

rocking gently on the sea. It made one feel almost savage to look at it. Visions of the *Flying Dutchman* and other devilry flashed through my mind.

Terrible disaster in the cook's galley! Mogstad goes in and sees the whole wall sprinkled over with dark-red stains—rushes off to Nordahl, and says he believes Juell has shot himself through despair at the insufferable heat he complains so about. "Great revolver disaster on board the *Fram!* . . ." On close inspection, however, the stains appeared to proceed from a box of chocolate that had upset in the cupboard.

Owing to the fog we dared not go too near land, so kept out to sea, till at last, towards morning, the fog lifted somewhat, and the pilot found his bearings between Farsund and Hummerdus. We put into Lister Fjord, intending to anchor there and get into better sea trim; but as the weather improved we went on our way. It was not till the afternoon that we steered into Ekersund, owing to thick weather and a stiff breeze, and anchored in Hovland's Bay, where our pilot, Hovland,* lived. Next morning the boat davits, etc., were put in good working order. The *Fram*, however, was too heavily laden to be at all easy in a seaway; but this we could not alter. What we had we must keep, and if we only got every-

* Both Hovland, who piloted us from Christiania to Bergen, and Johan Hågensen, who took us from Bergen to Vardö, were most kindly placed at the disposal of the expedition by the Nordensfjeldske Steamship Company, of Trondhjem.