

NORWAY IN ITS BEAUTY.

SCENES WHICH CHARM TRAVELERS IN THAT STRANGE LAND.

Days and Nights Along the Wondrous Fjords—Water Ways in the Place of Roads—Many Grand Views Among the Waterfalls, Chasms and Glaciers.

LONDON, OCT. 19.—Norway is so cut and haggled by the numerous fjords or sea-arms which often penetrate nearly to her eastern boundary, that it might perhaps be truthfully said her thoroughfares are mainly by water and that her many and tremendous stone roads of the mountains and valleys are after all merely feeders to her silent and mighty water ways.

One could truly see most of Norway without ever leaving a steamer's deck. By keeping to the routes established from cities through the larger fjords and their almost countless lesser arms and branches, and never leaving them on either hand more than a half-score miles, every principal point of scenic interest could be gained. And if one should set out upon a "land journey" from Stavanger, on the south-western coast, to Trondhjem, midway to the Lofoden Islands, it is likely that nearly one half of this distance of from three to four hundred miles would still necessarily be traversed in the countless row-boats (roe-baade) and little steamers of the fjords.

These fjords are therefore almost first in combined attractiveness to the traveler. They possess three distinct phases of interest. They are the chief national highways; the greatest possible diversity in peasant and village life is found upon their shores and in the adjacent valleys; and with few exceptions, as with the glacier-fields and upper waterfalls, crags and dales of the fiercely desolate fjords or mountain reaches, they certainly provide culminations and combinations of the most impressive scenery to be found in Norway.

Of late years Norway has almost outrivalled Switzerland as a resort for indelible lovers of the sublime in nature's aspects. This is largely because of this very commingling of the Alpine, the marine and the human elements. In our own amazing Yosemite there are immensity, sublimity, and a silence that is appalling. Here are all these in infinite variety and expression—endless sea-reach, measureless water-depths, sheer walls from 2,000 to 4,000 feet in height, majestic snow-clad peaks twice this altitude, tremendous torrents and waterfalls thousands of feet from leap to pool, glacier fields hundreds of square miles in area—and, toning and softening all from an endless panorama of sublimity unbearable, that tender threading of human color, in never-failing sight of valley or eerie nests of love and effort where hardy, honest yeomen dwell.

The most noted of these Norwegian fjords are the Hardanger, the Sogne, the Trondhjem and the Geiranger. From the first three extend more than a score of lesser fjords. Most of these are marvels of beauty and grandeur as individual types. All are mountain-walled and nearly land-locked. Their protection by the outer skerries and islets and the unceasing tremendous counter-force of mountain torrents from the ice-fields prevent a tidal rise of their natural surfaces of more than three feet. Of the four named, the Geiranger is the narrowest, the Hardanger the most beautiful, the Trondhjem the most interestingly diversified, and the Sogne and its divergent arms the longest and most savage and often appalling in its grandeur.

Through its accessibility from Bergen the Hardanger fjord is likely to be the first Norwegian fjord seen by the tourist. It is about seventy miles in length. Two classes of steamers ply upon it as well as upon the other fjords named, the swift, capacious and elegant mail steamers which touch at few landings, called "stations," and the local passenger and freight boats which take no heed of time, even from its loss. The latter should always be chosen. They are very comfortable, scrupulously clean, and the incidents of the voyage are more varied and charming. Besides, the magnificent scenery of the fjords is thus more leisurely enjoyed.

More than a hundred calls for passengers or freight are made on the voyage to Odde at the head of the fjord. This brings you in closer contact with the life along its numberless valley stations; and along the Hardanger fjord this is of much account, as the peasantry of the Hardanger district are perhaps the most characteristic in dress and customs yet remaining in Norway. The human interest along the Hardanger is continuous. Groups of the peasantry, especially where setting out for or returning from funerals, weddings or summer-time festivities are always as picturesque as may be seen in Brittany or Normandy. The men are all clad in dark garments and the women are gay with glint and color. The Hardanger female costume in the field often consists of one garment displaying the outlines of the form with considerable freedom, though there will always be a bit of color in kerchief about the neck or head. But when these Hardanger matrons and lasses bedeck themselves for sad or merry occasions there are certain old and gaudily painted pine chests in every household to be safely drawn upon for requisite finery.

