

# NORWAY IS OPENING UP

**T**HIS week sees a new and specially interesting part of Norway opened up, says a recent issue of the Dundee Courier. Hitherto there have been two ways of seeing Norway, viz., sailing along the fjords and carrying across the country. Both had their charm, but there were often long distances between the scenes of special interest.

But in recent years the country has been waking up, and railways have been laid wherever their was business to be fostered or tourists to be expedited. A few years ago the magnificent cross-country mountain railway between Bergen and Christiania was opened for traffic, and wherever one thinks of the luxurious carriages or the entrancing scenery the memory of a journey by that railway will be a constant delight.

The new railway, the Dovre railway, is to connect Christiania with the Molde Fjord, and also with Throndhjem. There is already a narrow gauge, single-track line to Throndhjem but it is utterly unfit to cope with the increasing traffic, and it runs parallel to the Swedish boundary, and is strategically a source of danger.

**Where Scotch Mercenaries Fell.**  
The new line runs west of Dovre, and then due north to Throndhjem, broad gauge, double track, and safe from hostile operations. The line will continue from Dovre westward to the Molde Fjords, thus opening up the beauties of the Gudbrandsdal and the magnificence of the Romsdal. Now that region is the Scotland of Norway. All along the route Scot names abound, names recalling incidents and providing traditions and legends in which Scots played a romantic and tragic part, and one part of the valley is called Skoteveien, the Scote road.

On the 2d of August, 1612, a band

The 300 Scots were under the command of Lieut. Col. Alexander Ramsay and Captains Hay and Sinclair. Captain Sinclair was a nephew of the earl of Caithness, who, in return for some favor, got his nephew to betray Lord Maxwell into the hands of his enemies. Under the guise of friendship Sinclair won Maxwell's confidence and then handed him over to his mortal foe, Sir Roger Lindsay. The victim pronounced a bitter curse on Sinclair for his dastardly deed and that curse embittered his remaining days.

**Survivors of Sinclair's Expedition.**  
Four officers were spared, Sinclair and the others having been killed. A few privates also survived, and took service with one or other of the farmers. For instance, one such remained for some years at the farm of Valde in Vaage. He had been a glazier in former days and eventually started in his old trade. He sent some specially designed windows to his old master at Valde. That family treasured them until about twenty-five years ago, when they were removed to Christiania, and now occupy a place in the Anglican church there. Another of the Scots is reported to have swam across the Laugen, and to have found shelter at the farm of Ellingsbo, in Hedalen. He remained in the farmer's service for several years and then settled down in Oslo as a silversmith. He sent silver cups to Ellingsbo's children and these were long preserved as memorials of the Scottish survivor from Kringom.

The name of Sinclair is associated with the Scots' expedition by the Norse; indeed, it is as often spoken of as the Sinclair expedition as by any other name. For the surviving officers, hoping to escape more easily, led the peasants to believe that the dead Sinclair had been the real leader of the Scots. And so the Sinclair bal-



TRAVELERS IN NORWAY

of Scots set sail from Scotland in two vessels, one of which started from Dundee, the other from Caithness. These 300 Scotsmen were mercenary soldiers proceeding to Sweden to help Gustavus Adolphus in his war with the Danes. They were destroyed near Otta, one of the stations on the new railroad, at a spot which can be seen from the train. The peasants, who outnumbered the Scotsmen, had laid their plans with consummate skill and caught them in an ambush. Naturally, the incident was greatly magnified by the simple dalesmen, and legends, tradition, song and story have embellished the episode to the glorification of the natives, and great care is needed to sift out the truth.

