Quiquern

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

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the Tununirmiut knew came from the

south—driftwood for sleigh runners, rod iron for harpoon tips, steel knives, tin kettles that cooked fish much bet-ter than the old soapstone affairs, flint and steel and even matches, colored rib-

and steel and even matches, colored habons for the women's hair, lattle cheap mirrors and red cloth for the edging of deerskin dress jackets. Kadlu traded the rich, creamy-twisted narwhal horn and musk ox teeth (these are just as valuable as pearls) to the southern Inuit, and they in turn traded with the wholers and the mischary posts of

whalers and the missionary posts of Exeter and Cumberland sounds, and so the chain went on till a kettle picked up

by a ship's cook in the Bhendy bazaar might end its days over a blubber lamp comewhere on the cool side of the arctic

Kadlu, being a good hunter, was rich

in iron harpoons, snow knives, bird darts and all other things that make

life easy up there in the great cold, and he was the head of his tribe, or, as they

say, "the man who knows all about it by practice." This did not give him any

authority, except now and then he could advise his friends to change their

hunting grounds, but Ketuko used it to domineer a little, in the lazy, fat Inuli

fashion, over the other boys when they came out at night to play ball in the moonlight or to sing the childs' song to

the Aurora Borealis.

But at fourteen an Inuit feels himself a man, and Kotuko was tired of making snares for wild fowls and kit foxes, and

most tired of all of helping the women

to chew seal and deer skins (that makes them supple as nothing else can)

the long day through while the men were out hunting. He wanted to go into the quaggi, the singing house

when the hunters gathered there for

their my deries, and the angekok, the sorcerer, frightened them into the mos-

delightful fits after the lamps were pur

out and you could hear the spirit of the reindeer stamping upon the roof, and when a spear was thrust out into the

open black night it came back cov-ered with hot blood. He wanted to throw his leg boots into the net with

the tired air of a head of a family, and

the tired air of a head of a family, and he wanted to gamble with the hunters when they dropped in of an evening to play a sort of homemade roulette with a tin pot and a nail. There were hun-dreds of things that he wanted to do

but the grown men laughed at him and said: "Wait till you have been in the buckle, Kotuko. Hunting is not all

Now that his fe'ther had named a puppy for him, things looked brighter.

in Inuit does not waste a good dog on

his son till the boy knows something of dog driving; and Kotuko was more

han sure that he knew more than ev-

If the puppy had not had an iron con-

stitution he would have died from over-stuffing and overhouling. Kotuko made

nim a tiny harness with a trace to it

and hauled him all over the house floor, shouting: "Aua! Ja aua! (Go to the right!) Cholachoi! Ja cholachoi! (Go to the left!) Ohaha! (Stop." The puppy did not like it at all, but be-

ing fished for in this way was pure happiness beside being put to the sleigh

happiness beside being put to the sielgh for the first time. He just sat down on the snow and played with the seal-hide trace that ran from his harness to the pitu, the big thong in the boks of the sielgh. Then the team started and the puppy found the heavy ten-foot sleigh running up his back and dranging him.

foot sleigh running up his back and dragging him along the snow, while Kotuko laughed till the tears ran down

was a sad time for the puppy. The boy learned, too, as fast as the dog; and a

dog sleigh is a heart breaking thing to nranage. Each heast is harnessed—

the weakest nearest to the driver-by his separate trace, which runs under his left fore leg to the main thong, where

it is fastened by a sort of button and loop which can be slipped by a turn of

the wrist, thus freeing one dog at a time. This is very necessary, because young dogs often get the trace between

their hind legs, where it cuts to the bone. And they one and all will go vis-

iting their friends as they run, jump-

ing in and out among the traces. Ther they fight and the result is more mixed

than a wet fishing line next morning. A great deal of trouble can be avoided

by scientific use of the whip. Every Inuit boy prides himself as being a master of the long lash; but it is easy

to flick at a mark on the ground, and difficult to lean forward and catch a stricking dog just behind the shoulders

when the sieigh is going at full speed. If you call one dog's name for "vis-iting" and accidentally lash another

the two will fight at once and stop all the others. Again, if you travel with

a companion and begin to talk, or by yourself and sing, the dogs will halt, turn around and sit down to hear what

you have to say. Kotuko was run away from once or twice by forgetting

to block the sleigh when he stopped, and he broke many lashings and ruined a few thongs before he could be trusted

with a full team of eight and a light sleigh. Then he felt himself a person of consequence, and on smooth, black ice, with a bold heart and a quick elbow, he smoked along over the levels as fast

as a pack in full cry. He would go twenty miles to the seal holes, and when he was on his hunting ground he would twitch a trace loose from the pitu and free the big black leader, who

was the cleverest dog in the team. As soon as the dog had scented a breathing

hole Kotuko would reverse the sleigh

driving a couple of sawed-off antiers that stuck up like perambulator handles

from the back rest deep into the snow so that the team could not get away Then he would crawl forward inch by

inch and wait till the seal came up to breathe. Then he stabbed down swiftly with his spear and running line, and

presently would haul his seal up to the lip of the ice while the black leader came up and helped to pull the car-cass across the ice to the sleigh. That was the time when the harnessed dogs

yelled and foamed with excitement, and Kotuko laid the long lash like a red-hot bar across all their faces till the

hot bar across all their faces till the carcass froze stiff. Going home was the heavy work. The loaded sleigh had to be humored among the rough ice, and the dogs sat down and looked hungrily at the seal instead of pulling. At last they would strike the well-worn sleigh road to the village and toodle kiyl along the ringing ice, heads down and talls up while Katnko, struck up the "Angulus in the angulus in th

while Kotuko struck up the "Angu tivun tai-na tau-na ne?taina," the song of the returning hunter, and voices halled him from house to house under all that dim, star-litten cold.

