

PROTECT OUR BREAD.

The machinery of the law has not been put to work too speedily against the fraudulent use of ammonia and alum in Baking Powders. Both health and the pocket of the people are demanding protection. The legislatures of New York, Illinois and Minnesota have taken this matter of adulteration up, and especially that of Baking Powders. It will be in the interest of public health when their sale is made a misdemeanor in every State in the UNION, and the penalties of the law are rigidly enforced. There is no article of human food more wickedly adulterated than that of Baking Powder.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the only pure cream of tartar powder having a general sale that is free from ammonia, alum or taint of any kind of impurity. It makes the sweetest and lightest bread, biscuit and cake that are perfectly digestible whether hot or cold. It costs more to manufacture Dr. Price's than any other baking powder. It is superior to every other known and the standard for forty years.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

ABSENCE.

I struggle, shrined within a deep content,
The hours I go companionless of thee;
For we have loved together love is meant
To make each a companion to the other.
So, 'mid the acres of this barren earth,
Where once I toiled in the treading of soil,
And sowed each dry seed, and saw no
word.

In dreary pieces of a dreary whole—
Now, with thine image, when thyself's not by,
I hold communion, and my step is light;
For thou dost champion each feat I try,
And oft I laugh aloud in my delight,
And catch my own voice saying oftentimes,
"Thou thus her eyes are, and 'tis thus she smiles."

—Woman in Lippincott.

Modern Eastern Magic.

The last issue of The Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay contains a curious paper by Mr. Rehatsek on twenty of the branches of eastern magic, all of which are in vogue at the present time. The first of these is the "Arcana" of letters and of names, by which letters and figures are combined into magic squares, incantations, etc. These derive their power from the "arbitrary use of them made by the spirits governing the natural world, in such a way that the ninety-nine beautiful names of God and other divine words formed of letters containing the Arcana, which pass into material substances, intercede." The magician, of course, is the sole interpreter of the uses and significances of the combinations.

Alchemy comes next, and is followed by astrology, the most popular of all the Eastern occult sciences. It is practiced on all occasions, to discover thefts, to foretell the result of a journey, the future of an infant, etc. Another popular practice is soothsaying from the sacred books by opening one at random and placing the finger on a line. This is almost the only one of the sciences which costs nothing, and which every one can practice. The selection of days is a subordinate branch of astrology, and is employed to ascertain what days are lucky or unlucky for the commencement of certain enterprises, the wearing of new clothes, and the like.

Divination and the interpretation of dreams are common everywhere. Summum and subjugating demons is the most fearful of the magical sciences. There are two kinds—one dangerous and embracing unlawful magic, the other religious and consisting mainly in confining demons in flame, so that they are compelled to obey the commands of the magician. Geomancy is practiced by means of dots made with a pencil and arranged in complicated combinations so that they answer questions. The art of invisibility appears to be only known by name to Mr. Rehatsek, for he does not desire it. Jeff is a science which is only known to one family. It is defined as "the general science concerning the Tables of the Eternal Deceals and of Predetermination," and enables adepts to know all that has happened, is happening or will happen in the most remote future.—London Times.

Feathered Policemen.

The description given by The London Globe of the carianans or sorienans, located in the eastern aviary of the Zoological gardens, will amuse everybody while it should not surprise any one. That there should be among birds a species which is fitted to perform among its kind the duties undertaken among men by policemen is a fact for which all ought to be prepared. Why should not each variety of created things have in its midst the same sort of functions and functionalities, modified according to circumstances and habits? More than one pictorial artist—as, for instance, C. H. Bennett in this country—has shown us what marvelous resemblances birds and animals can be made to bear and actually do bear to man, and if humanity finds it necessary to law policemen, why should not the "feathered tribes" be similarly impelled.

The cariana seems particularly well fitted for the post of public guardian. He perambulates his cage with all the regularity and hauteur of his human prototype on his "beat," and if at intervals he emits piercing shrieks which seem uncalculated for, he only the more faithfully carried out the analogy. This, no doubt, is his way of blowing the whistle, and when he does it in his cage it is probably from instinct or from immemorial custom. He has already been acclimated in the poultry yard, where he faithfully performs his duty as the preserver of order. If two young cocks assault or batter each other he steps in between them and stops the combat "by a series of pecks divided impartially at the heads of both."

