

## A LEGAL DILEMMA

Tangle of Red Tape in an English Extradition Case.

### GETTING AROUND THE LAW.

Only the Quick Wit of the Canadian Police Inspector Kept a Notorious Criminal in Custody When in Reality He Was as Free as the Air.

The manner in which a prisoner extradited to England from a foreign country is treated while on the voyage home depends very much on the detective who has him in charge and also on whether or no there is any suspicion that he may be contemplating violence either to himself or to others.

For instance, in the case of Jabez Balfour, who was taken to England all the way from Buenos Aires, there was a strong suspicion—probably ill founded—that he contemplated committing suicide. Consequently Inspector Frost, who had him in charge, decided to take no risks that he could possibly avoid.

The regulations do not permit of an unconvicted prisoner being handcuffed on board ship once the vessel has left port, and he must be allowed one hour's exercise on deck each day. These indulgences, if indulgences they may be called, were therefore not withheld from Balfour.

But he got few others. For twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four he was immured in a locked cabin. He was not permitted even to enter the public dining room, his meals being brought to him by Mr. Frost himself after the rest of the passengers had fed. He was, besides, constantly watched and was subjected to a most rigorous search immediately on coming aboard.

His only relaxation was an occasional game of chess with some of the passengers who kindly came to his cabin to play with him by permission and in the presence of his keeper. This sea imprisonment lasted exactly one month and a day, and Balfour afterward declared that it was the most trying experience of a captivity that was destined to continue for nearly twelve years.

One of the longest and in its later stages one of the pleasantest voyages ever undertaken by an unconvicted criminal was that which Charles Hyton Davidson, the notorious forger, made some years back in the custody of Chief Inspector Murray of the Canadian department of justice.

Murray tracked the wanted man to Mexico and secured his extradition to Canada. But then his difficulties began. He could not bring his prisoner to Canada by the direct route through the United States, for immediately Davidson set foot in that country he could have demanded to be released. There was therefore nothing for it but to convey him by way of Jamaica and England and thence back across the Atlantic to Quebec.

On the voyage Murray kept Davidson under close observation, although allowing him considerably more freedom than Frost allowed Balfour. When, however, he had got safely as far as London he was both mortified and astonished at the likelihood of his having had all his trouble for nothing.

The law was, he was told, that a prisoner extradited from a foreign country to a British colony could not be kept in custody in England for longer than twenty-four hours, nor could he be taken as a prisoner on board a British ship sailing from a British port.

Here was a dilemma. Davidson was free as air—had he only known it. But Murray was equal to the occasion. "Look here, Davidson," he said, "I've got you safe. There is only the last stage of the journey to complete. If I allow you to travel saloon with me as an ordinary first class passenger will you give me your word to play me no tricks?"

To this proposition Davidson, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, was naturally quite ready to agree. And so it came to pass that one of the most notorious criminals Canada has ever known came home in state; free, yet not free, a voluntary prisoner, and yet an involuntary one.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### Tactful Truth.

"I appeal to Mr. Verity, whose truthfulness nobody doubts," said the outraged hostess, with a glitter in her eye. "Mr. Verity, do you think I supply my boarders with bad butter?"

The others looked eager attention to see how Mr. Verity would get out of it.

"Madam," he answered, with a bow. "The truth on which you compliment me forces me to declare that your butter is one of your strong points."—Baltimore American.

#### Bites.

The safest way to measure your maximum bite longitudinally is to lay it out on an ear of corn. To get the depth of the bite, measure it in a slice of watermelon.—Boston Globe.

And the best way to determine the capacity of your bite is to watch you eat beans.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Serious.

Mother—Oh, Edie! What has happened to your dolly? Edie—The doctor says it's a nervous breakdown. He prescribed nuchilage.—Life.

Sorrow is a school of virtue. It corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—Atterbury.

## THE PRESENT INSTANT.

Science Defines It as the Hundredth Part of a Second.

A congress of European astronomers decided that the present time—that is, the present moment at any particular instant—consists of the hundredth part of a second. This has been settled on because these men of science have thought that it represented the finest fraction of time which could be appreciated by the human brain. Yet the thousandth part of a second is actually used in physical science, especially in certain important uses of electricity.

For scientific purposes, however, the official present moment flashes from the future to the past in the hundredth part of a second. This cannot seem so remarkable when it is recalled that speed records for both horses and men runners are officially calculated in fractions as small as one-fifth of a second.

But in astronomy it is needed to have the hundredth part of a second, for in that moment light can travel 2,000 miles. So time, which is, after all, only a figure of speech and is a mystery that no human brain can understand or fathom, must be considered relatively to one's sensations. The time to pull an aching tooth is really much longer to the sufferer than a whole night spent in sound sleep. It is more of the person's actual life. It demands more food to stand the nervous strain and the pain than hours of quiet rest.

