ORCHESTRA ODDITIES

THE INSTRUMENTS USED TO ADD REALISM TO MUSIC.

Drummer Has a Whole Raft of Machines and Traps to Cure For—Imitations of Animal and Other Sounds, and Some of Them Are Accomplished.

It would be an odd thing if in these days of realism an orchestra could not keep with the times in the production of realistic effects. The peal of church bells, once heard with so much pleasurement, is now too familiar to excite surprise, and equally well known is the old friend met with so often, "Il Trovatore" and many other popular opera and musical selections. Nowadays many theater orchestras have quite a number of instruments whose names are probably unknown to almost every 100 members of the audience. In many theaters the musician who plays the drums also manipulates from 10 to 20 other instruments, most of which would be unrecognized by anyone save the professional. Some of these are used for representing noises made by human beings; others are employed for reproducing the "language of the birds" and of nature. Played or operated upon by an expert, the result is very successful.

The latest inventor of these adjuncts of the orchestra has made a remarkable invention from which may be produced the "puff puff" of a locomotive. The mechanism from which this effect is produced consists of a semicylinder of wood, about a yard in length. Two wooden handles, in each of which are set at different angles a dozen or more varnished steel wires somewhat resembling a dismantled umbrella, are used to make the peculiar noise of the engine. Holding one of these sets in the right hand, the musician strikes the sheet of wood with each alternately, slowly at first, increasing in speed as the train is supposed to get under headway.

When the train comes to a stop, when the peculiar sound of the air-brake and the escaping air. This effect is produced simply by using a couple of brass tubes soldered together, for a piston, blowing into them at one end and slowly pulling out the piston.

If you want the roar of lions, there is a musical instrument ready for you to make the roar. It is a large trumpet shaped instrument of sheet iron, in the bottom of which, near the opening, are two vibration tongues of tin. It is played upon with a trombone mouthpiece.

One of the most curious musical instruments is that used to represent the "swish swish" of a boat's screw as it cuts through the water. This is really a musical machine. It is an ordinary drum box fitted to an axis, on which it revolves, and the cylindrical part is made of calfskin. The ends are perforated so as to allow the sounds to escape from a proper volume. Pegs project inward from the ends, and a handfuls and a quart of dried peas complete the outfit. When the box is revolved, the peas strike against the pegs and roll along the dried calfskin hides.

The revolutions are slow and irregular at first and then more rapid and regular. Then you get the "swish swish" of the screw.

A cock crow is a very easy noise to reproduce. The instrument used is simply a wooden tube with a reed inside, the tube being inserted into the side of a cask. A "child's cry" is easily produced by taking out the wooden tube already referred to and blowing it, holding one end between your closed hands to give the different tones. A "town clock," which produces a good imitation of a bell striking the hour, is a large cylinder about 5 feet long and 6 feet in diameter, the stroke being made with a smaller pipe covered with leather. One musician has an excellent instrument which produces the "siren" of the steamboat. The noise is made upon three reeds, which are similar in shape to an organ pipe. These are connected with one mouthpiece and give three tones simultaneously.

The same musician has a curious instrument which he calls a "snoring machine." It is an oblong box, hollow, with a reed inside, and requires a pair of lusty lungs to operate it, as it takes considerable air pressure. The "gallop of a horse" is sometimes rendered by cocoanut shells cut in halves and struck upon a stone block. Another device to represent the same effect is made of wooden blocks hewed into the shape of a horse's hoof, with real horseshoes attached and hollowed out inside the shoe. It is played by striking the shoes on a slab of stone.

To imitate a clog dance "clog mallets" are used. They are small wooden mallets, with one end of the head hollowed, and "jingles" set inside the hollow spaces. A "cuckoo" is a small reed instrument, with one key to change the note and a sliding piston to alter the pitch as desired. A fine imitation of bagpipes is given on a solid brass reed with tapering bore and finger holes similar to those of flageolet. It is played with an oboe mouthpiece.