Impartiality, of course, is an excellent quality in a policeman, whether he be bird or man; would there were more of it. The origin of the cariana is, it seems, lost in obscurity; but it is admittedly ancient, and possibly he may be a lineal descendant of the judge birds of ornithological antiquity.—Denver Republican.

Miss Marie R. Schiller, who will be one of the three women to visit South America for the purpose of interesting the women of that continent in the World's fair, is highly educated and accomplished, speaking Spanish, French and German as fluently as she does English. She is a Philadelphian.

DREAMS.

In dreams I walk in pleasant ways,
By liquid streams in sunny dells,
Whose pines and alders and beechy dells,
And aspens glow through happy days.

I dream of friends whose faith is fast,
I dream of love that cannot fail,
Of joys that never tire nor pale,
Of hopes that beckon till the last.

In dreams I hear the songs of birds,
I see the shores of happy lands,
I feel the clasp of loving hands,
I catch the drift of tender words.

They are but dreams, and I alas,
Awake to sweep my vanished bliss!
Awake to feel the truth of this—
That dreams can never come to pass.

Sometimes with I've had dreamed
About the things I long for so,
For then my heart might never know
How dear their sweet fulfillment seemed.

Still I live in dreams, for oftentimes
The path is clear, the heart is blest,
My soul is glad, my heart is weak,
I feel I would not leave the happy dream.

The happy chimes that fancy rings
Across the dreary moor of life;
I feel I would not leave the dream,
The peaceful visions fancy brings.

—Eva Donaldson in Boston Courier.

MARTHA.

"She's a good gal an' deserves to be happy if anybody does!"

Old John Compton gave the wheel of his wagon an emphatic twist around the axle which he had been greasing. His brow was troubled, his voice betrayed emotion. Removing his funnel shaped hat, he wiped the moisture from his wrinkled face.

Behind him was his cabin, and in its entry his wife was at work. In front of him lay his crops exulting in the sunshine. He took the prop from the axle; then he joined his wife.

"Mother," he said, in the same disquieted tone that had characterized his soliloquy a moment before, "mother, you think Martha's made up her mind about Berry Bradley an' 'twouldn't do no good to reason further with her?"

The woman turned from the churn, and drew near to him. Her movement was slipshod, her face as grave as his; sighing, she said:

"Do any good? Not a particle. I've been agin' it, John, the Lord's my witness. I've suffered torments; not a nacherl night's rest in a month have I had. But what's to be done? It's the Lord's will, I reckon. You don't know nothin' about a mother's feelin's—a man can't, it aint natur'; but I've got some'n to tell you; you're her father an' orter know, though she matters kin pass better betwixt women folks, kase they understand one another.

"Last night I couldn't rest. You was sound asleep. I thought I heard some'n a-stirrin' in the child's room. I got out o' bed and crept 'cross the entry, an' a-standin' 'thar at that crack, I heard her cryin' an' a-prayin' in thar to herself, 'bout a sign of a light.

"I peeped in at the door, an' saw the pore gal's face in the moonshine. In all my born days I ain't seed such misery on a human countenance. She was as dead white as a corpse, a-settin' on the side o' the bed with her arms crossed, bendin' for'ard an' back'ard, a-moanin' an' a-prayin' in whispers.

"I knowed 'twas kase we'd been a-talkin' agin' Berry, an' I went to her an' tuk her up in my lap—she's a pore fella little thing anyway; she never was lively stout.

"After awhile she told me all about it from beginnin' to end. Berry uster tote her dinner basket an' jine her on the road to school night every day—three year ago 'fore he tuk to drinkin'. She began to love him then. She never opened her mouth about it, an' you know he didn't come to the house even as often as Clem Craig, so how's we to know?"

"She don't dispute that he's triffin'. He's a-fays been kind an' lovin' to her, she says; an' has promised time an' agin to stop drinkin'. She thinks she can get 'im to give it up. He proved to her, at meetin', yesterday, by Budd Logan, an' he haint teched a drop o' anything intoxicatin' in over three weeks. He says he never will agin; but the'n she tellin' 'bout them that's tied to liquor. He must start agin, an' what ul come o' her?"

