

had one companion who was keeping camp some distance off. Meanwhile Jackson had been steadily looking at his interlocutor; something in the voice and figure seemed familiar, though the fair-haired Scandinavian whom Jackson had seen in London bore little resemblance to the shaggy, dirty, unkempt object now under contemplation.

"Aren't you Nansen?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am Nansen," replied the new-comer tranquilly.

"By Jove, I really am awfully glad to see you," answered Jackson; and then the two fell to shaking hands again with renewed heartiness.

The two explorers, still eagerly conversing, then set out for Elmwood, Jackson's headquarters; but before they reached the house, the Englishmen, who had quickly guessed the identity of Jackson's companion, turned out in force to meet them and give him a hearty welcome. Then having given three thundering cheers for Nansen and his achievement, two or three of the party went off in search of Johansen, while the others convoyed Nansen to the house, where in due time Johansen also arrived.

Then came that long-desired pleasure of a good wash, clean clothes, a shave, and a hair-cut, after which the heroes of the evening, now somewhat more civilized in appearance than they had been an hour or two earlier, sat down to a really sumptuous repast. Midnight was long past; but such occasions as this do