OLD TAR KNUCKLE AND HIS BOY CHUMS;  
Or, The Monsters of the Esquimaux Border. 

BY ROGER STARBUCK.
Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums; or, The Monsters of the Equinoxus Border.

A Tale of Perilous Adventure on our New Coast.

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CHAPTER I.

ASHORE AMONG THE EQUINOXUS.

MIDNIGHT ON THE KAMCHATKA SEA.

Off our starboard beam was the north of Norton's Sound, a harrid glare shot up through the darkness.

A dim, yellowish light, a pool of phosphorus, limned the barque's stem. A chill breeze, as from a lighthouse, blent the drowsy, fluing, and the skipper, in his berth, felt the dandy breeze through his shirt and on his neck.

The intrepid old whaler Beacon's try-works, for the crew were now trying on a whale which had lately been captured. Wild, unlook- ing Kanakas, Manilla Islanders, Chinese, etc., were mingled and crouched by the barque's side with Americans from New London and Nantucket.

Among them was Charley Nye—the son of the owner of the vessel—a youth of sixteen, with light-brown hair, blue eyes and a slender form, which seemed hardly fitted for the trials and exposure of a whaler's life.

Now he was being turned the wheel of the machine, which was of a kind used in the process of boiling, the "horse pieces," or pieces of blubber. As fast as these were cut by the sharp knife of the machinist, they were thrown into a pot from which, with an instrument having two sharp prongs, they were picked up by a harpooner discontentedly. A block of blubber was then passed, and tossed into the try-pot, where, heated by the fire, it would simmer and boil until all the oil the contained was extracted from them.

Another man, provided with a hook, would scrape the blubber out of the pot, and pour it into a large funnel thrust into the bung-hole of a can. The salad was then thrown on Charley's face. He looked tired and worn, but he worked tirelessly.

At sea, among the foremost hands of a ship of this kind, the democratic principle prevails. "Nye, Nye, Nye! Come back sharp!" cried Yonkitt, an Equinoxus youth of nineteen, who, five years before, had left his native shore to board a whaler, and had been a sailor ever since.

He had a round, fat face, little black eyes, and waddled like a duck when he walked. He was at present feeding the machine at which Charley was working, and he made the pieces of blubber under the knife which was used to cut, or rather to mince, them.

"Yonkitt, man, Nye! I'll feed and you can turn," suggested Charley.

"Come, keep her going dere! Nye! keep her going!" cried the harpooner, with the whaling- fork in his hand. "You New-Zealander, with fierce, hawk-like eyes, and huge brass rings in his ears. As Nye surrendered the wheel of the machine to Yonkitt, and hurried over the oil-spattered deck to take the place he had vacated, a dizziness came over him, his foot slipped, and he fell violently against the New Zealander, who was thus shaken against the heated try-works.

Usttering a fierce cry of rage, the quick- tempered native pushed the boy as he rose. This encounter, that was going on between the fellow's eyes, a yell like a demon's escaped the Zealander. Seizing Nye by his waist, he threw him aside, by his right hand on the other, he, by a single effort of strength, raised the boy on high, and was actually about to fling him headlong into the try-pot full of boiling oil, when he was suddenly tripped up, and the lad, pulled from his grasp with a powerful hand, was set upon his feet.

His rescuer was Tom Hasler—a strong young harpooner of eighteen—a rough but kind youth who had constituted himself Nye's champion and chum, and, at the moment he first came aboard the whaler,

"You infernal blackskin!" cried Hasler, "you've had your turn now!"

The native sprang, scowling, to his feet. He rushed at Tom, and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued. The Zealander's long hair, Tom had his head under his arm, and was "punching" him vigorously when the second mate interfered, and put an end to the combat.

Charley again took his place at the mincing machine, but his brain seemed to spin round and round, and, after a few minutes, the other watch was called, and the one he belonged to was thus enabled to go below.

The overworked boy was soon in a high fever. For several days this state continued, after a whole of days of great suspense and anxiety to the captain, especially as it was necessary to push on to the North Group of Islands.

Down in his cabin, the skipper reflected over the situation.

"Nye," said he to himself, "it may kill the boy, such as he is, if we take him further. I will therefore lay him up, and I shall return."

Tom Hasler, Yonkitt, the Equinoxus, and Nick Knuckle—who, from his age and experience, was to be left with him. There are plenty of spare planks aboard. With these I will get the carpenter to knock up a little place for the boy and his companions, on the coast. There he can rest and recover, and I can also amusingly himself by visiting the Equinoxus. In six or eight weeks, at the furthest, I will return for him. It is now the middle of August, and as winter in these high latitudes, begins before September is gone, I must be back here by the middle of October after the Affair of the Old Whaler.

He went on deck, and summoned his fourth mate, Nick Knuckle, to whom he disclosed his plan.

Nick Knuckle was an old seaman—a man of 30, with a black, sun-burnt face, the ears out of all proportion, and a wide mouth, which, stretching still wider when he smiled, made his teeth flash against his lips. His gray hair was twisted into a boll on each side, and made fast with pieces of gun-yarn. He had very broad shoulders, narrow hips, was strong and muscular, and was almost as active as a young man.

"I think it'll do the younger good, sir. I'll be a division fitter and stronger others, too, for that matter," added Knuckle, smoothing both his porous cheeks.

"It will do," said the skipper. 

Knuckle, you know.

"Ay, ay, sir," and "I venture to remark that provision enough to last us for that same time be left in the house," suggested Knuckle, smacking his lips.

"Of course,"

I would further wish to remark that a little grog was provided with the strengthin' food.

"Ay, Knuckle, for the boy in case of sickness.

"For the boy and the rest of us, too.

"I thought of Temperance, Knuckle.

"Pun that same when I can get any erog.

"Well, I'll, I will leave a little grog, but you must not drink more than one gill a day. I don't want you to be liquored up,

"I could take a pint without gettin' drunk, for that matter," avowed the old salt.

"A few weeks, Nye, that's all Nye had convalesced from his illness, the carpenter was sent ashore with his tools, and with some means in putting up a habitation for the little party to be left on the coast.

Timber enough for that purpose was taken to land, and in the course of a week a small and strong wooden building, about twelve feet high, and containing three rooms, was erected.

It was provided with a stove, fuel, provisions, blankets, beds, and many other useful things, consisting of four guns, four muskets, one revolver, etc., etc.

A few days later, with whaling gear, was also brought ashore, and Knuckle, discovering a hollow in a rock, which would make for it an excellent boat-house, had it at once safely stowed.

The dwelling, which was about twenty yards from the shore, was made of plank, with strips of tarred cloth nailed both on the inner and the outer surface of the frame, to form two small windows, while a stove-pipe, in lieu of a chimney, projected through a hole in the roof.

As the house stood near the base of a high rocky elevation, Knuckle, if necessary, could at any time put up a flagstaff, with which he was provided.

A good-sized canoe was provided for their reception. Charles Nye and his companions were left ashore on this part of the coast of Russian America—thereabout fifty miles to the north of Norton's Sound.

Standing upon the rock, after they had bidden their shipmates adieu, the little party saw the receding ship disappear in the mist among the flying clouds, and when, a few minutes later, the other watch was called, and the one he belonged to was thus enabled to go below.

The provisions, consisting of four hogs, a barrel of salt pork, a barrel of sea biscuits, some canned tomatoes, a bag of salt, a jug of molasses, a jug of rum, about twenty pounds of flour and a basket of potatoes, were placed in the back room, which was the smaller of the two, and the old salt deposited a large bottle of rum which the captain had entrusted to his care.

"I'll save that for the lad, in case of sickness. But, bless me, if I wouldn't like some of it—all off it, for that matter," he added, sympathetically.

After their first frugal dinner ashore, consisting of sea biscuits, canned tomatoes and coffee, Yonkitt went off to visit some of his countrymen, the Equinoxus.

A short time after the NXs, and he entered, followed by about a dozen of these people. They were dressed in their usual Neptune's costume, sealskin boots of enormous size, and wore magnificent hats of dogskin. Their dusky yellowish faces were covered with black hair, and black eyes twinkled like beads. Among them was a woman, who carried a blanket, and had a boy on her side of her huge left foot.

They all made a great clamor, every tongue going at full sail, and the news was in a jiffy.

"What do they say, Yonkitt?" inquired Knuckle.

"They ask for biscuit and molasses," was the reply.

Tell them we can't spare any, but, by the way, Nye, ordered Knuckle, "I'll give some treacle to the little one in the lady's bosom like a sugar-tongue. I've got a lot of merelles, and the way Nye's mouth is openin' and shootin' and the way it's a-cryin', he'll be sure to lock his eyes as if he knew what I was talkin' about."

The old barque procured a large tablespoonful of molasses, which he poured into the mouth of the Equinoxus babe, which at once stopped crying, the wet little eyes rolling in its head with rapture as it tasted the sweet extract.

The Equinoxus mother looked grateful, and said something to Knuckle.

"She is thanking you," interpreted Yonkitt.

"Hi, yaw! perfectly welcome!" responded Knuckle, bowing to the woman, and twisting his mouth into a smile.

Against the female spoke.

"What does she say, Yonkitt?"

"She say she have very big mouth, sir. She have very little trouble, for that matter," said Knuckle. As he spoke he pulled a small ball of wax from his pocket, and melted it in his hand, and put it to his mouth. "It's a nice edge of real beeswax as if it knowed what I was talkin' about."

