

stad, who generally plays 'master of the hounds,' came and announced the arrival of the first. Soon there was another, and then one more. This news was a little balsam to our wounds. 'Kvik' has got a good warm box, lined with fur, up in the passage on the starboard; it is so warm there that she is lying sweating, and we hope that the young ones will live, in spite of 54 degrees of frost. It seems this evening as if every one had some hesitation in going out on the ice unarmed. Our bayonet-knives have been brought out, and I am providing myself with one. I must say that I felt quite certain that we should find no bears as far north as this in the middle of winter; and it never occurred to me, in making long excursions on the ice without so much as a penknife in my pocket, that I was liable to encounters with them. But, after Peter's experience, it seems as if it might be as well to have, at any rate, a lantern to hit them with. The long bayonet-knife shall accompany me henceforth.

"They often chaffed Peter afterwards about having screamed so horribly when the bear seized him. 'H'm! I wonder,' said he, 'if there aren't others that would have screeched just as loud. I had to yell after the fellows that were so afraid of frightening the bear that when they ran they covered seven yards at each stride.'

"Thursday, December 14th. 'Well, Mogstad, how many pups have you now?' I asked at breakfast. 'There are five now.' But soon after he came down to tell me that there were at least twelve. Gracious! that