

THE THRALL OF LEIF THE LUCKY

this had been their only shelter; and their only food some coarse lichens and a few sea-birds' eggs.

It was little wonder that when Leif had brought the last load on board, and drowned their past woes in present comforts, the starved creatures were almost ready to embrace his knees with thankfulness.

"It seems to me that we should be called 'the Lucky,' and you 'the Good,'" Thorir said, as the two chiefs stood on the forecastle, watching the anchor and the sail both rising with joyful alacrity. "Without your aid, we could not have lived a day longer."

And Gudrid, opening her eyes to see Helga's fair face bending over her to put a wine cup to her lips, murmured faintly, "A Valkyria could not look more beautiful to me than you do. Tell me what you are called, that I may know what name to love you by."

"I am called Helga, Gilli's daughter," the shield-maiden answered, with just an edge of bitterness on the last words.

Gudrid's gentle eyes opened wide with wonder and alarm.

"Not Helga the Fair of Trondhjem," she gasped, "who fled from Gilli to his kinsfolk in Greenland? Alas, my unfortunate child!"

In the eagerness in which she clasped her hands, the wine-cup fell clanging from Helga's hold.

"Is he dead?" she cried, imploringly. "Only tell me that, and I will serve you all the rest of my life! Is Gilli dead?"

But Gudrid had sunk back in another faint. She