

THE SLAYER OF MARAT

Charlotte Corday and the Act That Made Her Famous.

HER PLANS FOR THE MURDER

The Way They Were Worked Out and How They Were Put into Execution. Her Own Tragic End and the Final Act of the Brutal Headsman.

Among the instances of fanatic zeal for country and people the act of Charlotte Corday, who was born at St. Saurin, France, July 27, 1788, and who was beheaded at Paris July 17, 1793, stands out in tragic force. Her childhood and early youth were full of privation, although she was of a noble family. She was educated at a convent in Caen and then went to live with an aunt in the same old town of Normandy.

She had a serene and lofty beauty, was tall and graceful, and her manner was full of dignity.

She spent all her leisure in reading, and her books were always those that related to heroism and devotion to country. When the revolution broke upon France, Charlotte eagerly took up the reading of pamphlets and public questions. When the Girondists were obliged to fly from Paris they went to Caen and began to hold meetings and form plans for future operations in Paris.

The Girondists were the true republicans and got their name from Gironde, as it was the deputies from this district that had formed the Republican party in the national assembly. The Girondists had terrified them, and they had tried to stop the violent measures in the reign of terror.

Charlotte felt a very mad passion of enthusiasm as she listened to the fiery eloquence of these men who denounced Marat. Danton and Robespierre escaped much of the censure due for their share in the frightful work of cruelty and death. It was upon Marat that the Girondists poured their obloquy, for it was he who had pursued and ordered the death of their leaders in Paris. In the depths of her heart a purpose was formed to save her people from this monster and at any cost to herself.

Into Charlotte's life a tender and respectful love had come to add its influence in these days of strange tumult and calm purpose. She and a young man named Franquelin had been writing each other, and she had given him her portrait and told him that he might at least love that. When this lover marched away to Paris with the Girondists and the neighboring volunteers, she bade him a calm farewell, for she knew she was going to save him.

After her execution Franquelin went home to his native village in Normandy. In the tender care of his mother he gradually failed, for his heart was broken the day his love perished. When he came to die he requested that Charlotte's portrait and letters be buried with him, and his grave holds them sacredly.

Charlotte began to prepare for her journey to Paris and the tragedy she had planned. Every effort was made to hide the appearance of a concealed purpose. When she arrived at Paris she at once set about her plans to find Marat. As a preparation she went to one of the shops of the Palais Royal and bought a dagger shaped knife, paying for it 60 cents. This she hid in the folds of her dress. Her plan had been to kill Marat in the very convention, where she thought the deed would be avenged by killing her on the spot.

But Marat no longer went to the convention. He was ill with a disease that was slowly killing him, and his body was in a state of disorder and irritation that gave him an agony of suffering. He was only comfortable when in the warm water of his bath. He lived on the first floor of a house in the Rue des Cordeliers, and connected with his home were all the affairs of his journalistic work and from here all his pamphlets and journals were sent out.

After writing two letters asking for an interview, in which she would give him some important news about suspected persons, she got no reply. Then she took her way to the house, insisted that she must see him, and when forbidden entrance by Marat's wife she still urged the importance of her errand. Marat heard the sound of their voices and shouted out for a reason of the noise that bothered him. When told that it was the woman who had twice written him he bade her come in. The wife, against her will, let her pass.

Marat was in his bath, wrapped in an ink stained sheet, and was writing on a board laid across the bath. Asking her errand, he took down all the details she gave him. When he had the name of each Girondist who was at work in Caen he told her that in a week they would be brought to the guillotine. Then as she stood beside the bath she plunged the knife into his heart, and he died with a cry to his wife to come to him.

Just before her execution she wrote to the Girondists at Caen that she anticipated happiness "with Brutus in the Elysian fields" after her death, and she also wrote tender and loving farewell letters to her relatives and friends.

When she had suffered death the executioner lifted up her head by the hair and struck it a brutal blow with his fist. Just at that moment a gleam of the sun so fell upon it that there was the effect of a blush upon the dead face.—Boston Globe.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Drummond.

