through. Perhaps I may get another prize for you."

Phil moved off amid the soft meshes of this veil of flakes covering snow-land. The whaler was still moored by the ice, and her masts, faintly seen, were the only objects anywhere projecting above the waste of ice and snow. To fill up his time, while waiting for Pick-tup, Phil broke out a new path into snow-land, thinking that possibly it might be a path into

seal-land also. He was at some little distance from the Crow's Wing, throwing up before him a little cloud of snow every step he took, when he saw a figure coming rapidly towards him. He was just saying, "Ha, ha! What a land-lubber I am! Thought I saw something like a man's face down in the water! Wonder if I shall see another while I am out here!"

This must be something more than a face, even a figure, and was it human? It seemed very much muffled and bundled up. "Can't be Pick-tup!" Phil thought. "Of course not!"

Then he was startled by the fancy that this muffled mass might be a bear on his hind legs. Then it stopped. Phil could see better now what it was. "A man, I believe. Curious! I am going to see what it is. Oh, I know! Ned, or somebody from the Crow's Wing dressed up to scare me! Well, I'm good for it."

Saying this, he advanced toward the strangely attired figure.

"Hullo! What you up to?" shouted Phil, flourishing his hands. "None of that!"

The figure now advanced, and then the two halted a few feet from one another. It was not a bear that Phil saw. As, though, the object was clad in a fur dress and wore a fur

cape pulled up over its head, and as it carried in each hand a pole firmly set down as it walked, one might naturally have supposed it was a bear out for a walk, that, supported by these staffs, contrived to waddle along on its hind legs. The creature, though, had a human face.

"No doubt about it this time," said Phil. "That is a human face, sure. And it is nobody from the Crow's Wing. Why, it is smiling, and grunting something. I will be as polite."

"How d'y do?" said Phil. "Who are you? What do you want anyway?"

The two now advanced and closely inspected one another. The stranger had dark eyes, oblique like those of the Chinese, a brownish complexion, high cheek bones, and a flattish nose.

"Ugh!" said the stranger smiling, and then raising one of his staffs, he pointed at the Crow's Wing.

"Yes," said Phil. "Ship! That is our ship, Crow's Wing. You want to see it? Come along!"

Waving his hand to the stranger in welcome, Phil turned and led the way to the ship.

"Come!" said Phil again, as if he thought

it doubtful whether this man-bear would follow. He was just behind Phil though, faithfully waddling on.

"What you got? Another seal and walking on his flippers?" cried Pick-tup rushing up, his seal skin and its blubber in his arms.

"Don't know. You tell me!" replied Phil.

"Ho, got an Eskimo! So you have. Well, you have caught more than I have. Where did you get him?"

"Back here a little ways. I didn't know what it was. Thought to be sure it was a bear on his hind legs."

"No, an Eskimo. I didn't know we were near enough land for that. Perhaps he was blown off in his boat and—what's got hold of my seal skin?"

Pick-tup turned, and there was the Eskimo voraciously stuffing into his mouth all the seal fat he could possibly cram there, having caught up a part of Pick-tup's trophy that was dangling from his arms.

Pick-tup had rarely laughed since he had been brought aboard the Crow's Wing, but this sight broke up the long, sombre mood. It did Phil good to see Pick-tup laugh.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Phil. "I expect he is almost starved."

"There, take it, ha, ha, ha!" cried Pick-tup, wholly relinquishing to the Eskimo the food that this hungry guest craved.

They were quickly at the side of the Crow's Wing, and over the snow-hidden rail bent a form, and Captain Arkwright called out to the party:

"Hul-lo! You caught a seal that can walk? Lucky! You can exhibit him and get money. What—what—*have* you got?"

Pick-tup was more tickled than ever.

"Your boy has beat me. I did get a seal, but he got an Eskimo, and the Eskimo is eating up my seal. There will be nothing left but what your boy caught."

"An Eskimo off here!" said the astonished captain, who had begun to think that the walking seal might be a sailor from some whaler in the neighborhood, the vessel moored like the Crow's Wing to the ice.

The men gathered about the Eskimo and curiously looked at him, feeling his garments of fur, handling his poles, and not only asking questions in the monosyllabic Eskimo words they had picked up in old whaling voyages, but sounding the depths of his knowledge with the plummet-line of vigorous questions in Anglo-Saxon. Their Eskimo was very bad,

and their English was worse—for him. He ran this gauntlet of their curiosity very patiently, but gave a grunt of relief when the Captain led him away and showed him by signs where he might take up his quarters. Abram, the cook, brought him food, but he preferred the savory and beloved seal that Pick-tup had captured.

"There!" Said Captain Arkwright to Phil, "I take this as a sign that we are not far from the west coast of Greenland, and unless this man has drifted on the ice farther than I should suppose, we must be closer to it than I imagined. This snow bothers us, and while it lasts, we can't tell where we are. The sun will give me an observation."

"How do you suppose the man got here?" asked Phil.

"I don't know whether he went off on a floe that drifted him away with it or went in his kayak—"

"Kayak?"

"An Eskimo-boat. You will see enough of them on the Greenland coast when we get there. The natives sometimes venture out to an unsafe distance, and this one might have reached this ice while hunting for seals, you know—lost his boat perhaps and had to stay

here. We must be on the lookout for Greenland."

Pick-tup endeavored to interview this arrival from Greenland and learn who he was, where he lived, what family he had, and obtain other information that the forecastle was interested in. The Eskimo was patient, gave as many grins and grunts as Pick-tup asked questions, but he remained as great a mystery as the problem of an open Polar Sea.

"Wanted to find out something to tell my boy sometime," said Pick-tup sorrowfully. "But there I can find something that will be worth keeping and take back with me."

"Oh, yes," said Phil touched by the man's interest in his boy, "you can get him some little keepsake and surprise him."

"Yes, yes," replied Pick-tup. "Put it in his chest and he will find it. Yes, a surprise in his chest."

What made these last words impress Phil's mind so deeply? For some reason, they continued to stand out before Phil's mind, "a surprise in his chest." This heavy, thick snow coming down everywhere, hiding the ice under a white blanket, coating the ropes till they became rods of crystal, while the decks so soiled and fouled by the cutting up of the

whale, were now pure and spotless as for the passage of a bridal procession. The snow though did not cover up those words, "a surprise in his chest." Phil thought of his own chest, wondered if any surprises might be awaiting him there, and finally exclaimed, "A surprise in my chest! Now I have it! Been there all this time! I will look it up at once."

He was out amid the snowflakes when this purpose came to him. As he rushed toward the cabin, absorbed in his purpose, unconsciously he brushed against a boy who was kicking up the snow with his boots.

"Look out!" warned the boy.

"Skip, that you? Beg pardon," replied Phil.

"Our 'ristercrat is getting very perlite," thought Skip.

Phil paid no further attention to him but rushed into the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.

A SURPRISE.

"WONDER what the ristercrat is up to!" thought Skip. "We will see."

He soon followed Phil into the cabin. Only the first mate was there beside Phil. Ben Holton said nothing when Phil or Skip entered, for he was busily examining a chart of the Greenland coast which Captain Arkwright had placed in his hands. Phil went to his state-room, and from under his bunk pulled out his chest. He turned over his clothing, took up a small package and read, "Not to be opened till the Crow's Wing is out to sea." Having read this superscription, Phil thought, "I have certainly waited long enough before opening this. I—I—had forgotten it." As he cut the string around the package, he turned his back towards the opened door of the state-room.

"Wonder what this is!" reflected Phil removing the wrappers. "Feels hard. Ah, it is a book, two of them. No, one." Phil liked the acquaintance of books, and supposed that he

was to have additional pleasure in their society. A look of satisfaction was in his face. It suddenly changed to that of aversion. "Hold on!" he said. "This is a bad book and I ought to have nothing to do with it." He was about to add, "I won't," and also shut the book, when a harsh, unsympathetic, censorious voice behind him said, "See here, young man!"

"That is Holton!" thought Phil, starting up. "Don't need to see his face. Something is coming now."

"Now I have caught you, young man. I can see the name of that book."

"You wouldn't," replied Phil, "if you didn't come into my room."

"I am not outside of the cabin."

The officer was correct. He stood outside the threshold of the opened door, but he could bend over it and see the book.

"I've caught you! I've been suspecting that you had something. Folks so dreadful still and nice are generally up to something!"

Skip was in one corner of the cabin, apparently busy with a duty the first mate had assigned him. A malicious smile spread over Skip's dusky features. Then he chuckled and said to himself, "The ristercrat is ketchin' it! Found out, is he?"

The mate thought he had found something, for he now remarked: "The cap'n is down on that sort of readin'. He says a wrong book in the for'c'stle is like leprosy. He has no mercy on the feller that brings it aboard. You let me take that."

"No, sir."

Phil threw the whole package into the chest, shut it and then shoved it under his bunk. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "I'll show it to Captain Arkwright myself. I am responsible only to him."

"He-he-he!" laughed and sneered the mate. That appeal to Cæsar apparently amused the officer very much. Phil was afraid to let the book go through Holton's hands. He felt that it was best to hand the book directly to the captain.

"Do as you please! It's none of my business. Only these are the cap'n's orders and I am to report to him."

"I will report it myself to the captain, sir, and I will find him at once," said Phil, with warmth and dignity.

"He-he-he!" again sneered the officer, following the indignant Phil out upon deck.

"I'll find him and tell him and pitch the book overboard," said the flaming clerk.

"Don't throw it round here. The fish would know it for bad company and clear out and leave us, every one of 'em going!" was the ironical remark of the officer.

Phil's cheeks were hot with indignation. He was indignant because he had been watched. He felt too that Cater had betrayed him and put him in a wrong position.

"Just like Cater! I might have anticipated this," thought Phil. "I ought to have remembered what Cousin Ivory said about those Greeks and their gifts. The bad book! I'll get it out of my chest just as soon as I can."

It was a bad book indeed. It was one of those infidel volumes that few persons care to touch unless, indignant to think of their influence over the unreflecting, they want to have access to them that they may pitch them into the fire and burn them. Such compositions can never be safely handled. A person spoke of an evil book that a schoolmate told him he could take for a quarter of an hour. He took it and lingered a few moments at a street corner looking at it, read a few pages, and handed it back. It is easier to get pitch on to the hands than it is to remove it. That short acquaintance with the book made a long stay in the memory, and it persisted in returning and

haunting and annoying even for years the thoughts of the person who carelessly had consented to look at the book while lingering at a street corner. "Don't look into it, don't touch it!" is good advice and the only counsel to give concerning any bad book. Phil had no disposition to examine Cater's volume. He felt mortified to be seen in its company.

"I will find Captain Arkwright and tell him all about it myself, show him the wrapper, everything, and pitch it before his face and eyes into the water," thought Phil, rushing about the vessel as if he had been bitten by a mad dog and wanted to find the surgeon. The captain could not be found.

"I think I saw him step off on the ice," reported the second mate.

Phil looked off upon the ice at the vessel's side, but he could not see very far. The winter snow was still hiding this summer Arctic land. Phil waited on deck, but not seeing the captain, he concluded he would return to the cabin and meet the captain when he returned. The cabin was empty. The clock on the wall was ticking energetically, but nobody was there to hear it or by any sound interfere with its noise.

"I will go to my chest and pull that pack-

age out," thought Phil, "and pitch it into a corner under my berth and let it stay there till the captain comes. I hate to have my chest contaminated. That Cater!"

When he opened his chest and looked over its contents, the package could not be found! He looked a second time, but a second examination did not disclose the missing package.

"That is singular!" said Phil aloud. He whistled while he hunted again. Was he whistling as if a master to a dog that had strayed away out of sight and would not come back? No dog came in response to the whistle. "Don't see where it can be!" said the astonished Phil, hunting and whistling abstractedly. Then he concluded, "Somebody has stolen it, and that Holton has come and searched the chest without my permission and taken the thing off. What if the captain has been here!"

The whole affair had an unpleasant look.

"Got to face it!" said Phil. "No way out of it but into it! Wish I could see Ned. I would like to tell him."

Ned though could not be found, and in the meantime Captain Arkwright and the first mate chanced to meet.

"Don't like—to complain—of—your boy!"

remarked the officer, in a hesitating tone, as if it were a very painful duty to speak of that boy.

"What is it now?" replied Captain Arkwright, rather sharply. He was tired of the officer's persecution of Phil. The officer took offence at once.

"Very well!" said Ben Holton. "If you don't want to hear, there is no law to compel you. Only—only—you said you wanted to know if any abominable books were round doing mischief in the for'c'stle. I don't care. I can stand it if you can."

"What did you say?" said the captain, who abhorred the literature that the mate had specified.

"Your boy has got his chest full of the stuff."

"No, sir!"

The men both turned. There was Phil, who had been hunting for the captain, and now approached him promptly.

"No, sir!" said Phil again. "I will tell you how it was."

"Innocence!" murmured Ben Holton, shooting toward Phil a look of contempt.

"I will tell you, cap'n, all about it," said Phil, "I will tell you everything."

"That is right. Tell me all," answered the captain encouragingly.

"You remember Seabury Cater, sir?"

"I have not forgotten him or his misdeeds in the least, Phil."

"Before I left home, he gave me a little package, and it was not to be opened until I was out to sea. If I had known what was in it, I never would have taken it, but thinking nothing out of the way was in it, I took it, put it in my chest, and forgot it. To-day, though, I happened to think of it and finding it, I opened it and found it was an infidel book, and *he* looked over my shoulder and saw it—"

"Couldn't help it," roared Ben Holton, "your door was open."

"Door didn't come to you."

"No matter if it didn't, I have a right to inspect wherever I think things are wrong."

"Then, Cap'n Arkwright, do you think," said Phil, turning to his superior and his rightful judge, "do you think, sir, a fellow would be likely to do a wrong thing and leave his door open that others might look in?"

The first mate reddened and bit his lip. The captain smiled and said: "I should not

suppose he would be quite as careless as that, not quite such a fool."

"When I saw that the book was a bad one, I had too much respect for my mother to want to read it, and when Mr. Holton looked over my shoulder and said he caught me, I told him I would pitch the book overboard.

"That is sufficient, Phil, I see how it was."

"*Have* you pitched the book overboard?" asked the mate with a taunt in his tone.

Phil here had a surprise. The surprise was a temptation. It came out of his own heart that echoed with the whisper, "Say 'yes!' That will get you out of the trouble. They don't know, nobody knows." For a moment, the temptation grew bigger and bigger, pressed harder and harder, and Phil was in a whirl. But somehow, as Phil glanced up, his eyes ran along the line of the tapering mast, from whose summit the Crow's Wing flew its flag, and like a lightning-flash came into Phil's mind what Cousin Ivory said about keeping his colors flying. "No, sir!" said Phil, very decidedly. Should he tell the now perplexing mystery in this matter?

"Cap'n Arkwright, I was going to throw it

overboard, but I went to my chest a little while ago, and the book is gone. Somebody has taken it."

"Oh-oh-oh!" It was Ben, roaring in laughter.

"That is a —— lie!" added the first mate. "He knows where it is."

"Hold on, Holton," was the captain's reminder. "Be what your name suggests, Holt—on, if you can."

"He has got it hid somewhere, I know," persisted the mate. "He has handed it out, and what you call pernicious stuff is going round among the crew now."

"Prove it!" challenged the captain.

"I—I—I—" stammered the mate.

"If you can't prove a charge, don't make it. It is unjust to the person accused, and is not fair, especially to one too young to handle himself as a man can," said Captain Arkwright very positively.

"Cap'n, what I said is truth," said Phil. "All I have got is my word for it, but if—if —you wait, I think the mystery will all be cleared up. You can search my chest if you will."

"I shall believe you. There is no proof against you now. I know something about your past character."

A strong refuge, a high tower, a fortress among the rocks, is our past good character. It is taken as testimony in one's favor, and it should be. Get a good character, to-day; it may be your strong weapon, to-morrow. Invest in good deeds now. They will pay interest in a worthy reputation.

The captain now continued; "As for the disappearance of the package, I think it must have been stolen. Who was in the cabin?"

"I wasn't any longer there than Phil. I followed behind him, and have not been in since," said Ben Holton.

This was correct.

"Skip was there," added the mate, "but he followed me out."

This too was correct. Skip was so eager to see and hear everything that he almost stepped on the mate's heels.

The conference here broke up. This affair was not a secret. Skip knew it, and he was not slow to report the "ristercrat's" misfortune. The "for'c'stle" ranged itself in two sides at once. Those always willing to believe anything bad of one who may have had a reputation for the things that are better, said, "Cap'n's clerk got caught and then lied." Others declared Phil ought to have a chance

to clear himself and that it was not fair to hang a man before he had been found guilty.

"Phil, I'll stand by ye! Don't ye worry! You'll weather the gale. You know you are right; that isn't soft ice to let you down into the water. Then the cap'n said—for I heard him, yes I did—he said as how you'd got a char'cter. That's old ice, boy, tough to get through I tell you, what's been a makin' some time you know, years, say. Don't ye worry! I'll stand by ye."

It was Ned who said this. It helped Phil. It was a relief also to Phil to have night come, not darkness, for that was absent from the long polar day, but a relief to have the hour for "turning in" arrive. The snow was softly falling when Phil went to his bunk, and the blessings of sleep came down upon a tired boy softly as the snow upon the great ice-field, and Phil was quickly lost in a most grateful unconsciousness. His last thought was, "I am glad that book of Cater's is not under my bed. Would as soon have gunpowder."

Gunpowder is safer than any such literary combustible.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOT GREENLAND BUT WHITELAND.

THE next day, the sun broke through the clouds, and though Greenland could not possibly coax out of him the luxury of a warm day, he did give to the world a golden day. Such a pure, dazzling sheet of ice as that covering the sea! Such bergs too as towered in all the splendor of their spotless crystal toward the sky!

"I know where I am now," said the captain, after taking an observation. "Not so near the Greenland coast after all! That Eskimo must have been on the ice some time. See the ice!"

"No easy job, sir," replied Phil, "to get through all the ice ahead."

"I know it, but we will keep at it, Phil, and keeping at it will do wonders in this world."

A passage through Arctic ice has sometimes been a very difficult task. Certain old navigators showed much ingenuity in their method. They devised a strange ice-plow. They made

Greek fight Greek. This was the sort of plow on which no patent was ever taken, and it is therefore open for imitation to all who may be caught in a Greenland vise. It is said in an old record, "When that by heaving of the billowe, they were therewith like to be brused in places, they used to make the ship fast to the most firme and broad pece of yce they could find, and binding her nose fast thereunto, would fill all their sayles; whereon, the wind having great power, would force forward the ship, so the ship beating before her the ice, and so one ice driving forward another, should at length get scope and sea roome. Having by this means at length put their enemies to flight, they occupied the cleare space for a prettye season among sundry mountains and Alpes of yce."

The Crow's Wing did not resort to this ancient and ingenious ice-plow, but relied on her strong bows and the sturdy engines pushing behind. Dashing at an opening in the field, it would drive ahead, dodging an iceberg, smashing through the soft ice, opposed perhaps by a stubborn mass only to retire and then jam against it harder than ever, at last crushing it out of the way. In this manner the Crow's Wing worried through the big

field and came out into comparatively clear water. It was a cold day, and all that could be seen, save the sun, had a cold, wintry look. Out of the water rose masses of ice as if sentinels that watched and frowned upon this intrusion of the Crow's Wing. Soon, other whalers appeared, and as the whales began to blow also, this section of Davis' Strait became a lively battle-ground. When several whalers thus went out to a common hunt, the vessel sending out a boat that might get fast to a whale, would from its mizzen top-gallant mast-head throw out a fishing jack. This would flutter in the breeze until the big fish had surrendered. The fishing jacks of different ships would differ, thus saving any confusion. Then their boats would be unlike also.

Phil would sometimes beg Captain Arkwright to let him "get his hand in." As he was for his years a good oarsman and as there happened to be in the boat where Ned pulled an oar, a sailor who was rather infirm and likely to have his "sick days," Phil was allowed occasionally to go off in this boat.

"Gittin' to be a right smart wale-fisher," was Ned's encouraging declaration to Phil.

The fish, though, thinned out and the

Crow's Wing was steadily wafted up the strait, daily nearing the coast of Greenland and a harbor also.

It was a day early in June when the captain said to Phil, as they leaned together over the vessel's rail, "To-morrow, I expect we shall be in Disco."

"Disco, Cap'n'?"

"That is an island on the west coast of Greenland, and on it is Godhavn or Lievely. It is the seat of government for North Greenland, and there is a small settlement here. Denmark claims what there is of Greenland worth anything."

"I think of it as a big lump of ice."

"That comes very near the truth. In summer, there are spots where the ice melts, and at Julianehaab, they tell a story that the mercury once got up to sixty-eight degrees. Julianehaab is in the southern part of Greenland, but at this settlement the mean temperature through the year is only thirty-three degrees (and this is Fahrenheit registration so called). It is cool weather there in summer. Now if that is the condition of things down in South Greenland, imagine it in the northern part! Why, Dr. Kane saw a day when the thermometer said sixty-six and a half Fahrenheit

degrees below zero! That was in January. When Jack Frost gets down to such depths, it is not worth while following him, but how he will follow us! As for the interior of Greenland, I imagine it to be one awful and perennial mass of ice. The Danes, they tell me, separate Greenland into two parts, the 'outskirts' and the 'inland ice.'"

"Well, sir, why do they call it Greenland? I should think they would call it Whiteland. Why Greenland?"

"That was a name given it nine hundred years ago by Eric, the Red, who brought colonists here from Iceland. I imagined he got into a green valley and christened the country accordingly, but an Icelander who was here before him, saw its highlands covered with snow and he called it 'White Shirt.'"

"Those settlements last long?"

"Oh, yes, for a number of centuries. You might say that Greenland was, on a small scale, a Christian nation. It had its bishop. For a long time, it was a republic like Iceland. You can find traces of those old settlements, even to-day. Greenland has seen warmer weather undoubtedly, and that, I dare say, was the case in those periods of occupation, and then the colonists came from Iceland, so that they

must have been hardy. However, pestilence raged among them, and the Eskimos too attacked them. It is in the Julianehaab district, you will find signs of those early settlements. Gone now, wiped out, all but the ruins."

"Everything? They have churches there now."

"Oh, they were started again after a long rest. Hans Egede, I think, was the first missionary."

"Hans Egede, who was he?"

"Ah, Phil, you are getting me into deep water. I can't tell you about him, but you will find a book in the ship's library that will tell you about him. I will hunt it up for you."

Captain Arkwright found the book (what a splendid thing it is to have a good library on board every ship?) and for the next hour, the extent of Phil's leisure that day, there was not a busier person on board ship than he. He knew nothing outside that book. Hans Egede was born in Norway, 1686. At Waagen, where he became minister at the age of twenty-one, he did some very important thinking. That far, cold country of Greenland fascinated him. Once, there were Christian people in Greenland. Could not

their heathen successors become Christians also? "I'll write a letter about this thing," was his thought one day, and he wrote to the bishops of Drontheim and Bergen. He wished to suggest that somebody go to Greenland on a mission. But did it look well for Hans to mention this and not himself offer to be the somebody? He concluded to say that he was willing to go, not dreaming for more reasons than one that his proposition would be favored. It would cost money as well as Hans Egede, and as there was a war going on, money was scarcer than love for Greenland. The Bishop of Drontheim sent a reply which contained something showing us what strange ideas people had of this far Whiteland, and of America in general. "Greenland," wrote the good bishop, "was undoubtedly a part of America, and could not be very far from Cuba and Hispaniola, where there was found such abundance of gold." The bishop had another idea, that any Greenland emigrant would probably fetch home "incredible riches."

