

"Tuesday, February 13th. A long drive southwest yesterday with white dogs. To-day still farther in the same direction on snow-shoes. It is good healthy exercise, with a temperature of 43° Fahr. to 47° Fahr. below zero (-42° and -44° C.) and a biting north wind. Nature is so fair and pure, the ice is so spotless, and the lights and shadows of the growing day so beautiful on the new-fallen snow. The *Fram's* hoar-frost-covered rigging rises straight and white with rime towards the sparkling blue sky. One's thoughts turn to the snow-shoeing days at home.

"Thursday, February 15th. I went yesterday on snow-shoes farther northeast than I have ever been before, but I could still see the ship's rigging above the edge of the ice. I was able to go fast, because the ice was flat in that direction. To-day I went the same way with dogs. I am examining the 'lie of the land' all round, and thinking of plans for the future.

"What exaggerated reports of the Arctic cold are in circulation! It was cold in Greenland, and it is not milder here; the general day temperature just now is about 40° Fahr. and 43° Fahr. below zero. I was clothed yesterday as usual as regards the legs—drawers, knickerbockers, stockings, frieze leggings, snow-socks, and moccasins; my body covering consisted of an ordinary shirt, a wolf-skin cape, and a sealskin jacket, and I sweated like a horse. To-day I sat still, driving with only thin ducks above my ordinary leg wear, and on my