

presents, and while Allegoo was delighted with the furs, she seemed to love Cunayou's drawings and carvings better. She was, too, impressed by the way in which Keleepeles treated his younger brother. At the story of Keepatis her eyes grew very soft and she stroked Cunayou's cheek just as the old woman had done ; only her hands were smooth and oily and soft. Then other hunters and their families came in, when the story, or at least part of it, had to be told all over ; and this went on nearly all night till Cunayou, after going out to see his team, crawled up on the sleeping-ledge and shut his eyes. But, try as he would, he could not rest.

"Put your hands on your stomach and sleep," said Keleepeles, who had begun another meal.

"My stomach and heart and head have all run together. I cannot sleep," answered a small, tired voice.

"He is so full of great weariness that it is sickness," put in Allegoo, anxiously. "Wait shall we do?"