

out there in the storm; but we were glad that we were not still in their company.

I had not slept long, when I was awakened by Johansen, who said there was a bear outside. Even when only half awake, I heard a strange, low grunting just outside the doorway. I started up, seized my gun, and crept out. A she-bear with two large cubs was going up the shore; they had just passed close by our door. I aimed at the she-bear, but, in my haste, I missed her. She started and looked round; and as she turned her broadside to me I sent a bullet through her chest. She gave a fearful roar, and all three started off down the shore. There the mother dropped in a pool on the ice, but the young ones ran on and rushed into the sea, dashing up the foam as they went, and began to swim out. I hastened down to the mother, who was striving and striving to get out of the pool, but in vain. To save ourselves the labor of dragging the heavy animal out, I waited until she had drawn herself up on to the edge, and then put an end to her existence. Meanwhile the young ones had reached a piece of ice. It was very close quarters for two, and only just large enough to hold them; but there they sat, balancing and dipping up and down in the waves. Every now and then one of them fell off, but patiently clambered up again. They cried plaintively and incessantly, and kept looking towards land, unable to understand why their mother was so long in coming. The wind was still high, and they drifted quickly out to sea before