

“An examination on board showed that the hook of ‘Svarten’s’ leash was pulled out quite straight; ‘Gammelen’s’ was broken through; but the third dog’s was only wrenched a little; it hardly looked as if the bear had done it. I had a slight hope that this dog might still be in life, but, though we searched well, we could not find it.

“It was altogether a deplorable story. To think that we should have let a bear scramble on board like this, and should have lost three dogs at once! Our dogs are dwindling down; we have only 26 now. That was a wily demon of a bear, to be such a little one. He had crawled on board by the gangway, shoved away a box that was standing in front of it, taken the dog that stood nearest, and gone off with it. When he had satisfied the first pangs of his hunger, he had come back and fetched No. 2, and, if he had been allowed, he would have continued the performance until the deck was cleared of dogs. Then he would probably have come bumping down-stairs ‘and beckoned with cold hand’ in at the galley door to Juell. It must have been a pleasant feeling for ‘Svarten’ to stand there in the dark and see the bear come creeping in upon him.

“When I went below after this bear affair, Juell said as I passed the galley door, ‘You’ll see that “Kvik” will have her pups to-day; for it’s always the way here on board, that things happen together.’ And, sure enough, when we were sitting in the saloon in the evening, Mog-