It was, of course, to be expected that the action of the peasants would be commemorated in some lasting form, and a succession of monuments has marked the spot. A handsome stone memorial has stood on the high road for well nigh a century, bearing the inscription, "In memory of the peasants' bravery, 1612." But the stone had suffered from exposure and vandalism and a new one had become necessary. The present time seems specially appropriate, when history has been disassociated from legend, for the erection of a new monument, which bears the inscription, "In memory of the fight at Kringom, 26th August, 1612." Some of the traditions have doubtless a basis in fact, and along the route names of places containing the word skot are so numerous that not a few must have had a definite connection with the Scottish expedition.

lands and legends tell the Norse version of the disaster to the Scots. Guns, pistols, swords, etc., that were picked up by the peasants were called Sinclair's. One man, Jorgen Fjerdingen of Hedalen, obtained possession of a metal money holster with Sinclair's initials on it. At the farm of Bredden, on his way home, he was invited to have dinner with the family, and during the meal the holster was spirited away. To this day, if anything is left untended, especially during a meal, and it disappears, the owner is said to "have been dining like Jorgen." The holster was eventually recovered and now occupies a place in the Vilik collection of Scottish relics of the expedition.

Many tourists pass by without paying any notice to the monument that has stood so long. Their guide book has told them little or nothing. One English traveler had kept his eyes open. Meeting a fellow countryman, he said: "Terribly hilly road this. One must be careful. There is a horrible place called Kringle down the road. I advise you to alight. I did. I see by a post that a man Sinclair had a bad fall there." The Sinclair monument is a huge flagstone, about eight feet long, seven feet high and six inches thick. It contains the inscription: "The leader of the Scots, George Sinclair, was buried here after he had fallen at Kringle on the 26th August, 1612." In itself the incident was comparatively unimportant, but it meant much for Norway. Until that time the Norse had no militia or territorial defense.

## MISSED LITTLE "PILE" WAS ALTOGETHER TOO GOOD

JOKE THAT WAS VERY MUCH ON THE TWO PICKPOCKETS.

Fortunate for the Old-Fashioned Woman That They Had Not Thought to Open It for Any Purpose.

Granted that a person wishes to do well whatever he sets out to do, no matter what the nature of the undertaking, there must have been two chagrined young men on an Eighth avenue car Wednesday evening, says the New York Times. They rode up town at the rush hour. Crowded onto the rear platform where they stood were several other men and one woman. The woman was old-fashioned enough to wear a dress with a pocket in it. Some time during the trip from Thirty-fourth street to Fifty-ninth one of the men found the pocket and extracted its contents.

At the Circle the woman, unaware of her loss, pushed into the car and found a seat. Presently the solemnity of the tired crowd was disturbed by a burst of hilarity on the platform. The two young fellows were chaffing each other in boisterous tones.

"You're a jay, you are," said one. "Anybody'd think you had spent all your life rolling over plowed ground. What you going to do with it? Keep it?"

"No," was the reply. "What's the use? It ain't no good."

The woman listened inattentively to the loud remarks and wondered, in a listless way, what they had reference to. She nearly collapsed when she found out. At Eighty-sixth street the conductor came through the car holding out a small leather-bound prayer book, which, when folded, might have been easily mistaken for a pocket book.

"This belong to anybody in this car?" he asked.

Several passengers appealed to shock their heads. Presently he stopped before the woman. "This yours," he asked.

Hastily the woman felt in her pocket. "Yes, it is," she said. "Where in the world—"

"Guess you must have lost it. Some fellows out there picked it up and handed it over to me."

The woman turned cold all over. "Give it here, quick," she said. "I want to see—"

Words were not required to tell what it was she wanted to see. The pause was filled up eloquently by her actions. Rapidly she turned the leaves till she came to a kind of pocket fastened between the pages at the back. From this she drew two \$10 bills.

"I declare if I didn't forget all about leaving them in there," she said. "Thank goodness they didn't get lost."

The two hoodlums on the platform eyed the bills greedily.

"Jay," said one of them, "is no name for us fellows."

### Self-Criticism.

A business man who had amassed a comfortable fortune, lost it in speculation. He became a traveling salesman, and having to "work" every hamlet and country store in order to make ends meet, he found himself one night crossing a pasture where a number of mules were grazing.

Now it is a well known fact that those animals, particularly after dark, will follow in single file any moving object that attracts their attention. This they proceeded to do, stepping sedately and at regular intervals behind him.

When the worried man, immersed in his troubles, looked over his shoulder and saw the sort of procession he was heading, he stopped. Then, although he had only the rising moon to share the spectacle, he said, solemnly:

"Right, you are, boys. You know me. I'm the biggest donkey of you all!"—Youth's Companion.

