

heard the hurried footsteps of some one running over the half-deck above me, and then another followed. There was something in those footsteps that involuntarily made me think of bears, and I had a hazy sort of an idea that I ought to jump up out of bed, but I lay still, listening for the report of a gun. I heard nothing, however, and soon fell a-dreaming again. Presently Johansen came tearing down into the saloon, crying out that a couple of bears were lying half or quite dead on the large ice hummock astern of the ship. He and Mogstad had shot at them, but they had no more cartridges left. Several of the men seized hold of their guns and hurried up. I threw on my clothes and came up a little after, when I gathered that the bears had taken to flight, as I could see the other fellows following them over the ice. As I was putting on my snow-shoes they returned, and said that the bears had made off. However, I started after them as fast as my snow-shoes would take me across the floes and the pressure-ridges. I soon got on their tracks, which at first were a little blood-stained. It was a she-bear, with her cub, and, as I believed, hard hit — the she-bear had fallen down several times after Johansen's first bullet. I thought, therefore, it would be no difficult matter to overtake them. Several of the dogs were on ahead of me on their tracks. They had taken a northwesterly course, and I toiled on, perspiring profusely in the sun, while the ship sank deeper and deeper down below the horizon. The surface of the snow,