

NORSE RECORD IN MINNESOTA.

Stone with Runic Inscription and Date 1362 Exhibited in Chicago—Is Well Preserved.

Chicago.—What the owner, Hjalmar Rind Holand of Ephraim, Wis., can't do is positive proof that Europeans discovered America more than a century before the landing of Columbus...

"Eight Gothic and 22 Norwegian runes upon a voyage of discovery from Vir and westward."

"We had a camp by two skerries one day's journey north from this place. We were out fishing one day. When we returned we found ten men dead with blood and dead. Ave Maria, gave us from evil."

"We have ten men by the sea to back after our vessel, 41 days' journey from this island, year 1362."

DEVICE PHOTOGRAPHS SOUND

Cleveland Scientist Says He Will Distinguish Between Voice and Instrument.

Cleveland, O.—Prof. Dayton C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science here says he has discovered a means of photographing sound. By the use of his newly perfected device he believes it will be possible to distinguish in films the difference between the tones of a human voice and the tones of a musical instrument.

The nearest that scientists have come to reproducing sound waves heretofore has been to make them visible on smoked paper. Several photographs have been made on the regular print paper, but they have been small and imperfect. The invention of Prof. Miller directly photographs the sound waves, magnifying them 2,000 times and recording them on film.

In his investigation Prof. Miller has used a harmonic analyzer, an instrument made in Switzerland, which separates sound waves into their component parts, determining whether a certain photographed sound wave was made by a flute, a bell, a violin or other musical instrument.

It is his purpose to tabulate the results of his experiments for the use of other investigators, a labor that will require several years' time.

TO WED IN SUFFRAGETTE CAR.

Pair Will Show the World That "Equal Rights" Movement is Not Home Disturber.

Spokane, Wash.—"Beautiful, accomplished, vivacious and wealthy" is the description given of the bride-to-be, while "tall and handsome, rich and as a consequence influential, brilliant and an ardent devotee of the cause" give an inkling of the reputed qualifications of the bridegroom.

"The names of the couple will remain a secret," Mrs. May Arkwright Blutton, head of the Spokane Suffrage club, said, "until it is time to show the world instead of alienating women from the friends the suffrage movement tends toward the creation of some ties."

The suffragette train will have among its passengers Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman suffrage alliance.

Squire Overlooks \$60 Fee. Wooster, O.—Justice of the Peace Cooney Fritz of Franklin township was paid \$50 for performing the marriage service for a couple whom he did not know, but did not discover it till months after the wedding.

At the close of the ceremony the groom handed Justice Fritz a pair of kid gloves. Fritz, who is a bachelor, concealed his disgust and later turned the strange marriage fee over to his mother, remarking: "What in the world do I want with kid gloves?" Fritz, who is not given to studying fashion plates, decided to try on the gloves, just to see how his hands would look in them. Tucked in each of the ten fingers he found a five-dollar bill.

Reptiles Without Eyes Found. Denver, Col.—Creatures resembling frogs but unlike them in that they are white and have no eyes, were discovered in a sandstone bluff three miles west of this city by a truck gardener. While digging in the bluff he uncovered a number of cells, inside of which were soft, mushy-looking balls. When these were rolled out they proved to be living reptiles, presumably of another age.

Local geologists are of the opinion that mud beds existed ages ago where now stand the sandstone bluffs, and that a chemical process gradually changing the mud to stone imprisoned the reptiles just discovered.

NATURE THE GREAT CHEMIST

Always Performing Feats Which Highest Exactitude of Science Cannot Rival.

The bursting leaves of spring time illustrate nature as a chemist who performs feats which the highest exactitude of science cannot hope to rival. In a leaf the living matter is the chemist and the cell is his laboratory. By daylight the leaf chemist is absorbing the carbonic acid gas from the air. Then it is decomposing this gas into its component elements—carbon and oxygen. The carbon it is retaining as part of the plant's food, to enter into combination with water; and the oxygen it sets free into the atmosphere. By night this process ceases, for light is an essential feature in the operation.

