

UNDER AN AFRIC SUN.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, 'pon my word, Fraser!"
"What's the matter now?"
"I'm staggered; I am, really."
"What about, boy?"
"To think I could be such an absolute noodle as to let you morally blind me hand and foot and bear me off into a desolate island in the Atlantic, to carry your confounded specimens; to be dragged out of bed at ungodly hours to walk hundreds of miles in the broiling sun; to sleep in beds full of the active and nameless insect abhorred by the British housewife; and generally become your white nigger, oad, carthorse, and—"
"Have you nearly done?" said Horace Fraser, with a grim smile upon his dry, quaint countenance.
"No; that was only the preface."
"Then let's have the rest when we get home in the shape of a neatly printed book, a copy of which you can present to me with a paper-knife of white ivory; and I promise you I will never cut a leaf or read a line."
"Thanks, Diogenes."
"Diogenes indeed!" cried Fraser with a snort, as his crisp hair seemed to stand on end. "Now, look, Tom Digby; you are about the most ill-conditioned, ungrateful, dissatisfied English cub that ever breathed."
"Go it!" said the good-looking young fellow addressed, as he flung himself down among the ferns and began to untie his shoes, after wiping his steaming brow and taking off his straw hat, to let the hot dry breeze blow through his crisp wavy brown hair.
"I mean to 'go it,' as you so coarsely term it, sir," continued Fraser, crossing his arms on a roughly made alpenstock. "I came to you in your black and grimy chambers, where you were suffering from a soot-engendered cold. I said: 'I am off to the Canaries for a three month's trip. Leave this miserable London March weather, and I'll take you where you can see the sun shine.'"
"See it shine? Yes; but you didn't say a word about feeling it," cried the younger man. "Do you know the skin is peeling off my nose, and that the back of my neck is burnt?"
"Don't be a donkey, Tom! I ask, did you ever see anything so lovely before in your life?"
"Humph! 'Tis rather pretty," grumbled the younger man.
"Pretty!" echoed Fraser contemptuously, as he took off his hat, as if out of respect to Nature, and gazed around him at sea, sky, mountain, and hill, whose hues were dazzling in their rich colours. He then threw down his alpenstock, drew a large geological hammer from his belt, and seated himself upon the grass, while his companion brought out a cold chicken, some dark bread and a number of hard-boiled eggs, finishing off with a bottle and silver cup.
"Look at that wonderful film of cloud floating toward the volcano, Tom! Look at the sun gleaming upon it! Just like a silver veil which the queen of mountains is about to throw over her head."
"Poetry, by jingo!" cried Digby. "Breyvo, old stones and bones, I say! Look at the golden yellow of the hard yolk lying within the ivory walls of this hard-boiled egg; and at the—There; I'll be hanged if I didn't forget to bring some salt!"
Tom Digby made a sound with his tongue as he tasted some of the wine he had poured into the cup; then he made a grimace.
"I say, Horace, old chap, it was very well for the old people to make a fuss about their sack and canary; but for my part a tankard of honest English beer is worth an ocean of this miserable juice."
"Don't drink it, then," said Fraser, eating mechanically, as he gazed about him at the glorious pines around, and then down at the tropical foliage of banana, palm, orange, and lime, two thousand feet below, where it glorified the lovely valleys and gorges which ran from the black volcanic sandy shore right up into the mountains.
Then a silence fell upon the scene, which continued till the "al fresco" repast was at an end, and Tom Digby deliberately lit up and began to smoke.
"What an enthusiastic young gusher you are, Horace!" cried Digby banteringly. "For a man of forty-one, you do rather 'go it.'"
"And for twenty-five, you assume the airs of a boy," said Fraser grimly.
"Well, I feel like one, old chap, out here. Why, it's glorious to breathe this delicious mountain air, to gaze upon the clouds above, and below at that wonderful blue sea, and at the yellow pines which look like gold. Yes," he added, as he sprang up and gazed about him, "it is a perfect Eden! What a jolly shame that it should belong to the Spaniards instead of us."
"I daresay they appreciate it."
"Must have done, or else they wouldn't have taken it from the—the—the—what did you call the aborigines?"
"Guaiches."
"What a chap you are, Horace! You seem to know a bit of everything."
"I only try to go about with my eyes open, and take interest in something better than coloring a meerschaum pipe."
"Severe!"
"Well, you do annoy me, Tom, you do indeed. A man with such capabilities, and you will not use them. Why, you haven't even tried to learn Spanish yet."
"What's the good? You know plenty for both. I'm well enough off not to bother my brains about Spanish."
"Ah, Tom, Tom! if you only had some aim in life."
"Rather have some of those delicious oranges."
"Eating again?"
"No, for drinking. Thirsty land, Horace, and I never knew what an orange really was before. And why should I worry myself about languages? I've a lively recollection of your namesake at school, and Virgil and Homer and all the other dead-language buffers.—I say, though, that's fine."
They had come suddenly upon one of the gashes in the island known to the Spanish as "barrancos"—a thorough crack or crevice in the rocky soil, with perpendicular sides clothed with mosses, ferns, and the various growths which found a home in the disintegrating lava of which the place was composed. Here the various patches of green were of the most brilliant tints, and kept ever verdant by the moisture trickling down from above.

