

brute. The dogs crowd in and take hold wherever they can. The bear grows frantic in his struggles to punish his adversaries. At last he lies at full length panting upon the snow. Then it is that some hunter ventures to leave his dog-sled and try to kill him with a walrus tusk. No sooner is he sure that the animal is dying than he hastens to get a drink of warm blood. Then a long cut is made down the belly of the animal with the points of the walrus tusks and the skin is pulled and pushed off with their hands. All hands feast upon the warm grease that is inside the animal, and after that they divide the meat and take it home.

I will now explain that the breaking up of the ice I have told about is not from thawing. In the warmest time we ever saw in that part of Greenland where I came from, it never thawed enough to make the water run in streams. A few bare spots were melted off on the rocks and high points of land. Once in a while the snow would melt enough to drip a little, and form icicles, but not often. It was cold, cold, bitter cold, all the year round, and the people in this country can hardly have an idea of it, even in the coldest weather here. From this we see that there could be no chance for heat enough to make the thick ice break up by thawing. Have you ever seen a tub which was full of water frozen nearly solid? Then, perhaps you remember that the middle was heaved up and cracked to pieces by the frost. This, I think, is what takes place in