



The images stood in rows, their backs against the gold plated walls, like the effigies of the eminent dead in a statuary hall.

the two satellites. It was good fun. The Kadiak bears hadn't eaten him. Neither had any ferocious seal attacked the party. Miss Jordan had forgotten the little notation in the red notebook.

The grinding ice battered against the bluff oak bows of the Caliban and creaked and hissed alongside. Ahead and behind, fog blotted out everything. Sometimes a great jutting granite headland would rear its menacing bulk out of the swirling fog wreaths, and Gaylord, rushing to the chartroom, would announce that it was Tangent Point or one of the Thetis Islands, and that it was of faulted black basalt, with pre-Cambrian stratifications. He lectured Jeanne seriously upon the glacial theory, the ethnology of the Eskimo and the arts of antiquity.

McFARLANE told her of Broadway, the scandals of the upper crust, and of his intention to make her the heroine of the novel he proposed to write. Jeanne listened, smiled, murmured that it was just perfectly lovely—and promptly forgot all about it. But she thrilled over gray headed Craig's recital of his fight with a shark in a lagoon near Tahiti. He seemed so romantic, so grim with the accretions of years, travel and self-made opportunities.

The triangle bade fair to become a quadrangle when Jeanne remembered the notation anent bears and seals in the little notebook. After that she snubbed Gaylord and McFarlane and glowered at Craig. Why hadn't he possessed the sense to marry a woman who would share his pleasures, no matter how little appeal they held for her? She mentally excoriated Mrs. Craig of the long distance solicitude.

And then the great Frost Devil, Koonagoyiak, piled his green ice legions in front of the struggling Caliban and swept her to anchorage in Kinzie Bay.

Hardly had the anchor gone out inside of the protecting arm of Caribou Cape before Oonagiak clambered aboard with his snaggle toothed likeness of the

Frost Devil. The gaping mouth was freshly anointed with jellied blood, and the feet were newly blackened with wood ashes. Gaylord went into ecstasies over the image, and talked at length about the ruggedness and naive charm of aboriginal art. He purchased it at last, with scrap iron and looking glasses.

Oonagiak's success, heralded broadcast through the cluster of igloos, started a veritable run on the trading merchandise of the Caliban. It elicited every treasure of the Kinzie Bay Eskimo colony. The rumor of the profligate white men who gave real iron nails and pink beads in exchange for such trifles as Jasper and Ivory reached the senile ears of Aganyik's father. The old man had lost faith in the red image of the Frost Devil. Since its advent into the village a salmon run had failed, and two young men had fallen victims to a wounded she-bear. The red metal was clearly bad medicine. So he dragged it forth and laboriously conveyed it to the deck of the Caliban.

It created a sensation. McFarlane proclaimed it copper and declared the stones were garnets. Gaylord examined it more intently. On its purchase he exhausted all his red cloth, nails and looking glasses. Aganyik's plump person had been the indirect means of making her father wealthy!

Teeshwinah had not labored in vain. Gaylord sought him out. Through an interpreter he asked concerning the antecedents of the red Frost Devil. The scar-faced one smiled blandly and proclaimed that he had made it. Questions failed to shake him. Then Gaylord offered him ten nails and a kettle to say he didn't make it. The scar-faced husband of Aganyik smiled again. He didn't make it, he said. He had found it. It was there with many others. They were all in the great rock igloo. On the rock igloo, he declared, were great plates of the same red metal, and the plates were studded with winking eyes of red and green. It was three sinipahs, or sleeps, he said, away from Kinzie Bay. The four moons story was a hoax, to avert

suspicion. He had spent the time trading and hunting around Demarcation

Bay. He had trailed a wounded musk ox, he declared, for three sleeps, to the southwest. It was a country where bad medicine reigned. The Eskimos didn't go there. The yellow haired manitou held out in the wind swept bay. White faced men like the bargainer had lived there once. They remained there now, with the yellow hair still on their skulls. At night they danced in the blue light of the moon. It was all bad medicine, very bad medicine. He wouldn't go back.

But when Oonagiak, the skulker, had made a Frost Devil, he had to do likewise. So he took a red Frost Devil from the rock igloo. There were others there. But he wouldn't go back. The bad medicine had made the salmon run fail and had brought walling into the village.

Gaylord returned to the Caliban. He stood long before the black velvet table whereon stood the Koonagoyiak of Teeshwinah. Then he called in McFarlane.

"Have you ever studied mythology?" he asked. "Particularly Norse mythology?"

"A smattering, I guess," assented McFarlane.

"What mythical character does that look like to you?" he queried.

McFarlane stared with knitted brows at the red image. "Jupiter, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "The beard and shoulders and the club!"

"Almost," assented the young scientist. "It's Thor! The breast plate when deciphered reads 'Decks awash.' It was the pirate slogan of the Black Vikings. They were a sort of secret order, back in the era of Eric the Red and Lief the Lucky. I have no doubt that they continued their explorations westward from

Greenland. And here is their handiwork, in the likeness of the patron of their wanderings."

"Copper, too!" exclaimed McFarlane. "Copper and garnets, or some such stone."

"Gold!" corrected Gaylord quietly. "Gold and rubies! It's unnaturally red, I must admit. But iron will do that. The rock seams are full of iron. The red metal of the Frost Devil is gold. And the stones—well, I applied the Montraufaine ruby test this afternoon. It's guaranteed to corrode garnets. These didn't corrode. They're genuine rubies. And they came from the Red Valhalla!"

"The Red Valhalla!"

"Yes," assented Gaylord. "It was thought to be farther east. Lamson places it in northern Greenland, and Freniere in Labrador. It was the Norse El Dorado. It was first discovered by Eilfric the Angry back in the tenth century. He brought back several nuggets. Then he set out again on a more pretentious expedition. Said that the gold was there in huge seams and nuggets. Described it as redder than bronze. It seems the old Viking hasn't lied." And he tapped the shoulder of the gold image.

"How far is it from here?" queried McFarlane. His eyes blazed with excitement and his voice trembled. "I suppose we—we'll go after it?"

"Certainly," said Gaylord. "You and I."

It was easy to obtain the necessary information. From Kinzie Bay they threaded west, with Teeshwinah as guide and two light "kayaks" trailing behind. They doubled deviously, with Teeshwinah stressing the necessity of averting suspicion. For him to go again into the land of bad medicine might mean more woe for the tribe. And more woe meant his doom.

When the last precautionary detour had been made they were facing the driving sleet of a freshening northeast wind. And Kinzie Bay was to the west of them.

Hour after hour they struggled along over vast snow hummocks and fields of chaotic ice cliffs. Teeshwinah clucked to the dogs and glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. Gaylord and McFarlane traveled in silence. Each dreamed of the wealth before them, of the substantial golden hoard attested by the miniature Thor of the Black Vikings. The shimmer of the red gold was like the light in her hair!

They slept that night in the lee of a granite needle, in a little snow igloo that Teeshwinah had constructed. The gale, shrieking down from the pole, blew with frigid breath upon the igloo and wailed mockingly away into the night. Gaylord and McFarlane couldn't sleep. They wondered what the party back on the Caliban were doing, and what would be the measure of their surprise when the pair who had gone out ostensibly to photograph glaciers returned with fortunes in red gold and ruddy rubies.

The squat Eskimo guide stared wide-eyed against the snow wall, where the flame from the blubber-fed moss wicks caused it to melt. When the vehemence of the gale increased he shrank back toward

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