

noticed that the three dogs nearest the starboard gangway were missing. He came down and told me, and we agreed that possibly this might be what all the excitement was about; but never before had they taken it so to heart when some of their number had run away. At last I fell asleep, but heard them in my sleep for a long time.

“Wednesday, December 13th. Before I was rightly awake this morning I heard the dogs ‘at it’ still, and the noise went on all the time of breakfast, and had, I believe, gone on all night. After breakfast Mogstad and Peter went up to feed the wretched creatures and let them loose on the ice. Three were still missing. Peter came down to get a lantern; he thought he might as well look if there were any tracks of animals. Jacobsen called after him that he had better take a gun. No, he did not need one, he said. A little later, as I was sitting sorrowfully absorbed in the calculation of how much petroleum we had used, and how short a time our supply would last if we went on burning it at the same rate, I heard a scream at the top of the companion. ‘Come with a gun!’ In a moment I was in the saloon, and there was Peter tumbling in at the door, breathlessly shouting, ‘A gun! a gun!’ The bear had bitten him in the side. I was thankful that it was no worse. Hearing him put on so much dialect,* I had thought

* He says “ei borsja” for “a gun” instead of “en bosse.”