

deer tracks, but of course they were only those of the Samoyedes' tame reindeer. This is the land of the Samoyedes—and oh but it is desolate and mournful! The only one of us that bagged anything was the



THE PLAIN OF YALMAL
(By Otto Sinding, from a Photograph)

botanist. Beautiful flowers smiled to us here and there among the sand-mounds—the one message from a brighter world in this land of fogs. We went far in over the flats, but came only to sheets of water, with low spits running out into them, and ridges between. We often heard the cry of loons on the water, but could never catch sight of one. All these lakelets were of a remarkable, exactly circular conformation, with steep banks all