It is then their black, blue or brown woolen skirts reach the plenitude and immeasurable foldings of the Newhaven fishwife or the Connemara knitter on market-day. Their waists and sleeves are snowy white, and never were elsewhere seen such vast, spotless and flowing aprons as they possess. Their bright bodices, which are always open for the display through a square yolk of snowy plaits, bits of embroidery and monstrous silver brooches, are quaintly wrought with silk, with beads, or with silver and gilt, while the tremendous white capes of the married woman, winged and blaring and wide, are held in place over light wooden frames. The girls often wear only the flaxen head-dress which nature gave them, braided with bright ribbons, although some will be seen with tiny beaded caps perched jauntily upon their heads. As the Irish country lassies often carry their shoes and stockings to the edge of the village on market-day, and

innocently put their pretty feet and legs into them at convenient halting-places by the roadside, so these thrifty Hardanger peasant women make parcels of their most precious garments and finery, and complete their amazing toilets near the place of merry-making or before entering the village church, unconscious of observation and innocent of alarm.

Then there are the oncoming and debarking of passengers; the curious forms of freight landed and received; the continuous crossing and recrossing of the waters by peasant parties from valley to valley and hamlet to hamlet; the tourist crowds rushing for inns or engaging carriages for mountain tours; amiable collections of Stolkjaers drivers with their patient ponies and their lumbering carts; deans and parsons en route to distant parishes; American and English hunters and fishers with their marvellous outfits and belongings, comprising everything save evidences of game taken, setting out for the fields or being rowed to more promising fields of sport; grave old bonders from upland gaards, silent, important, wise, but rotund from good digestion and calm and benign from measureless content, making you feel that there is something substantial about Norway aside from her crags and ice; lumber-owners from the cities visiting the mills and seeking and sorting their logs; engineering parties at work upon the endless task of bringing the valleys and fjords nearer together; geologists and naturalists innumerable, with impoverished stores of specimens but so enthusiastically exuding with theories and conjectures about the glacier age and the moraines that no peace shall come until their discoveries, in book form, finally drift to the terminal moraines of literature, the great library's job-webbed shelves; and everywhere, the frenzied amateur photographer, pale with energy and loss of sleep, and the lean, lank, lone cyclist, bent with rheumatism, humped with bronchitis and in his scant attire as incongruous a spectacle as a skirlless ballet-dancer dropped among Himalayan heights.

Through the entire length of the Hardanger fjord and its lesser outreaching upper fjords there are the most extraordinary variety of scenery possible to find in an equal distance. Every station has its glen or chasm or wider dale. Each of these pours its river or tumultuous torrent into the fjord. Where the mountains widen out into amphitheatres, there are the circling vales fringed at the top by a horizon-line of polished or jagged rock, with a lesser circle of savage debris below; then a feather rim of pine; below this, the emerald of the farms, with their clusters of softened gray old structures; and then the foaming river shooting from the depths of the vale, with the whitish yellow line of the mountain road beside it and following all its tortuous windings; and finally, the hamlet, brown and gray, at the very edge of the blue waters of the fjord.

Such valley scenes give a sky as blue as Italy's; suggestions of inaccessible and frozen heights; the misty pearly tints that lay in Tuscan vales like the rime of ripened grape; a soft and languorous luxuriance such as half-shrouds and half-reveals the valleys of Cuba; and all the mellow quaintness of Netherland hamlets, at one glance. Where the "station" cluster of mossy structures sets at the mouth of shadowy gorge, there are cliffs not hundreds but thousands of feet above; a glitter of foam like a cameo setting to the black background; and now and then, far up the purpling gorge a shaft of glittering light, as if the focused beauty of some half-bid upland dale shot for an instant between ice-feld, cloud-reaching walls.

Now for miles we sail between precipices from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height. The silence here is painful. From water to sky there is neither branch of tree or blade of grass. Not even wild fowl scream, and circle here; and we are told the water beneath us is deep—deeper far than the noisy sea outside the skerries—as the crags are lofty above. Suddenly we turn and face a vale of almost tropical beauty. Scarcely this is contemplated before our course carries our sight to a shore of crags with a valley line above; beyond this, a feathery line of forest; then an edge of rock touched by the bright sunlight into masses of burnished bronze; and far and high beyond, is a glittering line of quivering sapphire blue where the trackless ice-fields of the Følge seem throbbing and pulsing their yet fadless fires in the ghostly upper light.

And so on and on, to Odde—the tongue of land; where you seem to have come to the edge of chaos-world; and brown hamlet, low lying and backed by gorge and crag and fess and height, looks lazily out from its slumberous inns and shops back along the blue way you came upon one of the finest blended scenes of wave and mount and sky to be found in all our good old globe. What is true of this grandest of all Norway's fjords is true, in particular or in more intense and impressive type, of Trondhjem, of Geiranger, of Sogne, and of all the lesser fjords.

