

in the use of such means as were yet left to them. They had preserved their guns and a small supply of powder and shot. Snow and rain came on, and continued until noon of the next day, April twenty-second. Their hunger was fearful. Mr. Meyers had been slightly frost-bitten when drifting away alone in the boat, his health seemed broken, and he was actually starving.

In the afternoon of this day Joe went as usual with his gun. He had caught nothing on this floe, and now there were no signs of seals, though it was his fourth time out that day. What should they do? God had their relief all arranged. Joe saw what he did not expect to see, and what was seldom seen so far south—a bear! He ran back to the boat, called Hans with his trusty rifle, and the two lay down behind the hummocks. All were ordered to lie down, keep perfectly quiet, and feign themselves seals, the Esquimo helping out the deception by imitating the seal bark. Bruin came on cautiously. He, too, was hungry. What are those black objects, and what is that noise, he seemed to say? They don't look *quite* like seals! The noise is not *just* like the seal cry! But hunger is a weighty reason with men and bears, on the side of what they desire to believe, so the bear came on. When fairly within an easy range both rifles cracked, and he fell dead. The whole party arose with a shout. Polar was dragged to the boat and skinned. His warm blood slaked their raging thirst. His meat, tender and good, satisfied their gnawing hunger. They were