As an example of the many instruments required in an orchestra it may be interesting to reproduce a list of those played upon by the drummer is a well known American orchestra. They include the various styles of xylophones, chiming room bells, orchestra bells, chickens, "baby cry," "bobwhite," cocoanuts to imitate the galloping of horses, clog mallets, canary whistles, castanets, crickets, "duck's quack," hen cackle, hand clogs, sand boards to imitate clog dancing, "joy bird," "locust," "whippoorwill," "mocking bird," "popgun," "tambourine," "cocks," the "waldteufil" or "wood devil," making a weird, whirring noise; "slapsticks," to produce the sound of the cracking of a whip, hand bells, etc., in addition to the customary drums and cymbals usually played by this humble but by no means unimportant member of the orchestra.—Exchange.

ABRUPT CONAN DOYLE.

The English Novelist's Queer Antics In a Massachusetts Town.

Dr. Doyle, the story runs, was engaged to lecture in Morristown under the auspices of St. Bartholomew's school, and the 25 boys of the school were in a quiver of excitement at the prospect of seeing and meeting the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The head master, the Rev. F. E. Edwards, with the most hospitable intentions, invited Dr. Doyle to dinner before the lecture, inviting also at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockton, great friends of the clergyman. Dr. Doyle declined the invitation, to the great regret indeed of the host, the two guests and four or five boys that had been specially favored by being asked to meet the big author. At the dinner hour, however, to the surprise of Mr. Edwards, he received a telephone message from Dr. Doyle at the station, announcing: "I'm here. What shall I do?"

"Why, we didn't expect you, but do come right over. We just sat down to dinner."

Swinging along, the Englishman soon appeared, but despite diplomatic coaxing could not be prevailed upon to enter the dining room. He wouldn't, he said, meet any one. No!

Although assured that only Mr. and Mrs. Stockton and four boys were present, that the dinner was very informal, he still remained obdurate.

"Can't I eat my dinner alone?" he asked bluntly.

So he ate his dinner alone, devouring several plates of roast beef and frequent relays of vegetables with lightning rapidity. Unknown to any one in the house, the brawny Englishman soon fled and was next seen in the lecture hall of the school. A large audience was present, and every courtesy was extended to him.

After the lecture, with insulting haste, Dr. Doyle pocketed the $300 fee and hastened to the train. The only person, in fact, that met the distinguished British author was Mr. Stockton, and as the author of "Rudder Grange" introduced the lecturer the latter couldn't very well avoid meeting him. But the 25 boys were sadly disappointed at not shaking hands with the hero of their imaginings. The whole proceeding of the talented author was, in fact, so foreign to what has been reported of him by men and papers that Morristown's Four Hundred are wondering whether Dr. Doyle could possibly have thought the town a jay place, and that he therefore dreaded meeting bucolic enthusiasts.—Boston Beacon.

SENSITIVE MODELS.

Publication of "Trilby" Causes Some to Resign From the Profession.

Women models have always been a little sensitive about their profession, says a writer in the Boston Herald, and since "Trilby" has been the favorite topic of studio gossip some of the best of them have felt that sensitiveness increase and have declined to pose for the nude. Child models who have been in the profession since before they could walk have been forbidden to enter studios, while women who have supported their families by posing have refused to mount the model stand.

Miss Arabella Gold, who is known as a famous figure model to the best New York artists, has recently sent in a public resignation from the profession. She wrote to one of the leading New York papers requesting that it publish the fact that she would never again pose for the figure. Miss Gold's resignation is a decided loss to the artists. She is said to have one of the most exquisitely formed figures in the world. Of late she has been posing for a number of Sarony's living pictures. In one of the most celebrated of these she represents an almost perfect facsimile of the famous painting, "Psyche."

Many models whose forms have heretofore been prominent features in the portrait exhibitions declare that they, too, will renounce the business entirely. It is not that they object to posing nude, they claim, but the notoriety which embarrasses their profession has become intolerable since the publication.

