

trained and unrestrained enjoyment. Turn where you may, from Chingford six miles north to Epping, or from Beak Hill three miles east to Loughton, the same wild scenes of physical and mental abandon and elation are repeated. Ten thousand children are chasing butterflies like exultant naturalists. More than ten thousand lads are swinging from Hawthorn limbs, shouting from the clumped tops of pollard oaks, or routing the birds from loftiest hornbeam branches; while the surface of every lake and pond is shut from sight by thousands more wading among lilies and reeds, or floating in boats upon their surface.

In great open spaces every manner of game and diversion known to English fields, or streets, or holiday resorts, is proceeding in a perfect bedlam of roaring from the touters and managers of a vast collection of Vanity Fairs. You will see skittles, foot ball, cricket, wrestling and putting-the-stone. Ever glorious Punch and Judy are omnipresent and screamingly witty and hilarious. Donkeys by the hundreds are here for uproarious riding and racing. The three-card-monte game is everywhere. Knock-'em-down by the hundreds, with their crashing and bawling and shouts of defeat and victory, are all the way from Wanstead to Epping. American shooting-saloons are quite as frequent and well patronized. The artificial pigeon whirls and flies from scores of booths and the detonations of the shooting are incessant. There are more than a thousand of my old Gipsy friends, in all manner of picturesque apparel, plying their "dukering" among the good natured 'Arrys and 'Arriets. Mingled with all this and these are the shouts and cries of every manner of fakir from every land beneath the sun; the brayings of hundreds of open air speakers, who as at Hyde Park inveigh against the very liberty that gives them opportunity for denunciation; and, louder and more discordant than all else, the wailings and exhortations of the Salvationists, the barbaric clamor of their tambourines, fife and drums, a persistent reminder of peace-pulling and repentance.

It is saying little for Jem and Becky and myself to assert that we participated fully in the exhilarating diversions of Epping Forest. Then, the envy of many eyes, we partook of our glorious repast beneath the very shade of Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge, a quaint, old and lofty half-timbered structure, which has been beautifully restored, where faithful Sprat landed our hampers victoriously after many a bravely resisted siege; and then, the envy of thousands still, as the sole occupants of a White-chapel 'bus we were driven in noble style about the Forest, away to Epping, once famous for its sausage, pork and cheese; to Monk's Wood, and the great pollard oaks; to the old British camp at Ambresbury Banks; to Hawk Wood Hill and its famous obelisk; and to High Beach, nearly 800 feet above London, where almost the entire fringe of Epping Forest with its wondrous historic interest lies clear and fair below.

The old-world valley of the river Lea, scene of Walton's earliest angling days and of the incidents of the "Angler," is beneath you to the west. Miles to the north and south are its snug villages, its ivied churches, its half-hid, stately halls. Just here beside you is Beech Hill house, where Tennyson wrote the "Talking

Oak" and "Locksley Hall." Far to the west are the uplands of the Cambridge-shire hills. Between, a slumbersome valley with an ideal English landscape. In its center stands ancient Waltham Abbey, mournful and pathetic reminder of a departed day and time, of Harold and his lavished treasures, and of his march to Hastings to meet fierce William of Normandy. Nearer still lies Copp'd Hall, where in the early reign of Edward VI. Princess Mary was held prisoner; and at Fair Mead house beyond, the gentle poet Clare was brought a mental wreck.

Back at Chingford, as the sun was setting behind the Hampstead Hills, all the converging ways to London seemed dense with a routed army in its flight. Bolivar was impatient to overtake the disappearing host. Right merrily we had come to Epping, but merrier still we returned to grimy London, racing and singing in humble coster fashion all the too short way. When we rattled into welcoming Bell Lane, and Bolivar came to a sudden halt before our own habitation, Jem and myself, in pleasant converse, were alone upon the "box." Sprat and Becky were a confused heap of overgrown attire, soiled velvet and straggling coster feathers in the bottom of the cart. But when we pulled Becky out and stood her upon her ample legs within the doorway, all the pleasures of the day seemed to steal softly again into her sunny coster nature; and as reward for our gallant outing ways she clapped us both, Jem and I, soundly on our backs with her broad, honest hands and softly murmured:

'Lads, Hi never 'ad sech a enjoy-ble—sech a hinfornin' 'n' enjoy'ble time—never. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE FAR NORTH.

SWEDEN.

Mr. Sven Mattson, of Fjellbohoeg, celebrated his 100th birthday.

A railroad is to be built between Vara and Skara, Vestergothland.

The large Ryd steam sawmill was burned down the other night.

Large forest fires are reported from the vicinity of the city of Venersborg.

The Fogelo church in the parish of Torso, was dedicated the other day.

The large warehouse of the Mariestad box factory was burned down the other day.

Nearly \$4,000 have been sent from Sweden to the Vaerdalen sufferers in Norway.

The gross receipts of the Smoland Students' concerts for the season were 7,000 crowns.

Lightning struck the church in Tosaella the other day. The whole cupola was burned down.

The Scandinavian countries were well represented at the recent art exhibition of Munich, Germany.

Over a dozen dairies have been established on the co-operative plan in the southern part of the country this season.

The high tariff men are distributing campaign literature with a lavish hand in Stockholm and vicinity.

A sturgeon weighing 145 pounds and

measuring over six feet in length was recently caught at Geddsviken.

The silver wedding was celebrated by Fredrik Magnusson, a prominent real estate owner of Holma, Olme, and his wife.

The late Mrs. Mathilda Hellman, of Stockholm, bequeathed \$8000 to different charitable institutions and the Northern museum.

The statue of Nils Ericsson, the prominent railroad builder and the brother of John Ericsson, will be unveiled at Central Park, Stockholm, September 8.

The Educational Review, England says, the arrangements of the books, etc., of the royal library of Stockholm, is of the very best in Europe.

The king has ratified the agreement between the managers of the Swedish and Norwegian telephone systems, establishing telephone connections between the two countries.

Ten boys were thrown into the river at Rydaholm by the capsizing of a boat. Only one of them, he being ten years old, could swim; but by wonderful presence of mind and great skill he swam to the shore with one after another until they were all saved.

A manly woman is the "Moberg Mother"—as she is called—of the Kila parish, Vestmanland. She is 75 years old, and her hair is almost white. But she still makes her living by chopping cord wood. In her palmy days she was rightly looked upon as a phenomenon on account of her physical strength. Her husband was in the habit of spending rather too much time at a certain country saloon. One day she went to the saloon herself, and calmly picked up her husband from the midst of the circle of his friends and lugged him off on her masculine shoulders. As soon as his chums recovered from their surprise they went after her, and attempted to rescue their kidnapped friend. But the force and rapidity with which she planted her fists and toes in the most tender portions of their bodies soon left her undisputed sovereign of her booty, which she carried home. But this was only the beginning. After putting her husband to bed, she returned to the saloon, and picked up one after another of her husband's chums, and cast them bodily out of the building, leaving every mother's son of them in the open air, when she went home.

NORWAY.

The eight-hour day has been introduced in all the printing offices of Christianssand.

Lars Oftedahl, the clergyman, will soon begin the publication of a new daily to be called Stavanger Aftenblad.

Dr. Nansen's north pole expedition arrived at Tromso the other day. The Fram has given satisfaction in nearly every particular.

The grain and hay crop will be light in the southeastern part of the country; but the robust, dark green potato vines promise a bountiful yield.

The Count and Countess Waldersee, of Berlin, have made a pleasure trip along the coast of Norway. Countess Waldersee is an American by birth.

In many localities around Stavanger the fields have been cut on account of