VICTORIA HOTEL

REED — NORDFJORD

Proprietor: Mr. HAMMER.

NEW, COMFORTABLE & ELEGANT.

All at moderate Prices.
Hotel „Bellevue“, Næss, Romsdal.

I respectfully beg to intimate to tourists and to the travelling public, that my new hotel at Næss, containing 30 well furnished rooms, will offer a comfortable resort to visitors for short or long stays.

A large garden, cricket ground and opportunity for trout fishing.

All steamers land their passengers on the hotel’s wharf every day.

Carriages and cariols to be had for going up the valley.—English spoken by the proprietor.

Caspar Lossius.

NB. Vis-à-vis Veblungsøes.
Ced. Ebelttoft,
downwards the church
Søndre Søgade
— Tromsø —
(Etnographical selections)
recommends his
very interesting selections of
Lappish objects. viz
Skins of rein-deers, complete dresses made of skin & cloth for Laplanders men, women & children, toys & many other different things.
All the objects are made by the Laplanders.
These complete selections are very seeworthy & ought to be visited by the travellers.
English spoken. Man spricht Deutsch.
Hôtel „Hølgenæs“, Romsdalen,

about 4 kilometers from Veblungsnæs, not far from the former well-known hôtel „Aak“, is recommended to the travellers, who call on the Romsdal in the travelling season, as a beautiful rural place with the best view to every part of the landscape. There is also admittance as well for chasing as salmon fishing.

Good treatment and moderate prices are guaranteed.

Respectfully
Jørgine Olsen.
There is a saying far up in the north of Europe that, after God had made the world and had ended his work, his meditations were suddenly disturbed by the fall of an immense body into the billows of the great sea. The Creator looked up and saw the devil, who had brought an immense rock and had hurled it into the deep with such force that the axis of the new world swayed and shook and nearly broke. It shakes to this very hour, as it will through eternity.

The Lord saved his work from utter destruction by his might and strength. In one powerful hand he held it, while with the other he menaced the Evil One, who then shrieked and fled. But everywhere was the dreadful boulder projecting above the waters. Lofty and dark it rose from the billows to the clouds; black and scorched it looked. Its bare walls, jagged, irregular and shattered, sank into the unfathomable deep and filled the sea for many miles with countless cliffs and pinnacles.

The Lord God looked in sadness and pity upon this waste, then he took the fruitful earth which was left and scattered it over the black rocks. But, alas! The little store was not enough. The ground in the chasms and recesses were barely covered, and only in a few places did the divine hand leave enough for trees to grow and crops to ripen. The further toward the north, the scantier was the gift, until at last all was used. Then the devil's work had to remain as it was, freighted with the curse of eternal barrenness.

But God stretched forth his all-powerful hand and blessed the desert land. "Though no flower may bloom here, no bird sing, no grass-blade thrive," spoke the Creator's voice, "yet the evil spirit shall have no share in thee. I will take pity on thee, and men shall dwell here who in love and faithfulness shall cling to these rocks and lead happy lives." Then the Lord bade the fishes fill the sea in immense numbers,
and on the rocks and ice-fields he placed a wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, to feed men with milk and butter and flesh, and clothe them with fur and hides.

Thus, says the saga, was Norway made. For this reason is the sea off those wild shores filled with countless shoals of scaly creatures, and the icy wastes inhabited by reindeer, without whose aid no human being could live. But what a world of dread and silence is hidden here! How the heart of the lonely traveller trembles and shudders at creation as he wanders through these solitary fords and straits where the sea loses itself in a thousand labyrinths, between gloomy, snow-covered crags, in impassable ravines and caverns! What anxious wonder he feels as his ship glides through these boundless cliffs, gigantic blocks, and black granite walls, which bind a fearful girdle, more than three hundred miles long, around the stony waist of Norway!

Yet although a God once said, "I will have these frightful deserts inhabited by men," he has been able to scatter them but sparingly through the neglected land. Over rocks and moors must they rove, always wandering with the wandering reindeer which feeds them. Only in coves and clefts by the shore of the sea can they dwell, lonely and apart, and in fear and trouble lay nets for fishes. But the land can give no man a lasting abode. Deep it lies under fen and ice, wrapped in mist and night, without tree and field, without the husbandman's cot, without the lowing of herds, without the tender blessing which comes from human industry and social intercourse.
MS
Norway
Under whose girdle, Norway, the land, which once propped the traveller's heart of heartless cliffs and granite walls, beats a heart full of tender feeling for the American traveller.

The distance between the northern continent and the tip of this great peninsula, half of which lies north of the Arctic Circle, is about the same as that between Portland and St. Augustine. The western part consists of a vast elevated plateau descending abruptly to the gorges on the coast and sloping gradually down to the plains of Sweden in the east. The most striking features are therefore to be found on the west coast, and in the Northland, the southern and eastern parts of the country. Indeed so
marked is this difference that on leaving the fields and fjords the traveller feels he has bidden farewell to the Norway of his dreams and of his affections, though the pine-clad hills and placid quiet lakes with their well-cultivated banks in the south and east form a new series of pictures more lovely and charming, though less imposing and grand. The fields and fjords of Norway are familiar tons in song and story.

