

Ned groped about and threw open all ports and doors. The fog cleared almost as quickly as it came. In four minutes the thermometer jumped from 2° above zero to 65°. As the comparatively hot wave rolled into the car Alan dropped lower, looking for lights or landmarks. The quick drop again interfered with Roy's figures but at 12.45 o'clock Alan relieved all doubt.

"Two fixed white lights," he shouted. "Looks like Thatcher's Island lighthouse. Hold the wheel while I peel these togs."

At the same moment the door of the adjoining state room opened and Mr. Arthur Ballard, encased in sweaters and a fur coat, exclaimed:

"The roof is leakin'. I 'm soaked through." The thermometer was now 78°. "Where are we?"

"Ipswich, Massachusetts," exclaimed Roy. "Change cars for Boston."

Tossing his polar garments to the floor Roy made this entry in his log:

"June 23; 12, 59' 11" A. M. Thatcher's Island light abeam to starboard. Between 12.30 and 12.40 A. M. descended from 29,640 feet altitude to 700 feet. Temperature rose from 2° above zero to 78°. Rain falling and weather sultry. Ipswich, Mass., lights ahead. Course for New York, Battery, S. 79° 30' E. (E. by S.) Last leg 210