

Down rushed Nansen and awakened Johansen, who was still peacefully sleeping. "I have heard dogs," he shouted. But Johansen at first quite declined to believe that his companion had done anything of the sort; and as Nansen was not to be shaken in his faith that dogs and presumably human beings were in the neighbourhood, it was finally agreed that he should go to reconnoitre while Johansen stayed at the camp to look after their joint belongings. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast had been hastily gulped down, Nansen, gun in hand, set out on his ski. He had not gone far before he again heard that welcome bark, and following the sound, he soon espied a man walking among some distant hummocks.

The intervening distance was soon covered, and as Nansen drew nearer he thought that in the figure before him he recognized Mr. Frederick G. Jackson, whom he had met in London, and who now was in charge of an English expedition which had for nearly two years been engaged in the exploration of Franz Josef Land. After all, the world is a little place. Who would have expected to meet a casual acquaintance in the wilds of Franz Josef Land? Evidently Jackson had not, though he heartily shook the grimy explorer by the hand, saying as he did so, "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"So am I to see you," responded Nansen cordially; and then, in answer to the other's question, proceeded to explain that his ship was not there, and that he