The fields or Norwegian mountains are vast table-lands, occasionally intersected by valleys and the landscape is frequently desolate. Dense forests, glacial lakes, patches of unscattered vegetation, vestiges of the valleys of the ice age, forests and heath features of the scene. Roads have been laid out across some of these mountain passes and routes. 
[It may be interesting to members of the Appalachian Mountain Club to know that the Svømmek. Tourist Forening of Norwegian Tourist Club is doing a similar thing in opening up the more remote mountains.]

Fine roads have been laid out across some of the lofty plains and mountainious areas were founded by the government as long ago as 1110. They have somewhat the character of Swiss hospices. The landlords receive a subsidy from the government and it is a part of their duty to keep the roads open in winter and forward the mails. Swamps, gloomy lakes, patches of snow and scattered boulders standing as the vestiges of the ice age, form somewhat monotonous and dreary features of the scene.
tlandings were founded as long ago as 1110. They have somewhat the character of Swiss hospices and the landlords receive a subsidy from the government and it is a part of their duty to keep the roads open in winter and forward the mails.

It is a relief to feel that even this seemingly desert land the traveller is not quite cut off from his fellow man. Here we can see dairy huts the pastors or mouvements chalets scattered at intervals over the morn and here as on almost inaccessible mountains edges standing as the outposts of human life and presage no fresh proof of the courage and perseverance with which the Honegian peasant cling to mother earth.
Saeter life is one of the peculiar characteristics of Norwegian society. The manufacture of butter and cheese is one of the leading industries of the country. Arable land is so scanty that all winter access must be used for the hay crop. The summer pasturing of the cattle must therefore be done at a long distance from the farms. Nearly every farmer owns or hires a mountain pasture where among the wilderness of rock, the cattle may roam and browse. The daughters of the family tend the cows and, as the path leading to the saeter is precipitous and frequently dangerous if not long, there is but little communication with the home during the summer season. Only once or twice does the farmer
visit the sæter to carry provisions and make inquiries for the herds, but if we may believe the stories of Bjørnsen many a courtship takes place in these quiet retreats. The girls, usually two to gather, live quite alone with no thought of fear or harm. The little huts built of logs or stones consist generally of two rooms, one for doing purposes and one for the use of the inmates and the extreme cleanliness of the interior is often in striking contrast to the immediate surroundings of the hut. Each day the girls drive the cattle to a new pasture and either tend them or return to make butter and cheese during the day. It is especially interesting to be near a sæter toward nightfall when the
girls call the cattle down from
the pastures. One evening toward
sundown as we were tramping
across a mountain plain, our
ears caught an unexpected
sound. We stopped to listen.
But it fortunate we were not
wetting over this road in
wagon nor our exclamation
for then we should surely have
lost the faint modulations of
a woman's voice. About as in
every direction stretched the
great pastures whose barren
ness told that we were at
an altitude only inhbitable
for a few weeks in wind
summer. Our eye wandered
along the deep brown wheel
scarred road over which we
had walked for a couple of hours, until on the horizon line we saw snow-covered peaks whose grandeur was joined together and seeming to defy us in our bold effort ascending from the smiling valley below which we had let as an object.

Again the sound struck our attention, and it was a woman's voice, ringing out clear as a bell, though far, far away. It rose in rich modulations, cadenzas, and trills followed each other in rapid succession and frequently ending in a high sustained note. Our interest in this marvelous vocalization was heightened by its simplicity and artlessness and we were loath to yield to the warnings of the Ed.
vancing twilight and bid
farewell to our unknown
but no longer unfamiliar
angers.

A little incident will show
how essential the peasants
consider mountain pastures
to be. We were stopping one
even at a sattel to rest and
drefresh ourselves with a
glass of milk. The woman
showed much interest, not to
say curiosity, in the material
and fashion of our homes.
spin dresses. She quickly dis-
covered we were from America
and asked if we had any
mountains near our homes.
On our replying no, she asked
eagerly if we had no sattels.
A negative answer brought
forth the remark "wry."
then you don't have cows.
Her idea was that mountains
were philosophical
sacred, and cows are co-exis-
tent and interdependent, and
it was hard to make her be-
lieve that cows could be kept
anywhere but on mountains
in summer!

The current definition for
the word "fjord" is a deep
arm of the sea, but how
empty and cold the place sounds
tone who has for homes and
homes sailed through these
grand mountain chains
Is he one, there is the tra-
veller who says that "after
you have been one fjord
you have practically seen
all," but he is the same
chronic, malcontent who
about when he is in Zorg.

halten, descants on the dangers of mountain travel in the

Tyrrol and, when under

the glow of the Midnight Sun

it looking out upon the vast

Arctic Ocean, with the whole

of the world's civilization be-

hind him, declares that the

North Cape, next as good as

Switzerland for scenery!

To my eye the Norwegian

fjords offer great variety.

