

ing showed us to be in  $79^{\circ} 35'$  north latitude—exactly what I had thought. We are so accustomed now to calculating our drift by the wind that we are able to tell pretty nearly where we are. This is a good step northward, if we could take many more such. In honor of the King's birthday we have a treat of figs, raisins, and almonds.

“Tuesday, January 23d. When I came on deck this morning ‘Caiaphas’ was sitting out on the ice on the port quarter, barking incessantly to the east. I knew there must be something there, and went off with a revolver, Sverdrup following with one also. When I got near the dog he came to meet me, always wriggling his head round to the east and barking; then he ran on before us in that direction; it was plain that there was some animal there, and of course it could only be a bear. The full moon stood low and red in the north, and sent its feeble light obliquely across the broken ice-surface. I looked out sharply in all directions over the hummocks, which cast long, many-shaped shadows; but I could distinguish nothing in this confusion. We went on, ‘Caiaphas’ first, growling and barking and pricking his ears, and I after him, expecting every moment to see a bear loom up in front of us. Our course was eastward along the opening. The dog presently began to go more cautiously and straighter forward; then he stopped making any noise except a low growl—we were evidently drawing near. I mounted a hummock to look about, and caught sight among the blocks of ice of something