

two short, thick branches shaken violently by a soundless wind. Then the branches folded flat down and there remained that which looked like a square-flipper come up for air.

"He has gone through!" roared Kelepeles, with a triumphant chuckle. "His blood will now get cool."

"Do we leave him there?" panted Cunayou, aghast.

"Without doubt we leave him. When his arms, which are wet, freeze to the ice he will pull himself out, and, having then enough to think of, he will trouble us no more. So let there be peace in your stomach; for here is Keepatis."

At the last word the dogs dashed up. Keepatis, crazy with excitement, jabbered things past understanding as she rolled off the sledge and stood pointing a withered hand toward the head and shoulders of her son.

"You have come back, O young and fat one," she squeaked, "but who is it that shoots at you?"

Cunayou pulled himself together and told