

EAGLES' NEST FARMS. CAMPING ON A LEDGE FAR ABOVE THE WAVES OF THE FIORD.

At Home with the Norwegian Peasants—Carrying Cattle Up the Hill Sides—How the Folk Pass their Time—No Artificial Surroundings.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—Travelers in Norway who have written of Norway and its people have invariably spoken of two characteristic subjects, but in so brief a manner as always to pique and never to satisfy the reader's natural interest.

So far as I know no traveller writing our language has ever visited the former, and while a few have actually seen a saeter, its environment and the strange and lonely life at the same have never been adequately described.

In sailing along the Norwegian coast from Bergen to the Lofoden Islands one who is closely observant of the mainland scenery, and particularly of a powerful field-glass is used, will be surprised at the number of utterly lonely and isolated habitations, seemingly perched against the gray crags at great altitudes midway between sea and sky.

Because from a distance their eerie location, and the ragged huddled structures, which often surround the main habitation, recall the nest of the eagle at the edge of beetling crags, they have come to be called "eagle-nest farms".

Four days passed at Bakke, four days of contemplation of scenery so sombre and awful that it continually suggested the infernal, before I found any one either competent or willing to act as a guide.

So we were a happy pair as we rowed in our small boat, hired at Bakke, to the northeast towards Styve and Dyrdal's ice-fields above the clouds.

I could not have found in all Norway a more fitting companion for this particular adventure. Not so very long ago the old method of stages by row-boat along many of these fiords was still in vogue.

This often brought the real Vikings of our generation, that is, the dwellers on viks, or creeks, along the fiords, into acquaintance with the peasant folk of another fiord; and the father of my guide, whose name was Peter Erickson, was the master of such a boat when Peter was a lad.

It was well we had provided food and blankets. The enthralment of the savagely majestic scenery of the fiord, the loiterings at chasms, gorges and narrow valley openings, where odd and fantastic hamlets and half hanging clusters of farm buildings toppled at the edges of precipices, or seemed trembling from the furies of roaring torrents; and above all, the meetings and

partings with quaint peasant groups to whom the shadowy fiord was the only highway ever known, and who always shook hands with us as though we were old and dear friends they had not seen for a decade and never expected to see again, shouting and waving "Favels" to us as long as we were in sight—brought us only to the real beginning of our cliff journey when it was already fairly night down at the bottom of the narrow walls of the fiord.

The place into which Peter dexterously guided our boat was the most forbidding and gruesome I ever had the fortune to enter. From the middle of the stream the opening was wholly unobservable; but my guide informed me that hundreds more like it could be found among the tremendous walls of the Norwegian fiords.

Not fifty feet from the entrance our boat grated against a shelving rock. It was almost as level as a floor, and but a few inches above the water. Beyond this the rock had perhaps centuries before been eaten away or had given away, forming a covered hollow like half of a truncated cone.

There were fine, low, wide, stout timber-built homes; perhaps a half score of out-buildings for flocks and herds, all arranged so as to protect as much as possible both humans and animals from the awful winter winds; a huge storehouse as big as a village church for common use; and a curious old mill for grinding grain, where the stream tumbled into the chasm in which we had passed the night.

With all these evidences of ample content, it within primitive environment, I felt abashed at my own constantly recurring preconceived tendencies to concoct social and material pictures of meagreness and desolation where no such conditions existed.

What lacked they? Here were comfortable homes, and their land which had remained unquestioned in the one family since Norway was Norway.

More surprising than all, after we had departed—the entire "eagle-nest" community accompanying us to the edge of the chasm and sending many a hearty "Favel!" after us even when the cliff had hidden them from sight—and while descending to the fiord with the head farmer and his son, we learned that these folk had never seen or known any officer of the law; and that there was not even a tradition in the numerous family above our heads of a title to their lands being essential, or of any attempt ever having been made for the collection of taxes upon any of these Norwegian eagle-nest farms.

