

a splendid sail. On to the north, steadily north, with a good wind, as fast as steam and sail can take us, and open sea mile after mile, watch after watch, through these unknown regions, always clearer and clearer of ice one might almost say! How long will this last? The eye always turns to the northward as one paces the bridge. It is gazing into the future. But there is always the same dark sky ahead, which means open sea. My plan was standing its test. It seemed as if luck had been on our side ever since the 6th of September. We see 'nothing but clean water,' as Henriksen answered from the crow's-nest when I called up to him. When he was standing at the wheel later in the morning, and I was on the bridge, he suddenly said: 'They little think at home in Norway just now that we are sailing straight for the Pole in clear water.' 'No, they don't believe we have got so far.' And I shouldn't have believed it myself if any one had prophesied it to me a fortnight ago; but true it is. All my reflections and inferences on the subject had led me to expect open water for a good way farther north; but it is seldom that one's inspirations turn out to be so correct. No ice-light in any direction, not even now in the evening. We saw no land the whole day; but we had fog and thick weather all morning and forenoon, so that we were still going at half-speed, as we were afraid of coming suddenly on something. Now we are almost in  $77^{\circ}$  north latitude. How long is it to go on? I have said all along that I should