Out of the carbon and the water the leaf chemist will elaborate the sugars and starches which the plant world affords. As sugar, the products will pass from the leaf to be stored up, as in the case of the potato, for example, so as to afford a storehouse of food whereon the plant may draw for its sustenance, and for the development of its leaves and flowers when occasion comes. All the vegetable essences and acids, the scents and gums, the juices which yield India rubber, the flavoring of fruits, and even the color of the flowers, are similarly the product of a constructive chemistry which beats man's best efforts to imitate. Man follows nature, but at a distance.

WANTED NO IRISH CONFETTI

Master at Arms of United States Warship Gives Good Reasons for His Objections Thereto.

"I hope we will never be stationed in an Irish port," remarked Chief Master-at-Arms Edward Shebea of the United States ship Dixie, as he greeted old friends at the Philadelphia navy yard.

"We had our orders to steam to Phillis, and we had been at Pensacola so long that the citizens of the Florida town got up a big farewell reception to the Dixie's officers and crew. One of the citizens was a typical son of the old sod, who had given a rapid-fire run of questions about everything he saw."

"When the ladies began to shower confetti on us as we were leaving, the Irishman was a curious but careful watcher. Joining the party I was walking with, he added: "'That th' devil are they throwin' at ye, lad? Confetti is it?' he said when we answered him. 'Sure, ye ought t' see our Irish confetti.'"

"To our turn of curiosity he answered by taking us to a house in the course of erection. Locating a pile of broken bricks, he said: "'Sure, there's the best lot of Irish confetti ya c'n lay y'r eyes on, lads.'"

"No, sir! No Irish farewell receptions for me," concluded the master-at-arms, as he exhibited a bit of brick among his souvenirs of their stay at Pensacola.—Philadelphia Times.

Boycott on Physicians.

Something unique in the line of a strike or a boycott was recently reported from a small town in Burgundy. The physicians of the place raised their rates 30 per cent., and a mass meeting of all the ailing folk was called, at which it was decided to dispense with the medical men's services and trust to luck to get well. "The opportunity seems a splendid one for Christian Scientists to step in and make hay while the sun shines," says the London Standard. "The doctors of the place are said to be determined on holding out for their increased scale of charges, and, of course, no colleagues from neighboring towns will commit so grave a breach of professional etiquette as to turn blacklegs and poach on the other physicians' preserves. But the medical attendants are playing, perhaps, rather a dangerous game. Where will they be if their patients get well without them?"

Speculative Insurance Mania.

A mania for speculative insurance on the lives of public personages prevailed in England during the eighteenth century. Warren Hastings, the pretender, the rebel lord, or the unfortunate Admiral Byng answered equally the purpose of speculation, and there were also regular quotations on the lives of notorious highwaymen. Sir Robert Walpole at one period of his career, when his life was endangered by popular tumults, was insured for many thousands, and when George II. fought at Dettingen 25 per cent was paid against his return. Such speculative insurances were, however, largely checked by the gambling act of 1774, which made insurance interest a necessary condition for a valid policy.

A Conclusive Retort.

"You know the proverb about crowing hens invariably coming to some bad end," said the man who disapproves of suffragettes. "I don't know about crowing hens," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I have positive information that is quiet-loving communitaries a crowing rooster meets his snail inside of 24 hours."

Trying It on the Dog.

Manager (cheerfully)—We have selected your team, Mr. Grim, for the first production of our play. Editor (sarcasmically)—Then I feel sorry for you, Mr. Tryout. Manager (sincerely)—Why so? Editor—The local S. P. C. A. is especially active here.

DIAGNOSIS EASY TO SURGEON

Certain Indications That Proved Conclusively the Nature of Subject's Occupation.

"And now, gentlemen," said the celebrated surgeon to the assembled class, "we come to the whistist. First, observe the hands. They are crumpled up like old washboards. Every finger has been broken from two to four times and the thumbs have been driven back and pulled out again. There is no joint that has not been enlarged by 300 per cent."

