

asleep when I came on deck. The whole sound was crowded with boats. We had been going slowly through them, but now the *Haalogaland* in front put on more speed, and we too went a little quicker. A fisherman in his boat toiled at the oars to keep up with us; it was no easy work. Then he shouted up to me:

“You don’t want to buy any fish, do you?”

“No, I don’t think we do.”

“I suppose you can’t tell me where Nansen is? Is he on board the *Fram*?”

“No, I believe he’s on board this ship,” was the reply.

“Oh, I wonder if I couldn’t get on board? I’m so desperately anxious to see him.”

“It can hardly be done, I’m afraid; they haven’t time to stop now.”

“That’s a pity. I want to see the man himself.”

He went on rowing. It became harder and harder to keep up, but he stared fixedly at me as I leaned on the rail smiling, while Christofersen stood laughing at my side.

“Since you’re so anxious to see the man himself, I may tell you that you see him now,” said I.

“Is it you? Is it you? Didn’t I guess as much! Welcome home again!”

And thereupon the fisherman dropped his oars, stood up in his boat, and took off his cap. As we went on through the splendor of the morning, and I sat on the deck of the luxurious English yacht and saw the beauti-