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## CHAPTER XX

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Two months later, an Eskimo hunter might have been seen running behind his sledge far out on the ice north of Southampton Island. He was a big man and strong, with a broad, flat face and deep-set, dark eyes, and for the most part he looked straight ahead. Presently Aivick, for it was Aivick, shouted to the dogs, who curled themselves up while he sat on the sledge in deep thought. He often came out like this, having nowhere in particular to go, just because he could not stand the way Allegoo wept for her two boys. It was nine months since they had disappeared and, though he never admitted it, Aivick had at last given them up for lost. There was so much that could happen to them adrift on an ice-floe. For the thousandth time the big man wondered whether he had not often been too