"The hushness in the woman's voice got the mastery of her articulation, and she went silently back to the churn. She continued her work, but the dasher in her unsteady hand struck against the sides of the churn with unwonted force. She was wiping her eyes on the skirt of her bonnet.

The subject of the conversation just reported was the only living child of the old couple; their other children had died before they had passed the period of infancy. Martha was the pet, the joy of the humble household. More than once the neighbors had expressed themselves against what they considered to be doing over indulgence of the girl on the part of the father and mother.

"She'll be eternally spoiled," quoth one.

"She's the only gal in the hollow 'at kin afford to wear shoes in summer time; next thing you'll hear o' her a-havin' a horse an' buggy," said another.

"They put her to school six months last year. The most 'at common folks gits for thir' children is a month 'twixt layin' by time an' Christmas," complained an old croake with a ragged brood of ten children dependent on her.

His wife's graphic recital of the girl's unhappiness touched the old farmer deeply. He could frame no reply. Walking restlessly across the punchoon floor he shaded his eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun and gazed westward, where he descried a couple advancing along the road through the fields. It was Martha and her lover—a slight, girlish form in a homespun gown, a burly young countryman with a slouching walk.

They came to the cabin together, both silent. The girl's features were regular and pleasing, her face deep and serious; she was about 18 years of age, the young man 23.

"Won't you come in an' rest?" she asked, in a restrained tone, with a dubious and stolen glance at her parents.

He complied, manifestly abashed, gave the occupants of the entry a gawky bow and a mumbled "Howdy," and took a seat on an empty soda keg against the wall, which, in his immediate vicinity, was frescoed elaborately with strings of red pepper pods hung up to dry.

The titillating dust and odor from this vegetable made him long to sneeze. His excessive timidity or bashfulness, however, thwarted such an outbreak.

As a rule, young men in this region when they go "a-sparkin'" have little to say. Berry Bradley, while different in

many respects from the average "Sprout Hollow" swain, was no exception to this rule. If you had seen him, as he sat there, you would have taken him for an inamutable mute. The pepper pods had incited his eyes to tears, yet he did not have the courage to alter his position, but sat looking through the blur as patient as a statue in a fog.

Besides, no other seat invited occupancy save a dismantled candle box near Mrs. Compton's churn. The discomforts arising from the pepper pods were preferable to a noisier approach to his mother-in-law in prospect.

The good woman finished her work at the churn, and, without a glance at the visitor, went moodily into one of the rooms to arrange the table for the evening meal; whereupon Berry moved slightly, got his feet and hands into a less tense posture, and wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve. The farmer plucked up his basket, and went out to feed his horses; the visitor sneezed with a kind of bray, and left the pods.

"I'd better be goin'," he remarked to the girl standing near the steps.

"What's your hurry?" she asked, with a quick, troubled expression in her eyes.

"Do you think a man orter wait till ole Gabe blows his horn in his year 'fore he takes a hint? My room's with more'n my company in this shabang," he replied angrily.

"I can't help it, Berry," she answered, with a sigh. "I've done all I kin. You oughtn't to blame me for it."

"Well, it makes no odds. I'll meet you at meetin' to-morrow night, an' I'll fetch you home. No, I'm to blame fur't all, but you'll see. You've said you'd try me, an' you shan't be sorry."

His tone was very serious, and he walked away without another word.

It is no small wonder that such a man as Berry Bradley could have won the maiden—the most eligible in every respect in Sprout Hollow. Reckless and imprudent as this man was, void of physical attractiveness or educational advantages, he held the girl in his power by her heart cords, and through her he held her parents.

Reluctantly the old people consented to the marriage. Berry renewed his promises to reform with doubled earnestness, and the wedding day drew to near.

People for miles around gathered at the Compton cabin that bright summer afternoon. The cabin was not large enough to accommodate the guests, so the space under the trees in front of the house was utilized for their accommodation. Neighbors brought chairs and stools; planks and rails were laid across stones to make benches, and various other articles of household furniture and outdoor rubbish adapted to the purpose were brought into use for seating the crowd. Many of the men stood up; some sat on the rail fence of the cow lot near by.

