

moonlight playing on the coal-black waves, and awakened a remembrance of well-known scenes. I followed this lane far to the north, seemed to see the outlines of high land in the hazy light below the moon, and went on and on; but in the end it turned out to be a bank of clouds behind the moonlit vapor rising from the open water. I saw from a high hummock that this opening stretched north as far as the eye could reach.

"The same luxurious living as yesterday; a dinner of four courses. Shooting with darts at a target for cigarettes has been the great excitement of the day. Darts and target are Johansen's Christmas present from Miss Fougner.

"Wednesday, December 27th. Wind began to blow this afternoon, $19\frac{1}{2}$ to 26 feet per second; the windmill is going again, and the arc lamp once more brightens our lives. Johansen gave notice of 'a shooting-match by electric light, with free concert,' for the evening. It was a pity for himself that he did, for he and several others were shot into bankruptcy and beggary, and had to retire one after the other, leaving their cigarettes behind them."

"Thursday, December 28th. A little forward of the *Fram* there is a broad, newly formed open lane, in which she could lie crossways. It was covered with last night's ice, in which slight pressure began to-day. It is strange how indifferent we are to this pressure, which was the cause of such great trouble to many earlier