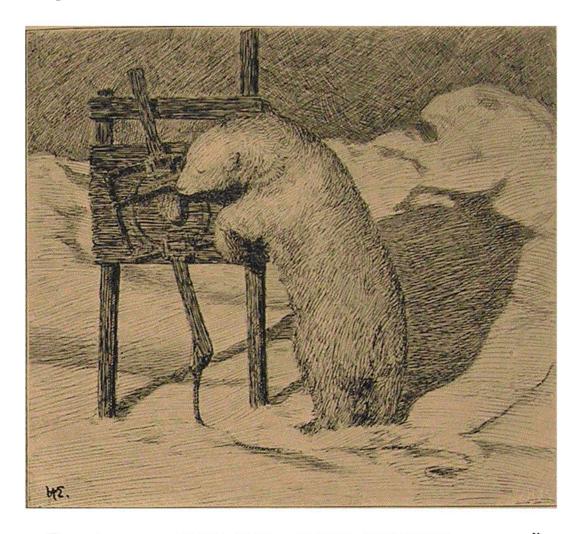
round it. Sverdrup was by this time out at the deckhouse, watching in the sparkling moonshine. His heart was jumping—he expected every moment to hear the snap of his trap. But the bear shook his head suspi-



"HE STARED, HESITATING, AT THE DELICIOUS MORSEL"

(Drawn by II. Egidius)

ciously, lowered himself cautiously on to all-fours again, and sniffed carefully at the wire that the trap was fastened by, following it along to where it was made fast to a great block of ice. He went round this, and saw