

the hides of that animal, which are used almost exclusively for their winter clothing and bedding. Joe (Ebierbing) attached himself to a young Iwillik Eskimo, Too-loo'-ah by name, who will appear many times in these accounts as my most valuable and intelligent hunter. Toolooah and Joe, as the autumn snows commenced falling, had pitched their sealskin tent on a precipitous hill overlooking a small fresh-water lake, where the reindeer, on their autumnal southward migrations, could be seen for many miles. When the weather became too cold to allow the tent to be warmed by their rude stone lamps, an igloo or snow-house was built and the hunt continued. One cold, gloomy, storm-boding day, when both our heroes were snugly ensconced in bed (which with the natives means stripped stark naked, lying between their dressed reindeer blankets), a terrible racket was heard near the lake, sufficient to excite their curiosity. Joe jumped up and, partially and hurriedly dressed, emerged into the open air. Toolooah, less excited, stretched out, back up, with his chin in both hands, eagerly awaiting developments. It turned out to be a big, shaggy polar bear, breaking the ice of the lake where it had an outlet into a small creek and trying to catch the fish that some instinct told him would be found there. As soon as Joe comprehended the situation, he seized a loaded musket, the only arm on the outside of the hut, and, taking deliberate aim at Bruin, who was about a hundred and fifty yards away, he let him have an ineffectual shot in the leg. This so astonished his bearship, who had perceived no danger, that he only looked at Joe in amazement, howling furiously at his slight wound. "Nannook! Nannook!" (a bear! a bear!) yelled Joe, just after he fired, and then dodged into the low entrance of the snow-house in order to get his Winchester carbine, his head meeting, with a good round thump, that of Toolooah, who, stark naked, was emerging, Winchester in hand. By the time that Toolooah had straightened up in front of the entrance, and recovered from his dizzy collision, the bear had commenced to appreciate that he was in an unhealthy neighborhood, with a high rate of mortality that could only be counteracted by a high rate of speed, and he had just swung his carcass around for a retreat when he got Toolooah's first fire in his hams. Then he started on the run, Toolooah giving him a