It seems that Hans had done an unwise thing; he had not told his wife. When the bishop's letters came telling everything, she opposed this mission to Greenland. Others,

his mother and her mother, said "nay," and at last Hans said it also. That land that "God had placed him in" should be his home. God, however, believes in transplanting, and Hans was uneasy, and his wife now saying "yea," he made ready his vine for a location in Greenland soil. It is always in place for the person that proposes a thing, to take hold personally. Hans set this example all the way through. He not only went himself, but opposite the first subscription of three hundred dollars to found a company to trade with Greenland, went his own name. As a result of all this, one July day, the Eskimos saw a sail off their rough Greenland coast. Hans Egede, his family and a band of colonists, had arrived. Hans, I dare say, had the idea at home that there were Greenlanders who were descended from the old Norse colonists, but those dusky, black-haired savages with their flat noses and high cheek bones never had a Norseman for an ancestor. Their language was not Norse-like. The mission found a colder climate and tougher soil than had been anticipated. Spiritually and physically, Hans found little encouragement. Once, he made up his mind to quit Greenland, when they were very hungry, trying to keep cheerful until a store

ship came from Denmark. I wonder this time if he could have asked his wife's opinion before making up his mind. When he told her, as before, she said, "nay." She wanted to stay! She wouldn't pack up, even to please Hans. She said supplies would come. So Hans held on, and holding on brought the reward of patience, stores from the old country. Word came too that the king was so much in love with the Greenland mission that he commanded a lottery to be started for the mission. That is a poor way, we think nowadays, to gamble a dying cause into life. This lottery came to grief. Then the king taxed Norway and Denmark in behalf of the far Whiteland. Hans had been in Greenland about seven years when a ship of war brought a reinforcement of soldiers. These martial men rebelled when they saw what Greenland was. Hans must have thought his allies from Europe worse than any enemies in Greenland, worse than cold or hunger or a treacherous Eskimo. Ten years slipped away. We cannot keep at work in a good cause ten years without making some impression. The Eskimos showed fancy for the kind-hearted Hans, his wife and children. True, the fathers and mothers did not care for Hans' doc-

trines. The old people were told of the great benefits of prayer. Would Hans then be so good as to pray that there might be no winter? He must have believed in a mode of punishment which is not accepted by us to-day, that of torment by fire. When Hans talked about it to the older Greenlanders, they replied that they would prefer it to frost. Notwithstanding the unwillingness of fathers and mothers to agree with Hans, they permitted him to baptize the little folks, and a hundred and fifty were baptized. Hans and his wife determined to remain in Greenland, although Denmark's new king did not at first have great faith in the mission. One obstinate man, and one obstinate man in a good cause may be too much for a king even, and Denmark's new king began to take a deep interest in the mission. His interest went deep enough to get down into his pocket-book, which is a good sign. But now a fearful enemy approached the shores of Greenland. Hunger, cold, ice, winter-shadows, the Eskimos' unwillingness to submit to Hans' teachings did not drive Hans and his wife away, but oh this last enemy! In those days, small-pox was wont to make terrible ravages. Greenland children that might be sent to Den-

mark, generally were cut down by the sharp stroke of this evil. One of these children brought the pest to Greenland in 1733, and it spread with frightful rapidity. In these days of wiser methods we have no adequate idea of the terror prevailing in those days of ignorance upon this subject. What a terrible winter in Greenland was that of 1733 and 1734! I see three grim shadows darkening the huts of the Eskimos, Cold, Hunger and Pestilence, and the third was the most cruel. It threatened to hush every voice and hopelessly stay every step in Greenland. When Denmark's trading agents went north, for ninety miles they did not find a single human abode that had life in it. Empty and shadowy and dreary were all those homes. Going south, the harvest field of death is said to have reached farther still. Three thousand died that winter, three thousand gathered into the grim harvest-sheaf of pestilence. Still, Hans Egede and his wife met all these terrors with their resolute, self-sacrificing faith. Elsewhere there were signs of cheer. Moravian missionaries had come in 1733, and in 1734, came Hans' son, Paul Egede, who had been sent to Copenhagen to pursue his studies and now returned as a laborer in the Greenland mission. He proved

a valuable ally, eventually preparing a Greenland grammar and dictionary. Sometimes if we may not see success directly following our efforts in a good cause, we may find that we have stimulated a second person to go out and back up our effort. Hans Egede educated Paul Egede to a valuable interest in Greenland work. Hans broke a path through the wilderness, and in it the consecrated Moravians pressed forward. Hans' health failing him, he wished to return home. Previous to his departure, his wife died. Over the seas went the Greenland pilgrim, carrying in the same vessel the coffin of his beloved wife who had longed to see home again. In Copenhagen, there was an uprising of many hearts to receive with affection and honor the sacred dust of Hans' faithful helpmeet. To her grave, went all the clergy of the city. Hans Egede never went back to Whiteland. He saw the work in its behalf making progress though. A seminary for the Greenland mission was founded in Copenhagen. He spent his last days in the island of Falster with a daughter married to a clergyman there. He said a characteristic thing before his last illness. He thought of the wife buried in Copenhagen and asked that he might be laid

by her side. If his friends would not promise to grant this favor, then—then—he would go to Copenhagen and die there! Hans wrote an account of his life-work. It survived him, to keep alive in men's minds the memory of a noble service amid the frozen deserts of the North.

The story made a vivid impression upon Phil. He went out upon deck and looked off at the desolating scenery of a Greenland summer in Davis' Strait, the cold, dark water, the chilling icebergs, the fragments of ice-fields ever, ever drifting southward. Somewhere, to the east of all this desolation, stretched a land that was cold and dead. Cousin Ivory had told him to keep his colors flying. What must it be not simply to keep the colors flying, but to take them and bear them far from home into a land of savages, a land, too, where nature is far more savage than any of those bowing before its bitter blasts, or battling with its elements to win a scanty sustenance? Phil did some very serious thinking about the difference between a flag that is raised and one that is carried forward.

"I wonder what I can do," thought Phil.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MOLLIE AND A PAPER FLAG.

THE arrival at Disco was delayed by the gambols of several whales. The Crow's Wing was ready at once for a swoop upon these prizes. Other whaling vessels came up, and the hunt was very animated. The tanks of the Crow's Wing received valuable contributions, and other vessels were as successful. Phil took part in one hunt, and Ned declared that Phil was "gittin his hand in so well that you couldn't tell him from an old salt." The next movement of the Crow's Wing was forward to Disco, and her companions in the late whale-hunt all went with her.

"Then this is the island of Disco," said Phil to Captain Arkwright, as the two watched the shores before them.

"Yes, and that little settlement is Godhavn, or Lievely."

"Not a very attractive looking place, sir," remarked Phil, looking up at the bleak, wild heights over whose ridges the snow had flung a white but chilling drapery.

"Not very. The Danish government has a number of settlements, and they are the head-quarters of a trade in skins and oil. You see that little church, a few houses of wood, and then the natives have a few huts here. Perhaps we will go on shore to-morrow, but I want to be off soon as possible. We will see what is best to do. Quite a little fleet of us here, and we may get some news, some ideas from one another about the best place to fish in next. We anchor at once."

When the table in the little cabin was spread for supper, those who sat down to it discussed the most advisable course for the Crow's Wing. The first mate was not there, but while those at the table were sipping their tea, Ben Holton burst into the cabin, rubbing his hands and saying with a chuckle, "To-night there will be a mollie!"

"You will be wanted, cap'n," said the doctor.

"I have received no invitation," remarked the captain, coolly.

"You don't act as if you wanted any," said the engineer.

"It is going to be on board the Duchess. The cap'n saw me and sends the invitation by me. That is all I know about it. My duty is

done," said the first mate, sitting down at the table and emptying a cup of hot tea almost at a swallow.

All this time Phil was wondering what a mollie was.

"A mollie!" he said, almost unconsciously. "What is a mollie?"

"A mollie?" replied the captain. "Want to know what a mollie is? Senseless thing for the most part, I think. I'll tell you what it is. A mollie is a bird, a kind of petrel that you see round the ship when we flinch a whale. Lots of them come, picking up any pieces of blubber they can get at, fighting one moment and stuffing the next. That is the bird-mollie. Sometimes at night, if several ships are on the fishing-grounds, the captains may meet in one of the cabins to talk some about fishing and drink more. That is a ship-mollie. Why it is called a mollie I can't say, unless those there who are stuffing one moment like the petrel, may like it be fighting the next. I like to meet my brother captains, and believe in being friendly, but they all know I don't like that style of things."

"Oh! you are getting to be a teetotaler," said Ben Holton, lifting and emptying in a moment another cup of tea, as if to show

there was one kind of *tee*totalism he had special faith in.

"No," replied the captain, "I like my glass once in awhile."

"Then I don't see how you can object to those who like a good many of them, cap'n," said the doctor.

"There, I—I—don't know about that."

The captain, as if conscious that his position was not a wholly defensible one, said nothing further.

"We will settle it in this way. You can send me in your place," suggested Ben, emptying a third cup. "I know what is reasonable."

"You can go and tell them what is a reasonable amount to drink," said the doctor.

"Ha, ha, I am the one for that," said Ben, calling for a fourth cup. He was in a good-natured mood, and everything he said had been free from banter though he spoke plainly.

"I don't know," he continued, and resting his big arms on the table as if to get a purchase for his arguments, "I don't know about being so strict as the folks who never drink. Now, I never was upset by it. I knew what I was doing when I was in the midst of it and when I got through with it. I shall come

home to-night steady as the crow's nest in port. I don't say it of you, cap'n, but there are some folks who never touch a drop, so they say; and it is my opinion it is all a paper flag they fly. Give them a chance, get them away from their ship, and they are like other folks. A paper flag, that is it, a paper flag."

"In other words," remarked the doctor, "it is a paper flag that can't stand a *wetting*."

They were laughing at the doctor's joke, when in the midst of it, Ben Holton's eye chanced to rest on Phil, and Phil in turn saw the teasing look.

"He has got a shot for me," thought Phil. The shot came.

"Oh, Phil, that you?" asked the first mate.

"Now, cap'n, send your clerk to the mollie. I'll give my chance to him. He is just the one for a mollie."

Phil was silent. He knew nothing could be gained by any reply. Silence is very stimulating to some people, and the man began another attack.

"Well, Phil, you go with me and I will see that you have something. I know you are bashful, but I will see that you have something. Don't you worry, boy."

"Won't be anything left when you have got through," said Phil, looking at the mate's cup, again empty.

Ben stammered out a confused answer, his messmates laughed, and the cabin was speedily as empty as Ben's tea-cup, Tim Dove, the sailor who had a ducking that day the Jacob's ladder gave way, accompanied Ben Holton in one of the ship's boats to the Duchess. Phil saw them put off from the Crow's Wing, and row through the water so quiet that it was even as a floor, and so silvered in spots by the sun that it seemed as if patches of the white water-lilies known to Phil at home, had come to the surface and spread out their white bloom on these Greenland waters. Ned approached Phil and said:

"I have got some old friends on board the Duchess, and the captain says I may have a furlough and go over a little while. Do you want to go?"

"And see the mollie?" asked Phil laughing.

"Oh, that is in the cabin. We are a goin' to the for'c'stle. Jest a little call."

"All right. Yes, I would like to go. We shall have plenty of light to come home by."

"That's so, Phil. Don't want any gas-lamp or lantern up here. We will go at once."

Phil and Ned rowed through a quiet stretch of water to the Duchess, and reached it almost as soon as the other boat. This had been pulled very slowly by Tim and Ben, for the two were talking busily.

"Got any temp'rance aboard ye?" asked Ben.

"Oh, a lot of it," replied Tim, "but I shall get rid of it soon as I can."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Ben, approvingly.

"I am a first class temp'rance man, sir, long as I can't get any liquor. I holler loud as the loudest then," said Tim.

"Ha-ha!" laughed Ben again. "I don't know but I might call myself a teetotaler that way."

"It's all humbug," declared Tim. "They will all drink when they get a chance, and they know it. I go in for moderation. I always know where I am when I get through."

"So do I, so do I, Tim."

As they reached the Duchess' side, the two men rose and shook hands over the fact that they always "knew where they were when they got through." Then they mounted a Jacob's ladder and gained the deck of the Duchess. Ben went into the cabin. Tim started for the forecastle. When Ned's boat

arrived, he and Phil went into the forecastle also. It was a noisy group that greeted them. Not only Ned's friend gave him a welcome, but everybody received Ned and Phil as if old acquaintances. Tim Dove, though a stranger, was made to feel at home at once. The men were scattered about, in confusion. Some were lolling over two old chests. Others were stretched out in their bunks. There were those who were prostrate on the floor. It was a hilarious set.

"Don't know why we shouldn't have a mollie as well as our cap'ns', sang out a voice. "Cap'n said we might have a drink if—if—we would behave."

"You are right there," was a quick response, and "yes!" "yes!" spoken many times, seconded this opinion.

"That mean liquor?" Phil wondered. He saw no liquor as yet. He did see, however, a tall form rising slowly out of a dusky corner, and then began the scraping of a fiddle.

"It's Jimmy, the cook," said a sailor to Ned.

Jimmy was a colored man. As he scraped, some of his auditors began to shuffle. The old forecastle was the scene now of a very lively

excitement. In the midst of it, Phil caught sight of the swinging of a bottle by somebody. Then he caught the clink of a glass. The excitement became more boisterous.

"Hold on!" shouted a voice by a sailor that Phil already had noticed to be a kind of a leader among the men. "Stop, Jimmy, let's have it reg'lar. Can't do two things at once. Call all hands to grog."

The fiddling ceased. The men who were shuffling dropped wherever they found a chance. Another bottle was produced and the drinking became "reg'lar." Phil sat next to Ned, while next to Ned was a new acquaintance known as "Sam." Phil rather liked his looks. He wondered if Ned and Sam would drink. Phil knew what he himself would do. He did not feel any temptation. He was too strongly established in his total abstinence position to be affected, so he believed, by the opinions of this noisy ring of strangers.

"I haven't got what Ben Holton calls a paper flag," thought Phil. He noticed though that nobody seemed to fly a temperance banner. Each man, when his turn came, took a drink, though the amount taken varied with the takers. Tim Dove drained his glass. Jimmy at first shook his head.

"Seen nuff trouble out ob dat," he said, sorrowfully.

This statement was met with a volume of ridicule, and Jimmy's objection was powerless as a ship before a hurricane.

"Wet your whistle anyway, Jimmy," said the sailor who seemed to be leader, a heavy, muscular, big-voiced fellow. Phil at last distinguished his name as that of "Browny."

"Wet your whistle, Jimmy," commanded Browny.

Jimmy hesitated. He looked at the glass a moment longer.

"Wet!" "wet!" "wet!" shouted a chorus.

"Show yourself a man, and that you can take care of yourself," advised Tim Dove.

"Just wet," coaxed Browny.

To this solicitation, Jimmy yielded, and took a single sip. He was about to pass the glass, when, as if maddened by the one sip, he drew it back again and drained the glass. This act was applauded furiously. Men rose and patted Jimmy who seemed to feel at once the excitement of the drink, and leaping into the centre began to scrape his fiddle violently.

"Come, boys! Come on! Good time's comin', boys!" shouted Jimmy, who now

yielded himself fully to the mad merriment of the hour.

Phil had been wondering how he would escape the offer of a glass, but seeing a ring beginning to whirl around Jimmy, he hoped he would be passed.

"I think I will go upon deck," he said to himself. "Getting to be bedlam."

Browny saw him and shouted, "Hold! hold your horses there, Jimmy! You are like a whaler in front of a nor' west wind racing down into the Atlantic. Reg'lar, reg'lar, boys! Some of our comp'ny want to go. They'll have a drink first. Here!

He turned to Phil who had risen from his seat, and proffered him the glass. Phil shook his head.

"I thank you, but I never take any," was Phil's very clear refusal.

"What!" shouted Browny. The forecastle was silent. "Jest wet, Phillie. Jest taste it," said Ned in low tones. "I would."

Phil shook his head.

"The little Yankee! He daresn't," said a voice. It was Tim Dove.

"Oh, just wet, you know," said Browny, in a coaxing voice, and laying a hand on Phil.

"Excuse me," said Phil, "I never take any."

"Wet! wet! wet!" shouted several in noisy chorus.

Phil was immovable, save that his head shook out a dissent.

"Much obliged," said Phil to Browny. "You have given us a welcome. Much obliged. Think I will go now."

He thought of what had been said in the cabin of the Crow's Wing about the paper flag that wouldn't bear wetting, and felt more resolute than ever.

"Make him drink first!" said Tim Dove. "He's a little Yankee, and they all like to rebel."

"Yes, yes!" cried several voices. "Make him!"

"No, sir!" shouted Ned, springing to his feet and flourishing a huge fist. "You shan't make him. Hands off!"

"Boys, keep still!" advised Browny. "Company, you know. Treat 'em fair! You will take something?" he added, turning to Ned.

"No, thanks! It's all right, boys. Guess I must be goin'."

"Another Yankee! He 'guesses!'" It was Tim Dove who spoke. Ned recognized him.

"Tim! you mind me! Don't ye say that agin!" roared Ned.

Tim hung his head like a whipped dog. He said nothing more.

"This boy and me are Yankees, and we are proud of the fact. But there is English blood in us and we know we are among Englishmen who respect fair play," said Ned, gesticulating with his big arms.

Phil looked up into the face of Ned with admiration. That moment, not Browny but Ned was king of the forecastle. Several voices responded, "Yes, fair play! An Englishman likes fair play."

Here Jimmy came to the front once more and scraping his fiddle began to play "Yankee Doodle." This put everybody in good humor. They laughed, they cheered, they rose up and shouted to their departing guests, "Good-by! come again!"

Phil was glad to reach the outside air. The sunlight of the long, lingering day, and the atmosphere, cold but bracing, were pleasant substitutes for the dusk and the closeness of the old forecastle. Nature was not on a drunk and indulged only in water that was plentifully iced, and in snow-capped hills, and the change of scenery was welcome. But

who was it that followed Phil and his champion?

"You going back?" asked this third person.

"Oh, Sam, that you?" replied Ned.

"Yes," said the neighbor of Ned in the forecastle.

"Phil, I spose we might as well be goin' home," said Ned.

"I think so, Ned."

"Let me say that what you did, gave me courage and I didn't wet," remarked Sam.

"You didn't!" said Ned. "Good for ye! Got quite a temp'rance society, havn't we? Never did so well in my life, I was agoin' to say. It's all owin' to him."

Ned pointed to Phil.

"No, it's all owing to *you*," cried Phil. "What could a boy like me do?"

"You see," exclamed Ned, directing his remark to Sam, "this young chap has got a mother and I 'spect he sort of promised her—"

"And I have got a father," said Sam. "I know he wouldn't want me."

"And I—I—" added Ned, "I s'pose somewhere I've got a mother, and I know she wouldn't want me to, either." As Ned spoke, a seriousness came into his face and he looked down.

"I ought to think more about my old mother, and my father too," said Ned.

An impulse came to Phil that he was not willing to shake off. He did not recognize its significance fully then, but it meant to carry a flag forward as well as raise it, did it not? It was the unconscious spirit of the true missionary that urges one to go out and make conquests, not to stay at home and just fly his flag. It is that spirit, making all our lives, in the household, on the street, in the schoolroom, one wide mission-field. One need not go to Japan or India to have the true mission spirit, though if God call him, he will do well to go there promptly, yes, and stay there.

"Ned," said Phil, "you refused drink down in the for'c'stle. Say you won't touch it. Give us your hand!"

Ned's hand impulsively went out half way toward Phil, and then it halted.

"Hadn't it better be on paper? Isn't that, as Browny said, the 'reg'lar' way? You make it out and—God helping me—for the thing has been an awful trouble to me sometimes—God helping me—"

Ned looked up, up from the deck of the old whaler, amid that scenery of rock and snow and dark, chilling water.

"God helping me—" he repeated, reverently, —"I will sign it and I will keep it!"

"And I'll put my name down," said Sam.

"That's it!" shouted Ned, exultingly. "Come over to-morrow and we'll put it through! Yes, we will."

Sam promised to come. He said good-by to Phil and Ned as they pushed off, and this temperance boat from the Crow's Wing had a speedy trip home. The boat containing Tim and Ben also started off from the Duchess, but at a later hour. The amount of liquor dispensed in the forecastle was not large, but there are natures very sensitive to a small quantity even, and Tim Dove was like many others in this life, not equal to the mastery of his potions. He knew enough to go but hardly knew where to go. He had an idea that he must get into his boat, and Ben Holton was not much wiser.

"Don't know about you fellers going off without a corporal's guard to look after you," said the captain of the Duchess, superintending this boozy embarkation.

"Shay, friend!" exclaimed Ben, catching at the meaning of his host. "Don't you—worry—now—don't! I shall—tie—up—to—him—hic!"

He here pointed at Tim.

" And—I—shall—tie—up—to—him—hic ! " cried Tim.

"Well," muttered the captain of the Duchess, " there is plenty of daylight on board the Crow's Wing, and those whose watch it is, must help them aboard. That's all there is to it."

Ben and Tim splashed the water with their oars, and finally reached a vessel.

" Boat ahoy ! " cried a voice. " What's wanted ? Boat ahoy ! "

" Wanted—er, wanted—er ? Wanted to come—er board ! Where'sh the cabin ? " asked Ben.

" He's turned in," said the voice thinking Ben said " cap'n."

" Don't ye shee me—hic ? I know what I'm up to," replied Ben trying to mount a Jacob's ladder.

" We might as well pull him in," said one voice to another. " He wants to see the cap'n. Anyway, he can't get up without our help."

Ben was pulled aboard, and Tim followed, who also said he knew what he was up to.

" Let 'em cruise round ! " advised the first voice again speaking. " They'll find out what they want."

"I want—the cabin—I know what I'm up to," again said Ben, in husky tones.

"He wants the cap'n," said the first voice, "and I'll show him in, though he is over the bay, and don't know what he is up to. When he sees the cap'n, he will tell his story."

Ben was shown into the cabin and left there. He tumbled into the first state-room whose door was open, and took possession of an empty bunk which chanced to be there. The captain did not see Ben, as he himself was sunk fathoms deep in an unconscious slumber. As for Tim, he wandered into the forecastle and dropped on the floor. His last words were, "Rather—think—I know what I'm up to."

An end finally came to Ben's nap, and through his confused thoughts moved the sound of rattling dishes.

"They're eating breakfast," he said, as he opened his eyes and looked about him. "Where—where is this! This don't look natural!"

He sprang up, saw the bunk which had been occupied, and yet not a blanket had been turned back, and he looked in dismay at the little cabin window.

"Wish I could crawl out of that window, jump down into the water and swim under

water away from this craft. Got to go through the cabin, havn't I?" reflected Ben.

Rap, rap!

The knock on the door was seconded by a gentle push, and a Captain Allen whom Ben had seen at the mollie, thrust in his head and grinned. "How are ye? Have some breakfast? Got into the wrong craft, havn't ye? Saw ye there this morning, and thought I'd let you sleep."

"Anybody out there?" asked Ben grimly.

"Nöt now."

"Well, don't say anything, don't *for the world!* Where's my man?"

"Oh they let him stay down in the for'c'stle. We mean to be hospitable, you see."

"Thankee, but *don't—don't*—DON'T say anything," said Ben, wishing that Captain Allen's watch had turned him away at night and dropped him into a cold and arousing bath in the harbor. "You hush up on this, cap'n."

At breakfast-time on board the Crow's Wing, the captain looked around and remarked, "we don't all seem to be here, this morning. That mollie was too much for some people, doctor."

"The rest of us are on the way here and they will soon report for themselves,"

replied Doctor Sinclair. "I was out on deck now, and saw them coming—"

"From the Duchess?"

"You out go and see what you think, cap'n."

Captain Arkwright hurried out and saw a row of men at the vessel's rail watching a boat that was pulling for the Crow's Wing.

"Welcome home!" shouted one of the men.

"Who are those?" asked the captain. "Ben and Tim?"

"Yes, sir," said Ned.

"From the Duchess?"

"Not this morning, sir. We saw 'em put off from t'other vessel jest now, one lyin' nearer us, you know."

"Good morning, Ben!" called out the captain. "Fair weather over your way? Out after fish last night?"

"How are ye, Tim!" said Ned. "Caught a whale?" Not a word did Ben and Tim say. Glum and surly, they came on deck. Ben went into the cabin, and the captain followed him. What was said, nobody ever knew. That discussion remained private property, What the crew found out through Tim, became public property, and it was a long standing joke that

those who "knew what they were up to" after that mollie, knew just enough to get into the wrong ship.

During the day, Sam came aboard.

"All ready!" said Phil to Sam and Ned when he saw them together. "Come into the cabin!"

When in the cabin, Phil said, "there it is! All ready for signing! Just a single pledge not to drink, through God's help, any beverage that intoxicates. Step into my state-room."

"Not a very handsome specimen!" said Ned, slowly stretching out a kind of Virginia rail-fence as he penned his name. "Howsomever, she'll stand."

"Now, mine!" said Sam grasping the pen.

"What you up to, in here?" asked Captain Arkwright, noticing the little group that was yet almost too large for Phil's quarters. "You want a bigger state-room if you are going to have company."

"Not ashamed of what we are doing, cap'n?" replied Ned. "Want to see?"

"That is interesting," remarked the captain examining the document. "I have a mind to add my name, for I do think it is the right stand."

