

or some other infernal thing?" Unfortunately, several of them died from these strange attacks. The puppies were such fine, nice animals, that we were all very sorry when a thing like this occurred.

On June 3d I write: "Another of the puppies died in the forenoon from one of those mysterious attacks, and I cannot conceal from myself that I take it greatly to heart, and feel low-spirited about it, I have been so used to these small polar creatures living their sorrowless life on deck, romping and playing around us from morning to evening, and a little of the night as well. I can watch them with pleasure by the hour together, or play with them as with little children—have a game at hide-and-seek with them round the skylight, the while they are beside themselves with glee. It is the largest and strongest of the lot that has just died, a handsome dog; I called him 'Löva' (Lion). He was such a confiding, gentle animal, and so affectionate. Only yesterday he was jumping and playing about and rubbing himself against me, and to-day he is dead. Our ranks are thinning, and the worst of it is we try in vain to make out what it is that ails them. This one was apparently quite in his normal condition and as cheerful as ever until his breakfast was given him; then he began to cry and tear round, yelping and barking as if distracted, just as the others had done. After this convulsions set in, and the froth poured from his mouth. One of these convulsions no doubt carried him off.