

and often fresh breeze, the vessel making good speed: upward of  $9\frac{1}{4}$  knots.

At 9 A.M. on the 19th we saw the first blue ridges of our native mountains. By noon we sighted Lögö, and at 8 P.M. the north point of Loppen. Then we steered into Kvænangen Fjord, and anchored off Skjærvö at 2 o'clock in the morning of August 20th.

As soon as the anchor had fallen, I called the doctor and Scott-Hansen, who both wanted to go ashore with me. But as they were too slow with their toilet, I asked Bentzen to put me ashore in the pram, and was soon at the telegraph station, where I tried to knock life into the people by thundering with my clinched fist first at one door, then at another, but for a long time in vain. At last a man put his head out of a window on the second floor to inquire what kind of night-prowlers were making such a disturbance. It was the chief of the telegraph station himself. He describes the nocturnal incident in a letter to one of the Christiania newspapers in the following pleasant manner:

"It was with anything but amiable feelings and intentions that at about half-past four I turned out to see what wretch it was who was making such a lively rattle at my front door. Rather lightly clad, I put my head out of the window, and roared out, 'Hallo! What's the matter? Deuce of a noise to make at this time of night!'

"A man dressed in gray, with a heavy beard, stepped forward. There was something about his appearance that made me think at once that I had perhaps been somewhat too hasty in giving vent to my displeasure at being called up, and I felt a little crestfallen when he slyly remarked, 'Yes, that's true; but all the same I must ask you to open the door. I come from the *Fram*.' Immediately it dawned upon me who it was. It could be none other than Sverdrup. 'Coming directly, captain,' I answered, and jumping into the most necessary clothes, down I went to let him in. He was not at all annoyed at the long waiting, or the unfriendly words with which he had been re-