"Oh do, cap'n!" pleaded Phil. "It will help these signers, help me, my name's going down."

"I will," and after his "I will," came the captain's signature.

"Who's that?" he said, turning quickly.

Somebody was saying "Cap'n" in the cabin. Captain Arkwright stepped out, and there was Pick-tup nervously twirling his old cap in his hand.

"Cap'n, cap'n—"

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Don't know, but, cap'n—"

Pick-tup's nervous excitement increased.

"Did'nt I see, cap'n—"

"Who's that?" asked Sam putting his head outside the door.

"Why, father, that you?" shouted Sam.

Then they saw the young man rushing at poor old Pick-tup, who in turn had rushed at him, and there in the cabin of the Crow's Wing, were joined Pick-tup and his "boy," their arms about one another, Sam laughing and his father crying.

"If I don't call this a mysterious providence!" said Pick-tup, the tears brimming his eyes while he wrung the hand of his son Sam.

Then each told his story. Pick-tup's we all know. Sam had gone to St. Johns, shipped on board the Duchess that chanced to call there, and the vessel had come almost at once to Disco, overtaking the Crow's Wing, which had lingered on the way to fish.

"I think now, Johnson," Captain Arkwright said to Pick-tup, "I can arrange it so that your boy can ship aboard the Crow's Wing. One of my men told me he would like to go in the Duchess, and as Americans say, we will 'swap.'"

The "swap" was made, and several persons were the happier for the exchange. At Disco, was left that Eskimo the Crow's Wing had rescued.

CHAPTER XV.

FARTHER NORTH.

THE Crow's Wing had left Disco and was steaming northward, fishing at times, but always fighting, now against the current, the ice, or it might be the wind, or a snow-storm, or fog.

"I don't see why people have ever come up here unless they have been obliged to," said Phil, shivering in the cold, but bright light of the long day, and watching from the deck, by the captain's side, the drifting ice.

"Those coming have felt some kind of obligation, Phil," replied Captain Arkwright. "An old dream was that sailing this way, vessels might find a short course to Asia. We have left Davis' Strait behind us. That was named for an Englishman, John Davis, who came here before the year 1600 set in by a dozen or fifteen years. He wanted to find the north-west passage. He did not get that, but he found honor. That was before your country was permanently settled. Then, there is Baffin's Bay we are now steaming through. It

is more like a strait, through it spreads out into a width well toward three hundred miles on the average. Who gave his name to this water? Old Billy Baffin, though really he was Young Billy Baffin, for he was only twenty-eight years old when he came northward with Captain James Hall, and what did James Hall want to find? That northwest passage. Baffin was only thirty-two when he sailed up and down this bay, searching it out, and he had his reward in the name bestowed upon it. In later years, navigators have tried to bore through the ice or ride in dog-sledges over it and find the North Pole, hoping to learn facts in geography and science that might be of practical benefit."

"Dangerous sailing!"

"Of course it is. You have seen already what risks we have run trying to get through the ice. When we get to Melville Bay, we shall have it worse still. We whalers mean to laugh at danger, but the laugh comes rather hard when we get among the floe-ice of Melville Bay. We may see a 'lead'—you know what that is?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a strip of clear water between floes."

"We see that water, let us suppose, and be-

yond it is a chance, may be, to go farther. We steam for it, and are in it, and what then if we get a 'nip,' as we say? I have been in vessels where we had our provisions on deck, and clothing handy, ready to run out our boats and leave if the ice squeezed too hard. I have heard of vessels that have been thrown over on the side, or vessels just jammed in pieces or cut in two. The polar ice has no mercy when it gets to nipping. We know many whalers that have got into these Greenland millstones and never got out. It is a good thing to have steam vessels because they can move quick and move with power too."

"Where shall we go next, cap'n?"

"We are going to call at Upernivik. That is the last place we shall stop at, and then we say good-by to everything excepting whales and Eskimos. It is the last settlement of importance as we go north. We shall send letters to the old country from there, and you can write home."

"I must do that."

When Phil woke up one morning, he noticed that the vessel was quiet below, not a sound of the movement of any machinery reaching him, while on deck there was an excited giving of orders and a hurried running to and fro.

"Ship stopped, or what is it?" thought Phil. "What is it? I'll dress and go out and see."

It was a chilling air without, but there was the endless sunlight to greet him, while before him, on the other side of the land-ice were several buildings, and beyond them a stretch of wild, repelling heights.

"Upernivik!" exclaimed Phil.

He was correct in his guess.

The sailors were making the Crow's Wing fast to a belt of ice bordering the shore, throwing out ice-anchors.

"That building with the cross on it must be the church," thought Phil.

He afterwards learned that Upernivik had its buildings in which to shelter the governor, the clergyman, and other Danes in the settlement. Then there were the homes of the Eskimos. Less than a hundred people were in this far northern outpost.

Phil saw several dogs on shore, and two Eskimos in their nimble kayaks were darting about the vessel.

"We will go on shore, Phil," said the captain. "We want to leave our letters and look about."

Everybody was kind, and Phil saw the gov-

ernor's home, the little church, the blacksmith's sooty workshop, and then he and the captain crawled into one of the Eskimo huts. Phil, as well as the captain, was very glad to crawl out again into the open air.

"I want to take a long breath, after that, cap'n. Can't stand that air inside, and I don't see how anybody can," said Phil. "Who was that man, that Arctic explorer, I mean, who came and lived with the Eskimos?"

"You mean Hall. You will find few men willing to endure what he did."

Charles Francis Hall, the famous Arctic explorer, is said to have been a New Hampshire boy, his birthplace being Rochester, in 1821. He was living in Cincinnati in 1859. His occupation was that of an editor. The fate of Franklin was a problem that excited his sensitive, sympathetic, enthusiastic nature. He burned to go on a hunt for the footprints of Franklin's expedition. He had an idea that some of those surviving Franklin might still be living among the Eskimos, and this was the thought kindling the zeal of his ardent nature; that perhaps by going among the Eskimos, by living with them, he might learn about the Franklin party. Who could deny it? From one dusky Eskimo to another as they huddled

in their close, smoky ice-huts, might circulate the story of the misfortunes of the pale faces who came in ships never again spreading their sails to the breezes that would blow them beyond the reach of floe and iceberg. And what if, in that skin-clad circle, some lonely survivor of Franklin's band be found, to tell in his own tongue the story of that devoted, lost expedition? It is interesting to read the result of the zeal of one man without money, moved by an idea and urging its claims upon others. Friends came forward with funds and he went north and lived with the Eskimos. Before he closed his Arctic labors, Congress extended its strong, helping arm to Hall. Between eleven and twelve years Hall gave to this cause of Arctic exploration. He went several times to the North. He knew what it was to live with Eskimos in the Eskimo huts. He did not realize his Franklin dream. His last visit North was to find a Polar Sea supposed to be open, and touch also the nub of the Pole, something harder to find than even Franklin. He went in the Polaris, sent out by our government in 1871. The vessel reached winter quarters in Thank-God Harbor. It was a dreary plaee. The Polaris though had been threatened by the ice and the prospect was

that of death by squeezing. When this fear was lifted up, and down into ten fathoms of water rattled and rang the anchor of the Polaris, I fancy I can hear Hall exclaiming, "Thank God!" with a profound sigh of relief. Then there was a big cake of ice that proved very friendly. No ice-man among us has ever handled such a lump in his rounds among his thirsty customers. It had a height of about sixty feet, was three hundred feet wide and four hundred and fifty feet long. It was this berg which promised to save the Polaris from crushing by the ice, and from drifting. Hall devoutly and gratefully named it Providence Berg. In October, Hall made a sledge journey to the north, but returned to be prostrated by a sudden illness. He died Nov. 8th. I know of nothing sadder than the funeral. For two days, they were trying to break in the frozen earth a niche big enough to receive the explorer's coffin. They succeeded in reaching a depth of twenty-six inches. The Arctic night had set in, and by the light of lanterns they hollowed out this resting-place. Then came the funeral. "Toll--toll—toll" dismally went the ship's bell. Across the ice and snow went a sad procession. With it went a sled whose coffin-load was concealed by the drapery

of our country's flag. The lengthened column of men patiently drew on the sled-ropes, muffled up against the cold, seeing where to step by the help of the lanterns' struggling light, wondering perhaps whose turn to be hauled would come next. When the burial service had been read, it is touchingly recorded that "the silence which followed was broken by the sounds of the earth on the coffin and the sobs of Hannah" (one of the Eskimos following Hall in this sadly terminated pilgrimage). The fate of the Polaris seems to have been foreshadowed by this sad event. Her crew was divided by the breaking away of the Polaris, the succeeding October, when at a time that the ice crowded upon her, a portion of her load, both men and stores, had been put on a floe. The drifting of the party on this floe makes a remarkable chapter in Arctic navigation, and I shall give it subsequently. The remaining crew of the Polaris which could not save them, subsequently took to their boats and were rescued by a Dundee whaler.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CABIN ON THE ICE-FLOE.

"WHERE is Cap'n Arkwright?" Phil was asking Ned one morning.

"Up in the crow's nest, Phil."

"Crow's nest!" Phil repeated to himself. "I would like to go up and look off, and see what there is to be seen. If they don't see a lead soon, we may stay just here in the ice all day. I think I will go up."

Phil had now learned to run up the shrouds quite nimbly. Patient climbing brought him directly under the trap-door in the bottom of the big cask that constituted the crow's nest.

"Now I'll knock!" thought Phil.

"Hullo!" was the response of the crow inside his nest. "What is wanted?"

"If there is room, could I come up?"

"Oh, Phil, that you? I'll take my legs out of the way and you open the door and we will see if there is room."

Phil lifted the trap, climbed up through this opened door and then dropping it, stood beside the captain.

"Not much room to spare, Phil. Still, we can go it. Glad you came up, for I would like to show you some things!"

"Oh, what desolation!"

"Nothing but ice, Phil."

Before, behind, save the big basin in which lay the Crow's Wing, was only a surface of crystal. In one place the ice was level as a floor. Then would come a mass of ice-blocks where two floes had ground against one another, and their edges were broken into fragments of every size and every shape. At the right were two big bergs side by side, and each had a head misshapen and savage, and the head and body of each berg suggested some rough, gigantic form rising above the ice and looking with a silent while glistening face off upon the frozen scenery.

"Nothing but sunlight too, cap'n."

"Yes, Phil, but don't you see that the air is quite thick, the light is very dull, and that over in the east are clouds? Now, I'll tell you what I think is coming; snow."

"That will be better than everlasting sunshine, cap'n."

"Yes, I think it will be an acceptable change for you, but you havn't been up here long enough to see what a good friend the sun is.

People who have been up here in the dark all winter, are exceedingly glad to see the sun again."

"Oh, I dare say."

Phil was only proving his inexperience.

I find in a work on American explorations* in the Arctic regions this very interesting statement of the joy with which a band, that had been living in the polar dark, greeted the first appearance of the sun coming north. "On the 28th of February, one of the happiest days was experienced. The sun would be seen after an absence of one hundred and thirty two days, and at an early hour all hands were on the lookout, some perched on the foretop of the Polaris, others on the top of Providence Berg. At 11.55 a small portion of the upper limb was seen for a few moments through a gorge in the mountain, and at 12.15 the whole orb suddenly appeared from behind Cape Tyson and rolled in full glory over the southern fiord. Cheer after cheer went up from the company, the men leaping and jumping about with cries of 'Oh, how warm it is! He has not forgotten us!' He continued above the horizon till 2 P. M." Think of it!

*American Explorations in the Ice Zones, p. 310, by Prof. J. E. Nourse. (D. Lothrop & Co.)

Can you not see them, some up in the frosty foretop of the Polaris, others on the cold slippery summit of Providence Berg, all looking off towards the southern sky? Can you not hear them shouting? And then to think of their jumping round and crying out—the shivering fellows, may be—"Oh how warm it is!" If Phil had spent a winter at the foot of the North Pole, he would have talked differently about the blessed sun. But what was it that Phil now saw on the ice, like big, unwieldy bunches moving about?

"Are those seals?" he wondered. "They hardly look like seals."

"Cap'n," asked Phil, "what are those flopping things on the ice? Can't be seals?"

"Those, those," replied Captain Arkwright, pointing his spy-glass down in the direction in which Phil's finger pointed, "those are walruses, a kind of relative of the seal."

"Did you ever see any—I mean, close to, cap'n?"

"Yes, and an ugly face they have, too, I think. They can hit hard with their head and tusks. What we call the canine teeth of the upper jaw of the walrus have a great development and form two tusks. Sometimes

they are two or two-and-a-half feet long, but generally about a foot."

"There are several down there."

"Yes, they like to go in herds, big herds sometimes."

"How do they kill them—shoot them?"

"They spear them. I have seen them harpooned and lanced."

"Well, what good do the tusks do?"

"They help the walrus protect itself—"

"Of course! I might have thought of that."

"It has an old, fierce enemy, the polar bear, and it knows how to use its tusks on him. It can be helped by those tusks to climb ice, or tear off seaweed from the rocks below. It is said to feed on that."

"Can you tame them?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You get oil from them?"

"Yes. Then the tusks as ivory are more compact than the elephant's, they say. The skin makes capital material for ropes. I have been told that the Finns paid tribute in walrus-skin ropes and cables."

"Did you ever hunt them—I don't mean the Finns, but the walrus?"

"Cap'n! cap'n!"

Was this a voice from the bottom of the

crow's nest? It seemed so. It was Ned, who had run up the rigging, and now, just below the crow's nest, called to the master of the whaler.

"That you, Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"You any objection to me and Pick-tup a-goin' walrusin'?"

"N-n-o, Ned! Only don't be gone long, and keep in sight of the ship. It is going to snow."

"Aye, aye, cap'n! We will look out. Oh, could you let Sam, Pick-tup's boy, go!"

"Y-y-yes! Look out for snow, though! And if you get on the ice and lose us, you may have a ride on the ice-park that you won't like. Hear, Ned, do you?" He waited a minute. "Hear, Ned! Do you hear?"

Ned did not hear. By this time he was down so far that the captain's voice just made a jabbering somewhere above him.

"Oh cap'n, let me go too!"

"*You*, Phil?"

"Yes, sir. I may never have a chance again."

"Wel-l-l! You see that I speak hesitatingly. Now do look after yourself!"

"I will, sir."

Phil was disappearing through the bottom of the crow's nest.

"And tell Ned—"

Down went the trap-door with a slam.

"Tell Ned—" continued the captain, looking over the edge of the crow's nest. "Where are you, Phil? Tell Ned," he shouted, "to keep near the ship, and don't get into the water."

A voice somewhere below the crow's nest said, "I will, sir."

"You will what?" roared the captain. "Tell Ned, or get into the water?"

"Yes, sir," replied the voice, but fainter and farther off.

"Dear me!" thought the captain. "Worse still! Boys are boys."

When Phil reached the deck, he found Pick-tup and Sam and Ned gathered near the ship's rail, equipped with harpoons and lances.

"Oh—Oh—I'm going!" called out Phil.

"Good! good! good!" replied the party.

"Phil," advised Ned, "you want to put on your overcoat. Dress warm, boy. It is allers best, you know, to be on the safe side. We may get a dusting with a snow-storm afore we can get back."

Phil went into the cabin, seized his coat, and hurried out. The party descended a Jacob's-ladder and leaped upon the floe to which the whaler was moored by ice-anchors.

"Now," said Pick-tup, "I b'lieve the cap'n don't want us to go far, for a snow-fall is on its way."

Phil looked up and was surprised to see how thick was now the veil screening the sun's face. All the sky had that look of haziness, that dull surface of bluish gray, from which we expect snow. Then there was to nature that aspect of waiting, a still, continued expectancy of the arrival of something, and this time the noiseless flutter of soft, white flakes. Nothing of this kind had happened, that morning, thus far.

"Now we will take those fellers on the sly," said Pick-tup confidently, addressing his companions. "I can see 'em in that basin, a-playin' round. We'll get to the wind'ard and crawl over the ice. Don't let 'em see you."

It now seemed as if several walruses were working their awkward way over the ice to make an unexpected call on their carelessly sporting relatives in this basin.

"Hist!" said Pick-tup, rising quickly, aiming a harpoon and then letting it drive.

"Whiz-z-z!" went the iron, dragging a line after it.

They all heard the harpoon strike something and rushed forward to see what it was. There was the pool, its surface still agitated after the movements of the walruses, and there was the harpoon sticking into the ice at the edge of the pool. That was all!

"Too bad!" exclaimed Pick-tup.

"Gone!" said Sam.

Pick-tup's trained eyes were not idle. While the others were examining every inch of the dark water to see if the evil eye of a walrus might not be exposed, and perhaps a gleam of his white tusks, Pick-tup was looking away.

"Come on!" he said and sped off as fast as the ice would permit him. He pointed out another hole in the ice. Several walruses could be seen in it, so Pick-tup said, while on the margin of this pool, as if on guard, a big brute was lying. He hobbled into the water, though, and as if having given the alarm, not a walrus raised its head above the water.

Again, a promising pool was visited and forsaken in disgust. By this time, no mean distance had been put between the hunters and their ship. It was Ned who muttered, "Ship is going out of sight!" Nobody noticed this

remark and he himself was not sufficiently interested to repeat it. It was Sam who murmured, "Hullo! There is a snow-flake on my jacket!" It occasioned no more alarm than the remark about the disappearance of the ship. One person certainly did not give a thought to either snow or ship, and that was Phil. He was ambitious to "catch one walrus anyway." A shout was raised by several, "There they are!" Four animals were stretched at the base of a hummock of ice, and several were blowing in a pool near by. The hunters all started on a run. The walruses moved off also. Those in the water vanished. Three of the four near the hummock splashed into the water. The last was hurrying for it when Sam sent his harpoon into the animal.

"A fall, a fall!" he shouted. The others ran up and seized the line attached to the harpoon, and then all tried to drag their prey back from the basin.

"Throw that end of the line round that hummock!" shouted Ned to Phil. The line was wound about the icy mass, and then while the rest clung to the line, Sam lanced the walrus and he was soon submissive. It was not a very large capture, but it had its value. There was a short discussion among the hunt-

ers upon the advisability of an attempt to drag the walrus to the ship.

"If it wasn't for this snow, we might!" said Pick-tup, looking up. Then they all began to realize that the air was full of snow-flakes, a countless army advancing out of the sky upon Greenland, marching down in tireless columns, coming thicker, faster, whiter—oh, a numberless host!

"Really!" cried Ned, "Quite a storm!" The same thought came to them all, and then they had another idea which the youngest voiced.

"Where—where is the ship?" asked Phil.

"Oh, it is back there!" said Pick-tup. "We know which way we came."

"Of course we do!" declared Ned. "That is all right."

"Perhaps, as it is snowing, "suggested Pick-tup, "and the dragging will come harder, we had better not try to get the walrus to the ship, but I'll take off his skin, and we might see about the tusks."

"I never was a dentist," said Ned, "but I never shall be if I don't make a beginning, and I will see if I can take out this young feller's teeth. I don't mean you, Phil, if I did look at you."

"Oh, let us get the walrus to the ship, anyway, drag him far as you can!" suggested Sam. "Then, father, if we give it up, we can take his skin with us. We have plenty of light in which to try our hand at hauling. There is going to be no night."

"That is good!" said Phil, who began to appreciate the advantages of long continued sunshine, though a snow-cloud might veil its source.

The walrus showed no interest in this journey, and as the ice was very rough and uneven, and as the snow continually thickened, the drag shipward was not entirely easy. Besides, where was the ship?

"The pool we fished in, before we got to the last, ought to be—"

"Somewhere," Pick-tup set out to say and stopped. Several pools offered themselves as the right one, and it was very hard to say which should be selected.

"This, this, this is—"

Pick-tup had begun again.

"A leetle bothersome!"

Ned finished Pick-tup's sentence.

"Father, let us stop and have a council of war," advised Sam. "Where's the ship?"

"We all know where one thing is, ha-ha!"

asserted Ned, and he tapped with his heavy boot on the dead walrus.

"That, too, is going out of sight!" said Phil. Yes, the snow-flakes were threatening to hide the walrus under their white drapery.

"Cover us up, mebbe!" said Ned, but cheerfully, for Ned, big Ned, brown-eyed Ned had a happy elasticity of temperament that the most depressing circumstances could not break. Phil began to look sober. The snow that had virtually covered up the Crow's Wing, and had covered up all possible routes to the ship, and was going so far as to cover up the poor dead walrus at the hunters' feet, might bury the hunters also! Through this darkening prospect broke the light of this thought in Phil's mind, "No night up here! So we can see something!"

More than ever did he feel that the long sunlight was a blessing he had not appreciated. But what a horror must be the long dark of winter when snow and wind, and cold might prostrate a lost traveller and nobody ever be the wiser for it!

"Poor John Franklin!" Phil was saying to himself. Pick-tup was on hand with a very practical piece of advice.

"I'll tell you. We shan't get to the ship

by talking about it, and talk won't take off the skin of this animal. I'll stay here and take off his skin, and I think I can get his tusks out without trouble. While I'm doing it, why not try this? The ship is not behind us! We know that much."

"Don't-t-t know, father! We've got turned round so I—I—really don't know where I am, or yes—I am here, but where is the ship?"

Ned and Phil and Pick-tup all grinned at him.

"But tell us what to try, father."

"Try this, Sam. I'll stay here and we will call this 'to-home.' If you don't get to anything, turn round and come back. You will be sure to get back to something. You'll find me and the walrus here, to-home. Sam, you go off in this direction, Ned in that, Phil in that! Understand?"

"Yes," answered Ned. "I don't know where north is, but I'll call mine north. Funny if I should fetch up at the pole! Folks been a-tryin' all these years, and I am the feller to do it! If I go north, then Phil goes south, and Sam goes west. That it, old friend?" Pick-tup nodded and said, "That is it. Don't go too far. You can holler if you get to the ship, and then start back to pick us

up if we don't hear you and come. Don't get too far. I'll give the word! March!"

Off to the supposed north, south, west, went solitary figures, while a fourth bent over the dead walrus. He was the "home" to which they might return. Encouraging prospect! But hark! Pick-tup soon sprang to his feet. There were strange noises in the air.

"The floe is moving!" he shouted. "Come back! Don't you hear it?"

Those he addressed were now hidden by that great white wall of snow closing all about him. They did not hear Pick-tup, or if they had heard, could they have told his voice apart from the sounds echoing in the air? Pick-tup was right. The floe was moving, and as it ground against the fixed ice, there was a succession of explosive sounds, startling to an inexperienced ear.

Phil stopped when he heard them.

"What's that?" he said. The world did seem so desolate, that dreary surface of the floe beneath him, that cold, white cloud of flakes all above him, and he not knowing what was ahead of him or on either side of him, only that a man back of him was cutting off the skin of a dead walrus! And those sounds! "Crack-k-k! Bang-g-g! Boom-m-m!"

What would a feller do if it were night! Terrible! Glad the sun does shine!" thought Phil. "Wonder if I had better go forward! I—will."

He went forward and saw before him a long strip of open water.

"Think I will turn back! I will go 'home' where Pick-tup is. Don't dare go round it, for the ice may be soft and—and—well, if the ice would bear me, I might be bothered trying to get back and lose my way altogether," reflected Phil.

Another and more startling thought visited him. What if he reached the other side of that strip of water somehow, crossing it where it had little breadth, and then it proved that this was the opening of a seam in the ice and this seam widen and a piece of ice thus hopelessly split off, go on a voyage far away and take him with it! A craft of ice and a crew of one on it, unless a polar bear might board it, and then there would be a crew of two!

"Bah!" thought Phil. "Guess I will go 'home' where Pick-tup is. I shall be glad to see him and that old walrus—if—the snow hasn't covered them up." He turned round and began to retrace his steps through the thickly falling cloud of snow.

"Crack-k-k! Bang-g-g! Boom-m-m!" went those strange sounds again and again." Phil pressed on. He shouted: "Hul-lo-o-o-o!"

He caught a reply; "Hul-lo-o-o-o!"

Phil never could have distinguished it if other sounds had not kindly intermitted their energy for a very brief space.

"And there's Pick-tup!" thought Phil. Pick-tup was not crouching now. He stood above a fast-whitening hump which Phil thought must be the walrus.

"Only the whaler herself would look more inviting," thought Phil. He rushed up saying, "Well, I thought I would come home. I struck a long lead of water and I dared not try to turn it."

"I am glad you came back. I havn't finished my work. I quit when I heard you shout. I felt anxious about you. Did you notice those other noises?"

"Yes, sir. What do they mean?"

"The floe is moving and grinds against the ice that is firm and fixed, and makes a big fuss."

