



When the dead had been placed on the deck and covered with a tarpaulin, we steamed back to Cape Sabine, and made fast to the floe about 3:30 in the morning. A little later I was dispatched to my cairn on Stalknecht Island, and brought back all the records I had left the night before. The *Bear* revisited Camp Clay and gathered up every vestige of the party that the closest scrutiny could detect. Greely lay in his bunk and talked fluently all through the night. The officers relieved one another in telling him of the events of the past three years, and trying to quiet him. He seemed to realize his nearness to death, and desired to tell all he could about his work, lest some part might be overlooked. His face was emaciated, his cheeks sunken and pale, his form wasted to a shadow. His hair was long, tangled, and unkempt. As he lay partly on his side with head resting on his left hand, his right hand moving restlessly about, one could not look at him unmoved. Had he kept silent, a single glance bespoke the days of misery that he had passed through; but to hear his low, weak voice telling the incidents of the dark days brought tears to the eyes of many of his listeners.

#### CAMP CLAY.

WHILE on my photographic tour I took careful note of the surroundings of the tent.

The site of the camp was on a small promontory, about four miles from Cape Sabine. Greely called it Camp Clay, in honor of a member of the party, a grandson of Henry Clay, who had come with them to Cape Sabine, and then returned. The high hills of Payer Harbor, extending around Cape Sabine, back of the camp, were nineteen hundred feet high. An ice cap covered their top, overhanging in many places. In each of the two ravines on either side of the promontory was a glacier. As you faced these hills from the ships, the ridge about one hundred to seventy-five feet high concealed the low level ground of the camp. There were three indentations in the coast: a deep one at the extreme eastern end, a smaller one a little to the west, in which the Wreck Cache was built, and then another at the extreme west; and in this last one the boats landed. To the west of the Wreck Cache Cove was a small round hill about seventy-five feet high. Between it and the ridge was a ravine, at the foot of which the steam-launch landed, and up which the first party ran. The signal-flag was planted at the eastern end of the ridge. On the west side and at the foot of the back hills was the winter house. Near it was the lake, a depression in the rocks that caught the thawing of the glaciers and which supplied the camp with water, a hole in the ice being kept open for that purpose. The winter house was situated on the lowest ground of the promontory.