

round at full speed; but this did not alarm him at all; very likely it was this very thing he wanted to examine. At last he reached the lane in front, when they both fired and he fell down dead on the spot. It was nice to get fresh meat again. This was the first bear we had shot this year, and of course we had roast bear for dinner today. Regular winter with snow-storms.

“Wednesday, August 29th. A fresh wind; it rattles and pipes in the rigging aloft. An enlivening change and no mistake! The snow drifts as if it were midwinter. Fine August weather! But we are bearing north again, and we have need to! Yesterday our latitude was $80^{\circ} 53.5'$. This evening I was standing in the hold at work on my new bamboo kayak, which will be the very acme of lightness. Pettersen happened to come down, and gave me a hand with some lashings that I was busy with. We chatted a little about things in general; and he was of opinion ‘that we had a good crib of it on board the *Fram*, because here we had everything we wanted, and she was a devil of a ship—and any other ship would have been crushed flat long ago.’ But for all that he would not be afraid, he said, to leave her, when he saw all the contrivances, such as these new kayaks, we had been getting ready. He was sure no former expedition had ever had such contrivances, or been so equipped against all possible emergencies as we. But, after all, he would prefer to return home on the *Fram*.” Then we talked about what we should do when we did get home.