

Marine Magnesia.

Chemical analyses of starfishes, sea urchins and crinoids, collected from all parts of the world, show that the skeletons of these animals contain much magnesia. The percentage of magnesia is highest in those specimens that lived in tropical waters and lowest in forms from the icy seas of Greenland and the Antarctic, with a regular gradation between which even shows the local effect of cold ocean currents upon life at the sea bottom.

A Lesson For Johnnie.

"Johnnie," said his father, "I'm surprised to hear that you have dared to dispute with your mother."

"But she was wrong, pa," replied Johnnie.

"That has nothing to do with it," said the boy's father. "You might just as well profit by my experience and learn once for all that when a woman says a thing is so, it is so, whether it is so or not."—London Mail.

Mighty Texas.

The state of Texas is larger than the whole German empire, considerably larger. The area of Germany is 208,000 square miles; that of Texas is 265,000 square miles. Thus Texas is as large as the German empire and Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Denmark.

Charity.

"I hate these suspicious guys," said the panhandler.

"What have dey been doin' to you now?" asked his friend.

"A pink give me a dime dis mornin' to git somethin' to eat, and den he follers me into a restaurant and watches me spend it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks. The plant has sharp pointed green leaves. These are placed close together, with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—London Standard.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The wife of the proprietor of the Levant Times in Constantinople, Mrs. Laffan-Hanly, wishing not long ago to show to some of the inhabitants of that city what an old-fashioned English Christmas was like and incidentally to cement valuable friendships for her husband in certain influential quarters, sent out invitations for fifty persons. There was a curious mingling of nationalities in the guests responding, Greek, Persian, Turkish, French, Armenian, Russian, English, American, Spanish, Hebrew, German, Italian, Albanian and one Japanese. Possibly there may have been more nationalities represented, but only thirteen different languages were spoken.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly's house was situated in Pera, directly opposite the konak of Fund Pasha. As the guests arrived, some on horseback, a few on foot, a few in cabs, but more in sedan chairs, the faces of the women in the konak opposite could be faintly seen pressed against the kasbahs, for Fund

Pasha was one of the guests and none of his wives could accompany him. Hadji Rassim Effendi was another. There were two Hebrew bank directors, the Persian ambassador and the Japanese consul.

The house was built originally for a Turkish residence, and three rooms were decorated with holly and mistle toe brought all the way from England.

The Greek and Armenian ladies were richly dressed in heavy silks and velvets under their fur-lined wraps. They wore a profusion of jewels of barbaric design. These ladies sat in bright colors and dazzling effects, and on this occasion were painted red and white and had their eyebrows blackened. The other ladies were handsomely dressed, but it remained for the two Jewish ladies to exhibit fine diamonds in extravagant numbers.

In such a mixed assemblage it was almost impossible to establish anything like sociability, and the poor hostess cowered haggard with the effort. The Turks looked on with preternatural gravity and bowed with exceeding politeness on all occasions. The Persian ambassador might have been a wood-henge for all the expression on his face. The Albanian stood in a corner

in solitary grandeur, his stiff starched frockcoat standing out like a ballet dancer's skirt. The Japanese consul smiled and bowed right and left with painstaking impartiality. The Englishman stood in a group, while the Greek, French and Armenian got together and were soon talking with animation, while the word "parasols" fell from their lips as if money was the only thing worth mention. The Russian, Spanish, Italian and German gentlemen paid strict attention to the ladies, who sat in the two upper parlors, while the men appropriated the main room.

Mrs. Laffan-Hanly, the very pretty daughter of the host and hostess, played Christmas carols on the piano, but nobody listened, and it was a relief when dinner was announced. It was understood that this dinner was to be representative of the Christmas in England, and so there was a roast of beef of astonishing proportions following an enormous boiled fish on a wooden tray. Two monstrous turkeys and a chicken pie filled the table, with the vegetables and small things, such as pickles, olives, etc. Everything was put on together save the dessert. Wines (there were and pure water for the Turks and Persians).

At last everybody was seated. The service was well done by three men from the big hotel. The Greeks and Armenians had come to dinner, and they did full justice to it. The rest of the guests were more circumspect or had smaller appetites. The amount of bread they consumed was astounding.

The Persian ambassador was the guest of honor, with Hadji Rassim Effendi opposite. The hadji was an orthodox Turk of the old school. Fund Pasha was the same, but he was in some ways not so strict in his observances, so he took a little wine. As the first hunger passed, the wine began to loosen tongues, and one would have imagined oneself in a new babel. Jests and compliments were made and toasts passed back and forth in all the thirteen languages spoken.

The dinner lasted nearly three hours. The dessert consisted of a great plum pudding covered with blinding rum and several fine mince pies. The Turks seemed to have an instinctive fear of a pudding blowing with steamy blue lights and took rather pie or fruits. As so much of Turkish cookery is based on minced meats the Turks thought the mince pies were safe. The Greek and Armenians managed both pie and fruits and ate with a "good coming appetite" everything offered them. Then came coffee and cigars, and the ladies went back upstairs.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly had his eye to being the gentleman all up as soon as he could, so that they might have some Christmas games. They had become a little more sociable among themselves, but as soon as they were back among the women the different elements separated again into their component parts, and it was desperate work to get them interested in snuffboxes. The Turks seemed to fear the flames of alcohol and would not even try to pull out the pipes.

Finally one of the Greeks sang one of the native songs, and after that the games were given up in favor of an impromptu dance. The Persian and the Turk



TOAST PASSED IN ALL THE THIRTEEN LANGUAGES.

looked on gravely while the rest danced. They maintained their impassive gravity until Hadji Rassim Effendi signified that he wanted to go home. He was ill. He had, secure in his belief of the innocence of the pie, eaten three big pieces. And the crust was shortened with the fat of the "unutterable flesh."

His departure broke up the party. Not one of them had understood anything of the object lesson on an English Christmas in spite of all the languages spoken.

The poor hostess' hair turned white that night, and next week her husband's newspaper type was distributed in the Bosphorus. Hadji Rassim was the press censor.

GLADYS GEORGE JAMES.

SANTIAM FARM TOPICS

Christmas is gone by and we are still among the living with bright hopes of seeing the end of another long year. The Christmas tree and program at our school house was a grand success.

Mr and Mrs Geo Bilyeu gave a fine Christmas dinner to some 30 people who enjoyed a lovely time.

Johnny Griffin has been over visiting with his mother during the holidays.

Tuesday morning was our first snow fall, only a light sprinkle to remind us that cold weather is just ahead a short distance.

The dogs of this neighborhood felt slighted without a Christmas dinner, so congregated Sunday evening and decided to have a square meal. They rounded Uncle Tom Smith's sheep in his big ditch and went in for a time which aroused the neighborhood, when they were all found to be busy. Johnny Lee put one to rest and the others returned home, after which an inquest was held to find out who the dead mut belonged to.

Chester Warren who underwent an operation ten days ago at Albany is improving rapidly, returning home Tuesday and will soon be out again as good as new.

PIE EATER.

Mrs S K Barnes returned to her home near Thomas Tuesday after a short visit with Albany friends.

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New Year's Dance

A New Year's dance will be given at the Richardson Gap hall by the Bohemian Societies on Friday, December 31. Dance will continue all night. Oyster supper will be served at midnight. Everybody is cordially invited.

By the Committee.

Look over our list of clubbing offers on page 2, and if you don't see what you want come in and talk it over. We have many others just as good.