

behind the hut. Then I heard a snorting and blowing, and off went the brute in a clumsy bear's gallop up the slope. I did not know whether to shoot or not, and, to tell the truth, I had little inclination for bear-skinning in this bitter weather; but half at random I sent a shot after it, which of course missed, and I was not sorry. I did not shoot again; the one shot was enough to frighten it, and keep it from coming again for the present; we did not want it, if only it would leave our things in peace. At the cleft to the north it looked back, and then went on. As usual it had come against the wind, and must have scented us far west upon the ice. It had made several tacks to leeward to us, had been at the entrance of the hut, where it had left a visiting-card, and had then gone straight to a mound at the back of us, where there is some walrus blubber, surrounded on all sides by bears' carcasses. These had no terrors for it. The bearskin which covered it, it had dragged a long way, but fortunately it had not succeeded in getting anything eaten before I came.

"Sunday, May 3d. When Johansen came in this morning he said he had seen a bear out on the ice; it was coming in. He went out a little later to look for it, but did not see it; it had probably gone into the bay to the north. We expected a visit from it, however, as the wind was that way; and as we sat later in the day, sewing as hard as we could sew, we heard heavy footsteps on the snow outside. They stopped, went backward and