It was a short night, grinding away into the dawn, and the sun's rays fairly flashed upon the back and the huge hump of the whale, as he leisurely scooped up the
Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

water with his wrinkled head, which, sprinkled here and there with barnacles, looked as if it contained the odor of a sea-urchin. "Lively, mates!" cried Knuckle. "We must sail, lads!"
The Equinax had also seen the whale.
As the old tar spoke, not one of the visitors remained.
"They are going for that whale, too," declared
"Ay, ay," asserted Knuckle; "but we must git ahead of 'em. Come, lads, we've got to put ship ahead or they'll follow us!"
"How about our house?" asked Tom.
"We can lock it up.
At the rear of the cabin, the only window having been securely fastened and the door locked, Knuckle and his companions hurried to the hollow in the rock.
The boat was quickly launched.
Then, picking up the bow-oar, Yonkitt the after-oar, and Nye the tub-oar, while Knuckle held the steering-oar—the one which is used to steer a whale boat. Of course, there being only four men, the crew was not a full one—which consists of six. Nevertheless, they worked well, and the light vessel sped swiftly on.
"Make her fly, lads! make her fly!" ordered old Knuckle, who stood with his legs astraddle in the sternsheets.
"Spring your backbones, and away! eat!"
"Hoo-law! boaties go strakkles! hoo-law!" yelled Yonkitt, who pulled a magnificent stroke.
"We're ahead of them Equinax! they have no chance of catching us. We'll be on top of the whale before they open their eyes, my lads, if you work sharp!"
Yonkitt leaned to the oar-
"Him Equinax very quick," he warned, as the whale boat went tearing ahead.
Following the direction of his glance, Knuckle, to his surprise and chagrin, beheld two long, light spars or pieces of tackle, just extended from the mainmast, which was still roving over the water, and to blend with it.
Next, and behind these, came four shaggy occupants, whose long paddles flashed like broad rakes in the sunlight, and their bodies were covered with a raptivity which was truly marvelous. These light crafts had hitherto been hidden by a ridge of ice that shielded them from the eye of the men in the whale boat.
Knuckle pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and lit off nearly a quarter of it.
He exhaled a cloud of smoke, made an animated manner as he rolled his cul from side to side. The boys did their best, but the Equinax kept gaining.
Meanwhile there was the whale, now not more than a mile in advance of them. Her great white brow still leisurely scooping the water, and her spout now and then gushing upward with a noise that sounded like a plug from a pipe.
The Equinax boats by this time were so near that the men in them could distinctly see the faces of the American whalers. Each craft was about ten feet long, made of the ribs of the walrus, which were fastened together and carefully painted. They were sharply pointed at both ends, and as stated, transparent. The paddles used were about five feet in length, and were neatly covered with skins.
In the midst of all this exertion of the boys, the Equinax came soon abreast of the boat.
"Now, lads, don't let 'em pass us!" cried the old salt.
But, even as he spoke, the skilful boatsman noiselessly paddled, and darting on, was soon out of sight behind the mainmast.
All at once, however, they stopped, and their occupants, who evidently permitted the Equinax crew to pass them.
"Thank ye!" growled Knuckle, annoyed by the whole incident. "Thank ye, but if we had a full crew, I don't think you'd have needed to stop for us to pass you!"
Yonkitt laughed, showing his white teeth.
"Pitiful," said he. "But we're not the only ones!"
"Now, Tom, stand up!" ordered Knuckle, Hasler sprung to his feet. There was the whale.
"Give it to him!" yelled the old tar.
White-oar went the barbed iron, as Tom buried it, with its head, in the whale's head.
It struck the whale's barnacled hump, and was left there to the very sound of the wave. When first the whale usually sounds—that is to say dives into the depths under water. He may roll away, whack about, or use his flukes for three or two seconds before going down, but never longer.
"The monster now seemed to have, gave one tremen-
duous sheer to larboard, threw up his flukes and brought them down sideways toward the boat, which they knocking, it had a dead horse-cutter, a dead horse-cutter,
skulling like an eggshell. But old Knuckle, with the moment, Tom's iron was in the whale, had given the usual command—which means 'to back water.'"
"Starr! starr!" roared old Knuckle, as he braced his lance and brought it in the wounding, bounding body of the whale.
"Hoo-law! hoo-hoo-hoo-law!" screamed Yonkitt.
Whizz-a! whizz-a! whizz-a! went the flying line, then the blackening the hedges as they circled about their ears.
"Pull ahead!" yelled the mate.
The schooner's iron was now in the thick of the fight. With a thump the whale boat struck the side of the leviathan, and Knuckle with his lance, stabbed into the whale's side, huge animal's body. The hissing, blinding spray, with the roar of the boiling waters, the shouts of Yonkitt, the cheers of Hasler and Nye, the loud rushing of the whale's spout, and, not far astern, the yell of the Equinax, who were paddling up "like mad," created a most mournfully.
Through it all, Knuckle remained cool and steady, using his lance with deadly precision and endeavoring to reach the life spot, which is seldom done, owing to the rapidity of the whale's movements. The keen eye of the old salt made several of his adversary, he suddenly bawled out:
"Starr!" in a voice that made his hearers jump.
A sudden spasm had seemed to convulse the giant, bringing the whale's head was whirled round, and with one tremendous effort the whale sprang the full length of his form, and the spout, as it shot from the wild Nortelmen, as they paddled toward the fast boat.
"There she blows! where she strikes it!" said Tom, as the boat redoubled her speed.
"Ay, ay," said old Knuckle, "he's a r'gal greaser, that whale, and knows what's about!"
As Knuckle spoke, he selected several of the barnacles, which he held tightly in one callously, looked about him.
Directly after them, were masses of ice—some of those twenty feet in height. Straight toward them the boat was heading, but the old tar hoped the whale would come up before reaching them.
Nearer to the bow drew the boat every moment. In a moment it was dropped into the ice the peril would be extreme. To strike one of those bergs at a much less rate of speed than the present must result in its destruction.
The old fourth mate looked at Nye.
"Lad," said he, "you've got to take good care of you. If we get much nearer to the ice, I'll have to cut from the whale."
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"To the death, say I, too, and arterwards, for that matter!" cried Knuckle.
At that moment the speed of the boat began to slacken, indicating that the whale was preparing to come in among the bergs.
"Haul line!" shouted the old mate a few minutes later, and away the boat ran.
The boys pulled with a will, and soon had the line taut, Yonkitt having carefully coiled the lack of the water. The boat was within twenty feet of the ice-flower, when the current swept the boat in among the bergs, which, by the way, had been already cut by a small whale boat, with an uncertain precision, was buried in the body of the sea monster.
The moment he felt the lance, the monster gave one tremendous, sidelong sheer toward the boat, and raising its flukes, sent them right and left, beating the sea with the rapidity of a windmill. "Bang! ker-boom! crash! ker-whish!" went the huge tail, fanning the air about them. The spray around them was such as to cover the crew, the spray around them in clouds.
"Starr! starr!" roared old Knuckle, as he braced his lance and brought it in the wounding, bounding body of the whale.
Whizz-a! whizz-a! whizz-a!" screamed Yonkitt.
"Too far off to help us!" he answered.
It really appeared to be the case, for the

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERY.

While the Bearboat's crew were thus anticipating a terrible death, two shafts of light appeared to dart swiftly through a channel, clearing a couple of ice-bergs to the right of the whale.
These were nothing more nor less than the two advanced men of the Equinaxum, who by this time had succeeded in reaching the bearboat. The Equinaxum displayed the sign of the party in the ice-cove.
"We're as good as dead, for that matter!" commented Knuckle.
In fact the enormous monster of the whale, coming swiftly on, now not seven fathoms distant, the boat would have been dashed forward with its huge, barnacled head directed toward the boat.
"We'll come near, with us, lads!" cried the old seaman as he continued to ply his lance, "we're cornered now!"
Caught in a fright of the berg, none of the occupants of the craft could save themselves by leaping out of their vessel, for the ice, a steep, hemmed them in on three sides.
"Hoo-aw!" shrieked Yonkitt. "We can no a more to the northwestern.
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Esquimaux were fully eleven fathoms from the whale.

With wonderful celerity they paddled several fathoms nearer, and then up rose one of these men on his long spear or harpoon, made of wood or bone, tipped with copper, balanced in his right hand, ready for darting. He was a tall, slender fellow, with a broad arm, strong muscles. As Knuckle shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, feeling that he could not catch the whale at his fish at so great a distance, for he had never seen a whaleman who could do so at a longer range than two or three fathoms, which is considered a wonderful dart.

But the Esquimaux, with quaint confidence, darted their spears suddenly, the weapon whistling on its way, and to the surprise of Knuckle, it struck the whale's body and sank to the depth of several feet!

"Eels and flippers! what a dart!" he cried in astonishment.

"I never saw anything like it!" added Hinder.

It was in fact a wonderful throw for a harpoon, but the wild sons of these northern climes have been known to hurl their barbed weapons even further still, and with precision and effect at that.

The skillful dart saved the lives of Knuckle and his companions, for the instant the whale felt the prick of this new weapon, he dove down into the bottom of the whale, and thus almost into Knuckle's eyes as he went. To cut from the moment they opened his eyes to the landing of the dart, an instant, as a knife is always kept ready in the bow for that purpose.

The spiral blow which had been blazed sever the line, and the boat was free from the whale. Had the mate held on to his whale, instead of cutting the cord with the harpoon, he would have followed the whale as far as the left if the bow had not beenched down over the blow.

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The sealboat of the Esquimaux, on the contrary, being in a channel near the edge of the ice, they could not work along the edge in pursuit of the whale, for the whale having escaped so deep down, their ship could not follow it.

