

and if we went into a shop it was soon overflowing with people.

Thus we spent some never-to-be-forgotten days in Vardö, and the hospitality which we met was lavish and cordial. After we had said good-bye to our hosts on board the *Windward* and thanked them for all the kindness they had shown us, Captain Brown weighed anchor on the morning of Sunday, the 16th, to go on to Hammerfest. He wanted to pay his respects to my wife, who was to meet us there. On August 21st Johansen and I arrived at Hammerfest. Everywhere on the way people had greeted us with flowers and flags, and now, as we sailed into its harbor, the northernmost town in Norway was in festal array from the sea to the highest hilltop, and thousands of people were afoot. To my surprise, I also met here my old friend Sir George Baden-Powell, whose fine yacht, the *Otaria*, was in the harbor. He had just returned from a very successful scientific expedition to Novaya Zemlya, where he had been with several English astronomers to observe the solar eclipse of August 9th. With true English hospitality, he placed his yacht entirely at my disposal and I willingly accepted his generous invitation. Sir George Baden-Powell was one of the last people I had seen in England. When we parted—it was in the autumn of 1892—he asked me where we ought to be looked for if we were too long away. I answered that it would be of little use to look for us—it would be like