



A TYPICAL ESKIMO HEAD.

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[This man is dressed in skins and fur in the usual fashion, and wears "tootucks" through his lips. He has lost one eye—a strikingly common disfigurement among these tribes.]

the dying fire. He had died during the night.

#### AN ARCTIC CHRISTMAS MORNING

The morning was cold and calm, not a breath of air stirring. The moon had lowered and was paler. The sky shaded from a light blue to a deep, dark purple at the horizon. A beautiful aurora swayed its great ribbonlike folds gracefully above us as if stirred by a breeze; then tied itself to the

invisible handle of a brilliant, fan-shaped electrical display that just tipped the purple of the north, as if in preparation for the festivities of the season. There was a breathless hush over all. Even the dogs' harness bells were clogged with frost and completely muffled. There was not the howl of a wolf, the hoot of an owl, the twitter of a bird, or even the breaking of a twig. The soft swish, swish of my Loucheux snowshoes intensified rather than broke the silence.