

"And so do I."

Traherne glanced along the cliff. He stooped and picked a pale Arctic flower. He handed it to her.

"The only one in sight," he said.

She smiled at his sanguine face. Her eyes fastened upon the muffler wound around his neck. They dropped toward the native village where the aged Chief was skinning a hair seal. She pointed to the beach and kyack which Oom-Nuck-A's two sons were launching. Spring had come to Herschel Island. Birds winged their way overhead.

Traherne watched a flock flying in a V-shaped formation.

"They're going to Banks Land," he said. "They'll mate in the land of the Blond Eskimo."

Moona shivered at a memory. She again glanced at the muffler, then said happily: "But we'll go south—where the roses bloom the year around. South to Seattle and Puget Sound. South where my mother was born."

"I'll take that kyack and paddle you all the way!" he exclaimed, pointing to the tiny Mazeka canoe.

Her dark eyes glowed. She reached to him and slowly unwound his muffler. Running it through her fingers she said:

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