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THE HERALD
DR FIFTH AND VINE STS PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

CHINESE ORCHESTRAS.

FEMARKABLE 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 side 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 unorthodox 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 size 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 drum 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 tunes 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 agonies 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.

Bacteria Killed by Electricity.

The disease producing bacteria may be killed by a current of electricity, as has been shown by experiments with bottles of water containing them. By passing the current from a battery through a loop of wire suspended in the water it was found that a small voltage was sufficient to deprive the most active bacteria of life. The consumption bacillus died under two and a quarter volts, while other more hardy species could not survive more than three volts and a half.

Unfortunately, this electrical method would be too expensive and troublesome for the householder to pursue. It is suggested, therefore, that cities or water companies shall perform the entire task, delivering the water to consumers in a condition guaranteed harmless. According to the plan proposed the killing of the microbe is to be accomplished at the reservoir. Nothing could be easier than to apply the energy of a battery by a current at one place in the supply pipes as to kill with absolute certainty every microbe that passed through in the flowing water.

A dynamo with a capacity of 1,000 volts would do the work perfectly for the biggest possible pipe, slaying all the bacteria going through and rendering innocuous all the millions of gallons daily that a metropolis consumes. All that is necessary is that a length of the pipe shall be made of insulated material, and through holes in its sides will be inserted wires representing the poles of the battery—positive on one side and negative on the other. Set the dynamo going, and the current springs through the water, filling it with powerful electric waves necessarily fatal to all living organisms floating in the stream.—New York Telegram.

A POOR MAN ON TAX DAYS.

City Counselor Will C. Marshall had a big case just before he went into his office, and while it was pending he had to present a heavy bond for his client to the court. The client brought him a friend, who told Marshall he was worth \$100,000 in unincumbered real estate. At the proper time Marshall brought him before the court and put him on the stand.

"How much are you worth?" he asked him. The bondsman hesitated and began to wriggle uneasily in his chair. "Oh, well, you're worth \$100,000 in real estate, I suppose," said Marshall.

"Good gracious, no! Not half of that," exclaimed the witness. "I guess I am worth about \$20,000."

Marshall was astonished beyond measure, and had to ask the indulgence of the court while he sought another bondsman. Meeting his man outside the court room afterward, he asked him warily what he meant by such contradictory statements.

"I am worth \$100,000," said the man coolly, "but you don't suppose I'm fool enough to declare it in court? I've been reporting \$20,000 to the assessor straight along, and they'd be after me for back taxes if I told how much I was worth on the stand. I didn't know you was going to put me on the stand or I should have warned you."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Climate and Morals.

The world is tolerably well mapped out as to diseases. The colored charts show us where we may most probably dwell with malaria, with consumption or with general debility. We study, also, the adaptability of plants to different climatic conditions. But our knowledge of the relation of man to climate is still far from scientific—that is to say, of the influence of climate upon character and conduct. To come to a detail, what, for instance, do we know of the effect of climate upon veracity? There are portions of the earth's surface where the inhabitants regard truth as a luxury seldom to be indulged in; in others the mind seems rather inclined to truthfulness.

Whether the difference is owing to race or climate our observations do not yet enable us to determine. There is a popular notion that the habit of prevarication goes along with warmth, or with a debilitating atmosphere, and that cold is a tonic, a sort of stimulant for truthfulness. We indeed have in the phrase "the cold truth" a recognition of this. We say that the northern latitudes nurse the rugged virtue of veracity.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

The Secret of Good Mountain Climbing.

The secret of the climbing of the hunters is that they trust their feet as much as their hands. To plant their nailed shoe is all they ask in any place. They go steadily, but slowly, and rest often, so as to avoid climbing when exhausted or breathless. A tired or winded man will tumble, slip and be in danger where he would pass easily when fresh. The apprentice in this particular hunt found the greatest difficulty in crossing a chasm. A chasm is a steep slope covered with blocks of stone ranging from a hundred pounds to many tons.

There are ugly holes, big and little, between them. Their edges are generally sharp. To the rapid passer, as he looks down at his feet, they appear, without exception, very sharp. In addition, some of them are "wobblers." The duffer passed several unpleasant quarters of an hour in following the hunter, excited by the proximity of game, over these places, and will always carry on his leg a souvenir of one of them.—Paul van Dyke in Scribner's.

Common Sense in Bicycle Riding.

Regarding pneumatic tires, the editor of the cycling department in Onting says: "There is no doubt about it but that a better air valve must be devised, made with an airtight cap which cannot be detached. Some such device I hear has been tried in its experimental stages, and when completed it will be a vast improvement on the crude valve now generally in use. Dealers must take pains to instruct purchasers of pneumatic tires how to inflate and to what tension—the heavier the man the harder the tension. Riders must use brains and common sense and not be afraid to take a bit of trouble if they would get the best results out of a pneumatic tire."

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GOING WEST	GOING EAST
No. 1, 3:30 a. m.	No. 2, 5:35 p. m.
" 3, 5:45 p. m.	" 4, 7:45 a. m.
" 5, 9:25 a. m.	" 8, 11:30 a. m.
" 7, 7:45 a. m.	" 10, 9:45 a. m.
" 9, 6:25 p. m.	" 12, 10:14 a. m.
" 11, 5:25 p. m.	" 20, 8:30 a. m.
" 19, 11:55 a. m.	

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