

is extraordinary all the sounds that one can fancy one hears out on that great, still space, mysteriously lighted by the twinkling stars.

"Friday, December 15th. This morning Peter saw a fox on the ice astern, and he saw it again later, when he was out with the dogs. There is something remarkable about this appearance of bears and foxes now, after our seeing no life for so long. The last time we saw a fox we were far south of this, possibly near Sannikoff Land. Can we have come into the neighborhood of land again?

"I inspected 'Kvik's' pups in the afternoon. There were thirteen, a curious coincidence—thirteen pups on December 13th, for thirteen men. Five were killed; 'Kvik' can manage eight, but more would be bad for her. Poor mother! she was very anxious about her young ones—wanted to jump up into the box beside them and take them from us. And you can see that she is very proud of them.

"Peter came this evening and said that there must be a ghost on the ice, for he heard exactly the same sounds of walking and pawing as yesterday evening. This seems to be a populous region, after all.

"According to an observation taken on Tuesday we must be pretty nearly in $79^{\circ} 8'$ north latitude. That was 8 minutes' drift in the three days from Saturday; we are getting on better and better.

"Why will it not snow? Christmas is near, and what