

Drifted Out to Sea.

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We found at least seventy-five men ahead of us. They were seated around the numerous patches of open water between the floes. By the middle of the afternoon, most of these hunters had killed their seals, and had started to drag them home, a distance of eight or nine miles. We were less successful. We missed the few seals we saw, because in coming up to blow, they only exposed the tips of their noses and eyes. Throughout the day we kept working southward, when changing our position, so as not to drift into the Arctic.

Not wishing to return home without a seal, I lingered behind, hoping to get one. But hearing the danger call, Koo-ook! Koo-ook! Koo-ook! given by some one who had reached the shore ice, I knew the wind had changed and I would have to run for my life. I was too late. When I arrived, I found a channel of water, and slush ice, one hundred yards wide, between me and my brother, who was standing on the shore ice. The wind was increasing, and the channel was widening every minute. I hastily put on my snow-shoes, and made two attempts to cross. But each time I got into the water up to my waist.

Darkness coming on, I gave up all hope of being able to cross. I called to my brother and told him I was a little wet. I pulled off my boots, poured the water out of them, wrung the water from my deer sox, and the bottom of my seal pants, and then put my shoes on again. The change made my feet very cold, and it kept me kicking them together all night, to keep them from freezing. I made a little snow shelter, but did not dare to remain still in it very long at a time. During the night I ate almost all my dried apples. I slept none.

When daylight came, I hardly knew which way to go. The weather was thick. But from a slight brightness in the sky, where I thought the sun ought to be, I concluded the wind was still from the east, and so I decided to find my way to the Diomedes Islands. I put on my snow-shoes, and started in a south-east direction. About 10 o'clock, the peak back of the Cape was visible a few minutes, so I knew the wind was still in the east, and as long as it continued from that direction, it would be a safe guide for me. During the night I had drifted north west from the Cape. The ice was quite level. I walked fast, and sometimes ran. At about noon I had finished my dried apples. I looked all day to see the islands, but the fog never lifted enough for me to get a glimpse of them. I travelled as long as I could see. I had a miserable night of it. My clothing was still wet. I slept none. When day-light came, I started off in a south easterly direction again. About noon the fog lifted, so that I could see the base of the islands directly west of me, so I changed my course accordingly. After I had gone a short distance on my new course, I saw a Polar bear and her cub. They were lying on the ice, near some open water. My course brought me within 200 yards of them. But I was too anxious to reach land to think of stopping to shoot them. Just after I had passed them, they plunged into the water, and disappeared.

During the afternoon of this second day, I felt very lonely and down hearted. I was so weak by this time, that I had to walk very slow, and rest often. Once while resting, by prostrating myself on the ice, I felt that I had no strength to go on, and must give up and die where I was lying. But a voice seemed to say to me, Kih! Kih! Kih! (go ahead.) I obeyed, and did not stop until I had reached the shore-ice of the "Small Diomedes."

As I stepped from the drifting ice-field, to the solid shore-ice, I felt that I was saved. I found a sheltered place, under a projecting rock, and passed the night as I had the two previous ones, only it seemed much longer, and colder. The creaking, and groaning of the drifting ice-floes, grinding against the shore-ice, sounded good to me, because it

constantly reminded me, that I was on immovable ice.

Daylight came at last. I started to go around the northern end of the island to the village, which I thought was about three miles away. But I soon discovered that all the shore-ice on this end of the island had gone out. The shore was too steep to climb, so I had to retrace my steps, and try to reach the village by going around the south-east end of the island, a distance of about 8 miles. Fortunately, I found a little shore-ice all the way around. But it was so rough, that it took me all day to reach the village. My feet bothered me in walking. I had slightly frozen the bottom of all my toes, during the night.

Just as I arrived at the village, a woman on top of one of the houses saw me, and shouted down through the sky-windows, "Neta-ite has come." The people all rushed out of their houses to give me a welcome, and hear the news from the main-land. But when they discovered my condition, they lost no time in taking me into the Kosge, and placed a dish of boiled walrus meat before me. They then made me some tea, and "Muk-powruks," (doughnuts fried in seal oil). With the exception of the dried apples, this was the first food I had tasted, since the supper I ate at home, ninety six hours before.

After three weeks of feasting here, Sam, Chief of the Big Diomedes Island, sent a sled to haul me to his settlement. I spent a very pleasant week with them. Every family insisted on feasting me to the best they had in store.

After I returned to the Small Diomedes, I arranged with a friend of mine, to go home with me as soon as the ice was favorable. To my great joy, the wind began to blow from the north-west. In a few days the ice was packed into the strait, between the islands, and the Cape. On the morning of March 8, we started, and reached the Cape a little after dark."

GONE IN QUEST OF A WIFE.

Ow-sook failed to return home from seal hunting, one day in March. It is supposed that he went to the islands, in quest of a wife.

Miss Ok-zi-ya, an island belle, who had been wintering here, and whom he had courted unsuccessfully for several months, had gone home, a few days previous to Ow-sook's departure, with two relatives, who were returning to the island. It is thought that she fled to her island home, to avoid further attentions from her Cape lover, but that this new proof of his affection for her, will bring about a successful termination of his winter's courtship.

HOARDS OLD WALRUS IVORY.

Toc-nuk, of Im-ang-nok, (35 miles up the coast,) came to town a few days ago, with ten walrus tusks to trade. They weighed about 75 pounds, and represented the accumulation of eight years of "beach-combing." He failed to make a deal with the oo-ma-likes (traders) here, and hauled them back home. This summer's storms may throw up more Se-loo (dead walrus), and add a few more tusks to his hoard.



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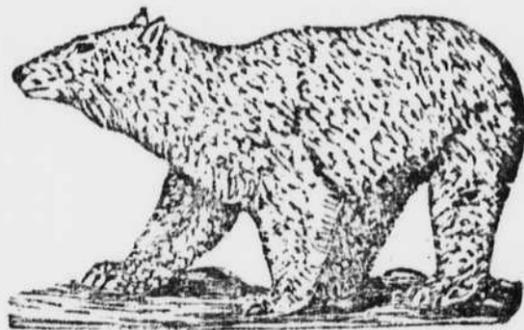
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LOST — Jade Labret. Return to Pe-suk-too-uk.

LOST — Ivory Ear-Rings with Blue Sets. Rings connected by five strands of red, white, and blue beads. Return to K, in care of the Bulletin.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE — Oo-me-aks. All sizes, 20 to 40 feet long, — Give me your order, a year before you want your boat. Ma-lig-zro-uk.

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FOR SALE — Pokes for pneumatic bob-sled runners. They are just what you need for hauling your boats over the rough ice.

Ah-mok-a-wan-at, and Father.