Everything became so still when the person stepped from among the crowd into the entry that the drone of the bees around the hives at the end of the cabin could be heard. Berry led his bride from one of the rooms, and they stood before the preacher. Her gown was of plain white muslin. A mass of glossy brown hair fell in waves over her shoulders.

A few smiles, such as touch faces at fashionable weddings, even though void of sincerity, would not have been out of place, now that the girl's step was irrevocable; but the simple minds of the spectators were unlearned in such subtle arts, and the upturned countenances mutely and firmly spoke disapprobation of the match, and sympathy for the parents, for the bridegroom's character was well and unfavorably known by them all.

At the feet of the bride sat her parents, their gray heads uncovered in the spray of dancing sunshine which fell through the tree branches. Truly pitiful was the feeble semblance of approval which they strove to keep in their care worn faces.

The ceremony was over. The most friendly of the neighbors shook hands with the newly married pair; then the throng melted away. Intense and embarrassing silence came to the household with the departure of the guests. Martha was to go forthwith to the cabin that her husband had made ready for her on some land a few miles distant, which he had rented for the next year.

Berry brought out Martha's box and a bundle of new quilts—her dowry—and put them in a buggy. The young bride kissed her speechless mother, and twined her arms tightly around the wrinkled neck. With eyes brimful of tears she went to her father, as he leaned over the fence looking fixedly at nothing.

He turned when her hands touched his arm and put his rough, sun browned hand against the side of her face. He did not kiss her; she did not intend to kiss him. Such a mark of affection had never passed between them, but a deep feeling was evinced in his dispirited demeanor, and revealed in the dimmed orbs beneath the shaggy gray eyebrows, that more than sufficed.

"You'll be over soon, you an' your—you an' Berry, I reckon," he said disconsolately, with twinging lips. "You're ally's welcome as long as me'n your mother has a roof above us. I'll have Tobo Sanders drive your cow over early in the mornin'. You'd better take Sook. I reckon; she seems to be your favorite. She's a good milk cow, an' I'll give more'n enough milk for you two."

For a few moments after the bride and bridegroom had driven away Farmer Compton remained where she had left him. Mrs. Compton sat in the entry alone. She rose firmly and went to kindle a fire in the chimney. Her husband approached her as she knelt in the ashes on the wide hearth.

"Never mind, mother," he said, plaintively. "I haint hungry. Let's make out with a coll snack this time. It's been many a year since we've gone 'bout warm supper, but I don't feel much like eatin', an' I reckon you don't nuther."

Nothing reluctant she consented. They sat in the door and watched the sinking sun draw away his gold from the clouds, and saw the glowing darkening of the low lands and drupe the hills in gray. They sat closer together than they had sat for years before.

Berry began his married life in a much more exemplary manner than was generally expected of him. His cabin was well equipped for occupancy. He straightway went to work to bring his soil into fit condition for the planting of crops. Winter passed; spring rolled brightly on. Martha was happy. Her husband was, indeed, very kind and attentive, and she loved him more than ever, and secretly enjoyed the knowledge that her friends were now finding out the errors of their prophecies concerning her welfare.

But, alas! this happy time was short. Berry was gone to the village to poll his vote in a local election. He did not re-

turn as early as had been his wont when he went to the village. Martha stood in the door, anxiously awaiting him until night had fallen. She heard the clatter of horse hoofs, and he rode up, his horse foaming with perspiration. He alighted, leading the animal bumblingly to the stall.

The young wife shrunk with instinctive dread into the cabin. Once before her marriage she had seen precisely that uneasy walk, that languid drooping of head and shoulders. She knew well what it betokened. She made haste to place the supper on the table. She could not go to him as she had been accustomed to do. This he noted with quickened sensitiveness on his entrance.

Throwing himself clumsily in a chair, he glowered at her as she shrunk before him. The consciousness that he had broken his promise of total abstinence was uppermost in his mind.

