

obliquely from the surface of the ice. It was Siberian larch, as far as I could make out, and probably raised in this manner through pressure long ago. Many a good meal could we have cooked with it had we been able to drag it with us, but it was too heavy. We marked it 'F. N., H. J., 85° 30' N.,' and went on our way.

"Plains of ice still before us. I am looking forward to getting under way. Gliding over this flat surface on one's snow-shoes almost reaches the ideal; land and home are nigher, and as one goes along one's thoughts fly southward to everything that is beautiful. Six in the morning, -22° Fahr. (-30° C.).

"Monday, April 22d. If we have made good progress the previous days, yesterday simply outdid itself. I think I may reckon our day's march at 25 miles, but, for the sake of certainty, lump the two last days together and put them down at 40 miles. The dogs, though, are beginning to get tired; it is approaching the time for us to camp. They are impatient for food, and, grown more and more greedy for fresh dog's flesh, throw themselves on it like wolves as soon as a smoking piece, with hair and all on, is thrown to them. 'Kvik' and 'Barnet' only still keep back as long as the flesh is warm, but let it become frozen, and they eat it voraciously. Twelve midnight, -27.8° Fahr. (-33.3° C.).

"Friday, April 26th. -24.7° Fahr. (-31.5° C.). Minimum temperature, -32° Fahr. (-35.7° C.). I was not a little surprised yesterday morning when I suddenly