

the slope on the other side of the valley. But no reindeer came, and soon we were having a struggle to keep our eyes open and our heads up—we had not had much sleep the last few days. They *must* be coming! We shook ourselves awake, and gave another look along the bank, till again the eyes softly closed and the heads began to nod, while the chill wind blew through our wet clothes, and I shivered with cold. This sort of thing went on for an hour or two, until the sport began to pall on me, and I scrambled from my shelter along towards Sverdrup, who was enjoying it about as much as I was. We climbed the slope on the other side of the valley, and were hardly at the top before we saw the horns of six splendid reindeer on a height in front of us. They were restless, scenting westward, trotting round in a circle, and then sniffing again. They could not have noticed us as yet, as the wind was blowing at right angles to the line between them and us. We stood a long time watching their manœuvres, and waiting their choice of a direction, but they had apparently great difficulty in making it. At last off they swung south and east, and off we went southeast as hard as we could go, to get across their course before they got scent of us. Sverdrup had got well ahead, and I saw him rushing across a flat piece of ground: presently he would be at the right place to meet them. I stopped, to be in readiness to cut them off on the other side if they should face about and make off northward again. There were six splendid animals,