

THE TRUE BLUEBEARD

He Was a Cruelly and Malevolently Maligned Frenchman.

NOT A MURDEROUS MONSTER.

He Had Matrimonial Misfortunes, It is True, but He Seems to Have Been the Only One Who Came to Grief on Account of Them—His Tragic End.

The supposedly detestable Bluebeard, the monster of murderous polygamy, the very name of the ogre into whose mouth one used, if one could, in childhood's happy hour, to throw india rubber balls, was in truth a man who has been as cruelly and malevolently maligned by history as Nero, Richard III., Cleopatra, and the rest of the world's scoundrels. So says M. Perrault in his "Les Contes de la Barbe-Bleue et Autres Contes Merveilleux." One knew already that Charles Perrault first wrote, in about 1694, the historical biography of Bluebeard, but one did not know until now how deeply Perrault, probably through false information, wronged the memory of an excellent and ill-treated personage. From M. Perrault we learn that M. Bernard de Montroux, of old and noble descent, lived in 1650 or thereabouts at the ancestral chateau Les Guillettes, on his estates between Compiegne and Pierrefonds. The castle, of frowning outward aspect, was inside a treasure house of art and wealth. Its owner, contrary to long existing tradition, wore no beard, only a mustache and a little hair below the lower lip. He was known through the countryside as Bluebeard because his hair was very black, and therefore his close shaven cheeks and chin were markedly blue. He was a fine figure of a man who, in spite of his manifest disadvantages as a good match, did not get on well with women of his own rank in life. This was due to an incurable shyness on his part. Pleasant and pretty girls who had been well brought up attracted him immensely, but also filled him with an indescribable terror.

The first notable result of this affection was that the unfortunate orphans, for such he had been since his early youth, incapable of making progress for the hand of any of the attractive and high born ladies in the neighborhood, married a certain Colette, a fascinating girl in her early days, against whose character nothing was known, who was going round the country with a dancing bear. Things went well enough for a few months, and then Colette, who had at last revealed in being a lady of quality, began to long for her old freedom. Longing became irresistible, and at last she took her departure secretly with her justly beloved bear. It is noteworthy that they made their escape by way of a room that had a door leading to what had been water windows, and so to open country. The result called this room "le petit cabinet," but it was also known as "the princesses' room," because a Florentine painter had covered its walls with the most lifelike figures of the late, noble and Procris. The tragic end of these paintings was enhanced by the porphyry flooring of the room, which suggested bloodstains.

Montroux appeared inconsolable at the disappearance, which was complete, of Colette, his first wife, and although his lot would have been far happier if he had never tried to make himself. This, most unfortunately, he did by marrying one Genevieve de la Cloche, who turned out to be a violent dipsomaniac. Bluebeard was of a nature so kindly and kind that, although in a fit of mad passion she nearly killed him with a kitchen knife, he continually hoped to win her by kindness. But one day she strayed into the generally shut up princesses' room, took the painted figures for real people and was so terrified that she rushed wildly into the fields, tumbled into a deep pool, and so was drowned.

As things went on, a new affliction came each new wife, and in each case the final catastrophe was associated with the princesses' room. The climax of the unhappy career of the more worthy and lovable Bernard de Montroux came with his seventh wife, Jeanne de Lespinois, cleverest and most fascinating of a family of very unscrupulous adventurers. No one knew anything about the supposed husband of the mother. Of the brothers, a dragon and a musketeer, one was a low rascal and a mere rascal; the other lived on gaming and made love. Anne, the sister, was a incarnation of malicious cunning. She had a great deal to do with the tragedy of M. de Montroux's death. The nature of this tragedy can be inferred, but it is curious that Perrault represented Bluebeard as making a journey in order to lay a trap for his wife, the fact was exactly opposite. Both before and after his marriage he had heaped benefits on these wretches. When he was asked to go away in the matter of inheritance he gave all his keys without reserve to his wife, warning her out of pure love against the unscrupulous associations of the princesses' room. As soon as he was out of the trap was laid for him, and it was in that very room that he was treacherously assassinated. The best of it was that M. de Montroux, after marrying the wealthy Genevieve, became an exemplary husband and subject of the king.

THE CASSOWARY.

A Peculiar Bird That Fishes With Its Feathers.

Habits of the cormorant and of the fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own. A well known naturalist witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain.

He saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep and, partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them, the feathers being spread and ruffled.

The bird remained motionless and kept its eyes closed as if in sleep. It remained in this position for a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers, it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a quantity of small fishes fell out of its wings and from amid its feathers. These the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.

The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the rivers in this island and which much resembles the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—Exchange.

THE MOON.

Its Visual Size No Greater When It Is High Than When It Is Low.

The artist has to choose between scientific truth and "convention" when he sets out to paint the moon. A three-penny piece fixed at a distance of six feet from the eye (say at the end of a horizontal six foot pole, the other end of which is made to press the lower edge of the eye socket) will just cover the disk of either the sun or the moon hanging in the sky. It is an absolute fact that this is true whether the moon or the sun be high in the sky or low down near the horizon.

The real "visual size" of the moon's disk is no greater when it is low than when it is high. No one who reads what I have just written will believe me. Every one thinks that he knows that the disk of the harvest moon or of the setting sun occupies a larger space in the sky when low than when high. This is due to a judgment or mental process and is an erroneous one. The eye is not at fault, but the curiously untrustworthy mind is.

What, then, is the painter to do? He yields to prejudice and often paints the low moon or low sun of a size which compared with scientific fact is ridiculously exaggerated.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Her Choice.

