

although Pettersen was pointing in their direction. At last I saw them trotting along slowly towards the ship. About 150 yards away they stopped. I tried to take aim at them, but as it was still too dark to be sure of my shot, I waited a little, hoping that they would come nearer. They stood for a time staring at the ship, but then wheeled round and sneaked off again. I asked Pettersen if he had something to fry which would smell really nice and strong and attract the bears back. He stood ruminating a little, then ran down-stairs, and came up again with a pan of fried butter and onions. "I am blowed if I haven't got something savory for them," he said, and tossed the pan up on the rail. The bears had long been out of sight. It was cold, 35 degrees I should think, and I hurried down to get my fur coat on, but before I had done so Bentzen came running down and told me to make haste, as the bears were coming back. We tore on deck at full speed, and now had the animals well within range, about 100 yards away. I squatted down behind the rail, took a good aim, and—missed fire. The bears were a little startled, and seemed to be contemplating a retreat. I quickly cocked the rifle again and fired at the largest one. It fell head over heels, with a tremendous roar. Then I fired at the second one. It first turned a fine somersault before it fell. After that they both got up and took a few steps forward, but then they both came down again. I gave them each one of the two cartridges I had left, but still this was not enough for these long-lived animals. Pettersen was very much interested in the sport. Without any weapon he ran down the gangway and away towards the bears, but then he suddenly had misgivings and called to Bentzen to follow him. Bentzen, who had no weapons either, was naturally not very keen about running after two wounded bears. After getting some more cartridges I met Pettersen midway between the bears and the *Fram*. The animals were now crawling along a pressure-ridge. I stopped at a distance of 30 yards, but first of all I had to shout to Pettersen, who, in his eagerness, hurried on before me, and now stood just in the line of fire. At last the great she-bear got her death-wound, and I ran along the pressure-ridge in order