CHAPTER I.

"He has opened his eyes. Look!" "Put him in the skin again. He will be a strong dog; on the fourth month we will name him."

"For whom?" said Amoraq.
Kadlu's eyes rolled round the skinhed snow house till it came to 14tear-old Kotuko sitting on the sleepag bench making a button of walrus
fory. "Name him for me," said Kouko, with a grin. "I shall need him
ome day."

Kadlu grinned back till his eyes were almost buried in the fat of his flat pheeks, and nodded to Amoraq while his puppy's fierce mother whined to in the little sealskin pouch hung above the warmth of the blubber lamp. Kotuko went on with his carving and adlu threw a rolled bundle of leather dog-harnesses into a tiny little room that opened from one side of the house; dipped off his heavy deerskin hunting down on the sleeping bench to whittle piece of frozen seal meat, till oraq, his wife, should bring the regular dinner of boiled meat and blood soup. He had been out since early dawn at the seal holes, eight miles away, on the ice at the edge of the floe. and had come home with three big scals. Half way down the long, low snow passage or tunnel, that led to the nner door of the house, you could hear mappings and yelpings, as the dogs of his sleigh team, released from their

day's work, scuffled for warm places.

When the yelpings grew too loud, Kotuko lazily rolled off the sleeping ench, and, picking up a dog whip with an 18-inch bandle of springy whalebone, and twenty-five feet of heavy plaited thong, he dived into the passage where it sounded as though all the dogs were eating him alive; but that was no more than their regular grace before meals. When he crawled out of the far end of the passage half a dozen furry heads followed him with their eyes as he went to a short gallows of whale jaw bones, from which the dog's meat was hung, split off the frozen stuff in big lumps with a broad-headed spear, and stood, his whip in one hand and the meat in the other. Each beast was called by -the weakest first-and woe be tide any dog that moved out of his turn, for the tapering lash would shoot out like thonged lightning and flick away an inch or so or hair and hide. Each beast simply growled once, snapped once, choked once over his portion, and hurried back to the protection of the snow passage, while the boy stood on the snow under the blazing northern lights and dealt out justice. The last to be served was the big black leader of the team, who kept order when they were harnessed, and to him Kotuko gave a double allowance of meat, as well as an extra crack of the whip.

"I have a little one over the lamp that will make a great many howlings. Sarpok! Get in!"

cogs, dusted the dry snow from his furs with the whalebone beater that Amo-raq kept by the door; tapped the skinlined roof of the house to shake off any tcicles that might have fallen from th



Dealt Out Justice.

dome of snow above, and curled up or the bench. The dogs in the passag snored and whined in their sleep, th boy baby in Amoraq's deep fur hood kicked and choked and gurgled, and the mother of the newly named puppy lay at Kotuko's side, her eyes fixed or the bundle of sealskin-warm and safe above the broad, yellow flame of the

And all this happened far away he north; beyond Labrador, beyond Hudston's strait, where the great tides throw the ice mount, north of Meiville peninsula—north even of the narrow Fury and Hecla straits on the north shore of Baffin land, where Bylot's d stands above the ice of Lancaste sound like a pudding bowl wrong side up. North of Lancaster sound there is nothing we know anything about except North Devon and Ellesmere Land; but even there live a few scattered people next door, as it were, to the very

Kadlu was an Inuit-what you call an Esquimau—and his tribe, some fifty persons all told, belonged to the nunirmiut—"the country lying at back of something." In the maps that desolate coast is called Navy Board inlet; but the Inuit name is best, e the country lies at the very back of everything in the world. For as hard as rock, snow, and gale after gale, with a cold that no one can realter go down even to zero. For six months of those nine it is dark, and that is what makes it so horrible. For the three months of the summer it only freezes every other day and every night, and then the snow begins to sweep away to the southerly slopes, and a few ground willows nut out the round. sweep away to the southerly slopes, and afew ground willows put out their woolly buds, a tiny stone crop or so makes believe to blossom, beaches of fine gravel and rounded stones run down to the open sea, and polished bowlders and streaked rocks lift up above the granulated snow. But all that goes away in a few weeks, and the wild winter looks down again on the land; while at sea the torn and powdered ice tears up sea the torn and powdered ice tears up and down the offing, jamming and ram-ming, and splitting and hitting, and

ming, and splitting and hitting, and pounding and grounding, till it all freezes together ten feet thick from the land outward to deep water.

