

FOOLING THE EVIL ONE.

HOW THE FRIENDS OF LEE HENN YOU SAVED THE CORPSE.

How a Dead Chinaman in New York Is Laid at Rest—The Body Lying in State. Scattering Bits of Paper Through the Streets of the Metropolis.

Lee Henn You was dead, and Lee Henn You was to be buried. The body of the Chinese gambler lay where he had died, in a small, stuffy, rather squalid room at 1 Mott street, next door to the temple of Joss. Death had not brought pallor to the face. The skin was of that yellow tint it had in life, in common with the rest of his race.

Lee Henn had killed himself—not by sudden and violent means. His lungs had been eaten away by opium smoking. The face, as that of a consumptive, was pinched and drawn, and the high cheek bones were made still more prominent by the deep hollows of the cheeks.

For a time the body was alone. Lee Henn's countrymen avoid the dead whenever possible. They do not neglect the dead, however. Lee Henn's death had been anticipated. Before he died other Chinamen had gone to James Naughton, an undertaker in Mott street, and engaged his services. By and by the undertaker came to prepare the body for burial. A Chinaman is never buried in any garment he has worn in life. Therefore, a new dark blue blouse, black, baggy trousers, new sandals and white stockings were bought and put upon Lee Henn.

Then his cue was wrapped loosely around his neck, from left to right, and on his head was placed a tight fitting black skull cap, having at its top a knob of red plush. After the body was placed in the coffin the room where it lay was prepared for the visits of the dead man's friends. A tin pan filled with earth was placed at the foot of the coffin, as was also a square piece of board.

THE PROCESSION.

All was ready. A group of Chinamen entered. Each one walked to the foot of the coffin chanting, and in the pan of earth each man stuck a candle about six inches long and as thick as a finger, and a piece of punklike substance of the diameter of a lead pencil. On the wooden board they heaped a little pile of papers. Then the priest of the temple of Joss lit the candles, the punk and the papers. A thick, peculiarly smelling smoke from the incense filled the little room and drifted through the building as the Chinamen chanted. In five minutes the candles, punk and papers had burned away and the Chinamen went out. Another group came in, and the same ceremony was repeated until all Lee Henn's friends had taken their farewell.

At 2 o'clock the undertaker came, and the time for the trip to Cypress Hills cemetery on Long Island was at hand. Within the coffin were placed a fan and numerous oblong slips of rice paper, on which characters were written, and then the coffin was taken to the hearse, which stood at the head of a procession of five carriages. On the windows of the carriages were pasted long slips of red paper covered with black characters. Into a wagon in the rear were lifted a roast suckling pig and several jars of boiled rice. A Chinaman took his seat on the hearse with the driver and the trip was begun. Immediately the Chinaman on the top of the hearse began throwing more oblong pieces of paper covered with characters into the street from a bag which he carried.

This was to protect the dead man. The Evil One always follows a dead Chinaman, but before he can catch up with the hearse and claim the dead man's soul he must pick up and read all the pieces of paper thrown from the hearse.

EVADING THE EVIL ONE.

By the time the procession had reached the Thirty-fourth street ferry the Evil One must have been blocks behind, but the hearse just missed the ferry and he caught up. As soon as the hearse drove onto the boat the Chinaman scattered the slips with a lavish hand. A number of small boys, however, usurped the functions of the Evil One, and scrambled to pick up the papers, thus throwing the Chinaman into despair.

The man perched on the hearse, however, was equal to the emergency. Just as the hearse drove off the boat he threw all the slips he had left, a prodigious number, upon the deck, and before the Evil One could pick them all up he was carried back to New York, while the procession pursued its way to Cypress Hill in peace.

On arriving at the cemetery the coffin was placed beside the open grave in the Chinamen's lot, where twenty or more Mongolians already lie, and again were candles, punk and paper lighted and chants uttered. Then the body of Lee Henn was lowered into the ground, and the roast suckling pig and boiled rice, which had been set upon ground near the grave, were replaced in the wagon and taken back to Mott street.

Formerly the food was left at the cemetery for the departed, but tramps learned of the custom and hailed a Chinese funeral with delight, scenting it from afar, like vultures, as the procession wended its way to the cemetery, leaving behind a trail of appetizing smells. After the funerals the tramps held high carnival, with never a thought of the dead Chinaman, deprived of his rice and roast pig. Consequently, to prevent this sacrilege, the Chinamen now take the food back with them and eat it themselves after they have returned to Mott street.

Lee Henn You will be mourned. He was wealthy, in the Chinatown sense of the term, a persistent, conscientious gambler and a leading and influential member of the Chinese gambling association known as the Fan Tan Tong.—New York Advertiser.

