

### CHINESE ORCHESTRAS.

REMARKABLE INSTRUMENTS OF EAR SPLITTING BANDS.

Descriptions of Some of the Queer Looking Inventions from Which Chinese Musicians Extract Delectable Melody. Prices of the Musical Devices.

The ordinary Mongolian orchestra, such as is to be found usually dispensing tunes for the delectation of the Celestial ears at the Chinese theaters in this city, is composed of ten pieces, and each player has his peculiar instrument, on which he is an adept. He also performs upon it with an apparent stoical indifference as to the scores of his fellow musicians.

Thoroughly to equip an orchestra with proper instruments entails a cost of \$69.50, which amount any nervous householder who has ever had the misfortune to reside within earshot of one at practice would be willing to advance twice over in order to have it moved on. After purchasing the instruments players are needed, and their services vary in price, according to ability, expertness and reputation. The Mongolian musician values his ability at from \$1 to \$2 per night, but if he has climbed the ladder of fame he will demand from \$5 to \$20 per night.

The drum, in the estimation of the Chinese musician, is the most important instrument, which opinion is shared likewise by the juvenile American. A Chinese drum costs twelve dollars, and has much the same appearance as a keg constructed of light wood, covered with cowhide. This instrument is beaten with a pair of heavy wooden sticks, and produces a booming sound, which grows extremely monotonous when it is continued for several hours.

#### THE CHINESE GONG.

The alarm, or taps, is a Chinese musical device of peculiar construction. It consists of a framework of wood, upon which is set a conical top of hard wood covered with calfskin. Projecting from the top of the frame is a hollow square the size of a cigar box, covered with rawhide. Sounds are produced by striking the top, which emits bass notes, and the projecting hide covered square with drumsticks. This tuneful instrument costs \$3.50.

The cymbals of the Chinese are of hammered brass, similar in design to those used by American bands, and costs eighteen dollars.

Brass gongs shaped much like a tambourine are used by Mongolian musicians in the makeup of their orchestra. A first class gong can be bought for fifteen dollars.

A gong of concave form and of very light weight, that gives forth a tingling sound, is another orchestral instrument. It costs \$2.50. Mongolian fiddles are of peculiar construction and emit sounds which, from a musical point of view, are as inharmonious as the instrument is uncouth in appearance. Divested of its strings a Chinese fiddle has the same appearance as a mallet, with the handle long and flattened to about an inch in width and an eighth of an inch in thickness.

In the lower part of the handle are inserted two keys, one above the other. To each of the keys are attached two strings of horsehair or catgut; the other ends are firmly wound about the mallet head. What varied and discordant sounds are produced when the Chinese fiddler runs his bow across the strings! And besides the Chinese have the temerity to ask \$7.50 for such a device.

#### THE BANJO, FLUTE, ETC.

The banjo of the heathen may be very appropriately likened to a small sized frying pan with a very long handle. The drum is covered with snakeskin drawn tight. Three keys and four strings complete the instrument, which is sold for five dollars.

The bass banjo is the size of a large sized snare drum and about half the depth. Four keys and the same number of strings are used. The sum of \$2.50 will buy one for ordinary use.

A Chinese flute is purchasable at seventy-five cents, if of ordinary make and without ornamentation. It has ten finger holes, and gives vent to shrill and discordant notes, which delight Chinese ears but grate upon those of the Caucasian.

In some cases Chinese orchestras contain several flutists, who, when together, appear to vie with each other in the emitting of the most dismal and shrill tones that ever lacerated human nerves.

The clarinet is to the Mongolian what the cornet is to us. Its evident use is to add variety to the clamors of the drums and cymbals, and the discordant sounds of flute and fiddle. It is a sort of mediator between all those revolutionary instruments, and has a tendency to venerate the discord, which apparently is the basis of all Chinese music.

The Mongolian ear has become inured to such strains, and to the child of the Flowery Kingdom it speaks of home, tragedy, love and revenge. So long as he does not take summary vengeance upon his musically inclined fellow countrymen let him enjoy to the full the agencies of sound which Mongolian orchestras produce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### Red Hair the Fashion.

The one thing absolutely de rigueur is red hair. Blondes and brunettes seem to have been wiped off the face of the earth so far as Paris is concerned, and there is hardly one woman in a hundred who cannot boast of locks the shade that Titian loved. A wonderful preparation is to be had which works the transformation. It is put on at night and the head bandaged in many folds of cloth.

