

before it occurred to me that there was perhaps something for me too to do. With a horrible yell I flung myself on some of the worst fighters, got hold of them by the neck, and managed to give the culprit time to get away.



OUR TRIAL TRIP WITH THE DOGS

(By Otto Sinding, from a Photograph)

Our team had got badly mixed up during the battle, and it took some time to disentangle them. At last everything was once more ready for the start. Trontheim cracked his whip, and called, "Pr-r-r-r, pr-r-r-r," and off we went at a wild gallop, over grass, clay, and stones, until it seemed as if they were going to carry us right across the lagoon at the mouth of the river. I kicked and pulled in with all my might, but was dragged along, and it was all that Trontheim and I with our united strength could do to stop them just as they were going into the water, although we shouted "Sass, sass," so that it echoed over the whole of Khabarova. But at last we got our team turned in another direction, and off we set