

rocks that have been ground smooth by the glaciers of the Ice Age. The *Fram* anchored on the north side of the largest of them, and while the boiler was being refitted, some of us went ashore in the evening for some shooting. We had not left the ship when the mate, from the crow's-nest, caught sight of reindeer. At once we were all agog; every one wanted to go ashore, and the mate was quite beside himself with the hunter's fever, his eyes as big as saucers, and his hands trembling as though he were drunk. Not until we were in the boat had we time to look seriously for the mate's reindeer. We looked in vain—not a living thing was to be seen in any direction. Yes—when we were close inshore we at last descried a large flock of geese waddling upward from the beach. We were base enough to let a conjecture escape us that these were the mate's reindeer—a suspicion which he at first rejected with contempt. Gradually, however, his confidence oozed away. But it is possible to do an injustice even to a mate. The first thing I saw when I sprang ashore was old reindeer tracks. The mate had now the laugh on his side, ran from track to track, and swore that it was reindeer he had seen.

When we got up on to the first height we saw several reindeer on flat ground to the south of us; but, the wind being from the north, we had to go back and make our way south along the shore till we got to leeward of them. The only one who did not approve of this plan was the mate, who was in a state of feverish eagerness to rush