

mals up there in the ice. No, I can't bear to think of it.

"Saturday, February 1st. Here I am down with the rheumatism. Outside it is growing gradually lighter day by day; the sky above the glaciers in the south grows redder, until at last one day the sun will rise above the crest, and our last winter night be past.



"LIFE IN OUR HUT"

Spring is coming! I have often thought spring sad. Was it because it vanished so quickly, because it carried promises that summer never fulfilled? But there is no sadness in this spring; its promises will be kept; it would be too cruel if they were not."

It was a strange existence, lying thus in a hut underground the whole winter through, without a thing to