"We moving too?"

"Can't help it."

"Go far?"

"Can't say. However, don't worry—yet."

"Yet." How ugly was the intimation of danger in that word!

"Has Ned come back?" asked Phil, preferring to shift the track of his thoughts.

"Not yet," replied Pick-tup.

That "yet" had a less disagreeable sound to it.

"And of course, sir, Sam has not come."

That "sir" pleased Pick-tup. "He feels I am as good a person as an officer," was his silent thought.

The crew generally liked Phil and liked him because he was respectful to his elders, whether in the cabin or the forecastle. And what person of matured age does not enjoy such respectful deportment in the young? We are not perfect in America. In the treatment of an old person we might well take a lesson from the Chinese at whom we—America in general—sometimes like to elevate our noses when talking about them. You will not see a young Chinaman flippant still less impudent before an old man or woman. As for Phil, those who pretended to dislike him, were the boys in the forecastle like Skip. They continued to call him "'ristercrat," but not when Pick-tup or Ned was in the neighborhood.

Phil and Pick-tup now hovered above the

walrus, until the tusks and skin lay side by side ready for transportation to the ship. Still, Ned had not made his appearance. Very soon, however, Phil saw some object coming, and what was it? The thick snow shrouded everything, and at the same time distorted it. Was it a bear trying to execute a gallop, or was it an avenging walrus hobbling over the ice?

"If that isn't Ned, all covered with snow, throwing up his arms and shouting!" said Phil.

Yes, it was Ned.

"I say, fellers! I say!'.

Panting, gasping, he abruptly halted after saying this.

"Come on!" was his next invitation.

"Found the —" asked Phil, purposing to add "ship."

"Yes, come on!" replied Ned.

"He's found the ship!"

"Good!" said Pick-tup grabbing the walrus skin and tusks, then starting on a run. Suddenly, he halted.

"Ned has found the ship, but there's Sam!"

Yes, there was Sam who had gone west, and if he returned and found no Pick-tup, he would keep on—and—on—and—on.

"I must stay, Phil, and wait for Sam," declared Pick-tup. "You go with Ned and then when Sam comes, I'll follow."

"Don't like to leave you, sir."

"Oh—you go, you go! Sam will be here, Phil. We will come too."

Phil started off, moving in the direction of that hole in the big snow-wall where Ned had disappeared. He was soon in the thick of the falling snow, but every moment, he expected to see the white-swathed masts and spars of the Crow's Wing. He travelled on, but where was the ship? And where was Ned? Had Phil lost Ned, the ship, and Pick-tup also? The snow kept on dropping, descending in perplexing masses. A sharp wind was rising, and it used the flakes as if little knives whose sharp edges it hurled at the face of this young traveller. Then there were the uncomfortable sounds of that grinding and breaking of the floe: "Crash-h-h! Bang-g-g! Boom-m-m!"

Phil could endure it no longer. He stopped and shouted, "Ned-d-d-d!"

"Boom-m-m!" went the ice.

"I'll try again: Ned-d-d-d!"

"Bang-g-g-g!"

"I'll try once more: Ned-d-d-d!" Then Phil listened.

"Hark!" he said. He caught a sound that was like, "Phil-l-l-l!"

"Ned-d-d-d!"

That return call came again.

"Phil-l-l!"

"Yes," said Phil, "it is Ned—and—there—he—is!"

If it were not Ned, then it was something else on the move, for the dark outlines of a form were seen through the white snow.

"Phil-e-e, come-m-m!"

It was Ned. Phil could see him now, and he hurried forward eagerly.

"Thought I had lost you, Ned."

"Oh no, here I be. Don't I look nat'ral?"

"You look like a polar bear in the pictures."

"I do? Well, this bear has got something worth showing."

"That is good."

Saying to himself, "I shall be so glad to see the ship again," Phil moved ahead eagerly.

Ned stopped. "There!" he exclaimed. "That is worth seeing, I think. I found that."

"Where, where is the ship?" asked Phil looking round, far at least as the snow would permit him, and seeing only a long ridge that terminated in a hump or dome. At the beginning of this ridge was a hole.

"Got something worth two of that ship," said Ned. "See here."

Dropping down before the hole, Ned brushed away the snow accumulating there, and before Phil could express his own surprise or ask Ned what he was up to, Ned had quickly disappeared like a prairie dog going into his burrow. There was Phil left alone on the ice, facing a black hole that had swallowed up Ned.

"This is queer," murmured Phil. He began to ask if he had got into a land of magic. Soon he heard a smothered voice issuing from the depths of the hole.

"Come on, Phil."

"Where you gone, Ned?"

"In here. Come on, don't be scat."

"Suppose I've got to go," muttered Phil, dropping on his hands and knees.

"Long as it is Ned, I'll follow, but I do wish he wouldn't be so insane. I thought he had found the ship."

Ned was a big boy who had found something else and was exceeding pleased with it.

Phil crawled ahead and saw or felt that he was in a tunnel. Ned's voice came back at intervals, saying in encouraging tones, "Come on, Phil! Don't be bashful!"

"How long have I got to go it this way, Ned?"

"Not long. Don't be bashful. Come on."

"Oh," thought Phil, "I know where I am. This is an Eskimo house, and that Ned found it. Good! I wanted to see one while we were in Greenland waters."

Phil was now as enthusiastic in following as Ned was excited in leading. It was boy crawling after boy.

"Here we are!" shouted Ned. "Nice and snug as a hen in a haymow! Isn't this fine!"

"Y-e-s! splendid!" declared Phil emerging into some kind of a place where he found he could stand upright. Ned was scratching a match on his vest, having unbuttoned his jacket, and now held up a torch as big as a sulphur match.

"You see, Phil, there ought to be a window of ice—thin ice, you know—somewhere in the walls, and that lets in some light, but, you see this snow covers up everything. However I'll keep scratchin' matches, so you can see, Phil."

Phil looked round with eager curiosity on the ceiling of sooty crystal, for the smoke of many lamps of seal oil had gone up in this Eskimo home.

"Glad to see this!" said Phil, anxiously looking about him, and thinking how he would make the eyes of all the boys at home stare with wonder as he told them of this specimen of Eskimo architecture.

Ned kept on scratching matches, and while they burnt, Phil kept looking.

"Don't see how this was built, Ned."

"I saw the Eskies buildin' one once. That was built of blocks of snow, and by Eskie carpenters. This was—wall, they had a hand saw, and they cut out blocks of the hard snow—oh, I should think they were about three feet long, and we will say a foot and a half wide and half a foot thick. Now you want to know how to get it dome-shaped? They laid the first course of blocks in a circle, of course, and then each succeedin' tier they let fall in, as we say. Each tier, of course, narrered as it went up, narrered, narrered—"

"They built, standing inside, I suppose?"

"Yes, inside, and into the hole left at the top was clapped what you might call the key-block finishin' off the dome and bindin' all together."

"And the builders were inside?"

"Yes, but a hole was afterwards cut in the wall, and they could make their door big or

small as they pleased. Then as you have a tunnel to it like this, that is a good arrangement about the cold. Now you see, I have been a-thinkin'—Oh! pshaw! There go as many matches as I can spare. We will back out of this."

Slowly, Ned and Phil crawled out of the tunnel. While they are crawling, there will be time to write the next lines. The Arctic explorer, Hall, describes one igloo or snow-house that he occupied. The main structure was for himself and his Eskimo companions. It had a "bed-platform" which occupied the most of the space. There were quarters for the all-important "lamp," for Hall's writing-desk, and the rest was "floor." There was a "vestibule." There were also a "meat-house," "store-house," and "cook-house." Hall writes, "A low, crooked passage-way of fifty feet in length leads into our dwelling." In such a passage-way, a driving Arctic-wind would have had its violence twisted out of it. Hall testifies, "I exchanged tent for snow-house, and have been all the time as comfortable as I ever have been in my life."

When Phil and Ned had reached the mouth of the entrance to the igloo and resumed their

upright posture, Phil asked, "How do you think this came here, out on the floe?"

"Oh, it was built by the Eskimos, I dare say, when this was fixed ice, but I s'pose it has been shiftin' its place, the ice sort of driftin' away, and this igloo, as the Eskies say, came with it."

"Could we live in it—in the house?"

"Oh, yes, bless you! Why not?"

"I suppose we could."

"Could? You thinkin' of it?"

"I didn't know, if this floe is adrift, and—we don't find the ship—and—"

"Live? Live like princes! We have got a walrus to begin with. His fat will keep us a-goin'. Then his skin will keep us warm, and we shall find plenty more walruses in the same pot that we fished this one out of. Live?" cried Ned again. "Why not?"

"But fire? No wood round here!"

As Phil said this, the sight of only snow, snow, snow, and the fact that under the snow was only a soil of ice, made Phil's remark about wood seem so funny to Ned that he laughed boisterously.

"Wood? Ha—ha—ha—ha! I think not. But we don't need it. The seal and the walrus will give us oil, and we can burn that."

Phil almost said, "You ought to have looked out for your matches, they are precious," but he smothered the unpleasant thought.

"Phil, you are thinkin' what we'd do if we didn't see the ship ag'in. Don't you worry long as Yankee-Ned is with you. Live like princes!"

"The igloo would be warm?"

"Of course, and seal-fat plenty, and seal-skin plenty. Live? Yes, and keep boardin'-house for all the Eskies round."

The idea of keeping a boarding-house made Ned laugh again, and he threw back his head and "Yaw-hawed" again and again.

All this time, neither Phil nor Ned had given one thought to those companions they had left behind, but abruptly Phil now said, "Pick-tup! Oh, Ned, I forgot all about him!"

"So did I, Phil! I did, sure as you're alive. He must feel lonely by this time. Sposin' we go back!"

"You havn't seen anything of the ship while you have been gone?"

"Ship, me? Never!

"I thought you meant the ship when something was said about finding—"

"Oh, I meant this—this—we will call it our

'cabin.' The floe is our ship, and the igloo is our 'cabin.' That is quite an idee! However, we'll go back."

"Let me see! Which way is back?"

"That won't be hard to tell. When you came up, this hole was before you, wasn't it? Then, Pick-tup is somewhere behind ye. Come on!"

Through the driving, drifting snow, Ned and Phil plowed their way, Ned very considerately leading, and scattering to right and left all the snow that was possible, breaking out a path for his young companion.

"Hark, Phil!" said Ned stopping. "That's not the old floe a-tootin'! That is a man's voice! Hold on! Yes! let me give 'em a holler back!"

Ned stopped and let out a blast from his big lungs that Phil declared to be "deafening."

"Deafenin'! You let me git my breath, and I'll give 'em another spes'men."

The 'next' by Ned followed almost instantaneously, and the reply came very quickly.

"Somebody is there, sure!" said Phil, and very soon somebody was seen in the snowstorm—two somebodies.

"Pick-tup," exclaimed Ned, "and is it Sam too?" asked Phil.

It was Sam, and had he found the ship?

"Say, Ned, has he found the ship, do you think?" asked Phil.

"Dunno and don't care. We are all right. Got a cabin to our ship, you know. We'll surprise 'em. Don't say nothin'."

"Hullo!" cried Pick-tup warmly. "Good!"

"How are ye?" said Sam. "Three cheers!"

Greetings on the other side were as hearty.

"Thought you two were lost," said Pick-tup. "Well, Sam has found the ship, and we will start off. Snow is piling down thick. Come on!"

Phil was entirely willing to follow. Sam now led off with the confidence of one who thoroughly knew his way and could instruct others.

"Where you two been?" asked Pick-tup, turning to Ned and Phil.

"Whar?" exclaimed Ned. "Ben—ben in a cave, a real cave! Jes' think of that! A cave that was a cabin!"

"A ship nipped in the ice—a wreck?" asked Sam. "Only the cabin left?"

"I know," said Pick-tup. "Found a snow-house built by the natives. That is it! But you wait, and we will see a cabin worth five hundred of those snow things."

"You will see it before long," said Sam.

Yes, soon was seen the Crow's Wing rising up by the side of the floe, white with the snow, her hull, masts, rigging—all draped with the flakes, and toward her, joyfully staggered the four white pilgrims from the land of the snow. They climbed a Jacob's ladder. They jumped down upon the deck, so glad to be there.

"That cabin does look good, Ned! Seems like home!" said Phil.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned.

"Ned," asked Phil, "don't you want to go back to the cabin where we could live like princes, have plenty of seal-fat, and plenty of seal-skin, and so on, Ned? Let's go back!"

Ned shook his head.

"I tell ye, Phil, I—I felt relieved to git off from that big cake of ice."

"You did? You didn't show it. Such a nice cabin, you know!"

"That may be, but—but I couldn't help thinkin' what if the floor dropped out from under us!"

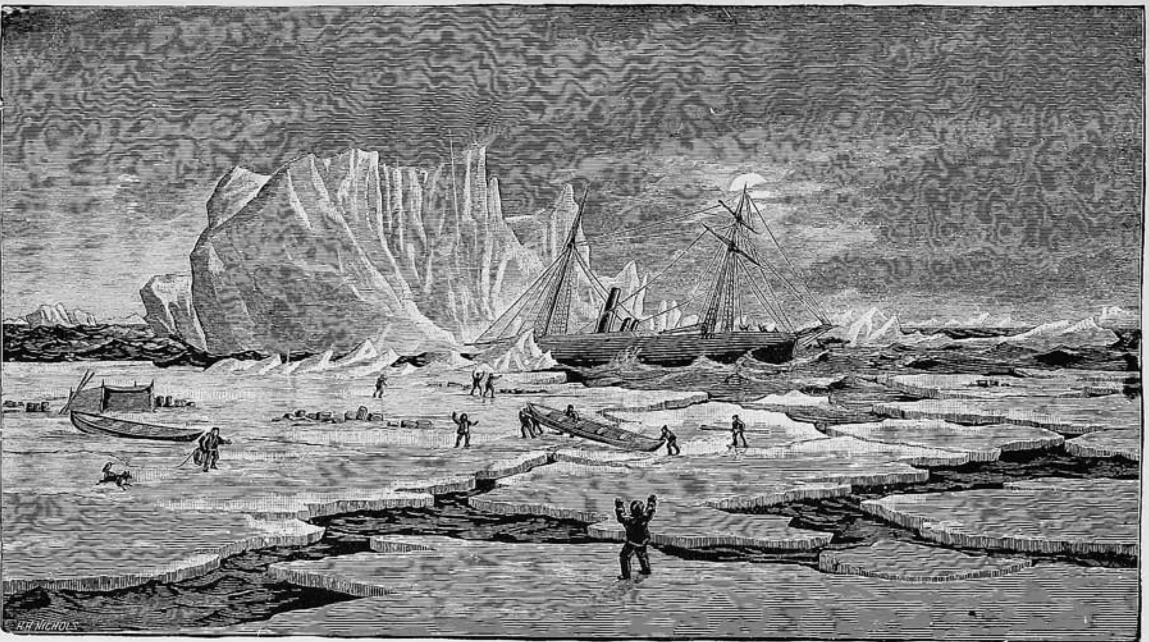
CHAPTER XVII.

STRANGE VOYAGE OF CHARLIE POLARIS.

PHIL was wondering, in his late adventure on the ice-floe, what would happen if he and the other walrus-hunters were unable to reach the ship. What if they must live on the ice-floe? What if they must be drifted with it, out—out upon a cold, wild sea!

He was able to appreciate the story of some of the crew of Dr. Hall's exploring vessel, the Polaris, who had a wonderful voyage.

To go hundreds of miles in a sea rough and dangerous, making the voyage without ship, boat or raft, would be considered an impossible feat. A part of the crew of that Arctic exploring vessel, the Polaris (it was after Dr. Hall's death), went to sea on a piece of ice and may be recorded as having accomplished the impossible. They had boats with them, but the craft on which they really made this voyage was Arctic ice. They were separated from their ship one October night, a cold, pitiless, stormy night, and how was it done? The Polaris at half after seven in the evening had run



THE UNWILLING GOOD-BYE OF THE "POLARIS" TO PART OF ITS CREW.

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among icebergs. These could not protect her from a pack of ice that was pressing the vessel hard. It was a wild, ugly night, and the snow was driving before the wind. The vessel threatened to break up between these white millstones of the ice. The crew were ordered to take provisions and stores out on the floe. Two boats and the scow were also lowered on the ice. At half after nine there was a change in the surroundings of the Polaris. The pressure on the vessel ceased, but in the floe there were widening cracks. The vessel was a victim of this new movement. She was abruptly, hurriedly, carried away from the ice to which she had been moored, her anchors giving way, and, from those on deck, into the shadowy night, vanished floe, stores, boats, men! "Good-by, Polaris!" shouted a voice, and several forms were made out as they vainly sprang over the floe, trying to reach the ship. "Yes, good-by, Polaris!" was the farewell from the floe. The winter-storm then smothered everything. How many souls were thus surprised into an unexpected tenancy of this ice-floe? Nineteen, including Captain Tyson, Mr. Meyer, the meteorologist, six seamen, and two Eskimos, Joe and Hans, with their wives and children. Where any stores have been

accumulated, that are to be cooked up, the steward and the cook are very important persons, and the floe-voyagers had these two, but how long would they have any office-duties to discharge? An interesting member of the party was a little Eskimo baby born in August and christened Charles Polaris. What other Eskimo baby ever had such a floe-ride as Charlie Polaris? Not all the nineteen were on the main floe when they were separated from the Polaris, but some were on pieces of ice detached from the floe. They were gathered to it at once by means of the boats, and then they all crept under some musk-ox skins, crouching close together, and in that fashion Charlie Polaris passed the night. Outside the musk-ox skins, the wild, dense snow-storm was drifting down. A cold Arctic storm, that ice-floe, and that heap of ox skins under which crouched, side by side, nineteen human beings! What a situation! The night went by somehow. The next day they saw the Polaris. Twice they made out the ship and threw out their signals, but no one saw them. What was to be done by Charlie Polaris and the eighteen besides him? He was about as efficient as they. The only thing to be done was to drift, to go with the floe whichever

way it went—north, south, east or west. It went south, day after day, week after week. What could the nineteen souls do besides eat? They could watch. Then some must hunt. The natives caught seals, and these constituted about the only eatables of the party. They were not cooked, and nobody went to the trouble of removing the skin or the hair. The small remnant of the ship's stores was given out by weight. They went through November, December, January, all the time drifting and somehow living. Life was not very vigorous, however. February opened without mercy, refusing to show the searching Eskimos any water or any seals, discharging at them heavy blasts of wind and piling up huge snow-drifts, and then it icily breathed on them at a temperature from sixteen degrees below zero to twenty-two. How could those voyagers on the ice-floe manage to live anyway? Captain Hall, the dead leader of the Polaris expedition, once wrote when upon a former expedition north: "Our hearts are sad, our voices almost hushed. But away, away, thou fiend of despair! This is no home for you. We are the children of Hope, Prayer and Work. God is our Father, and better times will come." Those opening February

days were followed by less grievous weather. Hans saw a seal put its head above the young ice to take a look at the February world. That was its last look. Hans killed it. Then came hungry days. Their food was cut down to a few ounces a day. You may be sending off to-day a letter weighing an ounce. See how much food you would have on your postal scales if it were a weight exceeding that of the letter four or five times. Now try to live on that scanty heap for a day, and on a like mouthful to-morrow. One day some dovekies were killed, and then an ook-gook, and a sea-bear was also taken. The first of April the floe was thought to be unsafe. The party had now a single boat. Into this went little Charlie Polaris and his eighteen companions. They voyaged in the boat until noon, landed on the floe again and pitched a tent. They were not hungry now-a-days. Seals were abundant. We think of April as a month of frequent but gentle rains. What a thirty days was that April on the ice-floe! The fifth there came a violent gale and a terrific sea, howling, rolling up, then plunging down upon the ice, pounding it as if with a hammer, breaking off pieces of ice, forcing the frightened occupants to retreat with their posses-

sions toward the centre. One fragment did bear away Joe's hut, but at the noise of the rupture those in the tent hurried out just in time. A fortnight later came another alarm. It was nine o'clock at night. The man who was serving as watch saw a terrible sea advancing. He gave a cry of warning. The wave, though, swept the floe as with a broom, brushing off the skins, the tent and the greater part of the bed clothing. But where was their boat? That must be secured. The men ranged themselves on either side and gripped it and held it down with all their might. The boat was fastened by lines of ook-gook to projections in the floe. Often, though, did these part, and then at frequent intervals would roll a billow sweeping the men to the other side of the floe, even to its edge. Still those heroes held on till midnight, till early morning, till the hour of seven. A few days later they were nigh unto death, shelter gone, food gone, and so cold! Welcome—sometimes—is the sight of a bear, for Joe spied one coming toward him on the ice as if anxious to make his acquaintance. Joe preferred that Bruin should become acquainted with his gun which he obtained and the company also of Hans. The two Eskimos came from that

hunt richer by a whole bear than when they went out. April thirtieth came and Charlie Polaris was still taking a sail on that ship of cold, white crystal. The morning broke, but all around the floe was a thick curtain of fog. The curtain parted, and through its separated folds what was seen beyond the rough edge of the floe? Smoke from—a steamer's funnel? Yes, there were her masts! Oh! what excitement there was on that floe! With their oars they made a rough signal-pole, rigged a signal at half-mast, and while some held up this sign of distress, others were running about the ice, throwing up their hands, and in every possible way trying to attract the vessel's attention. They were seen. The steamer's bows were turned toward the floe, and from her deck and rigging a hundred men gave a response of three ringing cheers to those raised by the rejoicing castaways. The vessel was the Tigress, engaged in sealing, and belonging to Conception Bay, Newfoundland. The Tigress took little Charlie Polaris' party all on board and carried them to St. Johns, and they were then transferred to another vessel and conveyed to this country. But where were they rescued? They started on this voyage away up in Smith

Sound, drifted down through Baffin's Bay, then through Davis' Strait, past Greenland, out into the Atlantic Ocean and down the coast of Labrador as far as latitude 53° 35′ N., off Grady Harbor. It has been estimated that this wonderful voyage on a cake of ice measured a distance of two thousand miles. In time it had a stretch of 190 days. What other baby can boast so famous a trip at sea as Charlie Polaris?

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEAR OR FORBEAR.

THE English whaler, when the storm had folded its white wings and subsided into its invisible nest, proceeded to bore her way through the floe. Steam had been raised to such an energetic pressure, that the vessel crashed easily through all the young ice, and when it came to the old ice, it judiciously improved all such opportunities as were offered by any "leads" and thus outflanked any obstacles that it could not easily meet in direct conflict.

A group of men stood near the bows of the vessel watching the ice as it was crunched by the heavy blows of the ship.

"Hullo! There's an old friend!" exclaimed Ned.

"Where?" asked Pick-tup.

"Don't you see that hole at the end of that long mound? That's our cabin door, me and Phil's," replied Ned. "See it?" he asked, as Phil came up.

Phil had no difficulty in making out the

cabin door, as the broom of a lively wind had played before this entrance, and swept away the flakes accumulated there. Those in that hunting-party were now questioned by their shipmates about the details of that finding of the snow house, and finally of the walrus capture.

The first mate, Ben Holton, sauntered toward the group, heard what they were discussing and said, "Those walruses look so ugly in the face, I can't bear to go by them when they are out on the ice, without killing them all."

"That is the way I feel about seals. Rap 'em, I say, and have 'em out of the way," remarked Tim Dove. "What are brutes good for anyway?"

"Oh, they have their place," Ned ventured to say.

"Yes, and their rights," Pick-tup asserted very positively.

"Ha-ha!" said Ben Holton. "That don't come with very good grace from you, out after seals and walruses, so eager to get 'em, you may say. You just about lost your way."

"Yes, I was anxious to hunt the seals and walruses too, but then I had a good thing in mind, I hope," said Pick-tup.

"A good thing?" inquired Tim Dove. "Is not to kill them a good thing, and have them out of the way?"

"No, because I think people will be along who really want them, who want their skins or their oil. You might say a seal to an Eskimo is potato and meat and butter, all in one, and if we kill for the sake of killing, it is taking away somebody's food," replied Pick-tup. "I know I killed a seal and a walrus, but it wasn't for the sport."

Ben and Tim opened their mouths and roared out their ridicule.

"I shall call you saint," said Ben patronizingly clapping a hand on Pick-tup's shoulder.

"No objection if I deserve it."

"I think it is all right to kill animals if they are needed for food or clothing, but I don't think we have a right otherwise. Brutes have got a right to live if they are not harming us. I don't see where we get the right to make them suffer needlessly," said a boyish voice. It was Phil.

