

1st

Man Husaby Was Bitterly Opposed to Him

Allowed the Young Man to Win Out on His Muscle on Which He Was Long.

From the time that Aslang was born, there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but quarrel night after night, and it was always worse on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Husaby, never went to bed these nights without keeping on his leather breeches and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a noisy daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

The Nugget was only the son of a brawler, and yet folks said that he was who went off to visit his father's daughter at Husaby. Old Canute was not pleased to see his son. He said it was not true, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still, they smiled and laughed at each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the village, whether Aslang had many an head, he would have found Thor.

One day, Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose clear through the sun's misty glow, throw bells-tinkled, the sheep's dog barked, Aslang sang her songs and blew the cow horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they stood upon her beauty. And on the Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill, but they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm welcome that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action. "Come up here again, for there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could agree at but one conclusion—that there was only one man in the whole village who had such fists and that was Thor Nesset. All the rich men's daughters thought it was a shame that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favor.

Canute thought the same when he heard about it all and said that there were no one else who could beat him, he would do it himself. Canute was certainly getting on in years. Still, although he was old, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son, and time indoors fell heavy on hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and went straight through the farm house. Next Saturday evening as he was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the bushes as soon as he was well on the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" said Thor and hit him such a blow on the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said Canute, who was behind him and gave him a blow in the back of the neck. It was Aslang's brother.

And here's the hired man," said Canute and attacked him also. He greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple and hit out right man. He dived and he ducked. When a blow fell it missed him, when one expected it he would dodge. He stooped down, keeping on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterward that he had fought with a braver fellow. He kept it up till blood began to flow. Then Canute cried out: "Stop!"

THOR NESSET'S HARD WOOLING

lamb's father had said, "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his man the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm. "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby hill, but surely strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful. The sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came, he was sitting at his cotage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upward. All was quiet. He looked over toward Husaby farm, and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut, her day's work was done. She was thinking Thor would not come that evening and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfashioned the dog and without saying anything walked farther on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place and without thinking more about it sat down so that she looked toward the side where lay the flood. It seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there, the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with long drawn notes, and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself singing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second it seemed to her as though someone answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge of the cliff and looked down. But she could see nothing. The flood lay there calm and at rest. Not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she answered to the same tones.

"That was no echo, whatever it may be," Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff, and there down below, at the foot of a rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap and under the figure of a man climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself, and letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She was sitting herself down on the grassy bank, and with both hands as though she was about to dare not lose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots. She screamed aloud and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him, but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and therefore he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this one!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time and help him!" Then she threw her arms around the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seemed to her quite endless.

Suddenly the dog began to bark: "Bow wow!" said he to Aslang and jumped upon her, and again, "Wow, wow!" Then over the edge of the cliff a coarse round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable, and when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "The lad deserves her!" he cried. "The girl shall be his!"

GREATEST OF BICYCLISTS

A. D. Robbins Tells in London of His Achievements.

Not only has the title of "champion" been conferred upon Mr. A. D. Robbins the famous bicycle expert, by admiring and appreciative audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, but even his brother and sister professionals who also make a specialty of trick cycling have accorded him the distinction. And when one witnesses the marvellous feats which Mr. Robbins is capable of performing on a bicycle it will readily be granted that he is well worthy of the title. For Mr. Robbins can make a bicycle do things which to the average person would at first probably appear impossible.

It was at the Alhambra Theatre, London, just before he went on the stage for his turn, that a "Tribute" representative recently had the pleasure of an interview. The trick rider was already attired in the red shirt, black breeches, and sombrero typical of an American cowboy, a dress he has always adopted. Mr. Robbins is a comparatively young man, to be exact, he is twenty-eight years of age, of small stature so far as height is concerned, with a quiet and unassuming manner; and, meeting him under ordinary circumstances, it would be difficult to believe that so unassuming a personage was capable of carrying out the feats which he has astounded thousands of people.

"As you will guess by my Yankee accent," Mr. Robbins said, with a smile, at the commencement of our chat, together, "I am an American, and I have been in the States for a living." Well, as a matter of fact, I can hardly tell you. I always had a fondness for experimenting with bicycle tricks, but until about five years ago I never had any serious intentions of becoming a professional trick rider. At one time I owned a fairly large cycling academy in New York, and, as the aristocracy patronized it a great deal, it proved to be a very good source of income to me, and one not worth giving up unless for something exceptionally good.

"However, in 1896, after making myself master of some good sensational bicycle feats, I decided to adopt the profession of trick rider, thinking that there was more money in it, and certainly up to the present I have no reason to regret taking such a step. I was one of the first safety bicyclists to appear in America, and fortunately my 'turn' caught on, and I toured all over the States. But it was not until last year that I made my first appearance in this country. Strange to say, I had the utmost difficulty in getting an engagement in London, managers declaring that they had all the trick cyclists they wanted.

"So I just came over here in a haphazard way, resolving to show them that there was still something new in the trick cycling profession which Londoners had not seen. I gave an exhibition before Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace Theatre, and he engaged me for two weeks. But I made such a good 'hit' on the first night that the engagement ultimately ran into sixteen weeks. After that I visited Russia, Paris, and Italy, and came back again to London. I am booked for eighteen months ahead, and shall reappear at the Alhambra next year, providing I have no accidents."

"What is your greatest trick, Mr. Robbins?"

"Undoubtedly my pirouette trick, which took me over four years to master, and was invented by myself."

This trick, it might here be mentioned, was, when Mr. Robbins first proposed to try it, declared to be impossible. It is certainly one of the most astounding feats ever performed. Mr. Robbins cycles backwards round the stage three or four times to gain impetus. He then suddenly lifts the front wheel from the floor and continues the journey on the back wheel alone. Then, swerving the machine to the middle of the stage he will come it to make seven or eight pirouettes, and, retaining his balance with wonderful skill, will then drop the machine back to its proper position, and ride quietly round the stage in the ordinary manner.

"I often have to attempt this trick five or six times when on the stage," continued Mr. Robbins. "Several other professional riders have tried to imitate me, but the best of them could only make the pirouette once or twice. Another difficult trick which I used to do, but have now given up owing to the great strain on the system, was to jump over three 15 inch hurdles while riding on the back wheel alone. Strange to say, this trick, which was as difficult as the pirouettes, was never appreciated to any great extent by audiences. On the other hand, more simple and easier tricks of mine, such as riding round the stage upside down balanced on the saddle on my head, or getting through the frame of the machine, etc., are always loudly applauded."

"It was while performing the head-balancing trick in New York, by the way, that I once came very near meeting with a serious accident. Owing to my hair getting so wet with perspiration my head slipped off the saddle and I dropped on to one shoulder, luckily retaining my grip on the handles. I was hoping to get my head back on the saddle again, but

TROUBLES OF THE MAIL

Breaks Through the Ice Twice Near Selwyn.

A consignment of several pounds of mail left Selwyn yesterday morning and broke through the ice at two different points the first mile. No damage was done further than the delay caused.

The continued mild weather, several degrees above zero, is causing the ice to weaken rather than to strengthen, and should the mild weather continue there is a possibility that river travel will be practically suspended.

THROUGH LINE STILL DOWN

Hopes That It Will Be in Operation Tomorrow.

The telegraph line which retired from business at some point south of Atlin Saturday is still down although strong hopes are entertained that it will be operative by tomorrow afternoon. Should the wire remain down until after Christmas it will be a big financial loss to the company as it will preclude the handling of many Christmas greetings messages which will not keep after Wednesday afternoon.

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