The majority of models interviewed have not read the book, but claim that Trilby, whoever she was, has seriously degraded the profession. Some spoke of her as a New York model guilty of some despicable crime. Others believed her to be a reformer.

OVERRUN WITH MICE.

A Most Remarkable State of Affairs In the Province of Kharkoff, Russia.

One of the most unpleasant places in this world to live in just at present, according to Russian papers, is the province of Kharkov, in the land of the czar. The country is now overrun with mice—millions of mice. The cats have become so accustomed to the sight of the little animals that they no longer catch them or even play with them. They are said to be a greater pest than the rabbits were in Australia a few years ago. Provisions for the table, candles, soap, books, shoes—everything, in fact, is eaten up by the animal in the nighttime. The furniture even is not spared. Sleep for many of the poor inhabitants has become almost impossible. All of them virtually have been obliged to place their beds in the middle of the rooms. Some of them even have been forced to sleep with their feet in basins of water, the Russians of that district believing that mice will not touch a person so sleeping. If these precautions are not followed, the mice dance a genuine "saraband" on the recumbent figures and on the bed and even bite the sleepers.

Almost all the wheat has been destroyed. A number of wealthy women—landed proprietors—have been obliged to abandon their homes and have gone to St. Petersburg to get away from the scourge, for such it has become.

In the fields the mice are so numerous that men kill 200 or 300 in five to ten minutes.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell—
They've known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybe.
When anybody looks at her,
She curtsies most precisely:
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,
A village like a toy one,
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies
Whose light showers don't annoy one.
'Tis clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it,
And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Inquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful she will say,
Lest she should fib, though blindly,
"Aunt Lucy's very well to day
Perhaps—I think so, kindly!"
"Aunt boys—I am not certain, quite—
Cream cheese of Farmer Acres."
"I think the turning to the right
Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the teacup from the shelf—
The big best cup—and fills it,
And brings the parson's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knee
And sips it at his leisure.
"A careful little maid," says he,
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her frills are crisp and snowy;
Her nut brown hair is neat and sleek
In weather wild and blowy.
The other children hear the praise—
If cross or careless they be—
Of all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybe.

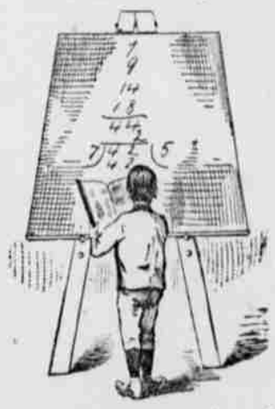
The girls whose games she does not share
Unkind opinions bandy.
She's made of china, some declare,
And some of sugar candy.
Dear little heart! Should she confess,
She's sometimes rather lonely,
This very pink of perfectness,
Aunt Lucy's one and only.
—Helen Gray Cone in St. Nicholas.

Two Boys.

"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a down town business man a few days ago, "and I notice it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duty it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to miss me and land on the desk, it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. This being concluded, he would flaunt it airily in my direction and depart.

"The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, inkstand or box of letters, he would set it quietly down at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid—not tossed—right where my eye would fall on them directly. If there was any doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came, he got $10. The other boy got fired."—New York Sun.

Wouldn't Come Right.



I wish the feller wot writes schoolbooks wouldn't guess at the answers to questions in the 'rithmetic. I've done this example four times now, but I can't get the answer that's in the book. The book's wrong.

Pictures With Paper and Paste.

Marian is a little girl who likes to make pictures. Sometimes she makes them with a pencil, and sometimes she makes them by sewing with bright colored zephyrs on dainty white cards.

Mamma gave her a package of these pretty colored circles on her birthday, and ever since then she has been very happy in working with them.

Mamma often makes stories for the pictures, and here is one of them:

Oh, Tabby, Tabby, sleek and fat!
You seem a very solemn cat,
As on the round mat in the sun
You sit and blink at every one.