Time, then, for all men is relative to their personal sensations. Yet time is real enough. It takes actual time for starlight to travel, in some cases thousands of years. It takes time for sound to travel and time for the electric wave to work actual results over long distances.

So that time is not only theoretical; it is as real as coal and wood. Yet this reality stretches over a human lifetime back to ages before the existence of the sun and the stars. For purposes of ordinary human work the second is small enough to use as a standard of value, but scientific men have progressed so far in knowledge that the second is too long a period for them to consider as the scientific instant. Therefore they have chosen the hundredth of a second as the standard for the length of time that they will consider as the actual moment at any one instant.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Spoiled His Act.

A musical artist announced to his friends that he had a feature for his act that was calculated to make the whole profession sit up and take notice. Several days later he was asked to divulge his plans.

"Oh, that's all off," was the answer. "Well, if it was such a wonderful thing what was it?" was the general inquiry.

"I had planned to have a real skeleton," the musical man replied, "with its ribs tuned up so that I could play music on it like a xylophone."

"Great! Why aren't you going to do it?"

The musician heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"I tried it," he answered, "but somebody sold me the skeleton of a ticklish man and I couldn't hit the ribs."—Youngstown Telegram.

#### A Closed Discussion.

They had argued long and furiously over the question, "Can a man marry his widow's niece?" and the highly talented lawyer in the corner had waxed eloquent over the marriage laws of every state in the Union, every country in the world, civilized and uncivilized, and had cited the affinity tables of every church and even the legislation of Lycurgus down to that of Brigham Young, when a young man quietly announced his intense desire to be informed where the deuce a man was when his wife was a widow?

Then the discussion closed down and fourteen excited controversialists ordered iced water.—New York Times.

#### A Fair Sized Trout.

The gentleman was strolling across a large estate when he came upon a man fishing. "What sort of fish do you catch here?" he said.

"Mostly trout," replied the man.

"How many have you caught?"

"About ten or twelve, sir."

"What is about the heaviest you have caught?" continued the gentleman.

"Well, I don't know the weight, but the water sunk two or three feet when I pulled it out!"

#### Divides the Waters.

Situated exactly at the highest point of the divide of the Rocky mountains, on the Crow's Nest division of the Canadian Pacific railway, in British Columbia, is a hotel. When it rains in the mountains the water which falls on the eastern slope of the hotel roof trickles away to join a tiny rivulet, which in due time mingles its waters with the Atlantic. The water falling just beyond the ridgepole, on the other side of the roof, flows westerly and ultimately into the Pacific.

#### Lots of Them.

"There is one thing which has rather puzzled me."

"What is that?"

"When money talks does it always talk cents?"—Baltimore American.

#### His Argument.

"Dear, I only play poker for fun."

"But you bet, don't you?"

"Well, there wouldn't be any fun without a little betting."—Pittsburg Post.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

## GERONIMO IN ACTION.

The Indian Chief's Story of How He Whipped the Mexicans.

About noon we began to hear them speaking my name with curses. In the afternoon the general came on the field, and the fighting became more furious. I gave orders to my warriors to try to kill all the Mexican officers. About 3 o'clock the general called all the officers together at the right side of the field. The place where they assembled was not very far from the main stream, and a little ditch ran out close to where the officers stood. Cautiously I crawled out this ditch, very close to where the council was being held.

The general was an old warrior. The wind was blowing in my direction, so that I could hear all he said, and I understood most of it. This is about what he told them: "Officers, yonder in those ditches are the red devil Geronimo and his hated band. This must be their last day. Ride on them from both sides of the ditches. Kill men, women and children. Take no prisoners; dead Indians are what we want. Do not spare your own men; exterminate his band at any cost. I will post the wounded to shoot all deserters. Go back to your companies and advance."

Just as the command to go forward was given I took deliberate aim at the general, and he fell. In an instant the ground around me was riddled with bullets, but I was untouched. The Apaches had seen. From all along the ditches arose the fierce warray of my people. The columns wavered an instant and then swept on. They did not retreat until our fire had destroyed the front ranks. After this their fighting was not so fierce, yet they continued to rally and advance until dark. They also continued to speak my name with threats and curses. That night before the firing had ceased a dozen Indians had crawled out of the ditches and set fire to the long prairie grass behind the Mexican troops. During the confusion that followed we escaped to the mountains.—From "Geronimo's Story of His Life," by S. M. Barrett.

## CHAMPAGNE BARRELS.

Bismarck Demanded 5,000 From France, but Got Only Five.

Germany's governmental policy is to encourage the exports of brain, labor, sunshine, air and water. There is nothing in sugar, in alcohol, but carbon, gathered from the air, but hydrogen and oxygen gathered from the rainwater, transformed by the sun into beet plants, grown in fields, tilled and wielded by hand, the beet pulp being transformed by other hands and skilled knowledge into sugar and alcohol.