"A man can't teach a drap 'bout you a-thinkin' at he's gwine to take to it reg'lar," he said, with a thick tongue. "The'n reason in everything. A man haint with that"—trying to snap his fingers—"that can't drink on a particular 'cession like this 'bout making a hog o' biss'?"

With the table between her and him, she stood pale and quivering in every fiber, unable to answer him.

"Lost your tongue, I seems. 'Lecton's over, Pete Vrogan's our next sheriff; stayed till votes counted out. You kin just stan' thar like a post till it thunders you want to. I won't make you believe what I'm a-tellin' you."

"Berry," she said desperately, moving a chair to his place at the table, "supper is ready. Come before it's cold."

"Don't want no supper," he said, testily; "ain't gwine to eat at notable whar I'm looked on like a brute. Can't teach a drop with ole friends I was fotch up with 'bout the whole world bein' upst."

He rose angrily and staggered out of doors. She heard the gurgle of a bottle, and when he came in she noted the bulge of a capacious whisky flask in his pocket. He resumed his chair without speaking.

Hours passed by; he was becoming more deeply inebriated. He sat, an inert human mass, with lolling head, waggling now and then, on his breast, and was in great danger of tumbling to the floor. The last pine knot was flickering in the chimney. When it expired darkness would fall. She shuddered at the situation. Something must be done; she must get him upon the bed.

She touched his forehead with her cold hands. He paid no heed to her, breathing very heavily. She pulled at his arms.

"Berry," she called gently; "Berry, git on the bed!"

He raised his head with inflamed eyes and a bestial growl. She tried to raise him again, praying inwardly. He got to his feet and plunged toward the door. With all her strength she endeavored to pilot him to the bed. Maddened by the restraint her hands put upon him, he threw back his arm with brutal force and struck her in the temple. Then he plunged into the darkness without and she fell to the floor.

The grayish light of dawn stealing over the hill tops into the cabin fell on the face of a dead woman. A few hours after sunrise a neighbor chanced to look in at the door and discovered her.

Immediately he summoned his wife and daughters, and sent a bearer of the tidings to the Comptons. Before the mother and father arrived, Berry Bradley's body was found in the river, not far from the cabin. In his blind wanderings he had fallen into the stream, and drowned helplessly. In consideration of the circumstances attending his death, and the death of his wife, it was determined that his remains should not be brought to his cabin.

There are few things in human nature more sublime than the patient fortitude of the simple people in the region in which these events occurred. The dead girl's parents drove up to the cabin about noon. While the old man, with trembling hands, unhitched his mules, his wife stood waiting for him, with her hand on the door. Tears had not dampened her cheeks that day. The woman standing around the rough coffin retired as the old couple entered the cabin.

Neither of the two shed tears even then, though their aged frames trembled violently as their eyes fell upon the dead. Slowly and gently, as if Martha was sleeping, Mrs. Compton raised the brown hair from the bruised spot at the temple and softly stroked the pallid cheek.

"She loved him more'n she did us. Poor little Mattie!" she retied the little bow of blue ribbon around the pale neck and went outside the door and sat down amongst the old women, and a few moments later they bore the body of the daughter she loved to its lonely grave on the hill side.—Will N. Harben in Youth's Companion.

Tough Old Zulu Chiefs.

The old chiefs in South Africa know nothing about trekking, and on several occasions became so impatient that they started off on foot ahead of the wagons. One day they had to walk thirty-seven miles before reaching water, and then had to wait two days on scant rations before we came up with them. One of these men is 75 years old, but the tough old Zulu (the Matabele rulers are of Zulu origin) was none the worse for the escape.

On another occasion, in spite of our warnings, they left us, armed only with assegais, in the worst part of the lion country. When we followed a few hours afterward we saw to our horror that their footprints in the sand had been partially obliterated by the spoor of a lion. Fortunately, however, he had followed them only for some hundred yards, and then, probably not being hungry, he wandered off toward a pool of water.

Such anxieties were to us a source of constant worry, for how could we face the king without bringing back his Indians? Our own lives would not have been safe. We should have been proclaimed as impostors or accused of witchcraft.

