

spear, advanced with an utter lack of his usual caution.

The bear was a big one, and, since it was January, he was lean and very hungry. Aivick noted his height as he sat up to meet the dogs, and decided it was the biggest bear he had ever seen, with long fore-arms and broad, white paws from which the curving claws stuck out like great talons. The team, too, seemed impressed with his size and strength, for they approached very gingerly, their teeth bared, the hair on their backs standing straight up.

So the fierce game began, with Aivick waiting tensely for his chance, his spear held level, while the dogs snapped at the great brute's side and flanks, dodging back like lightning with a mouthful of fur and skin. The mighty arms swung great blows and the small pink eyes were alight with anger, but, however the dogs worried, the big beast knew that his most deadly enemy stood straight in front of him with the long, bright-pointed thing in his hands. Presently the leader of