

before. It was impossible to get nearer, for there was only a smooth slope between us. There was no sense in thinking of waiting for light to shoot by. It was now midnight, and I had that terrible mate to the north of me; besides, the wind was not to be trusted. I held the rifle up against the sky to see the bead clearly, and then lowered it on the reindeer. I did this once, twice, thrice. The bead was still far from clear; but, all the same, I thought I might hit, and pulled the trigger. The two deer gave a sudden start, looked round in astonishment, and bolted off a little way south. There they stood still again, and at this moment were joined by a third deer, which had been standing rather farther north. I fired off all the cartridges in the magazine, and all to the same good purpose. The creatures started and moved off a little at each shot, and then trotted farther south. Presently they made another halt, to take a long careful look at me; and I dashed off westward, as hard as I could run, to turn them. Now they were off straight in the direction where some of my comrades ought to be. I expected every moment to hear shots and see one or two of the animals fall; but away they ambled southward, quite unchecked. At last, far to the south, crack went a rifle. I could see by the smoke that it was at too long a range; so in high dudgeon I shouldered my rifle and lounged in the direction of the shot. It was pleasant to see such a good result for all one's trouble.

No one was to be seen anywhere. At length I met