However, we managed to divert their minds and keep them employed at the wagons by shooting twenty-six gray monkeys for them. The skins of this particular species are only worn by royalty or big chiefs.—Cor. London Telegraph.

A cashmere shawl does not depreciate by age; on the contrary, it gains a certain mellowness, for the coloring becomes toned by time. The true worth of the vegetable dyes which are employed may be seen in other descriptions of shawls which are imported.

HOW GREAT MUSIC IS WRITTEN.

Old Tunes Picked Up by the Classic Composers and Then Worked Over.

A complete edition of the works of Handel has been in course of publication during the last few years under the chief editorship of Friedrich Chrysander. It is illustrated with all the information which can be collected about each work and each step in the great composer's career, including the circumstances which gave birth to each work and under which it was put together, not forgetting the sources and under contribution of the master for the accomplishment of his task. The supplementary volume of this edition, published in the autumn of last year, contains a collection of earlier pieces which served as sources for several portions of the "Israel in Egypt." It is from this volume and its notes that Julius Stockhausen, a writer in the Frankfurter Zeitung, draws the materials for a brief but interesting communication.

One hears often the complaint that this or that piece of music is not "original." It is charged against the composer that he has borrowed from others, sometimes even from himself. If we had the current criticisms of the preceding periods we might be amused or surprised by finding similar diatribes on the contemporary musicians and their works. Tracing up the history of musical composition into the Middle Ages we find that even the most distinguished composers had neither difficulty nor scruple as to borrowing from the works of those who had gone before them.

One of the great facts of the history of music is the free use, the very much too free use, made of popular tunes by the composers of church music down into the sixteenth century. Themes neither reverent nor edifying were made the basis of a mass, developed into fugues or canons, so that the less devout members of a congregation might have their pleasurable faculties fully gratified, by the choir or rolled out by the organ while they were assisting at a religious service. Even the great reformer himself, Palestrina, borrowed in more than one way. He himself wrote church music on proper themes; he re-constructed, if we may say so, more than one work of a former composer, just as Shakespeare judiciously edited an already existing play, and he directly borrowed, as when he turned the "Ave Maria" of the Spanish composer, Fernando de las Casas, into a piece for several voices. No one dreams of imputing as a fault to Palestrina or the other earlier composers of church music this free use of materials ready to their hand, any more than we should now censure M. Gounod for developing a theme of Bach's into a well known religious piece.

Stockhausen, proceeding on the information and the actual cases given by Chrysander, puts before his readers a list of the pieces from which the best known and most favorite passages of the "Israel in Egypt" are borrowed. Handel was a great admirer and diligent student of Italian music. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that there was practically little other music at the time, at least in so advanced and organized a condition. It is not, then, surprising that a "Magnificat" of Erba, published about 1690, and a serenade of Stradella, who lived about the same time, have been pressed into the service for the "Israel." The editor, Chrysander, also cites a "Te Deum" by Urio as having furnished material. But the "Magnificat" and the serenade are published in the edition of Handel's works as an appendix, while the "Te Deum" has not yet appeared. It will be new and possibly disappointing to many lovers of Handelian oratorio to be told that no less than fifteen numbers of the "Israel in Egypt" have been taken from the "Magnificat" and the serenade, as any one may verify by comparison. The writer gives a list of the passages employed in the oratorio by Handel. Nine numbers have been taken from the "Magnificat." Among them are:

The chorus: "He is my God."
Soprano duet: "The Lord is my strength."
The chorus: "He rebuked the Red sea."
The fragment: "Thy right hand, O Lord."
The great duet for two voices: "The Lord is a man of war."
The chorus: "Thy sendest forth thy wrath."
Chorus: "And with a blast of thy nostrils."
Duet: "Thou in thy mercy."
Chorus: "The earth swallowed them."
Six numbers are taken from the serenade. But there is this difference, that while the passages from Erba's "Magnificat" are usually transferred with little change, Stradella's music furnishes ordinarily the theme or suggestion which Handel works out. Among these are:

