

after all, it is not much more surprising than my coming upon fox-tracks out on the ice between Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen.

"Monday, October 30th. To-day the temperature has gone down to  $18^{\circ}$  below zero ( $-27^{\circ}$  C.). I took up the dredge I had put out yesterday. It brought up two pails of mud from the bottom, and I have been busy all day washing this out in the saloon in a large bath, to get the many animals contained in it. They were chiefly starfish, waving starfish, medusæ (*Astrophyton*), sea-slugs, coral insects (*Alcyonaria*), worms, sponges, shell-fish, and crustaceans; and were, of course, all carefully preserved in spirits.

"Tuesday, October 31st. Forty-nine fathoms (90 m.) of water to-day, and the current driving us hard to the southwest. We have good wind for the mill now, and the electric lamps burn all day. The arc lamp under the skylight makes us quite forget the want of sun. Oh! light is a glorious thing, and life is fair in spite of all privations! This is Sverdrup's birthday, and we had revolver practice in the morning. Of course a magnificent dinner of five courses—chicken soup, boiled mackerel, reindeer ribs with baked cauliflower and potatoes, macaroni pudding, and stewed pears with milk—Ringnes ale to wash it down.

"Thursday, November 2d. The temperature keeps at about  $22^{\circ}$  below zero ( $-30^{\circ}$  C.) now; but it does not feel very cold, the air is so still. We can see the aurora