In the winter Kadlu would follow the seals to the edge of the land ice and spear them as they came up to breathe at their blow holes. The scals must have open water to live and catch fish in, and in the deep of winter the ice would sometimes run eighty miles without a break from the nearest land. In the spring he and his people retreated from the thawing floes to the rocky mainland, where they put up tents of halled him from house to house under all that dim, star-litten cold.

When Kotuko, the dog, came to his full growth he enjoyed himself, too. He fought his way up the team steadily, fight after fight, till one fine evening over their food he tackled the big black leader (Kotuko, the boy, saw fair play with the wilp) and made second dog, of him, as they say. So he was promoted to the long thong of the leading dog, running five test in advance of all the others. It has his bounden duty to stop all fighting in harness or out of it, and he wore a collar of copper wire, very thick an heavy. On special occasions he was fed with cooked food inside the house and sometimes was allowed to steep on the bench with Kotuko. He was a good seal dog and could keep a musikox at bay by running round him and snapping at his heels. He would even, and this for a aleigh dog is the last proof of bravery, he would mainland, where they put up tents of akins and snared the sea birds or speared the young seal basking on the beaches. Later, they would go south into Baffin land after the reindeer and to get their year's store of salmon from the hundreds of streams and lakes of the interior, coming back north in September, or October for the musk ox hunting and the regular winter scalery. This traveling was done with dog selfas, twenty and thirty miles a day, os sometimes down the coast in big skin "woman boats," when the dogs and the babies lay among the feet of the rowers, and the women sank songs as they glided from cape to cape over the glassy soid waters. All the lazuries

even stand up to the gaunt Arctic wolf, whom all dogs of the north as a rule fear beyond anything that walks the snow. He and his master—they did not count the team of ordinary dogs as company—hunted fogether day after day and night after night—his-wrapped boy and savage, long-haired, narrow-eyed, white-fanged yellow brute. All an Inuit has to do is to get food and skins for himself and his family. The women folk make the skins into clothing and occasionally help in trapping small game; but the bulk of the food, and they cat enormously, must be found and they eat enormously, must be found by the men. If the supply falls there is no one up there to buy or beg or borrow from. The people must die.

An Inuit does not think of these chances till he is forced to. Kadlu, Kotuko, Amoraq and the boy baby, who kicked about in Amoraq's fur hood and chewed pieces of blubber all day, were as happy together as any family in the world. They came of a very gentle race—an Inuit seldom loses his temper and almost never strikes a child who did not know exactly what telling a lie meant, stil less how to steat. They were content to drag their living out of the heart of the bitter, hopeless cold: of the heart of the bitter, hopeless cold; to smile olly smiles and tell queer ghost and fairy tales of evenings; and eat till they could eat no more, and sing the endless woman's song; "Amna aya, aya amnah ah! ah!" through the lamp-lighted days as they mended their clothes and their hunting gear. But one terrible winter everything betrayed them. The Tununirmiut re-



The Old Woman Told thost Stories.

turned from the yearly salmon fishing and made their houses on the early ice to the north of Beliot's ishand ready to go after the seal as soon at the sea froze. But it was an early and sav-age autumn, All through September age autumn. All through September there were continuous gales that broke up the smooth seal ice where it was only four or five feet thick and forced it inland and piled a great barrier some thirty miles broad of lumped and ragged and needly ice over which it was impossible to draw the sleighs. The edge of the floe off which the seal were used to fish in winter lay perhaps were used to fish in winter lay perhaps twenty miles beyond this barrier and out of reach of the Tununirmiut. Even so, they might have managed to scrape through the winter on their stock of frozen salmon and stored blubber and what the traps gave them, but in De-cember one of their hunters came across a tupik, a skin tent, or three women and a girl nearly dead whose men had come down from the far north and been crushed in their kajaks (their little skin hunting boats) while they were out after the long-borned narwhal. Kadlu, of course could only distribute the women among the huts of the winter village, for no Inuis would dare refuse a meal to a stranger. He never knows when his own time may come to beg. Amoraq Kotuko laughed till the tears ran down his face. Then there followed days and days of the cruel whip that hisses like the wind over ice, and his companions all bit him because he did not know his work, and the harness chafed him, and he was not allowed to sleep with Katuko any more, but had to take the coldest place in the passage. It was a sad time for the runny. The how tuko, the boy, and Kotuko, the dog, were rather fond of her. Then all the foxes went south; and