Chorus: "He led them forth like sheep;" and the chorus: "He spoke the word."
The "Hallelstone" chorus seems to have been taken from both authors. Chrysander shows how Handel took more than the suggestion of his "Italian chamber duets" from an Italian composer, Steffani; and again, copying from himself, borrowed from those very duets some of choruses in "The Messiah," among them, "For unto us a child is born," "His yoke is sweet." He gives an astonishing list of pieces by great composers taken from a plain Gregorian "Amen," among them a "Gratias Agimus" by Bach; "I will sing to the Lord," from "Israel in Egypt," the "Hallelstone" chorus, almost note for note, in "The Messiah"; the "Chorus of the Puris" in Gluck's "Orpheus," the opening of the "Kyrie," in Mozart's "Requiem." And he cites a set of duets by Durante, published by Breitkopf, of Leipzig, which are taken with little change from Scarlatti. But he also invites musical readers to note the magnificent work Handel has produced out of the slender materials which he found ready for him, at the close of the "Hallelstone" chorus and the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War." Surely the great master who produced such work can never be charged with merely copying, because he made such splendid use of his materials. Nor should it ever be forgotten that "Israel in Egypt" was begun and completed in twenty-four days. Any composer who can do likewise need fear no criticism.—Saturday Review.

Killed a White Mink.

A white mink of good size was caught recently in the excavation of a sewer on Third street, between College and Hall, by Mr. C. Dundee. The little quadruped was full of fight, and could not be taken alive. It is an unusual thing to find this valuable fur producing animal on this coast. The writer has had much experience in the woods along the lakes and rivers of western Oregon and Washington for thirty-five years past, but this is the first time he has ever known a white mink to be seen in the region mentioned.—Portland Oregonian.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

He can give the laws of Solon,
He can draw the flag of Colton,
He can write a constitution for a city,
He can make a treaty in German,
He can draft a Turkish decree;
But the English common law he never knew.

He can write his name in Spanish,
He can make a speech in Danish,
And recite such nonsense as would turn your brain;
The Russian Arabic he can't explain;
He can swim in feet of typhoid;
But he couldn't tell old Shakespeare from Mark Twain.

He can fathom all the mystery
Of old Ethiopian history;
He can name one thousand Norse kings—more or less;
He can mark the Roman bound'ries,
And describe the Aztec foundries;
But has never seen the "Statutes of U. S."

He can trace the radius vector,
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
He can calculate the arum,
Classify the Comte currency;
But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet.

—Philadelphia Republic.

His Mistake.

Editor—You want to run right down into the press room and get caught in a belt. It will be an easy day compared with the one you will have over this.

Proofreader—Why, what's up?
Editor—What's up? Why, in this account of Miss Terebete's dress, the copy she gave me read, "trimmed with a jabot of pale sea-plant," and you let it go "trimmed with a job lot of pale sea-plant." Go on down stairs and remittit scribble—I'll write up a good account of your death.—Philadelphia Republic.

Johnny's Idea of Seasickness.

Here is a good description of seasickness by a 6-year-old boy:

Little Johnny had been visiting lately at a place where they have a big swing, which is highly popular with the rising generation. When he returned home his father asked him:

"Well, Johnny, did you swing in the big swing?"
"Yes, a little, papa, but it made my head ache in my stomach so that I had to stop."—Boston Transcript.

A Strange Case.

"It's singular, very singular," mused old Dr. Pillers the other day.

"What's singular?" asked another cemetery enlarger.

"Why, you know old Mrs. Skimston. Well, fifty-two years ago she ran a needle into her right elbow, and yesterday—"

"Exactly," put in another; "it came out of her left elbow!"

"No, it didn't. It came out of the back of her grandson's head. That's what bents me!"—Philadelphia Republic.

An Honest Horse Trader.

Marley (furiously)—See here, you scoundrel! I drove the horse that you sold me down by the railroad, and when the car came along he nearly broke my neck.

Speedwell—Very likely. He never did like the sound of an engine.

Marley—But you said he never saw anything that frightened him.

Speedwell—Certainly. But I didn't say he was never frightened. The fact is, he was born blind.—Munsey's Weekly.

One Idea of It.

Farmer Raffelance—Just think, Maria, Squire Hawkins has built himself a \$50,000 house and I'll be blamed if he's got any decent glass in the whole of it.

Maria—What's he got