

Living Prisoner;

On Friends in Name, Enemies at Heart.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

And so was Harry in reality, though his fastidious palate did not approve of several of the dishes. He was cooking, as which latter Ebenezer grumbled openly, totally disregarding the fact that he was now in Norway and not in Great Britain. As for Mr. Schatz's sensibilities, who handed round each dish with an air of pride quite new to witness—he was not supposed to have any sensibilities, who hands travels forgets these things, and that human nature is human nature all over the world.

First came a kind of fish pudding, pretty done in the shape of a real fish, with the scales and fins marked out almost as in life. It was quite artistic to look at, but its appearance was its best part. Inside was a queer compound of batter, egg and cinnamon, the spice quite overpowering every other flavor. It was tasted and felt, much to Mr. Schatz's disappointment. Slices of salmon followed, and were decidedly better, though they were spoiled by the seasoning. Next came tinned "Eggers" or ptarmigan, which really were most excellent, and junks of some kind of meat fried for a clatter in butter and onions, the grease swimming, clear and yellow, over a foundation of muddy gravy. Harry tried this dish out of curiosity, but he could not make his teeth meet through the meat. It was dreadfully hard and tough, and to his notions seemed a good deal like a piece of wood.

Everywhere a great silliness prevailed, broken only by the roar of the water-falls, the hoarse cries of the long-winged eagles, as they circled after their prey, the occasional tinkling of a sheep-bell, or the downy cooing of a dove. The air was again a precarious livelihood among the fallen boulders, which offered so insecure a footing.

There was a peace, a freshness, a simplicity and solemnity about the landscape that sank deep into the soul, and seemed to appeal to the best part of a man's nature. The warm sun and crisp air rendered the charm still greater, and produced a buoyant effect upon the spirits.

Before long, the steamer slackened speed, and touched at a little hamlet. It consisted of about half-a-dozen wooden cottages, painted some red, some white, some yellow, nesting in a narrow valley, which was scarcely more than a hundred yards wide, with high mountains on either side, and a dim blue range of snow-crowned peaks in the distance. In this valley could be seen a few small plots of cultivated ground, each field being little more than a quarter of an acre in extent, and surrounded by white pines, made of birchwood, used a month or so later on for hanging up the hay. Cocks and hens pecked contentedly about the doors; rough-coated dogs barked in the sunshine; a yellow cat stole, with noiseless tread, in pursuit of a melodious thrush; and an industrious fatigable conch kept up a perpetual croaking, his harsh note seeming to harmonize with the grandeur of his surroundings.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

able circumstances. The sun shone out with dazzling brilliancy, and lent a warmth and color to the surrounding landscape which made it appear peculiarly beautiful. The tall summits of the mountains stood out clear and sharp against their azure background. Every crag, every point and fantastic peak, was rendered visible by the strong and searching light which flooded them with a golden haze. The snow that lay on the topmost heights looked spotlessly white, as did also the milky water-falls, which came thundering down the bare surfaces of the rocks and precipices, now taking some magnificent leap, which, in the sunlight, caused them to shine with a beautiful, prismatic colors of a rainbow—soon losing themselves behind an avalanche of gigantic boulders, torn by main force from their natural resting-place by winter frosts and snows—then again peeping out amongst the sparse birch trees, in all their chaotic wildness, and finally, rolling with a dull roar into the green, transparent waters of the Fjord beneath.

In spite of the almost universal sterility of the scene, the long, towering mountains, it was astonishing to find grass and wild flowers sprang up between cleft and crevice, and how the graceful, white-barked birch found a footing high up the steep slopes, often in places where the smallest stratum of soil rested on the rocky surface. They looked as if a puff of wind must surely blow them away, yet they lived there, green and flourishing, defying summer heat and winter cold.

Everywhere a great silliness prevailed, broken only by the roar of the water-falls, the hoarse cries of the long-winged eagles, as they circled after their prey, the occasional tinkling of a sheep-bell, or the downy cooing of a dove. The air was again a precarious livelihood among the fallen boulders, which offered so insecure a footing.

There was a peace, a freshness, a simplicity and solemnity about the landscape that sank deep into the soul, and seemed to appeal to the best part of a man's nature. The warm sun and crisp air rendered the charm still greater, and produced a buoyant effect upon the spirits.

Before long, the steamer slackened speed, and touched at a little hamlet. It consisted of about half-a-dozen wooden cottages, painted some red, some white, some yellow, nesting in a narrow valley, which was scarcely more than a hundred yards wide, with high mountains on either side, and a dim blue range of snow-crowned peaks in the distance. In this valley could be seen a few small plots of cultivated ground, each field being little more than a quarter of an acre in extent, and surrounded by white pines, made of birchwood, used a month or so later on for hanging up the hay. Cocks and hens pecked contentedly about the doors; rough-coated dogs barked in the sunshine; a yellow cat stole, with noiseless tread, in pursuit of a melodious thrush; and an industrious fatigable conch kept up a perpetual croaking, his harsh note seeming to harmonize with the grandeur of his surroundings.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

CHAPTER IX.

