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thing wrapped in the pelt of the great musk ox.

Straight past the shouting villagers staggered the team and its driver. Down to the rock and snow igloo of Aganyik's father they went. There the little cavalcade of onlookers halted behind the sleigh.

"I bring the red Frost Devil," said Teeshwinah loudly. "I bring that beside which the ivory image is as a child's toy!" And he unwrapped the bundle. A red image stood upon the sleigh, an image twice as tall as Oonagiak's, and with great green eyes that caught the light of the burning blubber oil from the door of the igloo and seemed to dance in the night. The new god was red, red as the sunset of early October, and so heavy that two men had to lift it.

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THE red devil was not snaggle toothed like Oonagiak's, and around its neck was a necklace of red stones that flashed greater fire than the green eyes. And the legs were longer, the arms shorter, and the whole body more symmetrical than Oonagiak's ivory Koonagoyiak. Upon its head was a strange crest, and on its chest was a row of strange carvings. Aganyik stared long at them and then looked at Teeshwinah.

"What knife carved this so smoothly?" she asked, "and where does the scar-faced one learn to make the strange marks on the breast? This is not your work. It is magic, and bad medicine. I will not be bought with bad medicine, for it means death in my father's house. Tell us who made it, that we may know who carves better than you do in the strange red-metal, and from whom you stole it!"

"I made it myself," said Teeshwinah. But he stared at the snow, and when men would have looked him in the eye, averted his gaze. But Aganyik's father was satisfied.

"The girl is yours," he said, "and also the ivory handled whip, for she does not

look pleasantly on your scarred face, and it is bad for a woman to say in open council that she thinks her husband is a liar and a thief."

The next day, Teeshwinah having feasted and slumbered, he dragged Aganyik to his own house, and Oonagiak, mourning in his igloo, held his hands to his ears to shut out the echo of her screams as the whip which is meant for the backs of women rose and fell. For Aganyik had said publicly that her husband was ugly and that he spoke with the tongue of a liar.

When Junius Craig had exhausted all other devices for amusing himself, he hit upon the idea of an arctic trip. Enthusiasm sustained him for the fifteen months his boat was building. The publicity his millions and eccentricities earned for the venture prevented his changing his mind after the arctic veterans had unfolded statistics in imposing array. The Caliban sailed, to the accompaniment of cheers, band music, and the clicking of the moving picture cameras.

Three people were enthusiastic over the venture. One was Alex Gaylord, the young naturalist, whom Craig was pleased to make official scientist. Another was Chester McFarlane, erstwhile newspaper correspondent. He wanted color for northern stories, and the fat emolument that went with writing Craig's signed account of the expedition.

The third was Craig's wife, who stayed ashore and hoped he would never get back.

She had heard of the ferocity of the bears of Kadiak Island, and hoped for the worst. She told Jeanne Jordan that if anything happened to Mr. Craig she wanted the intelligence rushed. Jeanne listened with sympathy in her mild gray eyes. She surmised that she knew how the poor wife of the erratic man of wealth would worry. And she made a memorandum of the instruction in her little red notebook:

"If Mr. Craig is eaten by a bear or a seal or anything, wire or wireless Mrs. Craig."

Miss Jordan didn't know which of the two species was the more ferocious. She had never seen a bear, and the seal in the local zoo, she thought, was a young one. She hoped that they didn't go in for attacking steamships, however. She vowed that she'd never set foot off the Caliban until safely back in Puget Sound.

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IT WAS a ridiculous venture for her. She had been Craig's private secretary for almost three months before the sailing. Her folks said people would talk. She said herself that she hated the cold, and wouldn't like musk ox and the like nosing around the ship at night. But Craig said that he would double her salary. She went. Craig was trying to write a book, and dictated interminable reams of stuff about African hunts and South Sea exploits in which he had figured. In the afternoon there was nothing to do but permit McFarlane and Gaylord to make violent love to her.

Maybe it was merely propinquity. Save for the chaperon, a crusty old in-

valid of 45, who essayed the trip for her health, despite descriptions of the food to be allotted north of 64, she was the only woman aboard. There shouldn't have been any.

McFarlane liked small, dark girls with fetching laughs and childish ways. Gaylord favored tall, languid blondes, unemotional, their pallid beauty frosted with hauteur. Miss Jordan was neither. She was a plump, gray eyed girl, with fiery red hair, and an honest camaraderie that was neither Gaylord's idea nor McFarlane's. The former thought that her features were too regular, and the latter that she was too self-reliant. And before the Caliban had passed the Charlotte group each had decided that he couldn't live without her.

By the time the dreary, rainy Diomedes had thrust their dripping granite cliffs out of the hissing green of the Bering Sea both had made declaration of love. Miss Jordan laughed at them, with the chill breeze whipping a gorgeous red into her cheeks. Her sable hat and jacket relieved the fine, fresh tints of her skin and eyes, and Craig, gray haired and gruff, hovered near and grinned at