### Showing George Up.

William J. Burns, the detective, was congratulated in Pittsburgh on a successful coup.

"My success," said Mr. Burns, "was due to the fact that I went to the right source for my facts. You must always know the right source to go to—then your facts will be valuable. It's like the sister story."

"Nobody like a sister, you know, to give you a line on a young man. Thus a girl had just got engaged to a fine, handsome chap, and she said to this chap's sister one day:

"Next Thursday is George's birthday, and I don't know what to give him. Will you, as his sister, understanding all his tastes as you do, suggest some present for him?"

"Oh, I hardly know what to suggest," said the sister, carelessly; "but from my knowledge of George, I should say that he'd prefer something that he could pawn easily."

### Moose Proved a Friend.

A mouse saved a family from death from the fumes of gas escaping from a fallen chandelier in the dining room of a house in Sheffield, England. The fumes drove the mouse upstairs to a bedroom, where it scampered across the bed and awakened Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Turner, the occupants. Started, without knowing the cause, they made an investigation of the house, and discovered the escape of gas. They flung open the windows, and then returned to the bedroom, where they found the mouse dead on the pillow.

## WAS ALTOGETHER TOO GOOD

Protestations of Sighing Swain Failed to Win the Object of His Affections.

After he had fallen upon his knees and kissed her hand she said: "Before I answer 'Yes' or 'No,' there are some things I would like to ask you. Do you ever drink or gamble?" "No," he eagerly replied. "I do not know what the taste of liquor is; I have never defiled my lips with tobacco. I have never uttered a profane word in my life. I have never even played bridge where a prize was at stake."

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, drew a long sigh, and then asked:

"Have you ever broken a woman's heart?"

"Ah, how can you ask me that?" he almost reproachfully answered. "If I had ever spoken words of love to another I would not deem myself worthy to touch the hem of your garment. I have never cared for anyone but you. I have never kissed any woman except my mother. I have never given any girl cause to utter one sorrowful sigh. Yours is the first dear, soft little hand that I have ever held in my own. Never before tonight have I looked into any girl's eyes as I am looking into your deep, soulful eyes. Never—"

"Oh, dear," she impatiently interrupted, drawing her hand away from him, "it's after eight o'clock, and you shouldn't be so far away from home at this time of night. Wait a minute, please, and I'll see if I can't get my brother Tom to go with you. Your mamma must be terribly worried."

### Traveler's Tact.

A young man who had just been engaged as commercial traveler by a Manchester (Eng.) firm was warned that the great fault of his predecessor had been want of tact. The young man started out, and, to the surprise of his employers, orders began to come in at a quite unprecedented rate.

The climax came when a big order was sent in from a firm with whom the wholesaler house had had a bitter quarrel, ending in a total stoppage of business.

The traveler's employers sent for him on his return and asked him how he had managed that particular miracle.

"I used tact, sir," was the reply, "as you warned me to. When I got to Mr. B.'s shop he came up and asked me what firm I represented. Remembering the circumstances, I handed him my card and said, 'Why, these blooming idiots!'"

### Arithmetic Justice.

Rough and ready justice in Mexico in the days of President Diaz is illustrated by the following story.

In a lonely part of the south a train had been robbed by the inhabitants of a certain village. The president told a young officer to take his company and "put an end to that sort of thing."

The young officer had every house searched. Almost all contained stolen property. He then marshaled the villagers, picked out every fortieth man, and had him shot.

After this he said, "I am taking my troops away, but if any more train robberies take place we shall come back and shoot every twentieth man. Should it be necessary to return again, every tenth man will be executed."

No more trains were attacked.—London Times.

### "My Mother's Eyes."

A newspaper recently invited its readers to state in a few words what they considered the most beautiful thing in the world.

The first prize was awarded to the sender of the answer, "The eyes of my mother."

"The dream of that which we know to be impossible," suggested an imaginative person, and this brought him second prize.

But the most amusing thing was that which read:

"The most beautiful thing in the world is to see a man carrying his mother-in-law across a dangerous river without making any attempt to drop her in."

### Fortunate in His Parent.

A good story is going the rounds about the son of the late Lord Robson, who is a barrister on the Northern circuit. He was recently defending a man charged with an ordinary type of offense in the district where Lord Robson had for years worked politically and socially. It seemed a pretty clear case, but the jury acquitted the man.

