

nœuvres as before. I looked round for my gun, but could not reach it where it was lying on the kayak. 'Take the gun, Johansen, quick, and blaze away; but quick! look sharp, quick!' In a moment he had thrown the gun to his cheek, and just as the seal was on the point of disappearing under the edge I heard the report. The animal made a little turn, and then lay floating, the blood flowing from its head. I dropped the sledge, seized the harpoon, and, quick as lightning, threw it deep into the fat back of the seal, which lay quivering on the surface of the water. Then it began to move; there was still life in it; and, anxious lest the harpoon with its thin line should not hold if the huge animal began to quicken in earnest, I pulled my knife out of its sheath and stuck it into the seal's throat, whence a stream of blood came flowing out. The water was red with it for a long distance, and it made one quite sorry to see the wherewithal for a good meal being wasted like this. But there was nothing to be done; not on any account would I lose that animal, and for the sake of safety gave it another harpoon. Meanwhile the sledge, which had been half dragged up on to the ice, slid down again, and the kayaks, with Johansen and the dogs, came adrift. He tried to pull the sledge up on to the kayak, but without success, and so it remained with one end in the water and one on the canoe. It heeled the whole fleet over, and Johansen's kayak canted till one side was in the water; it leaked, moreover, like a sieve, and the water