In the amazing multiplicity of these scenes of beauty and grandeur, there is one that will remain fadeless in the traveller's memory. It is that one when in the darkless night of these northern latitudes as your steamer creeps along down there in the almost blackened and abyssal silence between these parted mountain walls, you look through their rifts toward heaven, and, knowing the night time hour, are given an indefinable hint, in the splendor of the light still lingering tenderly upon mighty mountain peaks, of that promised region of endless Morning Lands.

EDGAR L. WYKEMAN.

The Dutch Sporting Man.

A Dutchman is not a sportsman. The two things don't go together one little bit. A short time since a man of Holland, armed with a shot-gun, was pursuing a poor lame quail, which was limping leisurely along about ten yards ahead.

"Why, Wildejaeger," called out a farmer, who was watching the proceedings, "You're never going to shoot that darned little chicken walking."

"Donner and blitzen, nein! I no shoots him veil he walk. I wait until he ztupps," said the Dutchman.

And he did, too.

Their Relationship.

"Let me see," said Bobbs to Dobbs, "isn't this Dobbs that we were just talking about a relative of yours?"

"A distant relative," said Dobbs.

"Very distant?"

"I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children, and I'm the youngest."

EMIN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Remarkable Child From Central Africa Who Speaks Five Languages.

Feida, or Ferry, as they generally name her, was my neighbor on the Kaiser, the mail steamer on which we embarked. Emin Pasha's child, this remarkable being from savage lands, exercised a mysterious charm upon me, as well as upon all her fellow passengers. Her eyes are of a lustrous black and seem to encompass the whole of her little head. Long and dense eyebrows resembling black ostrich feathers overshadow them as it to temper the exotic yearning expressed in their dark depths. Her nose is sharp and pointed, with nostrils so thin and transparent that their ethereal vibrations give vent to any sort of feeling and emotion. Her lips are somewhat full, but well rounded, thus disclosing to the knowing a certain roguish disposition of their youthful owner. The teeth, large and white, but neglected, show that Feida hitherto has been spared the tortures of the dentist's chair. Her coal black hair, of dense growth and rough like that of the wild colt of the prairie, curls in natural locks about her forehead. The color of her skin, clear, yet of the hue of the lusterless gold, is relieved by steel-blue veins, giving it the resemblance of a kind of terra-cotta color, found on certain vases of Danish manufacture. Slender and well-proportioned, Feida possesses an elegant waist, tiny feet and magnificent arms. Her gait is free and of natural grace. Her voice, tender, deep and sonorous is charmingly persuasive. Her favorite toy is a blonde-haired doll that they sent her from "Uleia," (Europe), and how happy she is in playing with it! How she is delighted when you admire her taste in dressing her doll in all the colors of the rainbow, a sky-blue robe, green bonnet, gold bracelets, rose-colored shoes, violet shirt and yellow silk skirt. Then she will lean her little head, with those unfathomable and penetrating dark eyes, on the arm of the "Musungu" (German), who will tell her of the wonderful peoples and lands through which he wandered, and speak with her in all the five languages Ferry speaks fluently. But soon she will again be found sitting alone for hours, her eyes lost in dreams while glancing over the deep sea towards distant shores. Her thoughts are roving vaguely and aimlessly. I ask her: "Ferry of what are you thinking?" "I think of my dear little papa!" she replies, and a dew drop steals away from under her velvety lashes.

Floor Pressure of a Crowd.

The load which is produced by a dense crowd of persons is generally taken at eighty to one hundred pounds per square foot, and is considered to be the greatest uniformly distributed load for which a floor need be proportioned. That this value may be largely exceeded in an actual crowd was pointed out in a recent paper before the Victorian Institute of Engineers.

In an actual trial, a class of students, averaging 153.5 pounds each in weight, were crowded in a lobby containing 1,823 square feet, making an average floor-load of 134.7 pounds.

Professor Kernot, of Melbourne, also quoted from Stoney, who placed fifty-eight Irish laborers, averaging from 145 pounds each in weight, in an empty ship's deck-house measuring fifty-seven square feet floor area. This was a load of 147.4 pounds per square foot.

In another test, with seventy-three laborers crowded into a hut nine feet by eight feet eight inches, Stoney produced a load of 143 pounds per square foot, and estimated that two or three more men could have been squeezed in. It appears from these experiments that while the figures ordinarily assumed of eighty to one hundred pounds are sufficiently correct on spaces on which there is no cause to induce the collection of great crowds, larger figures, say 140 to 150 pounds per square foot, should be used for railway stations and platforms, or entrances and exits to places of public assembly.

Wonders of a River.

