

## NORWAY, ANOTHER PEEP.

A SECOND LETTER ON THIS INTERESTING NORTHERN LAND.

Norway's Harvests Chiefly from the Sea—Fish Everywhere, but Tiny Patches of Soil More Precious than the Habitations Beside Them.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—If one has sailed up and down the magnificent Norwegian coast, it is easy to believe the statement that one-tenth of the entire population of Norway are fishermen. Twenty million cod alone are annually taken. The value of fish each year exported from Norway is nearly \$12,000,000. From Bergen to Vadsø, one is scarcely ever out of sight of fishermen's huts, fisher fleets, fishing stations, and bleak and dreary towns where fish and fishing are the exclusive reason for the presence of man.

Agriculture along the entire coast and among the coast islands is carried on in patches so tiny as to astonish the traveler at their insignificance. Little strips a few rods in length and a few feet in breadth are regarded by those patient folk as prized possessions, and what they are made to produce is amazing. To such straits are the coast and islet fisher folk sometimes put for soil that it is often transferred from mainland in boats, bit by bit, to fill some crevice, or to be walled in and cultivated against the floods and tempests which often wash it ruthlessly into the sea. I have seen these little patches often cared for with vastly more expense and labor than the owner's rude habitation; it is not infrequent to discover them half way up the broken side of a beetling crag; I know of many that can only be reached by lowering the owner to his "farm" by means of a windlass; and it is no uncommon thing to see them walled in at the edges, forming a portion of a sloping roof of stone huts abutting plains of mighty jagged rocks behind. These bits of green seem to take on added intensity of contrast for their sterile and desolate surroundings, and emphasize the only market-gardening of the coast—the tremendous harvest of the sea.

In all the vast region where cod are taken the curious apparent scene is constantly presented at the fishing stations your steamer will call at or pass, of some vast clothes-washing industry. The absurd notion possesses you that the laundry for all Europe has been found; for at a little distance the white drying cod, hanging over poles or covering acres of flat rock, seem like countless and immeasurable collections of lingerie bleaching in the nightless days of these Arctic regions. This Norwegian codfish has the two names of "stokfish," stockfish or stickfish, and "klipfish" or fish. The former derives its name from being dried in pairs hanging from a long stok or pole; and the latter are "klipfish" from being cured where poles are not available, on the flat surfaces of the klippe, the everlasting rock.

So you will never escape the sight, taste and smell of fish in Norway. Every animate object along the coast from human to sea-gull is seeking for fish. Every coast city, town or huddle of houses is engaged in catching, curing, storing or selling fish, and would rot in ruin in a decade if fish disappeared from the sea-roads and fiords. The most picturesque sights in these waters are the fleets of fishermen's crafts going or coming between the home ports and outlying stations and the numberless jagts with their high peaked prows and immense sails creeping in and out of the blue bays and shadowy fiords or massing in bewildering confusion about the quays of Bergen and Thronhjelm.

At your hotel every manner of fish is served in extraordinary variety and tremendous quantity. If you are entertained at the house of a friend, the never-failing familiar dish is thrust before you. The bonder further countrywards assaults your satiety with pickled fish. If you take pot-luck with the peasant, there it is again ground into powder and mingling with his porridge. Up among the mountain saeters the woman who care for the herds and flocks will force it upon you as a hospitable delicacy. At the tourists stations along the great stone roads of Norway it bobs up to haunt you, dried, pickled and in caviare. And penetrating the remotest country districts, among the highland lakes and streams, you will starve if you do not at once fall upon fresh fish, served while it is still almost quivering with its finny, bloodless life. I have known travelers who passionately protested against the universality of Great Britain's "ham and eggs" grow voiceless in despair from the omnipresence and immutability of fish in Norway.

A Turnesque picture indeed is that gradually unfolding from your steamer's deck when morning breaks through the mists and begins to light up the city of Bergen. A jumble of spars, of huge flapping sails, and then the dim outlines of all manner of shipping, but chiefly the odd-looking lines of the old dragon-ships of the Vikings, the latter of course laden with endless stores of fish, are first to come in view. Then ghostly rows of half-defined outlines of what suggest Broddingnagian monks, squatting at the waterside with cowed and bowed heads as in meditation or prayer. These prove to be the vast white-fronted ancient store-houses of Bergen. What seemed a cowl at the peak of each is only a huge vippemon or rude crane, with its cumbersome hood-like cover, used when the Nord-far-Stovne, or northern sealers' arrival, crowds the bay with fishing-craft, in unloading the unsavory freight. Here is the ancient Hanseatic quarter. Brave are the tales of trade these odd old storehouse shells might tell. Strange scenes were once here in the olden council-rooms. Strange romances cling to

the ways and days of these sturdy old League merchants. And strange and grow-some were the lives of their slavish clerks who passed their days in these mighty caverns of dead fish, and by the jealousy of different nations might ever love but never wed.