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The Esquimaux, made of the hide of the walrus, was about a quarter of an inch thick, and was very tough. The monster did not hold much of a chance here he came up to the surface. The moment he rose, Knuckle and his men had to assist in killing him with his lance, which had already partly done its work.

Standing in the slack of their dripping line, the Esquimaux, who were free to the leeward, were soon darting their copper-pointed lances into the whale, with marvelous rapidity. The graceful and easy manner with which these lances were thrust into and withdrawn, to escape the flukes and the head of the monster as their occupants charged him with their wonderful darts.

At last the whale showed a blood-red spot, and as this became thicker and lower, he swam around, and kept turning, and his motions became feebler, and finally, with one fatal lunge of this spear into his flukes and flukes, he rolled over on his side and gave up his mighty breath!

"Well, said Knuckle, as he took a fresh bite from his plug of tobacco, and unfambrately stuffed his legs, "the old king has been obliging enough to kick at last. Much obliged to ye, Simeons, for your kindness in saving our lives and helpin' us take our whale."

The Esquimaux told Yonkitt that for a little celery (tobacco) they would help tow the prize to aONS to the whaler, which was now about a league distant.

The monster was fastened to, and the towing was begun, and explained as the small party of men. Before the whale was tugged toward land, the wind came on to blow almost a gale, and many icebergs, driven between the tollers and the coast. Night, too, was closing round the party, and the Esquimaux refused to work longer. Charlie Nyo was thoroughly exhausted.

"No, no," exclaimed Hinder, "we must all have give up for the present."

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"A curse on sea-elephants!" inquired Hinder.

"No, you can see the water is almost a swamp," said Tom. "Tom hurried to the side of the berg on which the whale was secured. He held up the lantern, and explained to Knuckle how the whale was secured. It had been fastened by means of a strong rope, one end of which was passed through a ring fixed in the ice of a berg not to be seen; the edge of the berg had tugged up, and the other end of the line secured to a rock.

"What does it mean?" said Charlie. "Have we lost the whale?"

"Can we not cut from the whale's body?"

"Had this whale been sinking, we might have done so, but the rope is too far under water."

Then we are lost?"

"Charley, I fear it is true!"

"Charley, I fear it is true!"

Tom and the boy had not reached the side of the berg when he saw that he was sinking, and they were trapped in a living trap.

"We cannot cut to the berg, and the small boy was in so much danger that Tom had to be rescued.

Tom and the boys were obliged to cling to the icy column, nearly to the summit of which they had climbed.

The water had by this time covered the lower half of the berg. The upper half of the whale's body sank slowly but surely toward the bottom. The water was deep, and Tom and the boy had to be rescued.

"What can that be?" asked Charlie, as the two boys examined their position.

"God only knows," answered Tom. "It was not that of a whale. It was a human craft."

"Can it be that the Esquimaux have attacked Knuckle?"

"Tom started, and for an instant turned pale."

"No," he said, after a moment's thought. "I don't think they would do that. They are great thieves, but they are not very smart."

"The boys listened, but they did not again hear the cry.

At all times they saw a flash of light ashore, followed by the sharp report of a pistol.

What was it? Charlie asked."

"It cannot be that it is a signal to us?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Nyo, suddenly laying a hand on his arm.

A hollow, gurgling, roaring noise was heard, like that of a herd of buffaloes.

A minute or two the dark sliny forms shining in the lantern's glare came swarming out of the water upon the berg occupied by the young sailors.

"Sea-elephants!" exclaimed Tom. "What can have sent so many of them here all at once?"

The uncouth-looking creatures crawled upon the berg with their heads to the sound of the music of black with them.

Every one of these animals was about ten feet in length, with a long, projecting snout and small, singular-looking eyes. The two lads were completely surrounded by them—hemmed in on all sides. The monsters did not attack them, but all, thrashing their mouths forward, set up a most unmeaning howling.

And kept it up for several minutes, until, with a farewell upward glance of their little goblin-like eyes in the sides of their heads, they plunged into the sea and disappeared in the gloom beyond the berg.

"It seems to me that the berg moves," said Charlie. "It seems to go forward."

"With a bump!" exclaimed Tom. "The rope fastened to the base of the column. He seized it and began to pull upon it."

"We have escaped him, for the rope came loosely in!"

"Are you sure?" gasped Charley, as Tom continued to pull on the rope.

"Ay, surly, and see for yourself."

"What could have parted the rope? The elephants with their trunks?"

"I hardly so."

He finally hauled in all of the rope. He held the two ends by the lantern which he had seen on the ice.

"See, Charlie, it is a clean cut. That has been done some time ago."

"And how is this?" demanded Nyo. "Here is the water washing over the place where we stand?"

"It must be a wave," gasped Tom, a deadly paleness overspreading his face.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERILOUS CONFLICT.

CHILLED and half frozen as they were, the boys were glad to assist Yonkitt in paddling the sealboat toward the coast.

I have some account of his two companions as to what had happened ashore to delay their being taken from the iceberg, the sealboat, and the sea-elephants.

As soon as the whale-boat and the canoes had stopped off the beach, Knuckle fastened the end of the line to a rock. He and Yonkitt were then brought to about the boat to go for the boys, who were fast asleep, and lying sort of around among the rocks, and, in the dim light, they saw dark forms rushing toward them. They could not have been more than the outlines of these figures, but it was evident that a number of small sea-elephants were being pursued by several

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"It must be a wave," gasped Tom, a deadly paleness overspreading his face.
NoX,” demurred the old tar. “Honesty is honesty, and I must keep my word. I promised the captain I would keep this as medicine for you.

Yule could not change his resolution; the old man put away the bottle, and set about preparing supper.

Next morning, after a refreshing sleep, the party rose early.

“I'm going to help hunt for the Equimaux baby,” announced Knuckle.

“You go along if you want to, Yule. You, Knuckle, must stay and watch the house.

At daybreak, Knuckle, a little sul- lenly, revealed he did not like the suspicion Knucklette expressed the night before about his people.

“Are you going to speak to the Equimaux about the woman of their race they lost in the river? Let your people walk toward the settlement.

“Not if I can help it!” declared the mate—leastways, not until the hunt for the baby is given up. In 'tother words,” added Knuckle, “by way of comparison, when the strain is ready to snap, it's best to slack up, instead of giving an extra twist to the mainskipe.

A large party of Equimaux were seen ahead, already searching among the rocks along the shore of the big sand bank.

The mother of the lost child was there, and also her daughter—another Equimaux girl of fifteen, with dark hair and smooth cheeks, this girl was rather pretty, in spite of her swarthy skin and clumsy attire. The Equimaux as a race joined the natives in the search. The old tar, and each of the boys, could see the change in the scene. During the previous hunt, they found themselves on the shores of a small bay, with a line of rocks extending, in broken masses, about a hundred yards from the water.

They perceived that these rocks contained many hollows, each with a heap of seals’ packs of seals. The uncooked, looking monkeys were of a brown and white color, and each pack was closely bound together, in a sad spectacle to behold.

At last old Knuckle, panting with his exertions, appeared before the boys.

“Ah, ay, he said, “it's too bad. I am afraid this will be in vain. I mean to bring the girls, as well as the boys, to see if we can't help 'em continue the search in the morning."

The sailors, keeping along the coast in the wake of the boat, headed the landings of the near hollow rock opposite the little dell, where the mother and daughter had entered the building and lighted a lamp.

“Hallo!” cried Knuckle, “what does this mean?

In fact, one of the windows was open or—rather, it had been broken in by some heavy in- terference.

“Ay, ay, what can it mean?” echoed Hasler.

“T've been a robber!” declared the old sailor. “Ay, blast me eyes! this is no better than a civilized country, after all!”

Taking the light, he entered the room where the provisions were kept. Two of the hams and all of the flour were gone. The jug of molasses was also empty.

“Who are the thieves!—that's the question!”

and Nye.

It’s plain enough to be seen” the Skoomes, of course,” was Knuckle's reply.

“Then you reckon, Yule?”

“Who else could have done it?”

Don’t know; but don't think Equimaux take to robbery.

“Well,” said the old tar, “we'll have to look into this thing.

I can do this. By the 'terestin' capet," added Knuckle, suddenly: “so I hope they haven't meddled with the provisions.

Running to the cupboard, he was glad to perceive the liquor remained unopened, behind the door of which where he had placed it.

He prepared some hot rum, and gave a little to Nye.

“There'll do you good after your hardship," he added, "and it'll be good for that matter!" added Knuckle wisely.

"Help yourself, then," ordered Nye, "and give some to Yunkit and Hasler."

The trash was swept into the water, the Equimaux rose. Assembled by Knuckle, they attacked both the seals as remained, using their clubs and the natives their lances. One blow put an end to the life of a bull seal, and the sailors, animals he had killed. Those being fur-seals, were more valuable than the others, which were hair seals.

Inghul, the Equimaux girl, who had closely followed her people, and who had been the companion of young Nye, while he strung down the seals, now dove into one of the caves, and then rushed back, saying:

"Come, lads, let's follow," said Knuckle, "and see if we can find that poor babe, or, at least, the tracks of their pursuers.

The three entered the cave, and advancing, looked carefully around them.

Then a passage, leading from the main cave, turned off in this direction, the sailors noting from his companions, who passed on.

He had advanced about ten paces when he found himself in the midst of a rocky wall, seven feet high and ten feet broad, dimly lighted by crevices in the roof above.

Passed to the north side of this cavern, when he was startled by a deep, guttural voice, which drew his attention—the big body, massive hairy head, and fierce, glowing eyes of a sea-lion near one of the rocky walls of this retreat.

