

summer's day at home. Last night it was almost too warm to sleep."

The ice kept practicable to a certain extent during these days, though the lanes provided us with many an obstacle to overcome. Then, in addition to this, the dogs' strength was failing, they were ready to stop at the slightest unevenness, and we did not make much way. On Thursday, May 16th, I write in my diary: "Several of the dogs seem to be much exhausted. 'Baro' (the leader of my team) gave in yesterday. He could hardly move at last, and was slaughtered for supper. Poor animal. He hauled faithfully to the end.

"It was Johansen's birthday yesterday; he completed his twenty-eighth year, and of course a feast was held in honor of the occasion. It consisted of lobsouse, his favorite dish, followed by some good hot lime-juice grog. The midday sun made it warm and comfortable in the tent. 6 A.M., +3.6° Fahr. (-15.8° C.).

"Have to-day calculated our latitude and longitude for yesterday, and find it was 83° 36' N. and 59° 55' E. Our latitude agrees exactly with what I supposed, according to the dead reckoning, but our longitude is almost alarmingly westerly, in spite of the fact that our course has been the whole time somewhat southerly. There appears to be a strong drift in the ice here, and it will be better for us to keep east of the south, in order not to drift past land. To be quite certain, I have again reckoned out our observations of April 7th and 8th, but