As the young barrister left the court one of the jurymen came up to him and kindly remarked:

"We all knew and liked your father, Mr. Robson, and we weren't going to let you lose your case."—London Tit-Bits.

### Vaccination Against Typhoid.

Results of anti-typhoid inoculation among the French troops in Algeria and Morocco during 1912 were reported by Prof. Vincent at the recent international medical congress in London. In western Morocco, while about 16 per cent among the noninoculated contracted the disease, only one in 5,000 among the inoculated did so.

### Industry.

"Well, Sh, I see you're back from New York. Lively town, that, eh? I s'pose most everybody there has a job."

"Yep. I even saw men leadin' dogs fer exercise in 'th' mornin' an' doin' it ez carefully ez though they was paid fer it!"—Judge.

## New Ideas for Handy Boys

By A. NEELY HALL

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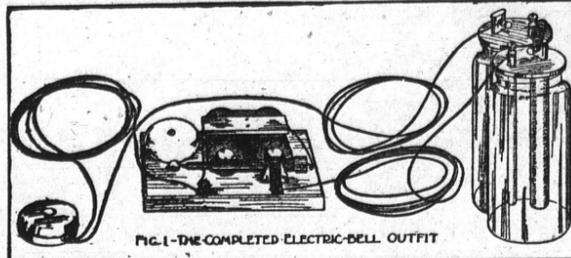


FIG. 1—THE COMPLETED ELECTRIC BELL OUTFIT

### AN EASILY-MADE ELECTRIC BELL OUTFIT.

The home-made electric bell shown in the illustrations is very simple in construction, and is made of only such materials as are easily obtained.

The working principle of an electric bell is this: When the push-button is pressed, the current from the bell battery passes along the bell wire and through coils of wire mounted upon the bell base. These coils of wire are wound around cores of soft iron, and when the current passes around and around through the many turns of wire the cores become magnetized and together form a "horse-shoe magnet." This magnet draws the bell hammer arm, or "armature," towards it. Then, the instant that the armature is pulled away from the little adjustment screw that presses against it, the electrical connection is broken, the horse-shoe magnet loses its magnetic influence, and the armature springs back to its former position against the adjustment screw. This "closes the circuit," then the current flows through the magnet coils again, and the armature is drawn away from the screw as before.

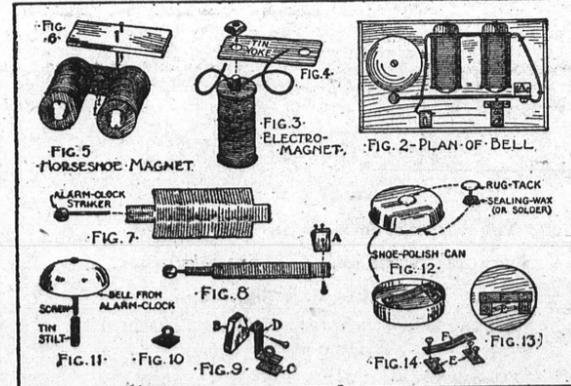
The horse-shoe magnet is the first portion of the bell to make. Get two 1/4-inch or 5-16-inch carriage bolts 2 1/2 inches long for the iron cores, and 1/2 pound of ordinary insulated electrical bell wire. Also buy four 1/4-inch bolt washers for the ends of the magnets. Slip two washers upon each bolt, and screw the nut onto the end, temporarily. Before starting to wind the wire upon the bolts, slip four or five inches of the end through the hole of the washer on the nut end of the bolt; then carefully wind the wire around the bolt between that washer and the one at the bolt-head end. Wind back

Fig. 9 shows the details of the adjustment screw and a binding post. Cut B out of hard wood; tack the strip of tin, D, to its top and face, and nail B to the base block near the pivoted end of the armature, as shown in Fig. 2. Tack the piece of tin, C, to the base block under the end of D, and punch a hole through both C and D for the screw-eye binding post to run through. Fold a small piece of tin in half, as shown in Fig. 10, for the second binding post, tack the lower portion to the base block, and pierce a hole for a screw-eye. This binding post may be fastened almost any place on the block. Connect one of the upper ends of the magnet-coil wires to it, and connect the upper end of the other coil wire to the screw which holds the armature to block A.