At times they are so wide

as to resemble great lakes,

and rich farming, carrels

and pleasant dwellings

cover the mountain sides.

while and again, they penetra-

te for more than a hundred miles into

the very heart of the Country.

they are walled in by craggy

ciffs four or five thousand
feel high and precipitous that vegetation is but scanty. Waterfalls plunge and tumble down from the heights above or glide in silver threads and betray their existence only by the ruffled state of the water below. The waterfalls of Norway in their infinite variety are a constant delight to the eye. In even the narrowest girds the thrift of the Norwegian peasant is felt. Wherever foothold may be gained, there he is, gathering the grass, perhaps only a handful, and carrying it over the crags to a larger level tract where he spreads it on an upright frame in order to dry it most speedily.
The frequent showers may make this a long and tedious process, but when it is completed, the farmer ties the hay up in bundles and lets it slide down iron wires from the dizzy height, where this Norwegian mowing field stands to the shore below. There, it is stored in wooden sheds or is at once carried in boats to the farms. A water hay cart of this kind, of course, with a child on top of the load, towed by men and women rowing, not only is a picturesque sight but one which points a lesson in frugality.

Sometimes farm houses are built on open patches above the fjord. For every
foot of land available for tillage is seized upon, and these farms are in some cases entirely shut off from communication with the world during the long winter. It has been said that at certain farms the cattle and children too have to be tethered in order to avoid the danger of their falling off the cliff may also see a scatter standing as the helpless victim of storms and tempest. The day when a landslip carried away the only path by which it could be reached!

If we follow some of the spurs into their innermost recesses we approach the glaciers which are another striking natural characteristic.
of Norwegian scenery. The Jostedalsbreen is the most extensive glacier in Europe covering an area of over 500 square miles. It spreads its arms in every direction, and down from a height of five thousand feet almost to the very level of the sea. It may be visited from many points and no opportunity to gaze upon it should be missed. The order of journeying from different points may almost be given in a set formula: — row to the end of the fjord, walk a couple of miles over a good road following the course of a rushing stream, row the length of a lake, perhaps six or seven miles, walk
from three to seven miles, ascending part of the way until you stand on the icy mass itself. But this is merely the outline, and neither pen nor voice can give the coloring which the memory holds. It is hay-making time, and across the rich alluvial lands of the valley we see the hay fences standing in parallel lines, dense and dark, looking like platoons of soldiers arrayed for battle. But it is a peaceful scene after all. The peasants swing their clumsy, straight handled scythes back and forth in rhythm, while the women gather up the fresh fallen grass in their arms and
pile it on the racks—a novel way of reinforcing the troops in our battle scene. Here is a large party sitting on the ground resting and enjoying their lunch of porridge. One of them spies us, jumps up and runs ahead to get a boat ready for us, while we linger by the riverside watching its icy water eddying and swirling under the ash and elm trees which guard the shore. But we are soon slowed away in the little boat and after picking up another hay-making oarsman en route row along close to the shore, for the lake is very deep and our boatmen prefer to keep on the side of safety rather
rather than gain time by crowning across from point to point of the irregular coast line. We are beginning to feel a thrill at the increasing grandeur of the scene. Be at the head of the lake for us rises an immense glacier while every few minutes through a side valley we see other mighty ice fields. Bands of ice reaching far down to the water's edge. The rush and roar of water falls is constantly with us. But a strange sound startles us and causes our boatmen to string over their oars and gaze up at a glacier above us. In a few seconds we see immense masses of snow and ice fall from
the precipitous edge and then comes the noise of the crash, thundering and reverberating among the mountain walls. It is an awesome sight and one which has a strange fascination to native and traveller alike. The lake is fed by streams from the glaciers and is of a weird appearance, the water being of a milky, greemish color. We are glad to land and continue our tramp, now somewhat harder in its character for the cart track indiscriminately leads through marshes and elder trails, and across moraines and glacial deposits. But the scene grows more and more beautiful.
pretext and indeed of present
after climbing a mountain
path we find ourselves at the
very base of the glacier which
has been on foot. Its serrated,
jaagged surface present diffi-
culties and dangers even for us
mountaineers. And we are con-
tent to sit on a rock worn
smoothly the action of the
glacier and gaze at the
snowy white sheet which crowns the
mawellous blue of the
icy depths all so much
more pure and far than we have ever seen. We are
in an immense amphitheatre
shut in by mountains walls
whose bare slopes rocky ridges
are broken by great ice
fields. We see a mighty
cataract plunging from
an unmeasured height
and know it will approach the haunt of men, but there is no bird, no snail, no creeping thing, no sign of life about us, only rocky peaks rise, and the blue sky above. With a shudder we turn back and reply with new heartiness to the timely greetings of the passengers on the valleypark.