even the wolverine, the growling, blunt-headed little thief of the snow, did not take the trouble to follow the line of empty traps that Kotuko set. The tribe lost a couple of their best hunters, who were badly crippled in a fight with a musk ox, and that threw more work on the others. Kotuko wen out, day after day, with a light hunt-ing sleigh and six or seven of the strongest dogs, looking till his eyes ached for some patch of clear lee where a seal might perhaps have scratched a breathing hole. Kotuko, the dog, ranged far and wide, and in the dead stillness of the ice fields Kotuko, the boy, could hear his half-choked whine of excitement above a seal hole three miles away as plainly as though he miles away as plainly as though he were at his elbow. When the dog found a hole the boy would build himself a little low snow wall to keep off the worst of the bitter wind, and there he would wait ten, twelve, twenty hours for the seal to come up to breathe, his eyes glued to the tiny mark he had made above the hole to guide the downward thrust of his harpoon, a little sealskip mat under his feet and tle sealskin mat under his feet and his legs tied together in the tutareang—the buckle that the old hunters had talked about. This helps to keep a and waits and waits for the quick-cared seal to rise. Though there is no excitement in it, you can easily believe that the sitting still in the buckle. with the thermometer perhaps 40 de-grees below zero, is the hardest work an Inuit knows. When a seal was caught Kotuko, the deg, would bound forward, his trace trailing behind him, and help to pull the body to the sleigh, where the tired and hungry dogs lay sullenly under the lee of the broken ice.

tired and hungry dogs lay sullenly under the lee of the broken lee.

A seal did not go very far, for each mouth in the little village had a right to be filled and never bone, hide nor sinew was wasted. The dog's meat was taken for human use and Amoraq fed the team with piees of old summer skin-tents raked out from under the sleeping bench, and they howled and howled again, and waked to how! hungrily. One could tell by the soapstone lamps in the huts that famine was near. In good seasons when biut/ber is pientiful the light in the boat-shaped lamps would be two feet high, cheerful, oily and yellow. Now it was a bare six inches: Amoraq carefully pricked down the moss wick when an unwatched flame brightened for a moment, and the eyes of all the family followed her hand. The horror of famine up there in the great cold is not so much dying as dying in the dark. All the Inuit dread the dark that presses on them without a break for six months in each year, and when the lamps are low in the houses the minds of people begin to be shaken and confused.

But worse was to come.

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The underfed dogs snapped and growled in the passages, glaring at the celd stars and snuffing into the bitter wind, night after night. When they stopped howling the silence fell down again as solid and as heavy as a snow-drift against a door, and men could hear the beating of their blood in the thin passages of the ear and the thumping of their hearts that sounded as toud as the noise of sorcerers drums beaten across the snow. One night Kotuko, the dog, who had been unusually slicut in harness, leaped up and pushed his head against Kotuko's kner. Kotuko patted him, but the dog still pushed blindly forward, fawning. Then Kadhu waked and stared into the glassy eyes. The dog whimpered as though he were afraid and shivered between Kadhu's knees. Then the hair rose about his neck and he growled as though a stranger were a the door; then he barked joyously and rolled on the ground and at Kotuko's boot like a puppy.

What is it?" said Kotudo, for he was beginning to be afraid.
"The sickness," Kadlu answered. "Ri is the dog-sickness." Kotuko the dog lifted his nose and howled and howled.

again.
"I have not seen this before. What will he do?" said Kotuko.
Kadlu shrugged one shoulder a little and crossed the hut f orhis short stabbing harpoon. The big dog looked at him, howled again and slunk away down the passage while the other dogs drew aside right and left to give him ample room. When he was out on the ample room. When he was out on the snow he barked furlously as though on the trail of a musk ox, and barking and leaping and frisking passed out of and leaping and frisking passed out of sight. This was not hydrophobia, but simple plain madness. The cold and the hunger and above all the dark had turned his head; and when the terrible dog-sickness once shows itself in a team it spreads like wild-fire. Next hunting day another dog sickened and was killed then and there by Kotuko as he bit and struggled among the traces. Then the black second dog who had been the leader in the old days suddenly gave tongue on an imaginary rein-

ly gave tongue on an imaginary rein-deer track, and when they slipped him from the pltu he flew at the throat of an ice-cliff, and ran away as his leader had done, his harness on his back. After that no one would take the dogs out again. They needed them for something else and the dogs knew it and though they were tied down and fed by hand their eyes were full of despair and fear. To make things worse the old women began to tell ghost-tales and to say that they had met the spirits of the dead hunters lost that autumn who prophesied all

Kotuko grieved more for the loss of

his dog than anything else, for though an Inuit eats enormously he also knows

of horrible things.

when to starve. But the hunger, the darkness, the cold and the exposure told on his strength, and he began to hear voices inside his head and to see , who were not there, out of the his eye. One night he had unpeople, who were not there, out of the tail of his eye. One night he had un-buckled himself after ten hours wait-ing above a "blind" seal-hole and was staggering back to the village faint and dizzy—he halted to lean his back against a bowlder which happened to be supported like a rocking stone on a single jutting point of ice. His weight disturbed the balance of the thing, it rolled over ponderously and as Kotuko sprang aside to avoid it slid after him squeaking and hissing on the ice slope. That was enough for Kotuko. He had been brought up to believe that every rock and bowlder had its owner (its inua) who was generally a one-eyed kind of a woman think called u tornaq, and that when a tornaq meant to help a man she rolled after him in-side her stone house and asked him whether he would take her for a guardlan spirit. (In summer thaws the ice-held rocks and bowlders roll and slip all over the face of the land, so you can easily see how the idea of live stones arose.) Kotuko heard the blood beating in his ears as he had heard it all day and he thought it was the tornaq of the stone speaking to him. Before he reached home he was quite certain that he had held a long conversation with her, and, as all his people believed that this was quite possible, no one contra-

"She said to me: 'I jump down, I jump down from my place on the snow,' cried Kotudo, with hollow eyes, leaning forward in the half lighted mut. 'She said: 'I will be a guide.' She says: I will guide you to the good seal holes. Formorrow I will go and the tornaq will quide me.'

