

5.

2



F 632

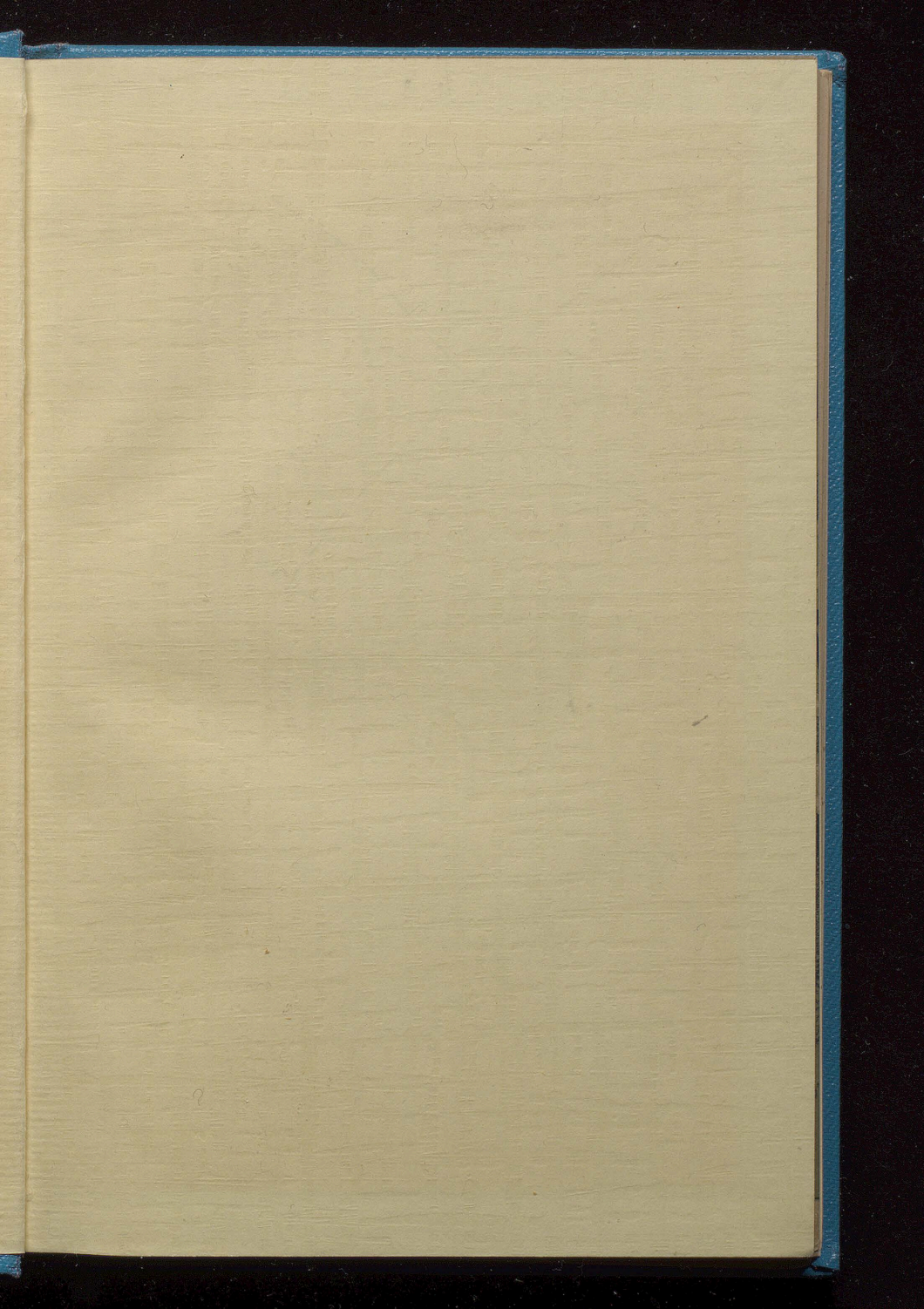
Universitetsbiblioteket i Bergen

Eksp. 1.

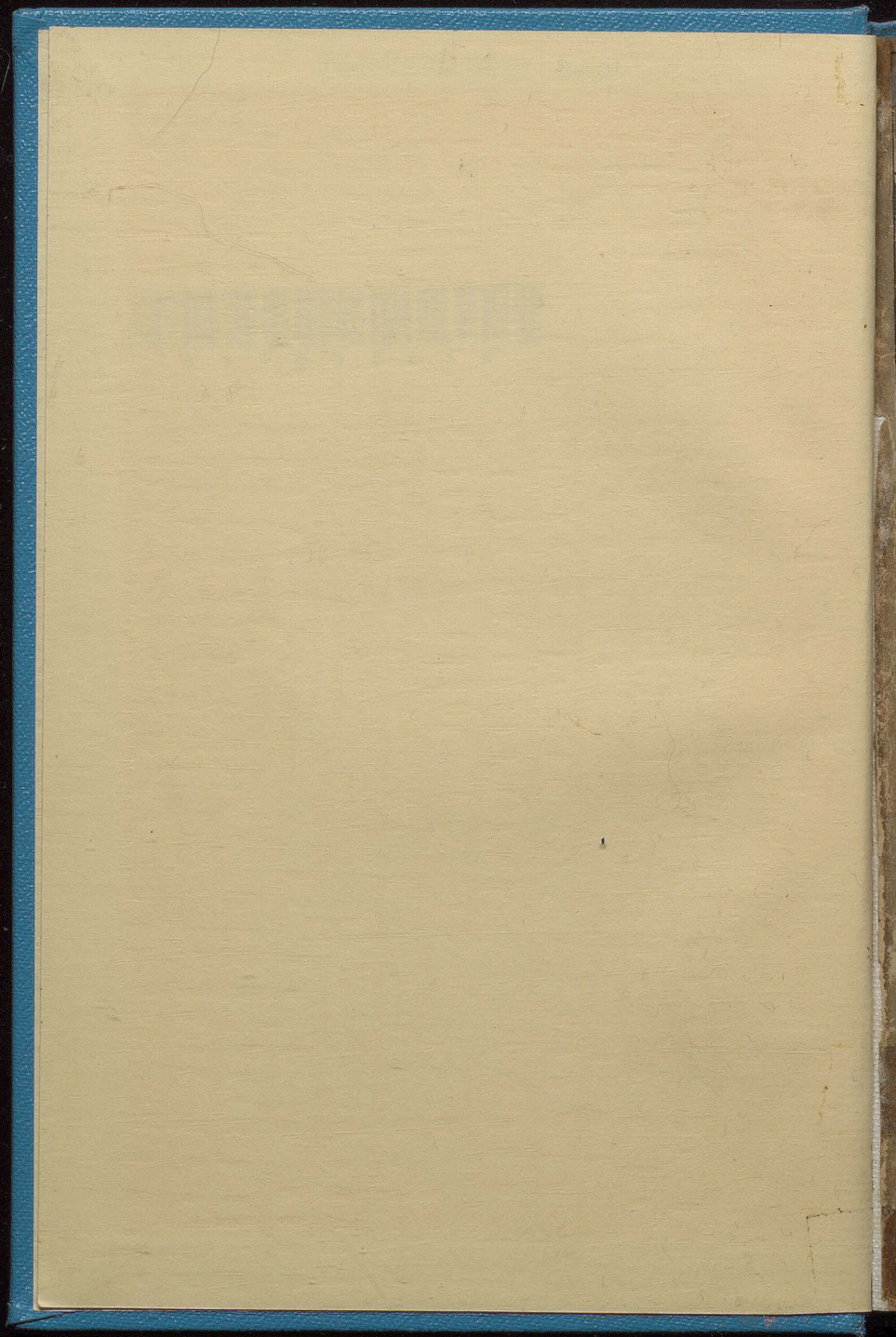


0 1 1 0 5 0 D A 0











PRICE ONE SHILLING.

# A TANDEM TOUR IN NORWAY

BY S. GOLDER  
ILLUSTRATED



LONDON. ILLIFFE & SON, 38, FLEET STREET, E.C.

*More*



75.- (Sjelden)

9 pl.

Universitetsbiblioteket i Bergen  
ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE

BUCKINGHAM  
CYCLES.

Buckingham Tricycle

Steering on entirely new principle.

Buckingham Tandem

Faster, Lighter, and Stronger than any other tricycle.

Buckingham Safeties

The only safeties with perfectly rigid frame, entirely preventing breakages and side twist.

Buckingham's **KNOCKMAROON SAFETY**

The best hill-climber and strongest machine ever made for rough roads.

Buckingham's **ADAMS RACING BICYCLE.**

Buckingham **TRICYCLE & SAFETY RACERS.**

*All the above are made with finest material and workmanship, and finished in best possible style.*

PRICE LIST OF AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL TOWNS, OR

**BUCKINGHAM \* & \* ADAMS**

Avenue Street, GLASGOW.

46 & 48, Queen Victoria St., LONDON.

55.-

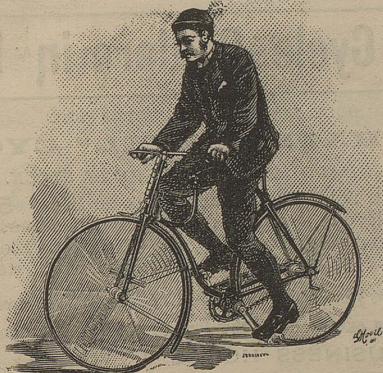


*Amme sidde, er indkøbt i pøgeningene  
i en kasse det røde blod mellem 5.80 7.81*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

# THE 'ROVER' SAFETY

Has set the fashion to the world.—*The Cyclist.*



*Bergmohr jr*

*pl. 5.34/35*

*-11- 5.82/83*

SEE THE NEW LIGHT "ROVER."  
**STRONG, NEAT AND COMPACT.**

*THE BEST MACHINE MADE.*

The World's Records for Five Miles and One Hour were made on this Machine, August 15th, 1888, at Bordeaux, by S. G. WHITTAKER:—

**5 MILES IN 13 MIN. 33<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> SEC.**

**21 MILES 126 YARDS IN THE HOUR.**

Don't order until you have seen one.

*Copies of numerous unsolicited Testimonials and Price List on application to*

## J. K. STARLEY & Co.

(LATE STARLEY & SUTTON),

**Meteor Works, Coventry.**



ADVERTISEMENTS.

# The WEST LONDON CYCLE STORES.

WEST END DEPOT—79, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.  
CITY DEPOT—22, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

R. WILLIS, Manager.

## Largest Cycle Dealers in London.

SOLE LONDON AGENTS FOR THE

### CELEBRATED "IVEL" CYCLES.

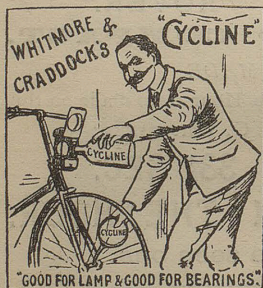
STANDARD PATTERNS KEPT IN STOCK.

Machines Bought, Sold, Exchanged, or Let on Hire. 500 always on show. Cheapest place in the Trade. Monthly Lists free on application. Makers of the "Ormonde" Cycles. Any kind of Machine, New or Second-hand, supplied on the Easy Payment System.

*All particulars free, also Illustrated Catalogues, Testimonials, etc.*

Repairs and Painting executed on the Premises. Repairs done for the Trade.

BUSINESS HOURS, 9 TILL 9.



Registered (No. 71677).

To increase the speed of your machine  
Use Whitmore and Craddock's Oil "Cycline."  
To ensure a perfect brilliant light  
Burn "Cycline" in your lamp at night.

Bottles 1s. each.

Oil Refiners to H.M. Government.

16, Bishopsgate Street,  
LONDON, E.C.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

WOODHEAD, ANGOIS & ELLIS,  
Russell St., Nottingham.

---

Manufacturers & Patentees of the

Raleigh Cycles

Including the Latest and most Approved Novelties in

TANDEMS, \* \* \*

ORDINARY BICYCLES,

\* \* \* AND SAFETIES,

Also the best (width-reducing) Tricycle in  
the market.

---

Racers, Semi-racers, Light Roadsters, and Full  
Roadsters of each type, and Juveniles.

W., A. & E. make none but the very highest class of CYCLES.

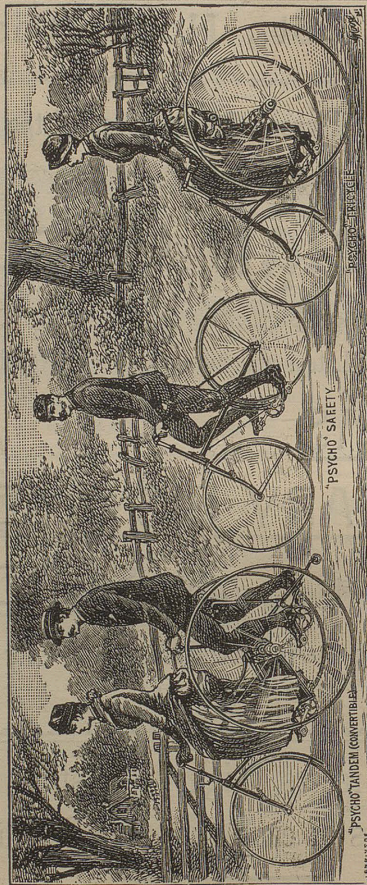
Catalogues on application.



By Special Warrant of Appointment



To Her Majesty the Queen.



LISTS FREE.

LISTS FREE.

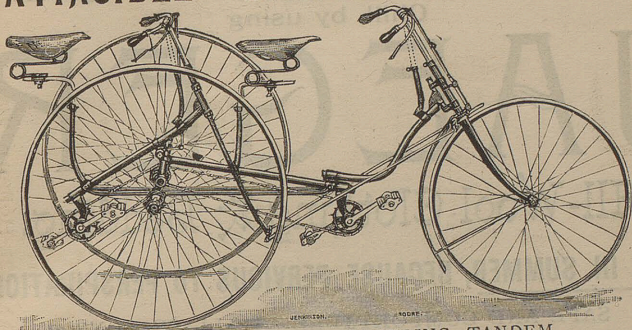
# STARLEY BROS.

ST. JOHN'S WORKS, COVENTRY, LONDON (21, Holborn Viaduct, 133, Hammersmith Road).



ADVERTISEMENTS.

## "INVINCIBLE" BICYCLES & TRICYCLES.



"INVINCIBLE" DIRECT STEERING TANDEM.

The best companion to add enjoyment to a tour is an "INVINCIBLE" Bicycle or Tricycle. Equally valuable for business, and unequalled on the path. Strength combined with lightness and speed with comfort, conjoined with best material and workmanship. Suit all requirements.

The SURREY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, LIMITED,  
128 & 129, GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, BOROUGH, LONDON, S.E.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application. Photos. 4d. each.

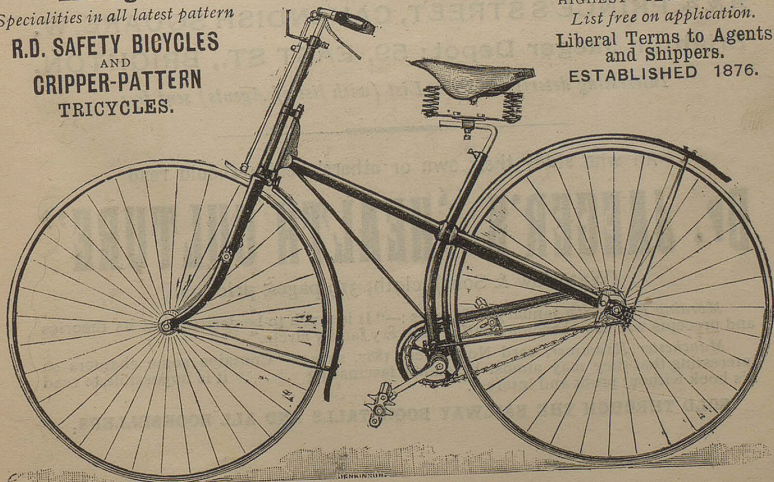
Telegraphic Address—"EDENWOOD, LONDON."

## WARMAN & CO., WEST ORCHARD, COVENTRY,

### Bicycle & Tricycle Manufacturers.

Specialities in all latest pattern

R.D. SAFETY BICYCLES  
AND  
CRIPPER-PATTERN  
TRICYCLES.



HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS.

List free on application.

Liberal Terms to Agents  
and Shippers.

ESTABLISHED 1876.



## HOW TO BE HEALTHY THOUGH CLOTHED.

Allow the Skin to Breathe, and Guard against  
Chill, by using

# JAEGER

All-Wool Clothing & Bedding.

COOL IN SUMMER, BECAUSE PERVIOUS TO PERSPIRATION.

SAFE AND COMFORTABLE AT ALL SEASONS.

**CAUTION!** Look for the Diamond-shaped Trade Mark,  
enclosing Dr. Jaeger's portrait. Beware of Counterfeits!

CITY JAEGER DEPOT:

(Country Post Orders) 41 to 44, FORE ST., E.C.

*(Close to Moorgate Street Station).*

City Branch: 85 & 86, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

WEST END JAEGER DEPOT:

3 & 4, PRINCE'S STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

Brighton Jaeger Depot: 59, EAST ST., BRIGHTON.

*Interesting descriptive Price List (with list of Agents) sent free.*

All who study their own or others' health should read

## DR. JAEGER'S "HEALTH CULTURE"

(Waterlow & Sons), cloth, 319 pages, price 1s.

*Morning Post* of 5th January, 1888, says:—"It is much to be desired that its theories and precepts will soon become familiar in every family circle."

*Manchester Examiner*, 23rd November, 1887, says:—"Contains some chapters so interesting that they may almost be called fascinating . . . it is impossible to read his book without profit and interest."

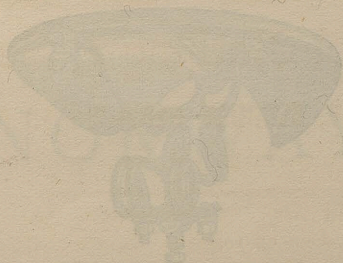
**SOLD THROUGH THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.**



LETTERS PATENT

BY ROYAL

The "GRADLE SPRING" SADDLE



A TANDEM TOUR IN NORWAY.

HARRINGTON & CO.

Inventors, Patentees & Manufacturers

COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

London Depot: 388, Fulham Road, S.W.



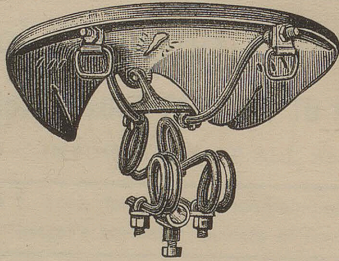
BY ROYAL



LETTERS PATENT.

---

## The "GRADLE SPRING" SADDLE.



Price 17/- ; Plated, 21/-.

After twelve months' careful trial of combined saddles and springs of all makes, we confidently introduce the above as distinctly *better* than anything hitherto manufactured. The merits of the original pattern "cradle spring" are thoroughly well known, and by a very slight alteration we have succeeded in attaching a saddle leather to the spring, direct, and with a perfect, though old method of tension. The leathers are carefully selected, and of thoroughly good quality, while the "set" is such that the rider is enabled to *sit* with perfect comfort upon his saddle. We neither advocate, nor use any means of raising or lowering the front or back of saddle, being convinced that *in a properly poised saddle this is unnecessary*, and, by consequence, that a saddle which needs it, is in that respect faulty.

In this matter we have had the assistance and advice of most of the principal manufacturers of cycles (to whom we tender our sincere thanks), and the result is perfection. We make this Saddle to suit *every* make of machine fitted with a seat-pillar.

---

# HARRINGTON <sup>AND</sup> CO.,

## Inventors, Patentees & Manufacturers,

### COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

London Depot: 398, Fulham Road, S.W.



F 632  
ekspl. 1.

Fasting

A  
TANDEM TOUR  
IN  
NORWAY.

BY

S. GOLDER,

*Coventry District Cyclists; Speedwell B.C.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, &c.

LONDON:  
ILIFFE & SON, 98, FLEET STREET, E.C.  
1888.



97d043935



NICKEL-PLATING. \* \*

POLISHING.

\* \* \* ENAMELLING.

✦ LINING. ✦

GUARANTEED TO BE OF THE FINEST  
FINISH, AND MOST DURABLE.

IT WILL NOT PEEL OR RUST.

✦ ETCHING. ✦

THE  
COVENTRY PLATING CO.,  
COVENTRY.

MAKERS AND AGENTS WRITE FOR TRADE PRICE LISTS;  
RIDERS FOR PRICES FOR RENOVATING OLD  
MACHINES.

GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL AND COPPER PLATING  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

✦ SEND FOR PRICE LISTS. ✦

Telegrams: PLATING COMPANY, COVENTRY.

388971 J33k



## PREFACE.

---

THE following narrative of a very pleasant fortnight's cycle tour in Norway was originally published in the columns of *Bicycling News*, no idea being then entertained that it would ultimately attain the dignity of book form. So numerous were the applications for the complete numbers containing the account of the tour, and so many suggestions were received as to re-publication, that the proprietors have decided to issue it in the present shape. It makes no claim to literary excellence, but is written by a cyclist simply for cyclists. That it may induce many wheelmen who have but short time at their disposal to spend that little in a charming, hospitable, and inexpensive country is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.



 **CYCLISTS** 

in search of a reliable mount should  
send for a Catalogue of our various

---

**Tricycles** ≡  
AND  
≡ **Safeties**

---

in which articles we challenge the  
world for design, quality and effi-  
ciency. We make nothing but highest  
quality, and our prices are moderate.

---

**The Quadrant Tricycle Co.,**

**SHEPCOTE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.**



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
Preparations — Machine and Outfit—Hull — On Board the "Rollo"—Norway .. .. .	15
CHAPTER II.	
Christiansand—Our First Norwegian Meal—Christiania Fjord —Christiania—Homledal—Norwegian Beds .. .. .	21
CHAPTER III.	
Sundvolden—Honefos—Lost in the Forest—Randsfjord .. .. .	35
CHAPTER IV.	
Randsfjord Lake — Tomlevolden — Sveen — Gnats — Food — A Startling Adventure .. .. .	45
CHAPTER V.	
Posting Regulations — A Sanatorium Hotel — A Long Run Down—Frydenlund — Fagernæs, a Glorious Place for a Honeymoon—Loken—An Awkward Mistake—Oilio .. .. .	51
CHAPTER VI.	
Grindaheim—The Dutchman's Daughter—Skogstad—Buying Skins—Fille Fjeld—Hard Pushing—Nystuen—Maristuen .. .. .	62
CHAPTER VII.	
Høeg—Borgund Church—Husum Costumes .. .. .	70
CHAPTER VIII.	
Løerdalsoren—Carriole Riding—The National Dance—The Sognefjord—Learning Norwegian .. .. .	77
CHAPTER IX.	
Bergen—The Fish Market—Rain—Adventures of a Honey- moon Couple—Homeward Bound—Stavanger .. .. .	83
CHAPTER X.	
Résumé .. .. .	93



BY ROYAL



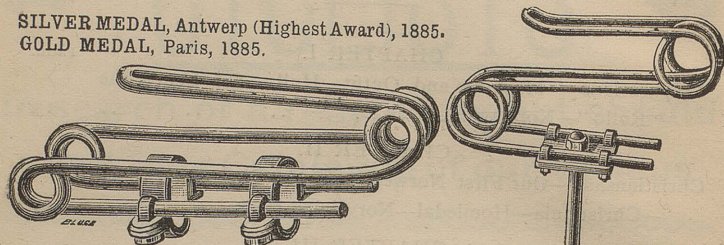
LETTERS PATENT.

# HARRINGTON'S ORIGINAL "CRADLE SPRING."

FOR CYCLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SILVER MEDAL, Antwerp (Highest Award), 1885.

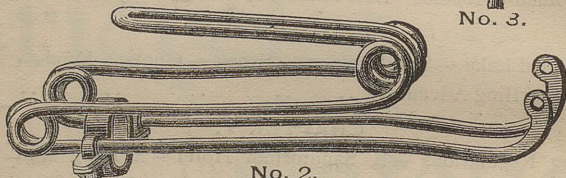
GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1885.



No. 1.

No. 3.

GOLD MEDAL,  
Liverpool, 1886.



No. 2.

GOLD MEDAL,  
Vienna, 1886.

Price of each Spring—Enamelled, 10/6; Plated, 14/-

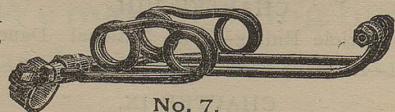
This Spring has been so long known and approved by the public at large that any descriptive matter now is unnecessary. We would only remark that it is just as good as ever, and is still much superior to any other type of spring. The No. 3 can now be supplied in a somewhat lighter form, to meet the requirements of those who use very light machines. We wish it to be understood that we manufacture this Spring to suit any type of machine.

NOTE.—In ordering, please be careful to state the following particulars:—For bicycle or tricycle. What type of machine. Backbone, oval or round. Circumference of backbone. Weight of rider. State the number of the Spring, as per illustration.  $\gamma$  pin or otherwise Diameter of  $\gamma$  pin. Enamelled or nickelled.

## THE DOUBLE-ACTION "CRADLE SPRING."

Silver Medal (Highest Award), Antwerp, 1885.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1885.



No. 7.

Gold Medal, Liverpool, 1886.

Gold Medal, Vienna, 1886.

Price 15/-; Plated, 18/6

For ordinary bicycles and "Kangaroo" and "Facile," &c., safeties, we recommend the above as the most elastic and durable Spring obtainable. Orders should mention diameter of backbone, and style or make of machine for which the Spring is required.

**HARRINGTON & Co.** { Inventors, Patentees and Manufacturers, } **Coventry, England.**

London Depot: 398 FULHAM ROAD, S.W.



# A TANDEM TOUR IN NORWAY.

## CHAPTER I.

### PREPARATIONS—MACHINE AND OUTFIT—HULL—ON BOARD THE "ROLLO"—NORWAY.

**T**HREE or four years ago I was greatly interested in reading A. M. Bolton's account of his tour to the "Rocky North," published in *Bicycling News* as a supplement in March, 1883, and I registered a vow that if ever I had the chance of taking a cycling holiday in Norway I would promptly seize it. Fate, however, seemed against me, as after making arrangements in 1886, my proposed companion backed out at the last minute, and to secure his company, and to prevent my holiday being taken alone, I had to be content with a pleasant trip along the South Coast to Land's End.

Last year I determined I *would* go to Norway, even if I had to go alone, and early in the year began to look about for a companion. "Long Tatt," my associate on many a pleasant holiday, would like to go, but then, alas! he is married now. Fielder, too, my whilom companion in the Emerald Isle, preferred a quiet jaunt along the South Coast and lounging at Brighton. Devonshire Schwarck, my last year's comrade, would not leave



England, and so for the first time in five years I failed to find a companion amongst the members of the Leamington and S.W.B.C.

Just as I was meditating a solitary holiday, friend Leake, a fellow-member of the Coventry District Cyclists, said he would go with me if I arranged to take a tandem, so that he could be sure we should keep together and not scorch. By-the-bye, a tandem is a good thing to prevent scorching, for unless you both feel in the same mind it is impossible to pile on the pace. A lazy holiday was just what I felt in need of, and so I at once accepted the offer of a tandem, and particularly when my friend, who is a clever amateur photographer, announced his intention of taking his photographic apparatus with him.

Arrangements were made for a start in July, and a leading Coventry firm were duly asked to build us a tandem tricycle, with ample brake power, and with room to stow a fair amount of luggage. In the meantime I had been gathering information from Mr. A. M. Bolton, and must thank him for his kindness in replying to my many queries, and for the valuable information he gave me from time to time. Day by day I called round to see Leake, and to learn how the tandem was progressing. It went well up to a certain time, and then it seemed as if it would never be ready, and visions of putting off the tour until another month haunted me.

At last the eventful evening arrived when we were to try the machine. I was somewhat mortified to find that an extra tube to strengthen the machine had been put in from the steering bar to the seat pillar, and as the steering



was entrusted to me, it was quite an acrobatic feat to mount and dismount. Well do I remember the first attempt, and how great was the rending of garments. Early the next morning (Friday) the machine was to be ready, and going round to Leake's office I found him struggling with straps, bags, etc., and vainly trying to roll up all sorts of things into as little space as possible.

Now, as to our outfit. Our mount was a "Marlboro" tandem, specially built for us, with 40in. wheels and 28in. front wheel,  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. tyres, geared to 52in., and weighing, without luggage, 75lbs. We took with us a complete waterproof rig-out, spare suits, strong shoes, guide-books, *Necessaries* camera, and 150 paper films. We had Lamplugh's luggage-rests on the front handles to take our waterproofs, a large Multum, and a miscellaneous assortment of goods packed in a large sheet of waterproof cloth and strapped on the frame of the machine between the two of us. A special arrangement was fitted on the back handlebar to carry the tripod stand, and the camera, etc., was secured in a small basket at the back, easily get-at-able.

Thus equipped, and with long overcoats slung over our backs, we rode slowly down to the Coventry Station and booked through to Hull. Soon after starting we were congratulating each other that we had forgotten nothing, when suddenly I remembered that I had failed to bring my waistcoat. This was a great omission, and put me to a deal of inconvenience during the trip. At Birmingham we had to wait some time for a through train, and after friend Turner had wished us good-bye and good luck, and Leake had purchased a dark lamp to enable



him to change his plates, we left Birmingham, and after a long and tedious journey reached Hull, tired, hungry and dirty.

Hull is not a pleasant town by any means, and as we jolted over the wretched stones inquiring our way to the Docks, followed by a crowd of street arabs, we did not envy the lot of the Hull cyclists. Everything comes to those who wait, and at last we found Messrs. Wilson's office, and as we had previously secured berths in the s.s. Rollo, we went on board for the purpose of inspection. The Wilson Co. kindly took our machine free of charge, and showed us every attention in packing it securely. It was now five o'clock, and we learnt that the boat did not start until two the next morning, so we decided to explore. After a hearty meal and a prowl round, Leake suggested looking up Mr. Taffinder, the cycle agent, and we made tracks for his depôt. We spent a pleasant time with him and his partner, Mr. Campbell, and after doing the Botanical Gardens and listening to the band between the heavy showers, we adjourned again to Mr. Taffinder's house, where, with music and singing, our host and his charming wife entertained us until a late hour. Before leaving we were presented with some Norwegian cigars—real big ones—over a foot long, but with the prospect of two days on the water I didn't venture to smoke one. We paid a visit to the C.T.C. headquarters, and then, after taking us on board the Rollo, Mr. Taffinder wished us a pleasant holiday and left us. We had still a couple of hours to spare before starting, and as we did not relish the idea of bed, we strolled around the Docks.