In the morning comes the harrowing moment. The swathings are removed, but such are the peculiar properties of the compound that no one can tell beforehand whether the hair will turn out the desired hue or purple or green. If it is red the color stays for a month or two, and if it is green nobody knows what happens, for the wretched victim retires to the country, not to be seen again for at least a year.—Paris Letter.

#### Experiments in Growing Sponges.

It was rumored in the sponge trade on Saturday that a company had been formed with \$100,000 capital to undertake experiments at sponge growing on the ocean shore of Long Island, opposite the Shinnecock hills. The story caused considerable amusement among practical men in the business.

"It will be a waste of time and money," one of them said, "to try to grow sponge in northern waters. Sponges will not grow in a cold climate. We have a grade of sponges known in the trade as Long Island grass sponges. They are of a cheap quality, and do not come from our Long Island across the river. They are from the south."

Several attempts have been made to grow sponges in this section during the past ten years. "A firm in Cedar street were interested in a sponge raising scheme down at Patchogue five years ago," a dealer said. "They started in, if my memory serves me right, by making an artificial bottom of coral, practically the same substance on which the sponge grows in the Mediterranean. Then a vessel load of sponges was sunk on the coral bed. After a time several sponge fishers of wide experience were sent out to the bed to gather the first crop. They found the seed sponges rotted and there was not the slightest evidence of a new crop. Another effort to grow sponges was subsequently made down the New Jersey shore, and, like the Long Island experiments, nothing came of it."—New York Sun.

#### Hundreds at a Dog's Funeral.

For a number of years Colonel J. B. Dodge, of Warsaw, has been the owner of a most beautiful and intelligent shepherd dog. He was very friendly with children. Two years ago Frank, while interviewing another dog on the railroad track, was run over by a passing train, crushing one of his hind legs and cutting off his beautiful tail. Thursday Frank, who had become quite decrepit and deaf, wandered down to the railroad again and was struck by a train and killed instantly.

The news flew like wildfire among the boys, and they concluded to give him a funeral such as no dog ever had in this part of the country. Selecting a suitable location, the grave was dug and a respectable coffin was made, and Frank was placed in it in one of his favored trick attitudes—that of playing dead. The coffin was then closed and the grave filled up in the presence of fifty ladies and gentlemen, who were attracted by the novelty, and at least 200 boys. The whole proceeding was conducted with the utmost decorum.—Cor. Indianapolis Sentinel.

#### A Millionaire Buys a Hat.

Isidor Wormser was acknowledged the other day to be the greatest economist of Wall street. A peddler's wagon was anchored in New street, fifteen feet from the Stock exchange and close to Delmonico's. He peddled straw hats. Many looked at the hats, and yet few purchased until Mr. Wormser ambled along. He wanted a straw hat. He tried several.

He has a colossal head, and only one hat fitted, and that was a misfit until Mr. Wormser manipulated it. He first swelled the circumference by jamming his knee into it, and even then it was a little tight. As a last resource, at his suggestion, the peddler ripped out the lining.

"How much?" he asked of the peddler. "Thirty-five cents," replied the itinerant merchant, and Mr. Wormser paid the price without a murmur.—New York Sun.

#### An Error Healed Their Differences.

Even the "intelligent composer" sometimes proves to be the instrument of great good. For example, on Saturday an indignant husband wrote and gave to a Brooklyn newspaper an advertisement in which he gave notice that he would not be responsible for any debts contracted by his wife. He wished it to be inserted twice, and somewhere in the copy of the advertisement he wrote the words "for two days." These the "intelligent composer" interpreted so that when the notice appeared it read as follows: "For two days after date I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife." The separated couple both saw the absurdity of the thing and concluded to take the composer's view of the case. They are now among the happiest persons in Brooklyn.—Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.

#### A Hard Record to Beat.

Marketmaster Hibbe, of Dubuque, Ia., who fell and broke his leg recently, has an extended record for broken bones. At three years of age he fell from a wagon and had three ribs broken; at five he fell down a flight of stairs and broke his right arm; at nine he was thrown by a schoolmate and had his left arm broken; at twelve he fell and broke two fingers; at nineteen he was blown from a steeple by the wind and alighting on a pile of sand had his back strained; last spring, at about thirty years of age, he fell off the roof of the Dubuque high school building, breaking his thigh and jaw and dislocating his shoulder and ankle. He says he is still good for fifteen or twenty more falls if they must come his way.—Dubuque Letter.

