

of that opinion did we begin to recognize that our outer man was, perhaps, open to criticism.

It was a strange life, and in many ways it put our patience to a severe test; but it was not so unendurable as one might suppose. We at any rate thought that, all things considered, we were fairly well off. Our spirits were good the whole time; we looked serenely towards the future, and rejoiced in the thought of all the delights it had in store for us. We did not even have recourse to quarrelling to while away the time. After our return, Johansen was once asked how we two had got on during the winter, and whether we had managed not to fall out with each other; for it is said to be a severe test for two men to live so long together in perfect isolation. "Oh no," he answered, "we didn't quarrel; the only thing was that I had the bad habit of snoring in my sleep, and then Nansen used to kick me in the back." I cannot deny that this is the case; I gave him many a well-meant kick, but fortunately he only shook himself a little and slept calmly on.

Thus did our time pass. We did our best to sleep away as much as possible of it. We carried this art to a high pitch of perfection, and could sometimes put in as much as 20 hours' sleep in the 24. If any one still holds to the old superstition that scurvy is due to lack of exercise, he may look upon us as living evidences to the contrary; for all the time our health was excellent. As the light now began to return with the spring, however,