As I have said the Northland rivals the West coast. Perhaps I have lingered too long on the West coast for the Northland rivals it in grandeur and is moreover less known to the world. The Point of departure is Strombjer, the ancient
capital of Norway, a city only about a third of the distance up the coast, although many travellers fail to go as far north even as that. Two lines of steamers run from Tromsø to the North Cape - the regular mail and freight steamers making the trip in fourteen days and a special excursion steamer carrying only tourists and accomplishing the journey in eight days. Both routes have their decided advantages, but most travellers choose the tourist steamers. The total cost is seventy-five dollars in order to save travel an eight days voyage to the North Cape does not in it.
self sound very tempting, but no ocean trip ever offered a
more inviting series of cur-
to the traveller favored with fair weather,
prices and pleasures. In the
first place the steamers them-
\self are well-fitted out, the
ervice and fare excellent, and
physical comfort for a long
trip toward ensuring en-
joyment in the other things
of life. Moreover the trip
is so planned that instead
of the monotonous one-
\tion of life at sea, const-
for eight days, and broken
only by the satisfaction of
seeing the most northern
\t of Europe, which
the bent-sighted traveller pic-
tures to himself. Not a
day passes without an experience of the most novel and interesting character. The first landing is made at Forghallter, an island mountain in the form of a hat floating on the water, whose peculiar feature is the natural tunnel which pierces it about half way up. The view of the island-studded ocean seen through this daughter telescope is full of novel charm. The steamer threads its way in and out among the islands which guard the whole coast of Norway and makes the trip quite free from the in.
pleasant features of the ordinary coasting voyage. Only once during the entire eight days was even the most sensitive traveller made to realize that she was not gliding along on the unruffled waters of a river or small lake. That was in passing the outer crossing to the Kofothee Islands, but even then the ship's motion was felt only by a few of the passengers. The natural scenery of the Kofothee Islands is among the finest in the world. I wish I might linger over this statement and give it more in detail, but the only rain of the whole voyage overtook us at this un-timely point and we
except the jagged and picturesque spires of the mountains, through occasional and tantalizing breaks in the clouds. It seemed strange to know that we were cruising in the vicinity of the great Maelstrom whose location had always been as vague to our minds as which had never led a more definite geographical location than such mythical places as the Garden of Hesperides or Clipper Head.

We could see the coast line plainly and it was easy to imagine the little hamlets with their bright red cottages nestled among the gray rocks, astir with the bristle and life which comes with the fishing season from January
to April. As many as 25000 fishermen gather here and many as 29 million cod have been caught in a single season. Cod and herring fisheries are the great industries of this northern world, and it would be difficult to imagine what would become traditional of the people if the custom which prevails in the Catholic countries of Southern Europe of eating only fish on certain days were to give way to what at first sight seems a more rational way of eating food. But we do not often realize that there is a corrosion between the Cod-fishery source of subsistence of Norway and the keeping of Lent in Italy. But when we do see it, we can but feel way
It is a long step from the lazarone running himself in the braza to the Norwegian fisherman hauling his nets — no longer geographically than it is in thrift, honesty, and industry; but the custom which will not sanction the use of meat by the one is a source of the other's scanty subsistence. We know that cargoes of salted cod and herring are sent by the hardy voyagers of the Polar Sea to the great countries of the South and that the keeping of fast days means that the gold of the orange and lemon goes in a harder coin to the courageous race who stand guard on the untamed frontiers of our civilization. A fact like this makes us feel very closely of the tie which binds the nations.
Dealing with the closeness of the ties which bind the nations, the
next landing place to Tromsö
the Paris of the north we heard
this little town of 5000 inhabi-
tants called. Much trade prin-
cipally in furs is carried on
with Russia and the harbor
is usually quite alive with
steamers and craft of dif-
fent kinds. The tourists
are rowed ashore, and
the first place of interest
while they seek is the Lapps
encampment. A two mile
walk through pasture land
and among low bushes
which seemed like a bit of
New England leads to the
little settlement where a few
families of Lapps live. We
had been told that it was a Barnum kind of show, but it proved to have many attractions of real interest. The gammers, dome-shaped or that are made of a framework of birch poles covered with turf. A hole in the side serves as a door and another in the roof as a chimney. But so much of the smoke hangs wide that after inspecting the primitive arrangements of the household, including a tiny baby bound into a cradle-like frame, we were glad for the sake of our eyes to retreat into a purer atmosphere. The people have a kindred and often kindly expression, but they are revolting ill their attire and general ap.
Clothes. Their garments made of reindeer skins and a cloth resembling a heavy flannel of different bright colors are worn until they fall to pieces, which I should judge from looking from the cork of the cistern that the garments are handed down from one generation to another. Of course the accumulation of filth is not attractive. The height of the men seldom exceeds five feet, and their straight black hair and high cheek bones are like those of Indians. Men, women, and even some of the children who were not overcome by their plagues offered to sell their teeth, boots, sewing implements, spoons and...
other articles made from reindeer hides and bones. Many and strange kinds of dogs were to be seen. A herd of a couple of hundred reindeer crowded together amused us by their noise they made resembling the growling of hogs and by the peculiar crackling of their knee joints as if a lot of children were firing off torpedoes. The reindeer were much smaller than we had imagined, being not large, but only a little larger than hair goats. Their fur was rough and coarse and altogether they did not look much like the fine and solemn majestic animals which are pictured to us. Some of them were caught by lassoos and
held while being milked, but we kicked as badly as a cow could and upset the peculiar wooden dish into which the woman was milk ing. In spite of the novelty of the scene we were glad to turn back to the town and mingle among people of a faires race. We found a little fellow also had lived in New York and under his guidance inspected the famous sights of the town.