A militia regiment in the north of Ireland usually drilled in a level field close to the side of a river. One day the drill sergeant, who was given to blustering, and was by no means choice in his remarks to the men, met a young recruit, coming late to drill.

cal hollow cube cut by nature from solid stones. More than a score of waterfalls could be seen. Some seemed no larger than a white ribbon of lace waving down the black rock sides. Others poured from cups and hollows larger accumulated volumes. And still others issued like spouting tunnels from cavernous holes in the rocks.

The other side of the mighty hollow cube was broken into irregular masses of rock, some ploughed as smooth as though polished by a lapidary, and between these tremendous displacements were powdered stone and detritus of sand; so I knew that sometime, thousands of years ago, a parcel of glaciers had tilted into the chasm and thus provided a not altogether perilous way for our ascent.

We met the head farmer and his son on their way back to the hard-side paddock, near the upper end of the chasm. I was much more of a curiosity to these good folk than they to me; for I was the first foreigner that had ever visited this, or, so far as I can learn, any other, eagle-nest farm in Norway.

Other Cough Medicines have had their day, but Puttner's Emulsion has come to stay, because it's so nice and so good.

Law books are bound in sheep as a tribute to the mental qualities of people who go to law.

It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with specters, ghosts and other apparitions.

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DISTINGUISHED DOUBLES. Love of Notoriety Impels People to Make Pretences.

Fame has its penalties. Many distinguished people are annoyed at times by the appearance of "doubles." Of these some are doubles by nature; others, impelled by the love of notoriety, pretend to be the person they especially envy or admire.

The Imperial house of Austria has also a "double." At Brunn, while a performance was being held in the City Theatre, a well-dressed, handsome young man entered, and desired to be shown to the mayor's box, where he introduced himself as the Crown Prince of Austria.

Nathalie, ex-Queen of Serbia, may also claim a double. The person so designated carries on a small business, and except that her name is Nathalie, there seems to be no resemblance between her and the ex-Queen.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none perhaps will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

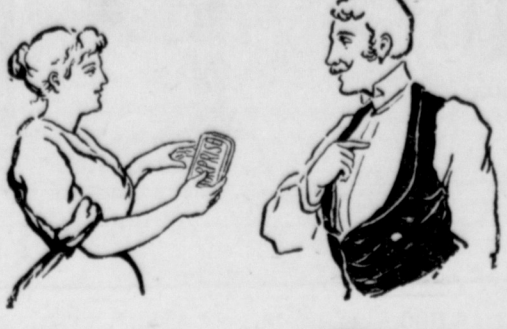
I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Walsb, Ont. MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

Reason requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shows itself when struck with a steel.

Mr. Benedict—"Is that so? How did you come to change your mind?" Mrs. Benedict—"Well, the fact is, I didn't."

It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with specters, ghosts and other apparitions.

Edgar L. Wakeman.



SURPRISE SOAP DID IT.

That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap give the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done.

SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

HOW SHE DID IT.

She wanted to buy one of those fashionable three collared capes, but times were hard, and Mr. Sensible told her he could not afford to buy her one.

And the end of it was, she did. And although counted a truthful woman, Mrs. S. tells her friends, without moving a muscle, that she bought her new cape on King Street for \$12.50.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works, 28-34 WATERLOO ST.