Your coat is thick, so run and play,
'Twill keep you warm this winter's day.
And then we hear her soft "Purr, purr,"
As off she goes, all dressed in fur.
—Emma G. Saulsbury in Child Garden.

A Sample.

Sub—Here is a letter from Anxious Subscriber.

Chief—What does he want to know?

Sub—He wants to know how long a man would live if there were no such thing as death.—Spare Moments.

A Case In Point.

Teacher—As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Do you quite understand what that means?

Scholar—Yes, sir. When bicyclists grow up, they'll walk stooping.—London Globe.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The Book Agent Sadly Discovered That He Had Tackled the Wrong Man.

A young man, with a large book under his arm and a 7 by 9 smile on his mug, stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket slinger.

"I am pining to leave Galveston, but I lack just $10 of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of 15 cents and take the rest out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you a book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a man so completely out of his senses in 15 minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a singsong voice he began:

"I am offering, in 17 volumes, 'Dr Whifletree's Observations In Palestine,' a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of $25 a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing."

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes he began to grow discouraged. Instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.

The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket man reached out his hand and said:

"Shake, ole fel! Come inside and take chair and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay $20 than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said:

"Some infernal hyena has given me away, but there is another railroad that I can get out of this one horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that doesn't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you will come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed out like a beautiful dream.—Galveston News.

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE.

The Surprising Dilemma of an Illinois Congressman's Constituent.

An Illinois congressman is now going about the corridors of the capitol wondering what is going to happen to one of his constituents. Last spring he was requested by the said constituent to exercise in his behalf one of the functions of a statesman—to wit, to send him some garden seed from the department of agriculture. The member hastened to comply, and a contingent of seed was at once dispatched to the Illinois man. They went, of course, in a government envelope or envelopes by mail, with the usual legend, "$300 penalty for private use."

In due course the congressman, to show his interest in the welfare of his constituent, wrote to him asking if the seed had been received and if they had grown all right. The constituent replied that they had been planted and had come up finely, "but," said he in his letter, "what shall I do with the stuff I have raised? I notice there is a penalty of $300 for private use, so I don't like to take any chances."

This was a construction put upon it which the congressman had not before thought of, and the more he thought of it the more he wondered what would happen to that constituent in Illinois, and he is still wondering.—Washington Letter.

The Ball Nozzle.

According to Chief Bonner, the ball nozzle which has excited so much interest throughout the country is destined to work a radical and highly beneficial change in the system of fighting fire. Instead of working at a distance with straight streams, firemen, by using the ball nozzle, can enter burning buildings and work at close range, thus not only doing more effective work, but averting to a considerable extent the serious damage to interior property, and in many cases this system will enable firemen to save the lives of inmates of burning buildings. The man who has given the world an appliance of such value is certainly entitled to the gratitude of his fellow men.—New York Tribune.

Target Practice In Texas.

"We have 15,010 mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a subtreasury official. "We also have over 500,000 half dollar, quarter and dime pieces, which have become too thin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a mark. Do we give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."—Exchange.

A Dumas Anecdote.

In the days of his affluence some one came to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

"What was he?" inquired Dumas.

"A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower.

Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand: "You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100. Bury two of 'em!"

Postponed.

Rollins—Why don't you buy a wheel and stop borrowing?

Bangem—I can't ride well enough yet.—Life.

THE UPRIGHT MAN.

There is certainly some slight feeling of humiliation in being bent down and obliged to creep along for fear of a snap in the spinal column. It is such a plain show of decreptitude that we feel embarrassed. It is seen every day when lumbago takes a good hold on a stitch in the back. There is very little sympathy for one in such a plight, for it is so well known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure it promptly and that neglect is the cause of so much disability. Why not keep the remedy always on hand and prevent such discomfort.

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, when the doctor pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a condition to give them something."

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

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