

in a canoe, became soaked with water, and my 'komager' gradually filled. After having dragged the seal up to the tent, 'flensed' it, collected all the blood which was to be had, and cut it up, I crept into the tent, put on some dry underclothes, and into the bag again, while the wet ones were drying outside in the sun. It is easy enough to keep one's self warm in the tent now. The heat was so great inside it last night that we could hardly sleep, although we lay on the bag instead of in it. When I came back with the seal I discovered that Johansen's bare foot was sticking out of the tent at a place where the peg had given way; he was sleeping soundly and had no idea of it. After having a small piece of chocolate to commemorate the happy capture, and, looking over my observations, we again settled down to rest.

"It appears, remarkably enough, from our latitude that we are still on the same spot, without any farther drifts southward, in spite of the northerly winds. Can the ice be landlocked? It is not impossible; far off land, at any rate, we cannot be.

"Thursday, June 27th. The same monotonous life, the same wind, the same misty weather, and the same cogitations as to what the future will bring. There was a gale from the north last night, with a fall of hard granular snow, which lashed against the tent walls so that one might think it to be good honest rain. It melted on the walls directly, and the water ran down them. It is cozy