

but there were still twenty-six remaining, and as a set-off against our losses we had the puppies, eight of which had been permitted to live. As spring advanced they were allowed to roam the deck, but on May 5th their world was considerably extended. I wrote thus: "In the afternoon we let the puppies loose on the ice, and 'Kvik' at once took long expeditions with them to familiarize them with their surroundings. First she introduced them to our meteorological apparatus, then to the bear-trap, and after that to different pressure-mounds. They were very cautious at first, staring timidly all around, and venturing out very slowly, a step at a time, from the ship's side; but soon they began to run riot in their newly discovered world.

" 'Kvik' was very proud to conduct her litter out into the world, and roamed about in the highest of spirits, though she had only just returned from a long driving expedition, in which, as usual, she had done good work in harness. In the afternoon one of the black and white puppies had an attack of madness. It ran round the ship, barking furiously; the others set on it, and it bit at everything that came in its way. At last we got it shut in on the deck forward, where it was furious for a while, then quieted down, and now seems to be all right again. This makes the fourth that has had a similar attack. What can it possibly be? It cannot be hydrophobia, or it would have appeared among the grown-up dogs. Can it be toothache, or hereditary epilepsy—