

room floor, I know not. The host laughed in an amused way, and—I woke up and found myself shivering in a sleeping-bag on the drift-ice in the far north. Oh, how miserable I felt! We got up, packed our things silently together, and started off. Not until 4 o'clock that afternoon did we stop, but everything was dull and cheerless, and it was long before I got over my disappointment. What would I not have given for that dinner, or for one hour in the room, cold as it was!

“The ridges and the lanes which had frozen together again, with rubble on either side, became worse and worse. Making one's way through these new ridges is desperate work. One cannot use snow-shoes, as there is too little snow between the piled-up blocks of ice, and one must wade along without them. It is also impossible to see anything in this thick weather—everything is white—irregularities and holes; and the spaces between the blocks are covered with a thin, deceptive layer of snow, which lets one crashing through into cracks and pitfalls, so that one is lucky to get off without a broken leg. It is necessary to go long distances on ahead in order to find a way; sometimes one must search in one direction, sometimes in another, and then back again to fetch the sledges, with the result that the same ground is gone over many times. Yesterday, when we stopped, I really was done. The worst of it all, though, was that when we finally came to a standstill we had been on the move so long that it was too late to wind up our