#### Insect Plagues.

Cold weather evidently fails to affect the vitality of insect eggs. In spite of the exceptional rigor of the last winter all northern Prussia and Silesia is suffering from the ravages of a beetle known as the Mai-kafer ("May bug"), and the south coasts of the Mediterranean have been visited by portentous locust swarms. In Sicily the public schools of several villages have been closed to enlist the youngsters in the warfare against the common enemy, and in Algiers a district of twenty square miles has been covered with a locust stratum of three to five inches.—Philadelphia Times.

Nathaniel Leavitt, a farmer of St. George, Me., put away in a canvas purse money to pay a mortgage due last month. Upon going after the purse he found that mice had totally destroyed every bit.

### HER GIFT IS PATIENCE.

BELLA, THE WOMAN IN CHARGE OF A LADIES' WAITING ROOM.

Her Post Is in the Grand Central Station, and She Sees Hundreds of Busy, Frantic, Rushing Women Every Day. Despite All the Haste She Is Calm.

The presiding genius of the ladies' waiting room at the New York Central station at Forty-second street is named Bella. It is to be presumed she has also a family name, but no one knows what it is. In fact no one cares. For thirteen years she has been the friend and assistant of almost every child and woman living between New York and Poughkeepsie who travels on the railroad. She is a tall, slight woman, with a pleasant manner and kindly face, though how she can remain so placid, answering so calmly the thousand and one questions addressed her in rapid succession, is a puzzle.

In the first place, most of the out of town shoppers have all their purchases sent to the waiting room, to be called for at train time. These bundles are put away in a big closet, piled from floor to ceiling with packages containing every conceivable thing, from spring bonnets to cream puffs. From 3 to 5 is the time to watch reunions between the women and their belongings. Shopping is over and every one is hurrying home. Half a dozen tired women and girls will charge into the waiting room at once, hastily inquire, "Where are my things, Bella?" and begin to arrange their bangs. By the time the hasty toilet is finished their dust coats and parcels are on the big table, and the umbrella and over-shoes are on a chair in the corner.

Every parcel has had the knots seen to, lest they fall open in the train, and soft or carelessly wrapped articles have an additional heavy paper about them. These are all handed over with a pleasant smile and just the slightest possible forward motion of one hand for the ten cent fee, which is dropped into a capacious bag in the closet.

#### SOME PECULIAR CHARGES.

Ladies coming in for a day's shopping usually stop in a moment to get rid of heavy veils and dust coats or to wipe the cinders from their faces. Lots of them keep their own combs and towels here, and repair damages as calmly as if at home. Bella gives them a little critical glance, and perhaps makes a suggestion. Then off they go, leaving things scattered about—soap, comb and train gloves—all of which will be found in their own particular corners when wanted.

There is one lady from Yonkers who is deaf and afflicted with an unquiet spirit. She would not trust her comb out of her sight for worlds; her soap she dries and puts back in her pocket. I saw her the other afternoon run back four times to see if a parcel left in Bella's care had been safely marked and hidden. Another kind of crank never knows when the train goes, neither will believe when Bella tells her, but always insists on that long suffering woman hunting up a time table and proving her statement.

In striking contrast is the good natured, easy going woman, who saunters in, asks "When does the next train go, Bella?" and calmly reads a novel till the bell rings. This is the woman who leaves her small girl here while she pays calls. The small girls enjoy being left, and tells wonderful stories of her adventures all the way home.

I sat for an hour in the room one day and saw a canary and two children left or called for, a school girl thankfully recover a lost exercise book, four men plunge in under the impression that it was the entrance to the elevated railroad. Cyrus Field hammer fiercely on the door and inquire if the feminine portion of his family had gone on, a marvelous number of hairpins replaced and an almost endless stream of bundles handed in by errand boys.

