

the walruses were blowing and bellowing incessantly, but everything passed unheeded by the two weary warriors in the tent; they slept soundly, with the bare ground for their couch. In the middle of the night we were awakened, however, by a peculiar sound; it was just like some one whimpering and crying, and making great ado. I started up, and looked out of the peep-hole. Two bears were standing down beside our bear's flesh, a she-bear and her young one, and both sniffing at the bloody marks in the snow, while the she-bear wailed as if mourning for a dear departed one. I lost no time in seizing my gun, and was just putting it cautiously out, when the she-bear caught sight of me at the peep-hole, and off they both set, the mother in front, and the young one trotting after as fast as it could. I just let them run—we had really no use for them—and then we turned over and went to sleep again.

Nothing came of the storm we had feared. The wind blew hard enough, however, to rend and tear our now well-worn tent, and there was no shelter where we lay. We hoped to go on on the following day, but found, to our disappointment, that the way was blocked; the wind had again driven the ice in. We must remain for the present where we were; but in that case we would make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The first thing to be done was to seek for a warm, well-sheltered place for the tent, but this was not to be