They were sisters-in-law and reasonably well disposed toward each other. One was the mother of George, aged six months, and the other was the mother of Marian, aged six months and four days. It was impossible that a slight parental rivalry should be altogether concealed.

"Marian does not seem to grow very fast," said the mother of George, with a suggestion of commiseration in her tones. "George is much taller"—(height being measured in inches).

"Perhaps he is," replied the mother of Marian coldly, "but Marian weighs more."

"Oh, well," responded the sister-in-law, with a smile of high bred superiority, "of course I should not wish George to be gross."—Exchange.

A Frank Estimate.

To many persons who are not actors the stage seems a delightful and fascinating place. In a book called "The Actress" Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress, tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her profession. One day one of them from behind a counter in a shop said, "I should have went on the stage."

"She evidently wanted to talk, and I strove to be interested," says Miss Hale.

"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is, and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have had."

"Oh, yes," she responded, complacently gazing at herself in a mirror. "But, you see, I have talent."

Dangers of Handwriting.

A young man is bringing an action against a graphologist in Paris for substantial damages. A pretty heiress, to whom he was engaged to be married, showed a specimen of his handwriting to the graphologist and asked for information. This is the reply she got: "If you should meet the man who wrote these lines upon your way through life avoid him. He is an egoist and a fool, has a bad temper and a despicable nature. The existence of the woman who has the misfortune to marry him will be a Calvary." The marriage has been broken off; hence the action.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Exchange.

A Good Shot.

Mr. Juggins—A black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Juggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Juggins—That's what it did. I hit it the very first time I fired.

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

GENERAL LEE.

His Personal Influence and His Military Prowess.

In looking for the source of Lee's personal influence we have to go back, I think, to the habit of inherited respect which the people of the south paid to social position. It was not born of a feeling of subservience, however, for the poorest "cracker" had an unmistakable and unself-conscious dignity about him. He always walked up to and faced the highest with an air of equality. No, this latent respect was a natural response on the part of men of old estate to good manners and oft displayed sympathy. Lee by his connection through birth and marriage with the most distinguished and best families of Virginia represented the superior class. Moreover, that he was a Lee of Virginia and by marriage the head of the Washington family had from one end of the south to the other a weight which the present commercial, mammon worshiping age knows or cares but little about.

Again, Nature in one of her moods had made him the balanced product in manners and locks of the well bred and aristocratic traditions of the gentleman transmitted and ingrained at an early age through the cavaliers into Virginia life. But for his military prowess he had something vastly more efficacious than ancestry or filling the mold of well bred traditions. He had the generative quality of simple, effective greatness—in other words, an unspotted, serenely lofty character whose qualities were reactive, reaching every private soldier and making him unconsciously braver and better as a man.—Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

THE MISSING TURK.

An Incident in the Stage Career of Sarah Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entree accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the program announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Sarah mustered the five in order and made her entrance with a grand flourish. The house was crowded, but not a handclap greeted her as she appeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrase.

Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in the house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?"

The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."

Paris Actresses.

It is a very usual thing for the Paris hostess to engage actresses to perform for her guests, and they, of course, mingle with these guests on fairly equal terms during the rest of the evening. But I know of very few Parisian society hostesses who would invite actresses to dinner. I am not sure, either, that the actresses would accept such an invitation if they got it, and I may add that it is an amusing lesson in "equality and fraternity" to hear Mme. la Marquise address an actress as "mademoiselle." The tone is exquisitely polite, but it would freeze you on the hottest day in summer. And yet numbers of Paris actresses are married women and, if unmarried, essentially respectable, but the word "actress" is a label, and Paris is a town of labels.—M. Kaphael in London Strand Magazine.

Men and Women and Money.

Divide \$500 between a boy and a girl and start them on a vacation with it, and the girl will go twice as far, see ten times as much and come home with new clothes and money in her purse. But the boy will be dead broke and have seen less. This is the difference: A girl when out sightseeing will live on crackers and soda water, and the boy will stuff himself with three big meals a day. The same difference is apparent when the boy and girl are grown. Ever know that father spends a lot on eating when traveling and doesn't get to see as much as mother, who makes every time she misses a meal take her a few miles farther?—Atchison Globe.

A Wonder of Science.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm," said a photographer to an agriculturist. "Did you catch my laborers in motion?" asked the farmer. "I think so." "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Crushing.

Mrs. Newbride (with an air of triumph)—Really, I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Van der Glids. They are so exclusive, you know. Miss Jellus—Yes, but they are very charitable, I believe.

His Only Reason.

Mrs. Jawback (angrily)—Since you stayed out so late, why did you come home at all? Mr. Jawback (drowsily)—To sleep, m' dear—just to sleep—that's all!—Exchange.

NEW HOME FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

The PACIFIC SALVAGE CO.

Now open for Business in the Mason Building on 2nd Avenue East, carrying a line of Parlor, Library, Dining Room, Bed Room and Kitchen Furnishings, Pictures, Stoves, Ranges, etc.

NOTE—We are experienced auctioneers and appraisers. Will buy you out or sell you out.

PAGE BROS., Proprietors.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES.



We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China,

Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes,

Fine Line of Choice GROCERIES

Agents for the Great Western Saw.

ALEX McNAIR CO

The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing Compy.

Manufacturers of

FIR, SPRUCE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER

KILN DRY FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC AND FINISHED LUMBER.

ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS.

We Make the Best CHEESE BOXES for Tillamook County's Most Famous Cheese.

The Best Equipped Saw Mill in the County. New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and First Class Lumber of the Best Quality.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL.

FARMERS

READ THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN OF PORTLAND



For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc.

You can secure this excellent paper by

Subscribing for the Headlight. Both Papers for \$2.25.