

MAY HAVE BEEN ERICSSON'S

Interesting Speculation Arising From Discovery of Ancient Galleys Buried in Norway.

A traveler in Norway has been looking at the two ancient ships, in one of which, though probably in neither, Lief Ericsson may have reached the western world five centuries before Columbus. Nothing proves that either of them was Ericsson's galley; nothing proves that it wasn't. The ancient pagan custom that buried the craft of the sea-hero preserved the galleys away in the soil of Norway, thanks to a covering of potter's clay, and a twentieth century farmer recovered the second one. The savants looked it over, and dated it from the ninth century, contemporary with the adventurous Ericsson, possibly his own ship. About seventy feet long, the vessel is shaped not unlike a double-pointed rowboat, flat and low, with forked uprights for 15 pairs of oars, and the conventional dragon carved on bow and stern. Under the floor are the compartments where the voyagers doubtless stored their provisions. One can imagine the watcher at the prow, the helmsman tugging at the tiller, the galley master high in the poop beating with his great hammer the rhythm for the thirty oarsmen. It is far more difficult to imagine how they slept and ate in rough weather.

SYMBOL OF BRUTE FEROCITY

In All Ages the Tiger Has Been Famed for Its Strength, Daring and Deep Cunning.

It is said that the tiger has never been made the basis of a royal emblem except by Tipoo, the famous sultan of Mysore. Tipoo himself was as ferocious as a wild animal and kept near him a mechanical toy representing a life-sized tiger worrying the body of a British soldier. When the toy was wound up the tiger growled and the soldier groaned and Tipoo smiled.

It may be that the tiger, though the ideal of brute symmetry and power, has never attained unto the dignity of a royal emblem for the reason that in every language the word for this animal is a synonym for stealthy, cruel, strong-limbed ferocity. Nature has made the tiger unequalled in the combination of speed, strength, cunning, daring and physical beauty. A tiger's first bounds are so rapid as to bring it alongside an antelope, and a blow of its paw will stun a charging bull. It has been known to spring over a wall five feet high into a cattle pen and to jump back with a full-grown animal in its jaws. Sportsmen say that they have known it to carry away the bait while they were putting up the shelters from which to shoot it.—New York Herald.

No More "Lykerstones."

"Lykerstones," or stones by the roadside for resting coffins on while on the way to the cemetery, are now things of the past in Scotland. The root of the word, which is the old English of Anglo-Saxon "lic," means "a body corpse." These lykerstones were the equivalent of the hecates, common in rural England.

Many farms bear names after the famous stones, although the spelling is changed somewhat, some being called "Leckerstone" and "Liquorich." One stone is still at Falkland, built into a walk and vulgarly known as "Liquorstone."

Two of the lykerstones were formerly in the parish of Addie, at the junction of the road from the Den of Lindores to the churchyard, but they were removed about the beginning of the last century. They consisted of two unheaved boulders of bluish stone, about three feet high, and somewhat square on the sides and top.

Daydreams.

Dreams will at times reveal to us how little we have forgotten; but the value of dreams as a key to remembrance is distorted and diminished by what seems their lack of selection. They blend the past with the present, or with sheer impossibility, in such a hopeless medley.

At their best our dreams seem fantasies, based upon the real yet wandering from it with erratic inconsequence, of which the possible meaning eludes us. And yet a dream sometimes will revive so much, with miracle as of resurrection. But it is in our daydreams, when reason still retains the controlling hand, that we most surely touch the past; and daydreams are the poetry of memory.

Chaucer.

His best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly like a water-lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into a ripple. He prattles inadvertently away, and all the while, like the princess in the story, lets fall a pearl at every other word. . . . If character may be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, . . . thoroughly humane, and friendly with God and man.—Lowell.

Kisses and Beards.

It is so easy to understand what the Americans say, because they talk so loud—it is not the same loudness as of the French, and one day I have laughed to hear in a 'bus how girls of the Y. M. C. A. have talked. There was one who was not at all pretty, except to be young, who has regarded a French gentleman who wore his beard long. "Look," she said, "what a horrible beard. Imagine to be kissed by any one like that. Then they have both laughed.

