

was carefully eaten up, and the only thing left after the dogs' meal was, as a rule, a tuft of hair here and there on the ice, some claws, and, perhaps, a well-gnawed cranium, the hard skull being too much for them.

"They are beginning to be pretty well starved now. Yesterday 'Lilleræven' ate up the toe-strap (the reindeer-skin which is placed under the foot to prevent the snow from balling), and a little of the wood of Johansen's snowshoes, which the dog had pulled down on to the ice. The late 'Kvik' ate up her sail-cloth harness, and I am not so sure these others do not indulge in a fragment of canvas now and then.

"I have just reckoned out our longitude according to an observation taken with the theodolite yesterday, and make it to be $61^{\circ} 16.5'$ E.; our latitude was $82^{\circ} 17.8'$ N. I cannot understand why we do not see land. The only possible explanation must be that we are farther east than we think, and that the land stretches southward in that direction; but we cannot have much farther to go now. Just at this moment a bird flew over us, which Johansen, who is standing just outside the tent, took to be a kind of sandpiper.

"Thursday, June 6th. Still on the same spot. I am longing to get off, see what things look like, and have a final solution of this riddle, which is constantly before me. It will be a real pleasure to be under way again with whole tackle, and I cannot help thinking that we shall soon be able to use our kayaks in open water. Life would be