

POLICE OF PARIS.

Their Methods Effective Even if Sometimes Dramatic.

TESTING A MAN OF COURAGE.

The Secret Service Knew More About His Own Affairs Than He Did Himself and Proved It in a Most Startling and Conclusive Manner.

The police of Paris have always made it a rule to keep closely in touch with the criminal element, the spies and secret officials of the department posing as criminals among the real criminals when necessary to learn their secrets.

At the beginning of the French revolution the chief of the police of Paris had upon his register the names of no fewer than 2,000 suspected and depraved characters whose pursuits were known to be of a criminal nature.

A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit Paris upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of the French metropolis a genteel looking man opened the door of the carriage and addressed him to this effect:

"Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour, and, your person, your carriage and your portmanteau exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to M. de Sartine."

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption and still more at hearing the name of the chief inspector of the police mentioned, demanded to know what M. de Sartine wanted with him, adding that he had never committed any offense against the laws and that the police could have no right to detain him.

The messenger declared himself ignorant of the cause of the detention and said that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartine he should have executed his orders. After some further explanations the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the police official.

M. de Sartine, the chief of police, received him with great politeness and, after requesting him to be seated, to his astonishment described his portmanteau and told him the exact amount in bills and cash which he had brought with him to Paris, where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed and a number of other circumstances which he had conceived were known only to himself.

Having thus excited his attention, M. de Sartine asked him: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of his interrogatory, demanded the reason why such a question was put to him, adding that no man had hitherto doubted his courage.

"Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night," replied M. de Sartine. "If you are a man of courage you must go to your home and retire to rest at the usual hour. But be careful not to fall asleep. Neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed or into the closet which is in your chamber. You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near the bed and betray no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out I will procure some one who will persecute you and go to bed in your stead."

The merchant, being convinced that M. de Sartine's information was accurate in every particular, refused to be persecuted and resolved to follow literally the directions he had received.

He accordingly drove to the hotel and went to bed at his usual hour, 11 o'clock. At half past 12—the time mentioned by M. de Sartine—the door of his bedchamber was quietly forced open, and three men entered with a dark lantern, daggers and pistols. The merchant, who pretended to be asleep, perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed and discussed and settled the plan of putting him to death.

Hearing all this and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, the merchant was under great perturbation of mind during such an interval of suspense.

Just at the moment the villains were preparing to take the merchant's life four police officers, who were concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders in the very act of attempting murder and with the stolen property in their possession. The law made short work of the criminals, and the police congratulated the merchant on his courage and coolness.

An Excellent Reason. "You girls are beyond me," said the father as he tied the ribbon of his daughter's shoe. "Why don't you wear buttoned shoes that won't come unfastened instead of these confounded things that are untied half the time?" "Because, papa," said Gladys sweetly, "I'd rather have a bow than get the hook."—Harper's Weekly.

What is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.

SHAVING IN ITALY.

The Barber Must Have Used a Cross-cut Saw on This Victim.

Italy may be the land of the flea, but it is not the home of the shave. The barbers there are generally recruited from the ranks of the butchers or the medical students. They must be able to stand the sight of blood in the early days of medicine physicians called in barbers to do their bleeding for them.

In Italy a physician now does his own bleeding—if he visits a barber shop first.

Everything is done in an orderly manner in the Latin kingdom. The man who yearns to open a tussorial parlor appears before the municipality to request his license. No influence is required. He does not have to have a pull. No, he cultivates that later.

"Are you qualified?" demand the city fathers. "Signori," responds the applicant reproachfully, "does not my father own a horse, and have I not carried it every Sunday? Besides, I have worked in the stables."

"Bene," reply the license givers. "You are indeed suited in every way. Here are your shaving papers. Go forth and scrape acquaintance with the strangers within our gates, but cut only distant acquaintances. To cut your friends is bad form and bad for 'em."

Then, if the happy neophyte has the flu, he opens up a dissecting parlor. The flu is necessary for razor blades.

One Italian traveler was heard to remark: "I now believe that the martyr St. Luke was skinned alive. I know the man who skinned him. He shaved me this morning." Twelve good men and true looked at his face and then gave their verdict. He was a truthful man.

