

ship and set after him. Blessing also was now much less concerned than he had been as to the bear's nerves. He stopped, uncertain what to do; but a moment's reflection brought him to the conclusion that it was pleasanter to be three than one just then, and he went back to the others faster than he had gone from them. The bear followed at a good rate. Hansen did not like the look of things, and thought the time had come to try a dodge he had seen recommended in a book. He raised himself to his full height, flung his arms about, and yelled with all the power of his lungs, ably assisted by the others. But the bear came on quite undisturbed. The situation was becoming critical. Each snatched up his weapon—Hansen an ice-staff, Johansen an axe, and Blessing nothing. They screamed with all their strength, 'Bear! bear!' and set off for the ship as hard as they could tear. But the bear held on his steady course to the tent, and examined everything there before (as we have seen) he went after them.

"It was a lean he-bear. The only thing that was found in its stomach when it was opened was a piece of paper, with the names 'Lütken and Mohn.' This was the wrapping-paper of a 'ski' light, and had been left by one of us somewhere on the ice. After this day some of the members of the expedition would hardly leave the ship without being armed to the teeth.

"Wednesday, October 4th. Northwesterly wind yesterday and to-day. Yesterday we had -16° , and to-day