Through the misty rose, like the tint of the ripened peach, the quaint old city seems at last to float out of its ghostliness into clearer view. Behind the masts and the hooded storehouses rises the grim cathedral roof and dome. Then bits of green, where the open spaces are, wondrously green in these brief and humid summer days, checker the uplands of roof, at first as brilliant in purple and red as a ragged heather-clad Scottish mountain side; for all these roofs are flaming as peonies in ruddy, red tiles. Angle, projection, quaint corner, here and there a pagoda-like house-end, everywhere peaked roof and sharp, pointed gable, in successive jagged ends and bits of color and contrast of color, rise not tier on tier, but most picturesque jumble upon mass and mass upon jumble, defined at last by the loveliest of valley landscapes, delicate in whites of villas and greens of parks, gardens and forests, as a Tuscan dreamland reach of vineyard vale; and then, all about the dark mountain edges, serrated, dark and grim, which shut in every scene eyes may behold in Norway as if only nothingness and immensity lay forbidding and measureless beyond.

You will secure a still finer view of red-roofed Bergen and environs than from your steamer's deck by leisurely wandering up the magnificent mountain-road called the Drammens-Vei—the Dram's Way because built from liquor-license revenues—rising along the grand slopes of the Floi field height dominating the city on the east. It is a stone road making five great bends reaching the brow of Floi field; but from this point the lights and shades playing upon the city roofs transform old Bergen into a curiously-wrought entanglement of coral, set round about with that lustrous emerald of foothill and valley verdure and the glowing sapphires of the sea.

Gradually the chief objects of the town come into prominence. The most ancient portion of the city is beneath you. There is the Tydskebygge, where are the Dutch-looking houses and all the quaint memorials of the Hanseatic League. Here the steamers lay alongside in the broad Vaage. Across the Vaage or harbor is the more modern-built city with its Strandgaade—its Regent Street or Broadway—with its fine shops, the ware-houses, custom-houses and other buildings for commerce or trade. Behind these to the south are the cathedral, public squares and gardens, the cemetery, the lepers' hospital, (the only object of dread in Norway) the villas and gardens of the substantial merchants, reaches of bright bays which nearly surround the city, and then blossoming vale-land, above which circle the everlasting hills. Seaward, the eye rests upon dim ribbons of blue winding away into the misty fiords, interlacing the bases of grim headlands and threading between mazes of islands countless and beautiful to the far and serrated horizon rim.

Probably the most characteristic scene in Bergen is down here at the Torv, of a Saturday morning. This is the ancient fish-market. It is in an open space in the quay, precisely like the fish market at New-haven, Edinburgh, at Plymouth, England, and at Galway, Ireland; but few fish are brought ashore. The stalls are the jagts or fishing-boats, and there are no howling fishwives. Hundreds of peasants from the surrounding country, dressed in the peculiar costumes of their respective districts, come to the Torv to sell vegetables, cheese, butter, eggs, fowls and many rude articles of home manufacture. Mingling with these are the honest housewives and maid-servants of the city.

It is a cheery, chatty, hearty crowd; all life, animation and geniality; glittering with quaint old gilt and silver ornaments; colorful from bright garters, gaudy bodices, saffron and scarlet shoulder ribbons, lustrous braids of yellow hair, snowy white caps, and head-kerchiefs glinting with silver gimps or fine old embroidery. Every woman who comes to buy fish carries a shining tin pail or scuttle, often ornamented in gaudy colors. The fishermen standing in their boats say never a word. They are the most silent and sullen salesmen you ever knew. The women do all the bartering and chaffing. When a satisfactory price is reached, the fish is tossed up to the buyer and the coin exchanged. And so with pleasant badinage from the quay and utter solemnity in the boats the sales go on. But think of fresh cod, salmon, mackerel and turbot selling at the Bergen Torv at but from four to six cents per pound!

The more modern streets of Bergen are spacious and wide, and all are matchlessly clean. Nearly all the houses are of wood, large, rambling, roomy; and every window is gay with boxes and pots of flowers. Not even in the tropics are more flowers to be seen in summer. All vegetation here seems to take an added beauty and luxuriance in proportion to the brevity of its yearly out-door life; and Norwegian folk are fond to passionate tenderness of every leaf and bud and bloom for its seeming responsiveness to affectionate nurture and care. Every open space is filled with trees and shrubs. Every street or thoroughfare yields a vista, bordered with green and endless in the blue of the sea or blossom of flowers.

