

of fishing boats sail close to the shore. The fishermen bared their heads, and shouted 'Hurrah' three times three.

"Below the balcony of my studio two children are playing. It is little Liv and my five-year-old Hjalmar. The two are inseparable. They are in love with each other as in the days of old were Fridtjof and Ingebord. I can hear their discussion. 'My papa is as strong as a bear,' says Hjalmar. 'My. papa is as strong as'—the little girl hesitates—'he is the strongest man in the world,' she says with strong conviction. Little Liv's words contain more truth than she is aware of.

"My wife has just been telling me that she has had a talk with Fru Nansen. She had gone across to congratulate the hero's wife. Fru Nansen said, 'I was sitting at home yesterday afternoon, and thought things very dull. A telegram was brought to me. At first I hardly cared to open it.' 'Why? Were you afraid of bad news?' 'Oh, no; but I have had so many telegrams, and again and again they contained nothing. One gets indifferent.' 'Well?' 'Well, finally I opened it, of course, and before I had realised what it contained I recognised his style. To-morrow I start on my journey to meet him.' 'What a wonderful thing it is for you, after three anxious years!' 'Well, to tell the truth, I never doubted that he would return; and then there is always so much to make life here interesting.' Her eyes wandered to the golden head of little Liv, who clung affectionately to her mother."

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