

here, at any rate, right of admission existed, and therefore, procuring a flat-faced stone from the beach, and arranging a box in an angle, for a resting-place when needed, I laid deliberate siege to the wooden doors of the wooden hostelry. In alternate batter and rest an hour was spent, till the innkeeper's patience failed at last, and a window overhead opened at three A.M. The story was told again, the window closed like the cottage door, with a grunt or two from the owner. After giving him time to descend, which he failed entirely to do, I returned to the charge, and after a rousing cannonade, stood under the window and threatened him then and there with the Hreppstjóri's best attentions. This ended the struggle, and surrendering at discretion he opened the door; but nothing induced him to furnish a morsel



AN ICELAND DOG.

of food. At seven A.M. the Thyra appeared, and great was the sympathetic wrath on board. The first boat ashore explained the mysterious state of affairs. A crew of drunken foreigners had been expelled a few hours before my arrival, and the sleepy folks could only imagine that one of these had returned! Isafjord soon made up for it. Perhaps the comfort of its bright interiors was heightened by contrast

with these recent incidents. At the Sysselmanns, where they produced some beautiful ancestral ornaments, and at the doctor's, windows full of begonias and pelargoniums, pianos, pictures, knick-knacks of all kinds banish the thought of icy seas, and show how the ocean links the civilisations of to-day.

The town is certainly progressive. With a population of about 600, it supports a newspaper, a library, and several schools. A photographer's establishment, a telephone line from a merchant's home to his store at the Eyri end, and a tiny tramway leading to a little pier, give the place quite a business-like appearance. It lives on its fisheries, whale and shark and cod, the latter finding a market in Barcelona. The houses are arranged in one or two long streets, with several cross roads, and many are surrounded by little wooden fences, such rarities in Iceland. The doctor, it seems, has a special antipathy to the native dogs, on account of the share they take in the propagation of a worm, proceeding from the sheep to mankind through