A rare evening followed, and a wonderful experience. We sat on deck, the sun through in a cloudless sky. The sea was smooth. The thermometers at 53° common enough conditions. For the first
The following morning we reached Hammerfest the most northerly town in the world. The telegraph station was the first place we hurried up. We sent off a despatch costing us $75 nominally to Boston, but seemingly we had not faith to believe it would ever reach our friends. It not only made its long ocean voyage but made it so promptly that it reached Boston at the very hour we sent it! We visited a book and music store and bought a copy of the North Cape Polka.
of the number of degrees between
the mouth of the Danube and
Hammerfest. All this symb.
role of our own civilization
seemed almost out of place in
made it very hard for us to
the Arctic Zone.
really where we were.

Beyond Hammerfest there
are few signs of vegetation or
life of any kind, the winds
travellers
except when.
the exception however. The
steamer stops under a
perpendicular promontory
known as the Drakshetklubben.
A gun shot is fired. At once
the air is white as with
immense snow flakes.
The grayness of the rock
was almost concealed by
thousands of white gulls
While heads looked like rows of tiny pearls, along the narrow canyons. A gnat that is fried.
At one we seem to be in a shower of soft, large snowflakes as the birds startled from their lodgings, places flutter about the ship. Their peculiar shrill screams sound in one continuous note which rises far above the noise of the machinery and the dashing of the waves on the cliff. This enchanting light is in itself well worth the journey. At seven o'clock, we cast anchor at the North Cape. High above us towered the precipitous, rocky cliffs of the most northern land of Europe. The passengers were
early and speedily landed and in Indian file began their ascent of the bold promontory which was the goal of their journey. The trail followed the course of a little brook until the incline became so steep that the path was made zigzag and a rope fastened to more posts proved quite helpful. I cannot begin to describe the surprise which awaited us here! In this ravine sheltered from the piercing blasts which even in summer rages at intervals, grew the most varied and beautiful manself wild flowers I ever beheld. We wandered into the tall grass
near the water's edge and
picked great bunches of
double buttercups and al-
most staggering under their
weight we still had to stop
at every step to gather an-
other blossom. There were
our old friends wild ferns,
white, yellow violets, moss
pimples, primrose, forget-
me-nots, flowering mosses and
many who looked at us in
as kindly as not as familiar
to our eyes. The higher we
went the more alpine in
character became the
flow and it was a satis-
faction to have near us a
German botanist whose
knowledge of plants
and flowers was quite...
keeping equal to this strange test.

When we reached the summit we still had nearly a mile to walk to the extremity of the Cape. We sought shelter from the little wind which was blowing in the lee of the shelter, put up to commemorate the visit of the King in 1892. A motley company we were! Americans, English, Scotch, German, Belgian, French, Hungarian, Russian, Italian, Danish, Swedish. There were the nationalities we visited and there was nearly every other side of society from the granddaughters of Victoria and William to the Eighty-ninth regiment. It was right that we should be so diverse for the barriers
of the nations had been ob-
literated. Back of us lay
the civilization of Europe,
before us the other tow-
ning master of the Arcti-
que Ocean, and we felt that
we were on an outpost of
the universe, one human
family, the children of one
solemm thought
Creator. It was a relief
and we were glad to turn to the newness
of hear the church-Afri-
making which was gone on, and join in the
togetherness of one nationality, and they of the
Sailors set up in their front
of setting up empty bot-
tles and knocking them
over little stores!
In an hour we watched
the line as it slowly
rolled in its down-
ward course over the cloud.
less sky. Its rays cast upon the calm waters of the Ocean almost had the effect of moonlight. At midnight it seemed to pause in its descent hanging like a great golden ball about a fifth of the way between the horizon and the zenith. We did not see any of the fiery glow of which one reads as the atmospheric conditions did not favor it. As soon as midnight had passed and we had given each other the greetings of the new day we began our descent and return to the world.
we had left behind. After
boarding the steamer we
steamed out to a fishing
ground and there we stood
in the bright sunlight at
six o'clock in the morning.
Hauling up cod from the
waters of the Arctic Ocean
with the thermometer at
67°. The facts in our
experience were of them-
selves decidedly common-
place; it was the combina-
tion which was startling.

As we resumed our voyage
three of us drew out our
steamer chains and
watched the sentinel
of the north until it had
faded from my sight and
the North Cape was no
longer an anticipation but
a memory.

