

**The Dalles Daily Chronicle.**

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THE DALLES OREGON

**MUSIC IN WALES.**

Melody is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh Nature.

Every church and chapel in every Welsh village and town, according to the Westminster Review, has its choir, often numbering sixty, seventy or a hundred voices, and every choir has its musical prodigies, leaders of parts, mayhap, who have never had a lesson in music in their lives, or some uncouth collars or tip-girls, with voices which, had they been trained and developed, might have made of them Edward Lloyds or Antoinette Sterlings. District after district has its "united choral union," which will take up the study of some work of the great masters and deliver it at an annual concert or Christmas festival; not in the pale, flickering, dispassionate style which is so characteristic of some English choirs, but with rugged fire and intensity.

I have had the good fortune to hear the greatest oratorios rendered under the most brilliant conditions that talent and culture could produce in this the most talented and cultured of all metropolises, but I have never heard the majestic roll of the Hallelujah chorus or the matchless melodies of the "Elijah" rendered with such soul and verve and eloquence as by an obscure "united choir," led by a workingman in a mining village among the hills of Glamorganshire.

Rough, if you will; ruggedly vehement and impetuous, but rough with the roughness of unpolished genius, impetuous with the impetuosity of mountain torrents. The force of it, the emotional fervor, the richness of volume, the tone and timbre in it—these are things not to be forgotten. The same qualities in a lesser degree may be observed in the singing of any small chapel choir inside the boundaries of Wales. You shall never hear such singing as you may hear on quiet Sunday evenings from some Welsh hillside sanctuary by a choir of working lads and lasses, conducted by some rough-and-ready, unkempt, self-taught musician.

Music, then, we assert, is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the hwy, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

Another remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear, is that it is positive discord to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch the voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalists.

**SENATORIAL COURTESY.**

How the Italian Ambassador Got Even with the French Ambassador.

Before the introduction of the telegraph ambassadors at foreign courts used to be far more important personages than they now are, and great rival grandeur existed among them. On one occasion, says Cassell's Saturday Journal, a new Italian minister had arrived at the Spanish capital, and went en suite to pay his respects to the reigning sovereign. Arriving at one of the reception-rooms to the palace, he found it occupied by an imposing-looking man surrounded by a glittering throng. These he not un-naturally took to be the king and his courtiers, and with profound obeisance introduced himself.

The supposed king received him with gracious condescension till the doors opened and an even more magnificent train ushered in the real king and showed to the discomfited Italian that he had been kneeling before his hated rival, the French ambassador, who took no pains to conceal his satisfaction at the flattering mistake. But his triumph was not to last, for in the evening of the same day the king, with the Italian as his partner, was playing cards against the French minister and a third ambassador, when in the course of the game the Italian threw down a card, exclaiming: "That is the king and it wins us the trick!"

His partner looked at it and said: "No! You only played the knave." "O, I beg your majesty's pardon, so I have!" and with a quick glance at his French opponent he continued: "and it is the second time to-day that I have mistaken a knave for a king!"

**Specimen Cases.**

S. P. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Snipes & Kinersly.

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**ARTISTS IN THE NAVY.**

How Jolly Jack Loves to Decorate His Body.

Tattooing Still Flourishes as a Profession, Especially Among the Man-o-War Men—It is Not Painful, Nor is it Very Beautiful.

How or where the custom originated, it is hard to say, but it is certain that about nine-tenths of the seafaring men of the world are tattooed on some parts of their bodies. Among the uncivilized of almost every clime this custom of marking and defacing the body has been quite common, and it is very probable that the sailors in their cruises to foreign lands untraveled by civilized people, picked up the custom. In my experience among sailors, writes Dion Williams in the Washington Star, I have often noticed the many queer devices tattooed all over the bodies, or on some part of these hardy, good-natured fellows that love "a life on the ocean wave" better than the dry land.

It is probably among men-o-war's men that the custom is most nearly universal, and there is scarcely a ship in the navy but has some blue-jacket aboard who is an artist with the tattooing needle. It is said that the Chinese are the most expert at this queer trade, and their designs are often artistic—that is, artistic in the sense of the dragon and snake style of art peculiar to Japan and China.