The mate looked at him, and said in his sneering way, "Another famous walrus hunter! He gives his opinion! It seems to amount to this: that one can go out and kill till he is tired, and then he comes back to lecture

the rest of us and tell us what we ought to do."

"It is just about that way, mate," said Tim, obsequiously.

"I don't propose to be told what is my duty," cried the mate. "If I want to kill these walruses with their evil eyes, or seals, or bears, I shall do it. I suppose, now, you hunters who have had your share of butchering, would object to our firing at a bear?"

"Oh," said Pick-tup, "do as you think best. The world is big enough to hold us all."

"I guess it is, as Yankees say," remarked Ben, accompanying it with another sneer. "And if I see a bear, I propose to hit it."

"You probably will have your wish, sir," Pick-tup informed the mate in a very dignified way.

He had his wish sooner than he expected. The ice offered too stubborn a resistance to make an attack upon it advisable. Several bergs rose at intervals along the floe like towers projecting from a white wall, and these were entirely unwilling to yield to any proposition by the Crow's Wing to turn aside from this lead.

"We will haul up here, I think," concluded Captain Arkwright, "throw our ice-anchors

out on the floe, and wait till we see a bigger lead that offers some chance for us to go ahead."

The vessel was made fast, and then the crew listlessly waited for any sign of the willingness of the ice to do a favor and yield.

"Ned, look through my glass at the side of that iceberg. See anything?" asked the captain, offering his glass to Ned.

"See—cap'n—see some bars! Yes, yes, there they be."

"I thought so, Ned, I thought so. The savage creatures!"

"Did you ever have anything to do with them?" asked Phil.

"Very little, hunted them very little, and I am very glad to say they have had still less to do with me. I have read about them and found out some things in that way. If you are interested in such things, you will learn that oftentimes in the kingdom of the beasts and the birds, there is a peculiarity about their coloring which is of some service to them. It's fur being white, that color on the ice, say, keeps the bear from notice by its enemies that want to prey on it, or by its victims that it wants to prey on."

"I suppose it lives on seals and fish."

"Mostly, and it has an excellent record for swimming and diving when hunting for these. However, the bear likes berries, and can live on a vegetable diet. Cases are known where it has lived on just bread, even for years. This was where it was shut up and kept a prisoner."

"You say it is a good swimmer. If such strong fellows got fairly at it, I should think they might hold out a long time."

"One witness, a Captain Sabine, said he found one 'swimming powerfully forty miles from the nearest shore, and with no ice in sight to afford it rest.' They are not only good swimmers and great sailers in their way, but they get on the ice and it drifts away and Monsieur Bear goes with it. They sail that fashion a great distance. In the course of a single winter, twelve polar bears have been known to arrive at Iceland, coming on the ice."

"I should think a fleet like that would not have much of a welcome."

"Probably not. I wanted to mention one other peculiarity besides their color which is a help to them. Polar bears are distinguished from other kinds by 'having the soles of their feet covered with close-set hairs.'"

"What is that for?"

"It helps them to walk on the ice. If you should run on the ice barefoot, and then try it when you have put on a pair of woollen stockings, which way would help you make the better speed? I needn't ask that question."

"That is curious. Now a bear to an Eskimo is a great prize, I suppose?"

"Yes, and it may be to anybody that wants to work it over and get out of it all that it is worth. I have heard of bears measuring almost nine feet in length and weighing about sixteen hundred pounds. Of course, there is a lot of meat in such a creature—for those who like it—and then there is the fur, which in this climate is a great prize. The bear also furnishes some oil when the fat is tried out. I knew of one in which was found half a dozen gallons of seal oil. He had been to a seal feast."

"A savage creature!"

"Very. The front teeth of one that I saw measured seven inches in length. When a walrus and a bear have a tussle, it is tooth meeting tooth."

"I suppose a good way to kill them is to shoot them."

"Yes, and some people on board ship when they see a bear on the ice, if they come near

enough to it, want to fire at it, though they can't stop to make any use of their prize, maybe. It is just for the pleasure of hitting something that will feel it, to show that they have some power as marksmen. Now I don't know what fun it is to put a creature in pain, hitting it to make it suffer. Besides, if killed and it drifts away, it is lost to somebody who might have been glad to capture it some time."

"Some of us have been talking about that very subject."

"Yes, and Ben Holton wants to go off the moment he has a chance and shoot a bear. He does not seem to have any idea what he wants it for, any more than to hurt it. Now, I don't have any sympathy with that kind of hunting. And here he comes now!"

Ben advanced armed with a rifle. Behind him was Tim Dove, and he too had a rifle. Behind Tim sneaked Skip, grinning as if pleased with some prospect ahead, while around his waist was strapped a belt. In the latter, were stuck a knife and hatchet. In each hand, was a game-bag.

"Hello, Skip!" roared Ned from the rigging where he was at work splicing a rope. "Goin' a tommyhawkin'?"

"You go below!" was Skip's warm invitation addressed to the sailor in the rigging, while Ben directed a cold, reproving eye toward Ned as if to say, "Young man, keep your place and attend to your work."

"Skip looks like an armor-bearer attending two old-time fighters, though in those days they allowed to each warrior an armor-bearer. Skip seems to be doing double duty, as if the supply had run short," was the captain's side remark to Phil. "Ben has been arraying Skip for some time in the cabin."

"Cap'n, I was going off a little while," said Ben, "and take Tim and Skip with me."

"Very well. What are those game bags for? Going to bring home your bear in one of them?" asked Captain Arkwright.

"They are for birds, cap'n, birds," promptly replied Tim, with an air of astonishment at the captain's ignorance.

"Public opinion seems to demand that all hunting shall be for some purpose, and that being the case, are you willing to make room for a bear on board?" said the mate.

"Oh, yes, though to give an honest opinion, I think I had better be prepared to make room for the hunter rather than for the bear."

Ben affected to laugh at this, but he was

really nettled and he ejaculated in a gruff whisper to Tim, "The fools! We'll show them."

The two knights and the one squire mounted the ship's rail, and dropping down a Jacob's ladder upon the ice, walked off in state, excepting Skip. He looked back at intervals, rather sheepishly, laughing at the boys from the forecastle, who watched with exceeding interest this foray into Bear-land.

"Phil, I didn't tell Ben Holton so," said Captain Arkwright to his clerk, "but I am going to have my gun loaded in case they should need it."

"How so, sir?"

"Oh, we will see, we will see. One may be quick to cry 'bear' but he may conclude it would be well to for-bear."

All over the deck there were many eyes watching the departure of the hunters, and it was a sore disappointment when Ben and Tim and their solitary squire vanished behind a small berg. This icy fence was welcomed by the hunters.

"Too many people a-lookin'!" remarked Tim.

"Yes," replied Ben, "all of them very willing to have you fight the bear, but won't

go themselves. Now, there's cap'n! I know he would like to have a bear-skin to carry home, but you don't catch him going after it. Well, we must get it for him. Let's see! that bear was—"

"Somewhere on the other side of—no—yes—"

Tim stopped. He knew not the road into Bear-land.

"They were on the side of an iceberg," suggested Skip.

"They! more than one? We will dispose of them. Tim, you take one, and I'll take the other, if two."

"I b'lieve they were moving toward the ship, last time I saw them," said Skip.

If Tim did not turn pale, he "felt pale," but said nothing. In a moment, as they stealthily crept forward, Tim ventured to use his voice. It was rather tremulous.

"S-sk-ip-pie! You—might-t-te just step-p round that corner and see if-f—anything is-s—"

"I will," replied Skip, boldly, who had the advantage of that ignorance which is bliss. "I'll tell ye where they are! I'll show them my knife and hatchet."

He cheerfully stepped round the corner of a heap of ice-blocks, and as he did so, both Ben

and Tim caught the warning of a hoarse growl.

"Ugh! Oh, he's there, he's there!" shrieked a panic-stricken boy, flying back and holding up in one hand a harmless knife and in the other an equally harmless hatchet.

"Steady, Tim! Steady, Tim!" was Ben's admonition, who prudently mounted the heap of ice rather than show himself at the corner where Skip had made a demonstration. With a certain impressiveness of air, as if he were leading five hundred brave warriors forward, and not a solitary coward, Ben charged up the icy slopes before him, the shivering Tim following. And there on the other side of this heap, Ben saw a snarling old she-bear and a playful cub at her feet! Ben did not look twice.

"Bang-g-g-g!" went his rifle.

Tim did not give himself the chance to look even once, but the moment he heard Ben's rifle, as if he himself had been shot, he dropped on his hands and knees, and began to groan.

"She—she's comin'!" cried Skip, who spoke as he inferred, and started on a run. Tim got up and followed, and what he did with his gun, he never could say. Ben Holton was no coward, but when he saw that the bear was

not killed, only wounded, and, furious with pain was charging directly up the icy ridge, Ben did what many would have done; he delivered another shot and ran. This second discharge inflicted a second wound, and Bruin was frantic. She would have overtaken Ben but her cub whined after her. She turned back, licked it once or twice, and then as if encouraging it to follow, looked toward the ridge of ice. The cub now followed as the mother led; but where was Ben? Hidden by a second ice-heap, and still retreating, but half turning and ready to let fly another bullet, the moment the enemy came in view. And there was the bear hurrying over the uneven ice, looking round at her young, and then looking out for Ben. If it had not been for the cub, the bear's pursuit would have been more rapid. Lucky for Ben that the chase was hindered! Captain Arkwright was not on deck when the look-out in the crow's nest, shouted, "A fall, a fall!"

"Why," said the captain to Phil, as the two sat quietly in the cabin, "what does that mean? No fish about, to-day! Oh, I know! It must be that bear, or those bears! Where's my gun?"

"You left it out at the door, sir."

"Oh, yes, so I did. That's where it is."

He rushed out of the cabin followed by Phil. The cry from the Crow's Nest startling the captain, had aroused all the crew who were in the forecastle, and they came tumbling up, rushing against one another, some half dressed, wondering, shouting, for there is nothing in the daily life of a whaler in Greenland waters that will so rouse and excite every officer, sailor, boy, as the cry that means somebody has struck a prize. But what was struck now? That one man was struck with a pitiful terror, was very manifest, for over the ship's rail Tim Dove was tumbling, pulling up a Jacob's ladder after him. While this fugitive was making good his escape, resolute that the enemy should not have a chance to chase him up that ladder, the excited crew that rushed to the ship's starboard rail, saw Ben Holton out on the ice, turning at intervals to shoot wildly at a frenzied mother, distracted by her purpose to chase him, and her desire to watch her cub. At the same time, they all heard a shriek for help accompanying a splash into the water. "Boy overboard!" rang out the cry of alarm. Ned and Phil were among those who, with Captain Arkwright, almost threw themselves over the vessel's side, so rapid was

their descent of any ladders still in position. The Crow's Wing lay in a dock where the floe very kindly had remained open. Between the ship and the ice was a belt of water which Skip expected to safely cross. Closely following Tim, he reached out to grasp the ladder that had helped Tim aboard. He reached forward only to see it elude his grasp and fly up after Tim. In his confusion, losing his balance, he fell into the belt of water along the side of the Crow's Wing. Skip was one of the unfortunates, that, living on the water, can live a very little while in it, for he could not swim a stroke. He wildly shrieked for help and confusedly threw out his arms to grasp any object of support. Fortunately he grasped the ice, and there he clung to its chilling surface, screaming as he clung. Several reached him at the same time, Captain Arkwright, Ned and Phil. They pulled him out of the water, and then bore him to the next Jacob's ladder and lifted him up to waiting hands that pulled him aboard the ship. Then all on the ice scrambled aboard the Crow's Wing, all save the captain.

"Hand me my gun!" he shouted.

"Cap'n, you goin' to shoot?" asked somebody.

"Hand me that gun quickly, or I'll shoot *you*," shouted the captain.

There was a chase for the gun, an exceedingly speedy delivery of it to the officer down on the ice, and then everybody watched and waited. No need now for the man in the Crow's Nest again to shout, "a fall! a fall!" to bring the crew up out of the forecastle. Not a living thing that went on two legs but was out on the deck. Cabin, forecastle, caboose—all were forsaken. The second mate was handling his "shooting irons," prudently deliberating whether he had not better work his battery on board the ship rather than to run any risk on the ice. Skip, the boy, was shaking and chattering after his cold bath, but he preferred the excitement outside the caboose to any warmth inside. Phil and Ned had manifested a desire to keep the captain company down on the ice, but a command, "stay back!" arrested their movements. The old bear still followed Ben, aching with the wounds he had inflicted, but mindful of her cub and turning to it at intervals.

"Bang-g-g!" went Ben's rifle for the last time, once more wounding the cub's mother and arousing all the savage vindictiveness of her nature. His ammunition was exhausted,

and he now turned for a prolonged run to the ship, when he slipped and fell. Phil thought of the stories he had heard about the polar bear, its awful anger and its awful strength, and the awful teeth that he fancied he could see plainly.

"Front teeth seven inches long," he was saying. "The horrible brute! What did Ben want to disturb it for?"

The beast was springing upon Ben, when a silent figure that had been crouching behind a hummock of ice, swiftly rose up, brought a rifle to his shoulder, and "cr-cr-ack-k-k!" came its sharp report across the ice. The beast gave one fierce look at this intruder, then bowed her wrathful face and dropped on the ice. She had received the bullet in her brain.

"A fall! a fall!" shouted the man in the Crow's Nest again, and everybody was now hurrying over the vessel's rail; even Skip, shivering, chattering still, left the Crow's Wing. Nobody was left except the man up aloft, and he did not stay because it was his wish. They all crowded around the prostrate bear, Tim being the first to reach her and shout, "Hurrah! We've got her."

"Well, cap'n! I congratulate you," was Ned's salutation. "You did well that time."

"Cap'n is a crack shot," said Pick-tup. "I have seen a lot of hunting, but this beats it."

Ben did not say a word. He did not come forward. His hat had fallen, and when he had picked it up, he stood as if bewildered, mechanically brushing off the snow that had clung to it.

"See here!" cried Phil. "Something is under that bear. I can just see it."

"Bear a hand!" the captain cried, unconsciously punning.

Strong hands were laid on the big creature, and when she was lifted, there was the poor little cub feebly struggling on the ice.

"Too bad! Poor little thing!" said the captain. "I suppose it was just behind the mother and was caught in her fall."

"Cub was hit already. See! It is bloody," said the second mate, Bob Batson.

"Near the heart!" said Dr. Sinclair. "The little thing might not have lived. That fall, though, has put her out of pain."

"Too bad!" said several of the men. "Poor little thing!"

The mother and cub were soon lying motionless by one another's side, the little one reaching out a fat paw and resting it on the mother's thick fur.

This affair kept the crew's tongues running on the subject of "bear" for several days. In the forecastle, Tim's shipmates gave him no rest. In the cabin, there was more considerateness shown for the mortified Ben. Very kindly, the captain to whom belonged the furs from this hunt, gave Ben the old bear's skin, and kept for himself the cub's.

"That is quite a big poultice you gave Ben's wounded feelings," said the surgeon to the captain, "and I think he will need it."

It was Ben's last hunt for bears. He was ready to adopt Captain Arkwright's sentiment expressed to Phil, and when "bear" was seen, Ben was entirely willing to for-bear.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKIP.

SKIP wondered, one morning soon after the bear-hunt, what the matter was with him. Skip was not lazy. No one turned out of his bunk with readier alacrity than he. No one reached the deck quicker than he when all hands were summoned to duty. This morning, he lacked both disposition and ability to leave his bunk. He tried to rise, but such a weight of pain pressed down on his head, that he sank back in his bunk immediately.

"I—I—don't seem to be Skip," said the boy. "Somebody else has got into me."

As he lay there, reluctant to allow that anything was the matter with him, he could but hear any conversation near him. Pick-tup's bunk was close at hand, and Skip heard voices.

"What did you want to know about the walrus and seal I killed?"

"That is Pick-tup," thought Skip.

"You said that you didn't hunt them for

sport when some of us were talking about it; don't you remember?"

"That is the 'ristercrat," thought Skip. "He came down to find Pick-tup?"

"Oh, yes, I do remember something about it, Phil."

"I was wondering how you could get rid of them up here. Will the cap'n buy skins the men get?"

"I don't know, but I can sell them somewhere. I had just as quick tell you what they're for as I would tell Sam," said Pick-tup lowering his voice. "Some of my people at home are very poor. Now I have only myself to look after, me and Sam you know, and if I can get any skins—it is all extra profit for me, the cap'n paying me for my regular work on ship, so he said—and I can save the money I get for skins and help some poor folks at home. That's why I hunt, not for the fun of it but the money in it and the good out of it. Don't you see?"

"Yes," said Skip silently in his bunk, "I can see. He has got a kind heart. He seems to like the 'ristercrat."

Skip must have dropped into a sleep, for here the tired boy fell into an increasing and confusing darkness that prevented all sight,

a pit that swallowed all sound. Soon he heard voices again.

"Had a good day fishin' yesterday," remarked somebody.

"That's Ned," thought Skip.

"Yes, I did pretty well, I thought."

"That's Tim Dove. He always does well unless it's a mollie or a bear scrape," thought Skip.

"We have got clear of the ice that bothered us a good piece up Baffin's Bay, and the cap'n thinks the fish won't fail us, and we shall have a very decent run of luck."

"The 'ristercrat," thought Skip.

"I'll bet we shall have a good deal of trouble from the ice before we catch—say—four fish.'

"That's Tim Dove again," thought Skip. "He always wants to bet."

Tim became so earnest in the discussion that he soon made a formal proposition in money.

"Yes, ten shillings I'll bet that we shan't catch four fish by the time the ice gets round us again. Most had a nip this last time. Who'll take me up?"

There was silence in the forecastle.

"You don't dare to take me up, any of you!" asserted Tim looking about him.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Ned. "I'm willin' to allow we may find few fish, but we shall make fast to four, I think, afore we are in a pack of ice. I say, Tim, when we git in a pack how many bars do you s'pose you'll make fast to? Now you know all about bars."

This opinion met with a roar of laughter, and Tim reddened and coughed and stammered. He wanted to crawl out of this boisterous confusion as quickly as possible, and to do it made the following proposition;

"I'll bet my ten shillings against your one. Come now! There's an offer for you!"

He chanced to look at Phil though he meant all his auditors. Somebody had come down into the forecastle and saw Tim's look directed towards Phil and said,

"Oh, *he* won't bet! Don't you look at him."

"My old enemy," thought Phil.

It was Ben Holton, the first mate, who had come down into the forecastle to find one of the boys, but they all seemed to be missing.

"Don't you try to tempt that young man from the path of rectitude," ironically urged the mate.

Skip tried to lean forward and catch a

glimpse of Phil's face, but the effort pained him and he gave it up.

"Wonder what he'll say!" thought Skip.

Phil was silent.

"I'll make another offer," said Tim.

"I'll bet my wager of ten shillings—stay! Nobody need risk a shilling, but four of you can put in thrippence apiece and put that up against my ten shillings. If you get the ten, the four will divide it. What do you think of that?"

Two sailors, Olney Wheeler and Mark Otis, said they would be two to take him up.

"Now, Ned and Phil," mischievously suggested the first mate. "Tim wants two more. A good chance!"

"Come on, Phil," said Ned. "She's only thrippence. That won't be much to risk."

"No, but thrippence to-day may mean a shilling to-morrow," said Phil.

"Don't you like it?" asked the mate. "Come, give us a lecture! Now listen."

"Fair play!" shouted the voice of somebody who saw the mate's bullying manner.

"Oh, I'll give him fair play," growled Ben. "I want to hear his lecture."

"I don't lecture anybody," said Phil. "I don't care to bet, that's enough."

"But your reason," pressed the mate.

"It's gambling, and a penny-bet is like a pound-bet, as far as the principle goes."

"Gamblers!" sneered Tim. "What is gambling?"

"I can tell ye what it is," roared Ned, "and my old shipmates who have been ashore with me, know what I am talking about. I know what it is to risk perhaps all the money you've got in a game of cards, takin' your chances to win or lose, and I know what it is to risk my money a-bettin' 'bout fish, takin' your chances there to win or lose—and—and—I know what the boy means. Yes, I do!"

He continued to look at Phil.

"He has taken a stand—he's got his colors up—and I'll stand by him. No, siree, none of yer bettin' for me!"

Ned's vociferation, never subdued when he was interested in a subject, was met with silence, at first. Then Ben Holton said, "Fiddlesticks!" and was about to leave the forecastle, when a voice squeaked out,

"I'll take a share in that bet."

"Who's that?" asked Ben turning. "That's one of the boys. Where is he? O Skip! you the one that wants a share? Come, sir!

You are wanted for something else. What are you sojerin' in there for?"

Skip tried to smile and tried to rise, but the smile was a ghastly grin, and he only rose far enough to fall back heavily on his mattress. The dog tried hard to obey his master but could not.

"None of that, Skip! None of your sojerin'!" roared the mate. "I came down to find one of you boys, and here you are in bed like a land-lubber."

"Skip a sojerin'?" inquired Tim Dove. "He ought to be ashamed of that to an officer."

"Certainly, certainly," asserted Ben, who dearly loved to find an obsequious respect for his authority in the forecastle.

The sailors all came up to Skip's bunk. The boy's dusky face, now almost pallid with some undefined trouble, told its own story.

"Give him some air!" suggested Phil. "He looks real sick."

"What do *you* know about it?" snapped out the mate. "You keep your place. We will have the surgeon down here. He knows. A pint of castor oil will fix the chap. Sojerin', I know! These Yankees!" the mate was heard to mutter as he left the forecastle. "They think they know everything."

"Don't care if one does think so. Skip is sick, looks so, doesn't he?" said Phil, appealing to the group. "You feel bad, don't you, Skip?"

Skip, the dog, who had tried to bark on his master's side but had thereby only betrayed his retreat in bed, did not make any reply to Phil. He felt grateful, but the pain was growing sharper and he kept very still.

"No shammin' here, I guess, boys," said Ned, laying a big hand gently on the young mulatto's forehead.

"When a feller's away from home, it is tough," said Phil.

"He ain't got any," whispered Ned, but the whisper was not very subdued and it must have reached the patient. "We must look after him, you know."

"Here comes the doctor. He can tell a sojer," said Tim.

The sailors stepped back and Dr. Sinclair came up to Skip's bunk.

"Skip, show us your tongue! Let me have your pulse! You were in the water the other day! I see, got cold! Feel pretty bad! Headache and backache, and ache all over I suppose! Plain case!" were some of the doctor's eiaculations. "Tim," he said, turning to

the late hunter of bears, "if you hadn't pulled that Jacob's ladder up after you and had just given this boy a chance, he wouldn't have tumbled into the water and we shouldn't have now a case of fever on board ship."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" groaned the sailors in an unpleasant, indignant chorus. Tim sneaked out of the forecastle, but everybody else stayed. The doctor had a brief consultation with the sick boy and then came to Phil.

"Doctor," said Phil, "I was going to say if somebody must look after Skip, see that he has his medicines and so on, I will be the one. A boy may like to have a boy wait on him."

"I was going to say that I think, Phil, he would like to have you. The sailors sometimes have fancies when they are sick, and I like to please them if I can. A sick person is in a pretty sensitive state anyway, and if they can have their fancies met, that helps the medicine. He moaned something about 'not wanting the other set' and something about 'Phil,' and if I can arrange it with the captain, I think you had better give him his medicine some of the time, anyway. Of course, I shall be with him also, but I can only be part of the time. Now, I'll have him out of the fore-

castle. We can make him comfortable elsewhere."

"Is it going hard with him, doctor?"

"I can't say, Phil. He is a pretty sick boy. Oh, if you mean whether he will pull through it, I—I think so."

Ned's strong arms bore Skip, carefully protected, out of the forecastle into what was called the "hospital." It had several inmates, but they were all convalescing. Skip's case was the only sickness occasioning anxiety, and the doctor said to the captain, "Frankly, I must say I don't like the looks of Skip's case. He had that cold on him and did not say anything about it and it got a hold on him. If—if—typhoid symptoms don't set in, he will get along, but—but—however, we won't anticipate, only be on our watch against the evil day. We won't try to hasten it but do our duty to-day, and not make our patient gloomy with our forebodings."

"I am getting a new look into your character," thought Phil, who was present. "I rather fancied you before, but I like you better now."

"You see, Phil," resumed the doctor, "about all we can do is to steady the boat when it is going through the rapids, and it

will take patience and cheerfulness and the nurse's care and the doctor's skill."