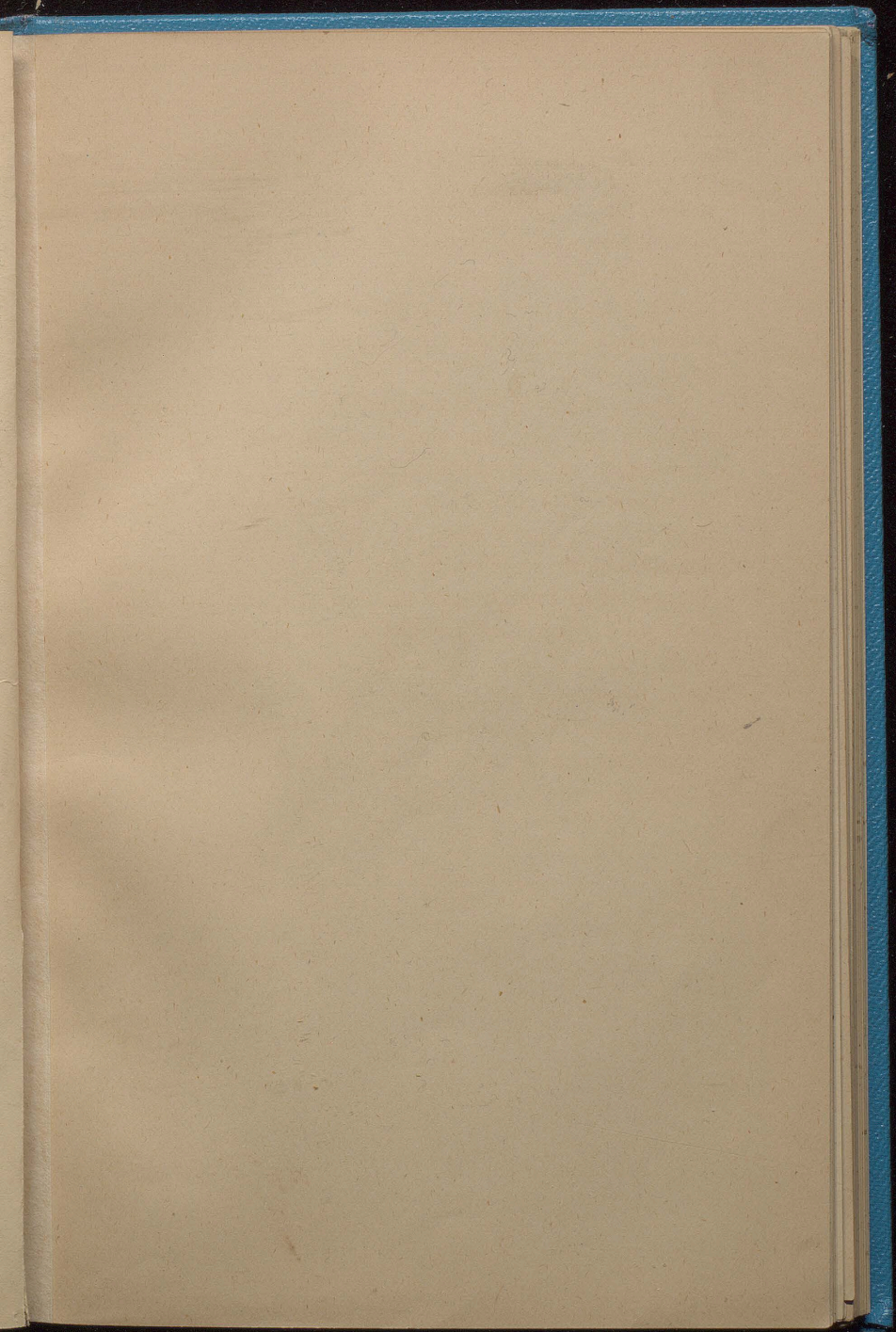
We were fortunate in having the cabin almost to ourselves, the only other occupant being a jolly little Scotchman, who was full of life, and a source of infinite amusement all the time he was with us. What a tedious matter it seems before one gets fairly out of Hull to the open sea. Such a row, too—no use trying to sleep, so at last we gave it up in despair, mounted our overcoats, and made up our minds to stick it out for a bit on deck. We stayed for nearly three hours, and were greatly amused by the different scenes around us. Just as the vessel left the quay a cab drove up, and someone shouted to come on board. They were told to go on to the next bridge, and away went the cab over the stones at racing pace. Later on it was waiting for us on one of the piers, and the occupants scrambled over the side on board. Just as we were leaving Hull behind a tug passed close in front of us towing a large vessel. In an instant our anchor was overboard, and we pulled up sharp—too close to be pleasant. After a short delay we got fairly under weigh, and then went to bed. I stayed there all next day—I am a poor sailor, and though not so bad as many unfortunates, still cannot say I appreciate to the full “a life on the ocean wave.” I found the boat was pitching about a lot, and preferred to spend the time on my back reading—the electric light fitted in the cabin makes things pleasant. Leake, who boasts of being a mariner bold, was in his element, or, at least, he made out he was. Every now and again he would look in at my cabin and offer me a cigar; later on in the day he paid me frequent visits, and at last got into bed—for the first time in his life he began to feel



at sea. It was now getting, as I thought, very rough, for the crockery was flying about in all directions, and as one of the ship's officers had a turn of *mal de mer*, I imagine it must have been really rough. After twenty-four hours at sea matters improved, and I made my first appearance on deck.

Sunday morning was fine and bright, and we lounged about in the sun, smoking and reading, and paying sundry visits to inspect the ship's log and ascertain how far we had travelled. About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon we sighted the Norwegian coast, but were not particularly struck with our first glimpse of Norway. Soon after we steamed into the narrow entrance of Christiansand harbour, and dropped anchor close to the town. It was raining when we reached Christiansand, and we were, of course, disappointed. Still, when the captain announced that the vessel would stay for three hours, we at once donned our waterproofs, and for the first time set foot on Norwegian soil.





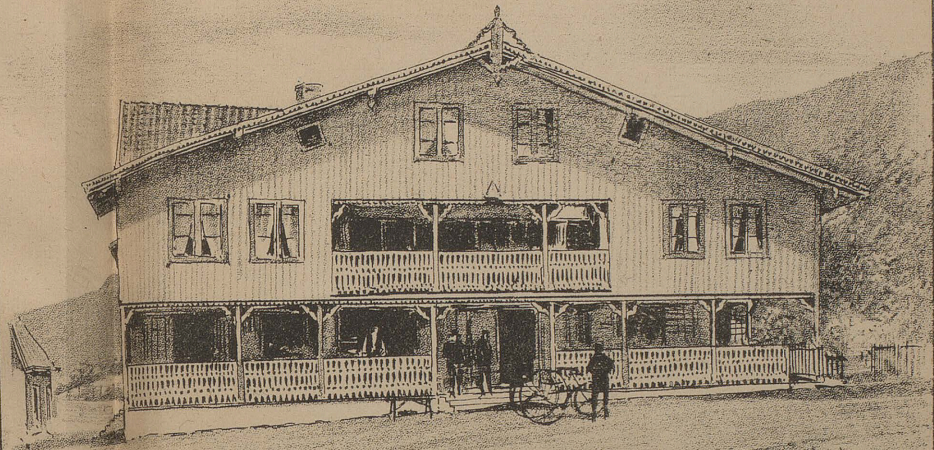




S. GOLDER

H. J. LEAKE

THE TOURISTS.



SINDVOLDEN HOTEL



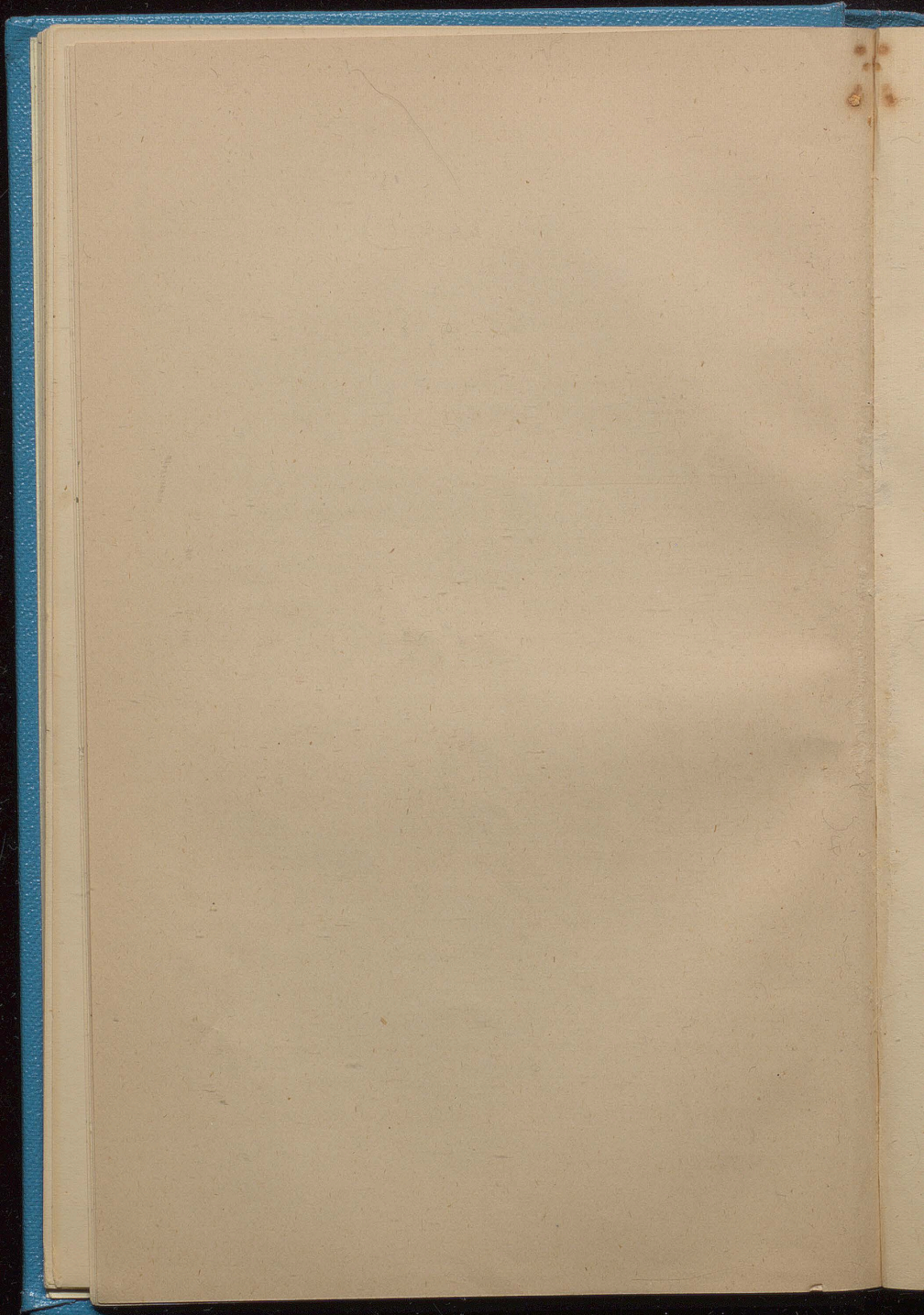
Moore  
DEL

CHRISTIANIA - THE ROAD UP TO THE PALACE.



WELLS & SON, 17, MARK LANE, LONDON.







## CHAPTER II.

---

CHRISTIANSAND — OUR FIRST NORWEGIAN MEAL —  
CHRISTIANIA FJORD — CHRISTIANIA — HOMLEDAL —  
NORWEGIAN BEDS.

CHRISTIANSAND ranks as the fourth city in Norway; we were favourably impressed with the town, and at once looked forward to a jolly time of it. Everything seemed so fresh to us—the houses and streets were beautifully clean, and the newness of the wooden buildings, together with the wonderful display of flowers in almost all the windows, and the strange names over the shop doors, impressed us considerably. True, the streets were not very grand from a cycling point of view, but as we had not yet commenced to cycle, we could well look over that. We wandered up and down the principal streets, visited the cathedral (a whitewashed building of grey stone), and then found our way to the pretty wooden swing bridge over the river near Oddenas Church, from which a splendid view of the town is to be obtained. After looking over the church we inspected a curious Runic stone, a simple slab behind the church some twelve feet high, with rough characters cut on the edge, said to date from the middle of the eleventh century. After reaching the town again, our Scotch friend, McLaren, suggested that we should go to the hotel, and there experience our first Norwegian meal. This was voted too risky an experiment. We hadn't as yet changed our money, and



neither of us could muster a word of Norwegian; however, we were getting hungry, so eventually chanced it, and entered Ernst's Hotel. We left everything to McLaren, and after a lot of chatter and dumb show, he made the good-looking waitress understand that we wanted something to eat. We were at once ushered into a large, comfortable room, and then waited patiently for the result. First our cups were filled with coffee, then a large china fowl was put on the table; on lifting the top off, it was found lined with red flannel, and a dozen eggs were discovered nestling at the bottom. Afterwards a large tray was brought in, and various little plates set round us, each containing a small slice or morsel of something. I think we had about a dozen each—slice of ham, German sausage, raw smoked salmon, sardines, anchovies, etc. Then something was put before us resembling a tin loaf, but of a brownish hue—this our humorous Scotch friend at once called a bath brick. We none of us relished it, and it was the only article in the way of Norwegian diet I met with that I did not like. It is a sort of cheese, and placed on the table at almost every meal. We thoroughly enjoyed our novel repast, and were rather surprised when we tendered a half-sovereign in payment to receive eight kroner change, making our meal only 2s. 1½d. for the three of us.

Soon after seven we left Christiansand, with its 11,700 inhabitants, and had a run of 100 English miles up the Skager Rack to the Christiania Fjord. There was little in the way of scenery to attract our attention, the low, rocky, rounded promontories not proving nearly so



picturesque as we expected. "Ah! well," said the first officer, "take my advice—go off to bed now, and get up directly I call you at five to-morrow morning. We shall then enter the Christiania Fjord, and you will not be disappointed then." We took this advice, and jumped out of bed directly we were called and hurried on deck. It was a bright, cheerful morning, and after coffee had been made for us and brought on to the deck, the passengers commenced to turn out.

By this time we were all good friends, and many were the tales told and exploits recounted by our fellow-travellers. One and all seemed to think we were very venturesome to attempt a ride across Norway on a tandem; but unless a man is a real cyclist it is funny the idea he has of a cycle and its capabilities. One young man assured us that the hills would defeat our object, and that half the time we should have to tramp and push our machine. Another suggested we should provide a stout rope, and take turn about in pushing and pulling. How we afterwards laughed at the good advice so freely tendered will be duly noted.

We were now entering the Christiania Fjord, and every moment a fresh scene was presented to our gaze. This magnificent sheet of water is seventy English miles in length, and at the commencement is fifteen miles wide, gradually narrowing. I had stationed myself on the bridge with the first officer, who was good enough to point out all the places of interest. My friend was busy fixing up his camera and otherwise preparing for the coming fray.



Passing Frederikstad, a town of 9,600 inhabitants, and a place of considerable importance, owing to its situation at the mouth of Norway's largest river, the Glommen, down which the timber of the most richly wooded district in Norway is floated to the sea, the scenery is somewhat tame. The fjord soon after narrows until we reach Horten, a small town on the left, the headquarters of the Norwegian Fleet. Afterwards the fjord widens, and is divided by the peninsula of Hudrum, the branch to the left running up to Drammen, while that to the right now becomes very narrow as we approach Dröbak, the great seat of the famous Wenham Lake ice trade. The latter is obtained from a small lake in the neighbourhood and exported to England as Wenham Lake ice. The fjord now widens considerably, and is studded with numerous islands. The scenery was grand in the extreme, and in the clear early morning, with everything fresh, the banks on each side covered with pine and fir trees down to the water's edge, the shadows showing clear in the water, every now and then a small clearing, with a farm dotted here and there, then a picturesque village, with a wooden bathing stage, made up a picture that will be impressed on our memories for all time. It is at such times and at such places that one feels life is worth living, and inclined to bless the man who invented the cycle, and to pity the poor fellows who spend their holidays in circling round and round a track, chasing the cherished pot. Ah! well, I have tried it myself, and, never having been able to do any good in the racing line, can afford to moralise.



Soon afterwards we pass the Swedish Fleet at anchor, and the first officer immediately orders the usual flag salute to be given. Much to his surprise, the salute is not returned, and though the ships appear crowded with men, no notice is taken of us. "Ah!" says he, "if that should happen to some nations, they would declare war immediately after such an insult."

Leake was now busy with his camera, every now and again taking shots at passing vessels and scenes. In company with officers Foster, King and our Scotch friend, I pose at the stern of the vessel, and he secures our shadows.

Near Christiania numerous villas are seen; then the Palace is shown us, and two young ladies, who have hitherto held themselves rather aloof, now become very communicative, and point out the various buildings. They tell me they have just travelled from Boston, U.S.A., to revisit their home, and have suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way. They give us much information about Christiania, in their eyes the most beautiful city in the world.

All is now bustle and confusion on board, and our tandem is duly hauled up on deck ready to be hoisted on shore. We round the point, passing Agershuus Castle, and the city with its harbour lies before us. The steamer is hauled up near the Custom House, and a crowd of porters board the vessel. The Custom House officer just glances at our machine, feels the tyres, and says, "It's for use?" "Yes," we reply. "All right," and the machine is hauled up on to the quay, together with



an old "Humber" tricycle. We did not see the owner of this machine, and when we started away it was still standing neglected on the quay.

Our machine seemed to attract a deal of attention, and we soon had a big crowd following us. Every now and again a police officer would come up, jabber something to the crowd, which would at once disperse, only to gather again before many yards had been traversed. We had our heavy overcoats with us, so did not mount, but pushed along, making tracks for Messrs. Sjosted and Thomassen's, the cycle agents, to whom we had letters of introduction. After wandering about in every direction but the right one, we at length were properly directed, and then for a time our troubles were at an end.

Stabling the machine in their spacious yard, we started off to do the lions of Christiania. Our first visit was, of course, to Bennett's Tourist Office. Every traveller in Norway knows Bennett's. Travellers who wish to be provided with carriages or carriages, to exchange money, purchase guide-books or maps, have tours planned out, letters forwarded, etc., etc., all go to Bennett's. We found our Scotch friend had been here enquiring for us, and had already booked a carriage to take him up the country. Our first business was to join the Norwegian Tourist Club (Den Norske Turistforening), which ought to be supported by every tourist and traveller in Norway. It does for tourists and travellers what the Cyclists' Touring Club effects for cyclists in England. The subscription is four kroner a year for an annual subscriber, and fifty kroner for a life subscriber, which sum entitles a

tourist  
office  
Christiania.

tourist  
club.



member to a book interesting to tourists, published every year, and giving particulars of the doings of the club. The subscriptions are laid out in providing facilities for tourists to see the waterfalls, mountains, and general beauties of the country; boats are kept at various lakes, and huts established in out-of-the-way places, where the members can take shelter and find refreshments. We purchased for one kroner the small enamelled badge or button of the club, which is worn in the buttonhole of the coat, and is useful to prove membership to peasants at the huts and other places supported by the Tourist Club, and secures civility and a preference to the beds.

Our next business was to exchange our money, and taking the advice given me by A. M. Bolton, I laid in a large stock of small change. The coins are the 20 kroner, a gold coin a little larger than a sovereign; the ten kroner, a gold coin rather smaller than a half-sovereign, but thicker; the five kroner, a gold coin about the size of a threepenny-piece; the one kroner (100 ore), size rather larger than an English shilling; the 50 ore, between a sixpence and a shilling; the 25 ore, size and thickness of a fourpenny-piece; the ten ore, about the size of a threepenny-piece; together with bronze coins of five, two and one ore. The kroner is worth 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ d., and is divided into 100 parts called ore. Notes are issued for 5, 10, 50, 100, 500 and 1,000 kroner. We had very little difficulty with the money, and used roughly to reckon and treat the kroner as an English shilling. English sovereigns usually realise their full value in all the principal towns, and even at the smallest posting station

none



I have been able to get full value for them. After changing £20 I had so much money that it was difficult to carry, and in despair I tied it up in two pocket-handkerchiefs, and deposited it at the bottom of the Multum. Mr. Bennett laughed at the idea of my taking so much, but as I was to be the cashier for the tour, I meant having enough. He assured us that five shillings a day was the most we could spend apiece.

*at per  
day.*

Having purchased some maps and a phrase-book, and leaving our overcoats to be sent on by steamer to Bergen, we started out to explore Christiania. Our first business was to make for the Grand Hotel (Carl Johansgade). Here we were fortunate enough to meet our companion on board, and as he was off in a few hours we dined together at the hotel, and thoroughly enjoyed the good things provided, consisting of—Soup à la reine, saumon grillé, kalvebryst med champignons, roastbeaf med salat, and framboises à la crème. During dinner a Norwegian string band was discoursing sweet music in the gallery. We were struck by the wonderful politeness of the people—hat-raising seems almost universal—and sitting in the smoke-room after dinner we were much amused at the bowing and scraping going on in the doorway. The inhabitants appear to dress much in the same way as at home, the only noticeable difference being a wide-brimmed straw hat. After wishing our friend adieu, and promising some day to renew his acquaintance in London, we left him to charter his carriole and start off.

The carriole is the national vehicle of Norway, and is usually built without springs. The shafts are long and



elastic, and fixed to the axletree ; the seat resembles a bicycle saddle, and is placed well forward, and by cross pieces rests upon the shafts, the elasticity of which act instead of springs. The legs are brought almost into a horizontal position, and the feet are placed in stirrup-shaped irons, so that in descending steep hills there is no chance of getting pitched out. A board is fixed on the back to carry the traveller's luggage, and on this the boy sits or swings ready to take the horse back when done with. There are no traces, and the harness is of the simplest construction, and conveniently made to fit any of the small horses. The shafts are attached direct to the collar by a peg and loop, and the horses are so gentle that anyone can drive them. Unfortunately, they have not yet got accustomed to the cycle, as in England, and on many occasions we had to use great care to prevent an accident. The roads in many places are so narrow and winding that one is apt to come upon a carriage with scarcely any warning. Nine times out of ten the horses would shy, and we then had to drag the machine a little way up the bank, and often hide it in the bushes, before the driver could coax his horse to proceed.

In many hotels and posting stations we saw notices fixed up by the police, in English, French and German, requesting cyclists to use every caution when travelling along narrow roads and in turning corners. As a rule the natives took everything in good part, and on only one occasion did a Norwegian lose his natural sweetness at the sight of frightened horses. He was driving them home to the station, and roundly abused us because they



refused to pass. We had our revenge, for no sooner had he led them by than they bolted straight up the bank and disappeared into a wood—we went on our way rejoicing. The occupants of the carriages did not often take matters so easily, and every now and then we heard a “—these things!”—but then it was always an Englishman who was grumbling, and we felt considerably cheered, pilgrims in a strange land, to occasionally hear “English as she is spoken.” Another thing that seemed queer to us was, if a carriage overtakes you and wishes to pass to the front, the driver, if a native, will always ask permission before passing, and we found this the custom of the country. How would this suit the Stonebridge or Ripley Road scorchers?

After paying a visit to a Norwegian barber, we went to the telegrafkontoret, L. being anxious to let his friends know by wire that he had safely arrived. Then we did the sights of Christiania, visiting the Museum of Northern Antiquities, the Zoological, Ethnographical, Sculpture and Industrial Art Museum, also the Picture Galleries and the Art Union.

Leaving the Museum, we cross a small green plot, and, entering a low wooden building, find ourselves in the presence of the great “Viking” ship recently unearthed and put up for inspection. This ancient Norwegian war-vessel is about 1,000 years old, and was recently excavated from a tumulus at Gokstad, near Sandefjord, in the Christiania Fjord. It has been carefully put together, and is now exhibited with all its appurtenances. An interesting pamphlet on its discovery can be purchased from the



attendant. The ship is in a marvellous state of preservation, though completely dwarfed by the smallness of the shed in which it is contained, but by walking the plank the visitor is enabled to have a close look at the interesting relic, and one leaves the building marvelling how it could be possible for the old Viking to accomplish such great distances in ships so apparently inadequate to brave the dangers of the deep.

We next visited the Royal Palace, a large quadrangular building standing in a commanding and conspicuous position at the west end of the Karl Johansgade. Beyond a few pictures, there is not much of interest to be seen inside, but the splendid view from the roof more than compensates, a fine view of the city, fjord and the neighbouring country being obtained.

We looked in at the Storthings, or Parliament House, and then, after closely inspecting the shops, wandering through the market place and buying some fruit, we took with us a cargo of cigarettes, cigars and chocolate menier, made tracks for our machine, and about four o'clock left the paved streets of Christiania behind us. Whilst ascending the hill up to the Palace we were stopped by two gentlemen, one of whom, handing me his card, said he was a member of the Paris Velocipede Club, and wanted to know where we had come from and where we were going. After gratifying his curiosity we started on our way, and turning to the left at the foot of the Palace, soon found ourselves on a good macadam road. Unfortunately, it had been raining heavily a day or so before, and the mud was something awful, making it hard work



to get along. The machine, too, was strange to us, and our luggage had not yet had time to settle down, so our pace was necessarily slow. Very soon a pretty bridge attracted L.'s attention, and a halt was called and the camera produced. A crowd of country children surrounded us, but all our efforts to take a photo of them were in vain.

Our road for some distance was by the side of the fjord, passing through Bygdo, Lysaker and Hovik. Somewhere near here we observed a grocer's shop, and wondering if we could get anything to drink we entered, and by the help of the phrase-book made our wants known. A young man immediately took us upstairs into a pleasant sitting-room, and soon a meal of chocolate, bread and butter, cakes and biscuits was placed before us. L. is somewhat staggered to find a grand piano in the room, a fellow one to that he has at home, and soon I am "moved by concord of sweet sounds" whilst arranging a plentiful supply of cigarettes.

After paying the small sum of one kroner for our tea, we pedal slowly on over the muddy, sticky roads, every now and again halting to secure a photo of some pretty spot. Whilst lounging about during the photographic operations I was frequently struck with the tameness of the Norwegian birds; oftentimes they would cluster round your feet, and did not appear in the least afraid. The scientific yet simple mode of capture so dear to the juvenile heart, by means of a pinch of salt and close proximity to the tail feathers, seems quite possible in Norway. Whilst packing up the camera near what



appeared to be a stone quarry we were somewhat alarmed by terrific yells, and soon afterwards a man rushed down from the top of the cliff, shrieking at the top of his voice, and wildly waving his hands. Before we had time to wonder what ailed him he turned off in another direction; but an explosion following shortly after his disappearance, it dawned upon our minds that his apparently eccentric conduct was meant as a warning for a respectful distance to be kept from a probable shower of rocks, etc.

The roads now improved considerably, and in places were almost dry, and as we were "nicking" together better, we spun along in good style to Sandvigen, 14 kilos. We had fixed upon Homledal as our halting place for the night, 30 kilometres from Christiania. Just a word or two as to measurements. Every few minutes the cyclist will pass short posts by the wayside bearing strange-looking signs and figures; these posts serve to mark out the various districts or parishes, and each farm is numbered, so that the landholder through whose property the road runs is bound by law to keep that portion of it in good order. In addition to these posts, distance-indicators showing the number of kilometres from posting station to posting station are plentiful, and from Odnoes to Lœrdal-soren the distance-posts are fine and large. The kilometre constitutes  $\frac{1}{7}$ th of the old Norwegian mile—one Norwegian mile equals seven English.

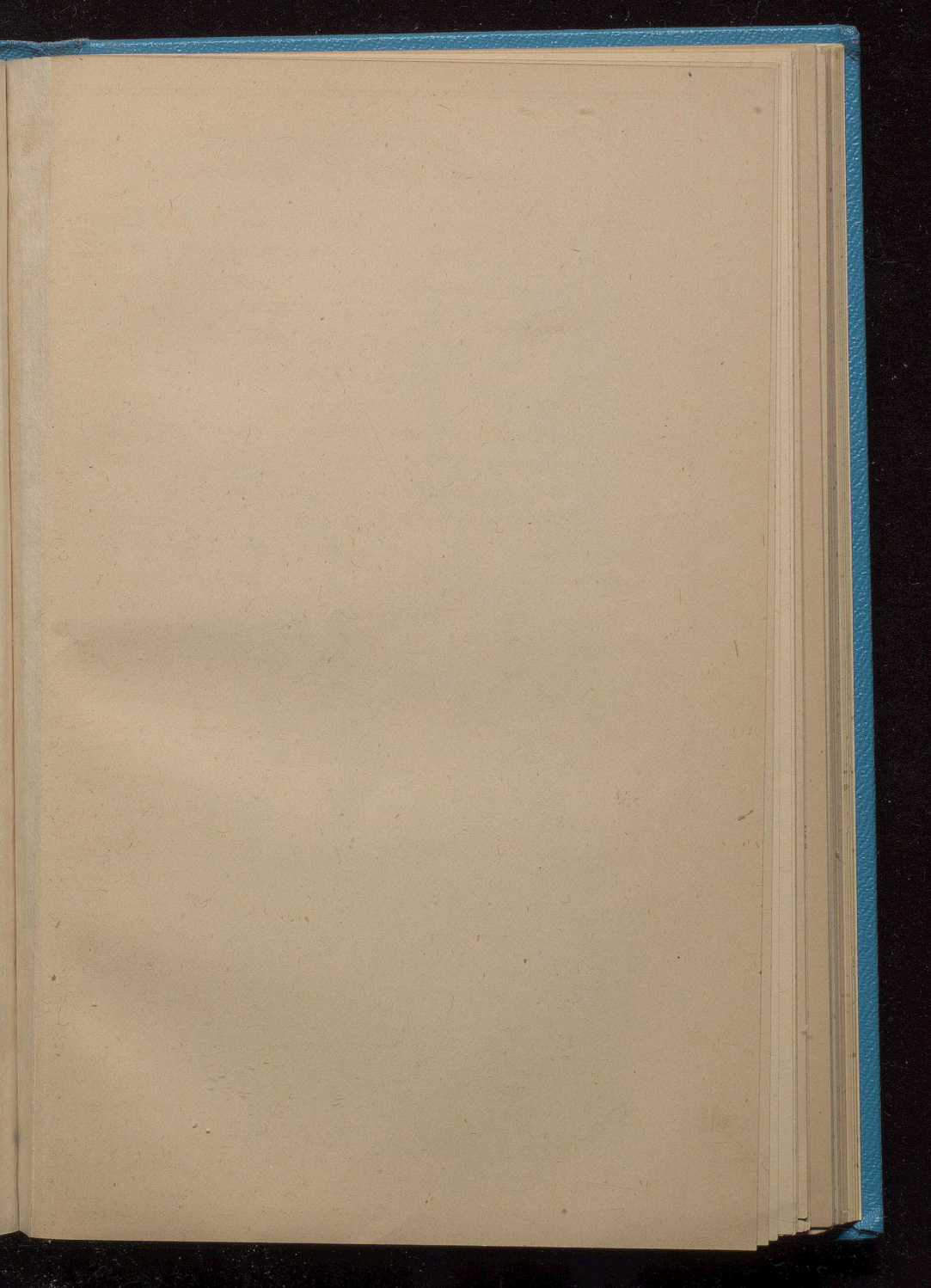
We found the road to Homledal for some considerable distance uphill, but the surface was so good that riding was easy. After a bit the road descends, and with feet up we had a glorious run down through the Ringerike

*Kilo =  
2/10 Eng. Mi*



district, pulling up every now and then to avoid collisions with cows that were straying absent-mindedly over the road. It was now nearly nine o'clock and yet as light as day. On reaching the posting station we explained by signs that we wanted food and sleeping accommodation, and were at once made comfortable, our machine being taken into a large stable. This station is beautifully situated, the cliffs in front towering up to a great height, and one mass of fir and pine trees. After a supper of salmon steaks and eggs we wandered out to admire the view, and then, somewhat tired with our first half-day's ride, retired to bed. Oh! those Norwegian beds—how often did I anathematise them during the tour! Unfortunately, I am rather lengthy—the Norwegian beds are not—and invariably did I either have to curl myself up, or else let my legs dangle over at the end. Care must also be taken in getting in and out, too, or one is apt to scrape the flesh off one's limbs. In many of the smaller stations the bed is little better than a deep box, and the edges require a deal of negotiating. This state of affairs is gradually being altered, and in advertisements relating to new hotels it is common to read that "long beds are provided."



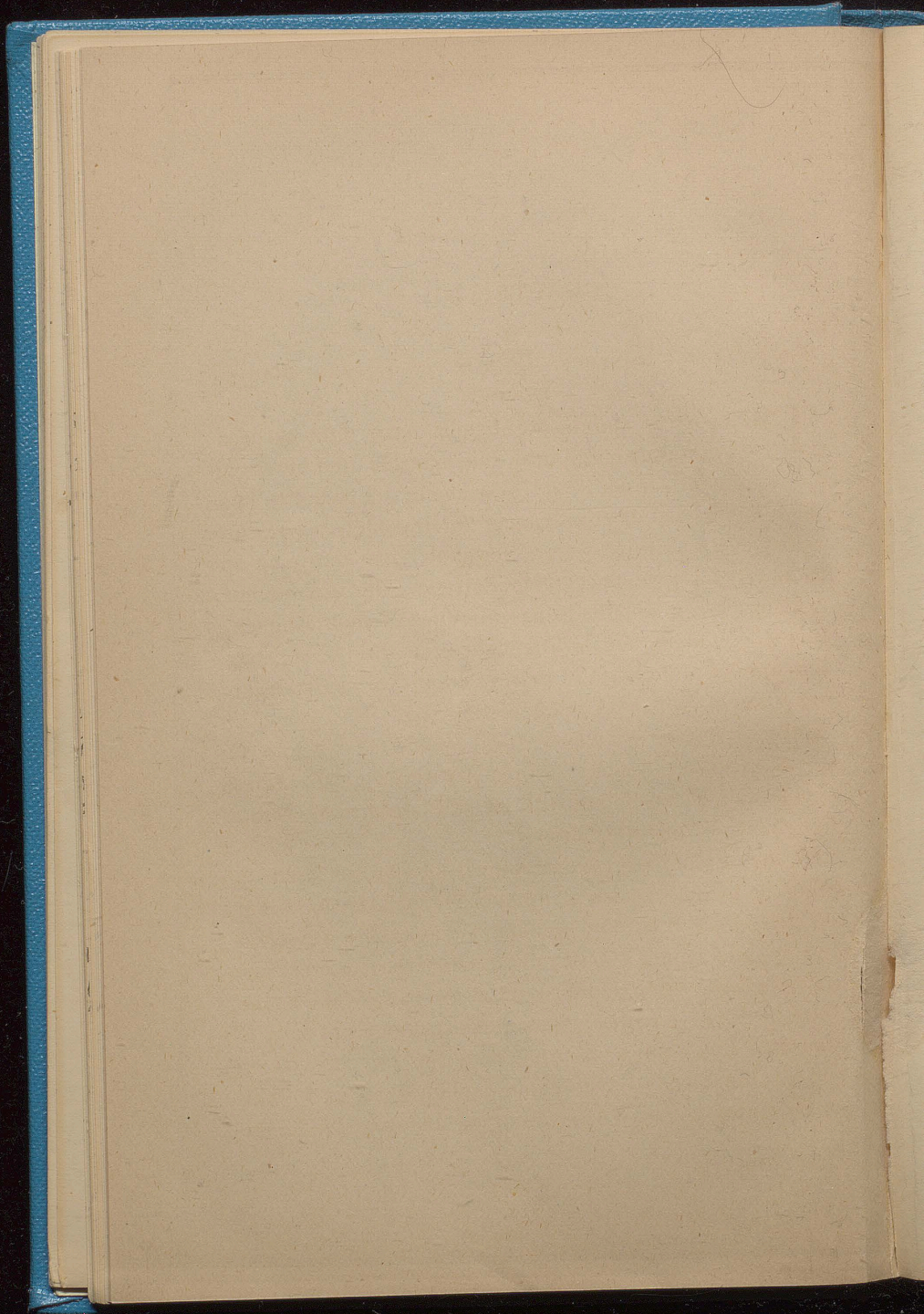






Moore







### CHAPTER III.

---

#### SUNDVOLDEN—HONEYFOS—LOST IN THE FOREST—RANDS- FJORD.

THE posting stations, or hotels, have hitherto been farmhouses on or near the roadside, and by virtue of contract with the Government, are bound to find food, lodgings and conveyances for travellers. Now, at nearly every posting station, new hotels are springing up to suit the convenience of tourists, and the usual home comforts are gradually being introduced, while English-speaking waiters are in attendance, so that before long the novelty and charm of putting up at Norwegian posting stations will be a thing of the past. If any cyclist thinks of paying Norway a visit I should advise him to go as early as possible. Norway, with its good-natured people and cheap living, will, I venture to predict, before long be over-run with tourists.