Then Angekok, the village sorcerer, came in and Kotuko told him the tale second time. It lost nothing in the "Follow the tornait (the spirit of the

stones) and they will bring us food again," said the angekok. Now the girl from the north had been lying near the lamp, eating very little



He Tells of His Tornag.

and saying less for days past, but when and saying less for days past, but when Amoraq and Kadlu next morning packed and asshed a little hand sleigh for Kotuko and loaded it with his hunt-ing gear and as much blubber and frozen seal meat as they could spare, frozen seal meat as they could spare, she took the pulling rope, and stepped out boldly at the boy's side.

"Your house is my house," she said, as the little bone-shod sleigh squeaked and bumped behind them in the awful,

silent Arctic night.
"My house is your house," said Ko-tuko, "but I think that we shall both

go to Sedna together."

Now Sedna is the mistress of the Underworld and the Inuit believes that everyone who dies must spend a year in her horrible country before going on to Quadliparmiut, the Happy Piace, where it never freezes and the fat reindeer

rot up when you calk.
Through the village people were shouting: "The ternait have spoken to shouting: "The ternalt have spoken to Kotuko. They will show him open ice. He will bring us the seal again." Their voices were soon swallowed up by the cold empty dark, and Kotuko and the girl shouldered close together as they strained on the pulling rope or hu-mored the sleigh through the broken ice, in the direction of the Polar sea. Kotuko insisted that the tornaq of the stone had told him to go north and stone had told him to go north and north they went under Tuktugdjung, the reindeer-what we call the Great

No European could have made five miles a day over the ice rubbish and the sharp-edged drifts; but those two knew exactly the turn of the wrist that coaxes a sleigh round a hummock, the jerk that neartly lifts it out of an ice crack, and the exact strength that goes to the few quiet strokes of the spear-head that make a path possible when

The girl said nothing but bowed her The girl said nothing but bowed her head, and the long wolverine fur fringe to her ermine hood blew across her broad, dark face. The sky above them was an intense velvety black, changing to bands of Indian red on the horizon where the great stars burned like street lamps. From time to time a greenish wave of the nothern lights would roll across the hollow of the high heavens, flick like a flag and disappear; or a metror would crackle from darkness to darkness trailing a shower of sparks behind. Then they could see the ridged and furrowed surface of the floe tipped and laced with strange colors, red, copand laced with strange colors, red. per and bluish; but in the ordinary farlight everything turned to one frost

bitten gray. CHAPTER III.

The floe, as you will remember, had been battered and tormented by the autumn gales till it was one frozen earcaquake. There were gullies and ravines; and holes like gravel pits cut out of ice; lumps and scattered pieces out of ice; lumps and scattered pleces frozen down to the original floor of the floe; blotches of old black ice that had been thrust under the floe in some gale, and heaved up again, roundish bowlders of ice; saw-like edges of ice carved by the snow that fless before the wind, and sunk plis where thirty or forty acres lay five or six feet below the level of the rest of the field. From a little distance you might have taken the lumps for seal, or walrus, overturned sleighs or men on a hunting expedition or even the great ten-legged

white Spiritbear himself, but in spite of all these fantastic shapes, all on the very edge of starting into life, there was neither sound nor the least faint echo of sound. And through this silence and through this waste where the sudden lights flapped and went out again the sleigh and the two that pulled it crawled like things in a nightmare—a nightmare of the end of the world at the end of the world.

When they were tired Kotuko would

When they were tired Kotuko would make what the hunters call a "half make what the hunters call a "half house—" a very small snow hut into which they would huddle with the traveling lamp and try to thaw out the frozen seal meat. When they had slept, the march began again—thirty miles a day to get ten miles northward. The girl was always very silent, but Kotuko muttered to himself and broke and trake muttered to himself and broke out into songs he had learned in the singing house—summer songs and reindeer and asimon songs—all horribly out of place at that season. He would declare that he heard the tornaq growling to him and would run wildly up a hummock tossing his arms and speaking to some one in loud threatening tones. To tell the truth Kotuko was very nearly crazy for the time being; but the girl was sure that he was being guided by his guardian spirit and that everything would come right. She was not sur-prised therefore when, at the end of the fourth march, Kotuko, whose eyes were burning like fire balls in his head, told her that his tornaq was following them across the snow in the shape of a two-headed dog. The girl looked where Kotuko pointed and something seemed to slip into a raving. It was certainly not human, but everythed where the not human, but everybody knew that the tornait preferred to appear in the shape of bear and seal and such like. It might have been the ten-legged white Spiritbear himself, or it might have been anything, for Kotuko and the