Skip was soon in the violent current of the fever, and with it, he lost hold on everything rational, and was tossing about in wild delirium. Ned was detailed to assist Phil, and it sometimes took all of Ned's strength to keep Skip in bed. There were two subjects Skip made prominent in his ravings. One was that of "books;" the other a "ladder."

"Sounds like Jake's ladder!" said Ned. "No, Jacob's ladder! But I didn't know Skip was a literary chap. Don't see why his mind runs on readin' and books."

"Pictures, perhaps!" suggested Phil. "He seemed to be a good deal taken with some books in the ship's library that had pictures in them. That's it."

In the clutches of delirium, raging like a wild beast, Skip was held day after day.

"If I could get that ladder!" he would say. Then he would reach up after imaginary rounds, rolling his eyes pitifully, sighing, falling back, gasping, "Oh, I can't get it! Got to go into the water again! Cold, cold!"

Lying a moment in fear, he would spring with a wild cry for the ladder that seemed to be his only hope.

"Poor Skip!" the tender-hearted sailors would say as they caught his outcries. Some one might appear at the door of the hospital and ask, "Skip quiet and got on to that ladder yet?"

From his efforts to reach the ladder, his thoughts would turn away to various imaginary bears chasing him over imaginary ice.

"Oh, drive them away!" he said, appealing to Phil and turning to look behind him in awe. "Can't you count 'em? Oh, big ones! Where's that ladder? Let me catch it! Oh, no, I can't! How cold this water is! It makes me shiver all through."

"Here it is!" said Phil, one day. "Just the ladder you want."

With the help of Ned's big, sharp jack-knife, Phil had manufactured a small ladder two feet long, and now held it out to Skip. The little device quieted him.

"That is good!" he said one day. "Oh, yes, it is what I want!"

Alas, clutching at the rounds violently, Skip broke them one after the other.

"No good!" he said, in his disappointment, sinking back gloomily.

"We'll fix him!" exclaimed Ned.

He found an old Jacob's ladder down in the

hold of the ship, repaired it, and suspended it above Skip's berth. When the delirium came, his nurses would guide his hands toward the ladder's rounds.

The other form of his aberration was what Ned called "the literary." Skip would say, "Don't want to read, but got to read!" Then he would scream, "Snake! Put it away, put it away!" Perhaps he might add, "Lock the snake in my kit! Don't let him out."

One day, Skip came out of the maddening whirls of his sickness, and lay helpless and motionless in his bed.

"The crisis has passed, far as the fever and the delirium go," said the doctor to the nurses. "Now, he is like a boy that has been thrown by an animal, the attack over and the boy prostrate. We must bring him out of it now, if he can be brought."

This "if," though, was like a floe of old ice, the edge bristling with icebergs, and no lead showing itself anywhere. What could be done by doctor and nurses, was faithfully attempted. Skip's mind was now clear, but the body was very weak. It was noticed that his mind was not easy.

"Something is on his mind" said Ned to

Phil as they talked in a low voice at the door of the hospital. "Don't see what it is."

"He looks at me as if he wanted to say something. One day, he began; 'Phil!' Then he stopped. 'What is it?' I asked. He hesitated, and said, 'Another time will do.'"

"If anything is on his mind, he had better throw it off, for he is an awful sick boy. If he is thinkin' about his home, or what is goin' to become of him—now, that is a skittish subject!"

"What is, Ned?"

"What is goin' to become of one!"

"After death?"

"That is it, 'zackly. I know it has bothered me."

"I don't know, Ned. There are some things we can never tell about, but we can say this; we do know God is our father, and we can trust Him to take care of us. If I am going to Europe with a father, though I don't know anything about the voyage or the countries after we get there, I can leave everything with that father and know it will come out right, and I shall be looked after. Isn't that so, Ned?"

"Y-e-s, yes!" replied Ned soberly, then, as

if perplexed, running his hand through a big stack of hair. "I never have had much of a bringin' up on them things since I left home."

He muttered something else, and then dropping this subject and turning toward Phil, he exclaimed, "Yes, I have seen him a-follerin' you round with his eyes as if he couldn't take 'em off from you!"

It was that very day when Skip's eyes again were "a-follerin' Phil round," that they came to a halt as Phil stepped to his bed, and Skip said, "Think I will clean it up now."

"Clean up? You haven't got anything to do with the cleaning up. They have been cutting up a fish and the deck is pretty foul, but you have got nothing to do with it."

Phil thought Skip was wandering.

"I don't mean that. You call the cap'n," replied Skip.

Phil hurried away, found the captain and brought him to the sick boy. Skip looked up, fastening his dark, hollow eyes on the captain, and in a husky tone, said, "Cap'n, I shall feel better when it's off my mind. You go to my chest and you'll find that book. I stole it!"

"What?" said the captain perplexed. "You stole what?"

"Phil's book what you didn't want us to read."

"Oh, you did! That is interesting! In your kit, is it?"

The thin, sharp features, the big, staring eyes, moved in assent.

"Ben Holton shall come with me," murmured the captain as he moved away. "Ben," he said, "help me search a kit in the forecastle." The two officers bent over a battered, dirty old kit, and then Ben tumbled up its poverty-stricken contents. "At the bottom Ben! See it?" asked Captain Arkwright.

"That parcel in a brown paper?"

"I rather think so. See what it is."

Ben began to read, "To be opened when out at sea." He pulled aside the folds of brown paper, and there was the infidel book so strangely missing from Phil's chest!

"Ah, cap'n! What's this? A bad book! It is what you have been down on! What a Skip!"

"That is the book Phil said a supposed friend gave him—but I know the giver to be anything but a friend and he only wanted to get Phil into trouble. It is what you saw in Phil's hands, and then he couldn't find it. Skip has just confessed that he stole it from Phil."

"In-n-n-*deed!*" exclaimed the first mate. Ben Holton, though he had a small mind, had some room in it for justice, and he said he would go to Phil and allow that he was mistaken.

"I would, most certainly," said the captain.

"And if that Skip is going to get well, he ought to be trimmed for his mischief," said Ben.

"He will never get well. You leave all correction to Phil. I think he can manage it better than you. As for this thing—"

The captain here picked up the book, handling it as one would lift a piece of carrion.

"As for this thing, I will pitch it into the sea now. It has enough evil about it to sink from its own weight, but to make sure of it I will tie a heavy spike to it."

Splash-sh-sh!

Down it went, and there was not a hungry fish below, with its feeble brain, but that must have acted as if it had this idea; "That is nothing to be eaten which has fallen from the ship. It is something bad. We let it alone. We give it a wide berth."

Dark, dishonored, it lay with its iron fetter on the bottom of the cold sea.

Ben made an apology to Phil the best way he knew how, and Skip—Phil knew he had been punished. Phil understood now the meaning of Skip's delirious words that he must read something, and then that he wanted the snake to be put away, and that the snake must be locked up in his kit. These were the retributive, avenging powers following Skip into his delirious moments. This was the foul place in the flooring of the deck that Skip said must be cleaned up. In his fashion, he had tried to wipe out the evil stain.

"You're real kind!" he said to Phil. "After what I've done to you, too."

"Let that go now, let it go! You just stay quiet! Here! That is a good boy!"

But Skip was not disposed to stay quiet. He felt like talking.

"You may have thought it strange when this thing was a-comin' on, that a chap like me would want a feller like you, but I knew where a chap's best friends were."

"There, Skip! I would keep easy. I am afraid you will talk too much."

"I am not afraid. Where did you get that?"

He pointed at the Jacob's ladder still dangling down upon his bed.

"Ned fished that out of the hold for you when you were going off, in the fever, you know."

"Ned is good. I say!"

"What is it, Skip?"

"You said to Ben Holton something about a ladder in a book."

"Oh, yes! That's in the Bible. In a big one we have at home there is a picture of it."

"I would like to see it."

"I can read it to you, if you would like to have me."

"Wish you would."

Phil read the beautiful Genesis story and then a short psalm and finally some of the words of Jesus.

"Don't you think, Phil, you could make me a pictur' of it? I could get hold of it better, you know."

"Oh, I am not an artist."

"A what?"

"I—I—could not draw it."

"Might try."

"Yes, we can always do that."

So Phil tried, and Skip was very much pleased. He asked to have this new Jacob's ladder pinned up against the wall near him. It was very simple, only a ladder reaching from

the earth to the clouds. High on the ladder the modest artist ventured to station a single angel, but it was a small one.

The sailors took a great interest in Skip's sickness. There was a general indignation felt when the story of his theft was told, but the boy's penitence and his sufferings and near death awakened a feeling of charity and great tenderness toward him.

"He never had nary a bringin' up, I spose," said Ned. "Sort of heaved out into the world like a line into the sea, takin' his own resk when he got there."

One of the crew secretly thought Phil's picture of Jacob's ladder was deficient, and obtaining a little color from the ship's stores, he made a flaming ladder and several gorgeous angels, but Skip did not fancy it.

"I want yours," he told Phil, and silently watched the one angel away up on Phil's ladder.

"Where's that ladder go?" he asked.

"It is supposed to go to Heaven," said the artist.

"I don't know as any chap like me could get in, Phil."

"I think so, I know so."

"But you see, Phil, I never could get up

that ladder alone. I'm so weak and—so—so bad. If I got up, don't you see, they wouldn't have me inside! I should go down that ladder quicker than I came up."

"But, Skip, now, now just suppose that you had somebody who would help you up.

"And give me some clean clothes—some—you know what, Phil! A ship's boy on a whaler gets—well, you know. Oh, I couldn't! I'm too bad."

Skip's strength was not equal to the uttering of the thoughts in his mind. He left the completion of his sentences to Phil.

"I understand, Skip. Now you keep still and let me talk. I know what you mean. I am not a minister but—"

"You—you—go on," said Skip encouragingly. Then Phil told the story, the old story of Him who came down the ladder, who in His great love took up the burden of our sorrows and our sins, going to the cross and dying for us.

"You know that?"

"Y-y-es, Phil, sort of."

"Well, He will go up the ladder with us, and in His mercy, He will fix our—our—what is not right about us. He will forgive us. You understand?"

"Yes, yes, I see. Think I do. That Cross is a kind of ladder taking people up. I see."

"Yes. Then, then you pray. Tell God you're sorry and give yourself to Him, and I know Jesus will go up the ladder with you and make it all right. You understand?"

Skip nodded his head.

"It's fearful poor preachin'," thought Phil.

"I think I'd better begin," said Skip. Don't—don't—dare get on the ladder, Phil, but I'll get down at the foot, and perhaps He will see me and pick me up."

Skip lay in silence a long time, his eyes shut. Phil knew that a tired wanderer, with soiled garments, had come to the foot of Bethel's ladder and was lying down in penitence and trust, hoping a Strong Friend would pick him up and take him higher.

Skip grew fainter, weaker, each day.

"He may drop off any moment," the doctor said repeatedly. Still the boy lived. He lingered with eyes fastened on Phil's ladder, his poor, thin, wasted hands coming together at times as if folded in prayer. Finally, delirium set in once more. Skip seemed to be on the ice again, pursued by a bear, and he reached out his hands toward the Jacob's ladder dropped over the vessel's side.

"Oh!" he murmured, "I—I lost it, and the water is—cold."

"That's the death-chill," whispered the doctor to Ned and Phil. "Hark!"

"Couldn't get on the ladder. Knew I couldn't. Well, poor Skip will just—just get down, down to its foot." Then he fell into a slumber.

"He will come out of that clear, I think," said the doctor.

He did come out of it like the sun out of the banks of mist piled above the ice, shining again yet soon to be clouded.

Skip smiled.

"You are not afraid, Skip, are you?" whispered Ned.

"Not—at—the foot of the ladder, Ned. Where's Phil?" he asked in a moment. "You—here?"

"Yes, Skip."

"You say—say *that* again."

"I know what he means," said Phil, looking round on a little group, the captain, the doctor and Ned. "He wants 'Come Unto Me' and the Lord's Prayer. Heard them while he was sick. You—you do it, cap'n."

"He wants you, Phil. Go ahead."

"You, sir, please."

Then came the invitation to all weak, helpless hearts, finding it so hard to get on the ladder of a better life: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Phil repeated this. The captain's voice took up the cry, "Our Father." Skip's voice was heard in the gaps of the stronger voices, just the weak fluttering of a broken wing.

It was after the prayer that an "A-men," more like a big sob than an intelligible word, was heard. It was Ned's response.

Skip lay in silence, his eyes turned toward Phil's ladder. At last he spoke.

"Oh, see!" he murmured. "See!" He tried to raise his hand and point. Into his sunken eyes came a sudden light.

"What does he see?" murmured Ned bending forward.

But there was a veil dropped, an old veil—that of death, whose falling folds never yet made a rustle, and it hid whatever may have passed before the vision of a dying boy.

"I don't see anything," murmured Ned. When he looked at Skip again, he sobbed,

wiping his eyes, "he's gone. I can't—but think—Somebody—jest set him—on that ere ladder. He's gone."

Yes, gone. A poor sailor-boy, a waif, a wanderer, soiled but sorry, had come to the foot of Faith's ladder and lain down there, waiting to be "picked up" by Some One pitying and strong. Did He ever refuse?

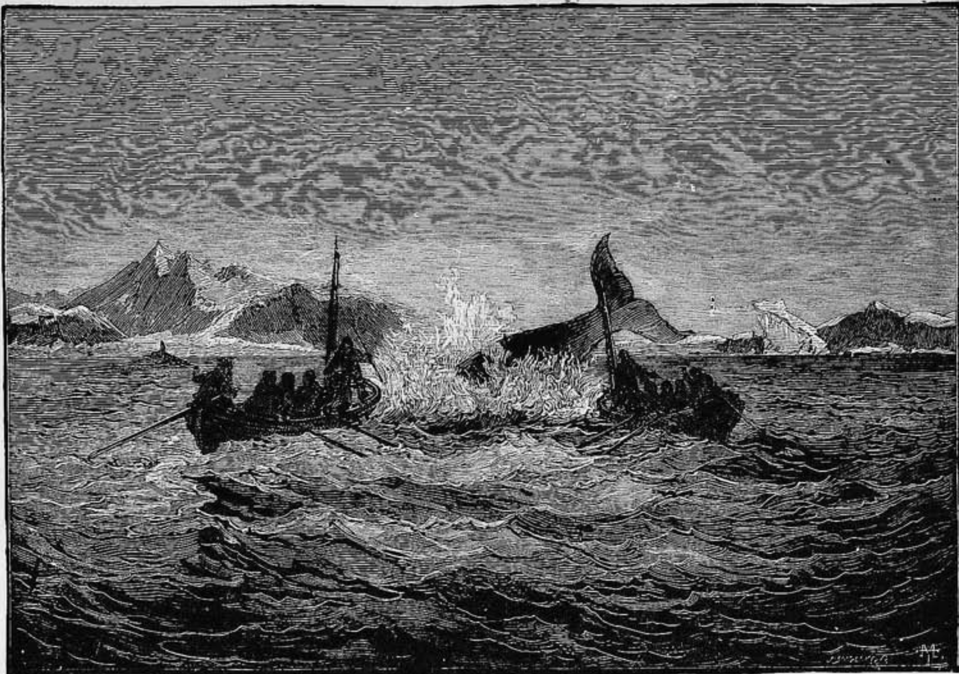
There was a great, solemn hush on board the whaler when Skip's burial took place. The body had been carefully shrouded for the funeral hour. The crew in a very sober, serious group, gathered around the captain who stood near the body, and opening his prayer book, read the solemn words of the burial office. Phil had never witnessed a burial at sea. The captain's serious tones; the listening crew, hushed and reverent, their heads bare; the waiting, motionless body; and then all around, that shining water and the ice glistening in the sea or massed in walls of white crystal near the shore—these things made a profound impression on Phil. And then came the solemn words of committal beginning, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the body gliding gently down to its last resting-place.

"Poor Skip!" said Ned to Phil after the

service. "If he had only had a better chance, brought up, you know, by a good father and mother, looked after—why, he might have made a very different chap. He might have climbed quite high." They looked off upon the sun. The clouds were ranged in lines and strata, and suffused by the light, they changed to rounds of crimson and gold and purple in a glorious ladder sloping athwart the sky.

"Skip's ladder!" exclaimed Ned. "Got to the foot of it. Skip's ladder!"

Skip's ladder, not Jacob's ladder alone, but Skip's, also that of the thief on the cross, also that of the prodigal, also that of all poor souls, tempted, fallen yet rising, found at the foot of that ladder on which the Man of Sorrows has placed his bleeding and consecrating feet, and taking these penitent ones, He leads them upward by the hand. Who can say how high they may climb in another life?



A FIGHT WITH A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

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CHAPTER XX.

FIGHT WITH A BIG FISH.

ALL the time during Skip's sickness, the Crow's Wing was beating its way northward. One morning, Phil was up in the crow's nest with Captain Arkwright.

"Better take a little furlough," the captain had said. "Come out and get some air flowing down from the nub-end of the North Pole. Ned will watch while you are away, and I'll have one of the crew help him if necessary. You will be down sick if you don't have a change. I'll get Ned out to-morrow, may be to-day. You'll find me up in the crow's nest."

When Phil had left the hospital, he climbed up the shrouds to the captain's lofty outlook.

"Come up here, Phil!" shouted the captain in welcome. "There! now look around. Hardly seems and feels like a sunny month of summer, does it?"

The air, keen and chilling, and the ice fringing the land beyond the blue water, did not suggest "a month of flowers."

"Where are we now, cap'n?"

"We are in what we call the North Water. It is in the upper part of big Baffin's Bay. We are in a vessel none too strong, and with the help of steam, it pushes along none too fast. Think of Baffin in a craft of fifty-five tons poking round in the bay remembering him in its name! To get up here in the North Water, we came up through Melville Bay, and that is a northeast nook of Baffin's Bay. People have had fearful times cutting through the ice. Several times, when we were coming this trip, the ice did pinch us almost without mercy."

"What are those ice-banks you might call them, over at the right?"

"Those, there? Glaciers coming down from the interior, old—nobody knows their age. Unlike old age as we see it in men and women, the glacier is never weak, but grinds its way down to the sea with terrible power and then chops off pieces that drift away for hundreds of miles, you may say thousands, to keep all navigators frightened till the ice melts away into harmless water. Humboldt Glacier is a famous one in Greenland, and they say it is forty miles broad. Think of a mass of ice like that, forty miles broad, pushing

down to the sea, chopping off ice even as a hay-cutter cuts up the feed, and you can see how much ice it will break into the sea."

"Cold!" said the shivering Phil. "Guess I'd better not stay up any longer. Tell me how near I am to the North Pole! I feel as if I were within ten feet of it."

"Ha-ha! You had better go down. I want to say for your comfort that we are between eight and nine hundred miles from it. To reach it, you would have to go up through the North Water and that brings you to Smith Sound. Go up that way, and with plenty of cast-iron ships and dog-sledges that won't break, and dogs that will live forever and men that will never die, and you'll get there! That's the kind of feeling I have about the Pole. However, another generation with their improved ways, may succeed where we fail. Want to try it?"

"Guess I won't go up to the Pole but down to the caboose," said Phil, crawling down through the little trap-hatch in the bottom of the crow's nest.

Phil was about to step into the caboose, when he noticed that a boat's crew was preparing to leave the ship, and Pick-tuo was the steerer, he heard some one say.

"What's that boat going after?" Phil asked the cook.

"Unies."

"What are those?"

"Oh, a kind of fish, sort ob fifth cousin to de whale."

"Will the boat be gone long?"

"Dunno, but tink not."

"I would like to get warmed up that way," thought Phil. He sprang to the hospital-door and found that Ned was off duty and two of the crew were serving as nurses. They would be glad to stay till Phil got back, they told him, and that Skip was quiet and sleeping.

"May I go and pull an oar?" Phil asked Captain Arkwright who had come from the crow's nest.

"Wish you would. You have been sticking so close to the hospital, you need a change. Pick-tup, too, wants you."

Pick-tup was looking up from the boat still lingering at the foot of a Jacob's ladder, smiling and beckoning.

"Aye, aye, Pick-tup!" said Phil. "Here I am! Just want to get hold of an oar and warm up."

"We will give you a chance," replied Pick-tup. "All ready, men!"

"Click, click! Click, click!" went the oars but softly, for the "unies" could only be approached when there was a prudent repression of any noise.

Phil found out that a "unie" was the sailors' name for unicorn, and this is a name sometimes given to the narwhal. It is also called sea-unicorn. Its peculiarity, "one horn," gives it the name unicorn. In reality, there are two horns, which are simply teeth, projecting from the upper jaw, and besides this stock of teeth, the narwhal has none at all. One of these two teeth generally is a mere promise, staying in that rudimentary form, or if developed, grows only a few inches, while its ambitious brother shoots out into a long horn, ingeniously twisted but straight. This tusk or horn may be from six to ten feet long. Think of our going round, the owner of a single tooth, and that a straight, twisted horn, sticking out ten feet! Constituted as we are, it would trouble us to get along with that one tooth! And if other people should get in the way of our one tooth, it might trouble them.

The narwhal has its home in the cold northern seas, and as its greatest length that I have seen mentioned is under twenty feet, there is

plenty of room for it in the Arctic Ocean. It is very nimble, and takes along a coating of blubber about three inches in thickness. It is that thick overcoat of fat which makes it defiant of Arctic weather, and gives it a charm also in the eye of a thrifty Eskimo. The blubber to him is lamb-chop, beef-steak and turkey, all in one. Then it yields excellent oil, while the unie's horn is superior to ivory. Firm, white, compact, it is no wonder that the Kings of Denmark have long counted among their treasures a handsome throne built of the horn of the narwhal.

The day that Phil at the end of an oar-handle was warming himself up, a group of narwhals continued their gambols in the cold sea. Their horns would be shot out of the dark water and sometimes would cross, as if old-time knights, under the sea, were raising and crossing their lances in a trial of skill.

"Hist!" said Pick-tup softly to his crew. "Wish we could strike 'em all, but we can't. We will single out a beauty. I'll keep off her eye, if it is a possible thing."

To "keep off her eye" explains itself and is a phrase among the whalers. Pick-tup steered cautiously and skilfully swept the sea with his long oar, bringing the boat into such a posi-

tion that the harpooner, Jimmy Pray, could fling his iron.

"Take that!" cried Jimmy, hurling his harpoon.

"A fall, a fall!" shouted the crew.

In an instant, the sea was deserted by the unies. Every marine knight had withdrawn his lance, and one of them started off, carrying Jimmy's harpoon and a hundred fathoms of whizzing, shooting line with it. The game was not a long one. When the line ceased running out, it was hauled in, and the dead narwhal came with it.

"What a splendid horn!" cried Phil as the fish rolled over.

"That," whispered Pick-tup, "goes to poor Labrador. Cap'n said I might have the horn if I struck a fish. We'll take its length when we get aboard."

The fore spek tackle was put in operation and the unie hoisted on deck. Its horn was eight feet long. The blubber was carefully removed and its record was declared to be that of "seven hundred weight."

Phil, thoroughly warmed up, went back to hospital duty, and Ned who had been taking a nap down in the forecastle joined him. For the nurses, there came one other day upon the

water, during Skip's protracted illness, but it had an interesting preface.

Phil was particular about reading his Bible. As soon as the morning duties demanded of Phil by the patient had been discharged, Phil would have what he called his "vacation." He would open his Bible, given him at home, and find rest and strength in some chosen portion. Sometimes, Ned would fasten his brown eyes on Phil's thoughtful face and wonder if the boy "didn't find it tiresome stickin' to that thing so reg'lar." Phil laid his Bible on a kit one day, chancing to be summoned out on deck by Captain Arkwright, and the book was left open. Skip was in one of those sleeps that seemed to be profound but left no repair of waste, no refreshment, behind them.

Time hung heavy on Ned's hands. "What's that?" he said. "A book?"

Ned walked up to the Bible, saying, "Wonder what he's a-readin' now! Let's see!"

He read softly the first verse he saw: "When thou passest through the waters—" Ned stopped.

"*That's* about the sea, mebbe. That must be interestin'. I will read on."

"I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Here Skip coughed. Ned laid down the book and went to his patient, but Skip didn't need anything.

"Wonder who it is that is goin' to be with folks when they pass through the waters! Guess I must look at that agin," thought Ned, returning to the book. He looked, and after the looking said with a hush, "That is—God," and laid the book down.

It was not long in the day after this, that the captain came to the door of the hospital and beckoned to Ned and Phil. "How is Skip to-day?" he said in a whisper.

"He is quiet, cap'n. Lies in a kind of drowse," said Phil.

