

was the *Fram*? Had we left her? Where were the others? Was anything amiss? These questions poured forth with breathless anxiety, and it was no doubt the hardest thing of all to understand that there was nothing amiss, and yet that we had left our splendid ship. But little by little even that became comprehensible; and then all was rejoicing, and champagne and cigars presently appeared on the scene. Another acquaintance from the south was also in the hotel; he came in to speak to Mohn; but, seeing that he had visitors, was on the point of going again. Then he stopped, stared at us, discovered who the visitors were, and stood as though nailed to the spot; and then we all drank to the expedition and to Norway. It was clear that we must stop there that evening, and we sat the whole afternoon talking and talking without a pause. But meanwhile the whole town had learnt the names of its newly arrived guests, and when we looked out of the window the street was full of people, and from all the flagstaffs over the town, and from all the masts in the harbor, the Norwegian flag waved in the evening sunshine. And then came telegrams in torrents, all of them bringing good news. Now all our troubles were over. Only the arrival of the *Fram* was wanting to complete things; but we were quite at ease about her; she would soon turn up. The first thing we had to do, now that we were on Norwegian soil and could look about us a little, was to replenish our wardrobe. But it was now no joke to make our way through the streets,