

cross with Cunayou, even though the fat boy seemed to care for nothing but play. And just as his thoughts were getting very hard to bear, one of the dogs put up his muzzle into the air and began to yelp excitedly. The next instant the whole team had joined in.

Aivick stared around. There was nothing in sight except a low-pressure ridge to the south. But it was toward this that the dogs were straining, so he drove on carefully, keeping tight hold of the walrus-hide rope that trailed from the end of the sledge. Then, drawing nearer the ridge, he saw something move as though a small snow-drift had been stood up on end. At that the dogs went altogether crazy.

Now, Aivick had not come out to hunt bear, though, of course, his spear was on the sledge, but something of the dogs' excitement got into his brain, and because he was feeling lonely and unhappy he felt also reckless and suddenly decided to try it, even if the thing had to be done alone. So he loosed the team, which tore on in a frenzy of barking, and, picking up his