

MID NATURE'S WONDERS.

WALLED VALLEYS SIXTY MILES
LONG WITH WATERFALLS.Visiting Norwegian Saeters—Annual
Procession of Herds and Herd Girls to the
Mountains—Their Lonely but Loving Life
Together—Curious Pastoral Scenes.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—To the traveler in Norway the impression is constantly recurring that the country possesses the greatest amount of majestic scenery and the fewest people of any habitable land on the face of the globe. Perhaps this feeling is strongest with the wanderer on foot along the mountain highways. What might be termed the superabundance of nature's tremendous spectacles often saddens and even appals the spectator, who finds scant relief in human contact or even in that scenic contrast which provides repose from awe-inspired emotions.

These panoramas of nature have been provided in such vast proportions and are so endless in number, that something like head-ache and heart-ache follow the unrelieved emotional tension. One involuntarily cries out, in the surfeit of it all, for respite; just as one who has passed with unweakened mind through the mountain-height spiritual and sound tornadoes of Wagner's "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, feels that reason might be easily dethroned if the human gaieties of Berlin and Paris were not conveniently near to assist in speedy restoration.

Without a companion I should have despaired of tramping more than from one dreary station to another. Indeed I find I love best the lands of peoples, of activities and homes. The mileposts, as would be remarked in dear old Ireland, are too far apart in Norway. There are too much of frozen field and glacier-peaked mountain between clusters of homes. And when, after always journeying long and far, you come upon human kind, while you certainly meet honest folk, hospitable folk and, universally, folk possessing extraordinary virtues of mind and character, you still detect the ineffable sadness and appalling loneliness of surrounding nature reflected in their faces: as you will find, the world over, vacant meagerness transmitted from changeless surroundings into the nature and faces of all human stand-stills and stay-at-homes.

I had penetrated to the mysterious "cage-nest" farms above the clouds, and now I desired to see something of saeter life in the same lofty regions. Descending the lordly Romsdal, the most wonderful of all Norwegian valleys, partly by carriage and partly on foot, from Halaker to Veblungnes, I came upon the jolliest skydug or post-boy I had found in all Norway, tow-headed, big-eyed, open-mouthed Lars Petersen, or Peter Larsen, I am not sure which. Tramping alone had become insufferable. For a trifling consideration I purchased the companionship and willing services of Lars for a period of ten days. He had been taught English at school, had been four years a post-boy, coming in contact in that period with thousands of Englishmen and Americans; though not sixteen years of age he was as strong as an ox and nimble as a deer: and, while rippling and running over with a gurgling and boundless good nature, had a Mark Tapley sort of philosophy for all unpleasant emergencies and a ready back-door out of every exasperating difficulty.

The Romsdal is a tremendous gorge or gully from 2000 to 4000 feet deep, and from 50 to sixty miles in length, cutting through some of the highest mountains, and the greatest snow and ice fields of Norway. Along most of its length walls rise on either side precipitously upwards of 3000 feet; and over these pitch waterfalls not by the half dozen or dozen but by the score, most of them having a sheer fall for their entire descent. These feed and increase the volume of the Ruma river, along which winds the highway, that nearly the whole distance foams and tumbles and roars in noisy turbulence on its north-west course to the fiord of Molde and the sea. It should be called the somber Vale of Waterfalls. There is nothing to compare with it in any part of the explored globe.

We loitered at the Sletta Foss, where the Ruma itself tumbles into the valley, between Stuefellen and Ormein and Horgeim, where there are hundreds of these water marvels, varying from 500 to 3000 feet in fall, and where at one place I counted 53 in full view at one time; saw the filmy Døntelossen which, directly at the roadside, tumbles 3700 Norsk feet; and, when opposite the giant Romsdal horn or peak, near the picturesque station of Røedningen, led by merry Lars, we took a mountain path towards the upland Alnesdal district, still above which Lars promised to bring me to some of the wildest and loneliest saeters of Norway.

