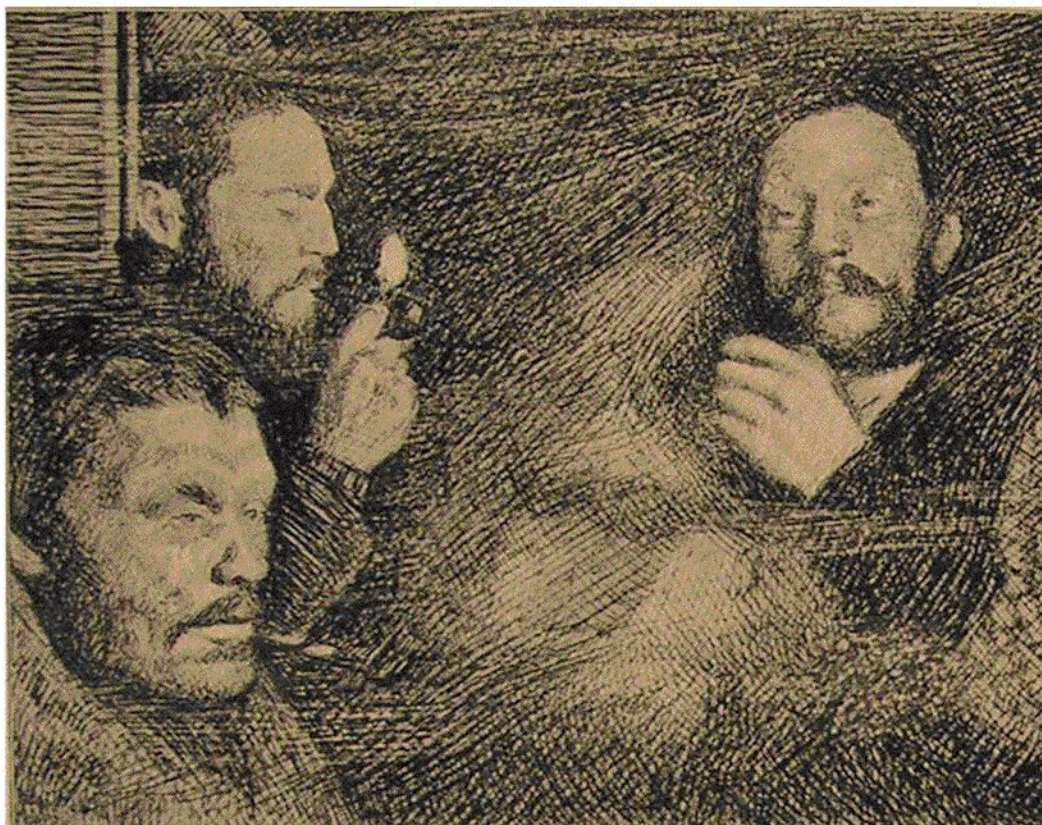


table at night with heads buried in books or collections of illustrations, and could have understood how invaluable these companions were to us, they would have felt



HENRIKSEN SVERDRUP

BLESSING

A SMOKE IN THE GALLEY OF THE "FRAM"

rewarded by the knowledge that they had conferred a real boon—that they had materially assisted in making the *Fram* the little oasis that it was in this vast ice desert. About half-past seven or eight cards or other games were brought out, and we played well on into the night, seated in groups round the saloon table. One or other of us might go to the organ, and, with the assistance