The outward trip had
been so full of interest and
novelty that we had sup-
posed the return trip would
certainly seem monotonous.
On the contrary, the Lyngen-
land seemed endless
fjord with its imposing chain
of glaciers and mountains
and the great glaciers of Svar-
tien, whose snowy mantle,
in spotted summer reaches
to the very shore of the sea,
were natural wonders as
striking as they were un-
expected. A visit to a
whale fishing was curious.
episode.
And so we came back to the fjords and fjords and exchanged our steam propeller for a little two wheel cart and a state room for the simple cleanly quarters of a Norwegian inn. The change which we most welcomed was that of night, real dark night, though even yet it was very limited in quantity. For nearly four days the sun had not set. The distinction between night and day was purely arbitrary. We fixed upon time by our watches for retiring and there had to pull the heavy draperies about our beds in order to shut
out the sunlight and give us a semblance of night. I must however admit that the principal charm of this experience lay in its novelty. As I came from Boston and watched the winter sky doff its dome blue mantle and in a wanton mood blend gold and red and purple tints before choosing its gray star-besprangled garment of this night, I felt anew the wealth of beauty and glory which comes into our lives from the rising and setting of the sun and which we are often too blind to appreciate.
[out the sunlight and give us a semblance of night.] But all through our stay in Norway the twilight was very long and very beautiful and it was a great temptation to keep up and walking or continue to drive over the smooth hard roads until very late. This was the easier to do as supper was usually not served until nine o'clock.

Nearly every traveller to Norway looks forward with dread and apprehension to the food. He is told that cheese is the principal article of diet and if he proposes to go to the North Cape he has visions of blubber and other equally
tasty dainties. He is doomed to disappointment of a gratifying
vegetables and
kind. To be sure, juicy meat
and vegetables are not often
in the table, but the food in the whole
is both more varied and more
wholesome than could be found
in the rural districts of New Eng
land. The fish is perfect. Sal
lobster
milk, trout, clams, and whiting,
always well cooked, are con
stantly served. The coffee is
the best that could be had. No better
coffee is to be had in the conti
nent except in France and
cream and milk are always
of the best quality. Three
different kinds of bread are
offered, not snappetizing
to one who has served an
apprenticeship in Germany. The white bread is often very good, and when I presented to grumbling the statement of an Englishman that it was the worst in the world, I naively added "next to that of England." While I made other mental reservations, English biscuit or as we usually say crackers are offered in the most up-to-date places and other small fruits. Wild strawberries grow in profusion and several other berries. White potatoes and sago puddings are familiar dishes and herring, anchovies, tinned meats and sardines are always on the bill of fare. Reindeer tongue and ham and bear ham were offered us at the hotel in Tromso.
but we found many other dishes on the bountifully spread table which proved more attractive. I can not do justice to the cheese. Its variety, form, and general massiveness is indescribable. One third of the tables in the saloon of the North Cape steamer was devoted to cheese and another third to sausages, the aim being to cater to the German and the passengers' element. The American sweet tooth was satisfied with orange marmalade and raspberry jam. The most interesting feature of travel in Norway apart from the natural
Scenery is afforded by the stand at the head of European nations, for people who are clean, diligence, thrift, and general intelligence. We are glad to be Americans for the tie is very strong between the two lands on account of the recent tide of emigration to our shores. We did not meet of peasant who had not merely a friend but a relative in the United States and the very word America was after an open became to the hearts as well as the homes of the people. Far up among the mountains at the foot of a glacier are stopped at a little hut so
Primitive that it had no chimney but the smoke was let out through a hole in the roof, and the only signs of civilization which we saw were the Bible and a map of the United States fastened to the wall. The woman had two daughters in Dakota and her dull countenance lighted up with a truly beautiful expression when we told her we were from America.

We did not linger long in the cities, though we found the quaint shops and hilly streets and noisy fish market of Bergen very attractive.
I am sure that my pretty fair-haired cousin enjoyed an experience which a girl of another nationality would have been granted by fortune. While searching for old silver spoons in a little village she discovered the owner of a bride's silver crown. The woman was somewhat loath to show it, but the words "I am from America" worked like a charm and the curiosity was awakened but placed on my cousin's head together with the velvet ribbons and beaded embroidery which form a part of the bride's costume. It was a unique bit of dressing up for an American girl and the laughter and joy was a great source of entertainment. Not to the baby boy who lay in his mother's arms feverish and ill and to the poor woman...
whose anxiety for her child.
who was anxiously awaiting the
coming of the doctor from a
distant village. The crown
was immensely heavy and yet
the poor bride had to wear
it a whole day at a time.
It had once been sold out of
the family but had been re-
deemed and is now let out
at a dollar a wedding, as it
is the only crown in the valley.
It is difficult for a foreigner to become intimate with the people for two reasons. In the first place they are very reticent and shy. While ready to do a service in a civil, kind, way, when it has beenrendered they draw into their shells and will seldom respond to any effort made to lure them into conversation. Then too there is the barrier of language, though this is not as great as one might anticipate as English is taught in the public schools and all educated people speak it remarkably well. It is not uncommon more over to find peasants who
have mastered enough for practical purposes either by
through patently lodging through grammar and readers
or by living in England or
America. All the captains
in the steamers are obliged to
pass civil service examinations of future requirements
have a knowledge of English
and little country miss, while
with much pretension call
advertising themselves hotels, steamer
draws
the attention of tra-
vellers to their special attac-
tions in most marvelously
worded English. Here are
some "Victoria Hotel, very
comfortable and elegant, all
at moderate prices." "Long
beds for Englishmen." "At
prices always on hand." "24
beds and several warm rooms."
fishful rivers, notorious cataracts and beautiful scenery of nature.

