

heights. And then I look out over this boundless, white expanse into the fog and sleet and the driving wind. Here is truly no trace of midsummer merriment. It is a gloomy lookout altogether! Midsummer is past—and now the days are shortening again, and the long night of winter approaching, which, maybe, will find us as far advanced as it left us.

“I was busily engaged with my examination of the salinity of the sea-water this afternoon when Mogstad stuck his head in at the door and said that a bear must be prowling about in the neighborhood. On returning after dinner to their work at the great hummock, where they were busy making an ice-cellar for fresh meat,\* the men found bear-tracks which were not there before. I put on my snow-shoes and went after it. But what terrible going it had been the last few days! Soft slush, in which the snow-shoes sink helplessly. The bear had come from the west right up to the *Fram*, had stopped and inspected the work that was going on, had then retreated a little, made a considerable detour, and set off eastward at its easy, shambling gait, without deigning to pay any further attention to such a trifle as a ship.

\* It was seal, walrus, and bear's flesh from last autumn, which was used for the dogs. During the winter it had been hung up in the ship, and was still quite fresh. But henceforth it was stored on the ice until, before autumn set in, it was consumed. It is remarkable how well meat keeps in these regions. On June 28th we had reindeer-steak for dinner that we had killed on the Siberian coast in September of the previous year.