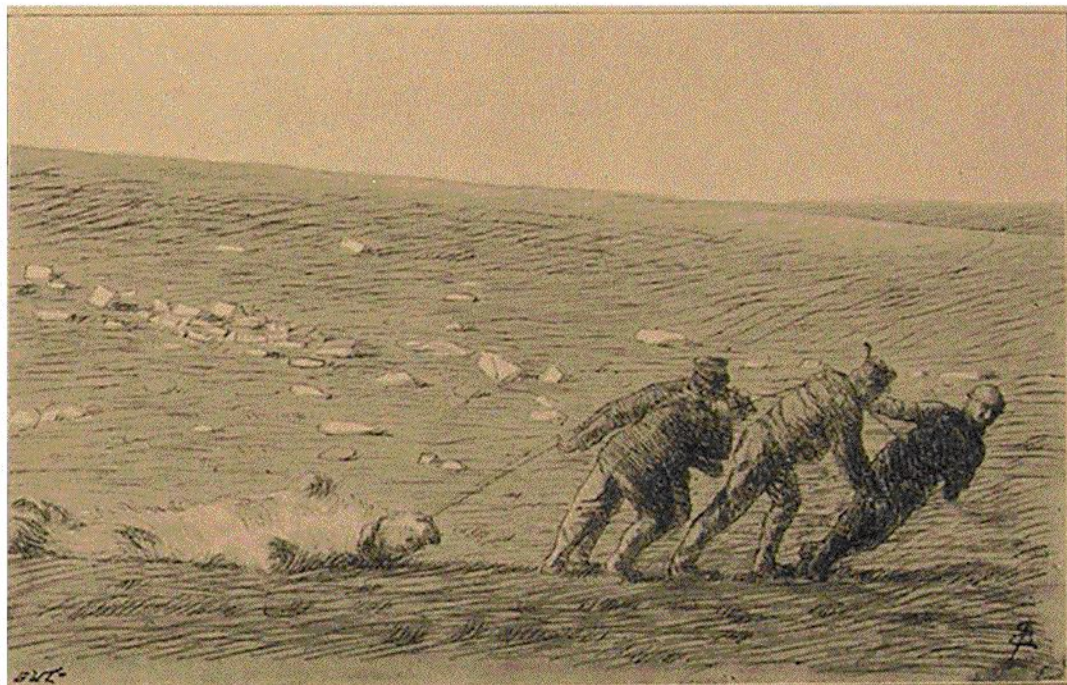


picion that it had already had all the shot it wanted. We drew nearer and nearer, but it gave no sign of life. I looked into Henriksen's honest face, to make sure that they were not playing a trick on me; but he was staring fixedly at the bear. As I looked, two shots went off, and to my astonishment the great creature bounded into the air, still dazed with sleep. Poor beast! it was a harsh awakening. Another shot, and it fell lifeless.

We first tried to drag the bears down to the boat, but



"WE FIRST TRIED TO DRAG THE BEARS "

*(By A. Eiebakke, from a Photograph)*

they were too heavy for us; and we now had a hard piece of work skinning and cutting them up, and carrying down all we wanted. But, bad as it was, trudging through the soft clay with heavy quarters of bear on our