Denmark and Holland export butter, which takes nothing from the soil. The French import Asiatic silk, weave it at Lyons and export the finished product. They export wine by analysis 87 per cent water, 10 per cent alcohol and 0.04 per cent aroma and bouquet. Water and alcohol take nothing from the soil, but the aroma makes the wine worth from \$10 a pound down.

In the peace negotiations between Bismarck and the French in 1871 it was not the money indemnity, it was not the loss of territory, that prolonged negotiations. Bismarck brought himself to demand 5,000 empty old champagne barrels impregnated with the aroma, the bouquet producing ferment, and this the French refused. They had consented to pay \$1,000,000,000; they broken heartedly gave up Alsace and Lorraine, but the bouquet of their priceless wines Bismarck should not have, and in the end they compromised on five barrels.

The French were instinctively governed by supernal common sense.—Harrington Emerson in Engineering.

#### Washington Irving.

To Washington Irving more than to any other writer belongs the high honor of being the "creator of American literature." Irving was not the first American to write good literature, but he was the first American to write in a way to catch and hold the European attention. It was through Irving's writings that the old world was made aware of the fact that there was an American literature. Hildreth, Prescott, Cooper, Poe and others of the pioneers came in for a full measure of praise, but Washington Irving will always hold his title as father of our literature.—New York American.

#### Hub of the Social Universe.

"We do not hesitate to call the Covent Garden Opera House 'the hub of the social universe,'" says the London Sphere. "We have been in the opera houses of Munich, Dresden, Milan, Berlin, Paris and Vienna, and there is nothing quite so impressive in any one of these as can be found at Covent Garden in the height of the season. To visit Covent Garden Opera House in the season is to know life at its most magnetic point."

#### At the Wrong Door.

"My health and digestion are perfect, doctor," began the caller in the office of the medical man. "I haven't an ache or a pain. The trouble with me is that I cannot sleep at night."

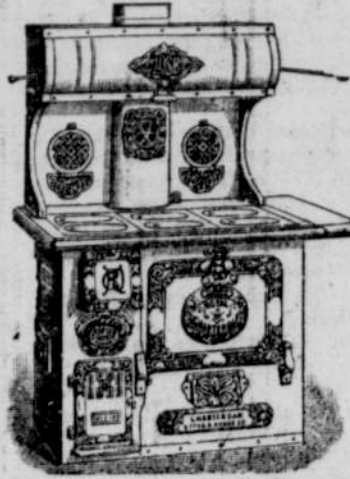
"Well, if that is the case, sir," said the learned physician, "I suggest that you consult your spiritual adviser rather than me."—Lippincott's.

#### Greatly Overrated.

"Mrs. Gaswell, while you were in Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?"

"Oh, yes; I saw what they called that; but, my land, I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania!"—Chicago Tribune.

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ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS,  
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## FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE

for all stomach troubles—indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, gas in the stomach, bad breath, sick headache, torpid liver, biliousness and habitual constipation. Pleasant to take.  
Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

#### Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the grading to a width of 16 feet, in accordance with the survey and field notes, that portion of what is known as the Rock Road, which commences at or about Oretown school house and runs thence southerly to a point where the said survey of the Rock Road intersects the present road at or about the Commons place, now the Kodak farm.

Said bids must include the furnishing of all tools and equipment by the bidder (except the County road grader which the successful bidder may use) and should be made at so much per rod.

The successful bidder will be required to give a bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same.

All bids to be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, Oregon, on or before 9 o'clock A. M. Wednesday, the 7th day of December, 1910.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court.

J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

#### Fine Dairy Farm.

380 acres, lying 3 miles from Florence, the banking and shipping center of the district, with regular boat to Portland.

130 acres is dyked tide marsh, all in grass and worth \$300 per acre. 41 acres tide marsh in grass and not dyked, worth \$100 per acre. 216 acres rolling bench carries 4 million feet of virgin timber, worth \$8000— at local mills in logs at \$5.00 per thousand. This 216 acres after it is logged, will be worth \$100 per acre for pasture and apple raising.

Fresh water trout stream runs through the tract. Fine building site, but no building. Only 30 minutes by motor boat to bank at Portland boat landing. Good school, church, stores, creamery, mill, etc., near building site. Total present value, \$20,000. I want to sell and will take \$20,000, with \$5,000 cash and balance long time with 6 per cent interest.

Geo. Melvin Miller, Box 35, Eugene, Ore.

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Unsurpassed, Non-Intoxicating MALT TEA.

STAR BREWERY  
**Hop Gold Beer,**  
Special Brew.

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Soda Waters, Siphons, Bartlett Mineral Water.

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