

destination for a small fee. The road from Sunvolden to Honefos crosses the Fjord by a bridge, and then skirts it for a short distance, branching off into pretty cultivated country until Norderhoug church is reached, when it descends to Honefos a little way further on.

This run of eleven miles is somewhat hilly in character, and, excepting a few patches of loose stones and sand caused by the exceptionally dry summer, the whole of the road may be called good, two small hills only requiring to be walked by most cyclists.

It well repays one to obtain the keys at the Parsonage and visit Norderhoug Church, as the embalmed remains of Anna Kolbjørnsen and her husband are preserved in the vault of the church. It was she who, nearly two hundred years ago, whilst regaling the Swedish soldiers—sent by Charles XII. to plunder the Kongsberg silver mines—with drink, contrived to inform a small Norwegian force in the neighbourhood of their presence. This force immediately surprised the Swedes, and captured or killed nearly all of them. The incident is celebrated in the annals of Norwegian history. The remains of Anna and her husband are in an excellent state of preservation, the linen garments being as white, clean, and intact as when the bodies were placed in the coffins. They are viewed through the glass lids. Honefos is a fair-sized town with a pretty cascade dashing through its centre, beside which is Glatved's first-rate hotel. One or two days might be most agreeably spent here, as the charming walks and drives to view the fine waterfalls for which the district is noted, as well as the fishing, have made the place a favourite retreat. My friends overtook me here, and, after partaking of a light lunch, we left at noon by train for Heen, which point was reached in eighteen minutes. The steamer usually leaves here for Sorum, traversing the narrow and picturesque river Bægna, but owing to the continuance of dry weather vehicles had to be engaged to pick her up on Lake Spirillen, at a point fifteen miles further on, through pine forests, with good views of mountain and river. We biked the distance, but the road being an old one—at first level, then with short and easy inclines and declines—was rather sandy and heavy in many parts. The weather, however, was gloriously fine, and this made up for all deficiencies. As it was four o'clock before we reached the s.s. "Spirillen" the sustaining qualities of the "Protene" biscuits I had with me kept us full of energy, and were much appreciated by my companions, especially the ladies who were going very strong, being young and active. The little lake steamer is a well-appointed vessel, having a comfortable saloon and a spacious promenade deck for passengers to view the exquisite surroundings. A first-rate dinner may be had on board. The

captain and chief officer are both pleasant and jovial, and anxious always to point out the beauties of the lake. Again the little vessel could only reach Naes, seven miles from our halting-place for the night, owing to the shallowness of the water. This time cyclists and all had to engage vehicles, as the road to Sorum is a seldom used one, and more like the switchback at the Earl's Court Exhibition than anything else, but that the short descents and ascents are almost perpendicular, and inches deep in sand to enable the sturdy Norwegian ponies to obtain a foothold. The drivers handle the reins in quite a marvellous manner, jumping to the ground on the summit of the ridge and simply hanging back on the reins with all their power, while the ponies, moving steadily at first tear down from about half way. It is wonderful how the drivers stand the strain on their legs, and do not meet with any accident. So sure are they of their ponies and themselves that they only laugh if one expresses a wish to get down also during the performances. We reached the Sorum Hotel—charmingly situated—at eight o'clock in the evening. At this time of the year darkness does not commence until ten o'clock.

An excellent supper awaited us. The landlord's son speaks English well. The hotel has recently been added to, and is very clean and comfortable. Elk may be shot here, and there is a hunter in the neighbourhood who keeps elk dogs, should anyone care for this kind of sport. The next morning was bright and beautiful, with the air so fresh that only the very lazy ones were not about and off early. This time we telephoned for beds at Fosheim, a distance of fifty miles, as we learned that a party of tourists were expected there from the opposite direction. We started immediately after breakfast for Garthus, the first station to be reached. This is a splendid run of eleven miles, through avenues of pine trees, opening out from time to time beside a pretty river and lofty mountains. The morning was cloudless, and the sun's strength increased as the day advanced, so that we remained at Garthus for an hour to cool down. Here one of the Norwegian gentlemen decided to be my close companion as far as Laerdal, and enjoy with me the picnicing each day at the foot of some majestic waterfall, or beside a sparkling river. From this out we took it very easily during the heat of the day, making up for any lost time with a fast run as the sun went down. The way then led to Fjeldheim, along a splendid level road, measuring ten-and-a-half-miles.

*(To be continued.)*

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A donation of £100 has been promised by the Leeds Fireclay Company for the new Building and Endowment Fund of the Parkes Museum.

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