The outfit of a tattooing artist consists of a few needle points stuck in the end of a fine stick, forming a sort of steel comb, a few sticks of India ink, generally black, blue and red, and a few mixing cups, and always a book of samples in which are crudely drawn in chalk the flashing designs that the artist is able to make. Seated on a ditty box or the deck, the artist first takes the arm or the place to be tattooed and draws in ink the design to be made. He then draws the skin tightly and with the steel needle points punctures the skin along the design, first dipping the needle points into the color to be used. The operation is not particularly painful, no more so than sticking a sharp needle through the skin, which, if anyone tries to do with deliberation, he will find not particularly painful. The place tattooed then becomes sore to an extent depending upon the size of the design and the place tattooed, but it generally completely heals within ten days, and the design in colors is indelibly incorporated into the skin. There is no known means of removing it after it is once on, except to remove the skin tattooed, which would, of course, leave a severe scar.

On board a man-of-war in the early morning after reveille the men all over the decks take off their clothing and wash themselves, and it is then that I have found the best opportunity to notice the queer designs in tattooing on back, breast, legs and arms. The designs are rich in variety as well as execution. Here, for instance, is a grizzled old tar with mossy breast, whose back is covered with a ship under full sail, with the men on her decks ten times too big for proper proportions. Another has on his breast a picture which his fond imagination paints into the glorious fight in Mobile bay, with Farragut and the Hartford in the foreground and cannon bellowing red clouds of fire all around. The old jackey points with pride to it and tells an admiring crowd of young apprentice boys, who stand around, of that glorious summer day when Farragut, ever dear to the navy as his "Grand Old Admiral," said: "D—n the torpedoes," and led the squadron to victory in the old Hartford. She was then the pride of the navy, and now is being rebuilt to be put in active service, according to an act of congress, which provides for keeping the Hartford and Kearsarge in the service in commemoration of their gallant record in the civil war.

Many bluejackets have a picture of the crucifixion tattooed upon them, though one whom I saw with it covering the whole of his back seemed little fitted to bear so devout an ornament, for when another sailor stepped on his bare foot such torrents of real sailor profanity came from his mouth that there could be little doubt that he had forgotten the day of repentance when he had the cross tattooed on his back. These large designs cause such a great expanse of skin to become irritated that they become quite painful if done all at once, so they are generally done in sections, sometimes so unskillfully that the marks show, making a sort of checkerboard picture. Some of the designs are very grotesque. I remember one very well done, one of a monkey on a man's leg, that always caused a smile among those who saw it. The blue-jackets often have pictures of their sweethearts tattooed on their arms or breast, and it makes little difference if the sweetheart herself changes from time to time, for the picture will look as much like one as another, and the wearer's imagination will do the rest.

**How History Might Have Been Changed.**

An interesting "incident" of the career of the great Napoleon has been brought to light by Prof. Rambaud, who has just been rewarded for his "History of Russia" with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Bonaparte, as is well known, was at one time disgusted with the slowness of his promotion and entertained serious thoughts of directing his talents into other channels. Now M. Rambaud tells us that Napoleon applied for service in the Russian army, but that the petition which he had addressed to Zaborowski was rejected, as Catherine II. would not admit foreign officers on the same standing as that which they occupied in their own country. Napoleon would have had to accept an inferior rank, and this he refused to do. If Prof. Rambaud were correctly informed, and if Bonaparte had taken service in Russia, the whole course of the history of the century would have been changed and a whole vista of curious possibilities would have been opened.

About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks; my wife then suggested that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept trying it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have received from it. MADISON MUSTARD, Olway, Ohio. Fifty-cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

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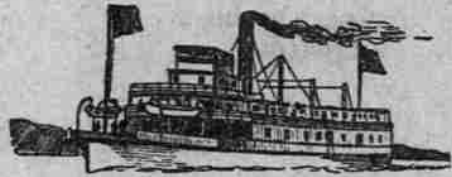
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