girl were so starved that their eyes be-trayed them. They had trapped nothing and seen no trace of game since they had left the village; their food would not hold out for another week and there was a gale coming. A polar storm will sometimes blow for ten days without a break, and all that time it is certain death to be abroad. Kotuko laid up a snowhouse large enough to take in the hand sleigh—it is never wise to be separated from your meat—and while he was shaping the last irregular block of ice that makes the keystone of the roof he saw a thing looking at him from a little cliff of ice half a mile away. The air was hazy and the thing seemed to be forty feet long and ten feet high with twenty feet of tail and a shape that quivered all along the outlines. The girl saw it too but instead of crying aloud with terror said quietly: "That is Quiquern. What comes after?" "He will speak to me," said Kotuko, but the snow-knife trembled in his

hand as he spoke, because, however much a man may believe that he is much a man may believe that he is a friend of strange and ugly spirits he seidom likes to be taken at his word. The Quiqueurn ,too, is the phantom of a gigantic toothiess dog without any hair who is supposed to live in the far north and to wander about the country just before things are going to happen. They may be aleasent or undeapent. They may be pleasant or unpleasant things, but not even the angekok care to speak about Quiquern. He makes the dogs go mad. Like Spiritbear he has several extra pairs of legs-six or eight-and this thing jumping up and down in the haze had more legs than

any real dog needs.

Kotuko and the girl huddled into their but quickly. Of course, if Quiquern had wanted them he could have torn it to pieces above their heads, but the sense of a foot-thick snow-wall be-tween themselves and the wicked dark was a great comfoot. The gale broke with a shrick of wind caught in the jagged ice, like the shrick of a train, and for three days and three nights theid, never varying one point and never fulling even for a minute. They fed the stone lamp between their knees and nlobled at the seals' meat, and watched the black soot gather on the roof for seventy-two long hours. The birl courted up the food in the sleigh; there was not more than three days' supply, and Kotuko looked over the iron heads and the deer-sinew fastenings of his harpoon and his seal-hook and his bird-dart. There was nothing

'We shall go to Sedna soo "In four soon,' the girl whispered. "In four days we shal he down and go. Will your tornaq do nothing? Sing her an angekok's song to make her come

He began to sing in the high-pitched howl of the marke songs, and the gale went down slowly. In the middle of his song the girl started, laid her mithis song the girl started, laid her mittened hand and then her head to the
ice floor of the hut. Kotuke followed
her example and the two kneeled staring into each other's eyes and listening
with every nerve. He ripped a thin
silver of whalebone from the rim of 2
bird snare that lay on the sleigh and
after straightening set it up upright in
a little hole in the ice, firming it down
with his mitten. It was almost as delicately adjusted as a compass needle,
and now, instead of listening, they
watched. The thin rod quivering a littie—the least little jar in the world—
then it vibrated steadily for a few seconds, came to rest and vibrated again,
shis time nodding to another point of
the compass. "Too soon!" said Kotuko. "Some big

"Too soon!" said Kotuko. "Some big floe has broken far away outside." The girl pointed at the rod and shook her head. "It is a breaking," she said. "Listen to the ground-ice? It knocks." When they kneeled this time they heard the most curious muffled grunts, and knocking under their feet. Some-times it sounded as though a blind mupply were squeaking above the lamp. puppy were squeaking above the lamp puppy were squeaking above the lamp; from as if a stone were being ground on hard ice; and again like muffled blows on a drum, but all dragget out and made small as though they traveled through a little horn a weary distance

away.
"We shall not go to Sedna lying down," sald Kotuko. "It is a breaking. The tornaq has cheated us. We shall

All this may sound absurd enough but the two were face to face with a very real danger. The three days' gale had driven the deep water to Baf-



Like Things in a Nightmare

edge of the far-reaching land ice that stretches from Bylot's Island to the west. Also the strong current which sets out of Lancaster sound carried with it miles and miles of what they call pack-ice, rough ice that has not frozen into fields; and this pack was bembarding the fice at the same time that the swell and heave of the stormworked sea was weakening and undermining it. What Kotuko and the girl had been listening to were the faint schoes of that fight thirty or foty miles

way, while the little rod quivered to Now, as the Inuit say, when the tee once wakes after its long winter sleep there is no knowing what may happen, for solid floe-lee changes shape us swiftly as a cloud. The gale was evi-

swiftly as a cloud. The gale was evidently a spring gale sent out of time and anything was possible.

Yet the two were happier in their minds than before. If the floe broke up there would be no more waiting and suffering. Spirits, goblins and witchpeople were moving about on the racking less less and they might find themselves. ng ice and they might find themselves



"That Is Oulquern."

steeping into Sedna's country side by side with all sorts of wild things, the flush of excitement still on them. When they left the hut after the gale the noise on the horizon was steadily growing and the tough ice mouned and "It is still waiting," said Kotuko.

CHAPTER IV.

On the top of a hummock sat or crouched the eight-legged thing that they had seen three days before—and it howled horribly.

