

when we did get there, it would be more than doubtful if, before the winter set in, there would be time to build a house and also gather stores for the winter. It was undoubtedly the safest plan to begin at once to prepare for wintering while there was still plenty of game to be had; and this was a good spot to winter in. The first thing I should like to have done was to have shot the walruses that had been lying on the ice during the first day or two; but now, of course, they were gone. The sea, however, was swarming with them; they belled and blew night and day, and, in order to be ready for an encounter with them, we emptied our kayaks to make them more easy of manipulation in this somewhat dangerous chase. While thus engaged, Johansen caught sight of two bears—a she-bear and her cub—coming along the edge of the ice from the south. We lost no time in getting our guns and setting off towards them. By the time they reached the shore they were within range, and Johansen sent a bullet through the mother's chest. She roared, bit at the wound, staggered a few steps, and fell. The young one could not make out what was the matter with its mother, and ran round, sniffing at her. When we approached, it went off a little way up the slope, but soon came back again and took up a position over its mother, as if to defend her against us. A charge of small shot put an end to its life.

This was a good beginning to our winter store. As