

ards me, while the blood poured from his mouth and nostrils. The ball had gone right through his head, but without touching the brain. At last I had put another cartridge in, but had to give him five shots before I finally killed him. At each shot he fell, but got up again. I was not accustomed to the sights on Johansen's gun, and shot rather too high with it. At last I grew angry, rushed up to him, and finished him off."

We were beginning to be well supplied with blubber and meat for the journey south, and were now busy fitting ourselves out. And there was a great deal to be done. We had to begin to make ourselves new clothes out of our blankets; our wind clothes had to be patched and mended; our "komager" had to be soled, and we had to make socks and gloves out of bearskin. Then we had to make a light, good sleeping-bag of bearskin. All this would take time; and from this time we worked industriously at our needle from early morning till late at night. Our hut was suddenly transformed into a busy tailor's and shoemaker's work-room, where we sat side by side in the sleeping-bag upon the stone bed, and sewed and sewed and thought about the home-coming. We got thread by unravelling the cotton canvas of some provision bags. It need hardly be said that we were always talking about the prospects for our journey, and we found great comfort in the persistence of the dark sky in the southwest, which