In the early morning we were awakened by our landlady bringing to our bedside a cup of coffee, which somewhat startled us at first, but we found it was the universal custom, and soon got used to it. After a hearty breakfast we were taken through the wood at the back of the house down to the edge of the lake, and had pointed out to us a mountain away miles in front, with the top apparently lost in the clouds. Our guide explained to us it was *sne sne* (snow snow). After lounging about in the bright



sunshine for some time, L. getting photos of the station and views round about, we paid our bill of 4 kroner 50 ore, packed up our Multum, and started off for our second day's journey.

The heat was now intense, and the flies plagued us terribly; the road was still sticky and wet, but, fortunately, downhill. Every now and then we would halt and regale ourselves with wild strawberries, which grew in profusion by the roadside, much larger and sweeter than those found in England. For some distance we found the road stony, and had in many cases to use care and travel slowly; but we did not mind this at all—at every turn in the road the view seemed even better than the last, and we could not help putting our brake on every few minutes to feast our eyes on the charming scenes around us—to the right a towering cliff covered with fir trees, on our left a noble expanse of water stretching away to the distant snow-clad mountains, which were glittering in the rays of a brilliant sun.

Pulling up at the pretty Sundvolden Hotel we made ourselves comfortable on the balcony, and to the accompaniment of cigars and sherry, had a long chat with the landlord, who spoke English well. He gave us much useful information, and advised us to ascend to the Kongens Udsigt (the King's View), and as the morning was beautifully clear we at once decided to avail ourselves of the opportunity. We were greatly amused by the arrival of a party of pedestrians heavily laden with large knapsacks and sundries, and with straw hats the size of Buffalo Bill's. We certainly did not envy them.



Purchasing two strong fir sticks from a boy who was loitering about the hotel, we started for our climb. The way is easily found by following a very steep road up Krogkleven to Klevstuen at the top of the hill, and then, taking a footpath to the right, the Queen's View is reached through the yard of Klevstuen, but if going on to the top it is not worth while stopping. The climb to the King's View, the guide-book says, takes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours—we did it in much less time than that. When once at the top we were well rewarded for our climb, the air being wonderfully clear, while before us could be seen the Ringerike, the Tyri Fjord, the distant Gausta Fjeld (70 English miles away), and some of the nearer mountains in the interior were visible. The most interesting feature is a mighty chasm closed in by walls of sandstone, which rise perpendicularly from the depths below. After a quick descent we rode slowly across a long bridge over the Steensfjord, and found the road hilly, very loose and sandy—quite a change after the roads we had experienced—now they were too dry and loose, before they had been all mud and slush; but as the weather overhead was still fine we had no cause to grumble, as we had been assured before starting that we should not have two fine days together.

Up several sharp rises, two or three of which we walk, and we pass by Norderhoug Church and Parsonage. This village is celebrated in Norwegian history. In 1716, whilst Charles XII. of Sweden was besieging Agerhuus Castle, at Christiania, he sent seven squadrons of dragoons to plunder the silver mines of Kongsberg, and



the detachment was quartered at the Parsonage and the neighbouring houses. The priest was ill at the time, but his wife, Anna Kolbjornsen, made the Swedes the worse for liquor, and then sent a servant to give information to a small Norwegian force near by, which at once marched on the village and killed nearly all the Swedes. The embalmed remains of Anna Kolbjornsen are preserved in the vault of the church. We stayed a few minutes to look at the picture in the Parsonage representing the scene.

The road now gets very rough, and entering a pine forest becomes quite unrideable, so we have to get off and push. It took some pushing, too, our rims sinking deep down into the sand, and every now and then we had to empty the sand from our shoes. After leaving the wood the road improves, and we have a run down into Honefos, the waterfall town. We ride slowly up the steep street, and halt at the post office to send our first batch of letters home.

We made several attempts to discover which was the right road for Næssetbakken, but could get no information, therefore halted at the top of the town where the road branched off. Soon a small crowd congregated, and I scribbled on a piece of paper, "Rute Næssetbakken"—but all in vain, we couldn't find out the way; possibly we were extra stupid this morning, or maybe the Honefos people were—anyway, it was the only town we had any real difficulty in finding our way out of. At last, in disgust, L. started off for the hotel, in the hope of discovering someone capable of conversation.



After he had disappeared I stood by the machine, extracting much amusement from the antics of the crowd, and wondering whatever they could be jabbering about. The two saddles and one rider seemed to puzzle the fresh-comers; they would point at them and then at me, as if to say, "Can he manage them both at once?"

Soon afterwards a fine-looking young fellow came up to me with a cheery "Good day." What a relief it is at such times to be accosted in your own language! His next words were, "Are you Fenlon?" Assuring him I was not, and telling him I knew Fenlon very well, he said he had seen him race at the big Christiania meeting last year, and thought I was the same individual. He told me he had lived in England for a few years, and then gave me directions as to the road for the next station. He said, "There are two roads, one bad for cycles and the other splendid." Naturally, we go for the splendid road. We didn't find it.

After carefully noting down his directions, I bid Mr. Pittergen adieu, and wait patiently for L.'s return. He comes up soon after, smiling, and says he has found a good hotel and someone who can speak English; also that the road is all right, and the directions given him agree with those of my English-speaking friend. We walk the machine over a wooden bridge, and stay to watch the rushing waters tearing down the rocks, carrying huge quantities of timber from the saw-mills above. We find the road fairly good for the first mile, then it gets very rough and hilly—little sharp dips, too sharp to ride, and we have many times to dismount. The road



gradually gets narrower and narrower, until after three-quarters of an hour's hard riding it branches off into three narrow lanes. We enquire at a small cottage, and a rough-looking individual points his finger straight ahead, and grins ironically, I fancy. And well he might, if he thought we were going to take a cycle with us. We pushed on for about three-quarters of a mile, and then a gate barred our way. Unfastening it, we had to push our way up a fearfully steep, stony hill—so steep that every few yards we had to stop and rest and block the wheels to prevent the machine rushing backwards. The labourers in the adjoining fields were gazing at us in amazement, no doubt wondering what it all meant. At last we reached the top, only to find another gate at the end of the lane. Yes! it seemed to end up suddenly, and thoroughly tired, hot and dusty, we sat down on a tree trunk and emptied our flasks, wondering where we were and where on earth we were getting to. We could see what appeared to be a road at the top of the next hill, and at the entrance to a large pine forest. It was utterly impossible to get the machine through the sand and up the hill, so L. said he would stay and rest while I went on to explore. After mounting the sand-hill I found a rough pathway, evidently used for the conveyance of fallen tree trunks—certainly not a cart road leading to any station. I entered the forest and found the pathway better, so much so that riding would be enjoyable, if only we could get the machine up there; but then, again, was there a way out? I walked on for two miles and saw nothing but trees—every moment I expected to get to the



top, and so be able to get a view as to what was on the other side. At last I gave it up and sat down to rest. How grand everything seemed! Not a sound was to be heard, not a bird in sight, and no signs of life, giving one the feeling of being quite out of the world. The experience was a new one for me, and I thoroughly appreciated its charm.

The scent of the pine trees is wonderfully invigorating; so collecting a few very large fir cones, I made my way back to my companion, and found him sleeping the calm sleep of the tired, and providing the Norwegian flies with solid refreshment at the same time. We at once make up our minds to retrace our way to Honefos, and as it is nearly all downhill we soon find our way back. L., who has all the time been dilating upon the comfort of the hotel, says he means to put up there; so we ride through the gate and down the winding walk, scaring sundry peacocks.

The hotel is beautifully situated between the rivers Randselven and Bøegna, and immediately below the waterfall. It was established in the last century, and one of the large rooms on the ground floor is decorated with panel paintings said to have been executed in 1781. The hotel will now accommodate 100 guests, and the waitress speaks English fairly well. We learn from here that a train starts for Randsfjord in the evening, and are advised to adopt that means of locomotion, as since the advent of the rail between Honefos and Randsfjord the road has been neglected. After a good dinner and dessert, consisting of wild strawberries and dewberries served up



with delicious cream, we visit the Hofsfos and Svinefos Waterfalls, both well worth a visit; then we again mount our tandem and steer for the railway station. Finding we have three hours to wait, we sit on the bridge and watch the tree trunks dashing and whirling about in the eddies, and L. fetches out the camera and secures several photos. We explore the town thoroughly, and find a sort of café, where we indulge in coffee and cigars until the time for departure draws near. Cigars are wonder-fully cheap in Norway, good ones being purchasable at less than a halfpenny apiece. Lounging about the little town so long we had attracted considerable attention, and I should think every man, woman and child in the place came up to the station to inspect our machine, and we were loudly cheered as the train moved out of the station at nine o'clock.

?)  
cigars.

)  
long  
nights.

One great advantage of touring in Norway is the long, light summer nights—it seldom seems to get dark at all, and one retires to bed at twelve or one o'clock with sufficient light for reading purposes—many of my notes were written out of doors at midnight. The railway carriages are much the same as in England, but it seems rather strange to find a notice posted up requesting passengers not to throw matches about. Almost everything here is constructed of wood, therefore the risk of fire must be great. At the hotels small splinters of wood are put on the table in place of our quill toothpicks, and many times when purchasing cigarettes we were given small wooden holders. When in the train we noticed that a fine road ran almost parallel with the rails,



and we regretted then that we had not followed the road straight through Honefos, instead of turning away as advised by the English-speaking native.

During our short railway ride we had plenty to occupy our attention—on one side the road and river, on the other a large forest with clearings, and timber-cutting in full operation. We passed several very large saw-mills, and in places the river was thick with fallen trees, at times presenting the appearance of a huge raft. The train travelled at a very slow pace, and stopped at several small stations before reaching Randsfjord.

Immediately the tandem is taken out of the van we are surrounded by a voluble, curious crowd, and presently a native speaking English volunteers to show us to the hotel, and kindly arranges with the stationmaster to allow our machine to remain in a shed all night, so as to save us trouble in the morning. We unpack our bags and make for the Berger Hotel, which is a fine new place, and we have some difficulty in obtaining rooms. At supper we are joined by two young Frenchmen who are making a lengthy tour of the North of Europe; but as they can only speak their own language, and our joint contribution is of a limited and suspicious character, there is very little fear of our quarrelling. It was curious how we were continually meeting at different places, though nearly always ahead, and we reached Bergen over a day before them. We did not hurry ourselves, but we know they did, thus proving that the cycle, even in Norway, is the speediest conveyance.

After supper we stroll through the grounds of the

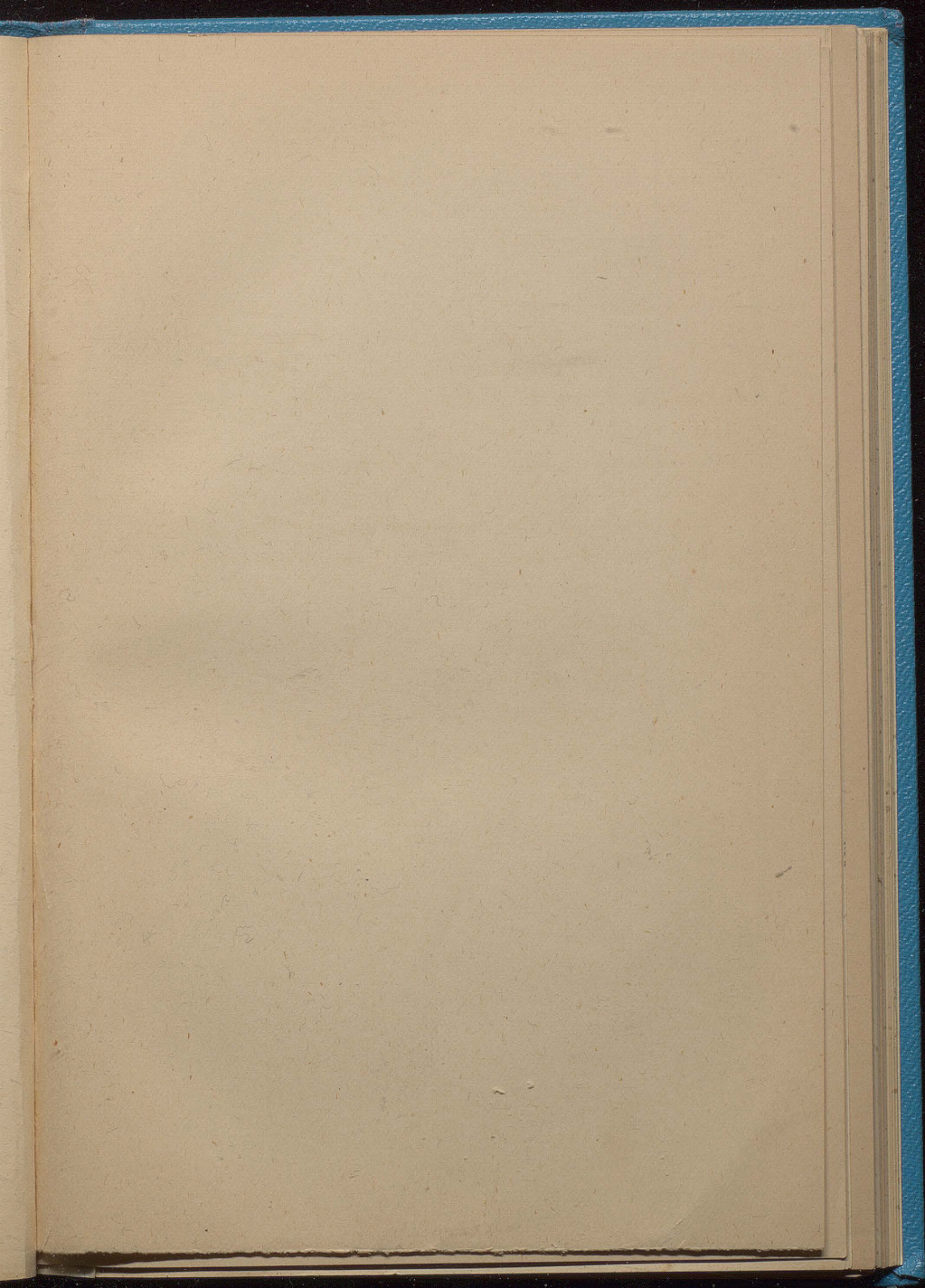


hotel, and loiter about on the large wooden bridge near the station; and at twelve midnight we could see to read and write with perfect ease. When ready to retire for the night we find beds have been made up for us on the sofas in the sitting-room. L., who is much shorter than I am, of course went for the longest bed, and upon my remonstrating with him, he exclaimed, "Well, this bed is precious hard, and you can have it if you like." I take possession and find it *is* hard, and a careful examination results in the discovery that he has been reclining gracefully on four empty beer-bottles! We put the bottles outside the door, and in doing so hear a patter of footsteps, so imagine someone has been playing a trick on us.

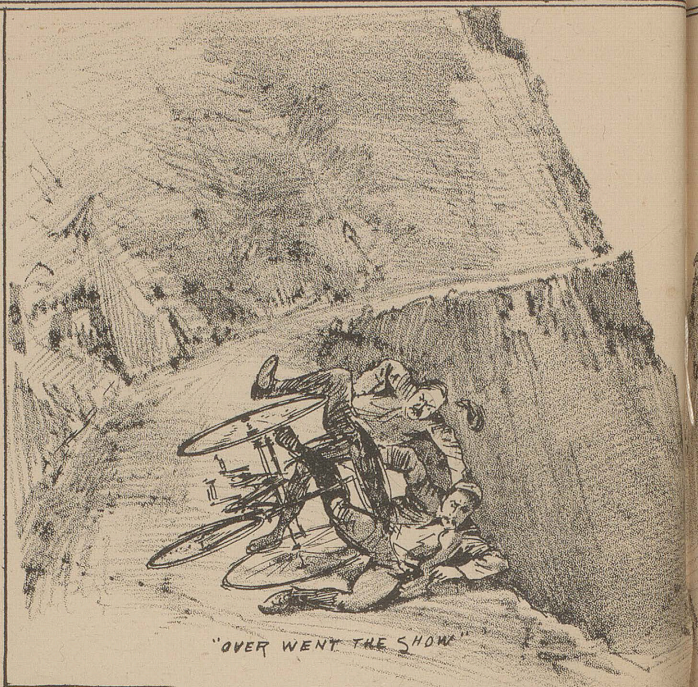
7

11





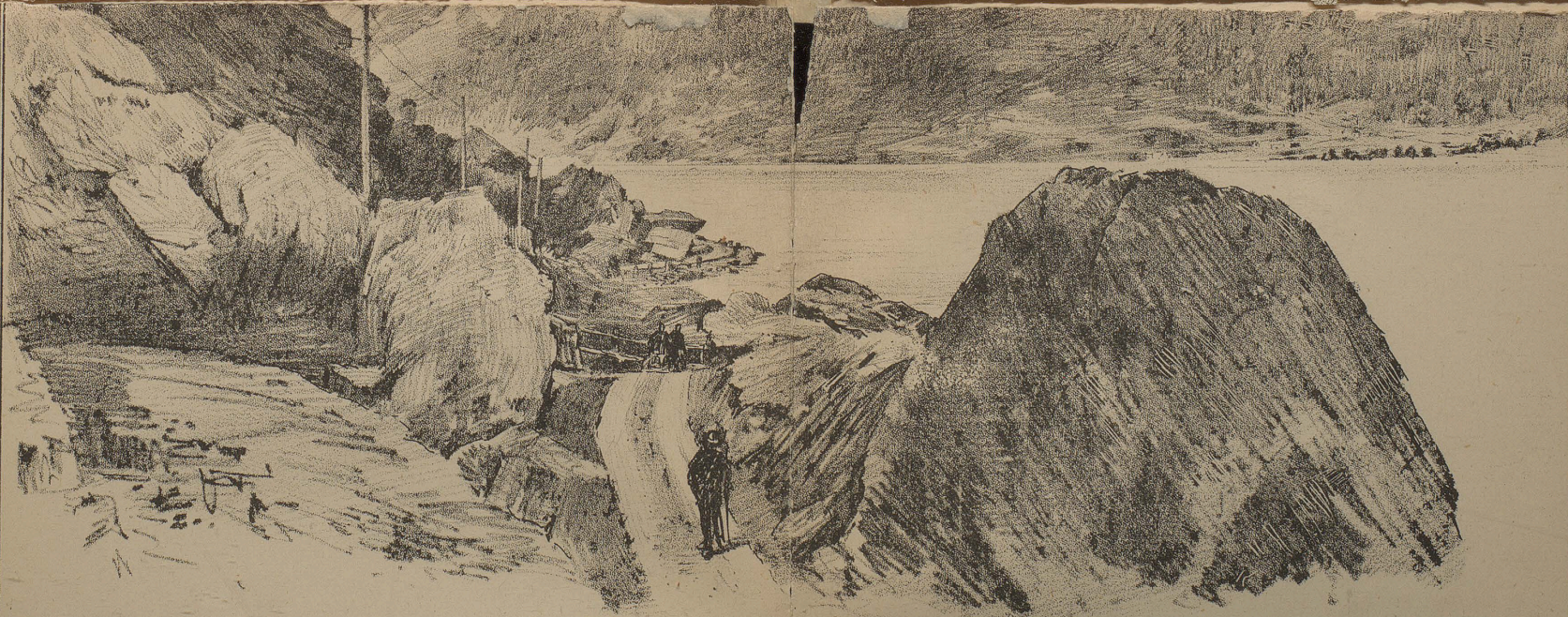
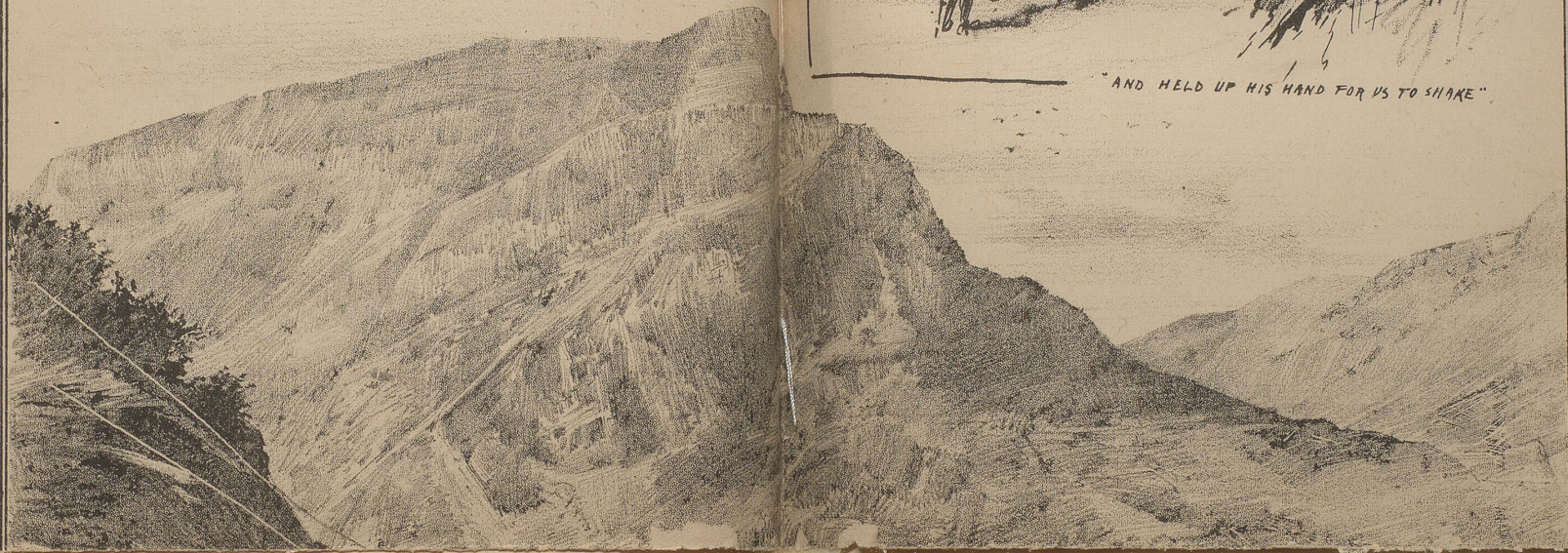




"OVER WENT THE SHOW"



"AND HELD UP HIS HAND FOR US TO SHAKE"

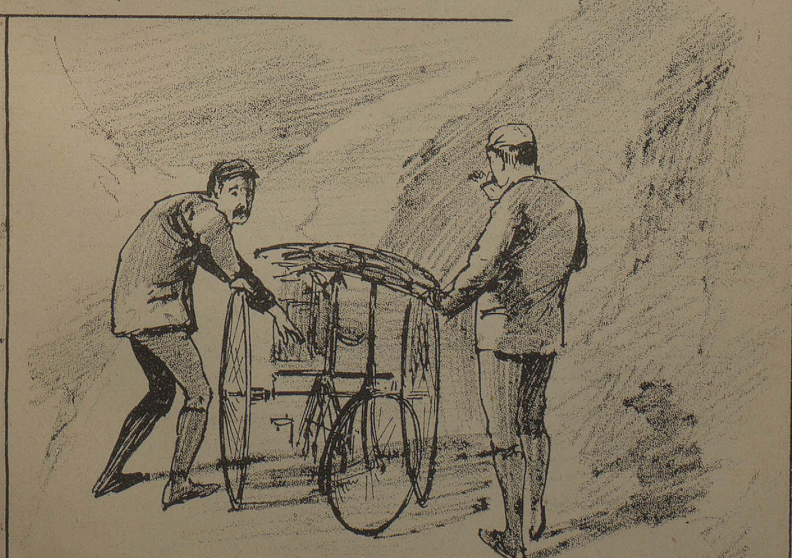


A SHARP DIP IN THE ROAD



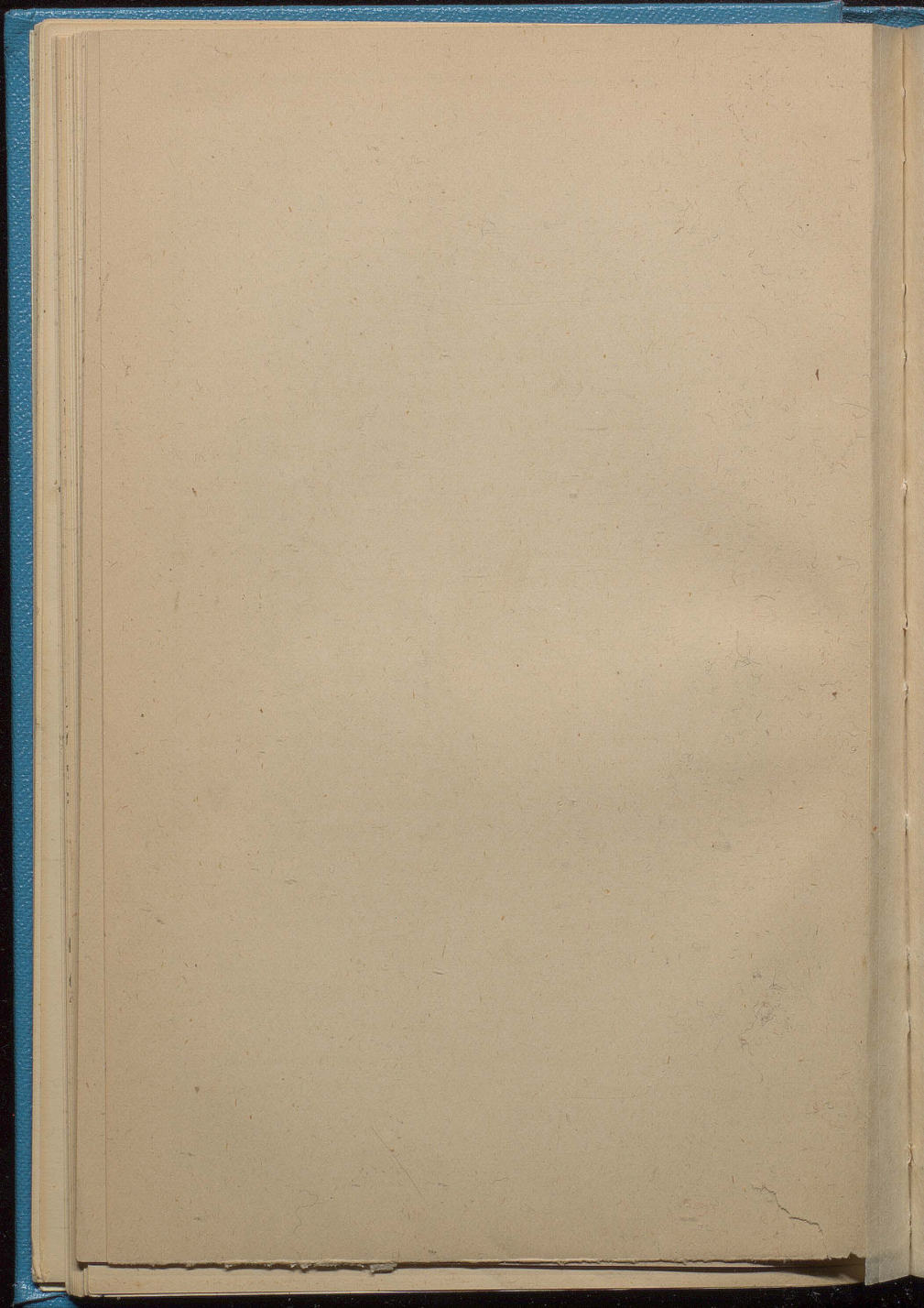
Moore  
DEL

"MYRIADS OF GNATS WERE WORRYING OUR LIVES"



"WE FIND THE BAND BRAKE IS AT FAULT"







## CHAPTER IV.

### RANDSFJORD LAKE—TOMLEVOLDEN—SVEEN—GNATS— FOOD—A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

NEXT morning we rise early, and find the visitors promenading up and down the walk in front of our window. As we haven't any blinds, we are constrained to retire for privacy to the corners of the room for robing.

As the steamer starts at seven we have only time for a hurried breakfast. L. tries to tell the waitress about the empty beer-bottles, and dives into his phrase-book, but as he cannot discover the Norwegian word for empty he gives up the attempt and beats a hasty retreat.

We have a little difficulty in getting the machine on board, but with the help of willing hands it is carried down the landing-stage, and we forthwith make ourselves comfortable for a steam across the Randsfjord Lake. The Randsfjord is a lake 420 feet above the sea level, 44 English miles in length, and is next to Lake Mjosen, the largest lake in South Norway.

The steamer is comfortably fitted up, and one can dine on board in luxurious style. The fare is four kroner, and no charge is made for the machine. The lake in many places is very narrow, with banks at times rising to a height of 2,000 feet, and well wooded. The voyage



is somewhat monotonous, and we were heartily glad when we reached Odnes after our seven hours' trip.

We are well pleased to get on the road again, and at once make a start for Tomlevolden (17 kilos.), but before we have ridden a mile meet with our first mishap. The roads in many places are rough in the middle, but in splendid condition at the sides; in fact, in many places the side of the road is like a track, with, however, an aggravating slope, and as our tandem was built a trifle too narrow, I, in steering close to the edge of the road, got too much on the slant, and over went the show. Luckily, we were not much hurt, and although L.'s head went for a large rock, it didn't break it—the rock I mean. This was a lesson for me, and one L. did not forget to remind me of on many subsequent occasions. For the future it was necessary to keep in the middle of the road, as in many places a capsize would have meant a sheer drop of perhaps a thousand feet or so below. The road is rarely protected at the sides; in some of the most dangerous parts large rocks are put up at intervals to form a sort of fence.

The road now was in good order, and on the downhill grade, yet we did not appear to be travelling fast. L. was grumbling, and reproached me for not doing my share of the work, but I put it down to his usual laziness, and plugged steadily along. The machine seemed to get harder and harder, so we called a halt to inspect matters. After well oiling we find the band brake is at fault, and it dawns upon us that we have been struggling over good roads with the brake partly on. It is my turn to grumble



now, for L. soon after the start appointed himself chief engineer to the expedition—a post I did not at all covet. Putting matters right, we have a grand run to Tomlevolden, an excellent station, with every accommodation, and hotel built in very substantial style. After a good tea I clamber up to the balcony and sit there while L. photo's the place. Before leaving an English lady and gentleman drive up, and from them we learn that we have a good road in front of us, though uphill. A little way out the road ascends and attains a great height, and the cyclist must be careful about four English miles from Tomlevolden to cross the river by a new bridge, and not follow the telephone poles.

It was now terribly hot, and myriads of small gnats were worrying our lives. We had been cautioned about mosquitoes, and anticipated a lively time with them—every time a fly settled on the nose or explored other parts of our bodies we expected to suffer. If there be mosquitoes in Norway we didn't cultivate their acquaintance; perhaps we were not sufficiently tempting as a diet, or native bashfulness kept them out of our way. After passing the bridge the scenery is charming, and a magnificent view of the Etnadal is before us. We find a secluded spot and have a glorious dip in the river. The road now ascends to the Tonsaas, a level plateau on the summit of a wooded hill some 2,300 feet high, but the road is so splendidly engineered that riding was easy. We were followed by four peasant children, who offered us berries, and refused to accept money from us in exchange. One sturdy little fellow ran with us a long



way, and upon our halting to give him a coin, he shook his head and held up his dirty little hand for us to shake instead. This is another custom of the country, and tourists must make up their minds for an indiscriminate handshaking with all and sundry.

