

would bear lasting marks of another part of the body; and the table-cloth—well, we fortunately do not possess such a thing. In short, coal-shifting is as dirty and wretched an experience as one can well imagine in these bright and pure surroundings. One good thing is that there is plenty of fresh water to wash with; we can find it in every hollow on the floes, so there is some hope of our being clean again in time, and it is possible that this may be our last coal-shifting.

“Monday, September 25th. Frozen in faster and faster! Beautiful, still weather; 13 degrees of frost last night. Winter is coming now. Had a visit from a bear, which was off again before any one got a shot at it.”