

little hummock out on the ice south of the house, and was lying at full length on the top of it, with 'Misère' and a couple of puppies round it, standing at a little distance and barking persistently. As we approached it fled over



THE WOUNDED BEAR

the ice. The range was long, but, nevertheless, we sent a few shots after it, thinking we might perhaps retard its progress. With one of these I was fortunate enough to hit it in the hind-quarters, and it now fled to a new ice-hill. Here I was able to get nearer to it. It was