

simply enchanting, the greenish-blue glaciers in the distance being brilliant in the glorious sunshine. Weeks, and even months, are often spent at Odde by many people owing to its delightful situation at the end of the Sorfjord branch of the charming Hardanger Fjord, its very salubrious climate and its proximity to Bergen. We left the hotel for Breifond, a distance of thirty miles, at mid-day. There is so much of interest and all that is beautiful along this ride that one can only mention the more important surroundings. The

best station on the road is Seljestad, which is about half way, but before reaching it the imposing Buarbrae Glacier is passed as well as the majestic Laatefos Waterfalls. The road to these waterfalls is a new one and level all the way, skirting the left bank of the Sandven Lake for about ten miles. Continuing along the fine road it inclines gradually the whole way to Seljestad in fairly easy windings by the side of a magnificent gorge. When the summit is reached the expanding view is remarkably charming as

the great Folgefond ice-field begins to open out. We spent quite two hours here in enjoying our open-air mid-day meal beside a seething torrent. It is advisable to drive the remaining fourteen and a half miles from Seljestad to Breifond. Although the new road is a great piece of engineering skill, the exertion of wheeling up and over the pass and down again is too great to be a pleasure. We had time at our disposal, however, and walked most of the uphill to the highest point of the plateau of the

Roldal's Fjeld, which is indicated by a stone marked 3392 Fod (3731 English feet). Here, amongst evidences of huge avalanches, we were above a few fleecy clouds floating carelessly by. The walk was amidst scenery of the grandest character, the bold windings of the road enabling one to continually gaze upon the lovely blue tints of the mountain ranges and the extensive snowfields. From this spot there remain four miles of descent in long zigzags, which to the eye look like string after a cat has been playing with it. The distance can

be curtailed by one-third by walking the mountain paths between each curve—of course, without a bicycle. We, however, carefully manoeuvred the zigzags, with the brake hard on, all the way down to the Breifond Hotel, meeting on the roadside with one of the rude residences previously described, and relished fresh goats' milk, arriving at the hotel at eight o'clock, just in time for supper. A good night's rest over another heavenly day rewarded us. After breakfast we wandered about for an hour or two, and came to the



LAATEFOS WATERFALLS.

conclusion that for health and rest this is the pick of the many beautiful resorts in Norway. The hotel is a first-class establishment situated on the Roldal Lake, surrounded by noble mountains and impressive scenery. We left for Naes through the Bratlandsdal Valley at ten o'clock, quietly traversing the fourteen and a half miles in a little more than two hours. It was a lovely run, the road, which is a masterpiece of engineering accomplishment, gently declining the whole dis-

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