

cannot kill more in a storm. Be content."

But Cunayou had a discomfoting vision. What if his brother should kill no seal? "Can we live, you and I?" he asked a little anxiously.

"The wolverine is a robber and he lives, and the white fox is a coward, yet he grows fat. Shall we starve who are neither robbers nor cowards? Snore again, my brother, as only you can snore, and when the storm clears you shall stuff your stomach."

Cunayou took comfort, and soon the ptarmigan whistle sounded again. Keleepeles squatted on the floor, thinking hard. He knew that he would never see that village again. By and by the great floe would recommence its journey and ultimately disappear through Baffin Straits. Aivick and the others would not be there. Somewhere along the shore a new village would be carved among the wind-whipped snow-banks, and in the long Arctic evening Allegoo would talk of her sons.

In the North men are like small specks on a thousand-mile counterpane. Keleepeles knew this, but he knew also that sometime and