By half-past nine next morning, Harry and the Thompsons went on board the native steamer, and were agreeably surprised to find how much larger and more commodious she was than they had anticipated. Although the two gentlemen agreed that the very sight of a steamer was hateful, after their recent experiences on the Colorado, they were nevertheless compelled to the conclusion that it might be possible to support existence in the Fjalia if all motion were absent.

It appeared that, even though early in the season, there was a profitable traffic; for a number of passengers trooped down to the wharf, with trunks, boxes, and luggage, and the donkey-engine was kept so constantly at work, seeing great sacks of flour, huge wooden cases, etc., and depositing them in the hold that it was nearly twenty minutes after the appointed time before a start was actually made.

And now Harry noted the package of deck chairs which, on Mr. Smutch's recommendation, he had purchased at the Army and Navy Store previous to starting. He placed one at Mrs. Thompson's disposal, and they proceeded to install themselves on the upper deck, in a sheltered corner out of the wind.

For the first few hours the scenery much resembled that between Stavanger and Bergen. Its character was the same—namely, wild, desolate and rocky, with very little verdure, and the grey outlines of the coast were clearly defined against the cloudless sky. But when they entered the Sogne Fjord, it grew grander and more imposing every minute, the hills gaining in majesty and height.

They were again fortunate in the weather, which was everything that could be wished, and their first impressions of a Norwegian Fjord were made under favor-

able circumstances. The sun shone out with dazzling brilliancy, and lent a warmth and color to the surrounding landscape which made it appear peculiarly beautiful. The tall summits of the mountains stood out clear and sharp against their azure background. Every crag, every point and fantastic peak, was rendered visible by the strong and searching light which flooded them with a golden haze. The snow that lay on the topmost heights looked spotlessly white, as did also the milky water-falls, which came thundering down the bare surfaces of the rocks and precipices, now taking some magnificent leap, which, in the sunlight, caused them to shine with a beautiful, prismatic colors of a rainbow—soon losing themselves behind an avalanche of gigantic boulders, torn by main force from their natural resting-place by winter frosts and snows—then again peeping out amongst the sparse birch trees, in all their chaotic wildness, and finally, rolling with a dull roar into the green, transparent waters of the Fjord beneath.

In spite of the almost universal sterility of the scene, the long, towering mountains, it was astonishing to find grass and wild flowers sprang up between cleft and crevice, and how the graceful, white-barked birch found a footing high up the steep slopes, often in places where the smallest stratum of soil rested on the rocky surface. They looked as if a puff of wind must surely blow them away, yet they lived there, green and flourishing, defying summer heat and winter cold.

Everywhere a great silliness prevailed, broken only by the roar of the water-falls, the hoarse cries of the long-winged eagles, as they circled after their prey, the occasional tinkling of a sheep-bell, or the downy cooing of a dove. The air was again a precarious livelihood among the fallen boulders, which offered so insecure a footing.

There was a peace, a freshness, a simplicity and solemnity about the landscape that sank deep into the soul, and seemed to appeal to the best part of a man's nature. The warm sun and crisp air rendered the charm still greater, and produced a buoyant effect upon the spirits.

Before long, the steamer slackened speed, and touched at a little hamlet. It consisted of about half-a-dozen wooden cottages, painted some red, some white, some yellow, nesting in a narrow valley, which was scarcely more than a hundred yards wide, with high mountains on either side, and a dim blue range of snow-crowned peaks in the distance. In this valley could be seen a few small plots of cultivated ground, each field being little more than a quarter of an acre in extent, and surrounded by white pines, made of birchwood, used a month or so later on for hanging up the hay. Cocks and hens pecked contentedly about the doors; rough-coated dogs barked in the sunshine; a yellow cat stole, with noiseless tread, in pursuit of a melodious thrush; and an industrious fatigable conch kept up a perpetual croaking, his harsh note seeming to harmonize with the grandeur of his surroundings.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

Near the landing stage stood several native carts and "stokkeres," drawn by dun-colored ponies with dark stripes down their backs, and bowing tails that literally swept the ground. Mild-eyed, hardy, rough little things that stood between thirteen and fourteen in height, their harness was simple to a degree. It consisted of a sort of wooden cross-bar that resembled a milk-maid's yoke, which was fastened to the horned wooden collar by two bands of leather, and was prevented from rubbing the ponies' withers by two flat, round pieces of wood on either side. From this cross-bar depended a couple of linked iron chains. The last of these links was inserted into an iron hole made for the purpose in the shafts, and secured there by a wooden pin tied round by a bit of string. A crupper, a straight iron bar, and two old iron rings, which completed the arrangement. Traces, blinkers, brow and belly bands there were none.

