

yourself whether you would sooner stretch out and read a boy's magazine or roll over and watch a twenty-pound salmon thrashing a broad silver tail while it was being pulled straight up through the floor of your bedroom.

Keleepeles stepped around the hole, carefully avoiding the automatic contrivance which tilts up and makes a noise when there is a bite—for fishing goes on all the time—and went out. He didn't go through the door, there being no door, but got down on his hands and knees and crawled along a narrow tunnel. Then he stood up, rubbed his eyes, and stared. He could not see much, for it was snowing hard, but he started for the igloos that the rest of the tribe had built, just a hundred yards away. Presently he came to a dead stop, for at his feet stretched a broad sheet of gray water into which a multitude of snowflakes settled in a mysterious silence. The village had disappeared.

Now, it is very easy for a man or a child or a cat or a tame rabbit or even a circus elephant to get lost, and it frequently happens