

and bellowing, often whole herds of them; and high up in the air, to and fro, flew the little auks in swarms; you could hear the whir of their wings far off. There were cries and life on all sides. But soon the sun will sink, the sea will close in, the birds will disappear one after another towards the south, the polar night will begin, and there will be profound, unbroken silence.

It was with pleasure that we at last, on September 7th, set to work to build our hut. We had selected a good site in the neighborhood, and from this time forward we might have been seen daily going out in the morning like other laborers, with a can of drinking-water in one hand and a gun in the other. We quarried stones up among the débris from the cliff, dragged them together, dug out the site, and built walls as well as we could. We had no tools worth mentioning; those we used most were our two hands. The cut-off sledge-runner again did duty as a pick with which to loosen the fast-frozen stones, and when we could not manage to dig up the earth on our site with our hands we used a snow-shoe staff with an iron ferrule. We made a spade out of the shoulder-blade of a walrus tied to a piece of a broken snow-shoe staff, and a mattock out of a walrus tusk tied to the crosstree of a sledge. They were poor things to work with, but we managed it with patience, and little by little there arose solid walls of stone with moss and earth between. The weather was growing gradually colder, and hindered us not a little in our work. The soil we had to dig in hardened, and the