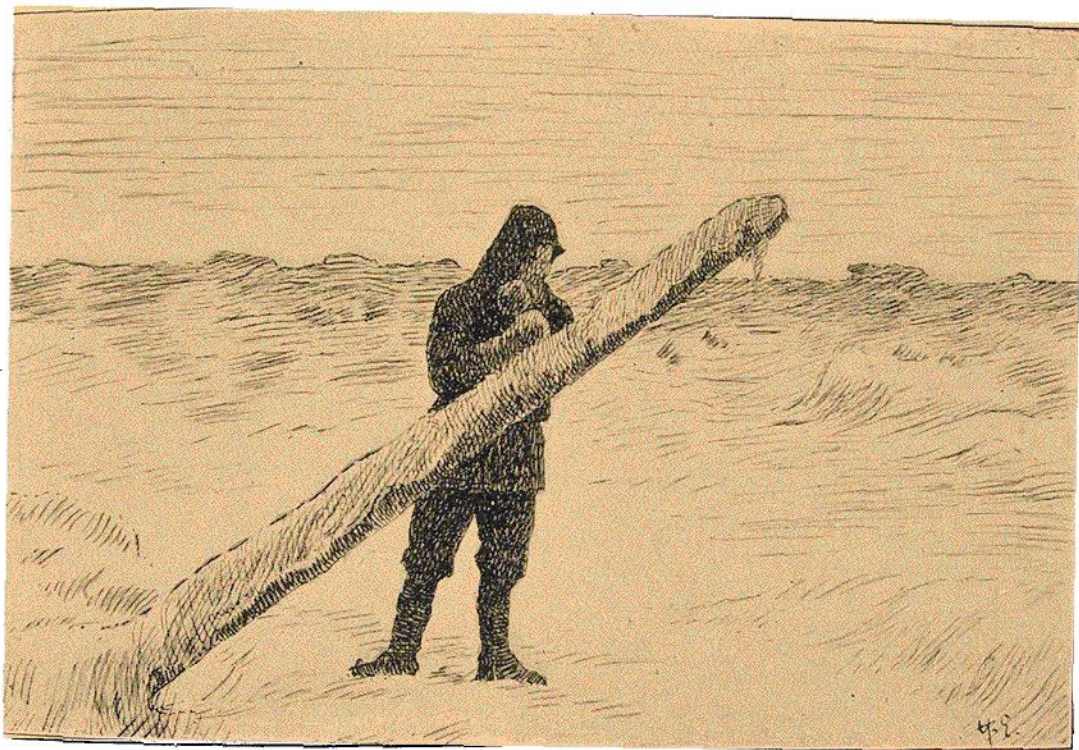


it was that on the other side of the lane I could see fine flat ice stretching southward—and now to be obliged to camp here and wait! I had, however, already possessed my soul in patience, when, on coming back to our original stopping-place, I found a tolerably good crossing close by it. We eventually got to the other side, with



JOHANSEN CARVING OUR NAMES IN A STOCK OF  
DRIFT-WOOD.

the ice grinding under our feet the while, and by that time it was 6 o'clock in the morning. We kept at it a little while longer over beautiful flat ice, but the dogs were tired, and it was nearly 48 hours since they had been fed. As we were hastening along we suddenly came across an immense piece of timber sticking up