THE DEER'S HORNS.

They Present All the Phenomena of Animal and Vegetable Growth.

Why and how is the deer so peculiarly unlike any other of the bovine race, the horns differing so materially from all the horned cattle in its composition, growth, maturity and decline? It presents all the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. It sprouts from the brain without any prolongation of the frontal bone. It rises and breaks through the sinews and takes root on the bone, growing the same as a vegetable. It is nourished by and secretes albumen upon the surface and disposes of the fibrin the same as an animal.

It is clothed with a skin and hairy coat very different from those on the rest of the body. This covering and hair possess a property unknown in other animal bodies—that of being a styptic to staunch its own blood when wounded. It carries marks of the age on the buck by putting out an extra branch each year, which shows an additional power each year to produce them. And this power does not exist in the female. So this difference is more distinctly marked than in any other class of animals. Again, the horn possesses properties unknown in any other animal matter. It is entirely odorless, capable of resisting putrefaction and almost impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.

And still water at 300 degrees F. will dissolve these horns readily, even though they are not soluble in alcohol and resist the action of acids and alkalis. It is the only vegetable substance that we know of that does not perpetuate itself by procreation.

The male and the female are sustained by the same nutrition and elements, and only the male produces horns. This phenomenon is quite as much of a curiosity as the absence of the horn in the buck after shedding.—Exchange.

SAT IN THE SENATE.

An Outsider Who Innocently Made Himself at Home.

The American people once elected a tailor to the presidency, and doubtless many manipulators of the shears and goose have sat in the seats of the mighty by election, but only once did a tailor make himself at home on the floor of the United States senate when he had no constituency to represent.

The tailor was Hermann Riedel, Riedel of Philadelphia, who visited Washington in April, 1898, to attend the exciting scenes during the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson, a fellow craftsman. And this is the account of how he witnessed these proceedings as published in the Washington Republican of that day:

"A good looking Teutonic friend of ours a day or two since made an earnest appeal to our Muggins for a ticket to the senate to listen to what was going forward at the impeachment trial. Muggins, as is his wont, in the kindness of his soul consented to furnish Teuton with the tailsmatic pasteboard which effects the open sesame to the senate chamber and also assured our friend that he would accompany him to the gallery and find him an eligible seat. Muggins and Teuton started to work their way in, but Muggins was detained outside of the door for a few moments, and our German friend went on and passed the vigilant sentinels at the outer door and went directly to the entrance of the senate chamber and was admitted by the gentlemanly ushers under the belief probably that he was a member of congress and passed through the vestibule and took his seat in the first vacant chair and there remained during the entire session in the confident belief that he was entitled to the seat."

The descendants of Hermann Riedel are living in Washington now. The tailor, who was a "top notcher" at his trade, according to all accounts, died in 1877, having declined a pension after serving as a marine during the civil war.—Washington Post.

Kumiss.

Kumiss is a valuable beverage for use in the sickroom. Heat one quart of milk to 75 degrees F., add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place the bottles inverted where they may remain at a temperature of 70 degrees F. for ten hours, then put in the icebox or a cold place and let stand forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent the cream from clogging the mouth of the bottle. It is refreshing and nourishing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Firm Friends.

"Friendship, boys and girls," said a member of a provincial education committee, "is a thing to be cultivated and practiced by all of us. Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models—David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias and Scythia and Charybdis"—London Telegraph.

Plenty of Jaw.

Two cockney "ladies" were discussing each other publicly. One said something about the other's "jaw," or "jore." "Garn," answered her opponent, "you've got enough jaw for two sets of teeth, you 'ave."

Theory and Practice.

Geraldine—A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Gerald—I have never been able to make you believe it when I brought you flowers.—New York Press.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.—Young.

BEING SICK IN CHINA.

What Happens When a Devil Jump Down a Patient's Throat.

It is the custom for a Chinaman to visit the barber every week to have a general overhauling. First, the head and face are shaved; second, the ears are scraped and cleaned with a small brush made of duck's hair; third, the upper and lower eyelids are scraped with a dull edged knife, all granulations being smoothed away, and then an application is made with a duck's hair brush of salt solution.

