

as you are." I was a little surprised at all this urgency, and asked what it was all about. He said he did not know, but it was evidently something pressing. I nevertheless put on my clothes, and then went out into the saloon. There stood a gentleman with a telegram in his hand, who introduced himself as the head of the telegraph-office, and said that he had a telegram to deliver to me which he thought would interest me, so he had come with it himself. Something that would interest me? There was only one thing left in the world that could really interest me. With trembling hands I tore open the telegram:

"FRIDTJOF NANSEN:

"*Fram* arrived in good condition. All well on board. Shall start at once for Tromsö. Welcome home!

"OTTO SVERDRUP."

I felt as if I should have choked, and all I could say was, "The *Fram* has arrived!" Sir George, who was standing by, gave a great leap of joy; Johansen's face was radiant; Christofersen was quite overcome with gladness; and there in the midst of us stood the head of the telegraph-office enjoying the effect he had produced. In an instant I dashed into my cabin to shout to my wife that the *Fram* had arrived. She was dressed and out in double-quick time. But I could scarcely believe it—it seemed like a fairy tale. I read the telegram again and