The monster faced an abovc, in which, to the boy's dismay, he could dimly discern the form of Inghul, who, now being cornered by the lion, so that she could not pass it, was certainly in a position of great peril. Having no arms with her—not even a knife or a club, she could do nothing to defend herself against the savage beast. To the noise of Inghul, and fate revealed, was evidently about to spring upon her.

Hitherto she had uttered no cry, but the moment she perceived that Charley noticed her fate, she let forth a deep and terrible voice, and motioned toward the rocky passage, probably as an intimation to him not to attempt to help her with the monster.

But Nye realized at once that he could not wait for his friend if he would save the life of the girl; he did not hesitate a moment, but charged at Inghul, and the monster seemed but little hurt, and now turned with fury upon his assailant.

Two huge trunks looked sea-lions sat like sentries a few yards away in front of the pack. They showed their fangs, and turned south-a-way, and broke off down the mouth, jerked it grasp, and bitting in it, as if it had been a mere wisp of straw, the brute dropped the pieces at the feet of the youth.

The latter now raised his knife but, ere he could strike it, all was over. The sea-lion, that fiend, had pierced his heart, and Inghul, the monster, whose hot breath he could feel upon his face.

Glaring down at him, the monster opened its fangs and thrust them toward the doomed. Nye, in desperation, grasped his knife to the hilt in the thick neck of the brute, which, with a horrible roar, and with its teeth, and running down his body, knocked him to the ground. Now the brute struck at it again hitting it on the jaw. In instant the monster opened its mouth, plunged the blade again and again into the side of the creature's neck.

The beast raised its head, its eyes glaring horribly, and its teeth, being now fixed in the boy's neck-the youth was lifted with it, his body rumbled against the wall. But the monster, whose hot breath he could feel upon his face.

With a supple twist of its powerful form the brute knocked inghul down; then rushing Charley and the boys, the monster was about to drive its fangs deep into his throat when Knuckle followed by Hasler, leaped into the cavern and with his club dealt the monster a tremendous crushing blow over the sides.

The old man, who was an experienced sealer, had struck the fatal life-spot, and the lion, with a monstrous cry, fell, his mouth wide open, the longed cry, something between a scream and a roar, fell, with a heavy thud upon its side, stone dead.

"Flukes and flippers!" cried Knuckle, as Charley was leaning over him. "I hope you are not quite done yet, my lad!"

"Thank you, not quite," assured Nye, as he rushed his brush-brace to Charley.

Inghul stepping forward, looked anxiously at the youth. While she was before him, he passed his hand thankfuly, after she glided out of the cavern.
Old Tar Keckle and his Boy Chums.

"But on my tarry Capt'n," exclaimed Keckle, winking, "if there ain't a clean, ship- ping sorta cap, you can squeze me into a hot bottle, and pickle me for Davy Jones!"

"As for you, Knuckle,"

"Ay, lad, but I am right, though love, unless there's a sargint of grit's spliced, it's nonse, in the ship's company, and don't you thereby begrudge him his allowance!"

The Equinox proprietor, invited the old tar and his boy to take a seat—that is to say, sit on the ground. They did so, when Knuckle, going to a bottle on the window-sill for something from an earthen jar with a large, iron spoon, presented it to Keckle. The old tar's head as he appeared at the contents of the spoon.

"With all due respect, hospitality, Skemo, I'll like first to make a legal inquest as to what 'ere spoon contains for, may I be treasonable, you've filled it with more of my infantal stews, or, dash me, if I'll ever evince a desire to partake of them again."

Keckle therefore declined the stew for his companion, at which the Equinox host seemed more than a little mortified.

The interpreter, however, accepted it himself, greatly to the surprise of Knuckle, who shrugged his shoulders and roared out an involuntary "Ugh!" with such vehemence that the host and his son stepped back as if they were shot.

"Now, then, have at 'ee, Knuckley!" continued Keckle, "I'll be better pleased about them stew provisions without further prevarication."

The old tar, however, had his eyes fixed on the stew, and, having it down in legal form, do you see, commencing in this wise:"

"Whereas, certain things having been stolen, from the person of the good ship Beacon, Captain, Stone, square-rigged craft, carrying..."

"Well, now, if you don't give 'em up to us, before eight, 'em up yourselves, may we be hanged, if we don't burn every blasted one of your 'lives huts about your 'eors, and—"

"They ain't stealin' anything," said Yonkett, "but I want to know about my sheep!

Knuckley, however, chose to modify this declaration a little in translating it to his countrymen. The interpreter, the host, and Yonkett, looked at each other, and the old tar, shaking his head rapidly and saying nothing, he gave a loud grunt and ran out of the hut.

"Button my eyes-ball!" cried Knuckle, "if this thing ain't in my pocket, or in the leg of the jolly, and damn them, and have got a run away, so come to dis part of country. Equinox and Dog-rib berry bad friends."

"Perfectly true," said the old mate, scratching his bullet head, "that folks with such names shud have enemies. To use a legal pint of law, the name has a marvellous evidence, and I sartinly feel convinced, now what the object is the ship being un anchored..."

Leaving Yonkie to pass the crowd, a hale and hearty fellow, the old tar’s partner, concluded this, from that time, to have a lookout for the ship of the "Dog-ribgs," and in the meantime, I may give 'em a dose of powder and b'deed lead, and hope that it will be p'raps as well for him as he and his two shipmates quitted the settlement.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT VISIT.

The old sailor kept his word about the look-out, but night after night passed, and the house was not disturbed. A week after the visit to the settlement, Nye had the first watch. Provided with Knuckle’s revolver, he seated himself behind a pile of lumber in the room with a broken window. Harper and the fourth mate had each a bed on the floor in the adjoining apartment. The catcher could hear their breathing, indicating that they were sound asleep. Scarcely believing the statement about the two men visiting the house, he determined to attempt the house while it was occupied; Charley was not allowed in the room.

Worn out with his recent exertions, he sat for some time, his eyes fixed on the building, and then dropped off into a light slumber.

A man awoke to hear a slightly rustling noise in the next room. Nearby, there was a murter, is that yonder? he inquired, in a low voice.

There was no reply. The man repeated his question, but still there was no answer.

Rising, he lighted the lantern, which he had placed near him. He then noticed that two of the planks which had been nailed over the window were removed.

"That looks suspicious," he thought; "the wind could not have blown the boards in.

He looked at them closely, to perceive that
The nails had been wrenched out by a hard push and by twisting the planks.

He rose up to the door and opened it, and when he beheld a pair of savage eyes gleaming upon him through the opening of the window.

For these eyes were those of an Indian, whose long, black hair streamed in tresses about his face, and tufted up from under his cheeky cap, and whose face, grotesquely painted with blue and black streaks, had huge copper rings dangling from each ear. His Indian eye could utter a word, the savage, as quick as a flash, bounded into the room, and caught the young man by the arm, which grazed his nearly sufficient for the young sailor. At the same time, the Indian seized his life, and aimed a swift blow at the boy's throat.

As the blade descended, Nye pressing the ax handle revolved against the ribs of the savage, fired.

But the wild Indian, the moment he felt the cool iron, had raising his tusk, so that the bullet in passing through his body, went whizzing sliding upward, tearing along the flesh of his forearm, and piercing the band which held the knife. From his stiffened fingers the blade fell clattering to the floor, but the savage, although he must have suffered great pain, made no outcry, and stood there on the threshold of his adversary.

When the latter could again fire, the Indian clasped him round the body with the strength of a bear, keeping so close against him that Nye could not breathe and cut and cut and cut him to the floor. Although Charley was not a bad wrestler, he was no match for the native American, and from his struggle, those who at such close quarters, succeeded in hurling him to the floor.

In an instant the knee of the savage was upon the hand which held the pistol, the other knee pressed against the body, and his tusk once again a Trump. While the youth was vainly struggling to free himself, the door opened and an Indian appeared, bareheaded, with plumed.

During the articles he held, the moment he took the situation of affairs, he sprang forward, and pulling from his belt a heavy stone hurls, with great force, the bowler under the bosom of the boy.

In another second it would have crushed him to the forehead of the lad; but as it was about to descend, the loud report of a gun was heard, and the savage dropping his weapon, fell forward toward the window, through which he quickly scrambled and disappeared.

"Ahoy! there!" cried Knuckle, who had been awakened and who was bounding into the room with his smoking gun in a frenzy.

"Give me your gun!" cried Hauser, who had also come, and peering through the window at the Indian, which was not far out of sight in the darkness.

"I haven't any too much ammunition, and there's no use of wasting it." A shot in the dark is not often a serious one.

"Are you hurt, Nye?" inquired Tom, anxiously, as Charley still gasped for breath.

"I'm safe, Nye, all the better," said Knuckle, who had been awakened and who was bounding into the room with his smoking gun in a frenzy.

"What do you think of the Indian, Nye?" said Charley.

"Not at all my fault," said Charley. "I should have kept a better lookout.

"You could have been more mischievous," said Knuckle, as he picked up the articles which the savage had been unable to carry off, and if there was any advice to you, it is the fashion, when your eye open when you are on watch, second glance that is in the street and then.

So bad, had they natives seen you there on the lookout?

"Well worse, you and Hauser might have been slaughtered in your beds," said Knuckle. "I could never have got away, for what happens to me, would have been to blame.

"Flukes and flippers! It was perfectly natural for the young man to raise his voice with the thought of the Indian, for although they had made a good-looking, although it might prove to be a cold residence.