When a customer enters an Italian barber shop he is escorted politely to an operating chair. The back of the chair is stationary, but the headrest lets down to a remarkable degree. The result is that while the applicant's hips and knees are bent to an angle of ninety degrees his neck stretches so that his head makes an acute angle with his back, his chin pointing directly at the ceiling. It requires long practice for stout gentlemen to become comfortable in this position.

Then the operator dips his brush in ice water and brushes it lightly across the soap. He then, with a playful air, dampens his customer's beard as if to say, "This is really unnecessary, but I yield to the prejudices of a stranger." No, he never rubs the soap in—he might produce a lather. Then comes the major operation. Afterward the face is washed with a shaving brush full of cold water, and then the powder is applied; no, not talcum powder—powdered alum.

When the damages have thus been temporarily repaired the victim raises his head—if he is still able—and has a coat of brilliantine applied to his hair. He then totters home and, after his wife has fainted at sight of him, resolves to raise a moustache, sideburns, walrus and a full beard. The barber, meanwhile having washed up the gore, sends himself in front of his shop and smiles benignly on the passerby. No, Italy is not the land of the shave, although it may be the home of the flea.—New York Sun.

His Advice Not Wanted.

"My dear," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby oftener than every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to every one who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to dandle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—"

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you \$5 a visit. I don't want any of your old advice about this baby."—Life.

The Big Wind in Ireland.

The night of the big wind in Ireland was Jan. 6 and 7, 1839. It seems to have served for some seventy years as the era point of no little chronology. The gale was by no means confined to Ireland. A score of persons died in Liverpool in the crash of buildings, and the force of the wind was felt through Cheshire, Warwick and Stafford. In Limerick, Galway and Athlone more than 200 houses were blown down and as many more were burned. In 1808 Dublin was swept by a gale quite as great and half the trees in the Phoenix park were put down.—New York Sun.

She Loved Him.

This was after the quarrel. "I can never forgive you," he cried. "Last night you said I was a lobster." "But you know," she replied, and her tone was conciliatory—"you know how dearly I love lobsters."

With a glad cry he folded her to his breast.—Philadelphia Record.

Abuse.

Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—Johnson.

Doesn't Feed Them.

Slim—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites. Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—Boston Transcript.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

MAIMED CERVANTES.

Bravery in Battle of the Famous Author of "Don Quixote."

An incident of the battle of Lepanto, which broke the power of the Turks in Europe, has an interest for students of literature. "In the Marquis Curry's 'Sea Wolves in the Mediterranean'" was lying in his bed, sick of a fever, a young man twenty-four years of age, a Spaniard of Alcalá de Henares, the son of honorable parents, we are told, although these parents were poor.

When this young man heard that a battle was imminent he rose from his bed and demanded of his captain, Francisco San Pedro, that he should be placed in the post of greatest danger. The captain and others, his friends, counselled him to remain in his bed. "Senores," replied the young man, "what would be said of Miguel de Cervantes should he take this advice? On every occasion up to this day on which his enemies have offered battle to his majesty I have served like a good soldier, and today I intend to do so in spite of this sickness and fever."

He was given command of twelve soldiers in a shallop and all day was to be seen where the combat raged most fiercely. He received two wounds in the chest and another which cost him the loss of his left hand. To those to whom he proudly displayed them in after years he was accustomed to say, "Wounds in the face or the chest are like stars which guide one through honor to the skies." Of him the chronicler says, "He continued the rest of his life with honorable memory of this wonderful occurrence, and, although he lost the use of his left hand, it added to the glory of his right. How glorious was that right hand is known to all readers of 'El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.'"

RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

The Seal That is So Often Used on Legal Documents.

A most absurd thing connected with legal business is the little piece of red, green or blue paper or daub of sealing wax which we often place at the end of a signature to a deed, will or other important document. It is a very small thing in size, but one to which a great deal of importance is frequently given. It is a relic of antiquity, and no plausible excuse can be invented for continuing its use.

Some of the more progressive states have practically abolished its use by legislation, which deprives it of any technical significance. In others, however, it is still used with all seriousness and solemnity, and an almost magical value is given to it by dignified judges that is little less than ridiculous.

A man died years ago leaving part of his estate to another to enjoy while he lived, with the privilege of devising it at his death to others whom he might select by a writing under his "hand and seal." A writing was executed so devising the property, but it was contested by others claiming the property upon the technical ground that the paper contained no seal after the signature and the devise was therefore void.

