

the pack swerved just a fraction too late and went flying through the air with all her ribs broken,—a mere wreck of a dog. This enemy out of the way, the bear decided to end the thing, and, regardless of the sharp teeth that tortured him, coughed deep down in his white throat and lurched straight forward at the hunter.

Aivick took a deep breath, sank on one knee, and, dropping the butt of his spear into a little hole in the ice, slanted it forward so that the sharp head took his quarry under the left fore-arm and sank deep, but such was the weight of the great brute that the spear splintered and left him with the shattered butt still in his grip. Over him towered the bear, with blood spurting out on the white fur. Simultaneously the hunter turned and fled, hearing as he ran the yelps of his battling pack, and at that it seemed that three gray wolves raced round the end of the pressure ridge and hurled themselves into the combat with such savageness that the lord of the North was forced to turn in renewed torture to face them.