

ever. As I approached the place where I thought it must be lying, I caught sight of the 'dead bear' far ahead, trotting pretty briskly along the shore. Now and then it stopped to look round at me. I ran out on to the ice, to get outside it, if possible, and drive it back, so that we should not have so far to drag it. When I had kept on at this for some time, and was about on a level with it, it began clambering up the glacier and under some ragged rock. I had not reckoned on a 'dead bear' being able to do this, and the only thing was to stop it as soon as possible; but just as I got within range it disappeared over the crest. Soon I saw it again, a good deal higher up, and far out of range. It was craning its neck to see if I were following. I went up some way after it, but as it went on along the mountain more quickly than I could follow it in the deep snow, under which, moreover, there were crevices into which I kept falling up to my waist, I preferred to clamber down on to the fjord-ice again. In a little while the bear emerged from beneath a perpendicular cliff with a precipitous bit of talus beneath it. Here it began to crawl carefully along at the very top of the talus. I was now afraid of its lying down in a place like this, where we could not get at it, and even though the range was long I felt I must fire and see if I could not make it fall over. It did not look as if it had too firm a footing up there. It was blowing like anything here under the cliff, and I saw that the bear had to lie flat down and hold on with