

following the ice-edge in that direction would soon force us south again. So in the meantime we made fast to a great ice-block, and prepared to clean the boiler and shift coals. "We are lying in open water, with only a few large floes here and there; but I have a presentiment that this is our winter harbor.

"Great bug war to-day. We play the big steam hose on mattresses, sofa-cushions—everything that we think can possibly harbor the enemies. All clothes are put into a barrel, which is hermetically closed, except where the hose is introduced. Then full steam is set on. It whizzes and whistles inside, and a little forces its way through the joints, and we think that the animals must be having a fine hot time of it. But suddenly the barrel cracks, the steam rushes out, and the lid bursts off with a violent explosion, and is flung far along the deck. I still hope that there has been a great slaughter, for these are horrible enemies. Juell tried the old experiment of setting one on a piece of wood to see if it would creep north. It would not move at all, so he took a blubber hook and hit it to make it go; but it would do nothing but wriggle its head—the harder he hit the more it wriggled. 'Squash it, then,' said Bentzen. And squashed it was.

"Friday, September 23d. We are still at the same moorings, working at the coal. An unpleasant contrast—everything on board, men and dogs included, black and filthy, and everything around white and bright in