#### "HER LADIES."

A nice old lady with curls gravely consulted everybody in the room about the weather and finally decided not to visit some country friends till the next day, as it looked like rain, and went home, leaving her satchel behind so as not to have the bother of carrying it back again. After her came a couple of girls who had evidently never been there before, for one set the other to keep a sharp eye on her bundles while she made a voyage to the ticket office, and then performed a like kindly office while her friend visited the news stand. Then they had their shawl straps tightened and kept Bella busy for quite five minutes attending to their wants, and departed without thinking it necessary to fee the patient attendant. As she remarked pathetically, "All that travels ain't ladies."

Bearing this latter fact in mind, Bella stands guard over half the basins and toilet arrangements generally, reserving them for "her ladies," as she calls the regular travelers. The ordinary public—people she does not include in her flock—may not venture to remove the stains of travel in these holy bowls, nor arrange their bangs at that special glass.

A complaint was made not very long ago by some one not of the elect at this exclusiveness, but Bella appeared before the authorities and defended her cause so well that she won triumphantly, and to this day the regular travelers have their own little privileges that are cheap at the cost of a daily dime and pleasant greeting.—New York Recorder.

#### One of Colonel Ingersoll's Stories.

They tell a story of Mrs. Jones, of Chicago, who visited Rome and while there was shown some of the great marble masterpieces of the world, among others the Apollo Belvidere. They pointed it out to her as being the most perfect form of man that had ever been conceived by the brain of an artist, and the old woman walked all around it, looked at it from every point of view, and she says: "That's the Apollo Belvidere, is it?" "Yes." "Well, give me Jones."—Helsinki Independent.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

Men sometimes try to build with untempered mortar, but God never does.

The output of gold and silver in Australia in 1890 amounted to about \$26,000,000.

The cheeks are pierced by some Eskimos, who wear little stud buttons in the holes. When impudence dons the mask of respect it is time for the company to disperse for the night.

The peach was originally a very poisonous fruit, but by cultivation the poison has disappeared.

The manufacture of false teeth for horses is a new industry just opened in Paris with a capital of 2,000,000 francs.

When you go out for an all day tramp don't eat up all your lunch at 10 o'clock. You will feel starved by 3 if you do so.

Max O'Rell's next lecturing tour will be through Australia, and he will be accompanied by his wife, Mme. Paul Blouet.

At Lowell, Ark., lightning struck and killed a two-year-old baby at play in the mother's arms. The mother was not hurt.

Dates are quite another article when cut in two, the stones removed and the fruit soaked in boiling milk with some shreds of lemon peel.

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth set in rows that sometimes number ten.

It is no good asking a favor of any one with whom you are on such terms of intimacy that he can refuse it without embarrassment.

A collector of Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it is a gold piece marked "Christian Idol."

A Maine farmer who believes in a strict observance of the Sabbath went out and killed a lamb which persisted in bleating on a recent Sunday afternoon.

#### A Book Agent's Suit.

Charles W. Dumont, the general agent for the Encyclopedia Britannica, commenced suit against Joseph M. Hawthorne, the West side attorney, to recover \$5,000 damages for an alleged illegal restraint of liberty. It seems that Mr. Dumont sold a set of the Encyclopedia to an attorney who has desk room in Mr. Hawthorne's office. The payments not being made Mr. Dumont went after the books, but was informed by Mr. Hawthorne that the attorney owed him, and he intended to keep the books to secure himself. When Mr. Dumont undertook to leave the room the door was locked. Mr. Dumont thereupon fired the books through an open transom and squeezed himself through after them. Hence the suit.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Don't persist in repeating "Phew! how hot it is!" Everybody, including yourself, is aware of the fact, and you should avoid trite utterances which are inevitably boring, besides being indications of a narrow range of intellect.

## CONSTIPATION.

Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Wilson, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back had had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

### Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

Most numerous, most effective, largest bottle. Price, 50c. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

#### A Revelation.



Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless tea, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green tea, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring them with black dyes by staining or facing with Prussian blue, tannic, styrenic, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

## BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood."

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Write to us for the name of Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

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four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

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will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

## Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be

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We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

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sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

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### Health is Wealth!



## S. B.

CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891.

S. B. Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN—Your kind favor received, and in reply would say that I am more than pleased with the terms offered me on the last shipment of your medicines. There is nothing like them ever introduced in this country, especially for La-grippe and kindred complaints. I have had no complaints so far, and everyone is ready with a word of praise for their virtues. Yours, etc., M. F. HACKLEY.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

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