

live in peace and be happy among the Eskimos. But they will not come. Only a few of their best men venture to come, and I should not wonder if their countrymen refused to believe the half of what they tell them when they get home."

Old Makitok made no reply. He was puzzled, and when puzzled he usually retired to his hut and went to bed. Doing so on the present occasion, he left his companion alone.

"Poor, poor Kablunets," murmured Chingatok, descending from his position and wandering away towards the outskirts of the village, "you are very clever, but you are somewhat foolish. I pity you, but I also love you well!"

With his grand head down, his arms crossed, and the scroll of texts pressed close to his broad bosom, the giant of the North wandered away, and finally disappeared among the flowering and rocky uplands of the interior.

THE END