"The wrists, as you will observe, have lost their flexibility and are now as stiff as those of a wooden Indian, while the elbows are merely flat bones and no longer have any 'give' to them. Observe that one shoulder lops and the other hunches up. At least a dozen of the natural teeth have been knocked out at some time."

"A superficial examination shows that three ribs on the right side and two on the left have been broken and knit again. The hip bones no longer play easily in their sockets, and in walking the knees must be lifted like those of a horse having what is called 'springhalt.' The feet have become sprayed, the toes driven back and the subject toes in when he walks."

"Lastly, I direct your attention to his spinal column. It is not only a full inch out of plumb, but appears to have tied itself into knots at regular intervals. The owner of it could curl up in a barrel without the slightest inconvenience. Judging from what you have seen and I have said, what would you say brought the man to his present state? None of you can possibly guess, and so I will reply to my own query by saying that he was a baseball player for two seasons."—New Orleans Picayune.

NOT ALTOGETHER A SURPRISE

SI Had Been "Sorter Suspectin" the Presence of White Rabbits in His Whiskers.

SI Perkins had never been surprised in all his life. When it snowed in the latter part of April, he allowed he'd sorter felt it in the air for some time; when Judge Abbott's barn burned, SI thought it was about time; and when the town hall was struck by lightning, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he'd told 'em that them lightning rods wasn't any account when they were first talkin' of puttin' 'em up. Mrs. Perkins had just about given up hope of ever exciting her husband's wonder when a friend told her of a marvelous conjurer who was showing at a variety theater in Boston. She took SI.

When the conjurer called for a volunteer from the audience, Mrs. Perkins urged her husband to go up on the stage. He did. She watched expectantly as the "professor" extracted a five-dollar gold piece from SI's ear, passed a watch through his back and extracted yards of ticker tape from his shoes. SI looked bored. Finally the conjurer began to coax SI's beard and, to the amusement of the spectators, out hopped three little white rabbits.

"Wal," said Mrs. Perkins, triumphantly when SI resumed his seat, "I guess that surprised ye some, didn't it?" SI seemed almost surprised that she should think so. "Why, no," he finally admitted. "I didn't like to say nothin' about it, but I've been sorter suspectin' that them rabbits was thar for some time."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Painting 60 Feet Long.

The very biggest picture of this year's salon of the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts is so long that two yards of the canvas could not be unrolled, through want of space. As it is, we are able to see 23 good yards of a painting which is to encase the great staircase of the Fine Arts museum of Nantes. It very properly represents the threshing of grain in Brittany. It will form a pendant to a procession scene, "Mystic Brittany," painted some years ago for the same building by the same artist, Hippolyte Bertheaux. It is a wholesale panorama of the country round Brouais's Croisic.—From a Paris Letter to the New York Evening Post.

Nerve.

A young married couple of Baltimore were exchanging some rather caustic remarks touching their respective expenditures, when the wife exclaimed: "Well, Tom, of all the nerve! The idea of you objecting to my bills! Why, as you know, father pays them all!"

"That's just it!" retorted Tom. "How can I have the audacity to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?"—Harper's Weekly.

A Cruel Awakening.

Miss Oldgirl—That rich young Mr. Cashit was so infatuated with me that I had hard work to convince him I could not marry him. Miss Pert—How lucky for yourself you succeeded. Miss Oldgirl—For myself? Miss Pert—Yes; the laws now are so severe about kidnaping.

Quality.

"I'll tell you, young man, what is the matter with you. You smoke too much." "Why, doctor, I don't smoke any more than you do!" "I know it; but you smoke worse."

ALMOST SORRY FOR HONESTY

Cleveland Man Has Approval of Conscience, But He Had to Go Without Egg-nog.