A man at Fort Valley, Ga., has a calf with six legs and two heads, the heads separated from each other at the neck, giving the calf two distinct heads, with a set of eyes, teeth and ears each.

IN AN EGYPTIAN APARTMENT HOUSE.

Interesting Scenes in a Lodging Place in the City of Cairo.

The two rooms nearest us belonged to El Azhar students, so Mustapha said. He could speak no English, but he imparted the information in Arabic to our dragoman. Seeing that we were more interested in the general scene than in his red jugs, Mustapha left the Assiout were to his fate, and lighting a cigarette seated himself on the railing with a disengaged air, as much as to say: "Two more mad women! But it's nothing to me."

One of the students was evidently an ascetic. His room contained piles of books and pamphlets, and almost nothing else. His one rug was spread out close to the front in order to get the light, and placed upon it we saw his open inkstand, his pens and a page of freshly copied manuscript. When we asked where he was, Mustapha replied that he had gone down to the fountain to wash himself, so that he could say his prayers.

The second chamber belonged to a student of another disposition; this extravagant young man had three rugs; clothes hung from pegs upon his walls, and he possessed an extra pair of lemon colored slippers; in addition we saw cups and saucers upon a shelf. Only two books were visible, and these were put away in a corner; instead of books he had flowers; the whole place was adorned with them; pots containing plants in full bloom were standing on the floor round the walls of his largely exposed abode, and were also drawn up in two rows in the passageway outside, where he himself, sitting on a mat, was sewing. His blossoms were so gay that involuntarily we smiled. Whereupon he smiled too, and gave us a salam.

Opposite the rooms of the students there was a large chamber almost entirely filled with white bales, like small cotton bales; in a niche between these high piles an old man kneeling at the threshold was washing something in a large earthenware tub of a pink tint. His body was bare from the waist upward, and as he bent over his task his short chest, with all the ribs clearly visible, his long brown back with the vertebrae of the spine standing out, and his lean, seesawing arms looked skeleton-like, while his head, supported on a small wizened throat, was adorned with such an enormous bobbing turban, dark green in hue, that it resembled vegetation of some sort—a colossal cabbage. Directly behind him, also on the threshold, squatted a large gray baboon whose countenance expressed a fixed misanthropy.

Every now and then this creature who was secured by a long loose cord, ascended slowly to the top of the bales and came down on the other side, facing his master. He then looked deeply into the tub for several minutes, touched the water carefully with his small black hand, withdrew it and inspected the palm, and then returned gravely, and by the same roundabout way over the bales, to resume his position at the door-sill, looking as if he could not understand the folly of such unnecessary and silly toil.

In another chamber a large very black negro, dressed in pure white, was seated upon the floor, with his feet stretched out in front of him, his hands placed stiffly on his knees, his eyes staring straight before him. He was motionless; he seemed hardly to breathe.

"What is he doing?" I said to the dragoman.

"He? Oh, he berry good man; he pray." In a chamber next to the negro two grave old Arabs were playing chess. They were perched upon one of those Cairo settees which look like square chicken coops. One often sees these seats in the streets, placed for messengers and porters, and for some time I took them for actual chicken coops, and wondered why they were always empty. Chickens might well have inhabited the one used by the chess players, for the central court upon which all these chambers opened was covered with a layer of rubbish and dirt several inches thick, which contained many of their feathers.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Renting Bibles. The popular impression that every family possesses a Bible as well as a dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare, like many other popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one, for there is in town a firm that makes a business of renting out Bibles of an expensive and handsome kind, suitable to hand to a bishop or fashionable clergyman on the occasion of a christening, wedding or funeral in the family. If on the occasion of these religious episodes in the family the high church dignitary should turn to the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments he would find them devoid of genealogical records, to the consternation of the family. A deposit is demanded when the Bible is hired, and a charge of two dollars a night is the regular price.—New York Sun.

Authors' Words. A statistician in Paris has the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, and those of Moliere 8,000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words; Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000. "Paradise Lost" only contains 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Taught a Lesson. The folly of flirting with strange young men is cruelly plain to a girl who works in a local dry goods store, where every clerk has read a letter she wrote to a Worcester young man, who gave a fictitious name and address. The envelope contained the firm name in the corner, and when it was sent back unclaimed the letter had to go the rounds to find the writer.—Springfield Home-Stead.

A Bothersome Name.

This habit of naming boys after some friend and hanging two "last" names to a lad all of his life is about played out. At least, that is what Mr. Sawyer Cook, of this city, thinks about it. His baby had the cramps the other night, and paregoric did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the little sufferer, so Mr. Cook flew for the doctor post haste. He pulled the bell with a rousing jerk. Up went the side window, and the physician's voice called excitedly, "Who's there?"