We had been told that the road to Sveen would be found too hilly for our machine, yet in spite of a strong headwind, we had no difficulty in riding all the way. We had intended putting up for the night at the Sanatorium, a large hotel some three kilos. further on, but finding such striking scenery, and the posting station such a quaint-looking place, we make up our minds to stay the night. The station is small but comfortable, and the obliging hostess soon had a good supper provided, with one or two bottles of ol (Norwegian beer), which we found very good; in fact, I thought it an improvement on our own best ale. It is cheap, too, a large bottle holding a quart costing 5d. only.

Ol =  
Norwegian  
beer.

The food, taking the posting stations all round, although not of a first-class hotel description, is always abundant, and consists either of excellent salmon or trout, eggs, bacon, veal, cheese, pancakes and omelets, with plenty of preserved meats, and good buttermilk, cream and coffee can always be had. In Norway there is an entire absence of anything corresponding to our public-houses or restaurants—the towns are too far apart, and the villages not large enough to support such places. None but *bonâ fide* travellers seem to demand public entertainment, and this is to be obtained only at the posting stations by the roadside, eight to ten miles apart.

G. Sub.



Beer is only to be had in bottles, and, in fact, during the whole of our visit we did not see at any time liquor on draught. It is difficult to obtain spirits, and the authorities of each district may by a majority refuse to grant any license for the retail sale thereof within their boundary, or they may grant a monopoly of the spirit trade to a company, which is bound to pay the whole of its profits to the municipality after deducting expenses and five per cent. interest. This latter plan has been adopted in Bergen, and the inhabitants point with pride to the new Dram Road constructed out of the drink profits during the last few years. The sale of spirits is entirely prohibited on Sundays and fast days, also on Saturdays and evenings of festivals after 5 p.m.

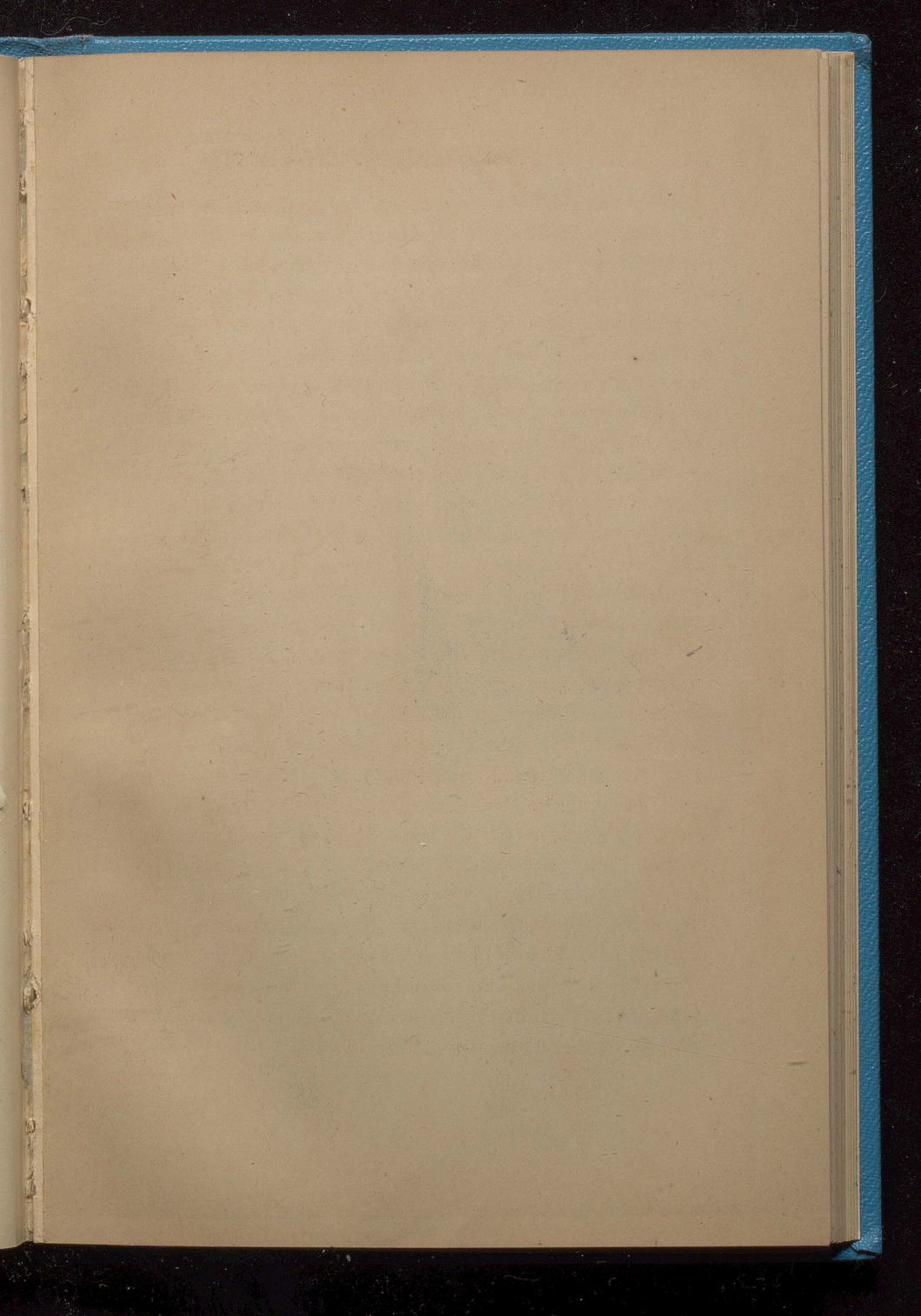
The view from Sveen is very beautiful—the river dwindling into space many miles away, distant mountains in their noble grandeur, with lofty snow-crowned summits, making a most impressive picture, and one not readily effaced. We soon found it too cool to hang about out of doors—in fact, it was only ten degrees above freezing point—and here I would take the opportunity to remark that for cycling in Norway a good stout suit, lined with Dr. Jaeger's sanitary lining, should be worn. At times in the valleys the heat will be terrific; at others, and as one ascends, the air gets cooler, and at some of the posting stations, notably Sveen and Maristuen, we were half frozen. Unfortunately, I had left my waistcoat at home, and had besides only a flannel C.T.C. coat, so that I often suffered somewhat severely from cold.

Clothing

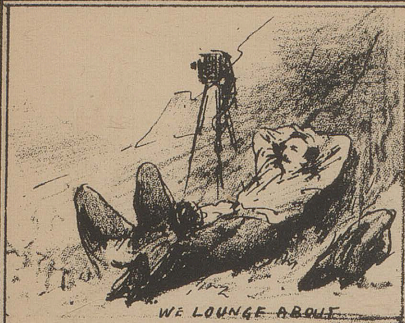


Sveen was the only place at which we experienced anything to be classed under the head of startling. We had not long been in bed before we heard a great trampling of feet, and a heavy shuffling noise just outside our door. Voices, too, were raised as if in angry consultation, and a crash against our door, which almost burst it open, suggested the desirability of prompt measures being taken in self-defence. In a moment I was out of bed, my revolver was fished from the bottom of my Multum, and we sat on the bed anxiously awaiting the course of events. Soon after heavy footsteps were heard coming upstairs, halting ominously outside our door, then sounds as of a body being dragged away, and the noise of a violently-slammed door—then all was quiet. Shortly afterwards our chamber was invaded by the landlady, which made a sudden retreat between the sheets necessary, and she apologised in her quaint English for the disturbance, explaining that someone on the premises had been devoutly worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus, and in trying to reach his bedroom had fallen in a complicated heap at our door, quite overcome with the solemnity of the rites, from whence he was quickly but reverently removed to an adjacent apartment. There is no fear of robbery in Norway—none of the doors have locks to them, and even the street doors are rarely protected except by the ordinary latch. The natives have a very awkward way of coming into your bedroom without the formality of announcing their presence, and at first this is rather confusing, but you soon become quite accustomed to it.





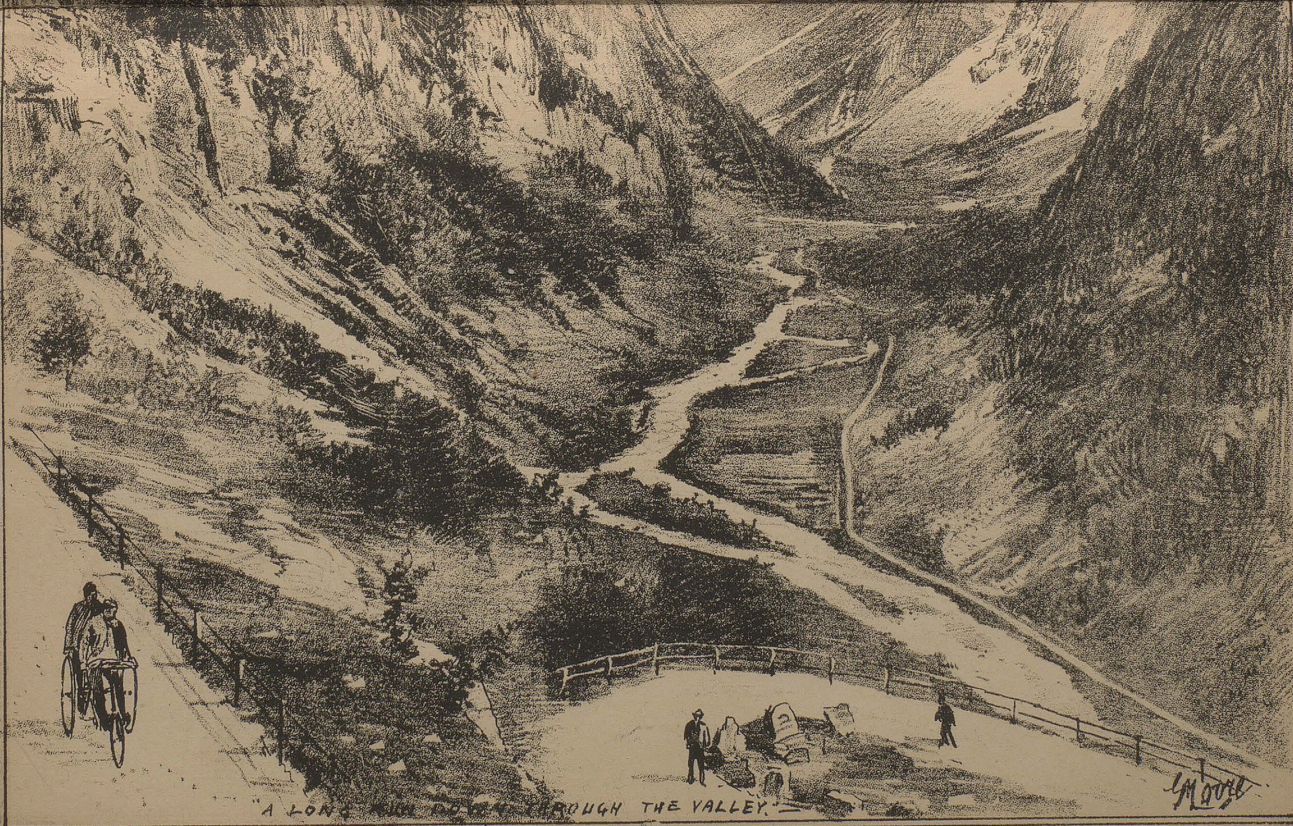




WE LOUNGE ABOUT



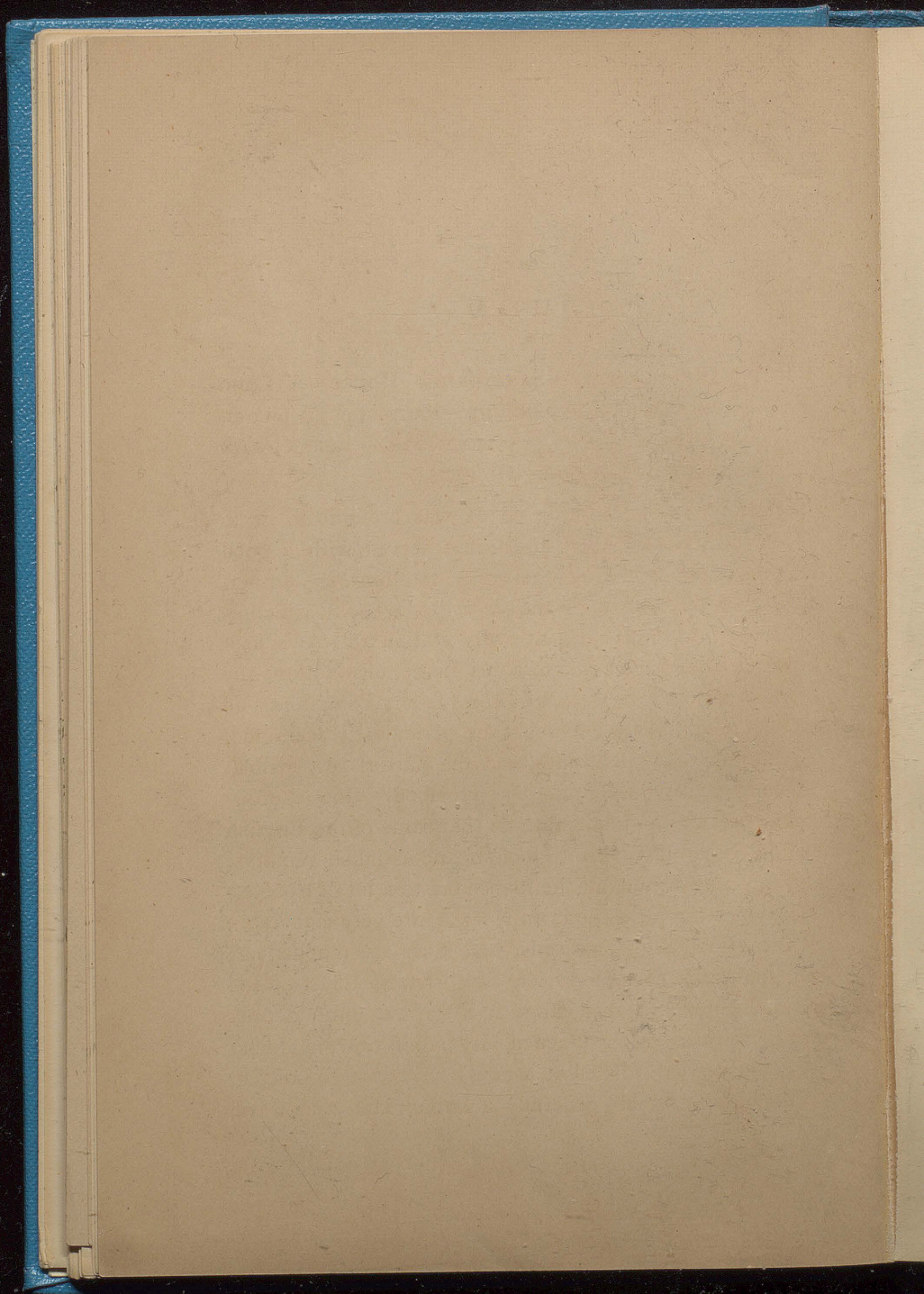
JOTUNHEIM



A LONG RIDE DOWN THROUGH THE VALLEY

M. G. M.







## CHAPTER V.

POSTING REGULATIONS—SANATORIUM HOTEL—A LONG  
RUN DOWN—FRYDENLUND—FAGERNES, A GLORI-  
OUS PLACE FOR A HONEYMOON—LOKEN—AN  
AWKWARD MISTAKE—OILIO.

EARLY in the morning coffee was brought to us in bed, and we soon after were served with a good breakfast, our bill altogether only totalling six kroner. Before starting we sign the *dagbog* (daybook), which is lying open on the table. At every station a book is kept in which the traveller enters his name, destination, the number of horses he uses, and records any complaints he may have to make. The books are periodically examined, all complaints enquired into, and the parties responsible, if found guilty, are promptly punished. One station-master bitterly complained to us that some of the English visitors would often insert foolish and childish remarks, and in consequence put the inspectors to a lot of trouble.

The posting regulations in Norway are very elaborate; all the principal roads, fjords, and lakes are mapped out into stages from seven to ten English miles, and at the commencement of each stage is a station, until lately a farmhouse, serving the place of an inn, but now, in almost all the places we stopped at, a new hotel has been erected, the occupier of which, generally a farmer and landowner,

ting  
him



in consideration of exemption from certain taxes, undertakes to provide horses and carriages or boats to convey the traveller to the next station.

The stations are of two kinds—the fast, where the post-master is obliged to keep a certain number of horses in readiness, and the common, or Tilsigelse, where the bönder, or farmers in the district, take it in turn to provide horses. The rates are very cheap, the posting charge for each horse being from fast stations in town 15 ore per kilometre, in the country 11 or 15 ore. On nearly all the main roads it is customary to charge at the rate of 15 ore per kilometre. For carriole travelling the expenses of touring in Norway may be roughly reckoned at £1 per day, whilst for cycling 6s. would be amply sufficient. Travelling in Norway during the winter season would appear a work of difficulty, for all along the roads, a few miles apart, a huge wooden snow-plough is observed, evidently left at the spot where it was last used, and ready for active service again when wanted.

Whilst preparing to start a long string of empty carriages draws up in front of the station, and L. at once rushes for the camera and succeeds in taking several good photos, the drivers readily forming a group; while I am accosted by two pedlars, who display a large assortment of Norwegian knives for my inspection. The peasants make a speciality of wood-carving, and dagger-blades are fitted to elegantly-carved handles and encased in a leather sheath. Nearly all the country folks wear a knife of this description. We purchase a few and then make a start for the Sanatorium. The road is still good, but uphill, and the wind

Cost  
of per  
day.



very cold and dead against us ; but soon we sight Ton-saasens Sanatorium and Mineral Water-cure Establishment, a favourite summer resort for seekers after health.

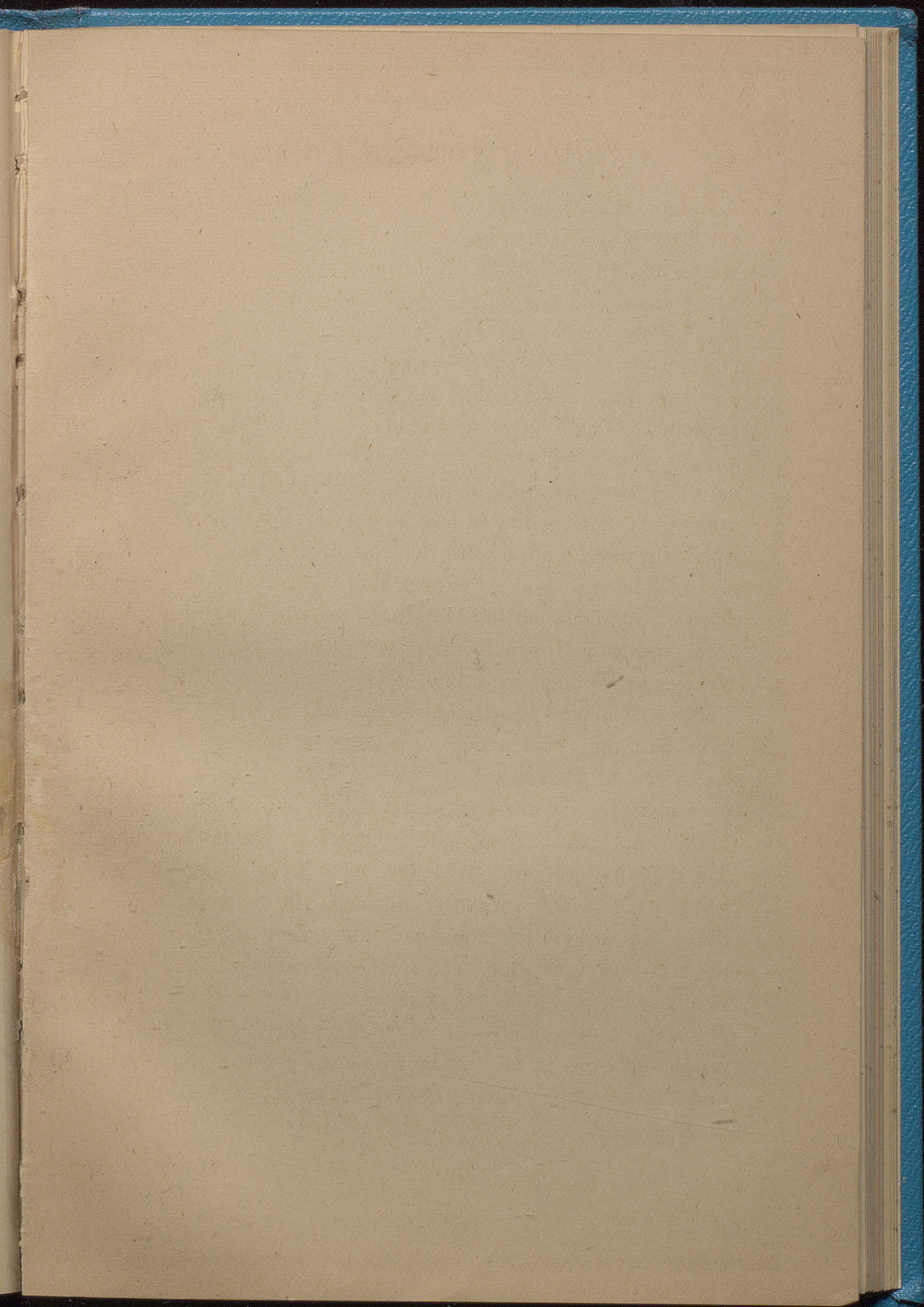
Here our second and last mishap occurred, through the sudden breaking of the nut at the back of L.'s saddle. Fortunately, we have a spare one, and whilst halting outside the post-office trying to unscrew the broken nut a young man in a white suit accosts us in English, and asks if he can do anything for us. A file is borrowed, and the engineer-in-chief soon puts matters right. Our friend in need informs us that he is a Dutch baker, and has lived in London for some time. After sending off a few post-cards, we have a look at the Sanatorium Hotel, which is a large one, standing 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, with 100 rooms and 150 beds, the greater part being filled with permanent visitors ; but travellers as a rule can generally get accommodation. The celebrated pine needle baths may be obtained here ; and the Sanatorium owns large tracks of forest, in which visitors are allowed to shoot, the game consisting of elk, capercaillie, black game and hares. Plenty of good fishing may also be had in two neighbouring mountain lakes. Bicycles are occasionally seen at the station, and at the post-office we noticed a photo of a Norwegian clubman with his machine. The road was still winding uphill, though of splendid surface, but we soon reached the top, and then pulled up to take in the beautiful scene before us. At the foot is the Strand Fjord, 1,137 feet above sea level, winding along the deep valley, with a picturesque and imposing background of huge snow-capped mountains.

Shooting  
Fishing



Before preparing for our long descent we look to our brakes, and stopping at the side of one of the two lakes, we fill our flasks with the icy cold water, and spend a few minutes watching the lazy movements of the fish. The road now rapidly descends the mountain down to Bœgna Elv Valley, and for 12 kilos., with feet on rests and brakes hard on, we speed on our way rejoicing. The road is of splendid surface, but winding, and in places very steep. We have to exercise great care, as every now and again, when turning a sharp corner, a carriole party is met, and the tandem has to be hurriedly drawn up by the roadside, while we dismount and address the horse in most affectionate and soothing terms. L. declared that whistling was the best way to calm the ruffled spirits and win the confidence of Norwegian ponies, as it was evident they didn't understand English, so occasionally we would both commence with fine tone and vigour, then the absurdity of the thing would strike us, and we would end in a burst of laughter. By-and-bye we got tired of holding our brakes on, and seeing the road clear ahead we let the machine go, and travelled into Frydenlund at a good pace. We evidently startled the natives, and many times were told they had never seen a velocipede to carry two persons before. Everyone you pass on the road raises his hat, or, if of the fair sex, favours you with a graceful sort of half curtsey. The farm people at work in the fields would stop for a moment and, uncovering their heads, gaze after us with wonderment.



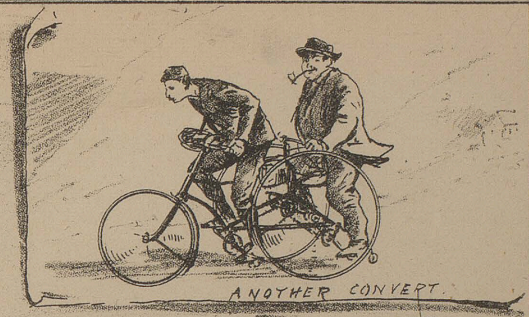




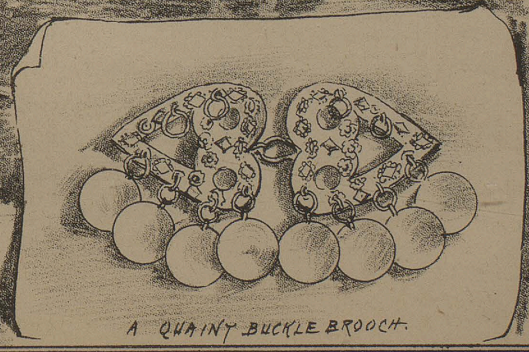
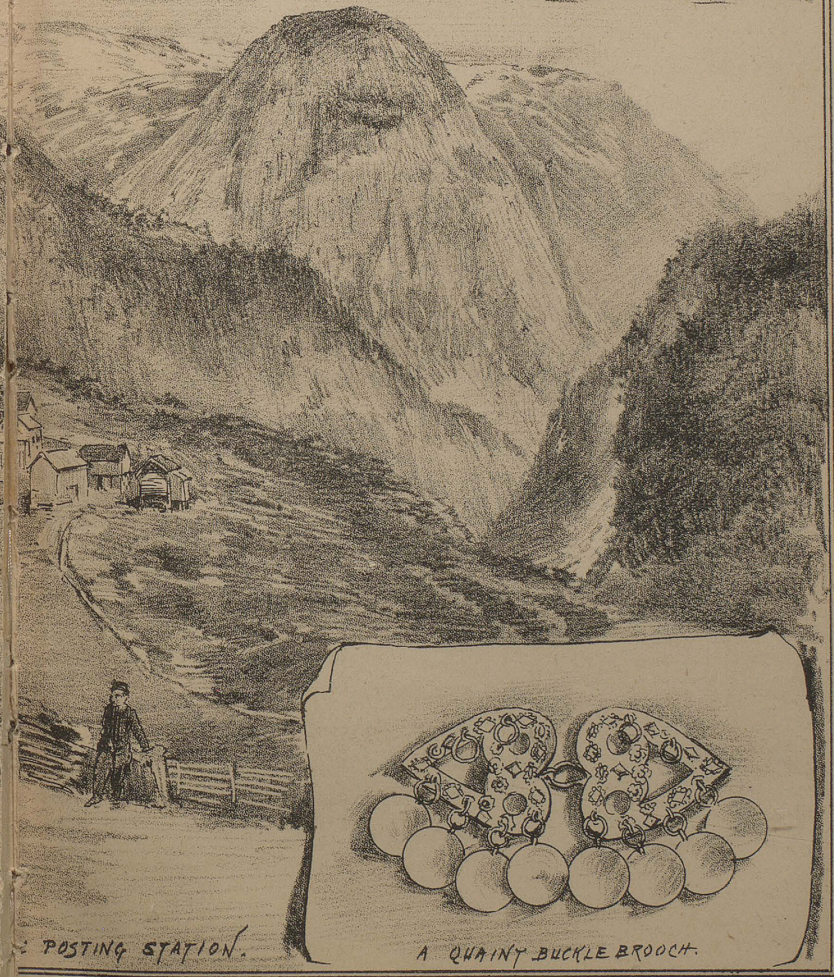


*Handwritten signature or initials in the bottom left corner of the illustration.*

A ROMANTIC POSTING STATION.

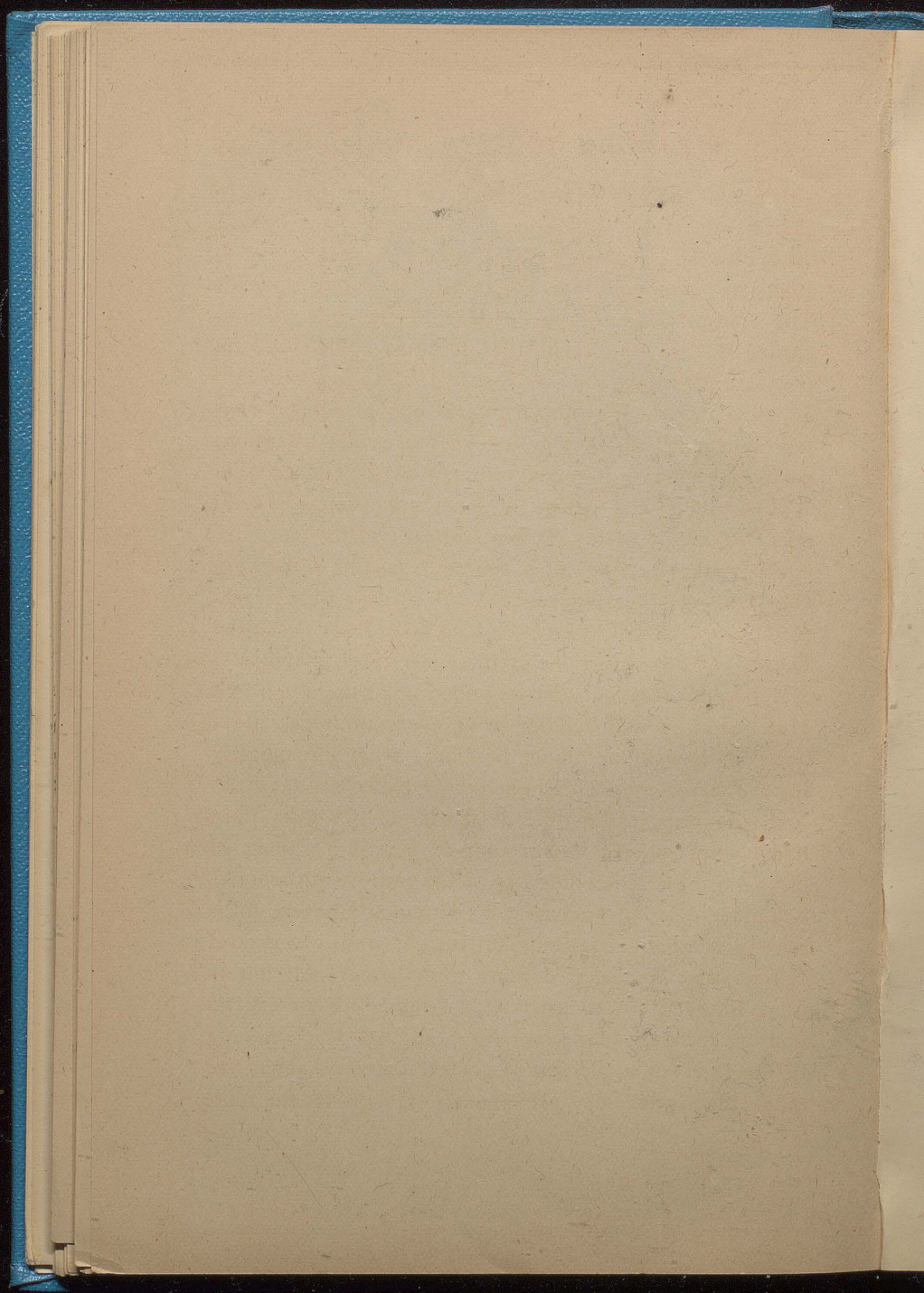


ANOTHER CONVERT.



A QUAINY BUCKLE BROOCH.







We halt at Frydenlund for L. to photo the pretty church, and whilst this operation is in progress we are visited by several young ladies, armed with long rakes, evidently bent for a few hours' amusement in the hayfield. The charming appearance of one of our fair visitors causes L. to enthusiastically exclaim, "That is the prettiest girl I have seen in Norway!" I agree with him at once, and there is no change of opinion for the next few days, until another pretty face takes his attention, when he becomes a turncoat of the most pronounced type.

Frydenlund is a village of local importance, several officials residing there. It was still early in the morning, so we make for Fagernæs, the next posting-station (13 kilos.), along a nearly level road, which runs by the side of the Aurdalsfjord, one of the long lakes from which the Bøegna issues. After one of the finest rides imaginable, and over the best of roads, we pulled up at the Fagerlund Hotel, a large new building with every accommodation and an English-speaking landlord, who immediately handed us a copy of an English daily paper ten days old.

By the way, it is a difficult matter to get news from home when touring in Norway; in fact, it is almost as bad as being at the other end of the world. Although I had made every arrangement for letters and papers to be sent on to different stations, it was not until we reached Bergen that we received news from home. All letters from England to any part of Norway *via* Denmark go first to Christiania, and *vice versa*, so that people having them addressed to Bergen do not get them for about five or six days after they are posted—3½ days for the route



Boat  
 2 days  
 Christiania  
 will be  
 average  
 27 hrs.

from England to Christiania, and three days from Christiania to Bergen. Although I posted many letters and cards at out of the way places where it was possible to find a post-office, the same steamer that brought us home some ten or twelve days later carried my letters at the same time, and they were delivered in a heap the day after I arrived home, which would lead one to suppose that there is certainly room for improvement in the postal arrangements. On one occasion the postmaster, after I had stamped my letter, took it from me and stowed it away carefully in his pocket just before starting for a fishing expedition. I took particular notice of that place, but found the letter reached its destination safely.