The other one has said then: "I suppose his grandfather wore his beard long, so he does the same," and the first one has replied: "Yes, it is always like that. What was good enough for your grandfather in France is good enough for you."

I was not angry to hear them speak so, because, you know, they were very ignorant. For me, I do not think that they have known very much the emotion of to be kissed, or they would have understood that it is not whether or not one has a beard that makes the difference.—London Bystander's Paris Letter.

Why He Doesn't Hear It.

"This is the fourth morning you've been late, Rufus," said the man to his colored chauffeur.

"Yes, sah," replied Rufus. "I did oahsleep myself, sah."

"Where's that clock I gave you?"

"In m' room, sah."

"Don't you wind it up?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I winds it up, sah."

"And do you set the alarm?"

"Ev'ry night, sah, I set de alarm, sah."

"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Rufus?"

"No, sah. Dere's de trouble, sah."

Yer see, de blame thing goes off while I'm asleep, sah.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hard Luck for Some One.

The monthly assizes were in progress at the mining camp of Howling Wolf, and the courthouse was crowded with a motley throng, who took a deep, if somewhat noisy, interest in all the proceedings.

The uproar got worse and worse, and at last the judge could bear it no longer.

An imposing figure, in a moth-eaten white wig, he rose to his feet and belovled out:

"Gentlemen, and also prisoner, I must insist on order in the court house. Here I've tried four cases already, and haven't been able to hear a single word of the evidence."—Pearson's Weekly, London.

While Food Is Short.

"Tain't manners to talk while you're eatin'," said Miss Brown.

"No," answered Miss Jones; "an' wif food scarce like it is, 'tain't good judgment, either."—London Answer.

Utilizing Apricot Pits.

From the Popular Science Magazine. California has an annual by-product of 7000 tons of apricot pits, which were formerly sold to Germany and Denmark at \$45 a ton. When the war closed this market, and the price dropped to \$15, a California chemist bought a supply and started experimenting. He is now marketing a substitute for olive oil; a meal used in cooking; oil of apricot, known as bitter oil of almonds; American blue, from which prussic acid can be made, and a number of other by-products, which give a total yield of more than \$200 for a ton of apricots.

—No beer, no work. No work, no wife. No wife, no home. No home—tramp, tramp, tramp, the bums are marching!—Toledo Blade.

Longest Day of His Life.

A staff officer, noted for his jovial habits, determined to try the rare experiment of abstaining from spirituous liquors for a season. Late in the evening of the day when he started he met the staff surgeon, who was a theoretical temperance man.

"Doctor," said he, "they say that by abstinence from stimulating drinks a man's days will be prolonged."

"There's no doubt of it."

"That is my opinion," said our colonel, with a lonesome yawn. "I resolved to drink nothing today, and it has been the longest day of my life."

—There, little brewery, don't you cry; you'll grind sausages by and by.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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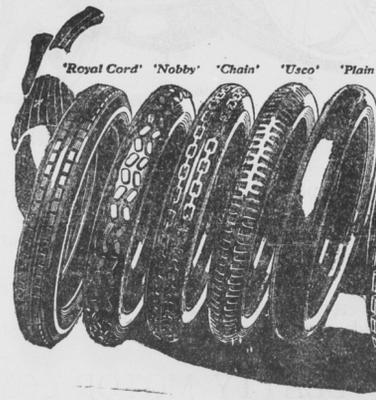
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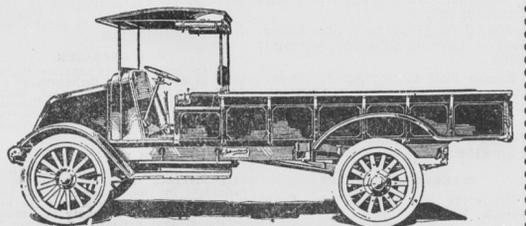
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