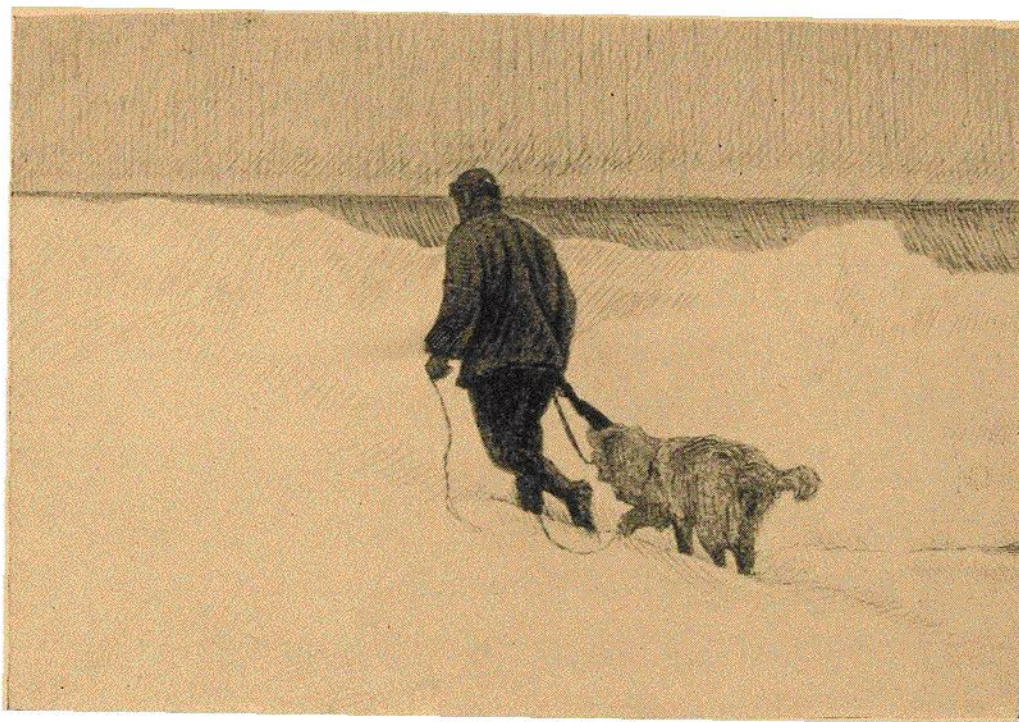


beast, he was not good for much latterly, but he had been a first-rate dog, and it was hard, I fancy, for Johansen to part with him; he looked sorrowfully at the animal before it went to the happy hunting-grounds, or wherever it may be draught-dogs go to. Perhaps to



MY LAST DOG, "KAIFAS"

places where there are plains of level ice and no ridges and lanes. There are only two dogs left now—'Suggen' and 'Kaifas'—and we must keep them alive as long as we can, and have use for them.

"The day before yesterday, in the evening, we suddenly discovered a black hillock to the east. We examined it through the glass and it looked absolutely like a black rock emerging from the snows. It also somewhat