"I tell you what I want. You two chaps ought to be away from the hospital long enough to get your lungs full of air out on the water—I mean in a boat. There are signs of fish. I will have two men in the hospital to take your places, and don't you want to go off in the boats?"

There never was a time when Ned's brown eyes did not flash at the mention of "fish," and he said, "I'll go, thank ye, cap'n."

As for Phil, he had such an eagerness to pull an oar that Ned said, "It goes to my heart to see what a sailor he is."

When Phil and Ned were out among the crew, they heard that the lookout had espied fish about three miles off. The captain had given orders that the stay sails and top gallant sails should be set. Steam was raised, and he directed that the Crow's Wing should be worked forward moderately.

"I think," he said to Phil as he looked aloft, "with what canvas we've got spread, and if we turn ahead easily with the screw, we can get pretty near our game without the boats."

After this "turn ahead with the screw," the boats were lowered.

"We are in our old places!" said Ned to Phil as they grasped the oars in the boat of which Pick-tup had been detailed to be steerer. Pick-tup was a substitute for John Gray, who was laid up with a wounded hand. The captain had made this choice of substitute, because pleased with Pick-tup's ready skill in managing the hunt for the unie, and he had learned also that in other days, Pick-tup had had experience in handling the steering oar.

Jimmy Gargan was the harpooner, a tall, symmetrical fellow with an exceedingly strong arm. The crown of the whale could be distinctly seen, and its blowing was hoarse and noisy. It had not thus far been disturbed by

the Crow's Wing that had borne threateningly down upon its boisterous gambols. It betrayed no uneasiness when in its turn the boat advanced, and before it could realize the presence of any danger, "bang-g-g!" went Jimmy's gun, and the fish was struck.

"A fall, a fall!" shouted the crew, springing from their seats, while Jimmy would have sent a second harpoon, whirled by his sinewy arm, into the whale, if there had been a chance. The fish had gone! From the crow's nest of the ship, the cry, "A fall, a fall!" was echoed, and the deck was all astir with excitement. With the greatest eagerness, boat after boat put off, while Pick-tup's crew watched anxiously for any sign of weariness on the part of the fish still taking line and so rapidly that the bows of the boat were down to the water's level, the smoke from the friction curling up about Jimmy's head.

"It is a big one!" said Ned, eagerly. "See if it ain't when it comes up to blow!"

And before it was expected, the big fish suddenly made the water boil like a cauldron as it rushed to the surface, spouting furiously and threshing the sea with its immense flukes. Phil hardly had time to appreciate its size.

"Another, another!" urged Pick-tup.

A hand harpoon went flying toward the fish, while the sound of a gun told that a second boat had arrived and this second iron struck the fish. It disappeared, leaving a raging, frothing whirlpool behind it, and was soon dragging Pick-tup's boat through this swash of the sea. It was not a long pull. Phil was wondering when and where the leviathan would appear. Suddenly, there was the horrid sound of a big rush and a fierce splash, and the great fish was in full sight! Phil could see the immense head from which rose a furious spout. He saw also the long, broad back, while a vigorous churning of the water as by a side wheel steamer, showed Phil where he might expect to locate the tail if he would only look. He was looking at something else. Three of the ship's boats were now close at hand. Two sent harpoons, and Jimmy Gargan drove his lance. The fish did not run from the fight any more. In an awful fury, it scourged the sea with its flukes as if directly underneath were the enemy attacking it.

"Look out there!" was a warning cry that one of the crew raised. The boat was dangerously near, and Pick-tup with his steering oar tried to sweep it round. Unluckily, the fish

concluded to sweep round also, and its flukes fell again! The tail hit with furious force the rail of the boat. Phil watched it all. He first saw the huge back of the whale, the giant contortions of its unwieldly body, and he felt too the violent tossing of the boat in this sea of wrath and salt water, while a cloud of spray fell upon him and chilled him. Then he suddenly saw a big, black thing descending on the rail of the boat, deluging the crew with a bath of Arctic water. The next thing that Phil was conscious of, was an involuntary plunge into the—what? "Into the whale's mouth!" was the horrid possibility flashing into Phil's thoughts. He shivered at the idea. He next was shivering because he was in the cold, icy water of the Arctic Sea. Behind him was a mingled uproar of a whale spouting, of a huge battering ram pounding the water, of men's voices shouting.

"Let me get away from that whale!" thought Phil. He could swim, but his jacket was cumbersome and his big fishing boots were still heavier. He seemed to be towing an iceberg, but he must get out of the way of the wrathful mammoth in his rear, and continued to strike out. He wondered if anybody else had been upset. He turned his head and tried

to look back. He saw two bunches on the surface of the sea, which could not be seals and must therefore be human heads. He thought he saw the boat, and had it righted, and how much damaged was it? He saw several other boats, whether two or three, he could not say. And then unexpectedly, close by his side, but from a direction in which he had not looked, he heard a voice. Oh, how musical it sounded! "Here I am, old boy! I'm good for ye!"

"That you, Ned?" said Phil, trying to speak as he tried at the same time to elevate his mouth above the icy water sweeping its salt spray toward him and flinging it into his face.

"That's me, Phil! I wouldn't go no furder. Jest take it easy! Wait for the boats!"

"Ugh!" thought Phil. "What if that big stupid fish should come this way, and swallow us two! Wait for the boats? What if it be a waiting for the whale!"

The whale did not pursue them. It lay in the centre of a great maelstrom it had made in the sea by its struggles.

"Gittin' tired?" asked Ned.

"Oh n—no!" said Phil. "Boots sort of heavy."

"Jest let your hand rest on my shoulder!" said Ned. "I'm good for it."

Phil reached out his left hand and it was good to touch Ned's firm, broad shoulder. Phil paddled with his feet, but it seemed to him as if he were working two big weights of lead. It would be well if swimmers would learn how to take off the heavy parts of their suits. How long it did seem to Phil before he and Ned were rescued! The cold and fatigue made the time seem long. A boat came after them at last, and chilled, dripping, Ned and Phil were taken aboard.

"How many spilt out of our boat?" asked Ned.

"Spilt out? Every one of the crew with you and Phil," replied the steerer. "All picked up now."

"Got an oar for us?" asked Ned. "Want to git warm! Got one for me?"

"Me—me—too!" cried Phil, with chattering teeth. Grimly did the two chilled castaways grip and pull at their oars.

Down into this scene of tumult swooped the Crow's Wing, and as soon as the big fish had yielded to its captors, the prize was made fast, speedily to be flinched and securely stowed away.

Ned and Phil found suits of dry clothing awaiting them in the cabin, and once more took up hospital duty.

"He's been a-sleepin' most of the time and is in a drowse now," was the report of the watchers upon the condition of Skip. Together, Ned and Phil in the still, hushed quarters given to the patient, recalled the exciting events of the day.

"Thought," said Phil, "that whale had me when I went out of that boat."

"I don't know what I did think at fust, Phil. I've been a-whalin' now year after year, for some time, and I expect to take so much danger as a thing of course. Yes, there's no tellin' what may turn up."

Ned was silent awhile. Then, in a whisper, he said as if confronting an experience very strange in his life, "I'll tell ye a curious thing that happened to me. You know I sort of—no, you don't know anything 'bout it for I didn't tell ye, but jest the same I sort of wondered if you didn't find it tiresome stickin' to your Bible-readin' so reg'lar. And what do you spose I thought out there in the water?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"If a verse didn't come to me that I saw in your Bible! This was it: 'When thou pass-

est through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' This is the way it read. Anything about water sticks in an old salt's mem'ry, and out there—all those fathoms of water under me and nothin' else, if that verse didn't come to me! Sort of comfortin', I tell ye! And I sez to myself, 'Ned, you're gittin' to be an old boy, and you'd better go back to the way you was brought up and foller that book up.' I sez to it, ''Twould be a sort of good thing.' And, Phil, that's what I'm makin' up my mind to do, to pay sort of reg'lar attention to that book."

"I would, Ned, I would."

"No tellin' where it may come in handy through the day, you know. Sort of a spare anchor, you may find it handy to throw overboard to hold you in a storm."

After this, Ned would be quite likely, sometime during the day, to be reading out of an old Bible given him when a boy by his parents. He called such moments, "stowin' away the spare anchor."

CHAPTER XXI.

A SURPRISE PROMISED.

"PHIL, I've got a s'prise for ye!" said Ned one day."

"That is good. When am I going to have it?"

"Oh, 'twill keep, but I can't tell ye now," said Ned, mysteriously.

"When we start for home, Ned?"

"Mebbe, Phil, but can't say now."

The flight of the Crow's Wing from the North Water was southward, and then westward into Lancaster Sound, fishing at every possible chance, and steadily increasing her cargo. Her decks were greasy and slippery with the fat of the blubber. The whalebone in big heaps was piled on the deck. Some of the coal even was brought up on deck to make room for tanks of blubber. Casks of provisions were hoisted and secured to the bulwarks, and any room thus made was appropriated to coal still in the way of those coveted treasures of blubber.

About the middle of August, the captain

said at breakfast one day, "To-morrow we shall raise steam if the wind fails us, and go towards the mouth of Lancaster Sound fast as our screw will splash for us."

"That means home," said Phil to Ned. "Now what about that surprise you promised?"

"Didn't I say 'mebbe' I'd tell you?"

"Yes, but you don't want to keep a feller waiting."

"Mebbe I will, off Cape Farewell."

"That means away down at the tip of Greenland?"

"Can't say; mebbe!"

Down Baffin's Bay and into Davis' Strait, the Crow's Wing steadily pushed, sometimes boring its way through ice-fields, and then splashing along handsomely through open water. The 7th of September, Captain Arkwright told Phil, "We are somewhere off the mouth of Hudson's Strait, leading to Hudson's Bay, if you want to run in and pass the winter there."

"No, sir, I am satisfied with what I have seen of this part of the world in summer and can give up the winter."

"You are getting away from it fast, Phil. We are driving along at a spanking rate."

It was when the Crow's Wing had passed Cape Farewell that a vessel was spoken bound for St. Johns, Newfoundland. Pick-tup and Sam were transferred to this ship, the captain making them happy with the money that he paid them. Pick-tup took with him his savings for "poor Labrador." As Ned and Phil stood on deck and waved their hands, they saw Pick-tup and Sam rising in the boat that bore them away, sending back a like silent but significant valedictory.

"Sorry I shan't see them again, Ned.'

"I'm sorry I shan't see them *soon*, in all probability, Phil, but I expect to see them. Of course, I do! not here, though."

"Where did you say?"

"Where? When they and I git through this life. Then I'm goin' to take plenty of time and go round and see the folks there. Since Skip died, somehow t'other world seems more nat'ral. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then I shall see Pick-tup and Sam, both of 'em. So I am not goin' to feel so bad as I might. Now that is a comforter!"

"That is a comforting way to look upon it, and I think you are right. Now, Ned, where is that surprise you have been keeping for

me? Off here somewhere, you thought you might let me know."

"Mebbe, wasn't it? You wait, Phil, till we git across."

"I will, Ned."

The Crow's Wing was fairly out in the Atlantic and the captain told Phil they would not be "many days going to old Scotland."

In anticipation of this arrival, the crew were busily at work, brushing and dressing the feathers of the Crow's Wing. A color appropriate to a Crow's Wing is black, and that was plentifully applied.

What Ned called "a few fancy touches" were given in places, so that this Crow's Wing was more brilliant than a like object in the bird-kingdom. Then the old funnel must be cleaned up, the machinery of brass polished into something of the brightness of a mirror. There too was the fishing apparatus. The harpoon-guns must be overhauled, cleaned and packed away till another season they would say, "Bang-g-g!" The lines must be examined, washed, dried, and whether they would whiz after the harpoons again, would be determined by a thorough inspection on shore.

Like an Eskimo dog bounding from one ridge of ice to another, so the ship sprang

from white wave-crest to wave-crest, and halted one September twilight in Dundee-harbor.

"A prosperous voyage, Cap'n Arkwright, and your last I suppose, as you told us," said one who owned a number of feathers in this Crow's Wing wafted all the way from Greenland waters.

"Yes, sir, my last, and soon as accounts are all adjusted, I expect to leave for America. Farewell to the old country!"

But where was Ned to say farewell to Phil? He with the rest of the crew had been discharged. He disappeared, but came back, one day.

"I'm sorry to say good-by, Ned," said Phil.

"Are ye?" replied Ned carelessly, even coolly.

"Certainly I am," said Phil, disappointed at Ned's lack of warmth, but concluding in his mind, "Well, he is only a rough chap who makes friends easily and lets them go easily, and I must not care. However, I will see if I can get that surprise out of him which he promised."

"Ned," called out Phil as the big sailor sauntered along the wharf, "you haven't told me about that surprise."

"I know it, but didn't I say 'mebbe?' Now I put it to ye, wasn't it 'mebbe?' Say, wasn't it 'mebbe?'"

"Yes, it was mebbe, but nonsense! Out on your '*mebbes!*' Give us a 'be!'"

"What if the bee should have a sting to it?"

"Ned, I am inclined to think you are a fool."

Phil spoke with warmth. The next moment, he was ashamed of it.

"Ned, excuse me, but we have been together a good deal. We have been in the same boat and you held me up when thrown into the water. We have been good as lost out on the ice-field when we found the 'cabin.' We have been in the hospital side by side and took care of poor Skip—"

Here, Ned very abruptly walked off.

"If that isn't queer! Is he mad?" wondered Phil.

If anybody had followed Ned, behind a tier of oil-casks they would have seen him pulling an old red handkerchief out of his pocket and plunging it into his eyes.

"Couldn't stand that!" blubbered Ned.

Still the date of "mebbe" was like the snow-bound train which never seems to arrive.

Ned again disappeared. The day came when Captain Arkwright and Phil expected to leave Dundee to take an America-bound steamer at Glasgow. "I would like to say good-by to Ned," remarked Phil. "Don't see where he is. One of the owners yesterday wanted to find him and engage him for next season's voyage."

"You cling to your friends. That is a good sign," was Captain Arkwright's reply.

"But Ned doesn't seem to cling to his," said Phil.

On board the steamer, Phil was interested in watching the details of the new life opening before him. It was only the second day out that Phil receiving permission to "cruise round," was watching some of the crew restowing a part of the cargo. Several clumsily piled barrels were tipping. It was a strong instinct in Phil's nature to help. The barrels too looked like oil-casks from a whaler, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to rush up and lay a hand on those barrels and prop them up. At the same instant, a big, brawny sailor sprang forward, and turning round, planted his broad shoulders against the barrels, saying, "Guess you need some help, and they might tumble on ye and hurt ye! Sort of nat'ral for me and you to help

together on the floe and in the hospitle, you know."

Phil looked at him as the barrels went back into place, gazing in strange surprise.

"Why—you—you—Ned!"

"That's me, sure as you're born! 'Mebbe' has arrived at last."

"Why—why—this is splendid!"

Phil stopped. It was no time to receive explanations in the midst of work, and Phil, promising to see Ned again, went back to the cabin. They met on deck soon as Ned could be granted leave, and the trusty, brown eyes were fastened kindly on the young man.

"You see, Phil, I sort of wanted to foller ye, and made up my mind in Greenland. I shipped as one of the crew on board the steamer—"

"And really going to America? That's good."

"Old 'mebbe' has got to go now, good or bad, can't help himself now, and don't want to. Then I sez, 'P'r'aps I may come across my folks.' There's my old father and mother, too! 'If I foller Phil,' I sez, 'I may be able to hunt 'em up.' However, Old 'Mebbe' has arrived. Here he is! Couldn't sort of give ye up."

"That's tip-top! But how did you find out about this steamer and that we would take it?"

"Cap'n told me!"

"Cap'n Arkwright know of it?"

"Oh, sartin! Some time ago. Why, isn't he goin' into business, shippin', ship-chandlery and so forth?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I've shipped under the cap'n for a run on shore. I'm to be the porter in the new store. What do you think of that?"

CHAPTER XXII.

COLORS STILL AT THE MAST-HEAD.

"THIS is a remarkably good dinner," exclaimed Cousin Ivory, bending over a plate of fish, nicely browned. "Hake, I suppose," he continued, wishing to ventilate his knowledge of the watery world.

"No," positively said the little woman opposite, her white cap resting jauntily on her head, "this is 'addick."

"Remarkably good dinner!" said Cousin Ivory, wanting to be sure of something.

"Much obleeged, but I don't think much of this dinner," modestly replied the cook. "Don't praise me, cousin."

"Oh, Cousin Ivory, Cousin Ivory," cried Fred Woodward excitedly, appearing at a door leading into a rear entry, "can you sole a pair of boots?"

"Customer in the for'c'stle?"

"Yes, sir, and he wants you to see his—"

"I don't want to see anything but his boots. Tell him to leave them, Fred. This is a time when I don't like to be interrupted and

it is a remarkably good dinner!" observed Cousin Ivory very loath to quit the table.

"But he says—"

"Tell the man to leave his boots," suggested the little mother. "It's a pity to spoil a good dinner," she added, her opinion of the cooking now showing itself plainly.

"Where are his boots?" asked Cousin Ivory.

"He has got them on," said Fred.

"Dear me!" replied the shoemaker. "I dare say I shall have to spend time enough to make him a new pair. When working people, hungry and tired, are eating their dinner—"

"But he says he doesn't believe you are enough of a shoemaker to mend them and—"

"I'll convince him that—" Cousin Ivory finished his sentence out in the back entry through which he was now rushing.

"My!" cried the cook excitedly and misapplying her aspirates. "If I didn't forget! It isn't a 'addick. It's a 'ake hafter hall."

The little woman set the dinner back on the stove, took up her knitting-work, and concluded to wait for Fred and Cousin Ivory before she resumed her own meal.

"Why!" she finally exclaimed, looking up. "What's that noise?"

The doors between the kitchen and Uncle Ivory's shop were all open, and there was a very distinct sound of a tumult out there in the forecastle.

"Laughing!" she said, cataloguing the sounds. "Shouting! jumping round! Why I should think Cousin Ivory was throwing his lasts round!"

She listened a moment longer.

"That's a funny man what brought those boots!" She too began to be excited.

She now said: "I may be a very curious woman, but Hi must see what his hup."

She went out of the room as impetuously and far more willingly than Cousin Ivory. She crept up the stairway leading to this tempestuous forecastle, and what a sight she beheld! The strange customer was tramping round in boots made of some kind of skin. He wore also a hood of skin and this was attached to a long jacket of skin. The hair of the entire suit was on the outside. This skin-clad being sported a long white tooth, not in his mouth but his hand. Behind him walked Cousin Ivory. He wore a skin jacket.

"Hand hif there hisn't our Fred!" thought the little woman.

Fred had a skin hood with which he was

triumphantly crowned and wore also skin boots.

The three marched and sang—what was it?

"Hif they don't look like himps!" said the startled little woman on the stairs. "Why, Hi believe hit his—"

Cousin Ivory's skin-clad customer had spied her though and was making a dash at her.

"Why, mother!"

And the little woman couldn't say a word but just leaned over and cried as if her heart would break for joy because Phil had got back.

"Now I'll finish the dinner interrupted by a very persistent customer. Come!" said Cousin Ivory.

"'*Hi?*' Say 'we!'" said the little woman.

"What a selfish mortal I am! That customer's boots kicked about all my ideas out of my head," said Cousin Ivory.

Phil said it was better even than the blubber of a narwhal or a seal, or anything they could get up in Greenland.

"Oh, I have a lot to tell you, folks."

"Well, Phil, tell me where you got those skin things?" asked Fred.

"Oh, I helped an Eskimo get where his people were. You see that I found him on the ice—poor fellow—hungry, you know—and he was very grateful. He couldn't say a word that I understood, and my talk was Greek to him. Before he quit the ship, he brought me some seal-skin clothes, and by signs showed that I must take them from him. He went ashore and got them of his people, and the captain said I had better accept the gift. The Eskimos use skins of seals, bear, reindeer, fox, birds also. A man's jacket has a hood which they pull over the head in cold weather. And the women, mother, what do you think they have in their jackets?"

"I don't know unless they want to tuck away their babies."

"Yes, they do that very thing. They have a big hood lined with fur, and they tuck the child in that. And they are very nice tailors, I think. What they wear is very neatly sewed up with thread made of sinew."

"Phil," said Fred, "I expect you will turn into an Eskimo."

Phil thought however he should remain where he was, and said that the kitchen was the best place he had seen yet. This pleased the little woman who shed so many tears into

her tea when she lifted her cup, that she was obliged to pour out another draught. When Phil and Fred had gone to bed, Cousin Ivory and the little mother remained in the kitchen and talked over the events of this famous day; how well Phil looked and how he had grown.

"Cousin," said the shoemaker, drawing nearer to the mother and speaking in a hushed voice, "Cousin! I want to tell you one thing. It pleased me more than anything else. I happened to go by the door of the boys' chamber, to-night, and couldn't but look in and I saw Phil kneeling, so that I know he keeps his colors flying, still at the mast-head! That is good, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is the best thing."

Cousin Ivory saw something else the next evening, that pleased him. Phil went out to make several calls.

"One of them, the last, I think, mother, will be at Mr. Jenkins', my old employer. You know his kind present to me, and Norval's too," remarked Phil as he was about to leave the house.

Phil's mother and Cousin Ivory and Fred did not sit up late, as a rule. When Phil did not appear at half after nine, his mother said,

"Do you think Phil will be coming before long?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" replied Cousin Ivory.

He knew that she was worried, and kindly said, "Phil is all right. I'll just step out and meet him."

"That would be well, cousin; mothers sometimes will be foolish."

To quiet her, Cousin Ivory walked up the street in the direction of Mr. Jenkins' house. As he did not meet the missing heir, he kept on walking.

"Hullo, if here isn't Jenkins' house!" said Cousin Ivory, stopping before the lighted windows of a parlor. He did not mean to be a spy, but as he halted before one of the windows, he chanced to see through a gap in the long, double curtain whose folds did not touch in the middle of the window. Glancing through this opening, Cousin Ivory saw Phil, Norval Jenkins and the merchant. Mr. Jenkins' arm was extended toward Phil, and in the outstretched hand was a glass of—wine, was it? It flashed a crimson light.

"Will Phil take it?" eagerly wondered Cousin Ivory. "Good! Phil shakes his head and turns away. Ah, Phil bows as if he said, 'No, I thank you.' And what has Norval

brought? A plate of cake and—and a glass of water, looks like it. Pretty girl! Ah, there's Phil smiling, and he takes the cake and drinks the water. And—and—now Mr. Jenkins, he laughs, puts the glass of wine on his mantel-piece, and if he doesn't take some of Norval's cake and water! Good for Phil! Keeps his colors flying at the mast-head! Jenkins makes up his mind to fly the same flag, does he? Now, I'll go home and let Phil come when he has a mind to."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CATER'S LAST.

"ISN'T at home, you say?"

"No, isn't at home. He went off on a visit to a relative, a few miles out of the city, and said he should be back this morning if he wasn't feeling better," said Cousin Ivory.

"But not home now?"

"No, sir."

"Too bad, positively too bad, sir."

"Can I do anything for you? I may give some information if needed." This was a conversation in the little entry of Phil's home. The first speaker dropped his voice as if it were a very important affair he detailed and must not be sent upstairs or out into the adjoining room, for any consideration. In this adjoining room, however, was a little woman, and while dusting the furniture, she could but hear the voice in the entry.

"That is a sly tone," thought the duster. The voice said: "Here—I—I—don't like to speak of it—but before Phil Woodward went

away, he gave me his note for fifty dollars, promising to pay it when he got home, but he has forgotten it or something. He will pay, I don't doubt, but—but—I need it very much to-day, and if—Phil—isn't here—couldn't you advance on it, say one-half, or—or—yes, one half, yes—s!"

The word ended in a hiss like that of a snake.

"I hardly see how I could, sir. Phil will be home—"

"But really, I wasn't expecting to be refused, sir—"

Something else he was not expecting—the sight of a small woman with a nodding cap and flashing eyes, standing in the doorway of the adjoining room.

"Hi—Hi—want—to 'ave it shown that my Phil gave henny promise to pay fifty dollars," declared this unanticipated personage.

"Oh, Mrs. Woodward, is it?" said the caller in very smooth, courteous tones, making a low bow. "There is the document."

It read all right, and although the body of the note was not written after Phil's fashion, the signature was his.

"That is Phil's signature," observed Cousin Ivory.

"The other part I wrote at Phil's request. He was busy, of course, just going off to fight whales and such things. I let him have the money, which was the great thing, and—"

"Well, well, where are all the folks?" exclaimed a friendly but rather brusque, decided voice at some place in the rear of the little woman.

