

always in due proportion to our labors. To-day's dinner: Knorr's bean soup, toad-in-the-hole, potatoes, rice and milk, with cranberry jam. Yesterday's dinner: Fish *au gratin* (hashed fish) with potatoes, curried rabbit with potatoes and French beans, stewed bilberries, and cranberries with milk. At breakfast yesterday we had freshly baked wheat-bread, at breakfast to-day freshly baked rye-bread. These are specimens of our ordinary bills of fare. It is as I expected: I hear the wind roaring in the rigging now; it is going to be a regular storm, according to our ideas of one here.

"Saturday, February 10th. Though that wind the other day did not come to much after all, we still hoped that we had made good way north, and it was consequently an unwelcome surprise when yesterday's observation showed our latitude to be $79^{\circ} 57'$ N., 13' farther south instead of farther north. It is extraordinary how little inured one gets to disappointments; the longing begins again; and again attainment seems so far off, so doubtful. And this though I dream at nights just now of getting out of the ice west of Iceland. Hope is a rickety craft to trust one's self to. I had a long, successful drive with the dogs to-day.

"Sunday, February 11th. To-day we drove out with two teams of dogs. Things went well; the sledges got on much better over this ice than I thought they would. They do not sink much in the snow. On flat ice four dogs can draw two men.