

Fragments from the New Opera, "The Ogalallas."

And therefore,  
Love I'm sure.  
First on the list of very youthful folly  
is:

Whoever heard of Homer making sonnets to an eyebrow?

Or Aristotle singing to the maiden with his lute?

Imagine wise old Plato, with his pale and massive high brow,

Wrinkling it by thinking how his love he'd prosecute;

Do you think Professor Agassiz learned all he knew by sighing?

Or that Mr. Herbert Spencer thought out ethics at a ball?

If our own lamented Emerson of love had been a-dying,

We never should have heard of his philosophy at all.

The last song in the opera is an Indian death song and is said to be one of the best things in the opera. One of the verses runs:

And what is this life  
That man should fear to die?  
And oh, what is death,  
That man should love to live?  
Like an arrow shot aloft in the air,  
is he—  
Or like the soaring flight of eagle  
swift—  
Like the river that runs but to fall!  
Raise on high the fearless death-cry—  
Sound again the dauntless cry.

The Violin.

What instrument will compare with the violin, with its ringing tone, its calm singing, and lovely harmonies, its weird tremolo, and the wails, and cries, and the passionate fury, which it is able to produce? Assuredly none.

The piano and organ are excellent in their way, but they never can, and never will, be able to produce that perfect expression of emotions that a violin does in the hands of a true violinist.

But what is it that produces these lovely effects, which can be obtained from no other instrument? Of course the original source of them is the performer's own imagination, taste, and feeling. This applies to all instruments: the violin, however, has this difference; every effect, great or small, is produced by the performer himself, not by any mechanical contrivance. Every tremor, every vibration, proceeds under the performer's fingers, and is produced wholly by them; also every pressure or force exercised in bringing out the tone passes through him, which is not the case in such instruments as the organ or piano. No wonder then that it requires

great physical strength to play a great solo well.

Besides this the beauty of a performance consists in the perfect balance of the bow, as well as its perfect manipulation, and the method of fingering. On account of this, the same passage may be played a dozen different ways, each time sounding quite different, owing to different manners of bowing; sliding up on the strings; playing in high and low positions, as well as many other lovely effects.

Hence it is that you can express on a violin what you never could on any other instrument.—"Strad."

Double Responsibility.

Embarrassed Young Man: "Have you—er—got any cradles?"

Furniture Dealer: "Yes, sir."

Young Man (becoming still more embarrassed): "In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, you know, is it customary to buy two cradles or—or one cradle big enough for both of em?"

WHERE CAESAR WAS SHY.

Imperial Caesar, dead and

Turned to clay,

Alas! ne'er lived to hear

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.

—After Hamlet.

"Why don't you believe that Pringle is suffering from concussion of the brain since he was thrown from the toboggan?" "Because if he'd had any brains he wouldn't have been on a toboggan."



TRIPPING IN THE BOIS.

A Law Against Mashers.

The following law is said to have been passed by the State of Ohio, and none too soon:—"To protect innocent girls and unmarried women, and to punish married men pretending to be single." Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Ohio, that any married man who shall fraudulently represent himself to be unmarried and make proposals of marriage to any unmarried female of good character, or repeatedly call on or keep company with such female upon such false pretense that he is unmarried, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction be fined not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than three hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail not less than six months nor more than two years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The coalman drew a hand that spoiled  
The iceman's little game;  
The modest plumber saw them both,  
And got there just the same.

The feast you never quite enjoy,  
Although you may be starving,  
If you are called upon, my boy,  
To undertake the carving.

Wife—Why, John, I could hear you singing to the baby clear out in the street. Why did you sing so loud?

John—Well, I had to keep him from finding out that he was crying.

There is only one way to live without work, and that is to prey without ceasing.