We ask for dinner at Fagernæs, and find we shall have to wait until three o'clock for *table d'hôte*. It is now half-past twelve, and we do not care to wait, so the landlord at once orders a steak to be cooked for us while we take a stroll in the grounds. The hotel is noted for its beautiful situation, and the healthy, invigorating air of the neighbourhood renders it a most charming and desirable place for a lengthened stay. It is situated by the side of the Strandefjord Lake, wherein fine trout disport themselves, and the scenery in every direction is remarkably grand, while good ryper shooting may also be had very close by.

It was terribly hot, and with coats off we lounge about by the lake side, and devoutly wish we had time enough at our disposal to make this lovely spot our headquarters for a week. "What a glorious place for a honeymoon!" murmurs L., and I cannot conscientiously disagree with him on this point. This is also a favourite starting place



for excursions to the Jotunheim, the home of the Giant Mountains of Norway. About 120 are comprised in this range, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet in height. The highest is the Galdhøpig, 8,397 feet, and the Glitretind, only 17 feet lower. I had a great fancy to make the ascent of one of these famous mountains, but L. did not relish the idea of a climb, and did not wish to wait a day for me, so I had perforce to put off the attempt until some future date.

After dining we ride slowly along, and crossing a bridge leave our machine in a field and start off for a walk up to the waterfall, about a quarter-mile from the road. The view here is charming, and whilst I gather a supply of wild strawberries L. goes back for his camera to get some views of the fall. The tourist should take particular note of the gate leading through the field to the waterfall—the arrangement for fastening it is very primitive, but ingenious.

The road once more is in capital going order, and about seven kilos. from Fagernøes a view of the Jotun Fjelds meets our gaze, but a written description seems totally inadequate to convey an idea of its beauty, the lake, with its beautiful foreground of pine woods, completing a picture calculated to arouse enthusiasm in the most phlegmatic nature. Our little camera was quite useless for such scenes. Continuing on to Fosheim the road is of recent construction, without hills, and of splendid surface. Fosheim is a pretty little station, and, as the sun is now almost overpowering in its intensity, we halt here for an hour to enjoy a bottle of *øl* and a cigar. To-day we had suffered a great deal from the



heat, and our unfortunate noses had budded with irritating blisters, which filled us with sorrow—who can look dignified under such trying circumstances?

A pretty waterfall (Fosheim Fos) is to be seen close to the station, and if clear the snow-covered Jotun Mountains are plainly observable. Seven kilos. from Fosheim a picturesque old church is passed with an ancient standard measure (ell) attached to the door by a ring of entwined dragons. L. makes several ineffectual attempts to photo this, but it is on the swing all the time, and it is not until I have secured the end with a piece of string that he is successful. The belfry of the church is very curious, and stands twenty yards away on the other side of the road. The road now is perfectly level, and with the wind for the first time in our favour we spin along the magnificent highway in good style—this seven kilos. being the fastest journey we did in Norway, excepting, of course, our downhill coasts. We shortly pass by the side of the Slidrefjord Lake, and ascending the Lokensberget hill, fifteen minutes off the road, we again get a grand and characteristic view.

A little way beyond Loken we reach a pleasant-looking house, standing a little back from the road, and L. immediately suggests tea. We ride slowly up to the house, walk in without ceremony, and as I have by this time picked up a little Norwegian, I accost the good lady in my best style, and ask if we can have tea. She at once replies, "Yes, if you do not mind waiting, as we have just cleared away." This strikes us as funny; but soon afterwards tea, bread and butter, and cakes are set



before us, and disappear with singular rapidity, for our combined attack is thorough. Before we have quite finished, a party of distinguished-looking ladies and gentlemen appear on the scene, and take great and approving notice of our tandem. We are rather startled to hear one of them continually addressed as "your excellency," and after a while it dawns upon us that we have made a slight mistake, and are being entertained at a private house. L., instead of being overwhelmed with a decent kind of confusion, chuckles at me, and in a sedate fashion strolls outside to the machine, leaving me to get out of the difficulty in the best way I can. I nervously ask for the *regning* (bill), and put down some coins, but the good lady laughingly shakes her head, and with "No, no," pushes the money back towards me. With profuse Anglo-Norwegian apologies I take my departure, registering a solemn vow that another time I will make sure of the posting station. The company assemble at the gate to see us depart, and after waving our caps we put on the pace, and at the next turn of the road the proper posting station is before us. Many times during the tour L. reminded me of this little episode with evident delight, and even now I am frequently asked if I have been getting a tea on the cheap.

It is still early, so we push on to Oilio (15 kilos.); road fair for half distance, then very heavy and loose. A fine waterfall called the Lofos is passed on the left-hand side of the road nine kilos. from Fosheim. Without the least warning it had now suddenly turned cold, the



wind had changed dead against us, and several sharp rises in the road compelled us to walk every now and again, so we were right glad when we sighted a posting station. We found this station quite new; in fact, the building of some of the bedrooms was not completed, and I think we were the first travellers to spend the night there. We were very hungry, and by the time we had stabled our machine and unstrapped our luggage, tea was brought in—never in the whole course of my travels was a meal more welcome to me. Delicious salmon steaks, beautifully cooked, new laid eggs and omelets—this was a banquet fit for the gods—and we did full justice to it. Neither the landlady nor her daughter can speak a word of English, so we have some fun in trying to air our little Norwegian.

Oilio lies close to the Vangsmjosen, a magnificent lake 30 kilos. long. After supper we start out for a walk, and as snow is lying on the mountains not far from the back of the hotel we make for it; but it is much farther than it looks though. First of all we cross the river by a rough wooden plank bridge, and then follow a path away over the fields through the yards of several small farms, and through a thick pine wood. Then we come to a river dashing away down a rocky gorge, and have to do a little amateur Blondin business over several narrow shaky planks before we can get to the other side of the stream. L. is not fond of climbing, and as he thought he was a bit tired, decided to return to the hotel; but I had made up my mind to get to the snow, and so started off alone. It



was nearly ten o'clock, yet light as day. After following the course of a stream right away up the rocks, and after a good hard climb, at last I stand in the midst of the snow, and I find it has taken me nearly an hour and a half. Going back was not so easy, for the sky had clouded over somewhat, and I had not taken particular notice of my bearings at the start. In the far distance I could see the houses clustering among the trees, but how to get there was another matter. After half-an-hour's hard walking I made for a farmhouse near by, and walking into the yard startle some children. Two labourers approach me, and I ask the way to the station, when one of them immediately puts on his coat and starts off to accompany me back, evidently being aware of a short cut, for I soon find myself back at the station. He refuses the coin I offer him, but accepts a cigar, and with a hearty shake of the hand starts back for his mountain home.

We are here shown some curious specimens of native silver jewellery, and I am fortunate enough to obtain a large quaint buckle brooch fashioned out of silver by the peasants. These, with other articles, are to be picked up occasionally at the small stations, the natives saving the money thus obtained for the purpose of emigration. Our *regning* is wonderfully moderate here, only four and a-half kroner.

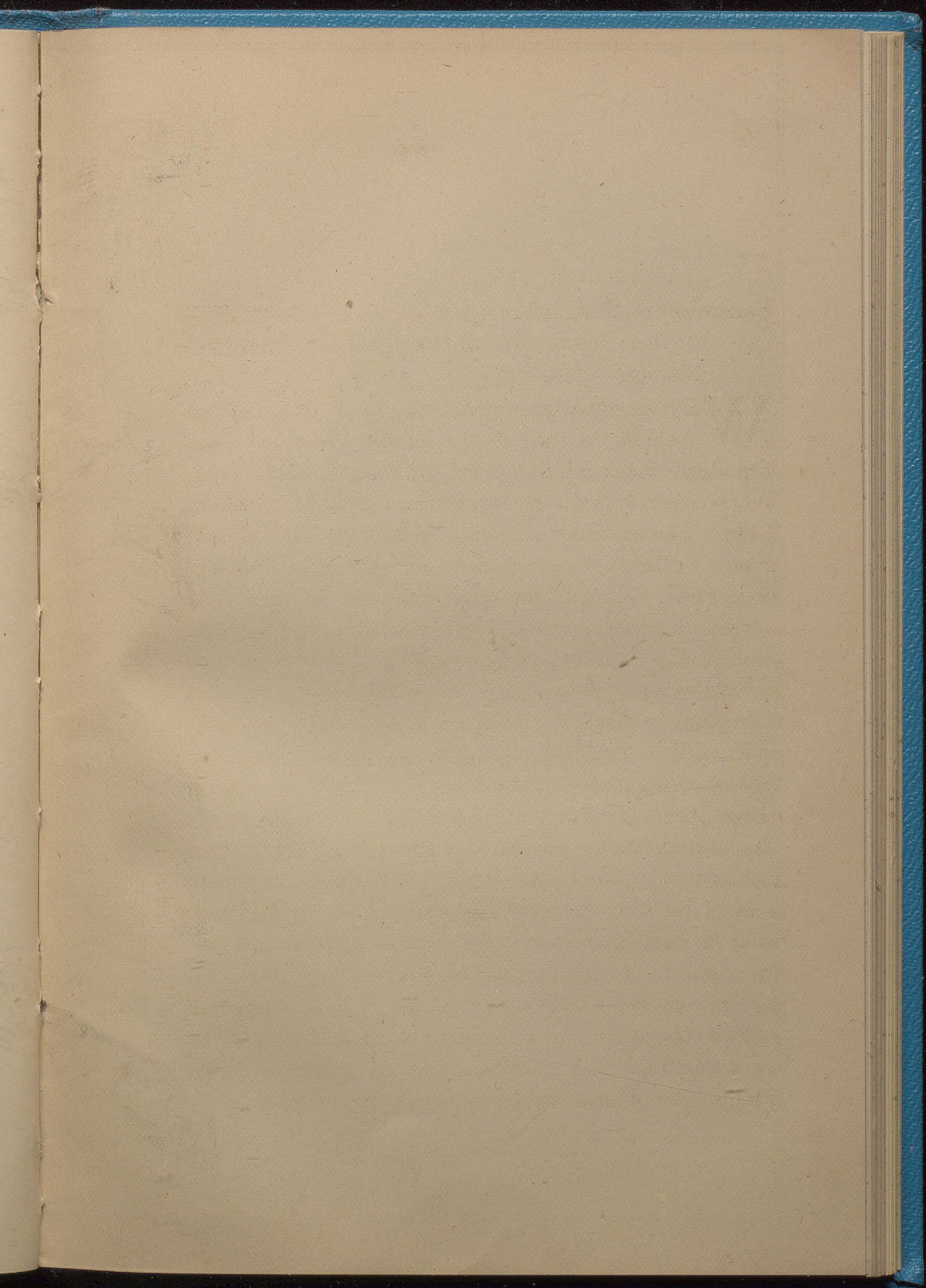


## CHAPTER VI.

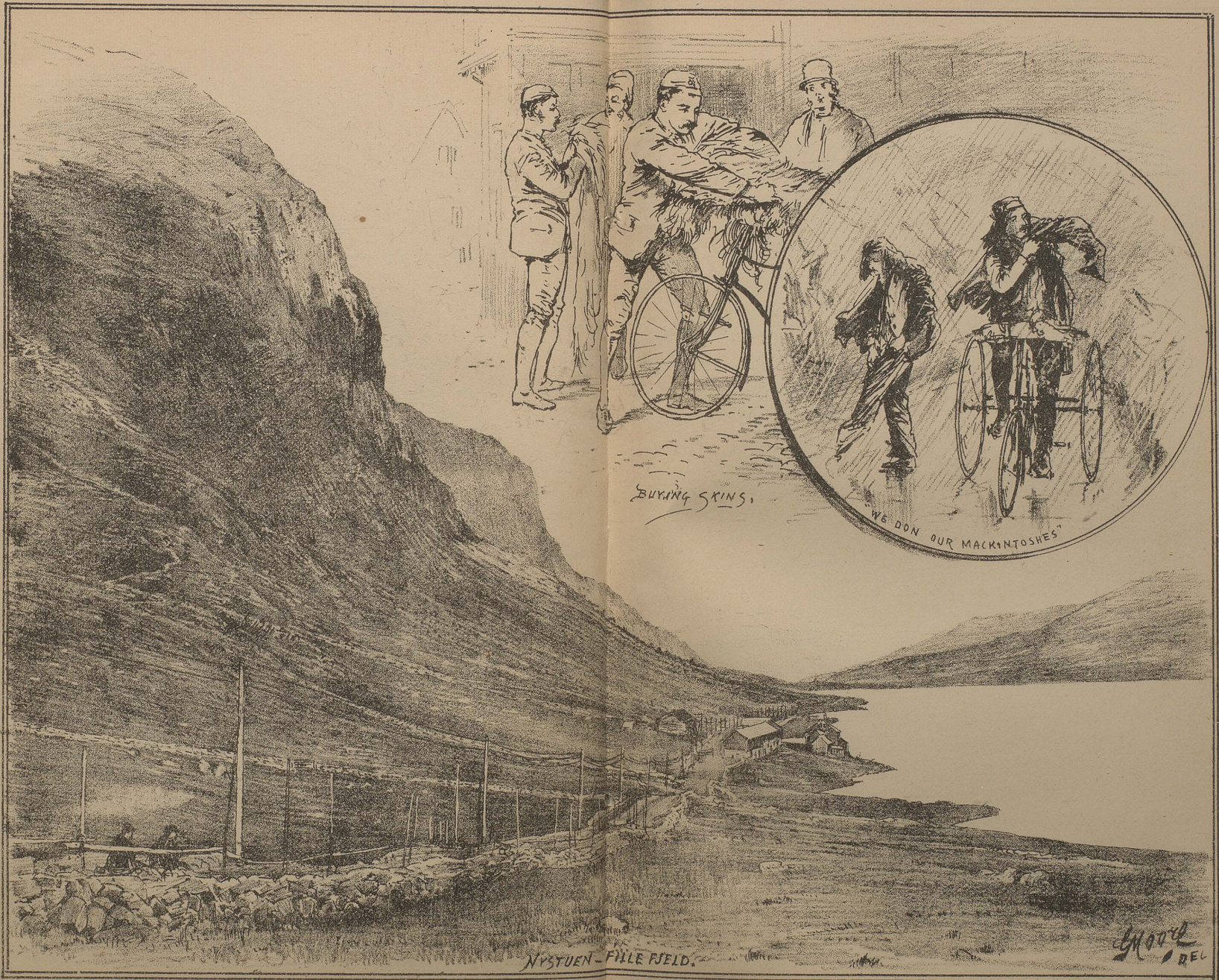
GRINDAHEIM—THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER—SKOGSTAD—  
BUYING SKINS—FILLE FJELD—HARD PUSHING—  
NYSTUEN—MARISTUEN.

WE start away at eight in the morning for Grindaheim (10 kilos.), on a fairly good new road, although loose in places; plenty of sharp ups and downs follow as we approach the south bank of the Vangsmjosen Lake. Through the rocky Kvamskleven (ravine cliff) the road is a marvellous specimen of engineering skill, having been hewn through the solid rock, and at the most dangerous points protected by an artificial roof to save the traveller from the falling masses. We were now fairly among the rugged scenery, and almost every moment L.'s camera was in requisition. We had towering mountains on each side of us, the lake close by the road, and at every point lofty peaks, with their canopies of snow, stretching away apparently into the very clouds. The silent grandeur was really awe-inspiring—not a soul nor sign of prosaic life anywhere. We undress and have a swim in the water of the lake, which is beautifully clear, as is the case in almost all the rivers and lakes we saw, for one could invariably stand on the banks and watch the lazy movements of the scaly denizens. It is rather too cold to stay in the water for any length of time, and we are soon on our way again, and near Grindaheim observe a large herd of tame reindeer away up the mountains.









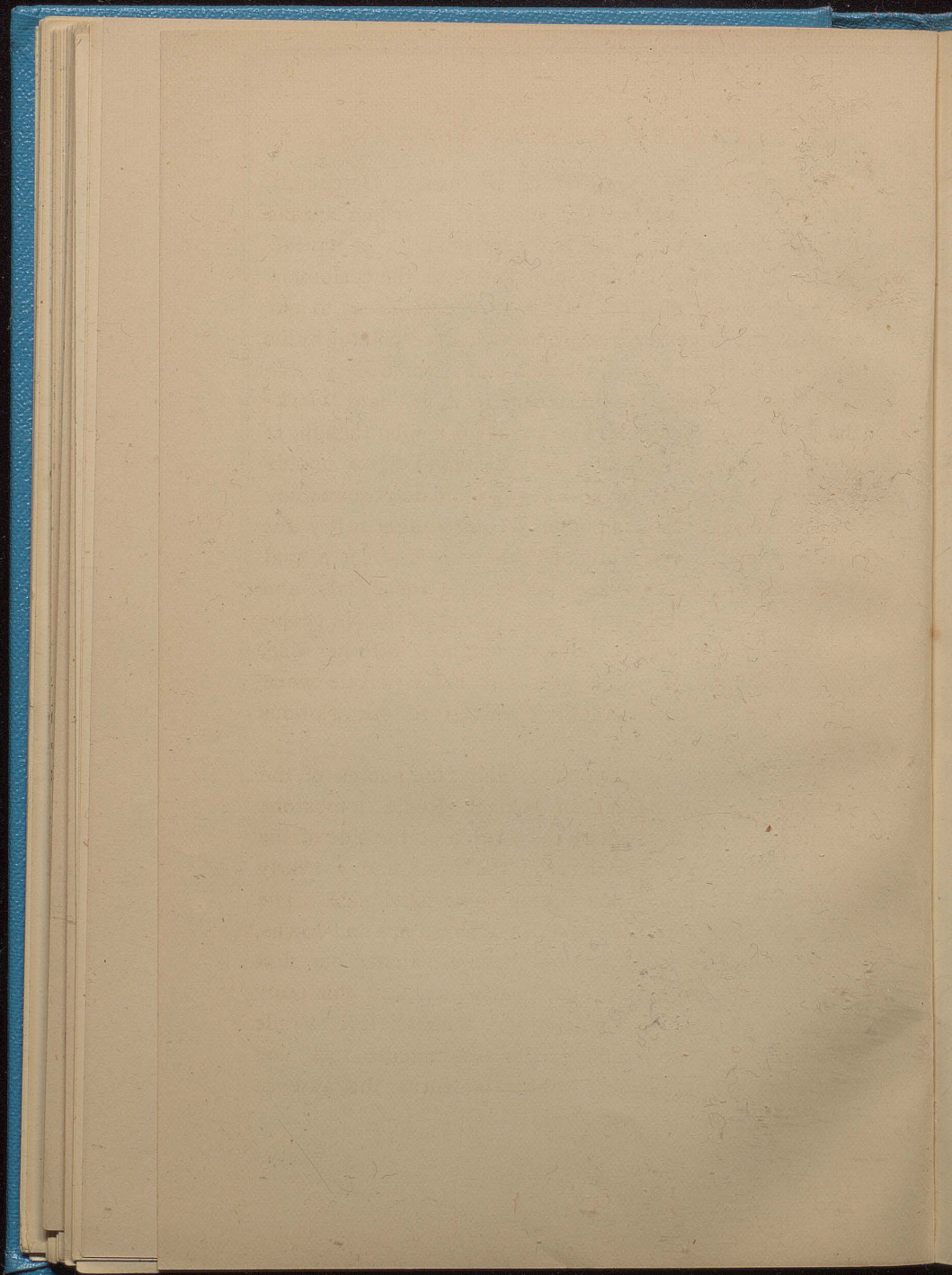
NYSTUEN - FJELLE FJELD.

BUYING SKINS.

"WE DON OUR MACKINTOSHES"

GROVE DEL.







Hard by the new Fagerli Hotel we meet a Dutchman, his wife and daughters, the youngest of whom speaks English fairly well. The old gentleman is a typical-looking Dutchman, fat and jolly, and with the customary huge pipe in his mouth. He is very curious as to our tandem, and expresses great wonder when we tell him, by his daughter's interpretation, where we have come from. He asks how we get up hills, and if it is hard work; thereupon we rashly offer him a seat for a mile, though, at the same time, we fervently hope he won't make up his mind to accept it—he scales approximately something like 18 stones. His daughter is quite eager to try the machine, and L. gallantly offers her his seat for a trial spin. She manages to keep her feet on the pedals, and we spin away out of sight—rather startling the old people L. tells me afterwards. She is delighted with her ride, and says the papa will have to buy her a tricycle when they return home. Another convert to our glorious sport!

Near Tune we halt to inspect and take photos of the church, and to inspect an ancient Runic tombstone leaning against the wall of the church at the side of the road, with twisted carvings on the front, and a nearly perfect Runic inscription on the right hand side. The road now gets very bad—a series of sharp ups and downs, very steep and loose, and we here experience our first shower since leaving Christiansand—truly, in this rainy country, we have had much to be thankful for. While the rain lasts we crouch under an immense rock and make up our note-book. Whilst lamenting the absence



of the necessary match, and gazing sadly at our cigarettes, an English voice awakes the echoes with the unromantic yell, "What the dickens are you doing over here on a tandem?" and emerging from our cave we find two Englishmen, attired in C.T.C. garb, but on board a carriage instead of the legitimate cycle. One of them carries a camera, and both express regret at not having brought machines, although they say we have terribly hilly roads in front of us over the Fille Fjeld. Here let me advise cyclists, when taking the road over the Fille Fjeld, to start from Christiania. The road *vice versa* is too much uphill to be pleasant. We borrow a supply of matches and exchange cards, then, as the rain has ceased and we are getting hungry, we push on for Skogstad, our next halting place.

We have a hard ride, the road being sticky after the shower. The station is some little way off the road, and we leave our machine in a quiet nook and walk over the rough bridge to the hotel. Here we find our French friends having dinner, and learned that they missed the boat at Randsfjord, and then, to make up time, posted on an extra station. We have an excellent meal here, consisting of stewed reindeer, beer, coffee, etc., for the moderate outlay of two kroner.

Skogstad station is a large, comfortable house, having sixteen rooms, and also boasts of a post-office. As is often the case, it is named after the proprietor, Ole K. Skogstad, who speaks English well and is very obliging. He gave us every information concerning the fishing and shooting in the neighbourhood, and is part owner of the



land round about his dwelling for many miles. We take his advice and ascend the Horentinden Peak, just opposite the station, which is 5,500 feet above the sea level, the ascent and descent taking us  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours to accomplish. The splendid panoramic view obtained of the Jotun Mountains is a rich compensation for any fatigue consequent on the climb. Bears make their appearance in this neighbourhood during the winter season, and the landlord showed us two beautiful large skins, the original owners of which had been recently dispossessed by a hunter in the mountains, who had brought them down to the station for sale. I should have much liked to purchase one, for the price was ridiculously low, but we could not see our way to carry any more luggage on our already heavily laden machine, so made arrangements to send for it on my return. We purchased two very large red foxskins, which we fastened along our handle-bar. They have since been properly mounted and transformed into handsome mats.

Leaving Skogstad the ascent of the Fille Fjeld commences, and we have a hard time of it, the road ascending 1,500 feet, and some of the hills fearfully steep, so much so that we had to divest ourselves of our coats and with our shoulders to the wheel push for all we were worth. At times it seemed equivalent to—well, trying a huge chimney-stack is a very fair comparison, and the loose, stony roads lent valuable assistance to make matters pleasant. Every few yards we would halt, block up the back wheels, and take turns in hanging on to the front to get a breather. Jupiter Pluvius, with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, was soon strongly in



evidence, and for the first time since we had been on the road we had to don our mackintoshes. Pretty-looking objects we appeared in them, too—no wonder the poor ponies were more scared than usual. The rain does not last long, and soon the sun is shining brightly. The camera is fetched out, and whilst I quietly plug away L. takes photos, and eventually finds I am nearly a mile ahead of him. It is my turn to be lazy now, so he takes the machine in hand and I take charge of the camera. We are gradually mounting to a great height, and the vegetation now becomes scanty, birch and willow being the only trees to be seen. Every now and again we pass patches of snow, and soon in places it is lying below us. Occasionally a large bird will start up close to the roadside, and a solitary magpie is to be seen at intervals, otherwise there are no signs of animal life.

Some distance before Nystuen (11 kilometres) we reach the plateau of the far-famed Fille Fjeld. An approaching carriage traveller, heavily laden with fishing implements, pulls up and accosts us in English, at the same time proudly unbuttoning his overcoat to show us he was attired in a C.T.C. suit. This was the third member of our big club we had encountered. We halt at Nystuen and have a meal of reindeer venison and salmon trout, but it is a somewhat bleak, dreary-looking place. Plenty of tame reindeer are to be seen at the station, and the walls of the hotel are covered with their horns and hides, interspersed with fox-skins.

Climbing a hill to the right of the station, and after scrambling for three-quarters of an hour, we are rewarded



by a glorious view of the Jotunheim Range, taking in Horungerne on the west to the Sletmarkh on the east, whilst to the south Suletind, 5,813 feet, an imposing mountain top, stands revealed in all its grandeur. Fortunately the weather was clear, and we had magnificent views of the distant glaciers, Galdhopiggen and Horungerne being plainly visible, the whole forming one of the grandest panoramas possible to witness.

By this time we were getting quite mountaineers, and L. had shaken off his lazy fit and enjoyed the climbing as much as I did—particularly when we hadn't a machine to push. His camera usually accompanied him on these excursions, and he exposed a large number of plates, but as to whether he actually secured any photos at such times I express no opinion—I haven't seen any yet.

Good fishing is to be had at Nystuen, and trout from two to three pounds in weight are frequently caught in the lake by the side of the station, which is the highest on the Fille Fjeld, and lies between two ranges of mountains on the west extremity of Utrovand, 3,300 feet above sea level. Fine examples of "perched block" may be observed on the edge of the ridges, which run parallel to the road and above it, carried here by ancient glaciers and left when subsidence took place. The old station was provided by the Government for the use of travellers, and three long wooden buildings were built parallel to the sides of the valley—otherwise they could not resist the fury of the winter storms. We could well imagine the picture the place would present at that time; and the stationmaster told us that travellers had been frequently



rescued from danger by the bravery of the inmates. The father of the present landlord has been presented with a silver medal for an act of heroism.

Leaving Nystuen we push up a long rough hill, and once at the top have a good new road across the plateau with plenty of downhill. Suddenly, at a bend in the road, we see something strange approaching, and for a long time we look and wonder, then, as it draws near, we find it is a real live cyclist on a "Facile," the first we have seen for many a day. He salutes us in a foreign tongue, so we pass by regretting we are unable to stop and fraternise. Another turn in the road and two others, mounted on ordinaries, ride past, also saluting us. By the look of their badges and uniforms, we take them to be German cyclists.

At Kirkesœterne the old road turns off to the left, and a stone pillar marks the division of the districts of Christiania and Bergen right at the summit level of the pass, 3,950 Norsk feet. We pass several Sœter hovels close by the roadside, and pull up to watch the peasants lazily gathering their cattle together and driving them into an apology for a shed. What fearfully lonely lives these people must live—in the winter their lot must be a hard one indeed.

The road now descends the side of a deep picturesque glen by the Leirdals Elv river. Birch plantations adorn the banks right and left, the road in many places being high up above the level of the torrent below. Nearing Maristuen we have a fearfully sharp hill to descend, and so steep and winding does it appear that we at once dismount, and even then it takes us all our time to hang



on to the machine to prevent its running adrift. The posting station is right at the bottom of the hill, but away a little to the right a new hotel has been erected, and was at the time of our visit nearly completed. In company with a goodly number of guests we were fixed up in the new hotel for sleeping accommodation, our meals being taken over the road, whither we had to pick our way along planks through thick mud. Maristuen is a good station, very cheap, and the situation of the new hotel most romantic, perched as it is in the midst of the mountains; but we had rather a cold time of it, and heavy clouds seemed to hang all around us. We make the acquaintance of a gentleman from Bergen, who speaks English well, and he affords us much valuable information, and tells us the new hotel in course of erection has been put up at a cost of £850, all the wood being brought from Bergen.

Maristuen is 2,635 feet up, and is the second Fjeldstue on the Fille Fjeld, having been originally founded as an hospice by the clergy in 1300. In spite of its height the air is said to be warmer than Nystuen, being influenced by the genial climate of the west coast, although we were cold enough. Both houses were full up, sleeping accommodation being found for 33 people, the largest number they have ever had. We were cordially invited to stay the next day to the housewarming, and albeit the opportunity of witnessing a Norwegian feast and dance was one not always to be had, we were reluctantly compelled to decline and make tracks for a warmer place.



## CHAPTER VII.

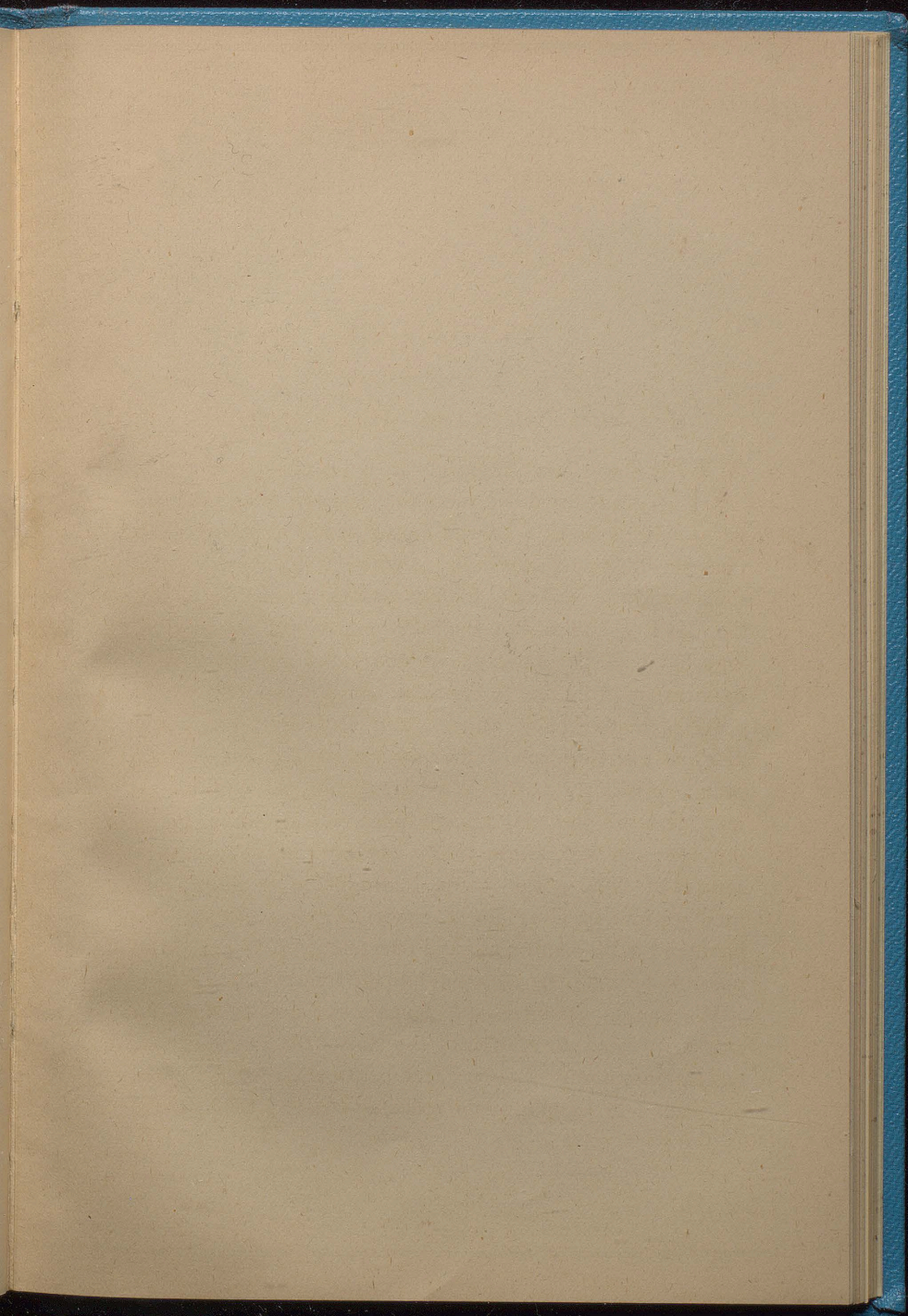
---

### HØEG—BORGUND CHURCH—HUSUM COSTUMES.

WE leave next morning at ten o'clock, and find a grand road—in fact, the best we have had, the surroundings being wild and grand in the extreme. We pass several small waterfalls, of which Bakkefossen is the finest, and the road now follows close to the banks of the Løerdal Elv, and one of the most superb valleys in Norway begins. In many places enormous masses of rock have fallen from the mountains above, and the whole scene is indescribably rugged and striking. We crawl along at a snail's pace, and every few minutes the camera is in requisition; but no photograph nor pen can in any way describe the magnificent pass we are now going through, and with bright sunny weather our happiness is complete. The gorge winds downhill for 17 kilos., and then we halt at Høeg for luncheon at one o'clock. We have had a lazy morning, and one of the most delightful possible to imagine. This is touring indeed!