Many of the older structures are very ancient and curious. Some of the old-time villas and homes on the outskirts are interesting for their suggestions of wooden castles; where there was possible occasion for defense. The timbers are something unique in these; and the outbuildings for servants and vast storehouses on pillars of stone, all tell their tale of generations of master and folk and servitors living in a little community capable of protecting its own integrity against any manner of offensive aggression or harm.

Over in the Finnegard on the Tydskebygge, in the region of mountains of barrels, fences decorated by drying codfish and all the curious gear of the greatest fishing-mart of northern Europe, still stands a single Hanseatic house. It is the only one left in Bergen where the old-time German traders lived and traded almost like a parcel of pirate monks. The strangest of rude carvings, painted in barbaric colors bedeck the exterior. The merchants' fantastically carved and paneled office, the manager's musty bureau, the celibate clerk's living rooms and dormitories remain just as they were once used. The latter are very unique and interesting. The beds are built in tiers like a ship's emigrants' quarters. One side of each tiny

bunk is closed, with hinged doors or shutters, opening to a passage-way where the female servants could make the clerks' beds without entering their rooms!

You will also see in this ancient Hanseatic house a great number of strange relics of daily use in this ancient and powerful money-grabbing community. Among them are huge candlesticks, cabbage-chopping machines, curious cod liver oil lamps, lanterns, metal wash-bowls, mammoth long-stemmed pipes, staves with bags for church collections, for these old robbers were pious as shrewd, strong-boxes, bound with brass and iron, arms of the leaguers, and even open ledgers recording their mighty gains. One's fancy conjures Rembrandt pictures here; and you long for some romance master to see and seize and set in enduring page the hardness, sternness and often the hopeless pathos of this grim old trade-conventional life.

There is also an interesting district of Bergen lying between the Strandgaade and the harbor. One never tires of this, for narrow thoroughfares lead down to the bay, in which are strange projecting roofs, huge diamond-paned windows, shadowy colonnades, clumsy balconies and drowsy echoes of endless waterside traffic. On the Strandgaade itself there are showy shops to barter in, ancient shops into which curiously carved stars ascend or descend, and museum-like shops where old silver, Norway carved woods, furs, and all odd manner of keep sakes may be bought. It is here that all day long—and nearly all night long, for it is still daylight in Bergen summer-time between eleven and twelve o'clock at night—move to and fro the placid pleasant throngs. Among them are the peasantry from Saeterdale, from Hardinger, from Thelemark, from Evanger, and from the outlying islands. These more than all else give color and character to ancient Bergen town, and you grow impatient to follow them over the mountains to their lonely homes among the sombre fiords, beside the misty waterfalls and within the slumberous upland dale.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## Career of a Matador.

The profession of a bull-fighter is surely profitable enough. Senor Logartijo, the greatest bull fighter in the world, the first matador of Spain, and the idol of the people, gave his farewell entertainment recently.

He has already said adieu to the people of Bilbao, Saragossa, Barcelona, and Valencia with much profit to himself, his share at each place having averaged £1,800. His fee for one performance was £2,000, plus half of the receipts, which must have amounted to a further sum of £3,000, for his prowess was witnessed by an enormous audience, of whom no fewer than fourteen thousand occupied seats, for which fancy prices had been paid.

On the appearance of Logartijo in the bull-ring he was accorded a tremendous ovation, and almost mad enthusiasm prevailed as he killed in succession no fewer than six bulls, all taken from the Duke de Veragua's ganaderia, the fiercest in Spain.

It had been rumored that the bull fight would conclude with the cutting of Logartijo's coleta—the tuft of hair at the back of the head, which since the last century has been the distinctive mark of the toreros, and that it would be offered as the first prize in a lottery, but the report proved to be unfounded.

Logartijo's coleta will be cut with all solemnity, as the final proof of his retirement, at a semi-private fete at which he will entertain his friends. Logartijo is a very wealthy man, despite his expensive personal habits and free-handed character. He will spend the remainder of his days on his estate at Cordova, and amuse his leisure by breeding and training bulls for the ring.

## Japan's Dread Poison.

That poison which brings death to its victim by degrees and prolongs torture, is a far more terrible weapon in the hands of a human fiend, than the one which will kill at once. Such a poison is utilized widely in Japan and Java, and is obtained from the bamboo. The young shoots of the cane, when they push themselves up through the earth, are covered with fine brownish hairs, which, under the microscope, appear to be bayonet-like spikes of crystals of silex, infinitely sharp and hollow. Small quantities of these hairs administered daily in the food bring on ulceration of the whole alimentary canal, culminating in malignant dysentery. The bamboo crystal is much dreaded by all the European residents in Java, for scores of deaths occur every year among European planters that are due to bamboo hairs and the jealousy of native women, who, whenever they take a fancy to a white man, will either have him or poison him with these hairs, even if it takes months to accomplish their end.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

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To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.

