



DAIRY HUTS IN THE MOUNTAINS, NORWAY.

a reliable "vision." But in a country where dolphins, whales, and sea birds of all kinds are abundant, it is easy to make a mistake. Like fire in withered grass the report that the herring has come spreads up and down the coast, and presently the sea is covered with boats scudding along, with every rag of sail unfurled to the breeze. Every one is anxious to be first on the spot; and the feverish rivalry often results in accidents.

Before the extension of the telegraph to the extreme north, the herring lie flourished; and it was no uncommon thing for a fleet of boat-guilds, numbering many hundred people, to be sent on a wild-goose chase in the very opposite direction from where the herring had actually arrived, while the well-informed (who had probably started the lie) stole away under cover of night to the fishing grounds and reaped a silvery harvest. The very fact that so many people were concerned in the rumour, each man having eagerly repeated it without thought of harm, made it next to impossible to trace a herring lie to its source; and the immunity which "herring liars" enjoyed made the practice disastrously common. Now, however, the telegraph and the official government fish inspec-

tors have sadly interfered with the business. Of course, it is still possible to lie by telegraph, though not without putting one's self on record and risking official contradiction.

The life in a Norwegian coast village during the fishing season is unique and interesting. On the sea beach are enormous mountains of

the fish-heads and other remains, which before they are removed exhale a most unpleasant odour. This odour, however, in greater or less potency pervades the air everywhere and appertains to everybody and everything. The girls smell of fish, the wind is laden with the same penetrating perfume, and you yourself, whether you know it or not, have not remained twenty-four hours in the village before you are redolent, like the rest, of cod and herring. And it is not only the nose but the eye as well which is assailed by perpetual suggestions of the fishing industry. Miles and miles of nets are festooned on stakes along the beach; and all along the water front sea-booths and salting establishments receive the cargoes of the returning fishermen, and every man, woman, and child who is not otherwise engaged is pressed into service to cleanse the fish, deposit it in brine, and nail up the barrels for foreign export. It is particularly half-grown girls (the so-called *Ganepiger*) who are employed in the cleansing, and their pay used to be, in my childhood, ten cents a day, without board. Of recent years, I am told, wages have been increased in this as well as in all other branches of labour; though, I fancy, those of the *Ganepiger* do not exceed twenty cents.