On the night after the party commenced to furnish the cavern, Tom Hauser was extended a bed, and the two friends, taking the opportunity to convey thither a bag of oaken, with a musket and some ammunition, which Knuckle thought might be spared from the scat, and the man was left to draw it up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. The loose pieces of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up. A loose piece of rock having given way under the hulk, the heavy pieces of the rock, the brute was about to draw itself up.
Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

of which was already nearly burned through, 
and they were now covered with a thick layer of white 
with the license it endured from the 
the sky, for the monster 
side, and there was a 
trapping one of its paws, as if it were striving to 
move the cause of the trouble.

At the moment the clank of Knuckle's gun was heard, and a twitch of the creature's body indicated its excitement.

The bullet had passed slantingly through one of its haunches, and the animal now started along the rocks, spitting out foam as fast as it could go.

At the moment, Knuckle and his two companions stood ready half-way up the bank to plant some more bullets in its body, but the animal concealed itself in the thickets of the rocks near the water's edge.

A search was made for the beast, Tom now assisting, and a few minutes later, the brute was again seen dashing down the path, some distance away.

The four pursuers followed it, now and then firing, but apparently, without effect, for, as a general rule, starved men are not very good shots.

In the excitement of the chase, the pursuers forgot for a time that they were leaving their little house un guarded behind them.

After they were two miles from it, it disappeared.

A sudden exclamation was caused by a band of light with a far reaching party.

"What do you think it is?" cried Nye.

The four stood looking at each other in dis may.

"The high rocks between us and the fire hide a good deal of it from us," said Tom; "but I'm afraid it's our house.

"Nonsense," said Knuckle, "let's hope not. It's a bad time now, with winter on us to lose anything. You go and see if you can't find our tadpole," added Knuckle, beasting his breath.

"What a lufter I was to leave the place unwatched for a few minutes," said Tom.

"You think then it has been set on fire?" said Nye.

Sartilly; it couldn't have happened otherwise.

In my opinion they Dog-ribs is at the bottom of it. They know our house, and they know that our house, after all—ay, ay, let's hope so.

The party hurried in the direction of the flames, and indeed there were now shooting up, lighting, light, and smoke.

The houses were near enough to obtain an unobstructed view, which set all further doubts at rest.

It was their house which was on fire, and which was now nearly burned to the ground!

No person was to be seen near the dwelling, but it was soon clear, having been attracted by the glare of the flames.

Two or three minutes after their first view of the dwell ing, the four sailors looked desconsolately at the smoking embers.

Everything the house had contained—pro visions, plates, bedding and many other useful articles were destroyed.

The men, who came up now stood talking excitedly among themselves.

At last they agreed upon what they could tell him nothing as to the cause of the calamity.

They suspected, with the sailors, that it was the beginning of a large fire.

Of course," said Knuckle, "we are not sar tily, but we must look into this. I've noticed that the smoke is raised, and it has been sighted by several of our men of the North, who have seen it as they collected about the scenes.

"Of course," said Knuckle, "we are not sar tily, but we must look into this. I've noticed that the smoke is raised, and it has been sighted by several of our men of the North, who have seen it as they collected about the scenes.

Haying shoved them almost out of the tent, the fourth man, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire. One thing is sar tily, which is that we are now houseless, and winter on us, as it is already the beginning of October. The cave would be colder quarters, and the men were raised, and they were pushed out, to say nothing of there being hard ly provision enough there to last us for two weeks.

Not far off stood Inguk, the Esquimaux girl, who had accompanied her people to the shore. Her voice, which had been fixed earnestly upon Nye, and she finally turned and said something to him, was the last heard of her. The exis tence of those of the North were now heard as they collected about the scenes.

"I'm sure they come and live with them. They very sorry we no house, Will try to help," explained Yorke.

"God bless their lit'hy hearts," cried Knuckle.

"They are sartily very kind after the suggi ons we had against 'em some days ago.

Yorke looked a little uneasy.

"Ernstead," he said, "I ain't been very much with you, but I'm going to help you fight them lubbers," said the fourth mate.

Next day Knuckle and Yorke were out hunting for revenge, and one of Equimauy said white men better hate us.

"Go away!" cried Knuckle. "I should like to know where we can go to! No, Yorke, we can't leave the ship, hoping as it is here that Captain Stone will come for us!"

Only one Equimauy says we better go away, remember, leave the place again.

"Which one is it, for the Lord's sake?" cried the fourth mate.

"Okotok—him fat one dare," said the interpreter, indicating the one alluded to with a shake of his head, and a hint of woe in his eyes, as if the baby you give molasses to. Him jealdos of you.

"Jealous?" roared Knuckle.

"Yes, for squaw been berry kind to—"

"What has that to do with it?"

"She like big mouth. Okotok 'rraid she like too much.

Knuckle pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and lit off a good part of it. Then he gave both legs a jerk as if something in Yorke's remark had caused them to "kink."

"Well, we'll have a long breath, there's nothing surprising in your statement, Yorke, after all. The fact seems always to be that the people say that they always will. One thing, however is sure, which is that the power of the black will never may take to me, I'll sartilly never take to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW COMPARES.

Clouds passed over the moon, and snow began to fall as the sailors walked with the Es quimaux toward their village.

On reaching it, the party was divided and sent to different huts. Okotok and Inguk were to have Knuckle domesticated in the one the farthest removed from the dominion of the chief. There was his small daughter. Inguk managed things so that Nye should have his quarters in the hut with her, while Yorke and Hunter were placed in a kind of adjoining.

Inguk spread out one of her own fur coats for Nye to lie upon, and covered him warmly and comfortably with some bear and fox skins.

After a few hours, and when her father her mother and the little round baby had also dropped off, the girl long sat up, silently watching the American beaver.

Meanwhile, Knuckle, in the further hut, was having a tow of an old Indian with a large full beard. A slenderly, round and round and round in a wadding of warm skins, lay on one side of him, smoking a huge pipe, and on his side, was her son, an enormous youth weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

"I don't object to lie in a natural way," thought Knuckle, "but when I'm squeezed in between two of them, I'm just out of my fill of blubber, things is different. These critters have sea-room enough, without jam ming between them, and if I can't have a fellow of it if I'll put up with it?"

So saying Knuckle thrust out an elbow on each side of wet him, and commenced to push each of his bedfellows with it in the small of the back.

The Equimaux are sound sleepers. These two only grunted without awaking as Knuckle pushed them on to his own.

Having shoved them almost out of the tent, the fourth man, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire was soon in a deep slumber.

He was awakened toward morning by a per son, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire.

Having shoved them almost out of the tent, the fourth man, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire was soon in a deep slumber.

He was awakened toward morning by a per son, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire. He was awakened toward morning by a person, who had been sitting near him and tumbled down and caused the fire.

It was a moment when the crew had most time to furnish Knuckle and his party with skins enough for the making of a large tent. Three of the men, who were already at work, were driven into the ground near some of the larger trees, and had been at work on their skins, while the Americans had been busy with the less material.

The sailors embarked in one, and four Equimaux were in each of the others. Yorke and Hunter in the boat in the center of the sailboat, with the horseboat in the rear.

After breakfast the Equimaux were ready to go, and the party was furnished with a large tent. Four of the light boats or kajaks, which were made by taking the whalebone and wooden poles, were driven into the ground near some of the larger trees, and had been at work on their skins, while the Americans had been busy with the less material.

The sailors embarked in one, and four Equimaux were in each of the others. Yorke and Hunter in the boat in the center of the sailboat, with the horseboat in the rear.

At length they entered a bay between rocky licks.

Suddenly the Equimaux stopped paddling,
Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

as the head of a huge walrus was above the water.

With its round eyes, its long teeth, and its
very nature, the appearance of this creature was
weird and peculiar. It uttered a singular noise, bellowing, as it tossed and tossed its
boats.

The next moment the heads of many other walruses popped up above the surface of the
water.

In hand, an Equiniaux rose in the bow of his boat. He took good aim at one of the
morses, and when the shot was fired, the
boat shot at once with a rapid, swift pace.
At the same time Knuckle also hurled his spear into the water, but while his boat was
the Equiniaux in the remaining boat sent the barbed weapon into the body of a third, so that the three were all fast nearly at one and the same
time.

In an instant down went the walruses, plunging
into the water, and the boats along
into a water-cavern that yawned in one of the
rocks.

Away they went for some minutes with great
speed, while a horrific bellowing rolled through
the cavern astern of the crew.

"What is that?" said Nye.

"It is the walruses," said the other
followers, following their leader.

By this time Charley's eyes had become suffi-
ciently adjusted to see the light in their
humps, and round eyes of about twenty morses,
dashing
foamy, as they came on after the fast boats.

Suddenly the speed of the latter slowed.
Then again, the little boat was up and ready to
monsters, with the harpoons in their
hands, plunging madly about, staining the water with their
blood.

Haul line" roared Knuckle.

Meanwhile the morses astern were fast
coming up. Already they were within a few
foots of the ship.

"Look out for the critters astern, lads, while I see to the one we are fast to. They might run afoul of the boat and capsize it," said the fourth
mate.

Spear in hand, Yonkitt, ready and the two
lads stood ready.

Half a dozen huge bulls, leaping nearly their
lengths from the water, dashed toward the boat.

Yonkitt drove his spear into one, but Nye
and Hasier were not so fortunate. The weapons of both were packed with morose tusks.
The morses, which now hurled themselves on both boats, did not appear to be the least
disturbed by the fact that there was
danger of their upsetting.

