

ishing that we have not got farther; we seem to toil all we can, but without much progress. Beginning to doubt seriously of the advisability of continuing northward much longer. It is three times as far to Franz Josef Land as the distance we have now come. How may the ice be in that direction? We can hardly count on its being better than here, or our progress quicker. Then, too, the shape and extent of Franz Josef Land are unknown, and may cause us considerable delay, and perhaps we shall not be able to find any game just at once. I have long seen that it is impossible to reach the Pole itself or its immediate vicinity over such ice as this and with these dogs. If only we had more of them! What would I not give now to have the Olenek dogs? We must turn, sooner or later. But as it is only a question of time, could we not turn it to better account in Franz Josef Land than by travelling over this drift-ice, which we have now had a good opportunity of learning to know? In all probability it will be exactly the same right to the Pole. We cannot hope to reach any considerable distance higher before time compels us to turn. We certainly ought not to wait much longer. Twelve midday,  $-20.8^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-29.4^{\circ}$  C.), clear weather, 3 feet wind from east; twelve midnight,  $-29.2^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-34^{\circ}$  C.), clear and still."

It became more and more of a riddle to me that we did not make greater progress northward. I kept on calculating and adding up our marches as we went along,