The two Myerses are getting their things mixed again—George A. Myers and George E. Myers. Inasmuch as they know each other very well, nothing more serious has resulted thus far than the occasional opening of a piece of mail that lacked the middle initial, but there's no telling what may happen some day.

The express company having delivered a noggin of eggs to George A. Myers, he was inclined at first to claim them for his own. Not that he expected any eggs, but there was no evidence that they belonged to the other Myers, and George A. hated the idea of giving them up to George E., unless his ownership were truly established. Egg-nog is one of the things George A. Myers is strong on, and it hurt his very soul to send the eggs over to the rooms of the board of education.

However, he did send them over, like an honest man. Later he saw George E. Myers and asked what he had done with the eggs.

"Ate 'em, of course," said he. "Did you learn who sent them to you?" asked George A.

"Not yet," replied George E. "But they tasted just as well."

"And to think," mourned George A., "that I went without that egg-nog just to provide George E. Myers with a basket of eggs that maybe belonged to me!"—Cleveland Leader.

MADE A MESSENGER OF LOVE

Governor General of Australia Employed as Cupid's Emissary Between Sweethearts.

Aprons of Lord Northcote's name being mentioned as a probable successor to Earl Grey in Canada, his lordship was once made curious as to why while governor general of Australia, says London M. A. P. Strolling one night through an avenue of somber trees to a friend's house to dinner, he was suddenly pounced upon by a maid-servant, who kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand. "Here's a sausage for you. I can't come out to-night, as master has company," she whispered. When he got to the house, he found one of his servants loitering by the gate. "What are you doing there?" asked Lord Northcote. "I'm waiting for my sweetheart," the man stammered. "Where is she?" "In service here." "Ah, then, I am right. Here is a sausage from your sweetheart, and she wishes me to tell you that she cannot come out to-night, as her master has company." Seeing that the man looked nervous, he added, kindly: "She also gave me a kiss for you; but perhaps you would rather wait until you see her. Here is five shillings instead."

Fat Foods and Their Uses.

It is impossible to say what will please in the way of fat food. The only way is to experiment, feeling sure that the right thing will eventually appear. When commonplace fat offends, something new and strange will often inspire respect and be received with delight. Children who scorn fat in the abstract seldom refuse a light, well-made suet pudding. Toast and dripping is a combination that has been known to charm when less humble fare is declined. Toffee, which is a combination of equal parts of sugar and melted butter, is a highly nutritious substance that is a general favorite among children. Given at the end of the meal, it can seldom do harm. Equal parts of chopped fat meat, lean meat and bread crumbs, the whole lightly seasoned with pepper and salt, and a dash of powdered sugar, make an agreeable filling with sandwiches that are often acceptable to those who insist that they do not like fat.—Harper's Bazaar.

Brave Woman Honored.

The bravery of Margaret Corbin, the fire woman to take the soldier's part in the war for American independence, will be commemorated by the old fort during the Hudson-Fulton celebration this fall. Margaret Corbin was the wife of a Pennsylvania private, and during the attacks of the Hessians on the outworks of Fort Washington she loaded one of the cannons in Fort Tryon many times. The battle was nearly over when both she and her husband were killed. The tablet is presented by C. K. G. Billings, whose stable of fine trotting horses is located on the site of the fort, on upper Manhattan island.

Does It Pay?

The majority chair of Cambridge has come to be called "The Hoodoo Chair" by those who have followed Cambridge politics for many years. There has been no incumbent for the last ten years who has not suffered from sickness or from business reverses, either during or after his term of office. The present mayor, John F. Brooks, was no sooner nominated than he was forced to resign, and he was succeeded by one who had to undergo an operation from which he is still convalescing.—Boston Journal.

Don'ts Movement.

The city of Douai is going to erect a monument to John de Bologne, one of its most famous citizens. The sculptor was born there in 1524, and died at Bologna in 1606, the appellation of Bologna being a corruption of his own name of de Bolognino, an old Flemish family still in existence.—The Athenaeum.

TOO SPLENDID FOR A HOME

English Criticism of the Furnishings of Houses of the American Millionaires.

