

man clad in dirty rags, black with oil and soot, with long uncombed hair and shaggy beard, black with smoke, with a face in which the natural fair complexion could not possibly be discerned through the thick layer of fat and soot which a winter's endeavors with warm water, moss, rags, and at last a knife, had sought in vain to remove. No one suspected who he was or whence he came.

"Jackson: 'I'm immensely glad to see you.'

"'Thank you; I also.'

"'Have you a ship here?'

"'No; my ship is not here.'

"'How many are there of you?'

"'I have one companion at the ice-edge.'

"As we talked, we had begun to go in towards land. I took it for granted that he had recognized me, or at any rate understood who it was that was hidden behind this savage exterior, not thinking that a total stranger would be received so heartily. Suddenly he stopped, looked me full in the face, and said, quickly:

"'Aren't you Nansen?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'By Jove! I am glad to see you!'

"'And he seized my hand and shook it again, while his whole face became one smile of welcome, and delight at the unexpected meeting beamed from his dark eyes.

"'Where have you come from now?' he asked.

"'I left the *Fram* in 84° north latitude, after having drifted for two years, and I reached the 86° 15' parallel,