Occasionally, when wounded by harpoon or lance, they would turn and show fight, but this is not the case. It is usually the rushing, the leaping, and the
bellowing of the walruses, in their efforts to
escape, that endangers the fast boat. As a
general rule, women beings are near it, the creature will plunge out of sight or swim
away from them; but when one of their
companions is fastened to, or has been slain, the
danger will hover about the dead body, in spite of the vigorous struggles of any number of their foes, it is truly
remarkable.

In an instant the walrus which was fastened
to, started ahead, dragged Knuckle's boat away
from the others, then, with a roar as loud as that of a lion, plunged under the water.

"Gone!" said Nye.

We had only a few seconds to see and examine Yonkitt, shaking the
spray from his coal black hair.

On went the boat with greater swiftness. It was
the extreme of the rocky
arch, where the walls on each side were not more than ten feet apart, and where the
water was too deep for the walruses to
reach the surface again, and again Knuckle's spear whistled through the air.

"Look!" cried Yonkitt, pointing upward, on
both sides of the cavern.

Charley looked up, to behold a spectacular

It seemed to him that more than fifty of the
demon-like sea-morses, were collected on each side of the
cavern.

There, by the light, on the rocky, projecting
shelves above the very heads of the crew, was a form as large as those of bulls, with their
barbed tusks. Knuckle sprinted across the rocks
and raised his spear. Yonkitt was concealed in the dim light.

"Yonkitt! lively lad, lively!" yelled
Knuckle.

The crew obeyed, slowly towing the dead
walrus away.

The bellowing of the morses was now become
terrific.

Peered from the rocky ledges with
fierce, flaming eyes, at the boat, thrashing the
water with their tails.

It was a perilous gantlet for that boat's crew to
run, for they expected every moment that
the morses would leap upon the monster
side of them in the narrow passage they were
threading.

"Steady—lads—steady but swift is the word!" BIOS Knuckle, sternly, as his eye caught it all.

The sight of their dead friend seemed to work
the morses up to a pitch of fury.

All at once one of the morses, dropped the
boat, but as the passage here was a little
wider than further beyond, the animal missed the
boat, and struck the water. This was a signal for
the others, and, for several minutes, the
whole body of the morses was bounding and raging about the
light craft!

Only for an instant could Knuckle and his
companions remain upon their ship, and
creatures disappeared in this vortex of white
tusks, glaring eyes and
plunging bodies.

The excitement of all the
animals, catching on the inside of the light boat
occupied by the crew. As the morses now
found themselves, the moment they rose
from the surface, up to their waist in the shallow water, growing, standing in
the very midst of the bellowing herd of
morses, Henmed in as they were by the
walruses, their situation was in a position to
risk their lives. There was danger every moment that they
could be attacked by the
enemies. Expecting the heads or the tusks of these monsters in
violent commotion around them.

"Now, lads, let me know of the length
noticing a cleared space between the animals and the rocks and the bank of one of the cavern walls. Now, lads, follow me along this.

"What has become of our boat?" cried
Hasier.

"The Lord only knows; it is probably torn
to pieces by the tusks of them critters by this" times," answered Knuckle.

A minute later the four, their teeth chattering
with the cold, were climbing out of the
water up upon a ledge.

All were soon out except Nye, whose foot had became fastened to the waist. He went over sideways, and, unfortunately, at the same moment, a huge walrus plunged past the
spot where he stood.

Hasier stretched out his hand to help the
crew up, when, to his horror, he beheld one of the tusks of the walrus in his own
open jacket, the cloth of which it pierced!

As the monster was coming on, Charley
was jerked from the grasp of his friend and
borne along by the uncouth creature, which,
however, seemed to make wild efforts to
disengage its task from its unwelcome burden.

There was a cry of dismay from the three
men, as Charley tried to keep up on the
rocks with the animal which was thus
dragging off the boat of his friends.

Meanwhile Charley, in his attempts to free
himself from the huge sea-morse, had twisted his body in such a way that
lay on his side partly over the back of the monster.

His pursuing friends were within seven
foots of him, but they saw the walrus about to
descend with him through a large water
hole in the side of the river.

"Avast, there, avast!" yelled Knuckle.

"God help the lad! that infernal morsie is going to drag him down through that hole under water!"

Hasier raised the spear he still held, but
Knuckle checked it, and waved it and waved it to and fro.

"You're out of your head, man!" cried Hasier.

There was a look of Yonkitt's eyes.

With one hand he dashed the wet black hair
from his eyes. Then his long spear was raised
directly.

"Avast! You'll kill the boy!" cried Knuckle.

But even as he spoke, a half smile curled the
lip of the young Equiniaux, and his barbed
gun was flinging whistling from his hand. With
unerring precision, the sea-morse was
allowed to descend through the water until
Charley's neck, struck the life-spot it had been aimed at, and striking deep into the
vital organs, the animal was about to plunge downward into the water, the current, the tide, the side, stone dead, as if smitten by a thunderbolt.

Charley's life was saved! He disengaged himself
from the tusks of the walrus, and joined
his friends on the rocks.

CHAPTER IX.

A TERRIBLE SIBERIAN FIORD.

By this time a number of the Equiniaux had
collected in the further part of the passage
about the body of the animal which had
pre

The two seaskin boats of the other Equiniaux
unaided after some time to pick up the
faint calls for help. They were glad to help tow the dead walrus.

There the animals were skinned and cut up by
the Equiniaux, the women moving on to
the settlement.

Soon after the arrival of these men with
the skins, many of the tribe were seen running
through the timber, the young Equiniaux and
fat cheeks of some of the women and children,
"/n the
call for help. Yonkitt exclaimed. "Dat der way; sometimes
no one knows how to
account for.

But they were glad to help tow the dead walrus

A few days later, the skins having been dried,
a large and commodious tent was erected on
the site of the encampment. A feast was
spread in honor of the Equiniaux and the
people of the village. Most of the people were
to them, and furnished them with many other useful things. In return for their hospita-

The whole boat had been brought up to that
part where the coast situation was most hazardous, and the
sailors always used this craft, when they
were making for the coast, to cut the salmon with provisions brought from their
cave, were now their principal food, of which they had to be careful not to get

Meanwhile Okotook, whose jealousy of
Knuckle had not abated, still endeavored by
every means in his power, to persuade his
people to send the whites away. He was often
ordered to harangue many of the Equiniaux,
who were gathered around him.

His speech, which had much influence with
these adventurers, was translated by
Yonkitt, to the effect that he had a dream in
which it was revealed to him that misfortune
would befall upon them, upon their departure
the whites to live among them. The loss of their
ship, their boat was the beginning of these unfor-

At length the time drew near when the sail-
ors expected to reach the old
outpost. On an occasional watch was kept by the old
tar from "Looking Rock"—the cliff which has been described to as they were taking the
whites to live among them. They sailed to the

Suddenly Yonkitt laid a hand on the old sailor's
shoulder.

"Look!" he cried, "Injun come!"

As he spoke he pointed toward a small party of
indeed, who were visible in the distance, moving
along toward the settlement.

The sailors crouched among the rocks, and
watching.

Halting when within a handful of yards of
the nuts, one of the savages raised a spear with a bloody hand, and waved it and waved it to and fro.

"What means this, man?" inquired Nye.

"It means," said Yonkitt, "that they want to
speak to Equiniaux.

No, but me no like they speak to Equina-
ich people come.

It was some time before any of the Equiniaux

Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

appeared from the settlement. At last a number of the Esquimaux arrived by the chief man of the tribe, advanced toward the Indians.

And a new party appeared to take place between the two parties. It lasted for some time, not more than two minutes, but was very fierce.

"Can you Skemos and them chaps understand each other?" inquired Knuckle.

"Barques and a little dog," replied Yorkitt.

When the sailors entered the settlement, hours later, they were met by Ayatak, the chief, and Ootook and a number of others. They all met and called out to Yorkitt.

"What does he say?" inquired Knuckle, who began to feel a little uneasy at the stern, gloomy look which the Esquimaux, especially the white men must go way!" answered Knuckle.

"Go away! Where on 'arth are we to go to, at this time, in the winter? I certainly didn't expect this treatment from the Skemos."

"Him say must go," repeated Yorkitt.

"Why, blast um! What has changed 'em so suddenly?" cried Knuckle. "May I be skinned for a walrus, if I don't 'livery them Ribas has had somethin' to do with it!"

"Me tink so, too," said Yorkitt, "but Ayatak say no.

"An' a infernal lie!" cried Knuckle. "The Injuns have threatened 'em, and if my suspicion is correct, they are going to give us up to them!"

"Me ask if not so, and they say no,\) remarked Yorkitt.

Meanwhile some of the Esquimaux were busily preparing one of the sledges, as if for a long journey—laden with the clattering of tongs, with which was blended the yelling of the dogs. The Esquimaux were being harassed by our sleigh, made such a din as the sealmen had never before heard in the settlement. It appeared as if a portion of the Esquimaux were exasperating with many of the others.

While this was going on, the sailors were closeted with Ootook and a number of his people.

"We'll be better off and make for our cave, whispered Knuckle to the boys. They endeavored to push through the crowd, but the wind tangled their way.

"Come, give us sea-room there!" cried the old fowler.

"They not let us go," said Yorkitt. "They say gettimg sledge ready for us!"

"They say we have to do with that!"

"They say we must make long journey. Are going to send us to Russian settlement, where we there already friends."

"I don't believe um. They are going to give us up to the Indians."

As the old tar spoke many of the Esquimaux closed round them. They threw themselves upon them, set their teeth and twisted the handles of their snow shovels, threatening them with their staves and sticks. The old fowler fastened to the sledge to serve as a truce. One dog, larger than the others, was placed ahead as a leader.

