



LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, U. S. N.

does not fall to the lot of every man to lasso a polar bear, and a picture of the affair would make such a startling illustration for the pictorial press! I could already see the event spread before the public with two immense polar bears standing erect, their mouths opened to the fullest capacity, and paws extended to seize the intrepid Schwatka as he advanced to the attack, swinging his lasso around his head. To show him what a fine subject it was, I made a rough sketch of it. But on the other page I sketched the occurrence as

it really was, and presented the contrast: the big bear dead upon the ice and the little cub standing over the body, while the brave lieutenant held on to the gunwale of the boat with his left hand, to keep from falling on the slippery ice as he threw the rope with his right.

If it were not for the inconvenience they put you to, and the fact that carrying a heavy load upon your back has the effect of quieting any tendency to inordinate mirth, a pack of dogs loaded for the march would afford no end of amusement. In