

Glimpses of Norway

(Special Correspondence.)

The map of Norway and Sweden has often been compared to a rabbit jumping downward. Corresponding to the rabbit's eye is a group of mountains known by the name of Jotunheim, containing the highest mountains in Europe north of the Alps—Gallipig, Glatting and Skagastokk; like the Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa and Matterhorn of Switzerland. The Norwegian names are very picturesque and descriptive of the places themselves. Thus Jotunheim means "The Home of Giants," Glatting "The Shining Peak," and Skagastokk "The Shaggy-topped Mountain."

Jotunheim is infinitely wilder and more rugged than Switzerland, though without the majesty of the High Alps. One can see glaciers coming down to the water's edge, mountains sending precipitous cliffs into lakes that are as deep as the mountains are high, and narrow arms of the sea, the fjords, running hundreds of miles inland. The only Swiss lake which anywhere resembles the combination of mountain and water of the Norwegian fjords is Lucerne; and the celebrated Aemstrasse and Via Mole have their counterparts in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

From October to April the land is not bound by snow and ice, storms howl through the swaying pines and whirl eddies of snow down the mountain sides, and perchance the cry of the wolf mingles with the voice of the storm. Then, by the ruddy glow of the plowfield fire, the mother rocks—the cradle of her youngest as she tells the traditions stories of the giants of

route, along the banks of rippling streams and placid lakes, through tangles of willow and beech and stretches of pine, over high and barren fields and rocky gorges. In the early afternoon I found a saeter, a solitary house in the midst of a clearing. Here I was told of another saeter I might hope to reach by nightfall. The sun was already painting the sky and woodland crimson and gold when a turf-grown lane was reached, and the soft snow showed tracks of a cow and a pair of bare feet. Night was gathering overhead when a wreath of smoke curling skyward betokened a possible resting place. The saeter was reached, and a night's shelter requested. The woman said she would gladly provide it, but that other "foemen" (strangers), a woman and a little boy, had arrived some time previous and would occupy the only spare bed. "The woman had come leading a cow, and the little boy had ridden on its back. However, permission was obtained to sleep in the barn near by, full of dry hay."

In the Family Room. The house contained one big room, to which everything else was merely accessory. Large bedsitters occupied the front of the house, a large fire place with a brightly-burning log fire occupied the third, and a fourth contained a cuckoo clock, a table, and a few other "foemen." (Strangers.) The household consisted of a little weaned man, his stalwart wife, and a fair-haired daughter of 15 or 16. Her hair was about six feet high and broad

ing, she ran lightly down to the dining room. She did not see, fortunately, the elevated brow behind her back, or hear any of the whispered comments on her appearance. It was this Miss Peters who had been the boarder, was disappointed in her. Before this he had felt a certain sympathy for the modest film book-keeper, who reminded him somewhat of a fragrant clover blossom in a bunch of artificial flowers. And so, he was thinking, as he searched his flippant and painted that she was like the others, after all. He felt a mild sort of pity that he could not have ex-

Little Things

Only a little shriveled seed—
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a garden bed—
Only a few faint summer showers
That were all. Yet had come alike
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a little of barren pain,
Only a few drops for rain,
Warned sometimes by a wandering
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream,
Of love that seemed but a happy dream,
As the box of earth in the window there,
Over the snow's layer that fold
Over the flower's leaf that fold.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Little Miss Peters rolled up the three flights of steps to her tiny hall bed and walked deliberately to the mirror, only stopping to throw open the door and look at the clock. She had downed glass and began to take another inventory of her good looks. Not even one who was as beautiful as she could call her pretty. She was homely. Not with that piquant sort of plainness that is almost as attractive as beauty, but with a sort of ugliness. The forehead bulged, the eyes were dull and sunken, the cheeks pressed so close to her face that she could not see her little shoulders reflected. A bookkeeper who bends over her work, the checks pressed so close to her face that she could not see her little shoulders reflected. A bookkeeper who bends over her work, the checks pressed so close to her face that she could not see her little shoulders reflected.

She examined each feature as carefully as if it were a statue she were appraising. The face was the same. As hateful for her as ever. She closed her eyes wearily. She was plain, unattractive—ugly. And one ever wants good looks it is when she is twenty. Miss Peters was barely that, but she looked almost any age, up to forty. She slipped the pins out of the tight little knot at the back of her neck and shook her hair over her shoulders. It was not pretty hair, it was thin and scraggly and mouse colored. In the hand mirror she raised to get a better view of the top of her head, she could see her little shoulders reflected. A bookkeeper who bends over her work, the checks pressed so close to her face that she could not see her little shoulders reflected.

And seventy five dollars is not much to pay a girl who has been so long in the house. Miss Peters set fifty dollars of this amount home every month. After her board was paid, little was left to wait on the landlady. "I wouldn't care," she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself. "I wouldn't care," she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself. "I wouldn't care," she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself.

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COST OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Sum Required Annually to Maintain it and Other Figures. The white house up to date has cost about \$2,000,000, of which nearly one-third has been paid for furniture and interior decoration. Originally the site of Virginia gave \$100,000 to build it. Maryland adding \$75,000. To maintain the white house costs from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year, the appropriation for this purpose varying considerably, but never over \$100,000. For 1900, which was spent a couple of years ago in a partial reconstruction of the interior, the sum was \$100,000. Every now and then a new set of china has to be provided, and usually costs about \$25,000. The cost of the paint view. Repairs run up to a large amount annually, white paint being an important item.

The president's pay every month in the shape of a check, or more accurately speaking, a "warrant," for \$4,166.67, which is sent by messenger to the white house. Memorandum of the amount due is made out by the auditor for the state treasury, and is sent to the war department. The amount is examined and marked as approved. The secretary of the treasury signs the warrant, and it is sent to the war department. The amount is examined and marked as approved. The secretary of the treasury signs the warrant, and it is sent to the war department.

HAS SET NEW FASHION.

Recent Bridgroom Rose Superior to any other. As a rule weddings like most modern plays, are constructed around a single actor. The bride plays the leading part and the bridegroom and the rest of the company are permitted to walk through the performance for her amusement. Her costume and her picture hat and her array of flowers may be described in a column and the humble man she is making happy for the lucky if he is barely named as an indispensable character along with the clergyman.

Senator Crane's Farmer at a Fire. Senator Crane tells this one: Farmer Doctore was the only witness in the death of night Alf, the hired man, who told him the barn was on fire, instructing Alf to blindfold the horses and get them out. He hurriedly donned his trousers and rushed into the summer kitchen, grabbed a screwdriver and ran out to the barn. He dashed into the barn and began with frantic haste to unsecure the doors. Alf had not been successful in getting the horses out safely, but the farmer stuck to the job, and finally emerged with the doors just as the fire broke out. He reported to the police that he had succeeded in getting the horses out safely, but the farmer stuck to the job, and finally emerged with the doors just as the fire broke out.

Where He Got Them. Jones sat working at his desk when a young lady came in and asked him to go to the big Yale-Harvard football game on the morrow at New Haven, so he would guarantee for \$1 a bunch of twice as many violets as any one else.

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