

The fight against the Swedish system of Free Masonry is being vigorously pushed by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. In a recent newspaper article he takes the Swedish Free Masonry greatly to task. Concluding the article, Mr. B. says: The order of the minister of war of Saxony prohibiting the officers of the army from being members of such a society, should under the difficult political conditions, prevailing here be applied to all citizens without exception.

Mr. Nobel, a Swede, has ordered a steam yacht made of aluminum at the shops of Escher, Wyss and Co., Zurich, Switzerland, and a trial trip was made on the lake by that city a short time ago. Its silver colored hull and smokestack give it a peculiarly attractive appearance. It is 40 feet long and 6 feet wide and draws 2.3 feet of water and will be used as a pleasure steamer on the Mediterranean sea. The manufacturers consider it such a success that they have commenced to construct another steamer of aluminum which is to be taken apart and carried to the great lakes of Central Africa.

#### NORWAY.

Bergen, during last season, was visited by 8,687 tourists arriving from abroad direct by steamer.

Among the exhibits at a recent country fair at Lyster was a skein of woolen yarn spun by a lady 104 years of age, Kirsti Eilevsdatter Skogen, of Skjolden parish. She was present herself and also had the pleasure of receiving a prize for her yarn.

A proposition to create a state monopoly of the manufacture and sale of liquor has been considered and rejected by the Stavanger municipality. It was instead decided to continue the liquor association on somewhat better terms for the public than heretofore.

The Norwegian fisheries' exhibition at Chicago contemplates a complete collection of export articles in original packages; of food fishes; of birds that prey upon these or follow the shoals in the sea; of dressed and undressed seal-skins; of implements used in and products of the whale fisheries; of boats, such as full-sized models of the various types used along the coast; of scientific works relating to the fisheries, drawings and plans of the biological and experimental stations, and illustrations, presenting lifelike pictures of the great herring and cod fisheries off the west and north coast.

Mr. V. Ullmann, whose alleged advocacy of the surrender to Russia of an open harbor on the Norwegian coast, has formed the foundation of so much political indignation, blames an erroneous newspaper report for having started the yarn. Speaking at Lillehammer, in September, 1890, on the question of universal peace, he argued against the advocates of a strong national defense that the relations between the various nations in due time would be those of good neighbors. Thus if one of these should need a pathway through the other's field, the latter, if at all a reasonable man, would interpose no objection. For instance, he continued, if Russia, as claimed by the national defense speakers, needs an open harbor in Norway, the time would allow Russia to trade via one of their ports, without there being any more danger or injury connected with this concession than if

one man gets permission to make a path across the field of his neighbor. A conservative paper reported Mr. Ullmann as having declared in favor of ceding a port to Russia, thus starting a falsehood, which appears to have traveled too fast for any denial and correction to overtake it.

In his article on Bjornstjerne Bjornson in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Chr. Collin, referring to a critical period in recent Norwegian politics, gives the following interesting bit of inside history heretofore not very generally known; "Only once, I think, in Bjornson's career did matters look, as if he were going to be put back from the real modern combat into something like the old Saga conditions. This was during the great political crisis, which ended in the Rigsret, or Impeachment of the whole Conservative ministry. It was then generally believed that if the king and his councillors should baffle or object the judgement of the supreme court, their action would lead to a civil war, and thus far bring back the times of Olav the Saint and of king Sverre. To counterbalance the fear of Swedish troops being marched into Norway, the Liberals founded rifle corps all over the country, Bjornstjerne Bjornson being one of the instigators of this movement; and he crystallised his combative feelings into the spirited, cheerful words of a "Riflemen's Songs." Bjornson left Norway in the autumn of 1882, after having helped his friends at the elections to send an overwhelming Liberal majority to the Storting, to go to Paris to do literary work "between the battle." But in case Swedish troops had invaded Norway and occupied the eastern parts of the country, Bjornson was determined to take up arms and start a guerilla war from the western fjords and highlands."

#### DENMARK.

Nothing of importance has so far been done by the present session of the riksdag.

The Sonenborg estate at Lillerod has been sold to some Copenhagen parties for \$80,000.

Niels Høgh, a Danish sculptor who has spent six years in Paris, has just returned to Copenhagen.

A correspondent of the *Berlin Tagblatt* writes from Dresden: "The Danish author Gjellerup, who lives here, has written a new drama in course of the summer. The subject is taken from the history of Denmark. The piece, which is to be presented on the stage of Copenhagen in the first place, is being translated into German and will be sent into German theatres."

#### LURED BY A MIRAGE.

At Lancaster, a town thirty miles from here, in an open valley at the edge of Colorado desert, lived Stephen Hansdorf with his wife and 20-months-old boy, says the *Los Angeles Herald*. Thursday he left home for another part of the place where he was working.

Late in the afternoon the mother went in search of a stray cow. The baby, clad only in a calico wrapper, hatless and barefooted, without the mother's knowledge, started after her. When she returned and missed him she alarmed the neighborhood. A searching party

hunted until night without avail. Excitement spread through the whole town, and by daylight the next morning a strong party of organized searchers renewed the quest. There was no timber in the region, but the cactus and sage brush were so high as to render it impossible to see the child at a short distance, even from the back of a horse.

The region is one of intense heat, and infested with rattle snakes, coyotes and many poisonous insects. The earth in many places is crusted with alkali. For a long time the party discovered no signs whatever. Finally a coyote trail was struck. On it could occasionally be seen the footprints of a child, with now and then splotches of blood on the cactus. Arranging themselves so they should not lose sight of each other, the searchers followed the trail, spreading themselves over a width of half a mile. The trail led direct to the desert and to a phenomenon known as "Dry Lake." This lake is nothing more than a solid bed of white alkali, the crust of which is perfectly hard and level. Standing on rolling sand on the edge of this lake a traveler beholds a wonderful mirage of a sheet of silvery clear water.

The party concluded that the child, consumed by thirst, had toddled over to this lake, and though the indurate crust would reveal no footprints the party pressed on over it. Four miles from the edge was found the dead body of the little wanderer, lying on his face, his feet, legs and hands torn and the blood crusted over them. He had been dead but a few hours, yet his body was blistering under the burning sun. The party seized the child and hurried back to the edge of the lake, before reaching which their own tongues had commenced to swell with heat and lack of water. The little fellow had walked all night, and had died of exhaustion just as the sun was commencing to manifest its fearful heat. He had walked fourteen miles into one of the most terrible regions on earth.

Johnny is a bright lad of 12 winters and summers, and if he keeps on at the rate he is now traveling he is destined to become a great man, says the *St. Louis Republic*. His mother gave him a quarter the other day, but instead of investing in marbles or balls he determined to consult a phrenologist in order, as he said, "to find out what he was good for." He visited a neighboring expert in bumps and deposited his quarter, with the remark:

"Mister, please tell me all you know 'bout me. See?"

The phrenologist placed Johnny in a chair, and, beginning in a very impressive voice, said:

"Young man, your forte in life lies in the direction of the country. You should be a farmer."

There was a moment of silence while the expert felt his way through Johnny's bristling hair. Finally the phrenologist began again:

"Ah, young man, here is another and more decided bump. This protuberance denotes want of energy. You should exert yourself to run about, play with other boys, take more exercise, and"

"Hully gee!" shouted Johnny, wriggling out of the professor's grasp. "Keep off'n that lump. I got it turnin' somersets yesterday and 'tain't gone down yet, See?"