There is this advantage about this language—it can be understood, whereas one cannot say as much for the Norwegian, which a traveller is likely to pick up in a few weeks. A language in which skyde is pronounced Selius and Skyggedal shegedal is not easy.
Our knowledge of the law was put to the test one evening when we entered a group of peasants in the Hardanger district and succeeded in inducing one of the men who was the fiddler of the neighborhood to play for us on his curious six-stringed instrument. Our next wish was to see the famous or spring dance, Hallingdans, as we had been familiar with Grieg's music. A great deal of urging was necessary but we succeeded at last. A circle was formed about a little active young fellow and I cannot do better than
The music struck up; a deep silence ensued and he began. He squatted on the floor and hopped sideward in time with the music, swaying from one side to another, crossed and uncrossed his legs under him several times, sprang up again as though he were going to take a leap; but then shirked it and went on hopping sideward as before. The fiddle was skilfully played and the tune became more and more exciting. Hills gradually threw his head backward, and then suddenly kicked the beam, scattering the dust from the ceiling down upon the people below. They laughed and shouted round him, and the girls stood almost breathless. The sound of the violin rose high above the
noise, stimulating him by still wilder notes, and he did not resist their influence. He bent forward, hopped a time, with the music; stood up as though he were going to take a leap, but checked it, springing from one side to the other as before; and just when he looked as if he had not the least thought of leaping, crouched up and kicked the beam again and again. Next he turned some considerable forwards and backwards, coming upon his feet firmly, and standing up quite straight each time. Then he suddenly left off, and the time after running through some wild variations, died away in one long, deep note.
The capital may be seen one of the most curious relics in the world. It is.

I did not linger long in the city though we found the granite shops and hilly streets and noisy fish market of Bergen very attractive. In Christiania the capital may be seen one of the most curious relics in the world, the Viking's ship discovered in a mound at Gokstad in 1880. Other vessels have been examined but none larger or better appointed. Experts say it is a masterpiece of its kind and a perfection in its proportions and in the beauty of its lines which the art of ship building
did not know after the days of the Vikings until our own time. This is the story which has been unravelled by the ingenuity of savants from the fragments of wood and iron, leather and bronze, and the few bones which are now carefully stored in the University prompter.

About the year 900 a mighty chief died at his home in the south of Norway about five hundred miles from Christiania. He had lived the sea and had visited all foreign waters, even those of the Far East. He was a man of great stature and a measuring 6 ft. 3 inches in height and was strongly built, a fit leader of the seventy men
His crew and adventures of his life. But his native vigor could not withstand the constant exposure, to wind and weather. He fell a victim to rheumatism and for the last months of his life was a helpless invalid unable to walk. The professor of anatomy who tells us this much marvelously ends his report by saying that he does not feel able to draw any conclusion as to the cause of death. It was in winter time. However, he died. The final place was chosen in close proximity to the sea so that all passers-by might see it distinctly. After
an excavation in the blue clay had been made, the strip which had been so many a
mune was drawn by horses to the chosen spot and there covered with its prow set
seaward. Timber was then hauled and heaved into form for a subterranean chamber
which was erected amidships, the scattered chips being left on
the ground. The body of the
dead chieftain was clad in state attire, a woolen
garment wrought with silk and gold threads, drawn in a sledge and placed on
a couch in the burial chamber. His weapons were
placed about him. The opening in the side was
then permanently closed with
brich bark. The different arti-
cles which had belonged to the
deceased were broken up,
and placed within the vessel.

A peacock which had
been a favorite memento
of a foreign expedition was
also placed in the ship and
twelve horses and six dogs
were slain and their bodies
laid close on each side of
the vessel. The entire hold
with the exception of the
funeral chamber was then
filled with blue clay which
was in turn covered with
a layer of moss and
hazel branches. Earth was
finally thrown over all
and thus the tumulus.
known for centuries as the Kings mound was made and which remained undisturbed for centuries except when broken into ages ago by marauders who stole the arms from the side of the shrouded warrior.
It is perhaps fitting that I should close this paper before the friends of University Education with a brief account of it. It is pleasant when among the friends of University education to recall the Matriculation Day at the University of Christiania, the only university in Norway. Through the courtesy of our Consul we procured tickets for admission to the exercises in one of the University halls. At half past eleven on Sept 2nd we took our places in the second row of the gallery directly opposite the centre and for half an hour watched the mothers and sisters and friends who had gathered to see the formal recognition.
of the new class as members of the university. Chairs of benches were ranged about the hall in a semi-circle and in front were arm-chairs occupied by the faculty and other dignitaries. The students filed in without any regularity and took the seats they chose in the benches. It was easy to believe that the University of Christiania is the great institution of learning for the world. The students in its halls represented all the types of young manhood in a nation. There were the country boys in sack coats, with rough hands, shaggy hair and honest deter-mined faces, and looking as if lack of either money or
Brains had been for some time an obstacle to their entering the university. There were the boys with bright countenances and quick intelligence who had perhaps been the valedictorians of their classes and evidently thought they were soon to take the university world by storm. Then there were the young men in dress suits, vast expanses of shirt fronts, white ties and white gloves, with dark hair parted in the middle, and curled moustache, small side whiskers and eye glasses whose preparation for university life had come largely through experience in leading a cotillion and who will always be better able to sketch a quizzet character, sing a burlesque song, or
make society verses than to
master the possibilities involved
in Greek roots or parabolic curves.
Indeed immemorable events were
there, just as would be the case
in one of our great universities,
but they were straight, stouter
and altogether in better physical
condition than our boys when
they are turned out of preparatory
schools.