Our bedrooms are marvelous. Mine is immense, with two suites of impossible rococo Louis XV furniture in it; the richest curtains with heaps of arranged draperies and fringe, grand writing table things, a few embroidered cushions, but no new books, or comfy sofas, or look of cozy anywhere. The bathrooms to each room are superb; mine beyond one's ideas of them in general at home. Tom says he can't sleep because the embroidered monograms on the pillows and things scratch his cheek and the lace frills tickle his nose, while he catches his toes in the Venetian insertion in the sheets. The linen itself is the finest you ever saw, mamma, and would be too exquisite plain. Now knows where all those marvelously over-worked things in the Paris shops go to, and all the wonderful gold-encrusted Carlsbad glass. You meet it here in every house.

There is no room in it where there is any look of what we call "home," and not one shabby thing. Mrs. Spielst has a "boudoir"—and it is a boudoir. It is as if you went into the best shop and said, "I want a boudoir; just as you would, I want a hat," and paid for it and brought it home with you. Natalie has a sitting room, and it is just the same. They are not quite far enough up yet on the social ladder to have every corner of the establishment done by Duveen, and the result is truly appalling.—From Elinor Glyn's "Elizabeth Visits America."

MOTORMAN HUMAN AFTER ALL

His Expression of Sympathy Astonished Victim of Accident on His Street Car.

The Fourteenth street car was so full that the crowd overflowed onto the front platform. The motorman yelled at the people to quit crowding him as they pushed themselves in and about him. He yelled so that the woman inadvertently caught the brass knob by him and held it to it, not knowing what it was exactly until he all at once turned the crank and caught her finger in it. She gave a shriek, yanked her finger out and stood staring it to her mouth to ease the pain. He looked sullenly around at her.

"Served you right for putting it there," he said.

She merely sighed, whereupon he turned once more and looked at her. To her intense amazement there was pity in his eye.

"Hurt you much?" he asked.

She shook the finger out and let him see the deep purple hole in the middle of it. "I may be able to use it again," she said, "but I'm not sure."

"I'm sorry," said he, and the woman nearly fell backward over the gate in her surprise.—N. Y. Times.

Closed Season for Snails.

The edible snail, which furnishes a much-prized delicacy on French menus, is threatened with extinction, and the general council of the Yonne recently petitioned the minister of agriculture to order a "close" season on its behalf, as is done for game and fish. M. Ruau duly ordered an inquiry, the only result of which has been to determine the legal status of the snail. A ministerial circular published declares that the snail is neither game nor fish, but merely an agricultural parasite; as such it may be destroyed at any time and in any season. The decision of the authorities has thrown the great snail producing region—the center of which is Burgundy—into consternation. During the exhibition of 1907 the consumption of snails rose to 800 tons, and toward the close of the exhibition snails were in such demand that the price was trebled in a month. Eighty million snails are received at the Hallon every year.—Dundee Advertiser.

Characteristics of Dutch Painters.

Perhaps this might be defined as a capacity for honest certainty and for honest doing, and certainly it was in this way that the moral character of the Dutch displayed itself. It was equally a notable distinction of the Dutch painters. As a school they were unanimous in choosing for their subject life; the life about which they knew most and in which they were most interested—their own. They resented it with straightforwardness and sincerity. Thus, with few exceptions, their motive was simply and sincerely realistic, and at the same time their brushwork was extraordinarily skillful.—St. Nicholas.

Matrimony on Steamers.

According to a lady who recently returned from a trip to Egypt, the Mediterranean steamers have an astonishing record as successful matrimonial bureaus. On the voyage made by this lady, 18 matches were made, nine of which were publicly announced. It may be the climate that causes love germs to sprout so quickly under Southern skies, or perhaps the freedom from counter attractions is responsible for the degree of charm found in the chance companion of travel.

Johnny's Objection.

Father (at supper table)—Well, Johnny, how did you get along at school to-day? Johnny—Papa, my physiology says conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else.

