

might and main; but still the mill went round. My first idea was to seize an axe that was lying there to put the dog out of its misery, its cries were so heartrending; but on second thoughts I hurried on to help Bentzen, and we got the mill stopped. At the same moment Mogstad also came up, and while we held the mill he managed to set the puppy free. Apparently there was still some life in it, and he set to work to rub it gently and coax it. The hair of its coat had somehow or other got frozen on to the smooth steel axle, and the poor beast had been swung round and bumped on the deck at every revolution of the wheel. At last it actually raised its head, and looked round in a dazed way. It had made a good many revolutions, so that it is no wonder if it found some difficulty in getting its bearings at first. Then it raised itself on its fore-paws, and I took it aft to the half-deck and stroked and patted it. Soon it got on all four legs again, and began shambling about, without knowing where it was going.

“‘It is a good thing it was caught by the hair,’ said Bentzen, ‘I thought it was hanging fast by its tongue, as the other one did.’ Only think of being fixed by the tongue to a revolving axle—the mere notion makes one shudder! I took the poor thing down into the saloon and did all I could for it. It soon got all right again, and began playing with its companions as before. A strange life to rummage about on deck in the dark and cold; but whenever one goes up with a lantern they