

is large and strong, I have but very little; and instead of that, I have a large bunch of muscle on the upper side of my arms, and they are crooked, so that I can never straighten them. A doctor in Iceland once tried to straighten one arm by pulling, but he could not change it one bit; and it was very sore for a long time afterward and the muscles were much swollen. But it was not so with my father and brothers. They went out to hunt and had more exercise and more pulling to do, and so their arms were straight.

It was a great thing when the men would come home from a hunt, for then we would have a great deal to talk about:—how far they went, how cold it was, how they found the bear, or walrus, or seal, and who was most active and brave in killing it. Father would often say to mother, “Oh, how I wish you had been along, for we had such a nice drink of warm blood.” The warm blood of a dying animal was considered the greatest luxury we could get, because we had not any cooked food at all. We ate it all frozen and raw, except when fresh from the animal. It was a great thing to strike the animal first with a spear, for the one who drew first blood was owner of the skin and was the boss of the whole job. They just had to cut it to suit him. The flesh was divided equally between all the hunters.

Sometimes we used to get very tired in the dark snow-house, and then we would try a little amusement. Two of us would sit down on the fur carpet and look into one another's faces and *guess who was*