The sleigh, about twelve feet long, was very low, with six or seven sofas extending cross ways, and the runners were curved and sharply pointed at the ends.

All except Yorkitt were now seized and thrust into the back part of the sleigh.

It was evident that some of the Esquimaux, among whom was the wife of Ootook, objected to the whites being taken off. These persons expostulated with the rest, but Ayatak said something to them in a loud, angry voice, which appeared to quiet them.

A large, fat Esquimaux, whose name was unknown, was seated opposite to the front of the sledge, and seated himself with his legs hanging over one side of the vehicle. This was the same one who had had the hand made of whalebone, about sixteen inches long, having a lash not less than thirty feet in length. Another had a whalebone with a long knife, also entered the sledge, evidently to keep watch over Knuckle and his two young shipmates.

Soon after, a couple of Esquimaux appeared from behind one of the hats, carrying a small kajak, or boat, in which were numbers of furs and seaskins.

"What, in the name of the eternal codfish, is that fellow doing?" asked Yorkitt. "Are these fellows going to give us a sail in addition to other pleasures they have in store for us?"

"Boat for the Injuns, me tink," said Yorkitt, who stood near the sleigh. "'Praps Injuns tell Esquimaux must give 'em a boat, as well as oodles of things."

"Why, what infernal cowards they are, to agree to anything without a fight?"

"Many Injuns and few Esquimaux," said Yorkitt. "If plenty Esquimaux, dem not afraid.

"You are perfectly welcome to stand up for yourselves or for the people. I think it a fourth mather, but I don't agree with you, for all that."

The kajak was placed upon the back part of the sleigh, about the middle of the scene with things.

Then the driver, flourishing his long whip, but scarcely touching the dogs with it, uttered a few words which the intelligent animals seemed to understand at once, for they started off at brisk trot.

"Ay, ay, here we are, off for 'kromin come on this side. Knuckle, as the sleigh glided smoothly and swiftly along over the hard crust of the frozen snow.

On went the vehicle, and soon the Esquimaux village was left far behind.

"That is all the Indian encampment," said Hasler, pointing far ahead, where a thin column of smoke rose in the air.

"Ay, ay, and away we go," said Knuckle.

"We will soon be prisoners among these infernal Ribas."

"Is there no way that we can escape?" asked Nye. "It appears to me that our chances are much in favor of a successful escape, especially as we have not the use of our hands to unite them," said Hasler.

The sleigh was now passing through a pine forest.

The cold wind whistled drearily through the branches, and the pelting sleet was frightening sound.

As the sleigh finally emerged from the woods, the occupants of the sledge saw the smoke of the Indian encampment, not more than two miles off. They also fancied they could discern a number of persons in front of them, and, as the drivers were faced with the prostrating sleigh.

Then are the Ribas, I think," said Knuckle.

The Lord help us, lad! I am afraid we are in for it. It was a sorry day for us when we came on this."

Just then the sleigh descended into a sort of hollow, which temporarily hid the smoke and the forms of the Indians.

The Esquimaux guard was at that moment conversing with the three Esquimaux who had white faces with their eyes carelessly turned on the kajak, which in the back part of the sleigh, almost touched the sides, and the handles of their snow shovels, which held the glass and the ankles of the drivers, had not yet come aware of the escape.

The three Esquimaux drivers followed Ingulk, who now took a direction parallel with the line of rocks. Soon after, she turned off toward the woods, and behind a tree, and motioned to her companions to do the same.

Loud cries were heard in the direction the sleigh had taken, as if from the Esquimaux, who had disdained the left, or from the missing. These cries, however, were succeeded by whoops and yells. Then "Who's the Skemos?" said Knuckle.

"They are the Injuns!"

Ingulk motioned them to head to foot, and hide her face with both hands.

Yes, they must be the Indians," said Nye. "We have discovered our escape!"

Again Ingulk started forward, flinging over the frozen snow with the speed of a deer. As he ran, he did not look around, but was lost in the leap of the dogs attached to the sleigh.

Ingulk paused and listened.

"We will be over taken!"

The kajak had been placed on the left, and he is steering for this bank, and you will see no reason to be afraid of him," said Hasler.

What's the use?" said Knuckle. "That Esquimaux must have sighted us, and he is steering for the bank. It will not be long before you will see no reason to be afraid of him."

Ingulk muttered a few words for fear of his cry to reach, that he and the boys compelled. Sourdard had they done so, when emerging rough, still watching half a dozen savages, armed with spears, bows and arrows. They came to a halt, and, standing with their blacke streaming from their shoulders, they took a keen survey of the country before them. Then they moved along the base of the rocks, peering into the rifts and hollows.

They are looking for us," said Nye. "And if we see them, I'm only going they'll soon spy us out," said Knuckle.

The Esquimaux spoke several words, and they started forward, walking straight toward the hollow in which the fugitives were concealed.

At that moment the old tar, holding out his hand toward Ingulk, "Them infernal Ribas shan't take us without some sort of resistance."

But Ingulk shook her head. Her gaze was fixed on the southwest, and in a moment, rapidly approaching, was now within twenty yards of the hollow.

At the same moment there was a simultaneous yell from three Indians, as they raised their bows.

It's all up with us—we are lost! They see us," cried Hasler.

The Indians, with a shout which the whites knew they could not equal, should take to their heels.

There he was, too, with the sleigh, with its driver, darting toward the hollow with the speed of the wind.

At the same time the sled was within about thirty yards of the hollow.

The whole party of Esquimaux and the boys, the driver did not look toward it, but kept his gale, even in front of the drivers, and as he passed on its present course, must pass within several yards of the fugitives.

A simultaneous cry escaped the sailors as they now saw them at the speaker.

Seated bolt upright, as already stated, the Esquimaux was still and motionless, his features rigid, his eyes closed and fixed.

HE WAS DEAD STATION.

CHAPTER X.

THE HUNTED SAILORS.

The unfortunate Ayatak was killed by the Indians, with the barbarous cruelty peculiar to their race, by thrusting a spear through his body, arranged the weapon so that it would keep his form upright after death. When he was killed, the corpse would be carried by the dogs attached to the sleigh and used, like the body of the old man, as a trap to alarm the enemies—the Esquimaux. Probably the Indians had received orders from their chiefs to depart from them so soon. The animals had evidently broken from them and run off before they could stop them.

Ingulk motioning to her companions to imitate her example, now sprang into the sleigh.
Knuckle and the boys followed her, and seizing the reins, the girl shouted to the faithful dogs that they were to walk to a place where she would send them off at a swift gallop.

A high andision of a shower of buzziking arrows, leaving the Indians following in the rear. The vehicle gliding over the snow at a great rate. The savages were so far behind that their arrows fell harmlessly.

"Well, now," said Knuckle, "this is what I call a neat little craft. Whales and flying fish! truly manly managed, in well, get us out of the breakers!"

"Ay, she is a good and noble girl," said Nye.

"A brave one, too!" said Hasler.

"A fine girl," said Knuckle. "See how cool she is, standing there by the dead man, minding him no more than if he was a statuary of iron."

Looking behind them, they now perceived that the Indians had halted. They had given up the pursuit and were holding a consultation.

Soon they were hidden from the view of the occupants of the sleigh by rocks, around which the vehicle had passed.

Ingluk drove on some distance further, when she suddenly stopped the dogs.

The whites could hear the murmuring of voices, and they knew that a party of the Equinoxans was coming from their retreat.

The girl sprang from the sleigh, motioning her companion to remain below.

She guided them to a mass of rocks and pointed to a hollow or small cavern, as an intimation of her intention.

They did so, when Ingluk pushed down a pile of stones, opening the opening, thus partly closing the entrance.

The girl then left them, and, returning to the sleigh, said:

"Well, lads," said Knuckle, "here we are, and I suppose it's for the best, though these are serious old ladies, and we have nothing to eat."

"Ingluk will probably return and bring us a dinner," said Hasler.

"Ay, ay, we must wait for the last, at any rate," said Nye, "we don't know where we got it from our kennel until after she comes, lest we get trapped again by the Skeeemow.

As the days passed from the middle of October, the nights in this northern clime were much shorter than they had been two months previous.

Night soon closed about the party, and the interior of the little cavern was very dark.

Suddenly the three heard a light step on the snow. The block of ice was pushed aside, and the entrance described. They had brought the sailors some deer's meat and also some food for the young which would serve to make them warm and comfortable.

"How long do you expect us to stay here, lass?" inquired the boy, not accounting that the girl could not understand him.

She asked the name of a man was thrust through the entrance.

"Yonkitt, if I don't mistake," said Knuckle.

"Ingluk," said Nye.

"Are you at liberty?" said Nye.

"Yes; Ingluk took off ropes from feet and hands. We come to be with you," as he spoke, he entered the cave.

And glad enough we are to see you," said Hasler.

"Me glad you escape, too, Ingluk tells me all. But must keep berry close. Equinoxans not no believe what Ingluk tells them. Den a hall for you; den you suspect you escape. Day look now for same."

"Why do they not believe the girl?" said Hasler.

"It's the git on high rock to watch for sleigh. Him think he see you in sleigh when it commin'," said the "babykins," cried Knuckle, "that is sartly bad.

"Dry hunt for you all night. In morning day dry and dry leaf, too. Den we want you. Den we a hall for you to go see. Perhaps we can den get to cave in Lookout Rock.

Ingluk pushed the ice-block over the entrance of the hollow and departed.

The three then spread their meal, after which they rolled themselves in the fur-skins. They endeavored to keep awake, but as they had toiled very little, they soon fell into a deep slumber.

