

On the twenty-eighth of February two bears approached the ship, and as some fresh meat was then most desirable, a savoury dish of fried onions was displayed to entice them within convenient range. The bait took, and as they came shambling alongside, a couple of well-aimed shots rolled them over on the ice. Polar bears, however, are not to be disposed of so easily, and they were soon up again trying to make off; but another bullet apiece from Sverdrup's rifle, though not fatal in either case, helped to retard progress, and both bears were eventually secured by their pursuers. These were the first that had been shot for about sixteen months, but during the summer sixteen or seventeen more were killed.

On the fourth of March the sun reappeared above the horizon, and as the days lengthened preparations were made for the joyful day when the *Fram* would get clear of the ice. During the winter she had been slowly but steadily drifting southwards, and by the middle of February had reached $84^{\circ} 20'$ north latitude and 24° east longitude. This was a gain of more than a degree of southing on her October position; but here, owing to adverse winds, she stuck fast until May. Then she again drifted southward, and a week or two later experienced heavy ice-pressure, which increased and decreased as the tide rose and fell. This time, though the ship was lifted from six to nine feet whenever the ice closed upon her, the movement was so silent that when it occurred