

a big buck in front. They were heading straight for Sverdrup, who was now crouching down on the slope. I expected every moment to see the foremost fall. A shot rang out! Round wheeled the whole flock like lightning, and back they came at a gallop. It was my turn now to run with all my might, and off I went over the stones, down towards the valley we had come from. I only stopped once or twice to take breath, and to make sure that the animals were coming in the direction I had reckoned on—then off again. We were getting near each other now; they were coming on just where I had calculated; the thing now was to be in time for them. I made my long legs go their fastest over the boulders, and took leaps from stone to stone that would have surprised myself at a more sober moment. More than once my foot slipped, and I went down head first among the boulders, gun and all. But the wild beast in me had the upper hand now. The passion of the chase vibrated through every fibre of my body.

We reached the slant of the valley almost at the same time—a leap or two to get up on some big boulders, and the moment had come—I *must* shoot, though the shot was a long one. When the smoke cleared away I saw the big buck trailing a broken hind-leg. When their leader stopped, the whole flock turned and ran in a ring round the poor animal. They could not understand what was happening, and strayed about wildly with the balls whistling round them. Then off they went down