

## THE FAR NORTH.

## SWEDEN.

The health of the queen is improving.

Stockholm will have a new evening paper.

Prince Eugen associates more with young and poor artists than with army officers.

Two of the sons of the crown prince have taken a course in sloyd at a Stockholm public school.

The G. W. Linderöth watch company, Stockholm, will send an exhibit to the Worlds Fair.

The first woman in the world, who rode on a bicycle from Landskrona to the island of Hveen, was Miss Wittstrom.

The oldest church register in Stockholm, that of "Storkyrka," beginning with the year 1609, will soon appear in print.

Mrs. J. Nyman of Stugun, Jemtland, donned male attire last fall and has assisted her husband cutting logs in the pineries all winter.

The Young Women's Christian Association, of Norrköping, has a membership of 170, and the receipts for the year 1892 were over \$100.

Verner von Heidenstam who has settled at Stockholm is writing a historical novel from the age of Charles XII with which he has familiarized himself by comprehensive researches.

Mrs. Smedberg, of Sundsvall, who has spent about a year in jail because she refused to take the prescribed oath before the courts, was taken before the court again a few days ago to testify in an important abortion case, but she remained firm and was reincarcerated.

Mr. Ljungman, a member of the lower house of the Riksdag, has already drafted a bill attempting to settle the consular and diplomatic service questions. He proposes that the first article of the new union act read as follows: "The kingdom of Sweden and Norway, each of which shall remain a free, indivisible, independent kingdom, shall be indissolubly united under one king, on a basis of neutral equality as prescribed by this act; affairs of mutual interest to both shall be governed by common laws, ratified by the king and representatives from both nations. Peace and war are always affairs common to both countries. \* \* The minister of foreign affairs shall be either a Swede or a Norwegian." The bill has not received any support to speak of, but it serves to show which way the wind blows in this highly ticklish question.

## NORWAY.

A safety lamp invented by L. Bristol, a Norwegian, is being introduced in hacks and carriages in London.

Two small children at a house in Christiania were left alone for a few minutes, and when their parents returned they were both found drowned in a tub of water.

A violent storm has played havoc with the fishermen at Lofoten and Vesteraalen. The reports are as yet very meagre but it is estimated, that no less than 140 lives were lost on the sea.

Mrs. Camilla Collet is one of the very

few Norwegian authors who have reached the age of eighty. Since the time of Holberg only two authors, the brothers Klaus and Peter Frimann, have passed the eightieth year, those two having died at the ages of eighty-three and eighty-seven respectively. The ages of some of the oldest authors are given below: M. B. Landstad, seventy-eight; M. I. Monrad, seventy-seven; Lyder Sagen, Asbjørnsen, A. Munch, Bernt Lund, and Magdalene Thoresen seventy-three; Henrik Ibsen sixty-three, and B. Bjørnson 60. The average of Norwegian authors is considerably below that of Danish authors, and two of the leading poets, Henrik Wergeland and Ole Vig, died at the ages of thirty-seven and thirty-three respectively.

## DENMARK.

A Copenhagen woman, who was left by her husband a number of years ago, toiled along, as best she could, for a time supporting herself and her little daughter. But her strength gave way, and she applied to the poor board for aid. She received \$1.34 a month and a loaf of bread a week. This did not help much, for she had to pay \$1.63 a month for the wretched little room in which she lived. One evening late both she and her daughter were found dead—she had put an end to their suffering by strangulation.

Baron Wedell, while traveling in Armenia, was subjected to a strange and exceedingly dangerous treatment by the natives of that benighted country. On a morning ride he chanced to come to a meeting house where the natives were praying. Enraged at his presence, they proceeded to lay hands on his person. In the last extremity he fired his revolver to scare them away, but he was overpowered, tied to the tail of a horse and thus dragged to a neighboring village where he was released. His nervous system, especially the brain, received such a shock, however, that he had to be sent to a Danish hospital. One of the peculiarities of his ailment is that he cannot possibly wear a hat.

## LETTER FROM EUROPEAN.

LONDON, Jan. 30, 1893.—If Melrose Abbey, the Mecca of all American tourists in Scotland, furnishes examples of art nearly as bewitching as the most delicate expressions of nature itself, Dryburgh Abbey, but four miles distant down the Tweed, holds and fascinates the wanderer with a far more tender and subtle charm. The founding of Dryburgh is of remoter antiquity than even that of the original Culdee house of Old Melrose.

Before the advent of Christian missionaries the place was resorted to by the Druids for the celebration of their mystic rites—as *Darachbrauch* or *burgh*, "the bank cluster of sacred oaks," Dryburgh's Celtic name, implies. Modan a Culdee presbyter, set up the first Christian establishment of Dryburgh, in 522. For 628 years thereafter its history is insignificant. The monks from Alnwick, under the patronage of Sir Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland under King David I., founded here a Premonstratensian Abbey of splendid dimensions. This was burned along with Melrose Abbey by Edward II., and restored by aid granted by King Robert the Bruce.

Twice, in 1385, and in 1554, it was pilaged and devastated by the English. The reformation of doughty John Knox, sixteen years later did the rest. The ruins of Dryburgh Abbey show that the walls of the completed edifice stood on different levels, and that the structure illustrated at least four different styles of architecture. This is seen in the massive Roman arch with its ample, square sides, the deep-splayed and always impressive Saxon arch; and the early English pointed arch. The church was originally in the form of a cross with short transepts, and a small but exquisitely decorated choir, while the interior was divided by light and graceful colonnades into a central space and side aisles.

Of the transepts a portion of but one, the north, called St. Mary's Aisle, is still standing; but there is a no more beautiful specimen of the early Gothic to be found in Scotland than is this, the solemn and secluded burial-place of Scotia's greatest minstrel, the noble author of "Waverley." The chapter-house, a tiny chapel of St. Modan, and a Norman arch which formed the western doorway are yet standing. A stately yew, over 800 years old, casts its somber shade upon the lawn, opposite where once the abbots sat at their casements, to mock the huge pile of stone as it crumbled into the earth.

You feel more than you can see at Dryburgh. The whole place is instinct with repose. The horizon is close, not a half mile away in any direction. It is fringed with the boughs and verdure of sheltering trees, save where, far to the south, the weird Eildon hills of wizard renown peer down from above their cloud-mists into the sunny copse. The Tweed, moving in silence for miles above, circling here sweeps wide and grandly over gleaming shallows, and sings its endless song just at the edge of the olden Abbey grounds.

You come to the place through a hushed and silent avenue, ankle-deep in the spring-time with hawthorn blossoms white as snow. In the graying days their place is filled by the browns and pures of rustling drift from the beach, elm and sycamore. Only the lodge-keeper's habitation reminds of earthly activities. Nature alone holds sway. Bloom and birds, grasses and vines, odor and song, russet walls and emerald masses of moss, oriel of ivy, filets of vines, pointed arches or roses, towers of trees leaping from the old walls themselves, reaching the eye and sense tenderly, slumberously, pulsing with hush and balm.

Melrose exalts. Dryburgh soothes. The entire spot is ruin merged into Elysium, hallowed by one humble grave. And so sweet and hushed is all, that even your reverence for the ever-silent disappears, for you feel that your mighty friend lies here as on the bosom of the land he so loved and immortalized and that Scott only sleeps while sweetly all nature-songs to him are sung.

Tha cafes and fondas (or eating-houses, for the latter are equally resorted to) are the resting-places of the gay city of Havana. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street, the year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more than one-half the cafe is underneath long, wide, huge-pillared porticos. Here chattering crowds by