We find a post-office and despatch letters at Høeg, an extremely romantic station by the side of the Løerdal river, which tears along some 200 feet below the road, bordered on each side by enormous rocks and precipices. There





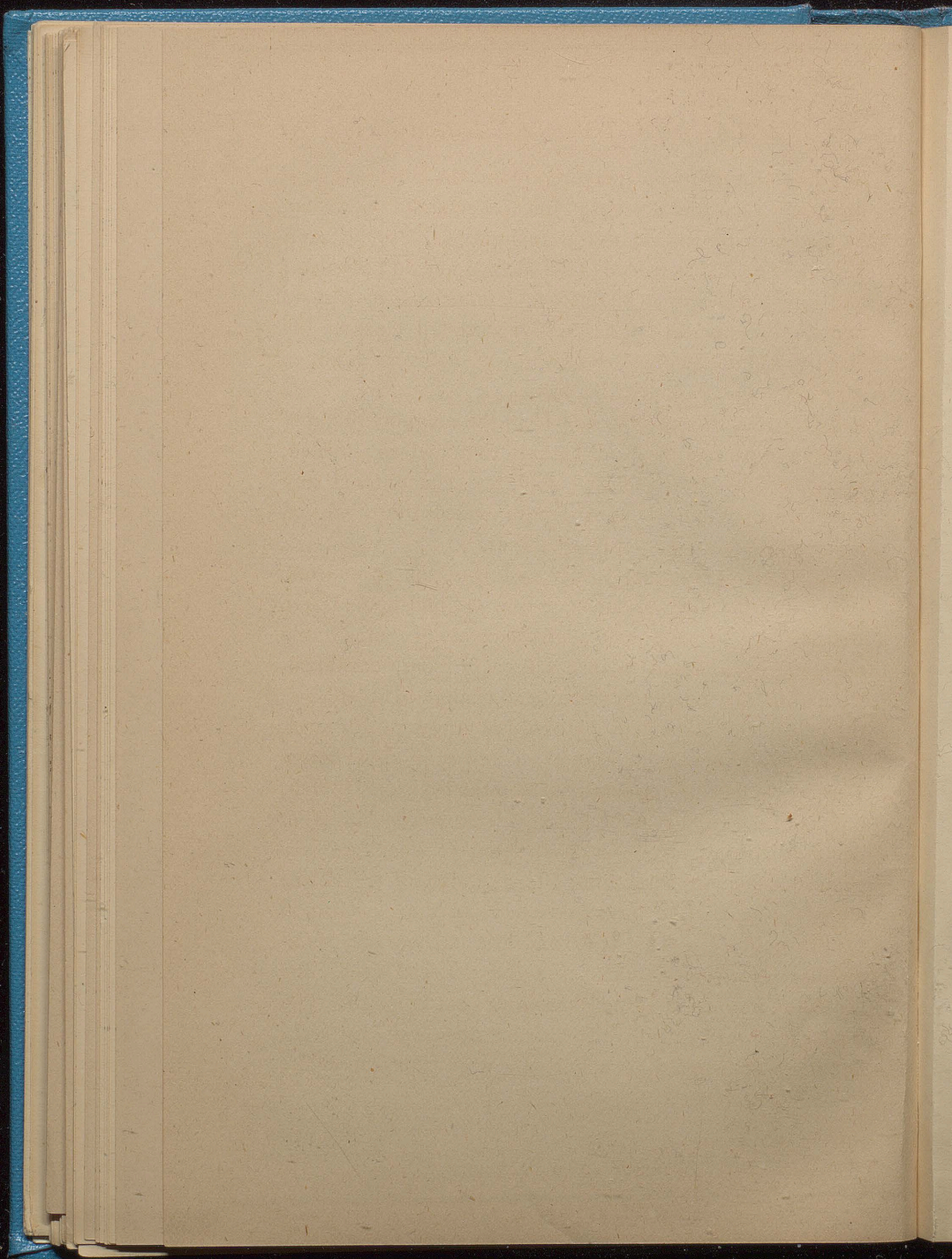




Moore  
DEL

BORGUND CHURCH







is a fine waterfall near the station, and the hotel is a good one, with very low charges. Several splendid views can be obtained by climbing the mountains close by, and Bringe may be ascended; but as a guide is necessary, and one not being available, we lounged about instead and went to inspect the Høeg Fos waterfall close to the station. Unfortunately, the river was not very high, so we did not see the fall at its best.

Good trout-fishing is to be had in the neighbourhood of Høeg, and we had the place entirely to ourselves; indeed, since leaving Maristuen we had not encountered any travellers. Luncheon consisted of boiled trout, stewed reindeer and omelets—only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  kroner.

To Husum (13 kilos.) the road was the same easy going, and the most picturesque ride we had had. Here we had one of the many slight showers we afterwards encountered, and had to take refuge in a dark cow-shed, which afforded L. an opportunity to change his plates, so the time was not wasted. The road now was nearly level, apparently of recent construction, and four kilos. before Husum we halt to inspect the celebrated Borgund Church, one of the two oldest buildings in Norway, the other being at Hitterdal. It is constructed of wood, in very grotesque fashion, something after the style of a Chinese pagoda, and said to have been built in the eleventh or twelfth century. The apse and the arches are semi-circular, Norwegian pine being the material used, and protected from the weather by a thick coat of pitch. The nave measures but 39ft., the circular apse 15ft. by 54ft., and a low covered way about 3ft. wide runs round the



exterior of the body of the church. The belfry is of recent date, and, as is often the case in Norway, stands some distance away. Service is now conducted in a new church erected close by, the old one being in the possession of the antiquarian society of Christiania. While L. is gone for the keys from an adjacent farmhouse, I stroll round and copy the Runic inscription on the west door:—

Thorir raist runar thissar thau Olau misso,  
Thittai kirkia a kirkiuvelli.

(Thorer wrote these lines on St. Olaf's fair,  
This church in the church-ground.)

The bell in the belfry bears the inscription, "Sanctus Laurentius," but is without date, as Reformation bells often are. Two English ladies now make their appearance on the scene, and one of them settles down comfortably to sketch the church, while, at their request, we draw up the tandem and pose for the fair artist to include us. L. is soon busy with the camera, and is successful in taking good pictures; in fact, he says they are the best photos he has secured during our little trip.

After spending a couple of hours pleasantly at Borgund, we have a grand run down through the magnificent ravine, passing a fine waterfall called Svartegelfos, the road descending in windings following the course of the river. At times the road is extremely narrow, and in places blasted out of the face of the perpendicular rocks—in one place so much so that the cleft in the rock is only just wide enough to permit a carriage to pass. I fear nervous old ladies would have a *mauvaise quart d'heure* travelling this part of the stage. The old road lies a little away on the other side of the river, and is frightfully hilly and dan-



gerous, many deplorable accidents having occurred at times. The Norwegians certainly take the palm for road making, and we had a great desire to come upon a road in course of construction. In many places the holes are visible in the rocks, showing where the blasting material has been drilled in.

Every now and again one spies a small hut away up on the mountain side, looking get-at-able only for goats and birds. How the farmers manage to travel in bad weather I cannot imagine. At one of the stations we were told that during the winter months, if anyone dies, the body has to be kept until the snow melts sufficiently to allow of its being brought down; and one can easily believe, after seeing the place, that the children have to be tied up when playing in front of the house, for a tumble would mean a sheer drop of perhaps a thousand feet. We were often puzzled as to the why and wherefore of what appeared to be telegraph wires stretching from the roadside away up the mountains into space, but eventually discovered they were used by the farmers to send the hay down. Wherever there is a patch of grass large enough to cut, they get at it somehow or other, bind it together, and slide it down the wires. The corn, too, when cut, is stuck on poles in sheaves, and as the sun works round the heads of the corn are turned to it.

Our journey now is over a grand downhill road until we pull up at Husum (13 kilos.), where we find a new station. The central point of the finest scenery of the valley, a fine waterfall of the Lœrdalselv (Holgruten), is



well worthy of inspection. The scenery is of such a character that in a very short space of time L. has exposed all his plates; then we order tea, and for the first time during our journey are treated to a thoroughly English one, consisting of white bread, butter, marmalade, and reindeer tongue, served by a waitress who speaks English well. During tea we were much amused at the preparations made to receive the Lœrdal coach, shortly due—everyone was rushing about helter-skelter, and a stout, elderly dame quietly took off her boots, and clambered on to the window-sill to touch up the windows a bit. L. told her she might have waited until we had finished tea, but as she could not understand him it didn't make a vast amount of difference. This hotel would make a splendid headquarters for an artist—the situation and scenery is simply indescribable.

Leaving here we notice a complete change in the costumes of the people; the women have fair hair, oval faces, soft grey eyes, and are rather pretty; the men were sturdy-looking specimens of humanity, oftentimes clad in skin breeches and gaily-coloured shirts, with quantities of shining buttons on the coat and vest. The women dress in a dark cloth bodice buttoning up to the throat, with long sleeves, a dark green petticoat, with plenty of buttons and silver ornaments. The married women wear white caps of singular form, the maidens their hair in the Norwegian snood, viz., braided with narrow bands of red worsted, and wound round the head.

Our road follows the bank of the river, and soon enters another grand ravine, which the old road avoided by cross-



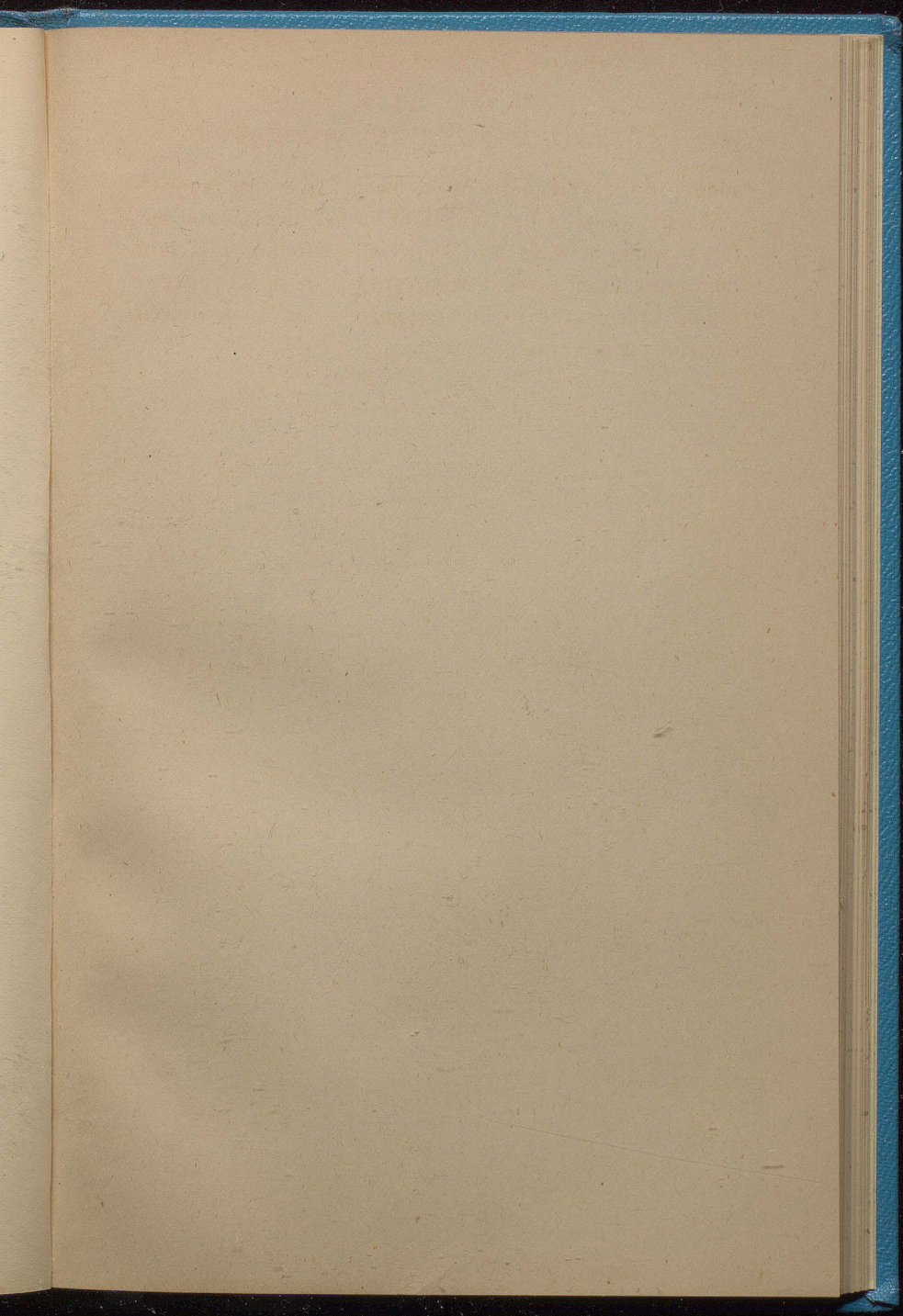
ing the dangerous Galder cliffs or steep slopes to the right. The surface is in splendid condition, and in many places skirts the overhanging rocks, at one point just below Husum utilising the old bed of the stream, part of a huge cauldron being blasted away to allow for the passage. The torrent now rushes along 100 feet below, and we pull up near here, undress, and selecting a huge cauldron, we enjoy a shower-bath, the spray and foam dashing over us in fine style. The road winds terribly, and a constant lookout has to be kept for carriages, the passage being so narrow that we had every now and again to drag the machine a little way up the cliff to allow room for conveyances to pass. L.'s stock of plates is soon exposed, and as he is anxious to secure all the photos he can of this rugged spot, adjourns under a huge rock to change his plates. Then, with camera in hand, we wander down the road, taking pretty views at every fresh turn, and quite forgetting our belongings. Later on we return for our machine, and then discover how far we have strayed away. We find a native, picturesquely clad, gazing with open mouth at the tandem, and whilst I try to explain matters to him L. secures his photo.

We now have a few spots of rain, so we at once embark and run at a good speed downhill, the pass opening out into a broad and fertile valley, to Blaaflaten (15 kilos.), another new station lying a little to the left of the road—truly, travellers in Norway will be well provided for in the future. Again we have the place entirely to ourselves, and revel in the solemn grandeur, a large waterfall at the back of the house, with its incessant roar,

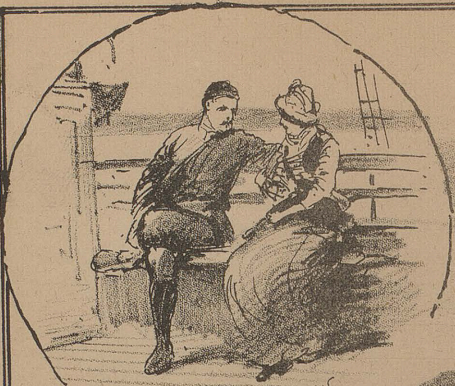


adding to the wild charm of the place. We order supper, and wait whilst a fish is caught for us, then saunter out for a walk between the showers. Finding the rain increasing, and roads getting sticky, we make up our minds to stay the night and push on to Lørdalsoren early in the morning (Sunday).









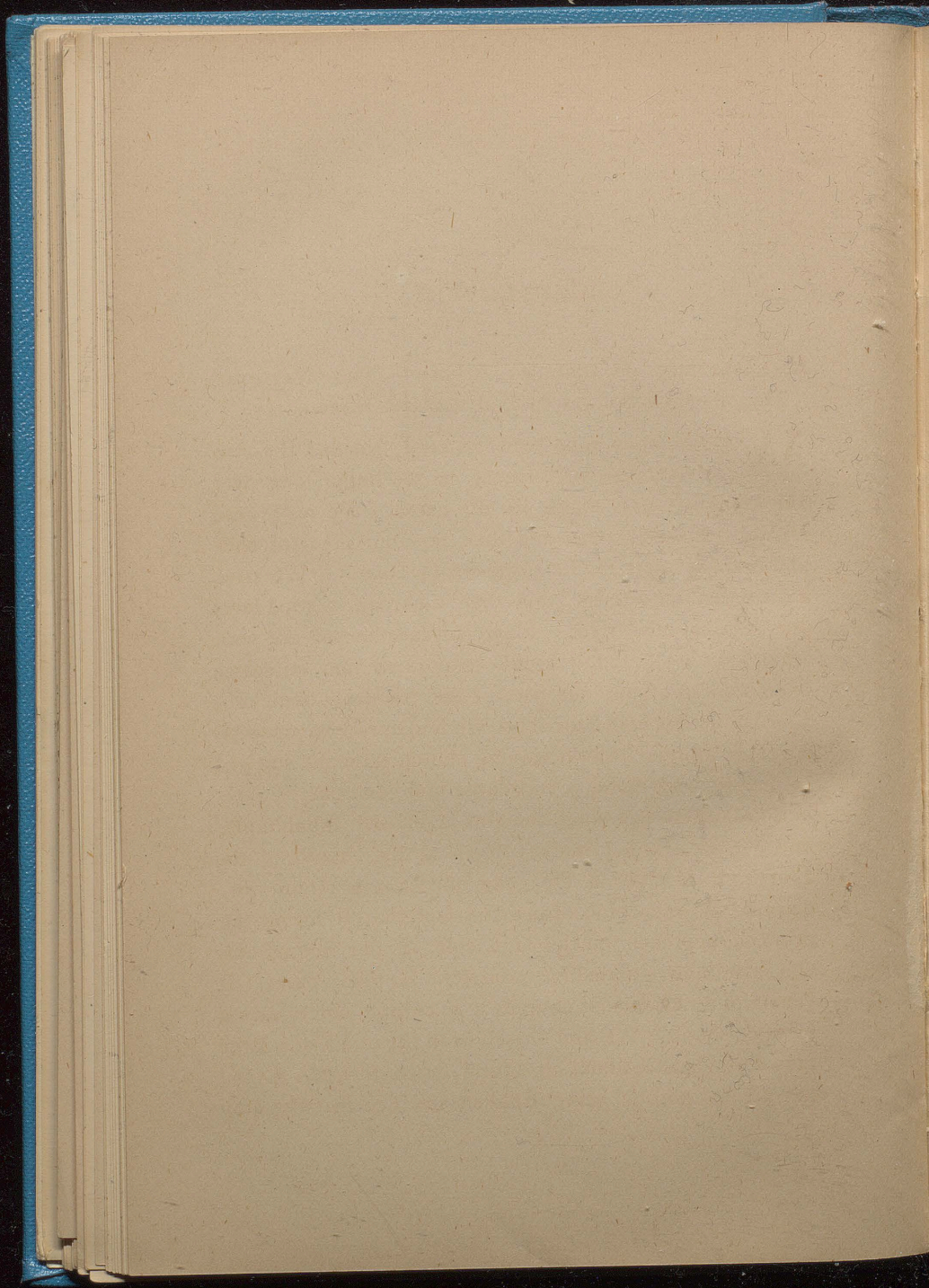
TAKING LESSONS IN NORWEGIAN



*M. Noval*  
DEL.

LOERDALSOREN.







## CHAPTER VIII.

---

LÆRDALSOREN — CARRIOLE RIDING — THE NATIONAL DANCE—THE SOGNEFJORD—LEARNING NORWEGIAN.

WE are up at nine ready to start, but find the rain descending in torrents, so we linger long over our breakfast and make up our notes. We wait until midday for a clearance, and then don our mackintoshes and make a start for Lœrdalsoren (11 kilos). We pass a waterfall on our left, and then the road, a good level one, crosses the river. Plenty of farmhouses are seen scattered about, and it seems strange to find ourselves once more in a populous part of the country. Reaching Lœrdal, as it is called for short, we find ourselves amongst a goodly number of folks leaving church, so make straight for Lindstroms Hotel, a very large and good one.

Lœrdalsoren is a small town of about 800 inhabitants, and lies on a broad marshy plain at the mouth of the Lœra. It is shut in by rocky and barren mountains, deriving its importance from the fact that it forms the principal approach, on the land side, of the Sognefjord, and is suitably situated for excursions for many parts. It boasts of a new timber church, a telegraph office, and a few fair shops. We find ourselves in the midst of a large crowd of visitors, about 80 sitting down to *table d'hôte*, the greater portion being English and Scotch, who stay



at Lœrdal for the day and then branch off to the different tourist routes in the vicinity. The posting road ends up here, and as it is raining heavily we decide to take the steamer and have a trip down the length of the Sognetjord. We have nearly six hours to spare, so, equipped in mackintoshes, we make up our minds to climb the top of the mountain over the landing place for the steamer, and see if we can get a sight of the Justedal Glaciers and the Lyster Fjord. Just as we are starting a young Scotchman invites us to join his party, who are driving a few miles out under the escort of a native to witness a Norwegian dance festival. We gladly assent, and shortly find ourselves amongst a party of five ladies and four gentlemen.

We try to look as if we were used to it when our carriages are brought up, and do not like to admit it is our first attempt at driving these vehicles. We get on all right though, but are quite convinced that the carriage is not in any way to be compared with a good cycle. After half an hour's driving in the pouring rain, we pull up at a romantic-looking farm, and are soon ushered into a large room, where our mackintoshes are quickly discarded, and we are fairly in for a good time. In no country has Terpsichore sturdier or more enthusiastic votaries than in Norway, and I fancy a few of the self-dubbed good dancers who imagine strolling through a twenty-waltz programme to be the summit of earthly bliss, and a display of abnormal skill and cleverness, would think very small beer of themselves upon witnessing the "light fantastic" movements of the tripping Norwegian



peasants. A very curious dance we witnessed I presume may be termed national—a circle being made in the first place, into which a youth and his fair partner glide and commence some rather extraordinary steps to unaccustomed eyes—a little Irish jig, small portion of college hornpipe, with just a dash of the ballet. The finale is a sort of backward high jump undertaken by the performer of the male persuasion, in which he is invariably successful in possessing himself of some article suspended from the roof or other elevated position, placed there, of course, for that especial purpose. If I entered for this dance, the slightest symptom of “off colour” would cause me great anxiety as to the burst at the finish. The music provided at these rustic gatherings is generally of the most primitive description, at times consisting simply of the natural organs of the spectators, who take the greatest interest in the proceedings, and encourage their younger and more agile brethren to “higher aims.”

After the dance we were treated to several Norwegian songs, and after spending a few enjoyable hours we sallied out, a merry party, into the pouring rain, and mounting our carriages, after a sharp ride soon drew up at our hotel. The tandem was unearthed from a shed at the back of the yard, and in the presence of a large crowd we ride slowly down to the steamboat and take up our quarters. We have a few hours to wait, as the boat does not start until 1.30 a.m., and still raining, so half a dozen of us turn in the smoking cabin. Our lines have now fallen in pleasant places, we having for companions two jovial Scotch tourists on a walking trip, a Welshman

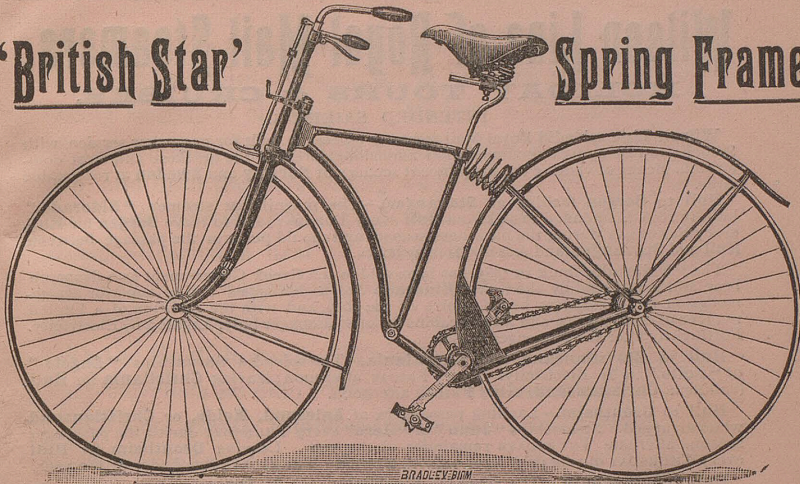


full of fish stories, and a Brighton gentleman of a very humorous turn of mind. At 3.30 a.m. we are up on deck, eager for the fine scenery which abounds here. It was somewhat cold, and all the available rugs are called into requisition to keep our party warm. The Sognefjord is the longest of all the Norwegian fjords, and is 120 English miles in length, and averages four miles in breadth; in places it is over 4,000 feet deep. The scenery is frequently grand in the extreme, the mountains at the sides at times rising upwards of 5,000 feet, with waterfalls dashing down every now and then.

We stop at many small stations, the villages generally nestling close to the waterside, and church in the centre. The præstegaard, or clergyman's house, is at the central church, which often has two or three *annexer* (small churches), each 18 or 20 miles from the principal one; the services are only held about every third Sunday at each. Almost every cluster of houses appears to possess a small church close at hand. The weather now clears, and by the aid of our friends' glasses we are enabled to obtain a brief view of the Jostedalbroe Glacier, said to be the largest in Europe. At Vik, which appears to be a military station, a large crowd (for Norway) greet the arrival of the steamer, and a party of officers, evidently of high degree, amidst much saluting, come on board. We are also invaded by a merry party of young ladies, who, we afterwards learn, have been assisting in a marriage ceremony. Time passes pleasantly. At Vadheim our friends leave us, and we are left alone with the officers and young ladies. Fortunately, one of the latter under-



# 'British Star' Spring Frame



**TESTIMONIALS.**  
ORIGINALS OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN AT THE WORKS.

"CYCLIST," May 16th, 1888.

"Elsham Hill, on the Brigg Road, is acknowledged to be a 'caution,' and truly it is; the first rider to successfully scale it is, I believe, Mr. W. W. Ridley, of Hull, who rode up it last week on a 'British Star' Safety, in the presence of several cyclists."

Hull, May 24th, 1888.

"In reply to yours of the 17th, the machine that Mr. W. W. Ridley rode up *Elsham Hill* was a 'British Star' Safety, the property of our Mr. Campbell. Mr. Ridley tried two or three other machines, and could not get half way up. He then got on the 'British Star' and rode up it easily. The hill, which has never before been ridden, and which was considered an impossible climb, is 1 mile 200 yards long, commencing with a gradual incline which gets steeper every yard till it reaches a gradient 1 of in 6. The worst part of the hill is just before the mile is completed; no one has ridden up it before or since. Mr. Ridley weighs 10 stones. P.S.—The hill is very rough indeed.

Yours &c., TAFFINDER & Co.

June 4th, 1888.

"Just a few lines to tell you how delighted I am with the 'British Star' Safety you supplied me with. I have now ridden it over 1,400 miles this year, so am able to speak from personal experience.

"Its wonderful hill-climbing powers are simply a revelation to me, and combined with its perfect comfort, due to the spring frame, render riding a real pleasure. It is the only machine fit for touring, while, as for speed and easy running powers, I have just ridden 9 miles in 37 minutes, and the other day I did 40 miles in 3 hours 10 minutes, including stoppages. These times on a 54lb. roadster speak for themselves.

"A great point in the construction of your machine is its simplicity, and, unlike other spring-framed safeties, its perfect rigidity. There is consequently no loss of power. As a rider of five years' experience, I consider the 'British Star' the best safety in the market, and feel sure that as it becomes known, you will do a very large trade in them."

**Guest & Barrow, Broad St., Birmingham.**



# Wilson Line of Royal Mail Steamers.

## HOLIDAY TOURS & CRUISES.

INTENDED SAILINGS.

**Wilson Line** splendid Royal Mail steamers (specially built for passenger service, with Saloons and Sleeping Accommodation amidships), present the quickest and most comfortable means of visiting the magnificent scenery of **Norway** and **Sweden** at reasonable fares.

**Hull to Bergen** (calling at **Stavanger**).—The magnificent steamer "**Eldorado**," built in 1886, is intended to sail from **Hull** every **TUESDAY**, and to leave **Bergen** for **Hull** every **SATURDAY** during the passenger season, and should perform the passage between **Hull** and **Stavanger** (and *vice versa*) in 27 hours.

The "**Eldorado**," built in 1885, has been sold to the Greek Government as a despatch boat, and is replaced by the new "**Eldorado**" of higher speed and of superior accommodation for passengers in the centre of the ship, and with the addition of a limited number of deck cabins, and also of cabins for one passenger only. Lighted by Electricity. Fortnightly after the passenger season.

**Hull to Christiansand and Christiania**.—The splendid Steamships "**Angelo**" or "**Rollo**," lit by Electricity. Every **FRIDAY** afternoon; leaving **Christiania** for **Hull** (calling at **Christiansand**) every **FRIDAY** afternoon.

**Hull to Drontheim**.—Landing passengers at **Aalesund**, **Molde**, or **Christiansund** when arranged. Steamships "**Juno**" or "**Hero**" every **THURSDAY** during the passenger season, alternate **THURSDAYS** remainder of the year. Leaving **Drontheim** for **Hull** every **THURSDAY** during passenger season, alternate **THURSDAYS** remainder of the year.

**Hull to Gothenburg**.—The route for **Stockholm** and **St. Petersburg** (by railway or canal). The Royal Mail Steamships "**Romeo**" or "**Orlando**," lit by Electricity every **SATURDAY** after arrival of the Mail Train from **London** at 4.32 a.m. Leaving **Gothenburg** for **Hull** every **FRIDAY** at 1 p.m. Steamships "**Argo**" or "**Malmo**" from **Hull** every **TUESDAY** midnight during the season, or as soon after as tide permits. Leaving **Gothenburg** for **Hull** every **TUESDAY** at 1 p.m. during the season.

**London to Christiania**.—Steamships "**Cameo**" or "**Albano**" from **Milwall Dock** every **THURSDAY** during the season. Leaving **Christiania** every **THURSDAY**.

**London to Christiansand**.—Steamship "**Cameo**" alternate **THURSDAYS**. Leaving **Christiansand** for **London** early intermediate **FRIDAYS**.

**N.B.**—**Yachting Cruises**.—Steamship "**Domino**" is intended to be despatched on cruises to the **North Cape** and **Norwegian Fjords** during **JUNE**, **JULY**, and **AUGUST**. Steamship "**Angelo**" is intended to be despatched on cruises to the **Mediterranean** in the **Autumn** and **Winter**. Special circulars respecting these cruises will be issued.

**Hull to Hamburg, and Hamburg to Hull**.—Every **TUESDAY**, **WEDNESDAY**, **FRIDAY**, and **SATURDAY**.

**Hull to Antwerp, and Antwerp to Hull**.—Every **WEDNESDAY** and **SATURDAY**.

**Hull to Boston and New York**.—Splendid passenger steamers weekly.

**London to New York**.—First class passenger steamers weekly.

**Hull to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg**.—First class passenger steamers weekly during the season.

**Wilson Line Steamers** are also regularly despatched from **Hull** to **Alexandria**, **Bombay**, **Constantinople**, **Odessa**, **Danzig**, **Stettin**, **Riga**, **Reval**, **Malmo**, **Copenhagen**, **Stockholm**, **Marseilles**, **Naples**, **Leghorn**, **Genoa**, **Palermo**, **Messina**, **Trieste**, **Venice**, **Fiume**, **Bari**, **Malta**, **Batoum**, **Berdiansk**, **Taganrog Roads**, **Jersey**, **Liverpool**, **Dunkirk** and **Ghent**.

From **Liverpool** to **Bergen**, **Christiania**, **Copenhagen**, **Stettin**, **Newfairwater**, **Danzig**, **Riga**, **Liban** and **St. Petersburg**.

From **London** to **Riga**, **Reval** and **St. Petersburg**.

From **Newcastle** to **Stettin**, **Danzig**, **Riga** and **New York**.

FOR PASSAGE AND FREIGHT APPLY TO

### THOMAS WILSON, SONS & Co., Owners, Hull.

**N.B.**—No charge for freight from **Hull** to **Norway** or **Sweden** is made on a bicycle accompanying a passenger, its owner.



stands English fairly well, and soon I miss L., afterwards to find him snugly ensconced at the stern of the boat taking lessons in Norwegian. He tells me he learnt more of the language during that voyage than the rest of the trip, and from the persevering way in which he studied I can quite believe him. Our club badges and C.T.C. shield attracted a deal of attention from the officer in command, and happening to sit facing him at dinner, he called the interpreter and asked us if we were connected with the English army. When he learnt we were only poor bicyclists he didn't take so much interest in us.