"Mind what you are doing!" said Fraser, after stooping to chip off a fragment of perfectly black lava from a bare spot.
"Yes; it would be an awkward tumble," said Digby, as he leaned forward and peered over the ledge. "Five hundred feet, I daresay."
"More likely a thousand," said Fraser. "The distances are greater than you think."
"Ah, well, don't make much difference to a man who falls whether he tumbles five hundred or a thousand feet.—Going along here!"
"Yes; the track leads to a steep descent. Then we can get up the other side, and round over the mountain, and so back to the part where, after dinner, we can go and call on Mr. Redgrave. I did read on the letter straight from London."
"All right, old chap. I'm ready. How many miles round?"
"Not more than ten. You will not mind the climb down?"
"Well, if it's like this—yes. Hillo, what's he doing?"
Digby pointed across the barranco to where, a couple of hundred yards away, upon the opposite rock-face, a man seemed to be slowly descending the giddy wall.
"After birds or rabbits, perhaps," said Fraser.
"Take care of yourself, old chap!" shouted Digby; and then, as his voice was lost in the vastness of the place, he followed his companion seaward for a few hundred yards till the track led them to a zigzag descent out in the wall of rock, down which they went cautiously and not without hesitation till they reached the little stream at the bottom, crossed it, and ascended the other side, a similar dangerous path taking them to the top.
"By George, this is a place!" cried Digby as they paused for a few moments.
"Listen!" whispered Fraser, stopping short; and there beneath them was a panting and rustling, followed directly after by the appearance of a dark face with a band across the brow, a man with a basket supported on his back by the band, to leave his hands free, climbing up from a hidden path among the ferns, and pausing before them to set down his load.
"What have you there?" asked Fraser in Spanish.
"Dust of the old people, senior Ingles," said the man, smiling. "That is one of the caves below there where they used to bury them; and he pointed to an opening just visible amongst the growth where the side of the barranco sloped.
"Baried? There?" said Fraser.
"Yes, senior; there are plenty of such places as this in the sides of the mountain."
"Curious," said Fraser, eagerly peering into the basket of brown dust, stirring it with the end of his alpenstock, and uncovering something gleaming and white.
"Why, it's a tooth!" said Digby, stooping to pick it out of the basket, but dropping it suddenly. "Ugh!" he ejaculated; "why they're bits of bone."
"Yes; very interesting," said Fraser.
"Dust of the Guaiche mummies. I knew there were remains to be found."
"Disgusting!" ejaculated Digby, recoiling.
"Why do you get this dust?" asked Fraser of the man.
"For my garden, senior. The potatoes and onions like it, and it is superb."
"What does he say?"
"They use it for manure for their gardens."
Digby seized his friend's arm. "Come away," he said. "No more vegetables while I stay in Isola. Hang it all, Fraser, I hope they don't put it among the orange-trees."
"Possibly! Why not? This is the debris of mummies, the remains of the old dwellers here, made of the dust of the earth, returned to the dust of the earth; and the salts here are taken up by plant-life by Nature's chemistry."
"I say don't preach science," cried Digby.
"Come along."
"Yes we must go on now," said Fraser thoughtfully; "but we shall have to come and explore these caves. I should like to take back a few perfect skulls."
For the next two hours they wandered on through scenes of surpassing loveliness, following the faint track which led them over the mountains till they could see the sea on the other side of the little island, as they began to descend. Fraser was always busy chipping fragments of pumice and lava; picking rare plants, and making a goodly collection for study at the little *venta* or hotel where they had taken up their quarters, when a rabbit suddenly darted out across the verdant path they pursued.
"Rather disappointing place as to game," said Digby. "Few birds, too. I say, I expected to see the place with canaries as yellow as gold singing on every bough."
He caught his companion's arm, and they both stopped short to listen to a sweet voice singing the words of some Spanish ditty, the notes ringing out melodious and clear, though the singer was hidden among the trees through which the path led.
"There's one of our Canary birds," said Fraser in a whisper; and directly after there was a rustle among the bushes, which were thrust aside; and Digby stood enthralled by the picture before him, as a beautiful girl of about nineteen bounded down from a rocky ledge above the path, her straw hat hanging by its string from her creamy throat, and her sun-browned face turning crimson at the sight of the strangers, who made way for her to pass, laden with flowers, which she had evidently been gathering in the openings among the trees.
"Horace, old fellow, did you see?" whispered Digby, his eyes sparkling with excitement.
"Yes," was the quiet reply.
"Why, you old ascetic!" cried Digby. "An angel. Violet eyes—brown hair—a complexion of which Belgravia might boast. I did not think the Spaniards had it in them."
"Yes," said Fraser slowly. "Some of the old race possessed that fair hair. Mary's Philip was fair."
"But did you notice her mouth?—Fraser, don't talk of such a vision of beauty as if she were a natural-history specimen."
"Well, don't go on like that about the first pretty woman you see. Only yesterday, you were grumbling about their plainness, and saying that though the women here had love-

