

and we had a small preliminary fête this evening—figs, raisins, and almonds—and dart-shooting, which last resulted for me in a timely replenishment of my cigarette-case.”

“Friday, February 2d. High festival to-day in honor of the 80th degree, beginning with fresh rye-bread and cake for breakfast. Took a long walk to get up an appetite for dinner. According to this morning’s observation, we are in  $80^{\circ} 10'$  north latitude and  $132^{\circ} 10'$  east longitude. Hurrah! Well sailed! I had offered to bet heavily that we had passed  $80^{\circ}$ , but no one would take the bet. Dinner menu: Ox-tail soup, fish-pudding, potatoes, rissoles, green pease, haricot beans, cloudberry with milk, and a whole bottle of beer to each man. Coffee and a cigarette after dinner. Could one wish for more? In the evening we had tinned pears and peaches, gingerbread, dried bananas, figs, raisins, and almonds. Complete holiday all day. We read aloud the discussions of this expedition published before we left, and had some good laughs at the many objections raised. But our people at home, perhaps, do not laugh if they read them now.

“Monday, February 5th. Last time we shall have Ringnes beer at dinner. Day of mourning.

“Tuesday, February 6th. Calm, clear weather. A strong sun-glow above the horizon in the south; yellow, green, and light blue above that; all the rest of the sky deep ultramarine. I stood looking at it, trying to remember if the Italian sky was ever bluer; I do not think so. It is curious that this deep color should