

**FLOATING FANCIES
AMONG THE WEIRD
AND THE OCCULT**

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Floating fancies among the weird and the occult by Clara H. Holmes

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CLARA H. HOLMES

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BY

CLARA H. HOLMES.



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TO MY FRIEND,
WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

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FLOATING FANCIES.

NORDHUNG NORDJANSEN.

VERY many years ago, in an age when departures from the regular line of thought were accounted but vagaries of a diseased brain, when science was a thing of dread, and great knowledge deemed but sorcery, Nordhung Nordjansen was born, and grew to early manhood on the far northern coast of Norway.

Through all his boyhood days—whenever he could steal away from his father and his father's plodding work—he would climb the bold crags which overlooked the Northern Sea, and gaze with hungry eyes over the vast expanse of water.

“If I could but know what lies beyond that cold horizon,” he would sigh.

He expressed this longing to his father.

“Get your mother a bundle of fagots, and pry not into the unknown,” answered his father, so sternly that Nordhung dared not mention it again, and being an obedient boy he went into the forest; but with every stick he gathered, he also gathered a doubt of his father's wisdom.

“How can it be wrong to wish to know what lies in that beautiful beyond?”