"Sawyer Cook," hurriedly cried the anxious father.

"Saw my cook, did you? Well, what the deuce do I care if you saw the cook, the chambermaid, the butler and the stable boy? You let that bell alone, you loon, or I'll break your face! Get out of that!"

"But I tell you I'm no loon. I'm Sawyer Cook!"

"Confound it, what do I care if you did see my cook? That's her business if she wants to gallivant around at night. I mind my business, she minds hers, and you had better go about yours if you want to keep out of trouble. Hear me?"

"I don't know anything about your servants, doctor, and I am not drunk; but my baby's sick, and if you don't hurry up she will die!"

"Your baby's sick? Who are you?" cried the doctor in astonishment once more.

"Why, I'm Mr. Sawyer Cook, of 345 Gripe street, as I told you before, and my baby's dying with the cramp!" cried the agonized father.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir—I thought you were some bum. I will be down directly!"

The baby is all right now, but Mr. Sawyer Cook wants his name changed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rob Roy Had the Best of It. The far famed Rob Roy MacGregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeil of Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman, possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending the market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentlemen on horseback on their way home, and accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.

"Who inquires for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice, more remote.

"MacNeil of Barra," said the chief. Rob Roy approached, announcing himself, and after exchanging salutes Barra said:

"I have heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether he or I deserve that commendation."

"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man; and if it pleases you to think yourself the better swordsman I have no objection to your opinion."

"This is the language of fear," said Barra.

"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob MacGregor?" said MacGregor. "Dismount, sir, and try if I'm afraid."

The chivalrous encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he was for several months confined at Buchanan.—Scottish American.

The Ring of Cheops. Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure perpetuate his deeds for all time to come, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 2,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth, and yet we of this Nineteenth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his royal finger! The hieroglyphics on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now reposes in the museum of the New York Historical society.—St. Louis Republic.

Writing in Erect Characters. As most adults write without much regard to the angle which the words take, it is to them a matter of supreme indifference whether upright or sloping calligraphy is best for their health. But with children it is different. Hence there may be something in the recommendation of Dr. Von Reuss and Lorenz to the supreme council of hygiene for Austria that in future children should be taught to write in erect characters, for in this form of penmanship the scholar faces his work, and is spared the twist of the body and neck which is always observable in those who write slantwise, and the tendency to spinal curvature induced thereby.—London Tit-Bits.

Value of Musk. Besides flowers, several other articles are called into use by the perfumer. Musk is the most important. It comes out of the musk deer of the mountains of India, China and Tibet. It is extremely difficult to obtain unadulterated, and when obtained in that condition costs twice its weight in gold. So great is the tenacity of the odor, that in an area of five feet it gives out 57,890,606 particles without undergoing an appreciable diminution of weight.—New York Evening Sun.

Humidity About. Guest (at restaurant in moist weather)—Waiter, I can't get any salt out of this salt cellar.

Waiter—You've forgotten to unscrew the top, sir.—New York Weekly.

Bishop Brooks' Way with Children.

No one who has seen Dr. Brooks with children is likely to forget his "way with them." Sterner persons say that he makes them behave very badly, and, possibly in jealousy, others have called him fonder of youngsters than of grown people. No objection is heard from the children. They look midgets, indeed, on those knees, high and broad, in which two schools of churchmanship figuratively meet. Is it foolish to imagine that the new bishop's visitations will gain some of their power—over mothers at least—through his extremely happy intercourse with the children? However literally true it may be, surely the story of Dr. Brooks going to a poor woman's rooms and keeping the children out of mischief while she went to church tells something of his spirit. And the story loses none of its point when one reflects that the woman could not hear one of her visitor's sermons.—Harper's Weekly.

Patent Leather and Patent Calf.

While many may apply the term "patent leather" to all kinds of enamel leather, still, strictly speaking, it is only used in the harness trade and in the cheapest grade of shoes, while patent calf is the material from which fine shoes are made. Only the very finest calfskins are used, the enamel being applied after the skin has been through a long course of treatment and all the stretch taken therefrom, and is, therefore much more durable than patent leather, which is made usually from cowhides.—Shoe and Leather Facts.

One Way of Putting a Spell on Enemies.

It was a custom in the time of Catharine de Medici to make figures of wax and melt them slowly before the fire or stab them with needles, in order to bring suffering to enemies. This operation was called putting a spell upon them.—L. Popoff in Popular Science Monthly.

CONSTIPATION.

Affects 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. Verifier by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, 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 attacks and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have 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."

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A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but those made of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap tea; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by legislation; but no tea is too poor for a, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.

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