

We had good reason, too, to be in spirits, for our observation for the day made us in  $82^{\circ} 4.3'$  north latitude and  $57^{\circ} 48'$  east longitude. In spite of westerly and, in a measure, southwesterly winds, we had come nearly  $14'$  south in three days and next to nothing east. A highly surprising and satisfactory discovery. Outside, the north wind was still blowing, and consequently we were drifting south towards more clement regions.

“Wednesday, June 26th. June 24th was naturally celebrated with great festivities. In the first place, it was that day two years since we started from home; secondly it was a hundred days since we left the *Fram* (not really, it was two days more); and, thirdly, it was Midsummer-day. It was, of course, a holiday, and we passed it in dreaming of good times to come, in studying our charts, our future prospects, and in reading anything readable that was to be found—*i. e.*, the almanac and navigation-tables. Johansen took a walk along the lanes, and also managed to miss a ringed seal, or ‘snad,’ as we call it in Norwegian, in a pool here east of us. Then came supper—rather late in the night—consisting of blood-pancakes with sugar, and unsurpassed in flavor. The frying over the oil-lamp took a long time, and in order to have them hot we had to eat each one as it was fried, a mode of procedure which promoted a healthy appetite between each pancake. Thereafter we stewed some of our red whortleberries, and they tasted no less good, although they had been soaked in salt-water in