

Her father, he supposed, would not be likely to stand in his daughter's light. The girls had referred to him once or twice as a very busy man, far too much occupied to take a holiday; and he had a distinct impres-

sion that any matter which concerned them was sure to be settled by Miss Ray.

"If it hadn't been for Aunt Emma we should not have come to Narrowfield," Angelique had said. "She

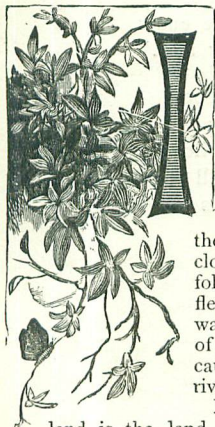
found out the place and arranged it all. We should have had to pay three times as much if we had gone anywhere else. Aunt Emma is such a splendid manager."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN KING;

OR,

HOW BRUIN ALLOWED JOHANNES TO PASS HIM.



Every part of "Sogn" the scenery is grand, but Fjærland is perhaps the most interesting part of all.

The fjord is narrow just there, and its colour is peculiarly light, a pale green, as if all through the year the banks and the mountain sides were clothed in fresh young foliage which was reflected in the smooth water; but the pale colour of the water is really caused by the glacier rivers which flow into it.

For, as we know, Fjærland is the land of glaciers; but none the less is it the country of mountains, and the home of "Bamsen," the mountain king. I am going to relate a story, and a strange one too, about a bear.

The fields in there, where bamsen prowls about, consist of towering peaks, which stand out alone and distinct in all their height; they seem forced forward by the Jostedalbræ, which spreads itself over the whole plateau.

Each peak is of a beautiful and imposing form, and seems individually to place its back against the ice, which got room to twist itself round the feet of the cliffs, and thus Fjærland gained its two famous glaciers—the Boium and Suphellebræ. The Fjærland's fjord has a magnificent frame surrounding it.

These two glaciers, which at times are pressed by bruin's paws, force their way straight down to the valley below.

A driving road, as level as a floor, leads right up to it. You can unharness your horse from the stolkjærre and let him graze at the foot of the glacier, whilst you may sit peacefully on Bjerkelien and enjoy the magnificent view, forgetting yourself in the sight of this marvellous scene, this glittering sea of blue waves, so full of animation in its very stillness, and which, with a crash and roar, can in one moment open a wide abyss, changing form and colour before your eyes.

Fjærland has another peculiarity in its natural formation, which forms, so to say, a staircase up to the bear's playground.

I mean the high moraines, which at the mouth of the rivers lie up close against the walls of rock along the fjord, and give a peculiar character to the scenery.

These moraines do not date from the latest glacial period, but from one which existed thousands of years before.

They assume the most curious and picturesque forms, and are now covered with a rich vegetation; great birch trees have taken root between the huge stones which have been shot forward by the moraines, stones which resemble castles.

The road winds like a ribbon between these mounds and beneath the waving ferns which also carpeted with red strawberries.

From this remarkable path there branches off a narrow mountain valley, lying somewhat higher, incredibly wild and romantic.

It is this valley which is so dearly loved by the bears; here they have their regular paths.

The people of the district know these paths well, for they have often been obliged to follow the bears along here to kill them, when they have been too destructive to the cattle.

But the Fjærland folk shrink from killing the monarch of the mountains. They imagine that he is part of and belongs to their mountain kingdom.

It was in such a valley that the bear story I am about to relate happened.

Yes, the story is true. I myself have heard it related by Johannes Mundal, the person who was concerned in it, and he is a fine, trustworthy man, much respected, and whose word would never be doubted by anyone who knew him.

One autumn a bear had made his home a long way up in the valley, and no one could get near enough for a shot, so that the pursuit was at last given up in despair; and as time passed, the bear was quite forgotten. One day Johannes was up on the mountain getting down some old stumps of trees. He had just approached a narrow ravine which was the only available way to get up or down the

mountain, when, quite forgetting the existence of the bear, he suddenly saw its tracks before his very eyes.

He felt rather uncomfortable, being quite alone and without any weapons. Then he quickly determined to try and descend the ravine before the bear came across his path, for it was not a pleasant meeting-place, where his retreat could be so easily cut off. It was rather a serious consideration that in the ravine itself there was not room for one man to pass another, or an animal of any size.

He begins hurriedly to descend the ravine—when what does he see? Bruin coming up to meet him, and not slowly either.

"I know I grew pale," says Johannes, "for it flashed across my mind that there was only just room for one of us."

There is only room for one, just one.

Instinctively he squeezes himself up against the wall of rock, throwing his arms round the trunk of an old tree up so high above him that his feet scarcely touch the ground beneath.

And what of bruin?

He dare not turn and go down; his enemies would kill him. It is as imperative a necessity for him to get up as it is for Johannes to get down.

So he comes nearer and nearer, then he puts one fore and one hind foot down in the ravine, and the other feet against the bare rock on his left, climbs up the side, making himself as small as possible, so that Johannes (whom he has perceived) may have room to pass, and so one can get up safely, whilst the other can get down.

I think that is the most charming story of a bear I have ever heard of.

And the best of it was that none of the neighbours round would ever hunt that bear; they would not kill it.

So things are in Fjærland.

They told me numbers of stories about bears when I was there, but they all resembled other stories I had heard before; but this particular one is, I firmly believe, new.

Yes, as I have said, perhaps the most interesting place in the whole of Sognefjord is Fjærland.—From the Norwegian of Bolette C. Pavels, Larsen.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

STAFFORDSHIRE Cannock Chase coals make the hottest, cleanest, and clearest fires, and scarcely ever need the poker.

LET every child have some practical training in work by which, if necessary, it can earn a living in later years. There is no more miserable creature in this world than the one that can do "nothing" when the pinch of poverty comes, and none happier than the one that is "resourceful" in case of emergency.

A PIECE of white American baize cut to measure for kitchen dresser shelves is much nicer than newspaper or cloths, and can be kept very nice if wiped over with a damp flannel.

THE very smallest ends of candles which are no use for lights can be kept in a tin box, and some used to quicken a fire when it burns low. A little sugar will do the same thing.

REGISTERS of the fireplaces in a bedroom should never be closed.

THERE is a disposition in many households to let things go and have no fixed days or times for anything. This must end in squabbles and disaster. Each member of the household should have her work planned out and regulated, and a written list kept in each department for her guidance.

IF you have any precious china ornaments in your rooms, always dust them yourself, and no one else will be to blame if they are broken.