ly eyes, they had men's moustaches—they ought to shave.—This way—to the right, I think," he added, for the road had suddenly forked.
"And— Well, she is beautiful," cried Digby. "I wonder who she is."
"A Spanish settler's descendant, whom, in all human probability, you will never see again," said Fraser quietly; and they both went on for half an hour in a silence which was broken by Fraser.
"Going wrong, evidently," he said; "this can't be the way round to the town."
"Well, I thought we were going up hill again."
"Ought to have taken the other turning." This was so evident, that they turned back, retracing their steps, till, close upon the spot where they had diverged, they came suddenly upon a tall, handsome, well dressed man, who started and looked at them curiously.
"Will the senior direct us to the town?" said Fraser, in Spanish.
The haughty searching look gave place to a winning smile, and the stranger volubly indicated the right road, and then said laughingly in English: "But do you understand me?"
"Yes, perfectly," replied Fraser; "and I wish my Spanish were as good as your English."
Then punctilious words were exchanged, and the stranger passed on.
"Do you believe in first impressions, Horace?" said Digby, glancing back, and then uttering an impatient exclamation.
"No—What's the matter?"
"That fellow was looking after us."
"Well, you were looking after him, or you would not have seen—What do you mean by your first impressions?"
"I don't like the looks of that fellow."
"Insular prejudice."
"Don't care what it is; I don't like him, I'm sure I never should.—Why, Horace, look there!"
Not twenty yards in front was the girl they had so lately met; and as Digby drew attention to her presence, he stopped and hastily picked up a twig of flowers such as he had seen her carrying, and which her despondent attitude suggested that she had dropped. For she was walking slowly on with her face buried in her handkerchief, evidently sobbing bitterly; and as they followed, she let others of the flowers she had gathered fall.
"Stop!" whispered Fraser hastily, as he caught his companion by the arm.
"Going to see if I can"—
Digby did not finish his sentence, for the girl had evidently heard the harsh whisper. She turned, gazing back at him in an affrighted way; and as they caught sight of the fearful convulsed face, she darted down a side-track, and was gone.
"What do you think of that?" cried Digby excitedly.
"A Spanish woodland romance," said Fraser dryly.—"What do you think about it, Tom?"
"That I should like to go after that haughty looking Spanish customer and ask him what it all means.—Shall I?"
"No. Be sensible for once.—Ah, you can see the town from here.—Come along."