On the African shore, near the Gulf of Aden, and connecting the Lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This natural curiosity in the shape of a river does not flow to but from the ocean toward the land. The surface of Lake Assal is nearly 700 feet below the sea level, and it is fed altogether by this paradoxical river, the latter being about twenty-two miles in length. It is said to be a wonderful fact that this river of immense volume (especially at high tide) furnishes exactly enough water to counterbalance the extraordinary evaporation of the lake, and that in consequence the lake's surface remains at a uniform level year after year.

Widowers Want Young Wives.

An interesting statement has recently been made by the actuary of an insurance company. It appears from investigation which he has been making, that the oftener a man marries the greater is the difference in age between the wife and the widower. Usually, he says, a wife is barely three years younger than her husband; in the case of second wives the man is, in the average of cases, senior by nine years; while third wives are generally found to be the juniors of their partners by eighteen years.

THINGS OF VALUE.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.—Washington.

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I'm proof against that word failure. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Eliot.

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When the wonderful mine is reached by those who have journeyed for weeks and months in agony, pain and suspense, no seeker is disappointed; there is treasure for all.

Readers, this mine of wondrous wealth Paine's celery compound; the precious gems it promises are health, strength, robustness and new life. Are you prepared to remain beside the dried-up river beds of the poor and useless preparations that possess no treasures for your future? Will you languish and pine in misery and suffering while others pick up the gems of a new and better life?

Arise, ye suffering men and women! This precious gift of new life is worth seeking for! Physicians have been unable to give it to you! It is found only in Paine's celery compound!

Let me ask you to read the letter of Mrs. Joshua Smith, of Gananoque, Ont., a lady who has recently renewed her life. Mrs. Smith writes as follows:— "In writing to you about Paine's celery compound, it is impossible for me to properly express my joy and thanks for the good that I have derived from the great medicine. For about eleven years I have had those terrible shaking spells every three weeks. Last winter I was a victim to violent stomach pains to such an extent that I could not straighten myself, and for days I went without food, thinking that it was the cause of trouble; but even abstaining from food did not better my condition. I would bloat up very much across my bowels, and the doctors told me I would die in one of my bad spells. I fortunately used your Paine's celery compound with the greatest results. I can now sleep well, and take my meals with comfort and find no distress afterwards. I am better now than I have been for many years, and feel well and strong although I am 65 years old. I will always be pleased to recommend your great medicine to my friends."

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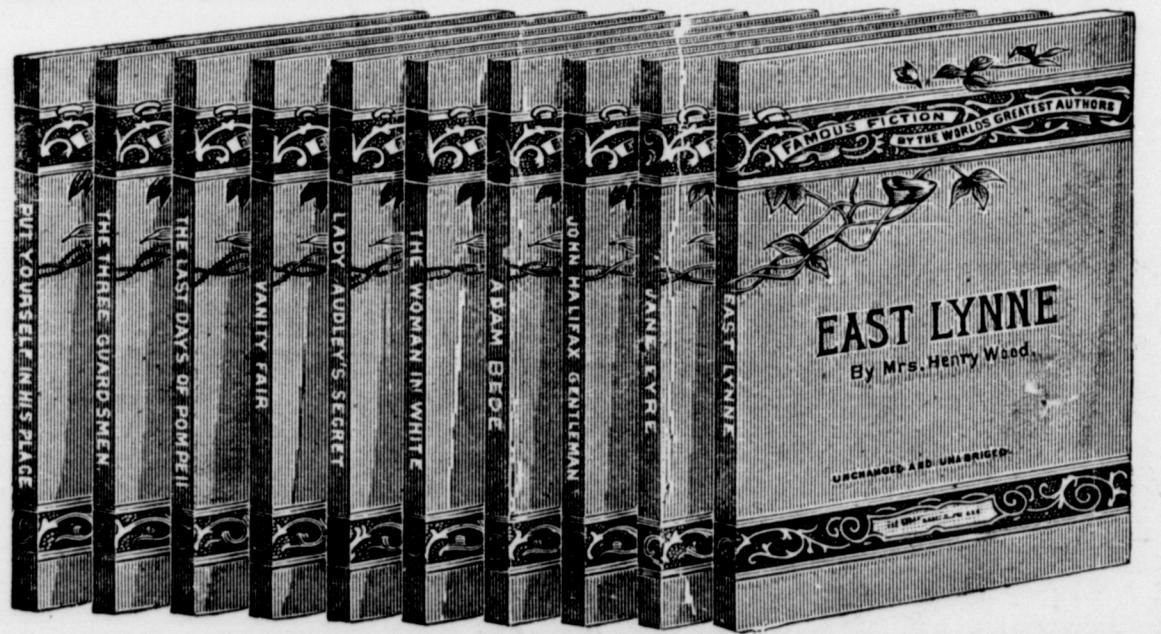
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