

up here, high above the water. Only one star was to be seen. It stood straight above Cape Chelyuskin, shining clearly and sadly in the pale sky. As we sailed on and got the cape more to the east of us the star went with it; it was always there, straight above. I could not help sitting watching it. It seemed to have some charm for me, and to bring such peace. Was it my star? Was it the spirit of home following and smiling to me now? Many a thought it brought to me as the *Fram* toiled on through the melancholy night, past the northernmost point of the old world.

Towards morning we were off what we took to be actually the northern extremity. We stood in near land, and at the change of the watch, exactly at 4 o'clock, our flags were hoisted, and our three last cartridges sent a thundering salute over the sea. Almost at the same moment the sun rose. Then our poetic doctor burst forth into the following touching lines:

"Up go the flags, off goes the gun;
The clock strikes four—and lo, the sun!"

As the sun rose, the Chelyuskin troll, that had so long had us in his power, was banned. We had escaped the danger of a winter's imprisonment on this coast, and we saw the way clear to our goal—the drift-ice to the north of the New Siberian Islands. In honor of the occasion all hands were turned out, and punch, fruit, and cigars were served in the festally lighted saloon. Something