

and Orkney islands, even in dreary Labrador, and in Manitoba where, in the early days, I saw miles of the then trackless prairies crimson in hue from the ripening fruit. They are so universal and plentiful in their wild state that there is no necessity for their cultivation. The markets of Bergen, Stavanger and Thronhjelm are fairly odorous with this delicious fruit. At every station, at every home and in every hotel in Norway they are securable morning, noon and night, and at all places rich cream is served with them. Wherever travelers may go, upon busy or unfrequented highways, or even along lone mountain paths, they are everywhere for the picking; and if one is too lazy to help himself to nature's largess, blue eyed, flaxen-haired children are everywhere at hand with tempting baskets which are yours for the most trifling return in coin you are willing to bestow. Indeed so universal is this custom of strawberry giving and selling that a perfect typification of Norwegian childhood in summer would be formed, in painting or sculpture, by the figure of a ragged, smiling-faced, yellow-headed urchin standing at the roadside with upheld basket of jorbært in tiny, horny hands and hopeful, expectant look in kindly eyes of blue.

The tiny Norwegian grave-yards beside the mountain churches will have a peculiar interest to every traveler in out of the way districts. They have a certain primness, desolation and yet wild and uncouth seeming of nature's kindly prodigality of every living thing in green about them that give them a strange and impressive character. The churches themselves are curious little boxes, and possess a peculiar air of austerity and solemnity, as if built with the sole purpose of contrasting the infantile effort of man with the majestic evidences of the Creator's power everywhere surrounding them. The churchyard, which is also the graveyard, usually surrounds the entire church, and is often filled or richly bordered with mournful firs and evergreens. The numberless high, rounded and prettily-sodded mounds can scarcely be seen for the wild maze of evergreens, plants and flowers. Beside nearly all the graves, or family burial-plots—a peculiarity I have not noticed in any other country—are benches or rustic wooden settles, to which the mourners come and muse among the memories of the loved ones at rest beneath. There are few headstones. Instead there are crosses of blackened wood, intensifying the solemn suggestiveness of the place. The Norse are not given to effusive inscriptions, and the transverse beam of each black cross usually has but two lines. The first begins with *født* (born), and the second with *døde* (died). There is only occasionally added a verse of Scripture, upon the pediment, expressing the universal Christian faith in immortality.

In leisurely traveling through Norway, where one from vagarous impulse or necessity is likely to often come to house of bonder, cabin of peasant or hut of mountain sæter, there are certain formalities of etiquette well to be borne in mind. The civil stranger is almost joyously welcomed in any home. After the wonderful hand-shaking of the first greeting is over, the housewife immediately prepares refreshment of coffee and smørbrød, or buttered bread. You are supposed to wholly ignore these agreeable proceedings. When they are

about ready for your entertainment, you must rise and profess to be in readiness to depart. Then the housewife is voluble in entreaties for you to remain. Reluctance and entreaty must now have full play until you are overpowered by hospitable entreaty and consent, after renewing handshakings to remain. At the peasants' cabins and the sæters a similar formality must be observed. The peasant women or the sæter girl will run forward to meet you, always bearing a vessel of fresh milk in her hand. You must at first refuse with some expression or gesture conveying the idea that you are unworthy of the attention. The women volubly insist that you must accept her kindly offering. Then you take the vessel, but only the slightest sip of milk, and return it with further manifestations of unworthiness. This enables her to further urge and insist, whereupon you accept the civility heartily and take a long draught. You will be a fortunate traveler, then, if you are not forced, by the woman's fears that you are not quite sure of your welcome, to drink not a pint but a gallon!

Scenically considered Norway presents such limitless varieties and countless numbers of tremendous spectacles that it is difficult to select even a few which may be regarded as pre eminent for grandeur and sublimity. Perhaps the great gorge of Romsdal furnishes the most amazing number of water falls to be seen from any one point in all the world. The spectacle of from a score to half a hundred, each from 500 to 3000 feet in height; a mighty torrent, the river Rauma, thundering along beside you, itself in places a series of tremendous cascades, solid walls of stone rising precipitously at either side from 3000 to 4000 feet; wherever a break in the gorge occurs, either some weird horn of stone piercing the sky line above, or endless mountain chains showing caps of glittering white; and this not for a little distance, but for nearly fifty miles—is all so different from any other scene in any other land, so bewildering in its very superabundance of grandeur, and almost so appalling either in sight or memory, that the successive scenes are impossible of fitting description by writer or painter, and almost incomprehensible to one who looks in awe upon them.