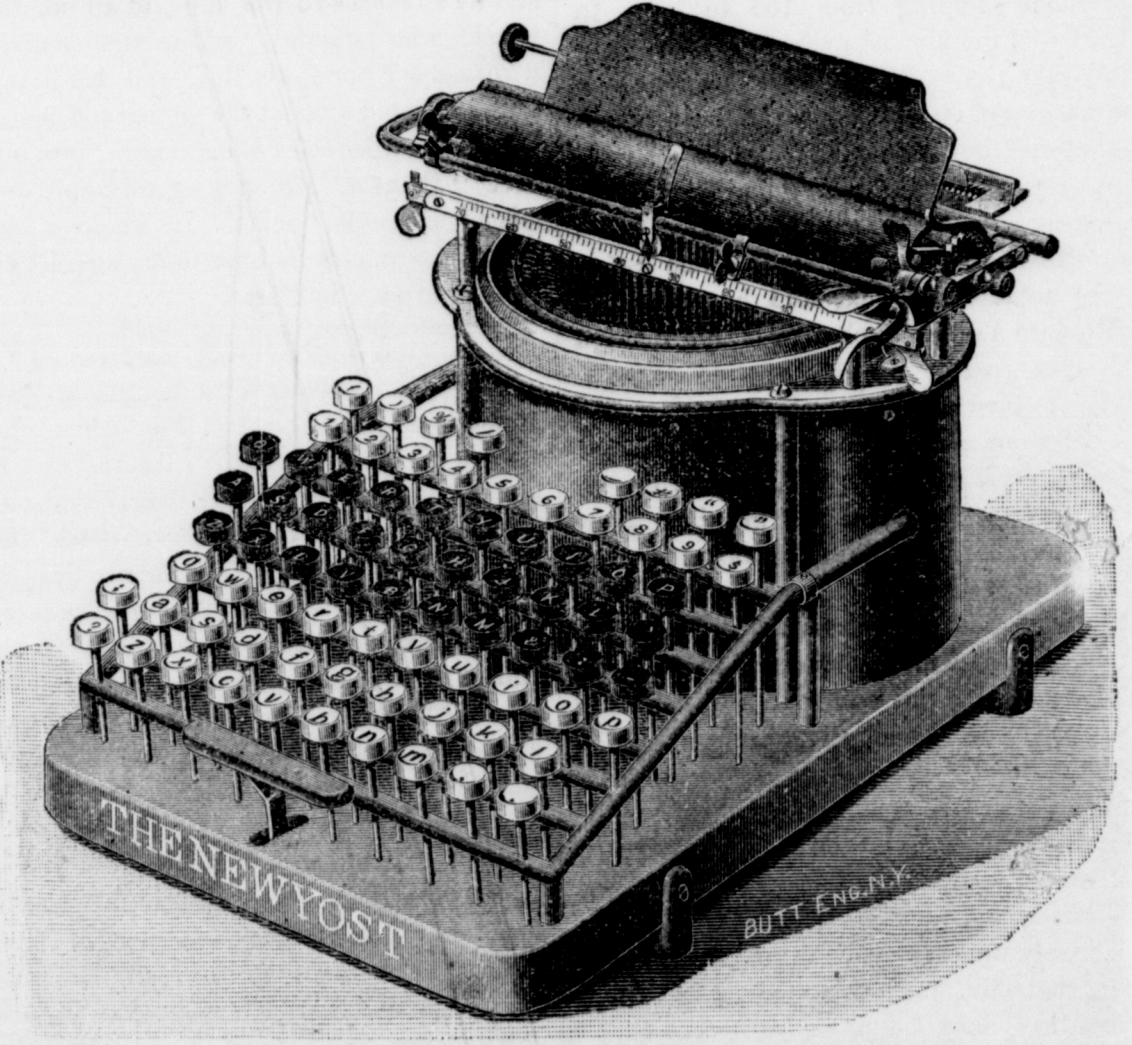
BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at.

Advertisement for GRANBY RUBBERS. Includes text: 'People in this 19th century are bound to have the best that can be had for the money. That is why Everybody wears GRANBY RUBBERS. They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by-word that "GRANBY RUBBERS wear like iron."'

Advertisement for PHOENIX Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Includes text: 'ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.'

Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. If you buy after having seen it there is no danger of your making a mistake, you will have nothing else. It is the latest and best machine, has all the good points of its predecessors, none of their defects, and it is full of new ideas and improvements peculiar to it alone.



WHAT MUST GO: BAD ALIGNMENT. ILLEGIBLE WORK. FOUL INK RIBBONS. BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS. DOUBLE SCALES, ETC., are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. THE NEW YOST has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

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