CHAPTER II.

The accommodation at the *venta* was of the humblest description; but the place was cleanly, the hostess was attentive, and she was evidently proud of being honoured by those she termed the illustrious strangers, who had come from the main island to her unfrequented house.
The homely dinner was discussed, the cooking declared to be not so very bad, the Malvasia an outrage on the name of wine, and the magnificent view from the open window a banquet in itself.
"Yes," said Fraser; "I'd have braved a worse voyage to see what I have seen today."
Digby, who was toying with an orange which he had begun to peel, and then left untasted, looked up sharply, and his face flushed a little as he exclaimed: "Yes; wasn't she lovely?"
"I was talking about the scenery," said Fraser coldly.
Digby turned impatiently away, and began to fill his pipe as he gazed out over the flat roofs of the houses among which the leafy crowns of stately palms arose.
"Don't turn like that, Tom," said Fraser, after a few moments' silence; and he rose to lay his hand upon his young companion's shoulder.
"Turn like what?"
"Huffy, my dear boy. I wouldn't, Tom; let's be sensible. You must not be so inflammable. We have come to admire the beauties of Nature and to collect in this, one of the least visited of the Canaries. You must not try to work up a romance by taking a fancy to the first pretty Spanish maiden you see."
Digby flushed more deeply, and he gazed up in his companion's face, sober, quiet Horace Fraser could not help marking what a frank handsome young Englishman he looked there, with the golden rays of the westerling sun bathing his countenance in its glow.
Digby's eyes for a moment looked resentful; but a smile came upon his lips directly.
"All right, Horace," he said. "I am an awful donkey, I know; but that girl's sweet face impressed me; and then seeing her evidently in trouble directly after that Spanish chap had left her, seemed to raise my bile."
"How do you know that gentleman had just left her?"
"En? Oh, of course! I couldn't know, could I?—There; it's all over, and I'll return to my duty like a man.—Let's have a look at to-day's collecting; and to-morrow I'll swallow my repugnance, and we'll do some of your ghoulish ethnology in the mummy caves, eh?"
"And to-night, let's go up in the cool and call on Mr. Redgrave. I want him to give us a few hints about what we ought to see and how to get a guide."
"Right. Let's go at once, before sunrise."
The walk was delightful, the western side of the island being glorious in the glow of radiance in which it was bathed, while the sea and the islands around seemed glorified by colours that were almost beyond belief.
"Better than sitting in that stuffy little room, Tom."
"Bless you, my son, for bringing me here," cried Digby merrily.—"Cheerful kind of growth to tumble among," he added, pointing to the prickly-pears which abounded on one side of the narrow rocky path they were ascending, the

other side being furnished with an abundance of ragged leaved bananas.
"There's a house in that nook yonder," said Fraser; "that must be it."
"And this chap coming in our man, for a shilling," said Digby, as a tall, sturdy, middle-aged personage came towards them smoking a huge cigar. "An Englishman, by the way he keeps his hands in his pockets."
"Hush!" whispered Fraser, as the man approached; and then addressing him in Spanish, he asked to be directed to Senor Redgrave's house.
"Suppose you ask me in English, sir," said the other bluffly. "You are Fraser, I presume; and this is Mr. Digby?—Glad to see you, gentlemen. I had your letter, and was coming down to the *venta* to hunt you up. Don't often see a countryman here; so, before we say any more," he added, after warmly shaking hands, "I'll give orders for your traps to be fetched up here, and you can make this your home while you stay."
But Fraser would not hear of it. "We are in capital quarters," he said, "and will not impose on you.—But if you will have us, we'll come up pretty frequently for a chat."
"You shall do as you like, gentlemen.—In here, please."
"By George!" cried Digby involuntarily, as they passed through a gate into a lovely villa-garden, "what a paradise!"
"Well, pretty tidy. You see, everything rushes into growth here with little trouble. I am a bit proud of my home, and make it as English as I can. It was my poor dead wife's favorite place, the garden." He raised his hat slightly as he uttered the last words, and a silence fell upon the group.
"Forgive me," said the host the next moment, as he looked in the eyes of his two visitors. "You are Englishmen, and can sympathize with one who has lost a dear companion out here in a strange land. But there, that's fourteen years ago, gentlemen," he said cheerily; "and I'm not quite alone—Here, Nelly!" he cried; "where are you? Visitors from home, my dear."
The sun was very low now, and it turned the porch, covered with Bougainvilleas and a lovely scarlet geranium, into a frame of gold into which suddenly stepped, as it were out of the inner darkness, the picture wanting to complete the scene.
"My daughter Helen, gentlemen," said their host; and both the visitors stood speechless, Digby even spellbound. For there before him, winning in her beauty, stood the lady of the semi-tropic wood, whose sweet notes he had heard, and whom he had seen in smiles and tears; while, as he gazed at her, the bright look of welcome in her eyes changed to one of pain, and it was as if a dark shadow had been cast across her.
It was no seeming. The edge of the sun was kissing the western wave, and the tall dark shadow of a man was cast across her as a creak of the gate was heard, while Mr. Redgrave turned sharply and said in rather a constrained tone of voice: "Ah, Senor Ramon, you here?"
Digby and Fraser turned sharply, as if to seek the cause of Helen Redgrave's troubled face. The Spanish gentleman they had encountered in the woodland was coming toward them hat in hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Open Your Windows at Night.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. One could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—[Sanitary World.]

