

fangs and narrowed eyes that blazed red with ferocity. Fifty feet away Ku-luk-too pulled off his outer coat of caribou skin, and with this in his left hand, to cast in her face and blind her, his lance ready, he advanced slowly and cautiously, as a skilled boxer might approach a larger and more powerful antagonist. He chanted a hunting song:

"Moon, moon, give me strength!
 You who sent the bears
 Give strength to me now!
 Ayah, I am strong, strong!"

The cubs had eaten until their bodies bulged on either side, and Nanook herself could eat no more; but still there remained a great store of sweet walrus meat that could be dragged away to the near-by ice hummocks and guarded until consumed. The old bear had never submitted to the indignity of being robbed of her kill. Even the two small cubs growled in protest at the strange creature that would take their meat.

"You will fight now!" cried Ku-luk-too. "I have killed many bears!"

Nanook did not fight. Looking out over the ice, past the figure of the hunter advancing upon her, she saw many tiny dots, like black insects upon the white ice, and recognized them instantly for what they really were.

Ak-ha-rak and his people were coming back. Those moving dots were dogs and sledges and other hunters. Her cubs were not large enough to fight or strong enough, when heavy with food, to run before the dogs. The mother bear knew that safety lay in immediate flight. She dropped down and drove the cubs before her to the next open lead, where she forced them into the water. Then she towed one and carried the other far out to a floating berg, where they were safe from all pursuit.

"You dog-faced coward!" shouted Ku-luk-too; but though his words were bold enough he trembled with weakness, and secretly he was glad that Nanook had run away. "I take your meat like a thieving fox!"

He ran a line through the nose cartilage of the dead walrus, and, after he had eaten his fill, dragged the remainder of the kill back to his igloo, where all the family feasted to repletion.

"Hei!" shouted Ak-ha-rak from the ice. "So you still live!"

All the men were strong and well, all the dogs fat and sleek. As he greeted them, Ku-luk-too assumed an indifferent and satisfied air, which his drawn face and thin figure belied.

"As I told you," said he, "the moon always looks after its people!"

THE END OF THE TRAIL

WHEN I come to the end of the trail,
 And for the long, long rest lie down,
 With the heavens above me gleaming,
 Like an illumined celestial town;

My feet may be weary and aching,
 My body be worn and ill-clad,
 But if none I have scorned in his sorrow,
 My heart will be peaceful and glad.

It is not the gold I have gathered,
 It is not the fame I have won,
 As I've traveled the long, long road,
 That will bring peace when the journey is done;

It is the load of a weaker I've carried,
 It is the souls I have helped on the way;
 These are the things that will cheer me,
 At the end of the trail, some day!

Earl Wayland Bowman

Bert Sander's Brag

THIS YOUNG LOCHINVAR OF MAPLE RIDGE DID NOT RIDE
OUT OF THE WEST ON A PRANCING STEED, BUT
HE HAD A TRADITION TO MAINTAIN, AND
HE DID HIS LEVEL BEST

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

THE settlement of Covered Bridge, straggling north and south from both ends of the structure to which it owes its name, is divided down the middle by Rolling River. The Dunder farm is on the western side. The Dunder house stands within thirty yards of the high road and within three hundred of the high end of the bridge.

The Dunder household, about this time, comprised seven humans and a varying number of dogs. Four of the humans were males.

If these male Dunders had any sense of humor, it was a queer one. To them a joke was a joke only when it was on somebody else. Perhaps you know that kind—the square-headed son of adverse circumstances who laughs immoderately when you sit down violently on the floor because the chair upon which you calculated to come to rest is not there, but who complains savagely when he happens to be on the receiving end of that same ancient example of back-country humor.

Melch and his three sons were funsters of that sort; but the female Dunders were different—especially Lucy. They were as different as chalk is from cheese. You can eat cheese.

The Dunder dogs were extraordinarily like their masters. They were big, and their jokes amused only themselves. They had collie in them, and an unknown number of other strains, all more or less fixed into a unique breed—more or less fixed, but not quite. A litter might contain one pup, even two pups, of startling dissimilarity to both parents. These were throwbacks, of course. All such were given away,

or done away with. Of those running true to the new type, one or two were kept and the others sold. As the folk of Covered Bridge and vicinity were not the kind to pay real money for anything so easily come by as a pup, the sales were usually made away down on the main river.

A big Dunder dog named Hero got into the habit of going down to the bridge whenever he felt spoiling for a fight, and hanging around there until something turned up to give him a battle. The dogs he met there were usually traveling with their masters. For that reason, most of them escaped with their lives, and Hero received some kicks which should have taught him better manners. One day in August, Hero charged a dog with such force as to knock him clean off the bridge and into the river before he could set his teeth for a hold. The strange dog swam ashore and went on his way with amazing speed and unmistakable signs of terror; and Hero's unpleasant sense of humor was stirred.

This calls for a few words of explanation. Though the bridge was a covered one, roofed and boarded in like a barn, and floored with planks like a stable, it was not absolutely tight. The builder had left a number of sizable openings in the walls, at floor level, through which the drifted snows of winter and the penetrating dusts of summer might be swept or shoveled, from time to time, into the swift waters below.

Hero was so well pleased with the splash made by that first dog that he threw another over on the following day, and yet a third a few days later; and, after that, every dog he caught on the bridge went