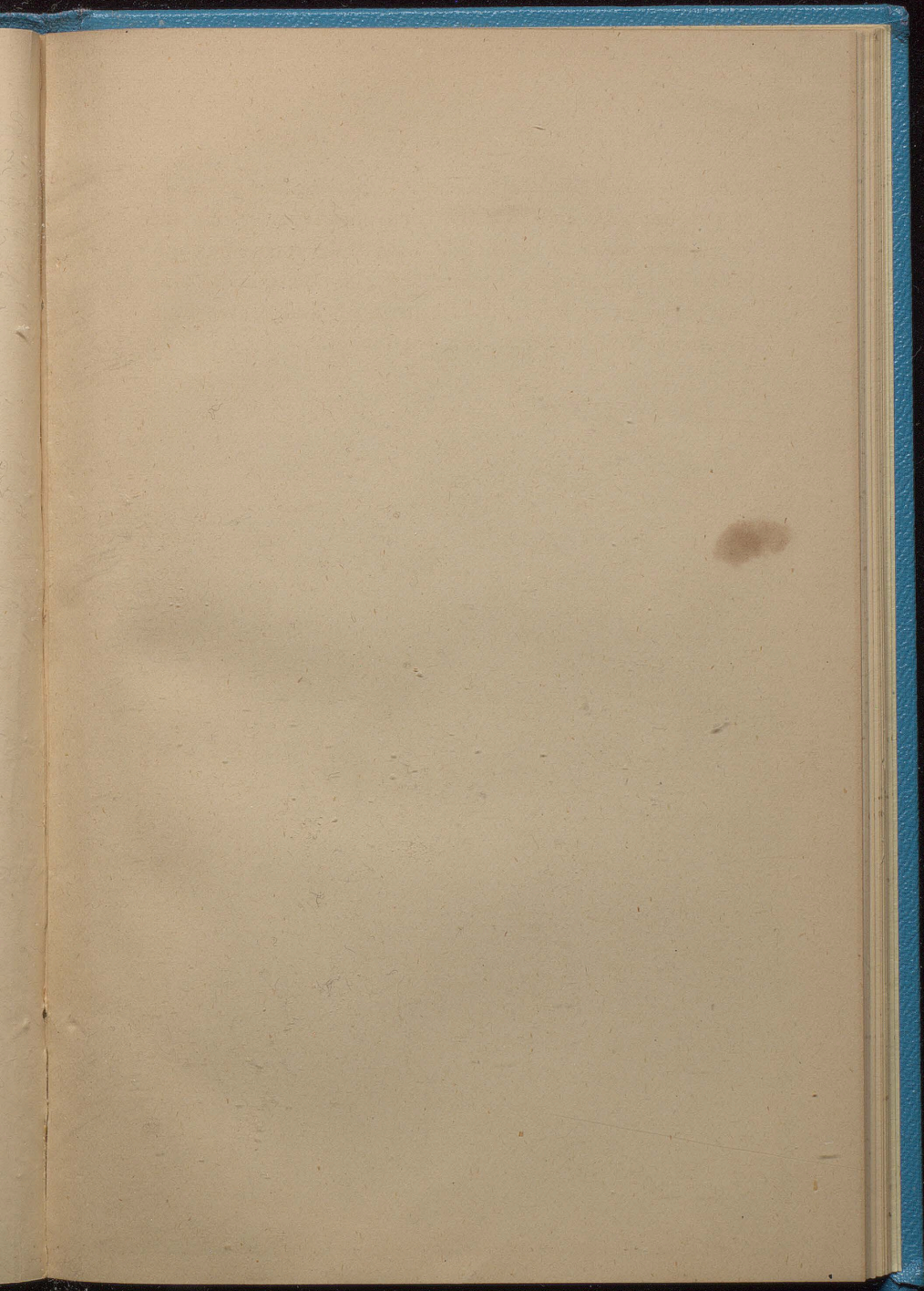
We were greatly interested in several salmon leaps, or traps, erected near some of the small stations. They take the form of a stage, and look like pile-driving preparations. A man sits in a perch box at the top, and watches for a salmon to enter the net laid round the buoys. Immediately the fish is underneath he is at once hauled up, and large quantities are taken in this manner. Nearing Bergen we pass a large number of Nordland *joegts*, or vessels, which bring the fish down from the Lofoden Isles.

It is midnight when we arrive at Bergen, having been on the Sognefjord for 21 hours. It is raining too, heavily, as it nearly always does in Bergen. We are speedily taken in hand by a very tall young man, who pushes our machine for us, and lands us comfortably at Smeby's Hotel, where our clothes are soon dried, and a hot supper put before us. Smeby's Hotel we can strongly recommend, for we soon find ourselves at home, Mr. Smeby (senior and junior) doing everything to make visitors comfortable, and speaking English fairly well. We

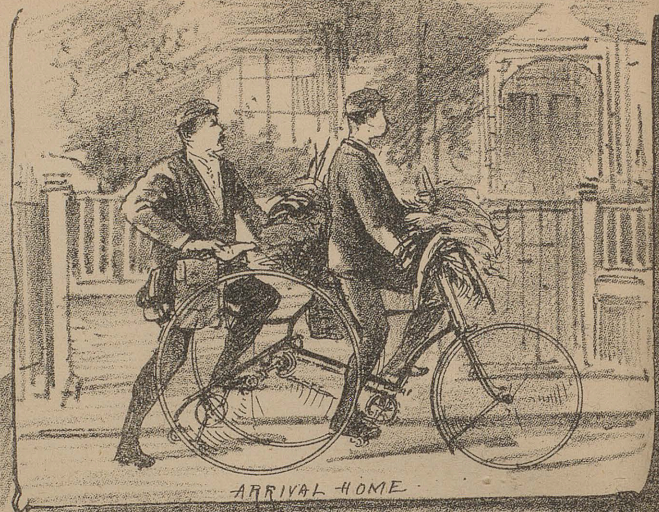


meet pleasant companions here, and like the place so much that we decide to make it our headquarters for the remaining week of our holiday, and take excursions out daily and thoroughly explore the neighbourhood. One can obtain every information as to roads and routes from Bennett's Tourist Office, No. 10, Torvet.









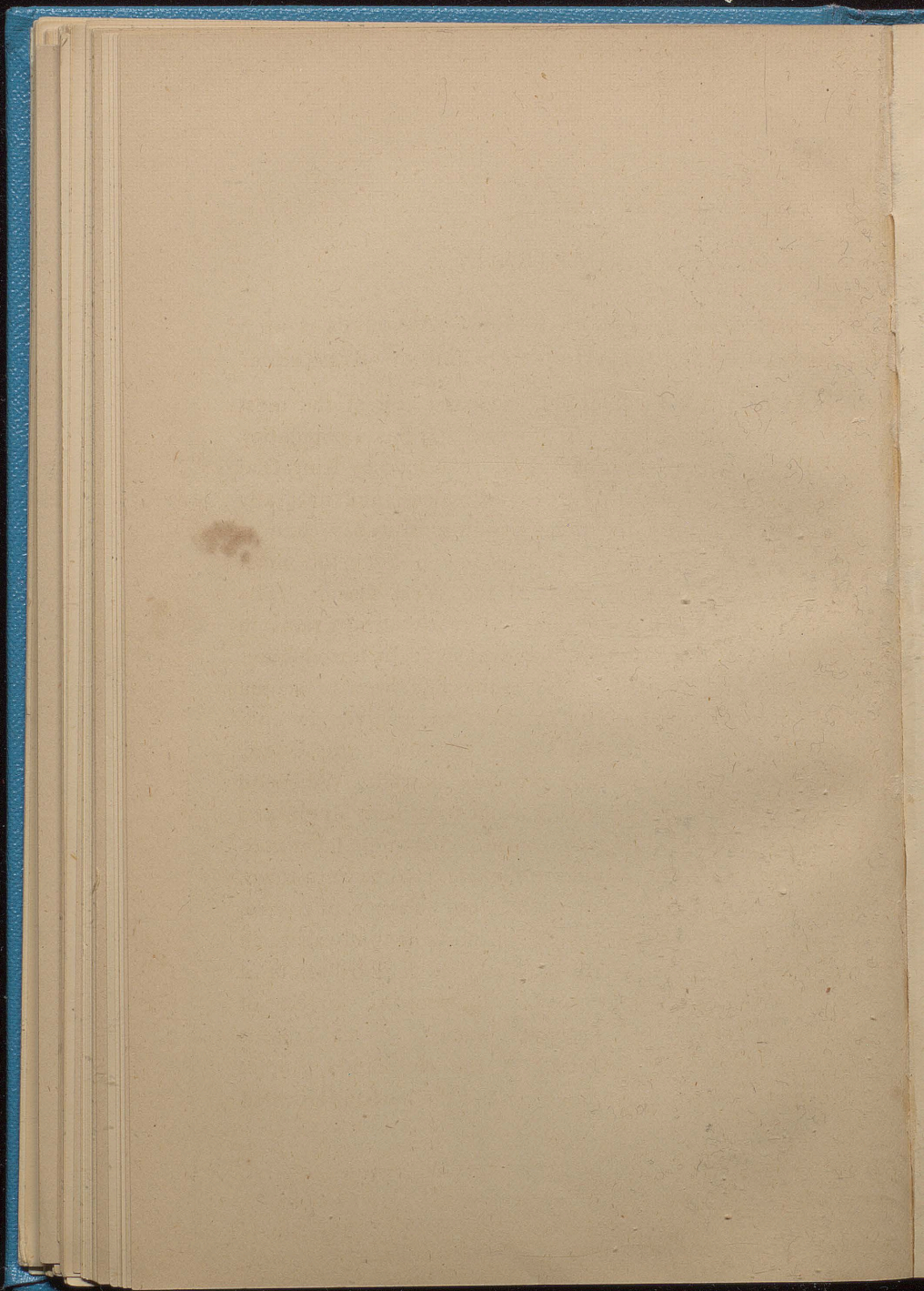
ARRIVAL HOME



Morse

BERGEN







## CHAPTER IX

---

BERGEN—THE FISH MARKET—RAIN—ADVENTURES OF A HONEYMOON COUPLE—HOMEWARD BOUND—STAVANGER.

**B**ERGEN is a quaint old place, and one of the most interesting towns in Norway. It has a population of 43,500, and was founded in the year 1070 by King Olaf Kyrre. It is wonderfully easy of access, and naturally adapted as a centre for trade, standing in a bay, and is completely land-locked. It has now become the most important commercial town of the West Coast. The principal drawback is the rain. It nearly always rains in Bergen, and tradition says that ever since the introduction of umbrellas every little Bergenite has been presented with one as soon as born; another one is given by god-fathers and godmothers at christening, and I guess they would form useful wedding presents as well. We spend many happy hours wandering about the quaint streets and quays. Bergen is the great centre of costume, and at market time, when the farmers or bönders come into town, many varieties of dress are to be seen. Fish is, of course, the chief trade, and Bergen alone exports annually as much as 8,000,000 kroner worth of stockfish, 20,000 barrels of codfish oil, and from 500,000 to 700,000 barrels of herrings. We were fortunate enough to be present during the second gathering of the Nordlands people, when the dried fish is brought in and the harbour crowded



with vessels. The fish-girls' costume is very picturesque, and consists usually of dark blue petticoat and jacket, a kind of Scotch bonnet well pulled over the head, white-edged cap coming down and showing all round, and roll upon roll of kerchief. They are, as a rule, of a robust and muscular type.

The most interesting time to see the fish market is on Wednesday and Saturday mornings from eight till ten. The Bergenus Fortress, which commands the entrance to the harbour, is well worthy of a visit, and we spent many lazy hours lounging about the cliffs close by, watching the yachts and steamers ever on the move. The fortress is very old, and was erected by Olaf Kyrre, part of the buildings being now used as a prison, and the remainder occupied by the Commandant, with some apartments reserved for the Royal Family when they visit Bergen. We visited, too, the St. Mariæ Kirke, or the German Church, a very ancient edifice, the Cathedral, Gallery of the Art Union, Public Library and Theatre. The Museum interested us, perhaps, more than anything else. It contains some good specimens of fish, and the skeleton of a whale over 80ft. long. Plenty of fish, bears, walrus, sea birds and Esquimaux curiosities are on view, and a pleasant and enjoyable afternoon can be spent in wandering about the many rooms. A fine view of the town is to be obtained by climbing up the winding roads to the Wind Vane at the top of the hill at the back of the town. The roads and paths are very steep, and if a cyclist fancies himself at hill-climbing he will find plenty of scope for his skill.



Of cycling we saw but little, and with the exception of a few riders careering round the roads skirting the pleasure gardens, we did not see half-a-dozen cycles all the time we were in the country. Happening by chance to enter into conversation with a gentleman at the Post Office one day, he told us Bergen boasted of a bicycle club, and that a track was then in course of construction a few miles out. The principal machines used are Rudge's, Singer's, and the Coventry Machinists' Co.'s, and all ordinary bicycles. They have no repairers, and our informant stated their principal difficulty was in having to send every little repair over to Coventry, thus putting them to great expense and loss of time. I feel sure a good cycle agent in Bergen would have a good time of it.

There is every opportunity for cycling in Bergen, and as a great number of English visitors make this town their headquarters for a time, the use of a cycle would enable them to visit the suburbs, and undertake many an interesting short journey. There are very fine shops to be seen here; those for the sale of tobacco and kindred accessories are quite as common as in Germany, the Norwegians being much addicted to the "soothing influence." Plenty of good fishing is to be had, and sportsmen who favour the gun can obtain full bags of various wild-fowl by a short visit to the islands on the west and north-west coast, but for the latter it is advisable to take a reliable coastman with you—this we found out to our cost. Although so much farther north, the average temperature of Bergen is thirteen degrees higher than that of Christiania.



One morning we were invited to witness a wedding, and as we had heard so many accounts of the customs attaching to Norwegian wedding ceremonies, we were anxious to avail ourselves of the opportunity. We drove, a small party of us, to a village a little beyond the outskirts of the town to a *bönder's* or farmer's house. The ceremony was a very picturesque one, and after it was over open house was the order of the day, and the neighbours and friends attended in large numbers. Our party was made quite at home, and, if anything, received more attention than the intimate friends of the bride. After a good feast and display of presents, of which nearly every guest brought one, dancing was the order of the day. The bridal crown worn by the bride is a very elaborate affair, and is so constructed that, by taking out a pin, it opens and falls to the ground. The climax is reached, and grand doings of the wedding ended, by the bride dancing the crown off. At this stage the music ceases, and the guests take their departure.

Many of the houses in the suburbs are handsome buildings, inhabited by the merchants and families not engaged in business. Politeness in Bergen is carried to a high pitch—not only is the head uncovered on meeting in the streets even the slightest acquaintance, but the same ceremony is observed if you pass a window in which friends happen to be seated. It is correct to do this each time you pass up and down the promenade. Again, in entering the humblest shop for the purpose of purchasing any small article, you remove your hat or cap and remain uncovered until you depart. Even the small boys in the streets take



off their caps to each other with a solemnity that would cause a smile in this country.

We visited the garrison, and were considerably amused at the artillery drill of the Norwegian soldiers. They appear fairly steady under arms, but when off duty do not strike one as possessing military bearing in any degree. By this time we had pretty well exhausted Bergen and its neighbourhood, so we fetched out our tandem and made a start for Vossevangen. We had been cautioned that the roads were not in good condition, and that since the railway had been opened the post roads had been somewhat neglected; but this seems to be the case generally, notably from Honefos to Randsfjord. Fortunately for cyclists, railways in Norway are few and far between.

Almost before we were clear of the town the rain came down in torrents, and we were soon drenched to the skin. We at once returned and, hurriedly changing our garments, made for the railway station, thinking it best to take train rather than miss seeing Vossevangen. The railway journey (108 kil.) is now open up to Vossevangen, and passes through a succession of grand and varied scenes. Nearly the whole way is hewn out of the solid rock, and in places the train runs along a ledge skirting the Sorfjord and Ostfjord, every now and then darting through a hole in the cliff, and then emerging amidst scenery of the wildest and most picturesque character. No less than fifty-five tunnels are passed along the route, and, as the rain was descending in torrents, we saw the rough, rugged mountain views at their best. The small mountain streams had now developed into rushing



torrents, and occasionally the water would pour on to the roof of the train with a noise that was deafening. The carriages are so constructed that one can move about, and, enveloped in our mackintoshes, we stood on the platform of the last car admiring the surrounding grandeur.

After four hours and twenty minutes' riding we reach Vossevangen, and make a rush for Fleischer's Hotel, beautifully situated by the side of the lake and just beyond the village, with an English-speaking proprietor. Here we find a large party of tourists waiting for the rain to clear before starting for the Stalheim Pass and Gudvangen. A young Scotch cyclist makes himself known to us, and proudly exhibits a new rifle he has been practising with. During a brief interval between the showers we accompany him round the lake, and he exhibits his skill by shooting a wild duck. The rain again comes on pitilessly, and we are consoled with the assurance that it is likely to last, everyone informing us that we have been particularly favoured in having so much fine weather for the early part of our tour.

About thirty visitors sit down to *table d'hôte*, and once again we are worried out of our lives by flies. This is the first time they have bothered us indoors, and whether it is that food is scarce at Fleischer's or not, the thousands of flies seemed determined to feast on the visitors. No signs of the rain leaving off, and as our time was now getting short, we paid a visit to the church, said to be 600 years old, but now greatly modernised and restored, and then caught the return train to Bergen. Cyclists



should arrange to spend a Sunday in Vossevangen, for it affords a grand opportunity of witnessing the peasants in their holiday attire, as they attend worship from a great distance round. The railway fare is 7 kroner 70 second-class, third-class 3 kroner 85; there is no first-class.

Returning to Smeby's Hotel we find a large party of fresh arrivals, and the hotel full up, several visitors having to go out to sleep. Mr. Smeby showed us the plans for a monster hotel he intended building during the winter, and I have since learned from him that it is complete. Always on the look out for curiosities, I am successful in procuring a very large walrus tusk, and at such a price that I am during the evening offered more than four times the amount I gave for it. It goes with my other curios along the handle-bar of the tandem, and although L. grumbles unmercifully at the extra weight I am burdening the tandem with, the machine carries us safely to the end.

Looking through the visitors' book at the hotel, I find the names of two members of the Facile B.C., and to show the number and nationality of the tourists, I was curious enough to extract the following :—From July 1st to October 1st, 1887, there were 559 English and Scotch, 119 Norwegians, nine Germans, seven Australians, four Danes, three Swedes, three Americans, three Dutch, two Russians, two Cuban. This shows that the English are, as usual, to the fore. After supper someone produced a bottle of whiskey, and a pleasant evening was spent in relating and listening to tales of adventure. The adventures, or misadventures, of a friend of one of the party



were so curious that I relate them as well as I can remember the facts.

Norway had been selected for honeymooning, and after a roughish passage over, the happy pair reached Stavanger. Here, after ascertaining the time allowed for stoppage, the husband went on shore, and somehow or other missing his way, arrived at the quay only in time to witness his wife waving her hands frantically to him in the distance as the boat quickly disappeared. The poor man was distracted, especially at finding he would have to wait nearly three days for a steamer to take him on to Bergen. In despair he hired a small sailing boat, and they followed in the wake of the steamer. Night coming on, the wind freshened, and the boat was cast upon one of the many islands, the crew narrowly escaping with their lives. Here was a dilemma for the poor unhappy man! All that night and part of the next day he was without food on the island, and then they managed to attract the attention of a passing boat and get a passage on to Bergen. How to find his wife was the next question, and after a long and exciting search in the various hotels she was at last discovered. Two days after they were happy in each other's company, forming part of a carriage party, when, in rounding a sharp turn, a heavy waggon laden with rock dashed right in their way, killing the horse and upsetting them. Some blasting operations were in progress, and the workmen, no doubt thinking the coast clear, had let the waggon go. This was not the end of the gentleman's adventures either, for returning to Bergen soon after, and walking



near the harbour one day, he saw a child fall over, instantly plunged in to the rescue, and succeeded in saving the child's life. A number of Norwegians who witnessed this scene were enthusiastic in the praise of the young Englishman, and escorted him in triumph to his hotel. Alas! he now discovered that his pocket-book, containing notes, and, in fact, all his money, was missing—lost in the water, no doubt. The spot was at once dragged, but all in vain. Although men searched for days, the missing book was not to be found. In despair he proceeded to the British consul, who at once helped him out of his difficulty. The final act of this little drama occurred on the last day, and just before his departure, when the news having spread, a deputation of the chief civil functionaries waited upon him at the hotel, and presented him with an illuminated address and a pocket-book with a large sum. All's well that ends well, and one can occasionally meet with adventures in Norway.

Next day we were up early, and after a last look at Bergen, took our departure from Smeby's Hotel with many regrets, and riding down to the quay at midday, our machine was soon stowed away on board the good ship *Eldorado*, and we were bound for home. At seven in the evening we stop at Stavanger and go on shore for an hour, an immense crowd gathering at the quay to witness the departure of the vessel, swarms of children offering strawberries and cherries for sale, and afterwards scrambling for coppers. After a pleasant passage, we reach Hull at three o'clock on Monday



morning, having been delayed some time by an accident to the engine. While waiting at the station for the early morning train we are greeted by the American team of cyclists, who are on their way to Bridlington. We reach Coventry once again at two o'clock on the August Bank Holiday, having calculated our return to the hour. Our machine is now so heavily laden that it takes us all our time to get it home—it has behaved well to us—nothing of any account going wrong, in spite of the heavy work and hard usage it has had.

In conclusion, I may say that the cyclist who selects Norway for his holiday tour will be amply repaid for his choice, for few countries possess the pleasing combination to be found in this delightful locality, namely—charming scenery, kindness and civility, good living, and an entire absence of that interesting class who look upon the tourist as their natural prey.

Land of the forest, the fell, and the fountain !

Blest with the wealth of the field and the flood !

Steady and trustful, the sons of thy mountain

Pay the glad price of thy rights with their blood.

Ocean hath bound thee !

Freedom hath found thee !

Then flourish, Old Norway ! thy flag be unfurled !

As free as the breezes and breakers around thee,

The pride of thy children, the front of the world.



## CHAPTER X.

### RESUMÉ.

The following particulars of each day's journey will give anyone so disposed the opportunity of following in our wheel-tracks :—

Christiansand (the first stopping place).—Boat stays about four hours. It is not advisable to take a cycle on shore ; the streets are paved, and roads in neighbourhood not at all good—very hilly.

Christiania.—Streets mostly paved, tramlines. First half-day's journey to Homledal (30 kilos.) Take main road out of town, passing Grand Hotel on left, straight away up to Palace, then turn to left, good macadam road to Sandvigen, long ascent, good sandy surface, then long run down to Homledal—good station.

### SECOND DAY.

Homledal to Honefos (27 kilos.) and Randsfjord. Leaving Homledal good road, generally rough in centre, but sides like racing path. Downhill to Sundvolden, over bridge, road very hilly, with sharp dips and steep ascents, rough surface, generally loose and sandy, through pine forest, mostly very loose and unrideable. Improves near Honefos, but advisable to take train from here to Randsfjord.



## THIRD DAY.

Randsfjord to Odnes by steamer (77 kilos.), then by road to Sveen (34 kilos.) Good level road to Tomlevolden (17 kilos.), sloping awkwardly at sides, necessitating care for tricycles; the centre of road is usually loose and cut up, sides in splendid condition. Sveen (17 kilos.), road uphill nearly all the way, but splendid surface, and rideable.

## FOURTH DAY.

Sveen to Oilo (75 kilos.) Sveen to Sanatorium (3 kilos.), steep uphill, good surface; still uphill for two kilos., then level for short distance, and grand run down to Frydenlund (18 kilos.), good surface, steep and somewhat winding—with good brakes a splendid coast. Good level road by lake side to Fagernes (13 kilos.) Ditto to Fosheim (15 kilos.), and to Loken (14 kilos.); one of the best roads I have ever travelled over. Oilo (15 kilos.), road fair first half, then heavy and loose; several sharp dips.

## FIFTH DAY.

Oilo to Maristuen (55 kilos.) Oilo to Grindaheim (10 kilos.), road fair, with several sharp dips, sandy in places, runs close to lake and in parts protected by artificial roofs to prevent landslips. Skogstad (17 kilos.), road bad, series of sharp ups and downs, very steep and loose. Station lies away to right off road. Nystuen (11 kilos.), road fearfully steep over the Fille Fjeld, plenty of hard pushing, quite unrideable in many places. Nystuen to Maristuen (17 kilos.), long ascent leaving first-named, then mostly downhill across the plateau; very steep hill to descend to Maristuen.



## SIXTH DAY.

Maristuen to Blaaflaten (45 kilos.) Splendid road to Høeg, best we had, nearly all downhill for 17 kilos. Høeg to Husum (13 kilos.), good road, level or downhill all the way, with grand run down to Husum. To Blaaflaten (15 kilos.), magnificent surface downhill nearly all the way, very winding.

## SEVENTH DAY.

Blaaflaten to Lørdalsoren (11 kilos.), road fair.

## EIGHTH DAY.

Lørdalsoren to Bergen by steamer down the Sogne Fjord. In Bergen the streets are mostly paved, the roads in the outskirts being fairly good.

Many other interesting tours can be made on cycle, viz., from Lillehammer, through Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal, to Veblungsnæs, and from Christiania, over Hankelifjeld to Odde in Hardanger.

The average cost to the cycling tourist, taking the highest estimate, may be set down at 7s. 6d. per day. Many times, notwithstanding strenuous efforts, we could not spend more than 5s. per day. The steamboat fares are—Hull to Christiania, returning from Bergen, £6 6s. first-class, £4 second-class; victualling, 6s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per day. I have cycled pretty considerably in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Holland and Belgium, and can safely say that, for comfort and cheapness, Norway is *par excellence* the place for a pleasant holiday. And not only so, the attractions are not merely material ones, but are also of a higher order. The invariable politeness of the people, the quaintness of their customs,



and the grandeur of the scenery, blend together as time goes on into those pleasurable recollections which are more lasting than the comforts of the moment. If holidays, to be really recreative, should furnish as much of contrast to everyday life as possible, this requirement is certainly present with those who choose Norway for their sojourn and determine to get away from many of the superficialities of modern civilisation.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

THE NEW  
**SAFE ORDINARY**

NOT AN ORDINARY SAFETY!

---

THE  
“**Achilles**” Bicycle

IS THE

“**ONLY SAFE ORDINARY BICYCLE FOR TOURISTS.**”

---

Uphill you are over your work.

Downhill you have 6in. of rake to front fork, and need not fear a header.

On rough roads the spring back fork takes off most of the vibration.

Try to get a ride on one, failing which see one; but do not fail to send for a prospectus before purchasing a new mount.

---

**ACHILLES BICYCLE CO.,**

86, NEW STREET,  
**BIRMINGHAM.**



## TOURING MACHINES.

254½ miles in 23hrs. 25min. in the North Road  
24 hours race on a

## 'GEARED FACILE.'

The "GEARED FACILE" is more comfortable and requires less power to drive than any other safety, and the "FARRINGDON" is the easiest running ordinary in the market.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

**ELLIS & Co., Limited,**  
17, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

## THE FIFTY MILES ROAD BICYCLE

Championship of Ireland, over the Six miles course in Phoenix Park, Sept. 1st, 1888,

### RECORD BROKEN,

TIME 3hs. 18min. 15sec., was won by Mr. H. Russel, on a

## EUREKA SAFETY LIGHT ROADSTER.

The One Mile Tricycle Championship of the N.C.U. (East Riding Centre),  
Sept. 5th., was won by Mr. J. J. Fowler, on a

## EUREKA TRICYCLE.

## BAYLISS, THOMAS & CO.,

Manufacturers of the Excelsior & Eureka Cycles,  
EXCELSIOR WORKS, COVENTRY.



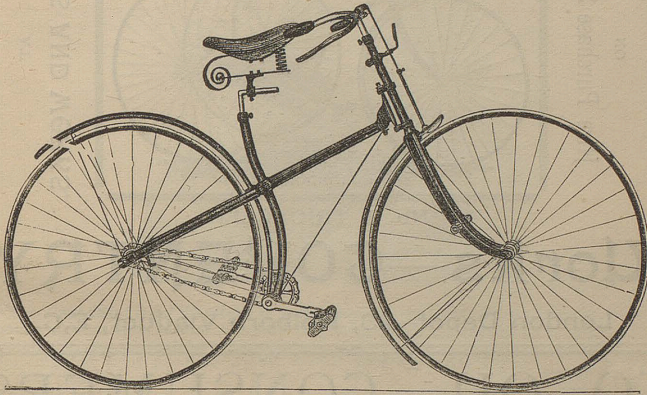
ADVERTISEMENTS.

# ↔ CYCLEDOM ↔

LARGEST SALE & EXCHANGE STORES, RIDING SCHOOL AND GYMNASIUM  
IN THE TRADE.

**54 & 55, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.**

CHIEF LONDON DEPOT for every class of Machine. Hours 9 a.m. till 9.30 p.m.



Cycledom Rear-driving Safety No. 1.

Cycledom No. 1 Rear-driving Safety, £12 12s.

Cycledom No. 2 Rear-driving Safety, £9 10s.

Our Speciality Rear-driving Safety, £7 10s.

## 500 NEW AND SECOND-HAND MACHINES IN STOCK,

COMPRISING

TANDEMS ... ..	from £10 0 0	KANGAROOS, &c... ..	from £4 10 0
SOCIABLES ... ..	" 5 0 0	FACILES, &c. ... ..	" 4 0 0
CRIPPERS ... ..	" 7 0 0	REAR-DRIVERS ... ..	" 5 10 0
HUMBERS ... ..	" 5 0 0	ROVERS, IVELS, PRE-	
FRONT-STEERERS	" 4 0 0	MIERS, &c. ... ..	" 9 0 0
REAR-STEERERS ..	" 3 0 0	BICYCLES ... ..	" 1 10 0

*Workmanship and material guaranteed.*

For fuller particulars, easy payments, testimonials, &c., see illustrated Price List, post free. Largest and most convenient Riding School in London. Open from 9 till 9. Riding safely and thoroughly taught on any class of machine. Intending purchasers are requested to call and view our immense stock. Every machine guaranteed. *Special terms to Shippers, Country Agents and others.* Prompt cash given for any class of machine, or liberal allowance for same in exchange. Repairs, Re-painting, &c., at trade prices.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

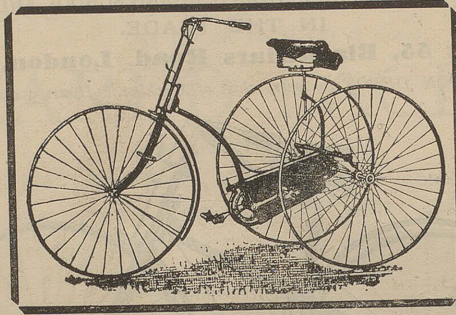
# RUDGE CYCLE CO., LIMITED.

---

MACHINES SUPPLIED

ON

Hire Purchase System



DEPOTS AND WORKS.

AT

PARTICULARS

No. 1 TRICYCLE.

## Works—COVENTRY.

London Depot—23, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

---

### TO OIL CONSUMERS.

---

### PURCHASE YOUR LUBRICANTS

AND ALL SPECIALITIES IN

## Oils & Greases

OF THE

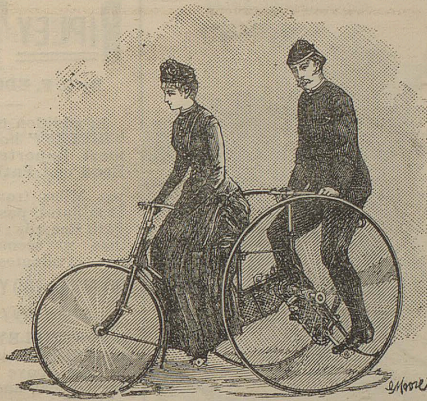
### SHIPPERS' AGENT,

### J. EDWIN SMITH, Gloucester Street, COVENTRY.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

# THE CENTAUR 'D.S.' TANDEM.



"The Centaur 'D.S.' Tandem is a remarkably safe and serviceable machine, and considering that the Centaur Co. were the inventors of convertible tandems, and have devoted enormous attention to this class of tricycles during the past six years, it is not surprising that their productions are looked upon as among the best of their class."—*Bicycling Times*.

"The 'D.S.' Tandem appears to be the most complete Convertible Tandem in the market, as the whole of the rear working parts can be detached en masse in less than thirty seconds, and that without removing a single nut or screw, so that in this almost immeasurable period of time it can be converted from a tandem to a single."—*The Athlete*.

"The Energetic' has invested in a 'Centaur' Tandem, and after some weeks' experience writes:—"I find this machine is the most suitable I have yet ridden for all-round "give-and-take" work. It is of the Gripper type, with large front wheel, strong frame, with four bearings to the main axle; it has bicycle steering for both riders, and can be ridden by two ladies—either, or both the riders can steer—all the details, nuts, bolts and screws are carefully worked out and finished; in fact, taken as a whole, the machine is as near my idea of perfection as it is possible for a good, strong roadster tandem to be. The name of the firm (one of the oldest in the trade) guarantees that the material and finish are of the best. The steering is wonderfully accurate and steady, and there is none of that liability to topple over when descending a steep hill rapidly; its hill-climbing powers are also good, so that, taking all in all, it comes very near my 'beau ideal' of a roadster tandem."—*Irish Cyclist*.

Sole Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers,

## THE CENTAUR CYCLE CO., COVENTRY.

Illustrated catalogues with full description of 20 different machines free upon application. Special terms to Agents and Shippers; liberal discount to foreign buyers.