Among the candidates were
six girls, only one however being
in the classical department.
She wore long white gloves, white
neck scarf and white trimming
on her hat, which made her
quite conspicuous, especially so
she had no girl companion.

The other five were dressed all
in black, with black gloves, did
not wear hats and two had
their hair plaited down their backs. Two or three were very pretty and the demeanour of all was quiet and unobtrusive.

The exercises began with the singing of an ode by a choir of about fifty male voices. An address of welcome was then read by the presiding officer. The matriculation certificates were then handed to hand. They were quite large and very official looking and might pass current in our country as degrees. The chancellor read the names from the certificates and the students stepped forward, shook hands, and bowed or curtained as the case might be on receiving the paper. This part of the performance took an hour and twenty-five minutes. There were not only 377 names to be
called but the students were so seated that it took them a long time to make their way out to the platform. The dignitaries were furnished with catalogues containing the names, age, parents and examination marks of all the matriculants. I perused a copy and found it very interesting to examine. The name of one girl was Ellen Bull and of another Helga Marie Matilde Sofie Spangberg. A good average name was Louise Wally Olsen. Another pair of names equally characteristic were Anna Diana and Alexandra Felicite Wille. A pair of boy's names were Ole Nyst Inge and Ole Johan. The character of the ceremony was Johanne Elizabeth Mathiesen. Next in order were reports from the different faculties as to the despatch of prizes.
Two of the four successful candidates were present and stepped forward as their names were called. There was no applause at any time. The exercises closed with the final stanza of the ode.

This experience, though so different from the others we have enjoyed in our summer travel, especially at the house is a pleasant one to remember when among friends whose sympathies are with university education for both boys and girls alike.

In giving you these fragmentary impressions I trust I have also indirectly at least made you share in one of my strong feelings, which is that of the busy train worker a vacation cannot be more healthfully or enviously passed than in Norway. For those few whose lives are passed in the charac-
The urban rush of modern American city life, the ordinary European trip is not in any sense a relaxation. The crowds towards the excitement of life on railroad stations, the constant associations with the world of art, literature, thinking, are all elements which we need to know but from which we cannot lift in the nervous, mental, physical energies and many a traveller re-constructed, re-trained from a common in Europe far from ready to take up the winter duties but without any fresh strength for the winter duties, pleasures. The century Norway furnishes a most complete contrast. The motto of this country as a farming land's motto same is "If not today then tomorrow" and when one has fully immersed oneself into this atmosphere a really difficult but desirable task for an American and feels no conclusion about keeping a railroad train waiting or asking a steamer captain to make a special detour from the usual route, then one really begins to get the understanding. The ample food, the instructing customs, the ever shifting romantic landscape.
This was the novella of the journey, but I must admit that the principal charm of the experience lay in its novelty. On Thursday, as I walked the charming avenues of the sky, I watched the clear blue winter sky clothe its blue mantle and in a fantastic mood blend gold and red and purple before choosing its gray star-despangled garment for the night. It felt more the wealth of beauty and glory which seem to rise in the setting of the sun, we hope, which we are often too blind to believe.

In giving you these fragmentary records and impressions, I trust there have made you, at least, consciousness, share in one of my stony feelings, which is that for the busy brain worker a vacation cannot be more healthfully or enjoyable passed than in Norway. In time of whose lives are passed in the chain...
He must be in good physical condition and able to walk, climb, and above all, he must love Nature herself, for human society with its complexities of modern social life seem very remote. A knowledgeable botany, geology is a better travelling companion than a Cook's Tourist. My strong wish is that many summers will not pass before some of you will join with me in grateful, living remembrance. I this far-away land, while this nearer away in space than it is very near us in sympathies.
only seen added to the charm of life in a foreign land combine to make the trip a reason of the most pleasurable profit. I may add also that an item of interest that must not be forgotten is the expense of traveling, being much less than in other European countries, the price of board and lodging except in the express trains about 1.05 per day and the fee for a pony or wagon eight cents a mile. But there are elements which the traveler himself must furnish in order to secure the most complete enjoyment. He must know how to travel, that is, enter into the life of the people and not expect to carry with him the remnants of business and pleasures of his own. For instance, in Norway green cucumbers do not grow in November, so amount of money can buy them.
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