"Let us follow," said the girl. "It may know some way that does not lead

to Sedna," but she reeled from weak-ness as she took the pulling rope. The thing moved off slowly and clumsily across the ridges, heading always toward the westward and the land, and hey followed while the growling thun-der at the edge of the floe rolled nearer and nearer. The floe's lip was split and and hearer. The hoe's lip was split and cracked in every direction for three or four miles inland and great pans of ten-foot thick ice, from a few yards to twenty acres square, were joiting and ducking and surging into one another and into the yet unbroken floe as the heavy swell took and shook and spouted between them. The blattering-ram ice was so to speak, the first army that the was, so to speak, the first army that the sea was flinging against the floe. The Incessant crash and jar of these cakes almost drowned the sipping sound of almost drowned the tipping sound of sheets of pack ice being oriven bodily under the floe as cards are hastily pushed under a tablecloth. Where the vater was shallow there sheets would e piled one atop of another till the bottom-most touched mud fifty feet down and the disoclored sea banked behind blubber and the hunters slowly and the muddy ice till the increasing presom-most touched mud fifty feet down the muddy ice till the increasing pres-sure drove all forward again. The many challows and sand banks on the north-the girl told their tale. The two dogs cast coast of Bylot's island made it sat between them, and whenever their

and the currents were bringing down true bergs, sailing mountains of les, snapped off by the frost from the Greenland side of the water or the north shore of Melville bay. They pounded in solemnly from the offing, the waves breaking white round them, and advanced on the fibe like an old-time fleet under full sail. But a berg that seemed ready to carry the world before it would ground helplessly in deep water, reel ground helplessly in deep water, reel over and wallow in a lather of feam and mud and flying frozen spray, while a much smaller and lower berg would rip and ride into the flat ice, flinging tons of ice on either side and cutting track a mile long before it was stopped. The bergs were perhaps the most rible things to watch, because their towers and pinnacles would fall after the shock of collision. Some fell like swords, shearing a raw-edged canal through the floe; and others, falling on hard ice, could not break through it, but splintered into a shower of blocks weighing scores of tons apiece that whirled and circled among the hum-mocks. Others again rose shoaled, twisted as though in pain and fell solidly on their sides, while the sea thrashed over their shoulders. This

the north line of the floe. From where floe Kotuko and the girl were the confusion ooked no more than an uneasy, rippling, crawling movement under the as he used to Kadlu, the richest of the horizon, but it came towards them each moment and they could hear far away Kadlu looked at the girl from the horizon, but it came towards them each moment and they could hear far away to the fandward a heavy booming, as it might have been the boom of artiliery through a fog. That showed that the floe was being jammed against the tire floe was being jammed against the tire of Bylor's island, the land to the southward, behind them.

"This has rever been before," said Kotuko, staring stupidly. "This is not the time. How can the 'floe break now?"

"Follow that!" the girl cried, pointier to the thing half kinning half run-she sat and began to sweep things

now?"
"Follow that!" the girl cried, pointing to the thing, half Emping, half running, distractedly before them. They followed, tugging at the hand sleigh, while nearer and nearer came the roaring march of the ice. At last the fields round them cracked and slanted in every direction and the crackes opened and snapped like the teeth of wolves. But where the thing rested, on a mound of old and scattered ice blocks some of old and scattered for blocks some fifty feet high, there was no motion. Kounko leaped forward wildly, dragged the girl after him and crawled to the bottom of the mound. The talking of the ice grew louder and louder round them, but the mound stayed fast, and as the girl looked at him he threw his as the girl looked at him he threw his right elbow upwards and outwards, making the Inuit sign for land in the shape of an island. Any land it was that the eight-legged limping thing had that the eight-legged impage thing had led them to—some granite-tipped sand-beached islet off the coast, shod and sheathed and masked with lee so that no man could have told it from the floe, but at the bottom solid earth and not shifting, drifting ice. The smashing and rebound of the floes, as they grounded and splintered, marked the borders of it, and a friendly shoal ran out to the northward and turned aside out to the northward and three asset the rush of the heaviest fee exectly as a plowshare turns the loam. There was a danger, of course, that some heavily-squeezed fee field might shoel up the beach and plane off the top of the islet bodly but that did not trouble Kotuko

ing the girl began to laugh and rock herself backwards and forwards.

Behind her shoulder, crawling into the hut crawl by crawl, there wer two heads—one yellow and one black—that belonged to two of the most sorrowful and ashamed dogs that you ever saw. Kotuko, the dog, was one, and the black leader was the other. Both were now fat, well-looking and quite restored to their proper minds, but coupled to each other in an extraordinary fashion. When the black leader ran off, you remember, his harness was still on him. He must have met Kotuka and played or fought with him, for his shoulder loop has caught in the platted copper

wire of Kotukos collar and had drawn tight so that neither dog could get at the trace to gnaw it apart, but was fas-tened sidelong to his neighbor's neck.

