

the delicious scent of burnt blubber and live human flesh. Then it had dragged a walrus hide that was lying outside a little way off and scraped the blubber off it. It had come from the ice obliquely up the hill following the scent, had then followed our footsteps from the hut to the place where we get salt-water, and had thence gone farther out over the ice until it had got scent of the walrus carcasses out there, and was going towards them when Johansen caught sight of it. There it set to work to gnaw. As my gun was not fit to use at the moment, I took Johansen's and went alone. The bear was so busy gnawing and tearing pieces off the carcass that I could get close up to it from behind without troubling about cover. Wishing to try how near I could get, I went on, and it was not until I was so near that I could almost touch it with the muzzle of my gun that it heard my steps, so busy had it been. It started round, gazed defiantly and astonished at me, and I saluted it with a charge right in its face. It threw up its head, sneezed, and blew blood out over the snow as it turned round again and galloped away. I was going to load again, but the cartridge jammed, and it was only by using my knife that I got it out. While I was doing this the bear had bethought himself, stopped, turned towards me, and snorted angrily, as he made up his mind to set upon me. He then went up on to a piece of ice close by, placed himself in an attitude of defence, and stretched out his neck tow-