

fellow's. 'Look! the brute has been dragging a dog after him here.' By the light of the lantern we traced the blood-marked path on among the hummocks. We found the dead dogs, but no footprints except small ones, which we all thought must be those of our little bear. 'Svarten,' alias 'Johansen's Friend,' looked bad in the lantern-light. Flesh and skin and entrails were gone; there was nothing to be seen but a bare breast and backbone, with some stumps of ribs. It was a pity that the fine strong dog should come to such an end. He had just one fault: he was rather bad-tempered. He had a special dislike to Johansen; barked and showed his teeth whenever he came on deck or even opened a door, and when he sat whistling in the top or in the crow's-nest these dark winter days the 'Friend' would answer with a howl of rage from far out on the ice. Johansen bent down with the lantern to look at the remains.

"Are you glad, Johansen, that your enemy is done for?"

"No, I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Because we did not make it up before he died."

"And we went on to look for more bear-tracks, but found none; so we took the dead dogs on our backs and turned homeward."

"On the way I asked Peter what had really happened with him and the bear. 'Well, you see,' said he, 'when I came along with the lantern we saw a few drops of