DYNAMITE USED AS NARCOTIC

Discovered as "Dope" by Mexicans—It Is Said to Produce the Most Astonishing Dreams.

"Opium, marijuana, morphine and cocaine are all insipid drugs when it comes to dynamite for the induction of a really enjoyable sleep," said Henry Hexter, a mule driver, who has been engaged in construction work on the Pacific coast, according to the Mexican Herald.

"I tried it and I guess I know. Dynamite as a narcotic, or a dope, was discovered some years ago by Mexicans employed in loading powder boxes on railroad construction work. Americans have long known the headache-producing power of nitroglycerin, and have dreaded the handling of powder in any shape or entering places where explosions had taken place, before the smoke had been cleared out. A tiny bit of the grease smeared on the nose will produce a nauseating headache which will last three days. But it remained for the peons to find out that dynamite was a luxury."

"Dynamite eating is common on the Pacific slope among Indians who have worked upon the Southern Pacific railroad construction work. They take a small grain of it, the size of a tiny pill, and dissolve it in a glass of tequila. Searching out a cool, shady place, in which they are not apt to be disturbed for at least 24 hours, they drink this down, or several drinks like it, according to how far they have advanced in the habit, and roll over in their blankets in the shade. When they awaken they have a headache that is murderous and many pretty tough fights have resulted from too much indulgence in dynamite. But while they sleep they enjoy a dream that the thousand and one authors of the Arabian Nights' tales could not have described had they all set to work on the one theme."

FASHION SAVING THE LEVEES

Demand for Muskrat Fur Has Started Campaign Against These Pests of the South.

"Women's hats are doing much to save the levees along the Mississippi river in Louisiana," said Henry R. Lewis. "This statement sounds fantastic, but of the fashionable fur hats it is certainly true."

Muskrats, which for years have cost the state so much of trouble and thousands of dollars through their depredations in the levees, are now most eagerly sought by the millinery trade throughout the country, and hunters in Louisiana are hunting them in lieu of other game.

"For years the muskrats have burrowed in the levees, and in nearly every case where there has been a crevasse along the river from the cause was traced to a muskrat hole. The state has tried several means to get rid of the pests, but without success."

"During the last winter the millinery stores in New Orleans bought several hundred muskrat furs from hunters in the different parishes and placed them on turbans, which now so resemble a cat curled up on a lady's collar."

"Several of the more progressive hunters quickly realized that muskrats were marketable and gave up the pursuit of ducks and other game. One hunter alone in February killed 6,000 rats, for which he received 20 cents apiece."

"Other hunters have followed the lead of this mighty animal, and it begins to look as if the state will soon rid itself of the industrious rodents whose burrowings have for many years endangered the cities and towns along Louisiana's river fronts."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Cheated Out of His Fee.

The recently imposed rule that no lawyer shall solicit business either personally or by "runners" in the corridors of the city police court, has caused many funny incidents recently.

"I overheard a violent quarrel outside the second session between a young lawyer and a man whose case he had just tried and won. "'If I don't pay you a cent,'" answered the man sharply. "'How appointed you in the corridor in front of witnesses and asked me if I would like to have you try my case? If you want your money you can see me and see what the judge will do to me for soliciting in the corridors.'" The disgruntled lawyer did not try to collect his fee.—Boston Journal.

One of the Sciences.

Chandler W. Riker had a witness under examination in the circuit court, before Judge Adams. The witness had shown how much he did not know on a certain scientific subject. "Are you a scientific man?" demanded Mr. Riker, suddenly. "No, sir, a plumber," was the bold reply. "Oh, well," commented Mr. Riker, with a smile, "perhaps you are a scientific man after all, because plumbing, as we all know, belongs to the science of abstraction."—Newark Star.

The Retort Courtroom.

The Paris organ, Martin, once only had taken his "obituary" in a place other than the Cafe Fey, and he had found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young witness at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You're the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.