From a communication read to the Association of Belgian chemists, it seems that Continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap varies greatly. In fancy articles like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in a little water; to this is added some oil, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour. The crumb of the bread manufactured by this process is said to be lighter and more spongy than that made in the ordinary way.

Probably the biggest king in the world, in point of size at any rate, is the sovereign of Butaritari, who recently entered a protest against the British protectorate over the Gilbert isles. He weighs 304 pounds.

## Invention of Matches.

The use of phosphorus had made matches so sensitive that the whole box often ignited spontaneously. Children were killed by sucking the matches, and at Boulogne two soldiers and a woman were poisoned by drinking coffee, when it was found that the woman's child, in playing about, had taken a box of lucifers and put it into the coffee-pot as it stood on the hob. In 1847 an Austrian chemist, named Schrotter, made the important discovery that phosphorus may exist under two forms, the crystalline and the amorphous. The latter appeared like a piece of red brick, it gave off no fumes, and seemed to be altogether inert. Manufacturers, and even governments, offered large rewards for a safe and easy application of the red variety. But it was found that when the red phosphorus was mixed with chlorate of potash under slight pressure, it exploded with violence; and was restored back to the ordinary crystalline condition. Many fatal accidents arose from these attempts.

At length, in 1855, the apparently ridiculously simple suggestion was made by Herr Botter, a Swedish gentleman, to keep the red phosphorus and the chlorate of potash paste separate until the moment when a match was to be lighted. For this purpose the red phosphorus was put on the box, and the match, being rubbed against it, ignited with ease. Thus originated the so-called "safety match," which was patented, and the patent sold to a large firm.

Butter, which is almost indispensable to the meal now-a-days, was formerly used solely as an ointment. Herodotus, a Greek historian, is the first writer who mentions butter, five hundred years before Christ. The Spartans treated it very much the same as we do cold cream or vaseline, and Plutarch tells how a hostess was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks, and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food; they, like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.

When Edison has begun something new he has no peace until the work is either completed or abandoned for good. In case of success he immediately conceives a hatred for the invention. To a friend, recently he said: "I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."



## A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."  
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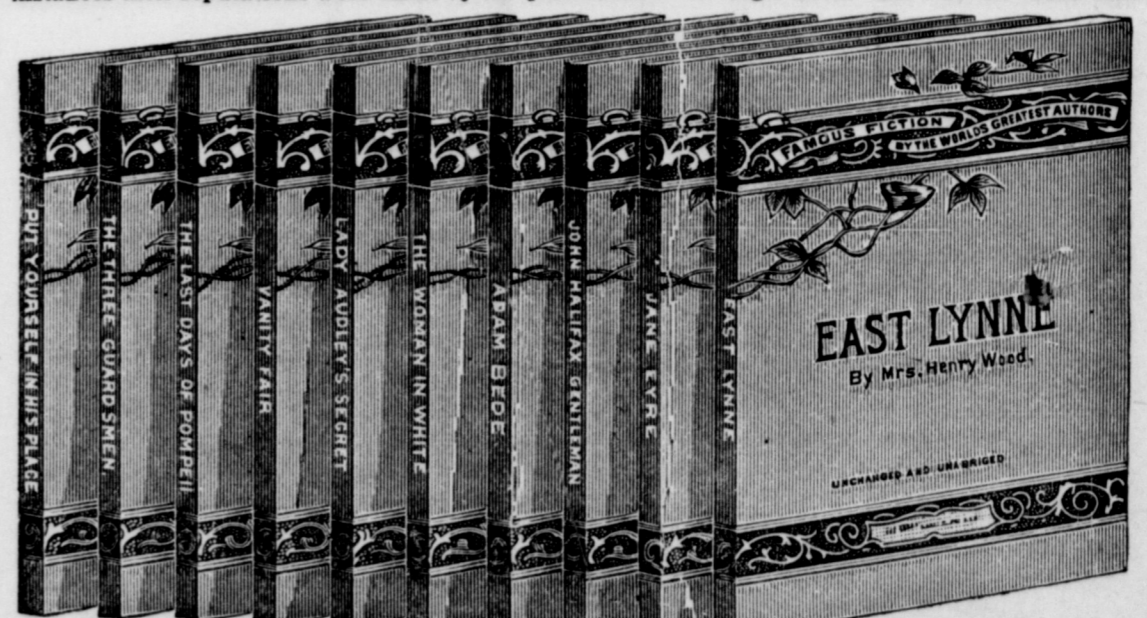
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