

again before I could assure myself that it was not all a dream; and then there came a strange, serene happiness over my mind such as I had never known before.

There was jubilation on board and over all the harbor and town. From the *Windward*, which was just weighing anchor to precede us to Tromsö, we heard ringing cheers for the *Fram* and the Norwegian flag. We had intended to start for Tromsö that afternoon, but now we agreed to get under way as quickly as possible, so as to try to overtake the *Fram* at Skjærvö, which lay just on our route. I attempted to stop her by a telegram to Sverdrup, but it arrived too late.

It was a lively breakfast we had that morning. Johansen and I spoke of how incredible it seemed that we should soon press our comrades' hands again. Sir George was almost beside himself with joy. Every now and then he would spring up from his chair, thump the table, and cry, "The *Fram* has arrived! The *Fram* has really arrived!" Lady Baden-Powell was quietly happy; she enjoyed our joy.

The next day we entered Tromsö harbor, and there lay the *Fram*, strong and broad and weather-beaten. It was strange to see again that high rigging and the hull we knew so well. When last we saw her she was half buried in the ice; now she floated freely and proudly on the blue sea, in Norwegian waters. We glided alongside of her. The crew of the *Otaria* greeted the gallant ship with three times three English cheers, and the *Fram*