

will answer at once. It is all very simple and easy and much better than a lot of Percys and Harolds whose names don't mean anything at all.

Just at this moment Cunayou was snoring. He always snored when he was not grinning. It was not an ordinary twelve-year-old snore. Of course you know that snores have ages just like people, and after a little experience you can come pretty near guessing a person's age by the way he snores. This was an insulting kind of thing that began with a saucy, soft, wet, little gurgle, went on into something like a flute, and finished with a ptarmigan whistle. Keleepeles paid no attention to it. He had heard it for so long that he hardly heard it at all ; what seemed curious was that he heard no snore from his father, Aivick. He looked about the igloo. Neither his father nor his mother was there.

Just a word more about snoring. Some people think that the principal thing about the Arctic Circle is the midnight sun. Others think about seals or polar bears or caribou, or