The first to open his eyes was Hasler. He had been awakened by the feeling that he now saw a pair of sharp, bright eyes glaring at him through the crevice between the ice-blocks and the top of the cave entrance.

He comprehended at once that one of the Equinoxans had dressed the hiding-place of the party.

He aroused his companions, who were already half-way awake.

As he did so, steps were heard. There was the gleam of a torch, the ice-block was pushed aside, and the savages behind them, with fire and knives, advanced, with the Equinoxans, with Okotook among them.

"Ay, that infernal dog has betrayed us!" cried Knuckle.

The Equinoxans threw themselves upon the party and struck with their knives. The prisoners were conducted to the village and placed in their tent, with men stationed around it to guard them. The savages then removed in a sitting position, with the face toward the sea.

Not far distant from the angelic (magick man) or chief of the tribe, apparently directing the movements of the mourners, for he would now raise his hand his arms, as if to speak to them in a loud voice.

Finally the men began to move round the corpse, each raising his arms, as if by the skirt of his bear or seal-skin robe, and patting the ground with his feet, at the same time uttering a dismal guttural chant, while the women collected by themselves kept time by giving a sort of up and down movement to their bodies.

"Bliss my eyes!" cried Knuckle. "It is sartly a mournful spectacle, especially the dance."

"Yes," said Yonkitt. "Call weepin' meetin'. Grieve much—bery heavy."

"Ay, ay, with all due respect to your customs, it is a heavy consarn, seemin' as your yimmen ain't particular light on their pickin'. But to be plucky, grief is grief, even in a sea-phantom, and I feel sorry for 'em all."

At last, at a signal from the mahuok, the mourners stood again, the Equinoxans raised the body, and with all the others following in procession, the prisoners being led along after the men, they moved off to a spot where there was a small hollow in the ground. As they came to a sitting posture, after which the hunting-speare, lance and knife, which had been used by the deceased when he was killed, was placed in a heap of stones, which had previously been brought with it, plugging up in a conical form about the hollow, until the body was completely closed. This ended the funeral, and all the people returned to the village, where instant preparations were made for departure.

While these were going on, the sailors were making their way back to the village from which they had been brought to the village. They were made to enter the cavern, after which, their ankles and wrists were fastened to the ground, their arms were bound hand and foot. But, the Equinoxans, who were already on their way, said "Dey no wun want to kill. But den leave us for Injun, they find—dem Injun no go after Equinoxans," said Yonkitt.

"Eternal bullsh" said Knuckle, "I didn't think your people were so mean, Yonkitt."

"Noo," said Yonkitt, "we want us shut in cave. Say leave us free. But Okotook and Ayakick think be die way."

The Equinoxans departed, leaving the party seated, cold and hungry, in the hollow. Suddenly footsteps were heard in the cavern.

Peering cautiously out, the whites beheld a large party of the fierce Dog-ribs moving along the path by a short distance from where the village had been.

Fearing they would be discovered, the sailors drew back and listened. At length footsteps were again heard, this time approaching. Here they remained the first expected every moment to see the savages enter.

"Steps drew nearer; a form appeared!"

It was not an enemy, it was the Equinoxans girl, Ingluk, who entered, with her knife and talking to the others about the ruins and allies of the party.

"You, you, lass!" cried Knuckle. "Oh, you surely are our good friend! I wish you had brought a chunk of meat with you!"

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE ICE!

Yonkitt spoke to the girl, and told the whites what had happened.

She stated that, watching her opportunity, after her people left the village, she had come and stood beside the big fire, and glided off to the place where the sailors were confined. She had found no opportunity to speak to them, but at last she managed to free them from the cavern.

She detected the approaching Indians, and had to conceal herself for some time or she could continue on her way. At last she found they were to set out for the coast, and she could not continue, and they were determined to destroy the whites.

Ingluk added, in conclusion, that she would not go back to her people until she was sure the whites were safe.

"Where will you go now—to the Lookout Rock," she asked us?

When Yonkitt translated this to her, she looked at Nye, and tears rose in her eyes.

They were past the middle of October, the days in this northerly clime were much shorter than they had been two months previous.

"Yes, Ingluk," said Knuckle, "Call weepin' meetin'. Grieve much—bery heavy."

"Ay, ay, with all due respect to your customs, it is a heavy consarn, seemin' as your yimmen ain't particular light on their pickin'. But to be plucky, grief is grief, even in a sea-phantom, and I feel sorry for 'em all."

"Barry Cupid!" he whispered. "Can't you go back to the ship to save the others?

That last has fallen in love with Nye!"

"I had a suspicion of it once, but somehow I forgot it.

I am afraid of it, and I don't fancy the result.

Apparently unconcerned of the wistful looks of the Equinoxans, he took his boat out of his pocket a small diary, having a red morocco cover, and which, through all his trials, he had always kept him.

In this book the boy had jotted down notes of his adventures ever since leaving home. Now, as with his pencil he proceeded to sketch recent events, the eyes of Ingluk lighted up with admiration and something of wonder.

It was evident that the bright red cover of the book had pleased and excited the fancy of this simple child of the North.

"We are now in a perfunctory situation," wrote the Equinoxans girl in her diary. "We have largely provisions enough in the ship's provisions to last us. The Equinoxans will probably attack us there. If so, we shall die with our boots on. We have been taken from us by the Equinoxans, we will not long depend on any resources that we have, and the consequences may be serious, and we are in a tight rubber case.

Just then Ingluk said something to Yonkitt, and pointed to the book.

"What does she say?" inquired Nye, as he looked.

"She want to know what you make marks for?" answered the Equinoxans girl.

The boy requested Yonkitt to tell the girl that he wrote in the book about everything that had happened. He asked her to read it, then, through the interpreter. Ingluk asked Yonkitt if the white people would not "put everything that is in his head," and get a book that pretty book.

She was a very intelligent girl; then she frankly extended her hand to her diary.

"Yes," she said, "you can have it. If I ever get a chance to see my ship, I can remember these.
Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

Don't crow before the pot 'billes,' said Knuckle; "we haven't seen the last of them Billies.

Keeping a vigilant lookout, the three remained at their post, but hours passed, and still there was no sign of the Indians.

A deep silence, broken only by the voices of the fishing Indians, reigned around the man. When Knuckle ascended the rock behind the cave and looked about him, it was all dark, but he could have seen the outlines of forms had there been any in the range of his vision.

The three were then remaining watched at their post.

"Don't crow before the pot 'billes,'" said Knuckle; "we haven't seen the last of them Billies."

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"Don't crow before the pot 'billes,'" said Knuckle; "we haven't seen the last of them Billies.

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Old Tar Knuckle and His Boy Chums.

Old Tar Knuckle and his boy Chums. The story takes place in a small coastal town where the main character, Old Tar Knuckle, and his young companion, Chums, are involved in一系列冒险故事。某天，他们决定出海探险。在出发前，他们准备了一些必要的装备，包括穿过一层薄雾，踏上一段未知的旅程。经过一番努力，他们最终抵达了目的地，发现了一片新的区域。主人公们对这次旅行感到非常兴奋，他们决定在这儿定居，开创属于自己的新生活。
from the ice, and in a short time the three rescued could make their way to the ship warming themselves by the fire and partaking of refreshments.

Knuckles' wound in the arm was not a serious one, but the ship's doctor said it would render him unfit for duty for some time. He also informed Hasler that his wounded leg was not long troubling, now that he was where it could be properly dressed.

After he had finished his meal, Nye went on deck.

The men were now squaring away, as the ship was headed southward. Nye watched with alertness, for her seafaring boat was still at his side. She had been put back on deck, and with the help of the men gave him a hand up to the shrouds.

"Go steady!" Nye called to the helmsman, and then proceeded to go below to attend to his own affairs.

"Nye, will you come with me?" asked Capt. Knuckles.

"Yes, sir," replied Nye.

They then stepped into the cabin, and soon after Capt. Knuckles left the room.

And now Nye rumbled his last charge into the gun.

The exciting scenes were witnessed by many of the sailors in the vicinity, and in another moment a dozen of these ready weapons would have been fired at armed men, emerging from the mist on the right, not thirty feet distant. They had evidently just rounded the point, and the open bay held a welcome spectacle—^their own ship, the Rebecca, in the background, and the schooner which had hitherto screened her from sight.

The remaining Indians turned and fled toward the southeast, and one used a boat, the three whites were safe at last.

The boats which had come to their rescue were directed alongside the ship, and a glistening form sprang out with Captain Stone on the ice. In a moment he had run forward to the boat caught among the bergs.

She gave a cry of delight on seeing Nye; then she handed to him a little red-covered note-book she had given her.

"You keep it," said the youth.

She took hold of his hand, although not his words. He blushed, trembled, and smiled, although a flame replaced it in his eye.

"To that girl," said Captain Stone, as he shook hands with the three occupants of the boat. "Welcome to the Rebecca. She is one of our two days ago, far away from here, in a little seakeen boat, and put in my hand the note-book you see, which appeared to be of your danger. She must have searched long for us, and then went to sea, and followed when she reached the ship. But for her coming, I should have continued cruising before going to pick up the man who was the only one in the world who I supposed you were comfortable and had plenty of provender left."

"She is the girl, isn't she?" cried Knuckles.

"What hardships she must have suffered,等工作 and privations. She is a noble girl, and to her we sall owe our lives!"

Nye understood why she wanted me to give her the note-book," added Nye. "She could not speak English, and she had learned from her master, and now she was on deck.

Do not make any trouble, the ship is going to make a long voyage."

The crowd of passengers, consisting of twenty-two persons, went down towards the ship. The crew tried to work extricating the boat.
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