This is the reason why you will find so much blindness in China. They take no antiseptic measures whatever. Finally the patient's back is massaged, and after paying a fee of 3 cents and no tip he leaves the shop, feeling clean outside, but now must consult his regular physician.

After going through the usual examination, which is a form of military inspection, the doctor diagnoses the case and treats it unless a devil happens to jump down the patient's throat. If this has happened the doctor can do the patient no good until he promises to set off a hundred firecrackers and to make a daily visit to the joss house. This done, he receives the usual pills for those visited by the devil.

These pills may consist of spotted rhinoceros horns, said to be a wonderful cure for intestinal troubles. The spotted rhinoceros horns come from southern China, and in the market at Singapore a single specimen will bring \$25.

Tiger bones when ground to a powder and mixed with Chinese wine make a great blood tonic which is used by all classes of Chinese in northern China. The recipe is held by a firm in Shanghai that has become very wealthy by the sale of this tonic.

Old deer horns are boiled down to make the medicinal wine which binds the fifty ingredients composing the average Chinese pills. As in these you may get anything from a pinch of gunpowder to powdered cobra tail dust it is not the fault of Wong Yik Chee if just the right kind of specific escapes the patient.

Equal in medicinal efficacy to the above are three high grade tiger remedies, the eyeball, liver and blood. As may be imagined, tiger eyeball, the genuine article, can be prescribed for only the exceedingly wealthy Chinese. Similarly the liver, when dried and reduced to a powder, is worth its weight in gold all over China. Tiger blood, when evaporated to a solid at a temperature of 110 degrees and taken as a powder, is believed by Asiatics to transform a craven into a hero.—Medical Record.

The Political Millennium.

Two Kansas farmers, one of them a Republican and the other a Democrat, were quarreling over their political beliefs. The more they argued the further apart they drifted. Finally they called in a neighbor to settle the dispute. This neighbor was a man who seldom said anything, who went about his business, was a good citizen and substantial in every way.

"Well," he replied after both had stated their sides, "my son and I have been hauling wheat nearly forty years now. There are two roads leading to the mill. One is the valley road and the other leads over the hill. But never yet has the miller asked me which road we came. He always asks, 'Is the wheat good?'"—Kansas City Journal.

Making It Plain.

The following simple and explicit directions are posted up in a hotel on the Nordfjord:

"The fire escape! Directions for use. The one end of the rope is to be fixed at the book in the window frame, the other is to turn out of the window. The plaited snorter, which is fixed at the log of wood, is to be put under your arms, whereupon you may safely let yourself slide down. You may regulate the hurry by keeping the rope under the log. If more persons are to be saved you have to pull up the contrary end of the rope, fix this at the book and go on so till nobody is left."—London Punch.

Forever Dry.

There is a youngster in college who combines the poetic instinct with a keen sense of humor. He is not a close student. In fact, he regards books as instruments of torture. One of the professors picked up a text book belonging to him the other day and found on the flyleaf this bit of verse, which no doubt expressed the student's opinion of it:

Should there be another flood
For refuge hither fly,
And should the whole world be submerged
This book would still be dry.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Suspicious Silence.

Howard was only twenty months older than the baby. He had somehow come to realize that Elwood, who was creeping, was more likely to be in mischief when quiet. One day he called to his mother with a great deal of anxiety in his little voice, "Mamma, I hear Elwood keeping still."—Delineator.

No Fault of His.

"Why, Johnny! Your little sister is shelling two quarts of peas to your one."
"Well, I told the dura little chump about it, but it didn't do no good."—Cleveland Leader.

Poor Taste.

Little Edna (reading)—Say, mamma, what is a lack of artistic taste? Mamma—It is the feeling, my dear, that prompts a baldheaded man with red whiskers to wear a black wig.—Chicago News.

A cottage, if goodness be there, will hold as much happiness as a palace.—Hamilton.



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