A wise Philadelphia judge closely scrutinized the signature and after carefully listening to the arguments of lawyers decided that at the end of the signature there was an extra scroll or flourish made with the pen with which the signature was made and that this was sufficient in law to constitute a seal.—Case and Comment.

Be Yourself.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin or Washington or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is unique. Do that which is assigned to you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.—Emerson.

Help For the Electrician.

If you are ever puzzled in working with electric wires as to which is positive and which is negative or whether the current is alternating there is no simpler method than the use of a potato. Cut the vegetable in half and insert the ends of the wire into the fresh body. About the positive wire a green stain will at once appear, due to dissolved copper. If the current is alternating the ends of both wires will be surrounded by dark colored stains.—Chicago Tribune.

Whittier's Safeguard.

When an overtired visitor from the city once commented to the poet Whittier upon the insecurity that seemed inseparable from so many doors opening out from all sides of the large old country home the master of the house strove gently to restore confidence by pleading that most of them were locked at night.

Financial Worries.

"So your debts are bothering you?" "Yes." "Walking the floor because you can't pay 'em?" "No; because I can't make 'em any larger."—Exchange.

What Did She Mean?

Shop Assistant to purchaser of widow's bonnet—Would you like to try it on before the glass, madam? Customer—No, thank you, miss. It ain't for me. I wish it was.—Stray Stories.

Synopsis of the annual statement of the Orient Insurance Company.

Of Hartford, in the State of Conn. on the 31st day of December, 1910, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Table with columns for CAPITAL, INCOME, and DISBURSEMENTS. Amount of capital paid up: \$500,000.00. Total income: \$1,504,817.24.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Value of real estate owned: \$167,686.38. Total assets: \$3,064,693.37. Total liabilities: \$1,454,317.67.

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Table with columns for CAPITAL, INCOME, and DISBURSEMENTS. Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks: 400,261.17. Total income: \$2,932,963.34.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Value of real estate owned: \$350,000.00. Total assets: \$4,102,036.57. Total liabilities: \$2,069,922.79.

THE METROPOLITAN CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY, OF N. Y. F. W. SIMON, Secretary. Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service: E. R. THOMPSON, Portland, Or.

Synopsis of the annual statement of the London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

Of Liverpool, in England, on the 31st day of December, 1910, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Table with columns for CAPITAL, INCOME, and DISBURSEMENTS. Amount deposit in U.S.: \$200,000.00. Total income: \$2,932,963.34.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Value of real estate owned: \$350,000.00. Total assets: \$4,102,036.57. Total liabilities: \$2,069,922.79.

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Table with columns for DISBURSEMENTS. Paid for losses, endowments, annuities and surrender values: \$53,888.42. Total expenditures: \$200,027.01.

Table with columns for ASSETS. Market value of real estate owned: \$20,000.00. Total assets: \$776,970.59.

Table with columns for LIABILITIES. Net reserve: \$426,971.00. Total liabilities: \$496,355.74. Total assets admitted in Oregon: \$776,970.59.

Table with columns for BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR. Total risks written during the year: \$88,500.00. Total income: \$2,932,963.34.

CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE & INVESTMENT COMPANY, By THOMAS R. CETLLO, President.

Synopsis of the annual statement of the Kansas City Life Insurance Company.

Of Kansas City, in the State of Missouri, on the 31st day of December, 1910, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Table with columns for CAPITAL, INCOME, and DISBURSEMENTS. Amount of capital paid up: \$100,000.00. Total income: \$1,176,562.85.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Market value of real estate owned: \$37,910.00. Total assets: \$2,017,376.59.

Table with columns for BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR. Total risks written during the year: \$236,000.00. Total income: \$2,017,376.59.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Market value of real estate owned: \$37,910.00. Total assets: \$2,017,376.59.

Table with columns for BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR. Total risks written during the year: \$236,000.00. Total income: \$2,017,376.59.

KANSAS CITY LIFE INSURANCE CO. By J. REYNOLDS, President. Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service: F. A. REYNOLDS, 505-S Yron Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Market value of real estate owned: \$37,910.00. Total assets: \$2,017,376.59.