

again! And the 'fiskegratin' was delicious. It gives one such a sense of satisfaction to feel that, in spite of everything, one is making a little way. The temperature is beginning to be bad now; the snow is quite wet, and some water has entered my kayak, which I suppose melted on the deck and ran down through the open side where the lacing is, which we have not yet sewn fast. We are waiting for good weather in order to get the covers thoroughly dry first, and then stretch them well.

"Monday, June 10th. In spite of the most impenetrable mist and the most detestable going on sippy snow, which has not yet been sufficiently exposed to frost to become granular, and where the sledges rode their very heaviest, we still managed to make good, even progress the whole day yesterday. There were innumerable lanes, of course, to deal with, and many crossings on loose pieces of ice, which we accomplished at a pinch. But the ice is flat here everywhere, and every little counts. It is the same thin winter-ice of about three feet in thickness. I only saw a couple of old floes yesterday—they were in the neighborhood of our camping-ground, which was also on an old floe; otherwise the ice is new, and in places very new. We went over some large expanses yesterday of ice one foot or less in thickness. The last of these tracts in particular was very remarkable, and must at one time have been an immense pool; the ice on it was so thin that it cannot be long before it melts altogether. There was water on all this