

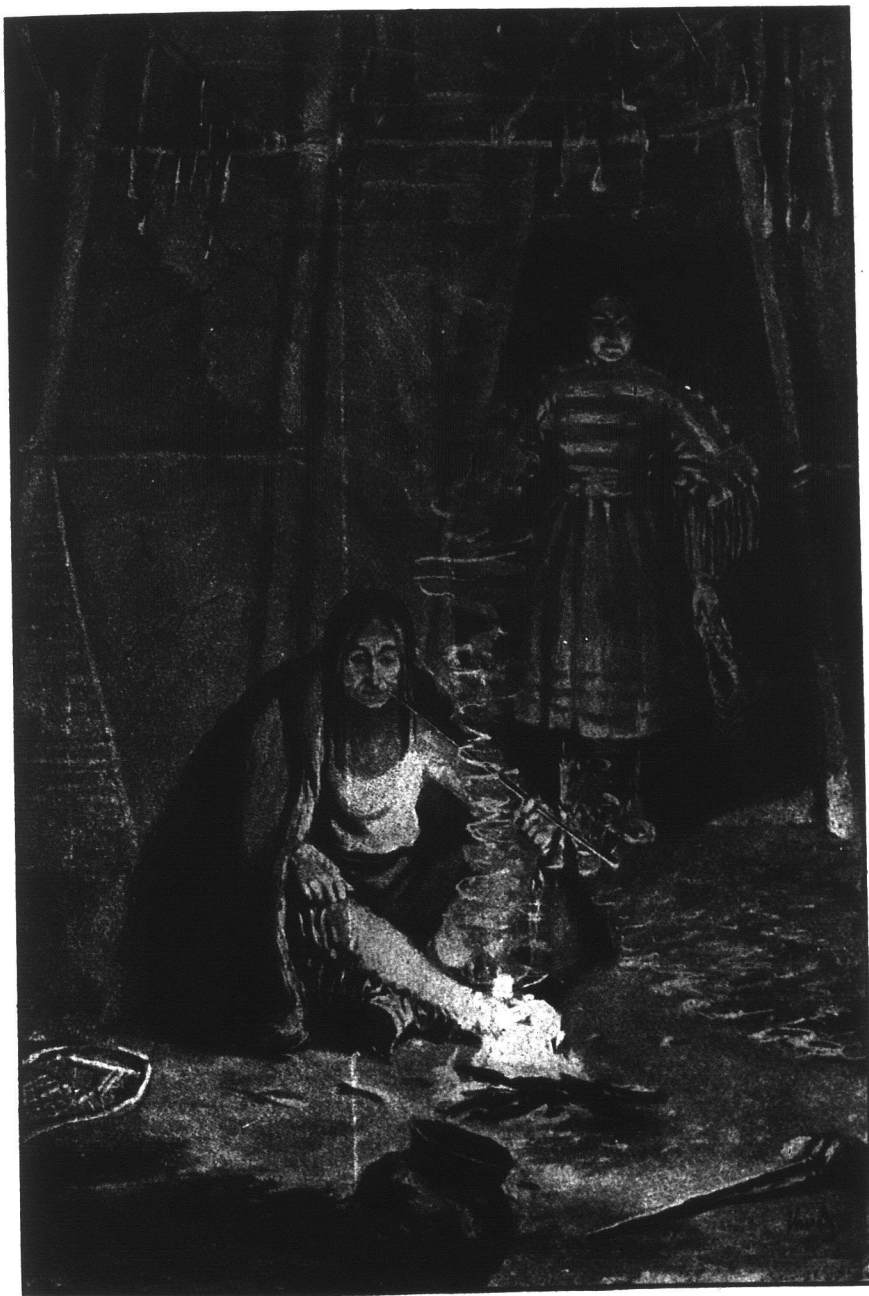
out on the lakes, necessitating a weary cold tramp, often in freezing fog or against biting winds. Ateachili, whose back had very soon got better after the departure of the hunters, would do for Gloona this woman's work, and in many other ways make her life (for an Indian woman) one of comparative ease; and when in the evening, after Ateachili's deaf old mother was asleep, they would talk together, he was ever mysteriously hinting at "bad medicine." That was on Zinto's lodge, and expressed his willingness to aid Gloona if she needed it, till her superstitious Indian nature wrought in her the belief that trouble was before her.

Shorter and shorter grew the days, lower and lower to the south sank the midday sun, and presently furious snowstorms, thick fogs and howling gales announced that the month of the big wind was at hand. And when the moon was two weeks passed the crescent shape she had been when the hunters departed, which is six weeks of time, sleigh-bells were heard on the frosty air, and half the musk ox hunters, among whom was Zinto, trailed slowly, wearily into camp. Zinto and three more Indians with their dog-trains had, it transpired, separated from the others while far out in the

Though Zinto ran as he had never run before, the thing was behind him till he reached the camp, yet when he shouted to his comrades and they came out, they saw nothing. He could not describe the thing and did not seem sure whether it had two legs or four, but its size grew with each telling till it assumed gigantic proportions.

Now all through the North there is a story believed, of the presence of an evil spirit called, "The Enemy." No one who has seen it can ever describe it, and very few see it and live to tell the tale, while ill-luck and misfortune must dog the steps of whoever has once seen this thing, till it chooses to withdraw its evil influence.

Gloona did not say much, but she was quite certain in her mind that Zinto had seen The Enemy; and when some few days later the rest of the musk-ox hunters returned and announced that they had made a good hunt, and showed their loaded dog-trains and well-fed dogs, Gloona was more than ever sure that Ateachili was right when he told her that bad medicine was on Zinto's lodge. Then remembering her childless marriage, she wept bitterly, for she loved Zinto well. Christmas came, and Zinto and his



"ZINTO WAS CONTENTED."

musk-ox country, and their hunt had been a failure. Of the twelve good dogs belonging to them, only six staggering shadows answered the feeding call, and weakly fought for the scanty portion of food allotted to them; only one beggarly musk-ox robe apiece would each of the four lodges have to trade at Christmas. "Yes," said Gloona to herself, that night, "I feared that bad medicine was on the lodge. Did not a 'karchough' (an Artic hare) that I had placed securely on the cross-poles fall into the fire and the fur burn before I could save it?"

From Zinto she heard a terrible story next day. After the party had separated, Zinto left the line of march, as usual to look for musk-ox sign; he walked far and fast, and at dark found himself yet some way from the place agreed on to camp. While crossing a little lake, he had happened to look back and perceived against the sky-line a large and shadowy thing following in his line of march.

companions went to the fort, as had always been the custom, for the Jour de l'An; but it was only the necessities, such powder, ball, fish-twine, and the like, that he was able to buy.

Even Zinto noticed that the "sickness in the back" was only with Ateachili when a party was formed to go on any long journey; and, perhaps, he was the only man in the camp who did not know of the admiration Ateachili had for Gloona.

Zinto rallied Ateachili on his laziness, and when, on his return, he found that Ateachili had trapped two valuable foxes—a black and a silver—he congratulated him heartily and told him his sickness in the back brought him good luck.

Zinto's ill-luck persistently stayed with him through the winter, and he made less fur than any of the others, and Gloona felt very miserable for she loved good clothes, and tea and tobacco; and she

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