As Smart as a Yankee.

Among other passengers in a third-class compartment in railway carriage are an American and a Scotch farmer, who are seated facing each other.
American—"Wall, friend, guess you think a deal of this ole country of yours."
Farmer—"Oo, ay; it's guid enouch for me at any rate."
American—"S that so. Guess you've never seen the States? Grand country—jest make you stare. Yeov could make your fortune in a year or two, friend; I'll lay my last dollar on that there!"
Farmer—"Ah, man, d'ye say sae? But yer American bodies are acoan atrocious lears that over here we diana believe a word ye say."
American—"Wall, friend, guess my mouth never uttered a lie in all my tarnation career."
Farmer—"Weel, maybe you're richt; for, like the rest o' yer kind, yer speak through yer nose."

Concerning Dogs.

Over 7,000 persons have been treated for hydrophobia at the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and only 71 have died. M. Pasteur, however, thinks there is no reason why there should be any hydrophobia at all. He believes that simple police regulations would stamp out hydrophobia in the British Islands, since the disease is invariably caused by the bite of an animal affected with it. The Prince of Wales has also expressed his belief that if all dogs in the British Islands were muzzled for one year rabies would be unknown.

Quite Impracticable.

A London paper says that all the people now living in the world, or about 1,400,000,000, could find standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by aid of a telephone could be addressed by a single speaker. To successfully carry out such an undertaking would attract a large crowd, no doubt, but we fear the scheme is impracticable.

Crossing the Great Ice Fields of Greenland.

New York Times: At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at Burlington House, in London, on the night of June 21, over which the Right Hon. Sir E. M. Grant Duff presided, D. Fridtolf Nansen, the Greenland explorer, gave a description of his recent journey across the inland ice of Greenland from east to west. Dr. Nansen was received with warm cheers and proceeded to deliver his lecture with the assistance of a great many sketches in color of Greenland scenes. A ledge referred to in the lecture was in front of the table, and a map of the country dealt with faced the audience.
The report of the lecture printed in the London "Times" says that Dr. Nansen began by remarking that since the discovery of Greenland, 900 years ago, its interior has remained a mystery. Many attempts have been made to penetrate it, but none have succeeded. The first expedition known of was one toward the middle of last century led by the first and last Governor in Greenland, Major Paars, who, with an escort of more than twenty soldiers, with his wives and children, twelve horses, guns, etc., wished to cross the continent on horseback and to found a colony on the east coast. The next was the Dane, Dalager, some years afterward. In the present century there had been many attempts by adventurous travelers and men of science. In 1868 two Englishmen—the well-known Alpinist, Mr. Edward Whymper, and Dr. Robert Brown—tried it from the shores of Disco Bay but were obliged to return after penetrating only a few miles, convinced that to cross the wide ice plateau was an impossibility. More fortunate were the subsequent expeditions of the great Arctic explorer, Nordenskiöld, in 1870: of the danes, Captain Jensen, Kornerup, and Groth, in 1878; Nordenskiöld again in 1883 and the American, Peary, with the Dane Malmgaard, in 1886.
As these attempts were made from the west coast, no one had tried to solve the problem by

THE LITTLE KNOWN EAST COAST.