The girl quished the two shamefaced creatures toward Kotuko, and, sob-bing with hughter, cried; "That is' Quiquern which led us to safe ground. Look at his eight legs and double head." Kotuko cut them free, and they fell into his arms, yellow and black together, trying to explain how they had got their senses back again. Kotuko ran a hand down their ribs, which were round and well challed. "They have found food," he said with a grin. "I do not think we shall go to Sedna so

do not shink we shall go to Sedna so soon. My tornaq sent these. The sickness has left them."

As soon as they had greeted Kotuko these two who had been forced to slesp and eat and hunt together for the past few months flew at each other's throat and there was a beautiful battle in the snow house. "Empty dogs do not figit," Kotuko said. "They have found the seal. Let us sleen. We shall found the seal. Let us sleep. We shail

When they waked there was open water on the north beach of the island and all the loosened ice had been driven landward. The first sound of the surf is one of the most delightful that the Inuit can hear, for it means that spring is on the road. Kotuko and the girl took hands and smiled, for the clear full took hands and smiled, for the clear full rear of the surge among the ice reminded them of salmon and reindeer time and the smell of blossoming ground willows. Even as they looked the say began to skim over between the floating cakes of ice, so intense was the cold, but on the horizon there was a vast red giare that was the light of the sunken sun. It was more like hearing him yawn in his sleep than seeing him rise, and the glare only insted for an hour or two, but it marked the turn of the year. Nothing, they felt, could alter that

Kotuko found the dogs fighting over a fresh-killed scal who was following

a fresh-killed sal who was following the fish that a gale always disturbs. He was the first of some twenty of thirty seal that tarried on the island in the course of a day and, till the sea froze hard, there were hundreds of keen black heads rejoicing in the shallow free water and floating about with the floating ice.

It was good to eat seal-liver again; to fill the lamps recklessly with blubber and watch the flame blaze three feet in the air, but as soon as the new sea ice bore Kotuko and the girl loaded the hand-rieigh and made the two dogs pull as they had never pulled before in their lives, for they feared what might have happened in their village. The weather, of course, was as pitliess as usual, but it is easier to draw a sleigh beach, but it is easier to draw a sleigh loaded with good food than to hunt starving. They left five and twenty seal careagues buried in the ice of the beach already for use and hurried back to their people. The dogs showed them the way as soon as Kotuko told and when he called the call of the lage name by name, very distinctly, there were no gaps in it.

An hour later the lamps blazed in Kadlu's house, snow water was mek-ing, the pots were beginning to simmer and the snow was drifting from the roof at Amoraq made ready a meal for all the village, and the boy baby in the hood chewed at a strip very brim with seal-meat. Kotuko and the girl told their tale. The two dogs impossible to foretell the course of the names came in they cocked an ear rushing ice. For instance, in addition apiece and looked most phoroughly to the floe and the pack ice, the gale ashamed of themselves. A dog who has



Vellow and Black Together.

trampling and crowding of the ice into seal I have spared—twenty-five seal every possible shape was going on as buried in the ice. When we have eaten far as the eye could reach all along ghose we will all follow the seal on the

the sorcerer, in the same sort of voice

Amoraq jumped from the bench where she sat and began to sweep things into the girl's lap—stone-lamps, iron-skin scrapers, tin kettles, deerskins embroidered with musk-ox teeth and real canvas needles such as satiors use—the finest downy that has ever been given on the far edge of the Arctic circle, and on the far edge of the Arctic circle, and the girl from the north bowed her head

the girl from the north bowed her head to the very floor.

"Also these," said Kotuko, laughing and singing to the dogs, who thrust their cold muzzles into the girl's face.

"Ah," said the angekok, with an important cough, as though he had been thinking it all over. "As soon as Kotuko left the village, I went to the singing house and sang magic; I sang all the long nights and called upon the spirits of the reindeer. My singing made the gale blow that broke the ice and drew the two dogs towards Kotuko when the ice would have crushed his and drew the two dogs towards Kotuko when the ice would have crushed his bones. My song drew the seal in behind the broken ice. My body lay still in the quaggi, but my spirit ran about on the ice and guided Kotuko and the dogs in all the things they did. I did

Everybody was very full and sleepy so no one contradicted; and the ange-kok hoped himself to yet another lump of boiled meat and lay down to skeep with the others, in the warm, well-lighted, oil-smelling house.

beach and plane off the top of the laket bodily but that did not trouble Kotuko and the girl when they made their snowhouse and began to eat and heard the lee crack and hammer and skid along the beach. The thing had deappeared and Kotuko was talking excitedly about his knowledge of and power over spirits as he crouched over the lamp. In the middle of his wild saying the girl began to laugh and rock herself backwards and forwalds.

Behind her shoulder, crawling into the hut crawl by crawl, there wer two heads—one yellow and one black—that belonged to two of the most sorrowful and ashamed dogs that you ever saw. Kotuko, the dog, was one, and the black leader was the other. Both were now fat, well-looking and quite restored to their proper minds, but coupled ta each other in an extraordinary fashion. When the black leader ran off, you remember, his harness was still on him. He must have met Ketuka and played or fought with him, for his shoulder loop has caught in the plaked copper Now Katuko, who drew very well in