peasants never remodeled it but built a new one next it, leaving the old house to stand empty or else using it as some kind of a storehouse. Some farms have as many as twenty or thirty old houses grouped around the yards. Aside from the dwelling houses, the most interesting building is the stabur, or the storehouse. It has always two stories and the upper floor protrudes over the lower one. Sometimes this projection is one of the closed passageways mentioned before—other times the room itself projects.

While other houses are either built on the ground or on stone foundation, the stabur always stands on posts, and the little staircase that leads up to the door is a foot or two away from the threshold, to prevent mice and rats from getting in. On the first floor are stored provisions—flour, corn, meal, bread and smoked hams and meat. All the bed linen and feather beds and blankets and clothes are stored on the second floor, where, strange to say, there always stands a bed. Here the honored guest is asked to pass the night. By permitting him to sleep in the storehouse, the subtle compliment is paid him that he is a man in whom one may have confidence, a man to be trusted with the treasures of the house. It is also a delicate way of letting him see the prosperity of the family, and of judging of its financial status.

In the remote Norwegian valleys where the rush of modern life has not yet penetrated, the stories of the past still abound,—links between the bygone days and present ones. But the old log houses are fast disappearing, and to future generations, a trip to Maihaugen and its calm and massive old homes will seem like a page out of some quaint story book.

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT.

When waning summer brings hushed autumnal tide,
And quails break Sabbath with their whistling sweet;
Then flame the crimson poppies in the wheat
Where all the land is fragrant as a bride!
The glory of the harvest and its pride—
Forevermore they flutter in the heat:
Music of autumn do their lips repeat;
They share a rapture and a joy world wide!
The wheat is old as Egypt, and its croon
Breathes songs of bursting barn and granary.
Only the poppies with their dancing keep
Sweet memories of romance and of June;
And echoes soft of springtime’s verdant sweep
When April touched the world with witchery!

Edward Wilbur Mason.