Mount the bell from a broken alarm clock upon a tin still made as shown in Fig. 11, using a long enough screw to extend well into the base block. The armature must not strike the bolt heads, because just enough magnetism is likely to remain in them, after the electrical contact has been broken, to hold the armature fast. Place the bell in such a position that the hammer end of the armature cannot be drawn closer than 1-16 inch to the bolt head.

A splendid home-made push-button can be made with a shoe-polish can (Fig. 12). Cut a block 1/4-inch thick and of the inside diameter of the can, and to it screw the tin contact plates E and F (Figs. 13 and 14). Use a brass rug tack for a button. File off its end short, and drop enough sealing wax or solder on the remaining end to keep the tack from slipping out of the hole.

You can operate your bell with a home-made salammioniac battery. Use a Mason fruit jar to hold the solution,



to the starting point, then to the bolt-head end again, and so on back and forth until the height of the washers has been reached. Wind an even number of layers on the bolts, so the upper end of the wire can be brought out through the washer at the nut end. Fig. 3 shows the core with the coil completed. If you now connect both ends of the coil wire to a battery, as a test, you will find that the bolt has become an "electro magnet." The two electro-magnets connected at one end with a metal "yoke" form the horse-shoe magnet. One end of a horse-shoe magnet attracts and the other repels, and in order to make one a "positive" and the other a "negative pole" the winding of the coils must be done in opposite directions—that is, the winding on one must be done clockwise, and that on the other counter-clockwise.

Make the yoke out of a strip of tin 1 inch wide and 3 inches long, and with a nail punch holes through it 2 inches on centers, large enough for the magnet bolts to stick through (Fig. 4). Connect the lower ends of the wire of the two coils together, then screw down the nuts tight against the yokes. Figs. 5 and 6 show how the horse-shoe magnet is fastened to the bell base by a wooden cleat.

Details of the armature are shown in Figs. 7 and 9. It is made of tin cut from a tomato can, and the hammer from a broken alarm clock. Cut the piece of tin 5 inches long and 1 1/2 inches wide, over all, with a 1-inch tab on the opposite end, as shown. Fold the sides of the piece over onto the middle portion (Fig. 8), and then fold the sides of the hammer end over the hammer wire and pound it down until it holds the wire securely. Punch a hole through the opposite end of the armature large enough for a small screw, and screw it at this point to a small block of wood (A, Fig. 8). Then fasten block A to the base block in the position shown in Fig. 2, with the armature exactly parallel to the magnet heads and about 3-16 inch away from them.

and a zinc pencil, and a carbon from a worn-out dry battery, for the zinc and carbon elements.

After connecting the battery, push-button and bell, you will have to adjust the contact screw to the point at which the armature vibrates the steadiest and strongest.

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### London's Best Donkey.

Bill has just been declared the best donkey of the year in London, at the People's Palace, in the East end, when he had to compete against 250 other donkeys. His master is a butcher in Waltham. Bill was declared to be all that a donkey should be—well groomed, carefully "manicured" as to his hoofs, and his inclination to corpulence was accounted in his favor rather than against him. At once he secured the cup, a silver medal, a set of harness (given by Our Dumb Friends League, which organized the show) and a silver watch presented by Lady Shaftesbury. Bill, it was declared, has little, if any, of the obstinate characteristics of his species. He "shakes hands," is very sociable, walks into his master's dining-room, takes lumps of sugar from the table, and (if nobody is looking) will appropriate a joint of meat or any other small item of that sort which may be left unprotected. In addition it may be added he only cost his master \$20, harness and all.

### Most Prosperous Township.

Cullman, Alabama, claims to be the most prosperous township in the world. It is said that every man in the town who is the head of a family has a clear title deed of ownership to his home, and every one of them has a banking account. Co-operative farming is practiced in the country.

### A Labor Tragedy.

"Jim had to pay a fine to the union when the strike was on."  
"What was the matter?"  
"A walking delegate happened to visit his house and found his wife's preserves were working."