

tumbling head foremost in again over the bone heap and say, 'There's a bear standing just outside the door.' He snatched his gun down from where it hung under the roof and again put his head into the passage, but drew it quickly back, saying, 'He is standing close by, and must be thinking about coming in.' He managed to draw aside a corner of the door-skin, just enough to give him elbow-room to shoot; but it was not altogether easy. The passage was narrow enough before, and now, in addition, it was full of all the backbones and scraps of meat. I saw him once lift the gun to his shoulder as he lay crouched together, but take it down again; he had forgotten to cock it, and the bear had moved a little away, so that he only saw its muzzle and paws. But now it began scraping down in the passage with one paw, as if it wanted to come in, and Johansen thought he must fire, even if he could not see. He put out his gun, pointing the barrel at the upper edge of the opening; he thought the shot must go right into the bear's breast, and so he fired. I heard a dull growl and the crunching of the snow under heavy footsteps, which went up towards the talus. Johansen loaded again, and put his head out at the opening. He said he saw it going up there, and that it didn't seem up to much, and forthwith he rushed after it. I, meanwhile, was lying head foremost in the bag, hunting for a sock which I *could* not find. At last, after a long search, I found it—on the floor, of course. Then I, too, was ready;