It is no easy task to climb to these saeters. Some are from twenty to sixty miles from the valley hamlets and farms. Those we sought were no more than twelve miles distant from the Romsdale highway, but certainly more than twice that distance by the circuitous and tortuous way. The path was plain enough to Lars, as to all these Norwegian Alpine climbers, and to the ponies used to carry supplies to the saeters and bring back again their pack-loads of butter and cheese; but a stranger to these ravines and crags would have been

irretrievably lost after half a day's wandering. As it was we were obliged to pass a night beside a lonely tarn shut in by black walls, with snow-clad peaks for the only outlook beyond.

Here Lars' genius for surmounting difficulties was illustrated. We had brought a little food. During the last two hours' ascent Lars had gathered here and there every dead branch of wood that came in sight, as well as bunches of juniper branches. These with his tollkniv, which every pleasant carries, and some bits of strong cord which every post-boy possesses with which to mend broken harness, he had arranged in compact branches, bestowing them on his head, shoulders and body until he was completely hidden from sight. With the dry wood he built a cheery fire. The juniper branches provided our bed, which was laid in a snug angle of a projecting rock. A travelling rug and a stout carriage blanket formed our covering, and here beneath the glittering stars, we "slept swate rings round our heads," as the Irish mother would say of her healthily sleeping child.

The next morning our ascent was resumed through hollows, over ridges where ice and snow lay concealed beneath thin layers of black sediment and slime, around soundless tarns still and dark as the walls enclosing them, past copes of stunted fir, and with never a sight of a living thing. The most amazing sight to me in these upper regions was the frequent patches in sunny hollows of strawberries. In some places the ground was literally red with them. I noticed, too, that in these pocket spots the heat, even at this high altitude, was almost stifling.

There is great commotion throughout Norway when the annual June exodus of the saeter-girls and their herds begins. Every farm is in utmost confusion. The entire household is busied getting together and packing up what will be necessary for use in the temporary mountain home. There are churns and milk-pails, pots and moulds, frying-pans and odds and ends of cheap crockery and scant cutlery. For food there is a bit of sugar and coffee, much flour and meal, crates of flaxseed, some bacon, perhaps some dried or pickled fish, and, more in weight than in all else, salt for the cattle. The girls themselves find room for odd bits of embroidery and a few knick-knacks, while a Bible and some worn volumes of old Norse tales are never forgotten. Besides these things, there are pounds of wool to be spun, or other pounds of yarn to be knit. A few blankets or sheepskin for bedding and but little more than the clothing upon their backs completes the meagre outfit.

When all is in readiness these strange processions—something like the annual outgoing of the flocks and their herders of the Apulian plains in Southern Italy—set forth from everygaard or farm in Norway. The belongings for the saeter are slung in baskets upon the backs of sure-footed ponies, or old horses that have known the same journey for decades. The farmer marches in advance blowing unearthly blasts from the lur, a not-over musical horn made from birch bark. Then come the cattle. No need to drive these. Like the Gipsies who cannot be kept from the road and the tent at the first bursting of spring time buds, they have tired of their reindeer-moss fodder of the winter, have scented the juicy blades that are springing to life in the tiny far vales above them, and, with genuine manifestations of joy, crowd close upon the farmer and his blaring lur. Then follow the saeter-girls, picturesque in their bright bodices, white caps and short skirts, but each bearing upon her shoulders a yoke, from which depend baskets, kettles and all sorts of paraphernalia, almost equalling in bulk and weight the packs upon the ponies' backs.

Towards evening of the second day we came to the saeter of Kron. No human beings were at first in sight about the saeter. Shortly a flax-haired maiden, huge of girth and limb, stood at the hut door, and, shading her eyes with her great bare arm and not her hand, looked long and earnestly at us. Lars gurgled at this, and made wonderful gestures in return. Suddenly the girl—Tillie, Lars called her—ecstatically, wrestling with him, turning him round and about, and again hugging him, while tears of joy flowed down her honest face, a perfect torrent of questions and interjections meantime being poured upon him.