Dr. Nansen had been long of opinion that the only way of crossing Greenland was to start from the east coast and make for the west, where the Danish Esquimaux settlements would offer their hospitality after the exhausting journey, there being no similar settlements to made for on the east coast. Most people thought his plan was that of a madman, but notwithstanding all warnings a generous Dane, Mr. Augustin Gamel, offered to contribute to the fitting out of the expedition, and more than forty Norwegians asked to accompany him. Dr. Nansen selected three—Otto Sverdrup (shipmaster), Dietrichsen (Lieutenant in the Norwegian army), and Kistiansen (a peasant). He engaged in addition two Lapps—Samuel Balto and Olaf Ryvna. Arriving at Iceland on their way in June, 1888, they embarked on board a Norwegian sealing ship on the 17th of July; the party left this ship in their two boats at a distance of ten miles from the land near Cape Dan (65 deg. 30 min. north latitude). In their boats they tried to force a way through the ice to reach the land, but one of the boats was crushed, and while it was being mended they were swept by a rapid current southward for twelve days along the coast. After many difficulties and dangers at last they reached the land at Anortok (61 deg. 30 min. north latitude) on the 29th of July. They had now to force their way northward along the coast to reach a more northerly latitude. At last, on the 15th of August, they disembarked, and without delay commenced their inland journey.
Dr. Nansen's original destination was the settlement of Kristianshaab, in Disco Bay. For twelve days the party pushed forward in this direction. At first the snow was rather hard, but it became looser, and the pulling of the sledges was very hard work. A continuous snowstorm blew in their faces. Finding it would be impossible at this rate to reach Kristianshaab in time to catch the last ship of the season by Denmark, they altered their course to a more westerly direction, making for the settlement of Godhaad. The drifting snow continued to hamper their progress, but the surface was even like a floor, gently rising, until at the beginning of September they had reached the height of 9,000 feet above sea level. They were now on an extensive ice plateau resembling a frozen sea. For more than two weeks they traveled over this desolate region. The cold was quite unexpectedly severe, the thermometer falling below the scale in the nights, and on some nights reaching, as he calculated,

45 AND 50 DEGS. BELOW THE FREEZING POINT (Centigrade).

On the 19th of September a favorable wind sprang up. The travelers lashed the sledges, together and hoisted the sails, so that it was unnecessary to draw them. They held on to the sledges standing on their "skis" (Norwegian snowshoes), and thus rattled down the western slope of the continent at a splendid rate.
At last, on the 24th, they reached the zone of land bare of ice on the west coast, and on the 26th descended to a fjord called Amenalik. Here they constructed a boat out of the canvas floor of the tent, using willow boughs and bamboo staffs as ribs. In this small boat two of the party paddled fifty miles to the nearest Danish settlement, Godthaab, arriving on the 31 of October, and immediately sending two boats to bring on the four men left behind. The scientific results of the expedition had not yet been fully worked out; the observations made related to questions of a geographical, geological and meteorological nature. There were, however, some few important points which might be mentioned. The expedition, Dr. Nansen believed, had proved the whole of the interior of Greenland to be covered by an immense shield-shaped cap of ice and snow, which in some places must have a thickness of at least 5,000 or 6,000 feet. The investigation of this immense ice and snow field would, no doubt, yield results of the greatest importance to the study of glacial theories. Another point of interest was the very low temperature found in the interior—a fact which did not seem to agree with the received meteorological laws. Dr. Nansen thought that this low temperature might throw a good deal of light on the much-discussed question—the cause of the great cold of the glacial period in Europe and North America, which at that time were covered with an ice sheet similar to that now seen in Greenland. He thought that the best way of solving the problem of the great ice age was to go and examine the places where similar conditions were now found, and no better place for this could be found than Greenland. But Greenland was a vast region. His expedition was the first to cross it, but he hoped it would not be the last. He considered Greenland and the characteristics of Scotland and Scandinavia.