Another scene possessing similar features and yet with some added elements of majestic grandeur is found in the Nærødal, where that shorter but still more intensely gloomy gorge opens out, above Gudvangen, upon the sombre, mountain-walled Naerofjord. The Nærødal is but eight miles in length; but its walls are so close; its two famous waterfalls, the Stalheim fos and the Sivil fos are such mighty and lofty exhibitions of force and power, as though the upper ice fields were all pouring over the cliffs their combined pulverized masses; the river—a mad river always roars through the wondrous Norwegian dals—is so foaming and thunderous; while the mighty mountains rise to such awful heights there above your head, the kingly Jordalsnot with its oval crown towering precipitously above all; that the whole scene is one of surpassing solemnity and unparalleled savage grandeur. It is said that there is but one other scene in all the Old World equaling this Naerodal, and that is the Pass of the Taurus in Asia Minor.

Norway is, above all else, a land of

mighty waterfalls. None is so wide or discharges such a vast volume of water as Niagara, but there are perhaps five hundred or one thousand that the most hurried traveler cannot fail of seeing, which are several times higher; scores are ten times as high; and the waters of several have a perpendicular descent of twenty times the fall of those of our American "thunder of water!" I have no doubt that there are still in unexplored districts of this wondrous Northland far more majestic waterfalls from glacier-melting heights than have yet met the tourist's wondering or impassive gaze; for the whole face of Norway is simply an ice-mountain rent and torn into almost measureless fissures and gorges between which creep arms of these a, and into which everlastingly descend torrents, and waterfalls from the melting ice-plateaus and mountains above.

The Loughen and Glommen rivers, the largest two in Norway, discharge their united waters in the Sarpen-fos, a more noble waterfall than that of Schaffhausen on the Rhine. In the upper Telemarken district is the Riukad-fos, literally the reeking or steaming waterfall, which drops straight from its source over 800 feet into a gulf or wall-surrounded cauldron, so clogged with fleece-like folds of vapor that its bottom cannot be seen. In sailing along the fiords you can count hundreds of falls from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high; so high that the water is often pounded by the resistance of the air into spray, from spray into mist, and this into such ghostly wreaths of vapor that they disappear into nothingness before the fiord or valley level is gained. I have myself clambered along the edges of the Romsdal cliffs with my post boy guide, Peter Larsen, and discovered scores of falls, entirely unknown to the guide-books, or travelers of the valley road below, which fall into churn-like cavities from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in depth, reappearing at the Rauma river-edge in out-shooting cascades, or perhaps pounding through cavernous tunnels of their own making to show to the beholder upon the high-way like a mass of white coral set hundreds of feet up against the side of the black and onyx-like precipitous valley walls.

The most impressive waterfalls of Norway so far known are the Voering-fos and the Skjeggadal-fos. Both of these are in the Hardanger district, noted also for its sublime fiord and mountain scenery, the latter comprising the vast Folge-fond or glacier field, and its handsome, hospitable, picturesque and thoroughly characteristic peasantry. The Voering-fos is reached, from Vik, on the Eid fiord, a branch of the noble Hardanger. The going and coming, leisurely done, require a day. You ride in the saddle to the little Oinord; are rowed upon this to the Maabo Farm, and here other ponies are secured for a long and dangerous scramble up and down a wild and broken mountain into the exquisite valley of Maabo. It is like a giant bowl carved out of ebony with an emerald bottom. The sides rise thousands of feet to fields never free of snow and ice. The Bjoreia river brawls and foams through the valley. At one side is a wild ravine 3,000 feet deep. Into this pours the Voering-fos from the altitude of 2,225 feet. The upper masses are split and broken for 1,200 feet, where they accumulate in a gigantic rock basin, and, then with added tremendous force, make their final awful plunge for be-