

body is hard at work. Sverdrup is sewing bags or bolsters to put on the sledges as beds for the kayaks to rest on. To this end the bags are to be made up to fit the bottoms of the boats. Johansen with one or two other men are stuffing the bags with pemmican, which has to be warmed, beaten, and kneaded in order to give it the right form for making a good bed for our precious boats. When these square, flat bags are carried out into the cold they freeze as hard as stone, and keep their form well. Blessing is sitting up in the work-room, copying the photographs of which I have no prints. Hansen is working out a map of our route so far, and copying out his observations for us, etc., etc. In short, there is hardly a man on board who does not feel that the moment for departure approaches; perhaps the galley is the only place where everything goes on in the usual way under the management of Lars. Our position yesterday was $83^{\circ} 32.1'$ north latitude and $102^{\circ} 28'$ east longitude, so we are southward again; but never mind, what do a couple of miles more or less matter to us?

“ Sunday, February 10th. To-day there was so much daylight that at 1 o'clock I could fairly well read the *Verdens Gang*, when I held the paper up towards the light; but when I held it towards the moon, which was low in the north, it was no go. Before dinner I went for a short drive with 'Gulen' and 'Susine' (two of the young dogs) and 'Kaifas.' 'Gulen' had never been in harness before, but yet she went quite well; she was