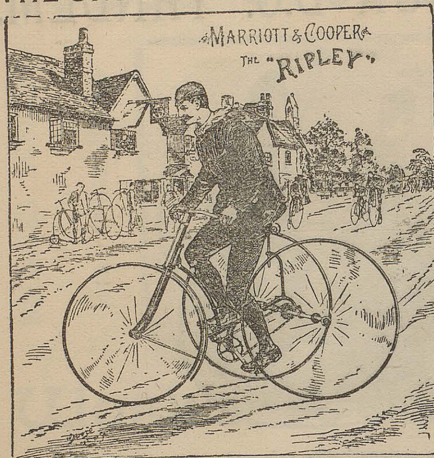
ADVERTISEMENTS.

The much-coveted and most Important Cycling Event of the Year, viz.,  
**THE ONE MILE N.C.U. TRICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP**

WAS WON ON THE

**RIPLEY TRICYCLE**

By S. F. EDGE, June 30th.



In addition to the above, the "RIPLEY" holds the following most important Records on Road and Path:—

100 Miles (road) in 7 hours 11 minutes, passed by the N.C.U. Path Records; 10 Miles, 29 minutes 10 seconds; 15 Miles, 44 minutes 17 seconds;

20 Miles 480 Yards in the Hour

(Officially timed N.C.U.)

The "RIPLEY" is the Lightest, most easy running (as exemplified by the above astounding performances), and the most suitable Tricycle for Lady's or Gentleman's use.

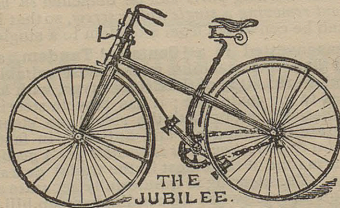
MARRIOTT & COOPER, The Humber, Ripley & Olympia Cycles, 9, Holborn Viaduct.

**EASY TERMS FROM 10/- per MONTH**

WITH IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF MACHINE.

NO. 1, £15.

„ 3, £11.



Victory, £10.

Juvenile, £6.

15 per cent. discount for Cash.

Over 1,000 Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties, and Tandems, both new and second-hand. Lists and Testimonials sent post free. Cheapest House for Repairs. Estimates free.

**BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING Co.**

45, EVERTON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

Riding Academy—LYTTON HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Steam Works—LYTTON & COBDEN STREETS, LIVERPOOL.

(All close to Hengler's Circus.)



ADVERTISEMENTS.

# J. A. RESTALL,

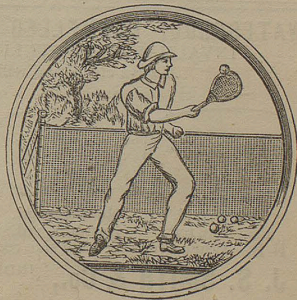
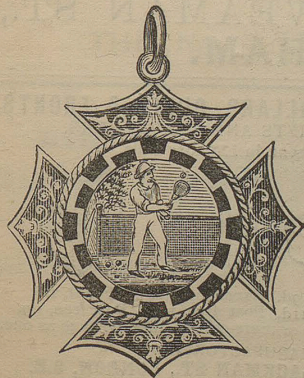
2, St. Martin's Place,  
Broad Street,  
BIRMINGHAM,  
Jeweller,  
Silversmith, and  
Medallist,

And Manufacturer of all  
kinds of Gold, Silver, and  
Electro-plated Goods, suit-  
able for all kinds of Athletic  
Sports, Presentation, Private  
Use, &c., &c.

200 Samples of specially-  
designed Medals for Football  
kept in Stock.

*Medallist to over 600 Clubs,  
Agricultural Societies, &c.*

Special Designs prepared  
for Cups, Medals, Shields,  
&c., &c., free of charge.





ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

**J. WARNER & SONS,**  
**Hewell Works, REDDITCH,**  
**ENGLAND,**

Manufacturers and



Patentees of

**HIGH-CLASS FISHING RODS, REELS, LINES,**  
**HOOKS, BAITS, FLIES AND TACKLE**

Of every description for all parts of the world.

*Specialties* :—**HOOKS and TACKLE** for **NORWAY and SWEDEN**

**WHOLESALE ONLY.**

J. W. & Sons' goods can be obtained through any firm of  
Merchants and Shippers.

---

***BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE FITTINGS***

(FOR THE TRADE)

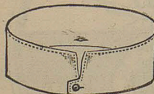
In any stage of finish. Special quotations to large buyers.

**W. A. LLOYD & CO.,**  
**CLYDE WORKS, WEAMAN ST.,**  
**BIRMINGHAM.**

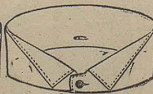
---

**WATERPROOF ENAMELLED LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & FRONTS.**  
INVALUABLE TO CYCLISTS, TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS.

Always clean, and will save 50 per cent. in Laundry Bills.



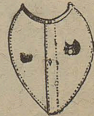
Arthur, 8d.  
Post free, 10d.



Hamilton, 9d.  
Post free, 11d.



Beresford, 9d. Excelsior, 1/6.  
Post free, 11d. Post free, 1/9.



Front, 1/6.  
Post free, 1/9.

**N. B.**—When ordering state size required. Two or more collars same postage as one.

**J. S. SMITH & Co.,**

INDIARUBBER MANUFACTURERS:

85, BLACKMAN ST., LONDON, S. E.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

# HILLMAN, HERBERT <sup>AND</sup> COOPER LIMITED, PREMIER WORKS, COVENTRY.

And at  
NUREMBERG, GERMANY.

LONDON—14, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.  
5, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.

The Largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World,

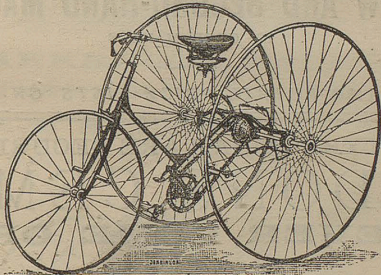
Will be glad to send their Catalogue post free to any intending purchaser on application.

## THE DIRECT-STEERING TRICYCLE.



**£24.**

FINISHED IN  
BLACK ENAMEL,  
PARTS PLATED.



**£24.**

BALLS TO ALL  
WHEELS AND  
CRANK AXLES.  
THE MOST  
SUCCESSFUL  
MACHINE OF THE  
SEASON.

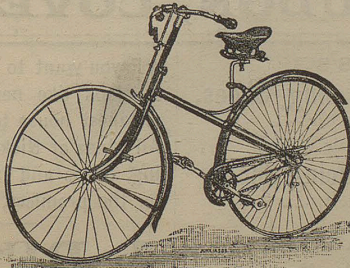


## THE No. 1 "PREMIER" SAFETY.



**£18.**

ENAMELLED IN  
BLACK,  
PARTS PLATED.



**£18.**

UNDOUBTEDLY  
THE BEST TOUR-  
ING MACHINE.





ADVERTISEMENTS.

**C.T.C. Repairers for Coventry and District**  
FOR ALL KINDS OF  
**BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.**

**Samuel Poeton & Co.,**  
**HALES STREET, COVENTRY.**


---

**HOSIER & CO.,**  
**MUCH PARK STREET, COVENTRY,**  
HAVE IN STOCK  
**200 NEW AND SECOND-HAND MACHINES**  
BY GOOD MAKERS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION

---

THE TYRES THAT ARE SECURED BY  
**LOUDON'S CEMENT**  
**NEVER COME OFF.**

 **SEE THAT YOURS ARE.**  
**W. LOUDON, COVENTRY.**

---

**DAVIS'S**  
**Non-slipping Cycling Shoes,**  
*Post free, 8/6.*

Send for a pair of his

**New-pattern Racing Shoes,**  
*Weight, 10 ozs.*

—o—  
**A. DAVIS,**  
Cycling & Running-shoe Manufacturer  
112, LITTLE PARK STREET, COVENTRY.

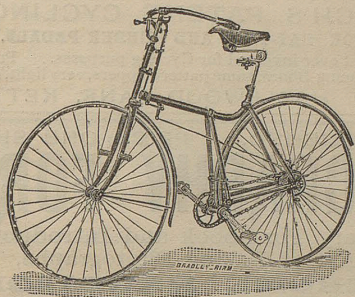
IF you want to make your Bicycle  
look like new, send it to the  
cheapest house to be Nickel-plated.  
All kinds of Nickel and Silver Plat-  
ing, Brass and Iron Polishing, done  
on the premises.

—\*—  
**J. DUTSON,**  
WEST ORCHARD, COVENTRY.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

The  
**SPARKBROOK CYCLES**

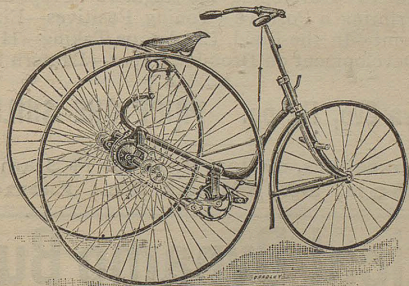


**THE SPARKBROOK SAFETY No. 1.**

Fitted with powerful Band Brake. PRICE £18.

**OUR No. 2 SAFETY (2nd GRADE).**

On the same lines with Spoon Brake. PRICE £15.



**The Sparkbrook Direct-steering Tri-  
cycle No. 1 (with Patent Axle)**

Is built specially strong to suit rough roads. Size 36in. or 40in. driving wheels, as desired. PRICE £24.

**DIRECT-STEERING TRICYCLE No. 2.**

On the same lines. 40in. wheels. PRICE £18.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

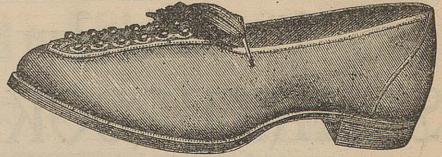
**TESTIMONIAL.**—Dear Sir,—  
The Shoes you sent me for cycling are excellent; they are well made and most comfortable, as well as being very cheap. I recommended several of my friends to try them, which they did, and speak most highly of them.

Yours truly, DAN ALBONE.

**T. CLOUGH'S PATENT CYCLING SHOE  
FOR RAT-TRAP AND RUBBER PEDALS.**

The coolest and best ever invented for Cycling purposes. Price 10/6 post free.  
No. 2, 9/6 post free. Racing Shoes, same pattern uppers, very light, 7/9, any size, post free.

Address—9, HAZLEWOOD LANE, KETTERING.



JUST PUBLISHED. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

# PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL:

An Elementary Text-book and Introduction to the  
Art of Taking Photographs,

**By W. JEROME HARRISON, F.G.S.,**

*Author of "A History of Photography," and European Editor of  
"Anthony's International Annual."*

It is believed that this work, written from the most modern standpoint, and embodying the very latest processes and improvements, will be found to be without exception the **best** first book that the intending photographer can procure. Contents: Introduction—Choice of Apparatus—Taking a Negative—Developing the Negative—Preparing the Negative for Printing—Printing a Positive—Toning Positives—Fixing Positives—The Finished Print—In the Field, Landscape Taking—Home Portraiture—Printing by Development on Bromide Paper—Lantern Slide Making.

Crown 8vo, 112 pp. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Of all Booksellers, or Post Free for 14 Stamps from  
**Iliffe & Son, 98, Fleet St., London, E.C.**

# Practical Dynamo Building

FOR AMATEURS.

HOW TO CALCULATE THE WINDING OF ALL SIZES.

By FREDERICK WALKER, M.E.

CROWN 8vo, CLOTH, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRICE 2s.; POST FREE, 2s. 1½d.

LONDON: ILIFFE & SON, 98, FLEET STREET.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ILIFFE & SON'S LIST of PUBLICATIONS**

s. d.

<b>The Photographers' Indispensable Handbook.</b> —Compiled by Walter D. Welford. Edited by Henry Sturmey. Every possible variety of apparatus and photographic requisite is illustrated and described. Demy 8vo. 422 pages (postage 4½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	2	6
<b>The Bicyclists' Indispensable Handbook.</b> —Sixth Edition. 18th thousand.—By Henry Sturmey. Profusely illustrated. Demy 8vo. (postage 4½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	2	6
<b>W. G. GRACE.</b> —A Biography by W. Methven Brownlee, with a <b>Treatise on Cricket</b> contributed by W. G. Grace. A life-like portrait of the great cricketer (with an autograph letter.) Crown 8vo. (postage 2d.) (cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Common Sense about Food and Physic.</b> A popular practical Manual. By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Training for Amateur Athletes.</b> —By H. L. Cortis, M.D. 10th thousand. Crown 8vo. (postage 1d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>The Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Cycling.</b> —By "Faed." Profusely illustrated. Interesting to everyone, whether riders or not (postage 2d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Practical Dynamo Building for Amateurs.</b> —By F. Walker, M.E. How to calculate the Winding of all Sizes. Illustrated. Bound cloth (postage 1½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	2	0
<b>How to Win at Nap (The Secret Out).</b> —Third Edition. No player should be without this book (postage 1½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Health upon Wheels; or, Cycling as a Means of Preserving and Restoring the Vital Powers.</b> —By W. Gordon Stables, M.D. Crown 8vo., 125 pages (postage 2d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>The Road Directory and Guide to the County of Nottingham.</b> —By W. H. Heath. 18mo. (postage 1d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Complete Guide to Bicycling; or, How to Become a Bicyclist.</b> —By Henry Sturmey. Crown 8vo. (postage 1½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>The Rights and Liabilities of Cyclists.</b> —By John A. Williamson Solicitor. Crown 8vo. (postage 1d.)	...	...	...	...	...	0	6
<b>Nauticus in Scotland: A Tricycle Tour of 2,500 Miles.</b> —Third Edition. Illustrated. Demy 8vo., cloth gilt (postage 3d.) (Paper Cover 2s.)	...	...	...	...	...	4	6
<b>Two Trips to the Emerald Isle.</b> —By "Faed." Illustrated. Very good reading. Foolscap 4to. (postage 1½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Rota Vitæ.</b> The Cyclist's Guide to Health and Rational Enjoyment.—By W. Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N. (postage 2d.)	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
<b>Tricycling for Ladies.</b> —By Miss F. J. Erskine. Second Edition. Every lady should read this book. Crown 8vo. (postage 1d.)	...	...	...	...	...	0	6
<b>Phillips's Abridgments of Cycling Patents.</b> —From 1818 to end of 1883 (cloth, 3s. 6d.)	...	...	...	...	...	2	0
Ditto ditto for 1884, cloth	...	...	...	...	...	10	6

**Periodicals.**

<b>THE CYCLIST and Bicycling and Tricycling Trades' Review.</b> —Edited by Henry Sturmey. Every Wednesday (postage ½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	0	1
<b>BICYCLING NEWS and the Tricycling Gazette.</b> (The Cyclists' Illustrated Paper.)—Edited by G. Lacy Hillier. Every Saturday (postage ½d.)	...	...	...	...	...	0	1
<b>THE MAGAZINE OF SPORT.</b> —An Illustrated Record and Review. Vol. commenced June. Each number contains a Photograph and Biography of a celebrity of the day. Monthly (postage 1½d.) Price	...	...	...	...	...	0	6

LONDON: ILIFFE & SON, 98, FLEET STREET, E.C.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW READY. SECOND EDITION.

## Common Sense about Food & Physic

By Dr. GORDON STABLES, M.D.

CONTENTS.—The Physiology of Digestion—A Darger's Dinner—The Constituents of Food—Why is Food required?—What Food can do—Common Sense about Eating—Abstinence *versus* Over-eating—What to Eat for Health and Strength—Common Sense about Vegetarianism—A Word about Tea, Coffee, Cocoa and Stimulants—Food for Invalids, Infants and Old People—On Artificial Digestion—Common Sense about Medicine.

"It seems to us to be a compendium of valuable information and judicious counsel; and, furthermore, is composed in a style precisely calculated to command popular attention."—CHELTENHAM EXAMINER.

Crown 8vo. 105 Pages. Price One Shilling. Post free, 14 stamps.

ILIFFE & SON, 98, Fleet Street, LONDON.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE

## Science & Practice of Photography.

BY PROF. H. CHAPMAN JONES.

"A capital Handbook."—*Photographic News*.

"One of the most comprehensive treatises on photography that we have had occasion to notice for some time."—*British Journal of Photography*.

Crown 8vo, 300 pages, with numerous Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d. in Cloth, and 2s. 6d. in Paper Covers Postage 4½d.

*An eight-page Prospectus, with complete Contents and four-page Index, will be sent post free on application to*

ILIFFE & SON, 98, Fleet Street, London.

SCOTLAND FOR TOURISTS.

## "NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND."

TWO SHILLINGS. CHEAP EDITION.

Although giving valuable details as to condition of roads, capabilities of hotels, equipment, makeshifts, &c., yet there was so much of interest encountered, and the record is so pleasantly written, that it is in every sense a readable book. All Tourists, whether in Scotland or not, should accompany "Nauticus" in his trip, as they will find much in the descriptions of persons met, difficulties overcome, and places visited to materially increase the pleasure and comfort of their own future journeys. The taking illustrations and map of route complete a very cheap 2s. volume.

31 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 200 Pages. Price 2/-; by post, 2/3.

ILIFFE & SON, 98, FLEET ST., LONDON.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

TO ENSURE A WINTER TRADE

ADVERTISE IN

# Le Monde Sportif

A successful all-round Sporting Paper,

THE ONLY RELIABLE PAPER FOR  
THE FRENCH CYCLISTS,

Mr. L. SUBERBIE, founder of the *Veloceman*, being the Cycling Editor.

---

SALE AND EXCHANGE COLUMN

For Cycles, Horses, Dogs, Guns, Boats, Canoes, etc., with the

DEPOSIT SYSTEM.

---

**SAMPLE COPY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.**

---

PARIS. 52, Rue de Provence. PARIS



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

 AH! AH! 

IT IS A CHATTY PAPER, and  
SO INTERESTING.

# Portraits and Chats

WITH

PROMINENT CYCLISTS

APPEAR IN THE

# ATHLETIC JOURNAL

1D. EVERY TUESDAY, 1D.

---

43A, MARKET STREET,  
MANCHESTER.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

EVERY ATHLETE AND CYCLIST  
SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO

**SPORT AND PLAY**

WHICH CONTAINS THE BEST NEWS ON  
**ATHLETICS,**  
**CYCLING,**  
**CRICKET,**  
**FOOTBALL, &c.**

---

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.  
PRICE ONE PENNY.

---

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO DIRECT SUBSCRIBERS

**Over £100 worth of Prizes**

Have been presented to Annual Subscribers during the past two years.

---

SUBSCRIPTION, 6/6 PER ANNUM.

POST FREE.

---

Office :—151, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

—THE—  
**Irish Cyclist** ◉ ◉

---

◉ ◉ ◉ **1888 Tour.**

---

A CHARMING ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF

A CAMPING-OUT TOUR ROUND THE NORTH COAST  
OF IRELAND.

*A Moving Camp. Extraordinary experiences on a  
Singer Ten-in-hand. First instance of Cycling  
Tourists camping out.*

— FULL PARTICULARS OF HOW IT WAS DONE. —

---

The most interesting brochure ever published.

---

POST FREE SEVENPENCE.

**'Irish Cyclist' Office,**

**49, MIDDLE ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.**



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

—THE—

# MAGAZINE OF SPORT

An Illustrated Record & Review.

---

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS THE

PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHY

OF A

CELEBRITY OF THE DAY,

TOGETHER WITH

INTERESTING ARTICLES

By the Highest Authorities on Sporting matters; as well as a Complete Record of the Principal Events of the Month.

"It ought to have a warm welcome at the hands of all sportsmen."  
—*Surrey Advertiser*.

---


Price 6d. Monthly. Post free, 7½d.

\* \* \* SEND FOR A SPECIMEN COPY.

---

ILIFFE & SON, 98, Fleet Street, E.C.



 **Most Extraordinary Penny Paper**  
IN THE WORLD.

Answers to \* \*  
\* Correspondents.

EVERY WEDNESDAY. EVERYWHERE. SPECIMEN 1½d. STAMP.

—♦—  
“**OUTING.**”

Monthly Illustrated Magazine of  
Sport and Travel.

SPECIMEN 1s. 2d.

—♦—  
“**RECREATION.**”

Monthly Illustrated Magazine of  
Sport and Travel.

2d. SPECIMEN 3d.

—♦—  
**GARR & Co., 26, Paternoster Sq., E.C.**



ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCOTLAND'S ONLY WHEEL PAPER—

# THE SCOTTISH CYCLIST,

EDITED BY

J. R. NISBET ("Æolus"), GLASGOW

AND

D. F. BREMNER ("Steerman"), EDINBURGH.

**Bright! Chatty! Newsy! Practical!**

It has received the highest encomiums, and is  
**THE PAPER FOR THE NOVICE!**

**THE PAPER FOR THE CLUBMAN!**

**THE PAPER FOR THE UNATTACHED RIDER!**

Contains something for all, and has not a yawn in it.

*Buy a copy and judge for yourself.*

**One Penny. Every Wednesday.**

PUBLISHING OFFICES :

25, JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW,

AND

4, W. REGISTER STREET, EDINBURGH.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

MASON & PAYNE,  
Publishers and Retailers  
OF  
**CYCLING MAPS *and* BOOKS**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

---

THE LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON.

A very Large Assortment of Ellerbeck's Views  
of Norwegian Scenery, at lowest cash prices.

---

**41, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.**

---

Before Ordering your Mounts for 1889

SEE THE MACHINES OF THE

**NEWCASTLE MACHINISTS' CO.,**  
AND ESPECIALLY THE  
LIMITED.

**Newcastle Safety Bicycle,**

Price from £5 5s. to £15 15s.

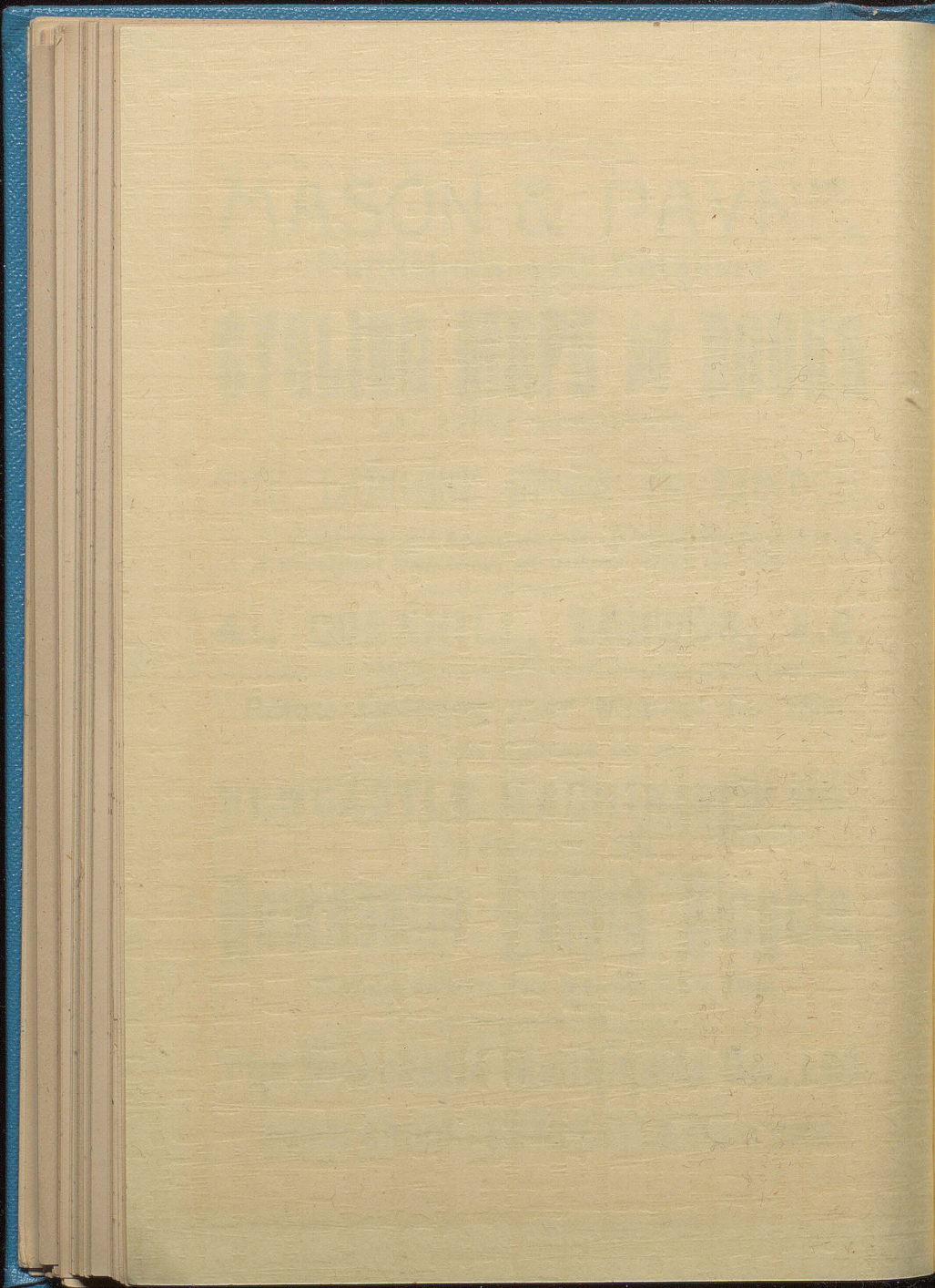
---

**The Newcastle Machinists' Co., Ltd.**  
DARN CROOK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

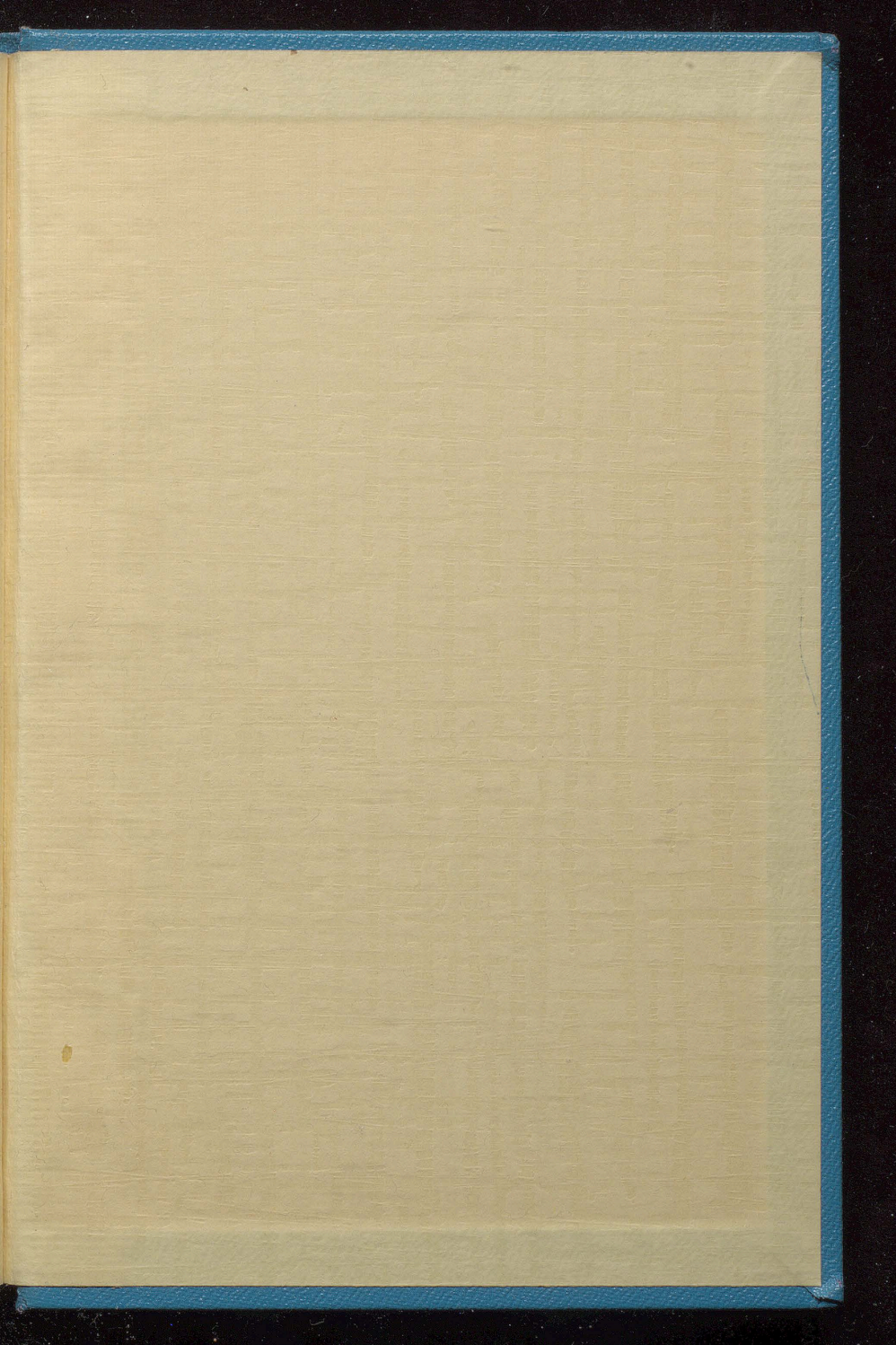




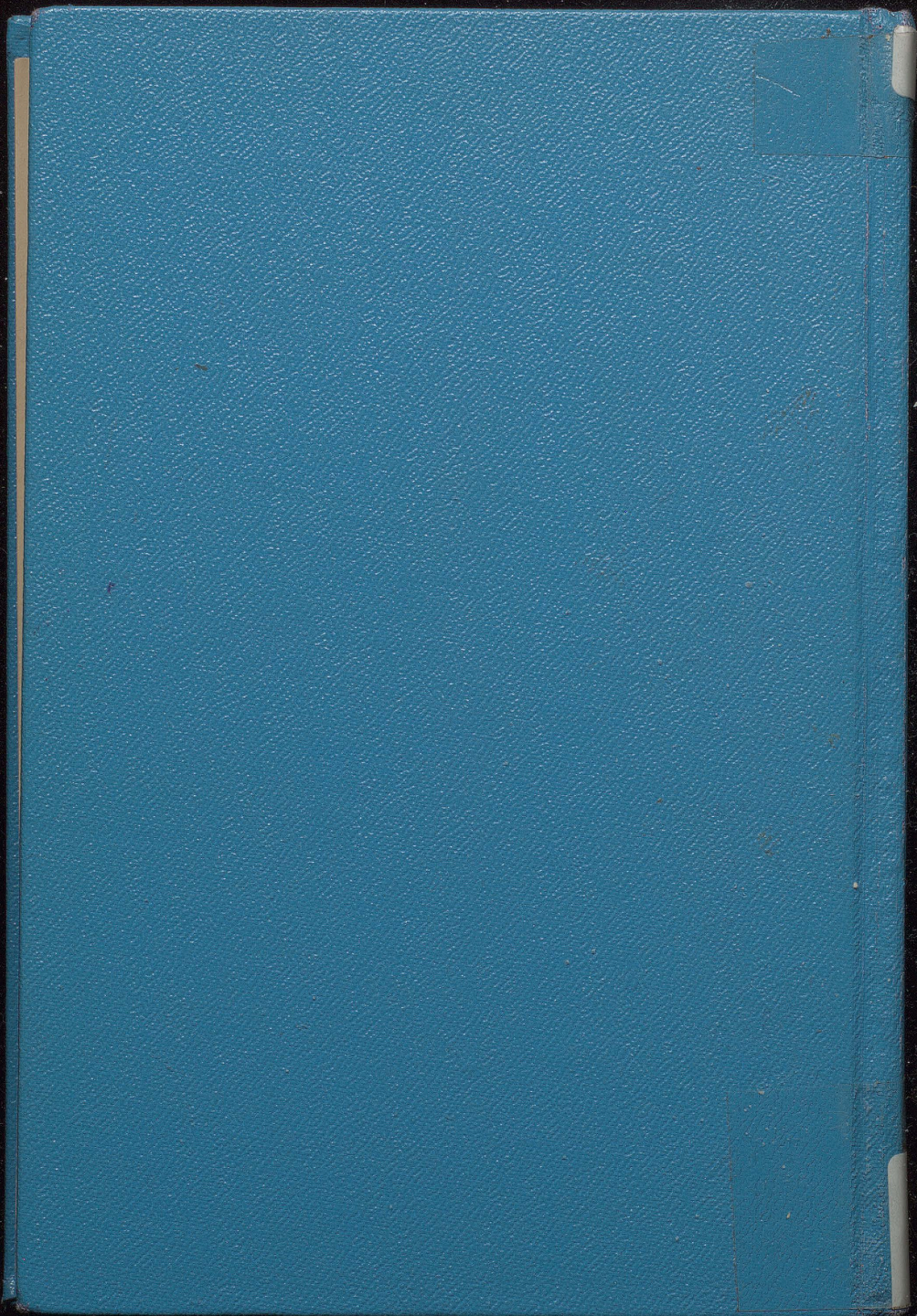














Eks.

1

S. GOLDFER. A TANDEM TOUR IN NORWAY



F1

632