A group of men, women, and children were collected on the wooden pier to watch the arrival of the steamer—their one excitement of the week. Kindly, honest, pleasant faces they had for the most part. There was a decided want of animation amongst them, and a look such as one sees in dumb cattle. They were patient, willing, submissive but unintelligent look, probably the result of the primitive and hardworking lives they led, shut out from the outer world, and spending their days in the same never-ending round of monotonous toil. The consumption of tobacco was enormous. Every man either had a pipe in his mouth, or else chewed the fragrant weed, expectorating freely.

To the stranger, there was something wonderfully primitive and patriarchal about it all. It seemed to take him back hundreds and hundreds of years from civilization, with its trains, omnibuses, crowded cities, epicurean banquets, and midnight hours. Here was a man and his human habitation seemed so small, nature so grand and majestic, in short, such an immeasurably superior and more enduring force, that it was almost awe-inspiring. With moraines and the evidences of glacial action all around, the spirit felt hushed and solemn, compelled to attune itself to the mighty workings of a remote and well-nigh unknown period.

But the arrival of the steamer broke the spell, and like the fairy Princess at the coming of her lover, woke the sleeping valley into life. Her discordant hooting was the signal for an unwearied display of activity. Once more the creaky donkey-engine commenced its labor, landing the hundreds of tons of barrels and cases, whilst the fresh-complexioned people thronged round the vessel's sides, either welcoming friends who stepped out on to the pier, or else bidding a hasty adieu to those who were about to depart. The latter were not troubled with much luggage. Their worldly possessions were generally done up in large cotton handkerchiefs, securely girt round with string, or else thrust loosely into a sack made of a piece of old matting or carpet. And there a woman appeared in the national dress, but who mostly wore dark skirts, print bodies, and dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

At length, the goods were all landed, and the steamer recommenced her journey, leaving a long line of black smoke in a legacy to the valley, like some sacrilegious thief, quite out of keeping with her surroundings. And yet, what a God-send she was to these far-off, isolated villages!

The scenery continued much the same as already described. Mountain succeeded mountain with almost oppressive monotony, and the green Fjord wound round the base of that one precipice then another. Sometimes they stopped at a single dwelling-place, where in most cases a rowing boat would put off from the shore, but more often the halting-stage had a small cluster of red-roofed houses, that reminded one strangely of a Noah's ark. But everywhere the same silliness prevailed, the same air of pastoral peace and seclusion, which was intensified by the grandeur and ruggedness of the landscape. That the sun to a great extent hid its peculiar glory was evident, for when a passing cloud obscured Phoebus's bright rays for a few minutes, it was curious to see how instantly it robbed him and waded of their gay tints, and left them cold, sombre and colorless. Then they conveyed a sense of gloom which fastened itself upon the spirit, and the great grey mountains frowning overhead acted like a leaden weight on the brain.

BLACK, MIXED & GREEN.

Sold in sealed lead packets only—never in bulk. In this way you are always guaranteed a delightful Tea with all its freshness, strength and flavour perfectly preserved.

But the sun glided out again, reminding one of a merry child playing at hide and seek, and lo! once more the shadows danced over the shoulders of the hills, by force of contrast vividly illuminating bright patches of yellow, and bringing every tiny crack and hollow into prominence. The water resumed its wonderful green hue, and reflected with microscopic fidelity the zig-zag falls, the verdant banks, the silvery birch trees, and the brilliant crags overhead.

To Harry, who had never travelled further than Brighton and Ramsgate, his first trip it was all so novel and so amazingly beautiful, that he seemed as if transported into a new and different world—a world that exceeded every expectation formed. He could not resist from ecstasies of admiration, in which Mrs. Thompson heartily joined. She was young, and thoroughly enjoyed the fresh scenes and absorbing impressions of an elevating nature, for she had a serious side to her character, which, although as yet not fully developed, frequently asserted itself over her more frivolous one.

She and Harry were extremely happy for Mr. Thompson had struck up a friendship with an English gentleman and his wife, the former of whom proved to have a taste for butterflies. Such a bond of sympathy sufficed for the moment to make Ebenezer forget his jealousy.

The lady, though no longer young, was still a very beautiful woman, dark and tall and statuesque, with finely shaped limbs and sun-like eyes, large, deep and voluptuous. Mrs. Thompson was greatly taken by her appearance, and also by the extraordinary stolid manner in which, whilst they were passing through the most glorious scenery, she kept her attention obstinately concentrated on a yellow-backed novel. The husband, who, for a husband, was most attentive and devoted, had evidently an appreciative eye for the beauties of Nature. Once or twice he called upon his spouse to admire them, but with little or no success. She turned a deaf ear to all his ejaculations of delight. Apparently he produced an irritating effect on the fair reader.

At last, as the steamer went close under the lee of an enormous precipice, which rose almost perpendicularly some four thousand feet high from the water's edge, and which was sublime in its awful solemnity, seeming to threaten that it would topple over at any moment, and crush into a thousand atoms the tiny lives beneath it, he could contain himself no longer.

"Look, my darling, do look," he cried ecstatically. "You really must. It's quite wonderful.