The rascal Lars, who had previously kept me in ignorance of the fact, then told me that the saeter-girl, Tillie, was his only sister. A cousin, Christine, as little as Tillie was big, was her companion; for two women were required at the Kron saeter, there being altogether thirty cattle, three-fourths of which were milch cows, and as many more sheep and goats to care for, and so in a few moments no stranger was there, but all were the best of friends. All they have is yours without the asking. The cows might come, or stay in the mountain fastnesses, until we were given our drink of milk, and drink and drink again we must; water for washing; some curious old half-wooden shoes to replace our heavy boots; and such an attentiveness or supper as was never before piled up before me partaken of; greed or strabound enough for the saeter's pigs; cream by the gallon; butter by the hundred weight; milk by the barrel; great wooden bowls of jorðbert or strawberries; coffee and black-bread; and bacon; while we were piled ceaselessly with inopportune commands to eat and never stop eating and beset with mournful reproaches because we could not eat it all.

The saeter-house or cabin itself was rudely constructed of pine logs, though comfortable enough for the purpose required. Its roof was of pine beams sheathed with birch bark in many layers, and this overlaid by turf and sod. In the latter several species of mountain brambles and wild

flowers were growing luxuriously. There were two large rooms, perhaps twenty feet in length and nearly as wide, and against the whole of one side of the structure was a huge low shed, where the herds huddled in time of long continued storm. One of the two rooms was kitchen, living and sleeping room combined. Two holes in the house wall light, and there were no candles, lamps or lanterns about the place, as bed time always comes long before night time in the almost nightless Norwegian summer.

Vessels containing milk and cream were ranged along high, strong benches. Two high keg-like churns, a number of whey-flasks, cheese in the process of curing, and empty molds, kegs filled with butter, and empty kegs, milking pails, the krak, or milking stool, skimmers and numerous other rude but ample appliances of the dairy, but we compromised by making our floor; and passed three nights in this peculiar informal manner, the girls using every artifice and entreaty to persuade us to longer remain.

In the meantime in company with Tillie and Christine we visited a few neighboring saeters. The arrangement of belongings and customs at all were precisely alike. At night the girls call the herds from the mountains with peculiar penetrating calls and songs. As they approach, each cow, goat or sheep is addressed by name, each name ending with the Norsk syllable *vos*, a term of endearment; and each animal is rewarded by a bit of salt licked from the saeter-girl's capacious hand. The tendency of the musical little bells with which the herds are provided, intensified by the echoing of rare mountain air, is a melodic experience never to be forgotten. Each animal stands demurely at milking, night and morning, until the signal for its liberty is given by the saeter-girl briskly patting its back. At night the animals dispose themselves for sleep in little groups closely huddled about the cabin; and the caressing and cooing of the girls to the dumb and faithful creatures, as they are sent away to the crags for the long day's grazing is a scene of tender pastoral sweetness and affectionate simplicity worthy the noblest poet's or painter's art.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Best Animal Weather Prophet.

The crow as a weather prophet is entitled to the highest distinction. When rain is approaching a whole community will rise from their nests or perches, wheel about for some time, and then return to their haunts. Weather watchers state that there is a remarkable correspondence between the length of time spent in these aerial evolutions and the duration of the disturbance when it comes. When the birds rise unusually long on the wing, and indulge in loud clamour, the ensuing shower or tempest will not only be the longer delayed, but will be one of greater proportions and duration than ordinary. The peacock indulges in shrill screams when wet weather is approaching. High-flying swallows are a sign of fair weather, and when their insect-prey flies low, and the pursuing swallow skims over the surface of the earth, wet weather is foretold. Hawks and gulls and other far-flying birds do not venture far from home when heavy weather is approaching. In the English Channel the fishermen regard the curlew on dark nights as the certain precursor of an east wind. An appearance of the sea-mew promises rain and high south-west winds. Sea-gulls in the field mean a storm from the south-east.

Will Appear For Himself.

Lawyer: "You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?"
Witness: "Oh, nothing of consequence; a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says."
Lawyer: "Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned, and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."

Not Very Sudden.

