

their pace. A wonderful thing this love of sport; it is like setting fire to a fuse. Where at other times it would be laborious work to get on at all, where one sinks to the knees in the snow, and where one would hesitate before choosing a way over the lane, let only the spark be kindled, and one clears every obstacle without thinking about it. The bear was severely wounded, and dragged her left fore-leg; she did not go fast, but always so fast that I had my work cut out to keep near her. The cubs ran round her in their solicitude, and generally a little way in front, as if to get her to come with them; they little knew what was the matter with her. Suddenly they all three looked back at me, as I was crashing after them as fast as I could. I had been within range many times, but the bear had had her hind quarters towards me, and when I fired I meant to be sure of making an end of her, as I only had three cartridges with me, one for each of them. At last, on the top of a huge hummock, I got a sight of her broadside on, and there, too, she dropped. The cubs hurried anxiously up to her when she fell—it made one sorry to see them—they sniffed at and pushed her, and ran round and round, at a loss what to do in their despair. Meanwhile I had put another cartridge in the rifle, and picked off the other cub as it was standing on a projection. It fell over the declivity with a growl, and down on to its mother. Still more frightened than before, the other cub hastened to its succor; but, poor thing, what could it do? While its brother rolled