The moment the visitor heard that voice, his face that had been contorted by anger and sarcasm, changed perceptibly. It became subdued and even alarmed.

"Oh I—I—didn't mean to throw the household into an earthquake, and—I—I—will call again."

He went out of the front door as quickly as if he had been fired out. He was very careful to take "the document" with him.

"Where are you, where are you?" inquired the rear voice, and the next moment, the stubby, resolute, gray-haired policeman stepped forward, Uncle Ike.

"Here we are, and a young man has been here saying Phil owed him money and wanted me to pay. I don't believe Phil would go off in debt and not tell us," said Cousin Ivory.

"And 'ow he spoke of Phil's duties, to fight wales hand such things! Phil—Phil wouldn't

get hin debt if he did fight 'such things,'" said the mother.

"Where is he? Who was the caller?"

"Just gone."

Uncle Ike flew to the door and ran his helmeted head out into the cool autumn air.

"Oh, that chap? He's turning the corner now. That is Jenkins' clerk, Seabury Cater! I know him like a book, a sly, deceitful, untrustworthy dog, and if here isn't Phil coming! I'd trust him day and night. Why, why, Phil, you look tired."

"I am, rather," said Phil. "I told you, mother, I might come if I didn't feel better, and I am not really sick, but there were some of the things I brought from Greenland which I would like to show Uncle John's folks, and I thought I would rest perhaps to-day, and go up again to-morrow."

"Your head ache?" said the solicitous mother.

"Oh, not much. It will be all right soon."

"Phil," said Uncle Ike, "I don't want to make your head worse, but here is something that had better be looked up at once. Seabury Cater has been here saying you owed him money—"

"No, sir!"

"Hi knew it! Hi knew it!" said the little mother triumphantly, eagerly.

"He had a note the substance of which he allows he wrote, but the signature was yours. Said you were busy, and he wrote it for fifty dollars and you signed it."

"Never! Never signed anything—let me think. Oh, he said he wanted to write to me while I was gone and asked me to write my address. I did so.

'PHILIP WOODWARD,
Care of Captain Arkwright,
Ship Crow's Wing,
DUNDEE,
Scotland.'

I remember I wrote it at the top of the page. He said, set it down at the middle or bottom, and I said I would take a humble place, and put it down at the bottom, and he said something about having got me now. I didn't like the sound of it then."

"He may have got himself," said Uncle Ike. "Now, I am going up that way, and I will call at Jenkins' store and see Cater."

"I will go with you."

"No, let Uncle Ike fix this. You may go up this afternoon, to the store, but I want you to rest, this forenoon. Since you came home,

you've been driving round, and you must go it slower. Besides, somebody is coming, Miss Norval Jenkins, I do believe! I see her through that window."

Phil hurried out of the room and went upstairs.

"I thought that announcement would scare him away," said Uncle Ike. "Nice girl, that Norval!"

Miss Norval when she entered, brought two very pretty roses in her fair cheeks, took gracefully the chair that Mrs. Woodward offered, and then in clear, musical tones announced her errand.

"It is just, Mrs. Woodward, about a poor woman, our washerwoman, to say if you knew of any place where she could get a chance to work, she would be grateful. We feel interested in her."

"Cousin," said the shoemaker, turning to Mrs. Woodward, "you thought you would need some help, to-day, on account of an arrival from Greenland. Why not engage the woman?"

"Well," said the little mother.

Miss Norval said she would speak to the washerwoman as she went home, and ask her to come down after dinner.

"She lives on a street near here," explained Miss Norval.

"I must be going," said Uncle Ike. "Tell Phil not to worry. Seabury Cater, I'll look after, and Phil must not get sick. He will be better soon.

Miss Norval gave a start. Several more roses came into her fair cheeks.

"I have been watching those young people," thought Uncle Ike. "I like to tease them."

"Isn't the arrival from Greenland well?" asked Miss Norval playfully, and yet betraying a certain solicitousness of tone.

"He is a bit hailing," said his mother.

"I said 'Greenland,' but I saw his address, in his absence, at the store, yesterday, 'Dundee, Scotland.' You wouldn't like to have a sick son as far off as that, Mrs. Woodward?"

The white cap gave a decided no-shake.

"Dundee! Address!" ejaculated the policeman. "Excuse me, Miss Norval, but just what was it you saw, and when?"

"Why, sir, I happened to be in my father's counting-room and saw Phil's address lying on the desk, and it was in his handwriting. It was on a half sheet of paper—"

"Written down at the bottom?" said the policeman.

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing above?"

"No, sir. Don't know as I should have noticed it at all, but Cater held a pair of scissors in his hand, and the scissors reflected the light of the sun coming through the windows. The flash caught my eye."

"Scissors! Indeed! I will go down to the store this minute. Well, good morning, all. Keep that boy on his bed till this afternoon. Tell him if he is a true sailor, he ought to know what a good harbor is—one like this, Mrs. Woodward."

That remark pleased the little woman, and to the sound of the door closing after Uncle Ike, her echo was, "Uncle Ike is a very nice man."

At the store, Uncle Ike found Cater alone in the counting-room.

"Seabury, what is this about a note that you have against Phil Woodward?"

"Why, I have his promise to pay me fifty dollars," said Cater coolly.

"Let us see it, please."

"Certainly, if you want to see the young Greenlander's handwriting. He was too busy to write the note and asked me to do it. The thing he was after was the money—being hard

up, got into some sort of scrape—and I lent him fifty and he signed the note. There is his signature."

"What's this, what's this? Ha-ha! Uncle Ike come to nab me—ha-ha!" said a voice, and with the voice came the ship-chandler, Jenkins, in his self-important, pompous way.

"No, sir! Uncle Ike has nothing against you. He knows you are a true business-man if you do think nobody can do it like you—"

"Ha-ha! Thank you, Uncle Ike!"

"But your clerk here has made a mistake. He says Phil Woodward got into a scrape and needed money and he—Seabury here—says he lent it and took a note. Phil denies it. I know that boy. He has got a character. He made it, here in our town, and grew up a good boy. Got a mother, small, but true as steel. That boy's character is worth something and is to be regarded. Character—"

"A sermon!" remarked Cater, ironically.

"Call it so if you will, and then take it home. Character, to get a character, is worth a good deal to a boy or girl. Now, sir, I want also to say that I don't think Phil Woodward ever signed this note. Give me a sheet of commercial note, please, Mr. Jenkins. Thank you. There, sir, this pretended note

was of the size of commercial-note, and it had —that is my theory—Phil Woodward's address when he was gone, Dundee, Scotland, and your clerk slipped a pair of scissors across here, cut off the Dundee and so forth, and wrote that promise to pay above it. For your daughter, Mr. Jenkins, said at Mrs. Woodward's this morning, that she saw just the address on the desk—only the address, mind ye—and Cater had scissors in his hand, and see! Compare the edge of the paper having the note on it, with a regular sheet and you will see it is not a straight edge. Cut, sir, cut for the purpose!"

Uncle Ike's charges were made with such rapidity and so effectively that Cater at first only met them with a wondering, supercilious stare. He came out of his confusion, saying, "It is a slander, a slander! Wait a minute and I'll fetch the address Phil gave me, whole too! Excuse me, gentlemen! I'll be back directly. Document needed is close by, and then, Uncle Ike, you will see that you are trying to injure an innocent boy. It is a shameless thing. Mr. Jenkins, I'll trust that note with you. It is too bad to abuse a young feller without friends!"

As he left the counting-room, he turned to-

ward the ship-chandler a face so virtuous, so injured in its expression, almost tearful, that Mr. Jenkins said to Uncle Ike, "Really, Isaac, are you not too hasty?"

"No, *sir*," was the prompt, emphatic reply. "I had a great mind to arrest him, but I knew how you were likely to feel."

"He is a good accountant, Isaac—"

"Yes, sir, and a good servant of the devil, too."

This latter sentence, Uncle Ike did not intend to apply to Mr. Jenkins, and neither of the men in the excitement of the moment noticed it.

"That boy came to Mrs. Woodward's this morning, and wanted to collect half of this note of Cousin Ivory, Phil happening to be away. Now, sir, while we are waiting, I will give you an itemized account, as I call it, of this matter."

Uncle Ike intended to keep his eye on the clock while he talked and not give Seabury too long a time to fetch his "document," but interested in his story, he forgot to watch the time-piece. He also made a proposition to the ship-chandler. "I have an idea that when Cater chipped off the lower part of Phil's address—if my theory is right, and I believe

it is—he naturally would throw the part cut off into your waste basket there, wouldn't he?"

"He might."

They searched the basket, but found nothing. The two men, red in the face, arose from their fruitless stoop and search, and looked one another in the face. Then Uncle Ike concluded to look in a more profitable direction—at the clock.

He started up, saying, "See there! Forty five minutes gone and that dog not here! I ought to have arrested him on the spot and taken my chances. But I am not going to be a-foolin' here any longer."

Off he went, although the ship-chandler said, "Hold on, Isaac! Don't be rash!"

"Just the thing I'm bound to be, *rash*, if that's the word for it!" said Uncle Ike stormily. "I'm going to that feller's boarding-house where he went probably."

He went—and Seabury Cater had gone!

"Came, got his travelling-bag and—and—" here his landlady hesitated.

"Speak quick, madam! I have just one second, one tick of the clock."

"And—I don't know where he went!"

"If that isn't definite!" declared the police-

man, stamping off vehemently. At the railroad station, he was told that Cater had bought a ticket for New York by a train then on its rattling, roaring way. Uncle Ike telegraphed to different cities on the route of this train, that the police might board the cars on their arrival and intercept the fugitive. Uncle Ike also resolved to take the next train for New York, and left the station to prepare for the trip.

"I say, Jenkins," said Uncle Ike, calling at the ship-chandler's on his way back from the station, "that young man, so much abused, without friends, has taken his travelling bag, and concluded to leave for New York, and I am going off with a warrant to arrest him, for I have an idea he has been guilty of various rascalities. You had better see if you miss any spare cash."

"You don't say!" remarked the ship-chandler, who had been patiently waiting for Cater's return. "I—I'll look."

He looked, and somehow could not find one hundred dollars which he had laid in the safe, intending to deposit it in the bank, this very day. Other peculations by Cater came to light. When the affair was ventilated on the street, Cater's conduct went through the

sieve of public gossip, and such a sifting as there was in the stores and homes! Anything of credit that was found, made a very small heap.

"Hand to think," said the little woman at Phil Woodward's, "that Cater should come 'ere hand try to sponge money out of Cousin Hivory! Knowing Phil would not pay, Cater thought Hivory would be the booby to do it!"

Cater took Phil's address with a purpose to use it some time in the very way chosen. Pure malice was one reason. He wanted to bother Phil. He knew too that he had been thieving, and anticipated that another theft might be helpful to get him out of the dilemma in which previous thefts placed him. That is the unpleasant predicament which one wrong step is apt to leave us in; it asks for a second. When he made up his mind anyway that he must before long leave town, needing more money he thought of the address whose illegal use he had deferred.

"That shoemaker," he said, "will be fool enough to advance me something on it, and I will go to him while Phil is out of town. Then when Phil comes back, I'll bother him. The swell! Going round town after his

voyage to Greenland, talking as if he owned it! I'll take him down." Any such parade by Phil was a slander. If Uncle Ike had not abruptly crossed his track, Cater would have annoyed Phil awhile. He would have also made use of his employer's name at the bank and obtained more money. Knowing Mr. Jenkins' kindly feeling toward him, he thought he could somehow manage him if too uneasy before the date he had designed for his departure. Uncle Ike, though, interfered with his plans and he hastened away very abruptly. Uncle Ike hastened after Cater, but nothing came from the pursuit. It was concluded that Cater might have left the cars at a small station, for a few days after this, in that neighborhood it was rumored that somebody looking like him was seen early one morning stealing out of a lonely barn. It was raining heavily at the time, and it was said the stranger gripping a travelling bag bowed his head to the storm and hurried off toward a dark forest. Thus Cater disappeared in the uncertain direction of "Somewhere," but nobody for a long time could say where that was. How much thought and anxiety and effort Cater gave to the subject of being bad! If he had given as much time and strength to efforts the other

way, how different would have been his record! If all the transgressors in towns and cities would labor as hard to be good as to be bad, those efforts in ill including not only the sin but the avoiding of its penalties, how much greater would be individual happiness, and how much larger the good of the community. Cater was an illustration of this, a big danger-signal set up to warn all the young.

When Phil called at the ship-chandler's, the afternoon of Cater's flight, he heard fully about the interesting news. As in all such cases, the ripple of personal comment had gone out to swell into a wave of public discussion.

"I think you might as well take this," remarked Mr. Jenkins to Phil, handing him at the same time that bogus promise to pay fifty dollars. "Cater wanted me to take care of it, and I will make you a present of it."

"And I will give your coal fire a present of so much fuel," said Phil, laying it on the ruddy coals.

"Phil, I am without a book-keeper and I can't but wish you were at liberty to come with me. I suppose you are engaged to Captain Arkwright who starts in business next week, I believe?"

"Thank you, sir, I would like to come if I were not engaged to Captain Arkwright." Miss Norval, who had "just dropped into the counting-room to hear the news," as she said, looked as if she would not be displeased if Phil Woodward were going to be Seabury Cater's successor.

"What next?" Phil asked himself, on this day of surprises, as he walked home. "Oh there! I almost forgot mother's clothes-line! That is the next thing. I promised her I would look after it, for the late arrival from Greenland is making her a big wash. Glad she is going to have help."

In the mean time, his mother's clothes-line had been put out. She was busy upstairs, but suddenly caught the sound of a loud noise down-stairs. Outside the kitchen was a little room in which the week's wash was generally done. From this place, came the clamor.

"What is that?" she wondered. It made her think of the noises out in the forecastle, the day that Phil arrived. Could the new washerwoman make all that uproar? Had she a woman's voice before Mrs. Woodward's face, but a man's voice behind her back, or in this case, below her feet? Could it be Cousin Ivory? It was not like him to conduct this

way with the washerwoman. Besides, he was not at home, and this man had a voice heavier than Cousin Ivory's. One moment he would laugh boisterously. Then he seemed to stamp with his feet, then laugh again. Then she thought she heard a clapping of hands. The little woman was perplexed. Hearing the big laugh out in the yard, she took a peep from a back window and saw a big man who matched the big voice. He was putting out the clothes-line. Was it the strange washer-woman's husband?

Mrs. Woodward was relieved when she heard Phil in the little front entry, and hurrying down, she exclaimed, "Phil, Phil, a man his hout there!"

"A man, mother? I will just step out and see what is going on. I came home to put out your clothes-line."

"The man has done hit."

"The man? Let me see."

Out in the wash-room, a fat, oldish woman was repeatedly plunging her bare arms into the suds before her, but who was it at another tub that seemed to be rinsing clothes? A big, broad-shouldered fellow, his sleeves stripped up and he was "haw-hawing," shouting, "We'll put this wash through, I guess!"

"Mother," said Phil, "if that isn't—hullo, Ned! What—what—you—up to?"

The man turned, and showing a beaming ruddiness, there was the face of Ned!

"Phil, how are ye?" cried Ned, extending a huge, dripping hand. Next, squaring off, and making one of those bows for which Ned thought he was famous, he greeted Mrs. Woodward, and then he said, "This—"

Here Ned bowed again, but toward the old woman at the other tub, as if she were the queen of England and he a knight.

"Mother, this is my 'ticler friend, Phil Woodward."

"You don't say, Ned! I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Neddock," replied Phil.

Mrs. Neddock seemed to be dripping all over. Tears were running down her cheeks and water streaming from her hands. On her apron were splashes of suds. The hand she gave Phil, though, was hearty. She could not seem to say much, for when she opened her mouth, sobs would choke her speech.

"Never — was — so — s'prised!" she exclaimed. "So thankful!" Here she looked up devoutly. "Joe, you—you—tell the rest."

"Don't you see? She says 'Joe!' That shows she knows Joe Neddock. At sea, I am

Ned, and lots of people don't know the difference. I'll tell ye how it was, ezackly. I did not like my boarding-place, and I could not seem to find any that was better. Too much whiskey, Phil, and you know I have shipped under a new flag, and am going, yes, going to be loyal."

Mrs. Neddock here nodded her head approvingly, and with a fresh application of suds tried to stop the tears that would flow.

"So I said, I'll slip my cable and come up here to Phil's, if I can find it, and he may tell me of a place where to anchor. An old policeman piloted me, said he knew the family like a book—"

"Uncle Ike, it must have been," explained Phil.

"I came in there—couldn't seem to find the gate handy—and came over the starboard rail—"

"Fence," thought Phil. "Mother would have thought he was a burglar if she had seen him."

"I came up to the back door and said 'Ship ahoy!' No answer and I shouted 'Phil!' That was land-fashion. I heard a voice inside say, 'That sounds like Joe!' It woke the

memories," said Ned, gesticulating proudly as if conscious that he had struck an eloquent passage in his narration. "Yes, far back, it woke the memories, and I said, 'That—that —can't be—' didn't dare say who it was. But I looked inside and she looked outside, and there she was! The best old lady if I do say it, in the world!"

Here Ned went up to his mother and gave her a hearty kiss.

"Jest—makin' a—fool of his old—mother!" blubbered the washerwoman.

"Time he did," said Ned, "'time for the prodigal to come back, and that's where he's going to drop anchor with the old folks and all have a home together."

It was a great day in the wash-room. As soon as Ned had "spread canvas," as he called it, or hung the rinsed clothes on the line, he went off with Phil to find the street where his father and mother lived. Phil reported when he came back, that they found "a nice, quiet old man."

"He was unable to believe that it was his Joe who had really come, but Ned convinced him that it was, and I left them very happy," said Phil.

Captain Arkwright opened his new business

quarters in a few days, and he told his clerk that "Ned took hold well."

"He has something to learn, Phil," said the captain, "but he feels at home among anchors and chains and blocks. I shall have something to do with such goods."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN AFTER DAYS.

ALL of life may be separated into two parts, one covered by the words: "I know," and the other by the words, "I wonder." Of the past, we can say, "I know." Of the future, we can only utter an, "I wonder!" Did any wonder if Captain Arkwright would be successful in his business-venture! As money follows brains and energy, inevitably as crops follow prompt sowing and patient tillage, it might safely be prophesied that Captain Arkwright would have some measure of success in his new venture. It was a growing measure from year to year. Phil Woodward, his clerk, shared in his employer's success. By the time he was twenty-four, he had acquired an interest in the business and was allowed a remunerative share of the profits. Now some may have wondered if Phil Woodward's character kept on developing in the direction of the right, even as his business continued to be more and more hopeful. Did he keep his colors flying? It is not time yet for

the holding of that long-anticipated after-ten-years meeting. Two years must yet elapse. Let us call at Captain Arkwright's counting-room. We may find his clerk in and have a chance to see if the grand old colors are still at the mast-head, bright, clean, and proudly open to the breeze. But who is on the sidewalk, piling up boxes? Our old friend, Ned, former sailor in the Crow's Wing? The same. He shows us into the counting-room, or rather we go without any showing, and here is Phil, man-grown now, but the same Phil in the general style of his looks. He wears a mustache now-a-days. But who is it that brushes abruptly by us and steps up to the young man's desk? It is a man on the underside of forty, heavy, broad-shouldered, with eyes small and gray, with a big mustache, with a big roll of hair on his forehead.

"Cap'n Arkwright in?" he says aloud. Inwardly, he queries, "Havn't I seen this young feller before? If so, he didn't wear a mustache then."

Phil replies, "He is out, sir. Can I do anything for you?"

Phil has an inward comment; "How natural that voice sounds! Can't be—! He wore a full beard."

"Humph! Won't the cap'n be in soon? I want to see a—a—well, somebody in the business," remarks the stranger. A certain sneer accompanies his words, as if also saying, "You are only a clerk."

Phil notices the sneer but makes no comment, only an inner one, "That does sound familiar! Who is it?"

"As I do have an interest in the business and am familiar with Captain Arkwright's views and plans, perhaps I could give you an opinion," replies Phil.

"Well, what would you say to this? What do you think the cap'n would say to this? I am from the old country, am here on a kind of business-trip—used to foller the sea—"

Phil's eyes snap as if guessing the man's identity, but he says nothing.

"And I am looking round to see where to give somebody a good business chance."

"What is it?" inquires Phil.

"I have a heavy lot of foreign liquors—brandies and so on—French, they call and mark 'em, but really, they've been put up in England—however, let that go—"

"And you want to know if Captain Arkwright would buy them outright or sell them on commission?"

"Oh, on commission, I mean. Handsome profit for somebody!"

The stranger rubs his hands, chuckles, and smiles patronizingly out of his small, gray eyes.

"I can answer the question, knowing Captain Arkwright's opinions. No, sir, we don't wish for those goods."

"You—you—well, why not?

"To begin with, we don't trade in liquors and—"

"You—you—wouldn't have 'em—"

"No, sir."

"The cap'n has changed his views since I knew him."

"He probably has. We both think we must stop the importing of what is seriously damaging the country. Then I don't believe in selling a fraud, an English article marked as French."

"You don't? I rather think this place is too good for me. I—I'll leave."

"Good day, sir."

What a privilege it is to travel about in that invisible dress with which Imagination can clothe us! Here we are in Captain Arkwright's office, seeing and hearing, and yet unseen and unheard. Neither does Ned, the porter, detect us, when he enters.

"Say, say!" he exclaims excitedly. "I saw that man, though he didn't see me. And I'll tell ye who it is."

"Who, now? I thought I knew him."

"Ben Holton, with his beard chopped off! Ben Holton, fust mate of the Crow's Wing!"

"Indeed."

"Sartin sure! Sartin sure, now! And I guess he knew you, for he grunted—I was behind a stack of boxes and I heard him—he grunted, 'That's the same feller as was cap'n's clerk in the Crow's Wing, I know. Same little fool as ever!'"

Phil laughs, and then tells Ned the nature of Ben Holton's errand.

"Good for *you!*" cries Ned. "You don't back down from your old stand. *No sir!*"

Neither does Mrs. Phil Woodward, once Miss Norval Jenkins, think there is any backing down, when Phil tells the story at night.

He goes down to his old home after tea to see his mother. She and Fred and Cousin Ivory still are living there. They have had a call from Ned on his way home to his "cabin," as he calls the snug retreat sheltering him and his parents. Ned has told Cousin Ivory about the caller at the counting-room. When Phil appears, Cousin Ivory takes him out into

the "for'c'stle" and shows him a little vessel at whose mast-head flies a tiny flag.

"Remember that, and what I said before you went a whaling, Phil?"

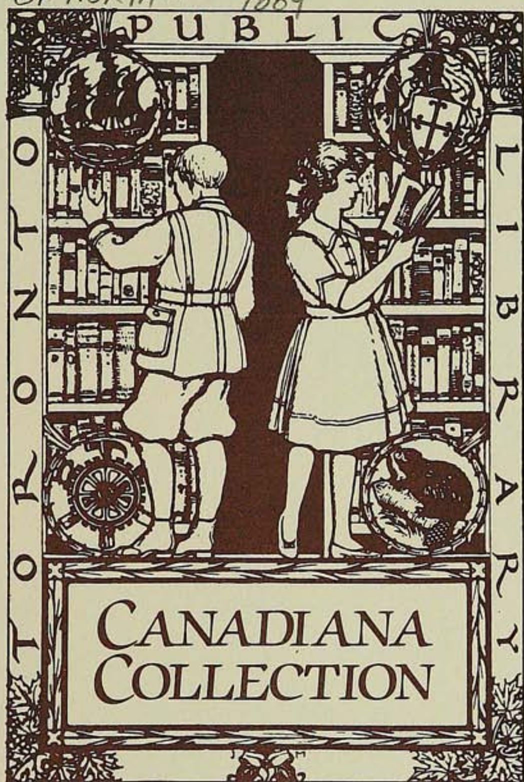
"I do."

"Well, I've heard about your caller, this afternoon, and I am glad you still keep your colors flying."

I am looking off into the unknown future now, and I too am "wondering." Will Phil Woodward continue faithful? I wonder if,—no, I do not wonder. I am prepared to say that he will do this, in all probability. The longer my life runs on, the more fully do I see that character once well established, will be likely to prove its permanency. It will be likely to hold and fulfil the conditions of permanency. The colors run up to-day and kept flying through youth, are not the colors we expect to come down to-morrow to drag in the dust of defeat and dishonor, but those which will triumphantly float on, to encourage every struggling soul to dare the right and also do it.

THE END.

RAND, EDWARD A.
UP NORTH ... 1889
Fic.



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