Miss Gladys (severely): "Bridget, your manners are not good. You should not come into the room so suddenly when Mr. Callalot is passing the evening with me."
Bridget (disgusted): "Sudden! And is it sudden you call it, an' me wid me ear to his blessed keyhole a full three-quarters of an hour?"

"Your husband is so magnetic a man," said the visitor. "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat collar the other day."



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired, and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so nicely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

BRITISH CALMNESS.

Peculiar Incident of English Railway Travel.

A French traveller's tale of British calmness is told in the following terms:—
A Frenchman was seated in a smoking-carriage, and had for his companion a "mildred Anglaise." Enter a British miss of course with a plaid, and protruding teeth and a sky-terrier. She sat opposite the mildred. He politely informed her that she had got into a smoking-carriage. She made not the slightest answer, but sat grimly on. The mildred threw away his cigar, much to the astonishment of the Frenchman, who according to the story, sat watching what would happen. When they reached the next station, the mildred said, with the cold dignity of his race and caste—"Madam can now change into a non-smoking carriage. If she does not, I shall assume that she does not mind smoke, and shall light another cigar." Madam said never a word but stared in front of her.

The train went on again, and the mildred lighted up. When the cigar was well alight and the train in motion, the lady bent forward, took the cigar out of the mildred's mouth, and threw it out of the window. The mildred not only did not make any remark, but he did not even feel disturbed. All he did was to wait a minute, and then to bend over the lady, seize the sky-terrier, which was lying in her lap, and fling it out of the window. Of this act the lady, to the complete astonishment of the French spectator, took no notice whatever.

At the next station both the lady and the mildred got out, but without exchanging a word in regard to the cigar-and-dog incident, while the Frenchman turned over in his hand an article on the subject of "Les Anglaises Facitutes."

THINGS OF VALUE.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstance.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LT.-COL. CHEW READ.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MARKHAM, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Who does the best his circumstances allow does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

Hale and hearty. The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him all." The Canadian drinks Putner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

Know It by the Sound.

"George," said a loving wife, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of a song for me."

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"

"There is something I want you to bring home, and I've forgotten what it is, but I think I'll remember it if you'll sing."

The good-natured husband complied, and the charming wife said:—

"I remember now. It's a file I want."

Brownjugg—"Your wife is such a talented woman that I should think you would be jealous lest some man fall in love with her." Smithers—"Oh, dear, no. You see, she never is tete-a-tete with a man three minutes before she begins to recite some of her verses to him."

"I've seen that same gentleman with Mrs. Sweetly very often, but he is some one she cares for?" "Oh, no; that's her husband."

Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. If you buy after having seen it there is no danger of your making a mistake, you will have nothing else. It is the latest and best machine, has all the good points of its predecessors, none of their defects, and it is full of new ideas and improvements peculiar to it alone. Stenographers and experienced operators are unanimous in praising it. No antiquated Log Cabin with lean-to attachments. The same old ink ribbon, double scales and rickety print will not pass in this electric age. Something all modern architecture, with electric bell and all the new conveniences, is what the people want at the present day.

WHAT MUST GO:
BAD ALIGNMENT.
ILLEGIBLE WORK.
FOUL INK RIBBONS.
BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS.
DOUBLE SCALES, ETC.,

are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. **THE NEW YOST has abolished them** and no other machine can retain them and live.

Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap.

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IN A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have

comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. **STOP** now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

HOW SHE DID IT.

She wanted to buy one of those fashionable three collared capes, but times were hard, and Mr. Sensible told her he could not afford to buy her one. "But why don't you rip your old coat apart and have it made over?" "What, that old, dark colored thing? Why it's all worn and shabby." "Never mind how old it is," replied Mr. S. "Take it to **UNGAR'S** when you have it ripped and he will make it look like new."

And the end of it was, she did. And although counted a truthful woman, Mrs. S. tells her friends, without moving a muscle, that she bought her new cape on King Street for \$12.50.

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BE SURE and send your Parcels to **UNGAR'S** Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street), Telephone 45. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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People in this 19th century are bound to have the best that can be had for the money. That is why

Everybody wears
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They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by-word that

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Nixey's Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful.

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