

night of the 16th, east of the North Cape or Magerö, we met with such a nasty sea, and shipped so much water on deck, that we put into Kjöllefjord to adjust our cargo better by shifting the coal and making a few other changes. We worked at this the whole of two days, and made everything clear for the voyage to Novaya Zemlya. I had at first thought of taking on board a fresh supply of coal at Vardö, but as we were already deeply laden, and the *Urania* was to meet us at Yugor Strait with coal, we thought it best to be contented with what we had already got on board, as we might expect bad weather in crossing the White Sea and Barents Sea. At ten o'clock in the evening we weighed anchor, and reached Vardö next evening, where we met with a magnificent reception. There was a band of music on the pier, the fjord teemed with boats, flags waved on every hand, and salutes were fired. The people had been waiting for us ever since the previous evening, we were told—some of them, indeed, coming from Vadsö—and they had seized the opportunity to get up a subscription to provide a big drum for the town band, the "North Pole." And here we were entertained at a sumptuous banquet, with speeches, and champagne flowing in streams, ere we bade Norway our last farewell.

The last thing that had now to be done for the *Fram* was to have her bottom cleaned of mussels and weeds, so that she might be able to make the best speed possible. This work was done by divers, who were readily