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Journal, in connection with the
Newberg Graphic**JADE CARVINGS.**Twenty Years Sometimes Spent on a
Single Piece of Work.

The high standing of jade is no modern thing. The primitive weights and measures of the Chinese world were computed from jade tubes, and the earliest bars or intervals of music known to that nation were determined by hollow bamboo canes of accurate length, afterward perpetuated in jade tubes having stops within to be pulled out at the will of the player.

The Spaniards and Mexicans have as great respect for the stone as the Chinese, and they regard it as an amulet against disease. In some instances the finder of a piece of jade was supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, such a piece being regarded as a holy thing fallen from heaven.

The Chinese value their jade carvings so highly that they cannot often be prevailed upon to part with them, though in times of national calamity, such as the culmination of the war between Japan and China, western importers and jewelers had a chance to buy some of the treasures, says Harper's Weekly.

When an unusually large piece of jade is found in China the emperor calls a council of the artists of his dominions to determine into what shape it had best be carved, as, owing to its extreme hardness, the form selected must follow somewhat the outline indicated by the natural formation of the specimen.

The artist chosen to perform the delicate task is not altogether to be envied. It is true that if he succeeds he will be made a mandarin, but success depends upon his work being approved after it has been subjected to public criticism for a whole year. If at the end of that time his work should be condemned his reputation as an artist is irretrievably lost.

The task itself is no light one. With a thin piece of finely tempered brass wire the artist may work for a week without having anything to show for his pains. Twenty years have not been considered too long for a single piece of carving.

Much jade now comes from New Zealand, where many superstitions attach to it. Grotesque figures of jade having glaring red eyes are worn on the breasts of warriors in the North island. Hatchets, sabers and daggers of jade are owned by every eastern soldier of rank, to be handed down as precious heirlooms to his descendants.

Same Old Excuse.

An old minister returned to his alma mater after forty years of ministerial service and was being conducted over the old place.

"Same old corridors," he ejaculated as he entered—"same old corridors!" They took him to the dining hall. "Ah, me! Same old dining hall!" Then he opened a study door. "Same old study—same old study!"

Half round the fire a screen was drawn, and behind it he saw a student talking with a young lady.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old minister pensively. "Same old practice—same old practice!"

The student sprang up indignantly. "Excuse me, sir, this is my sister!"

A smile broke over the ancient one's face.

"Ah, and the same old explanation—same old excuse!"

Annie Laurie.

Annie Laurie was a real personage, the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton. The well known song bearing her name was written by William Douglas when desperately in love with her. Meeting Annie at a ball in Edinburgh, Douglas became wildly enamored of her; but, owing to his father's bitter opposition and the political intrigue which caused him to flee the country, the affair ended in nothing save the production of the immortal song. Later on Douglas returned to find his sweetheart the wife of another, whereupon, instead of "laying down to die," Douglas married Elizabeth Clark of Glenborg and became the happy father of a large family.—Exchange.

"Well, John," said Mr. Lovelong to the seven-year-old brother of his fiancée, "you will miss your sister when I take her away, will you not?"

"Um, yes," said John slowly.

"I will give you a penny," said Mr. Lovelong, "if you will tell me what you will miss her most for."

"I guess it will be the pennies she gives me," replied John.

"Ha!" said Mr. Lovelong, who expected to hear some encomiums of his fiancée's good nature. "What does she give you pennies for?"

"Not to touch her front hair when she has curled it and left it on the table to cool," said John to the astonished Mr. Lovelong.—London Answers.

THE ELEPHANT TURNED.

A Bit of Treachery and a Badly Battered Trainer.

Carl Hagenbeck, the eminent owner, exhibitor and trainer of wild animals, had many adventures in his half century of experience. Some of them are described in a book entitled "Beasts and Men." On more than one occasion an elephant came uncomfortably near putting an end to Mr. Hagenbeck's career. One of the worst accidents happened at the end of the sixties. About that time he purchased a menagerie at Trieste, which included among the other beasts a female elephant which stood about eight feet high. It seemed to be a thoroughly good tempered animal, its only fault being that it occasionally had the sulks—"a not uncommon characteristic," comments Mr. Hagenbeck, "in all feminine creatures."

He soon made friends with the elephant, which he named Lissy, and he never passed its stall without giving it a handful of food. He was therefore, he believed, justified in thinking he had quite won its heart, and as it never showed any signs of violence it did not occur to Mr. Hagenbeck that he might be dealing with a grossly deceitful creature.

The elephant was learning a trick in which it had to swing its keeper into the air with its trunk and then slowly set him upon the ground again. The word of command which was given to the beast when it had to perform this simple exhibition was:

"Lissy, support!"

"One day," to continue in Mr. Hagenbeck's own words, "I found Lissy alone in her stable, the keeper being absent. It must have been a devil that made me feel a desire to be raised on high by her, after the manner of her affectionate treatment of her keeper. I stroked and fed her and then, taking hold of her trunk, called out the word of command:

"Lissy, support!"

"Then followed one of the most vilely treacherous acts of which I have ever heard. Lissy began to obey the order, but I soon felt that she was bent on mischief, for the embrace of her trunk was unpleasantly vigorous, and I soared high into the air."

"Instead of this Lissy dashed me violently against the wooden barrier in front of her stall, and I went flying over into the menagerie."

"I lay almost senseless upon the ground until the old keeper, Philippe, appeared to help me home."

"Fortunately no bones were broken, but I was terribly battered and bruised and for weeks could only hobble about with great pain."

DESERTS OF ARABIA.

Sand Dunes That Resemble the Billows of the Ocean.

In Arabia there are two great areas of sand dunes, one in the south, called the Roba el Khali, and one in the north, called Nafud. The southern desert is entirely unknown to Europeans, while the northern has been crossed at one point by a few travelers. The edge of this great sandy waste is, I think, the most impressive natural phenomenon I have ever seen. As I approached its western edge it seemed as if a long wall of red sand barred further passage. It began quite suddenly, without any warning of its proximity. In a few paces we passed from the hard desert on to the soft sand hills, and the camels stood with their feet in the first waves of this great sand desert of Arabia. Here was a "desert world of new and dreadful aspect" indeed. It was undoubtedly "new" to western eyes, and therefore of extreme interest, and it was certainly "of dreadful aspect" for the glare of its sands closed one's eyes and seemed to overpower one. What struck me most was the color of the sand hills in the morning light—every shade of yellow and red—but in the midday heat the color seemed to change to a glaring white.

In this region the prevailing wind is from the southwest, and therefore all the dunes gradually sloped toward the west, steep sided toward the east. The sand, on the whole, was hard; nevertheless traveling was toilsome in the extreme. Traversing this immense ocean of sand waves we clambered to the crests of giant sand dunes, only to find the leeward side of the dune too steep to descend, and accordingly we had to tramp along the crest of the hill in order to find a more easy descent. Then we were hidden in the great folds between the dunes, hemmed in by hot sandy walls and almost suffocated by the heat. In many ways this stretch of desert was similar to the sea. Its sand dunes had all the appearance of billows.—Wide World Magazine.

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