

Wednesday, the 6th of September, was the anniversary of my wedding-day. I was superstitious enough to feel when I awoke in the morning that this day would bring a change, if one were coming at all. The storm had gone down a little, the sun peeped out, and life seemed brighter. The wind quieted down altogether in the course of the afternoon, the weather becoming calm and beautiful. The strait to the north of us, which was blocked before with solid ice, had been swept open by the storm; but the strait to the east, where we had been with the boat, was firmly blocked, and if we had not turned when we did that evening we should have been there yet, and for no one knows how long. It seemed to us not improbable that the ice between Cape Lapteff and Almquist's Islands might be broken up. We therefore got up steam and set off north about 6.30 P.M. to try our fortune once more. I felt quite sure that the day would bring us luck. The weather was still beautiful, and we were thoroughly enjoying the sunshine. It was such an unusual thing that Nordahl, when he was working among the coals in the hold in the afternoon, mistook a sunbeam falling through the hatch on the coal dust for a plank, and leaned hard on it. He was not a little surprised when he fell right through it on to some iron lumber.

It became more and more difficult to make anything of the land, and our observation for latitude at noon did not help to clear up matters. It placed us at $76^{\circ} 2'$