

this wind welds the ice together, while the southwest wind here a little while ago slackened it. When all is said, is it possible that we are not far from the sea? I cannot help thinking of the water-reflections we have seen on the sky before us. Johansen has just left the tent, and says that he can see the same reflection in the south; it is higher now, and the weather tolerably clear. What can it be? Only let us go on and get there.

“We came across the track of a bear again yesterday. How old it was could not easily be determined in this snow, which obliterates everything in a few minutes; but it was probably from yesterday, for ‘Haren’ directly afterwards got scent of something and started off against the wind, so that Johansen thought the bear must be somewhere near. Well, well, old or new, a bear was there while we were a little farther north, stitching at the kayaks, and one day it will come our way, too, no doubt! The gull which Johansen shot brought up a large piece of blubber when it fell, and this tends to confirm us in the belief that bears are at hand, as it hardly could have done so had it not been in such company.

“The weather was wet and wretched, and, to make things worse, there was a thick mist, and the going was as heavy as could be. To go on did not seem very attractive; but, on the other hand, a halt for dinner in this slush was still less so. We therefore continued a little while longer and stopped at 10 o'clock for good. What a welcome change it was to be under the tent