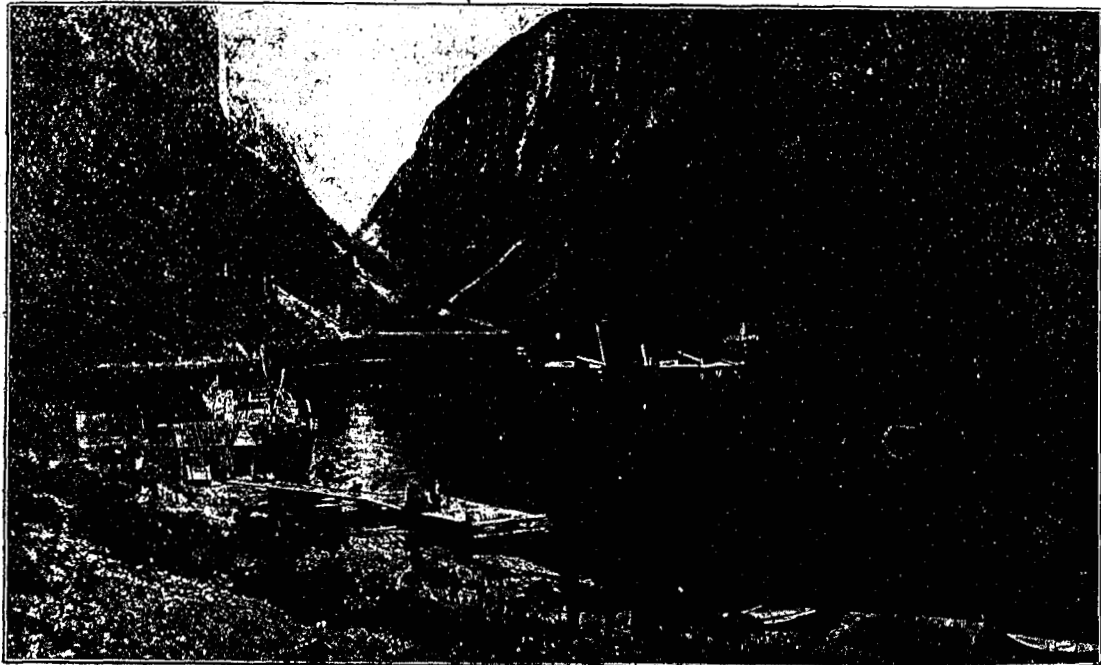


from what my companion told me, he is quite a host in himself. The scenery from every point of view is of the most charming description. Tourists constantly make a prolonged stay here. The landlord will even go plodding after reindeer with anyone desiring the sport. The ascent of the Suletind mountain (4,500ft.) close by can be made in a few hours without any difficulty. One may well imagine the vast panorama of mountains to be seen on every side from the summit. There is also good trout fishing in the river and in the lake about three miles away. After a long conversation with the proprietor, we proceeded a further seven miles on our way to Haeg, but this time we were obliged to walk the first mile of descent, as, although the road was good, it is too much to be

the tourist to Husum, the first six miles of which are level, and then it declines gradually. The river is on one side of the road all the way, tearing and splashing along, at times, many feet below. A little more than half way the interesting old Borgund church is met with. No one should miss seeing it. It was built as far back as 1138, and is quite a relic of wooden architecture. Tourists from Laerdal often take a run out to see this old curiosity, as well as the remarkable grandness of the Laerdal river. Just one mile before reaching Husum we experienced a great stroke of luck. We had finished our cup of tea, which we took as usual in the open, and had not mounted our wheels many minutes, when, turning a bend in the road, with perpendicular rocks of enormous height



GUDVANGEN ON THE NAEROFJORD.

expected of any bicycle to carry one with any degree of safety. As soon, however, as we crossed the bridge at the bottom, the decline, at first steep, is easy, and then it becomes slighter and capital going to the station. Haeg is very romantically situated by the side of Laerdal river, which dashes along one hundred feet or more below. Although the inn is a small one, it is a great place for people to remain for a season's trout fishing. We picniced for our mid-day meal beside the Haegfos, and spent a pleasant hour between mountains of varied hues of green and brown. One need never thirst along the travelling routes in Norway, as clear crystal water is everywhere abundant. The next eight miles of the road brings

on the one side and a waterfall of great force on the other—the road being, as is customary, guarded by guard rocks—we noticed three or four people gazing over the side. They were watching the salmon jumping. This spot happens to be as far up the river as these fish can get. The river itself is so much below the road that we almost certainly should have missed the sight had not our attention been called to the fact. We remained half an hour watching them jump, and counted seventy-two during that time. They could just manage to jump out of the water to the top of the waterfall, but the force of the water turned them turtle back again each time. The sight was grand.

*(To be continued.)*

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