

CORPS OF ROGUES

French Foreign Legion a Unique Military Body.

CRIMINALS FILL ITS RANKS.

It Gathers Recruits From the Social Outcasts of All Grades of All Other Countries—Iron Discipline and Brutal Punishments.

The French Foreign Legion is unique. There is no other military organization like it on earth. It was first raised in 1831 for service in the then newly conquered colony of Algeria. The officers are French officers, of course, but the ranks are made up of outcasts of all social ranks of all other countries. It is understood that recruits are simply seeking refuge from the arm of the civil law. The corps has done excellent work against the Arabs and is always placed in the forefront of the fight.

The Foreign Legion exists but to march. To this one end its whole training is devoted. To fall out on the march is the one unpardonable sin in a legionnaire. No matter what the distance, it has to be completed in one stage. Forty miles, fifty, sixty—no matter—it is done straight off the reel, with, of course, brief halts for rest. But there is no general halt until the whole distance is completed.

If a legionnaire faints on the march he is tied to a baggage cart which rolls on. He then either has to march or be dragged along. "Seeing this done for the first time, I thought it brutal, but later I learned to understand the reason for it," said one who had served in its ranks.

The legionnaire who struggles in the desert is lost. Hundreds of men have died a dreadful death in this way. The Arab women pounce upon them, lying helpless in the sand, and, with shrieks of fiendish delight, proceed to torture and mutilate them before killing them outright.

A legionnaire's pay is only a half-penny a day. True, wine in Algeria costs only a penny a quart, and tobacco three-pence to fourpence a pound. But—a halfpenny a day!

His rations, too, are of the scantiest. Two meals a day only are served—breakfast at 10 o'clock in the morning and supper at 4 in the afternoon. Each meal is exactly alike, consisting of a thick soup made up of meat and vegetables, with bread, and every other day a small quantity of wine.

The discipline is ruthless in its severity; the punishments are cruel in the extreme. For grave offenses, like desertion, insubordination or striking a superior officer, death is frequently inflicted, or, failing that, the offender is sent to serve in the penal battalion on the edge of the Sahara desert. This nearly always means a slow and painful death in place of a quick and comparatively painless one.

Minor offenses are punished with from twenty to a hundred days in prison or with "cellule," which is solitary confinement in the dark plus starvation. I have seen strong, robust men so reduced after doing thirty days cellule that they have hardly been able to stand, yet they had to resume their ordinary duties nevertheless.

Not long since two other dreadful forms of punishment were in vogue—the "silo" and the "crapaudine." The silo was just a deep hole in the ground shaped like a funnel, into which the victim was cast. He was given no blanket or other protection from the weather.

The sun beat upon him by day; the cold night mists penetrated to the marrow of his bones. He could not lie down, for the bottom of the silo sloped to a point. He just crouched, a huddled heap, until not infrequently death mercifully relieved him from his sufferings.

The crapaudine consisted in trussing a man as a fowl is trussed, his hands and feet being tied together on his back in such a manner that they formed a sort of semicircle.

This resulted in such frightful cramps that the pain sometimes drove men mad. Both the silo and the crapaudine, however, have now been abolished. But in the field and on the march an offender is still punished by being "spreadeagled" and bound to four stakes driven into the ground.

To escape from these tortures men mutilate themselves, usually by cutting off one or more fingers, or they will purposely make themselves ill. One favorite trick is to take a drink from the sewers under the Arab prison. This loathsome draft almost invariably brings on an attack of typhoid of a peculiarly malignant type.

Others, more enterprising, try to desert, but they rarely succeed. Most of them meet with dreadful deaths at the hands of the wild Arabs of the desert. The only class of recruits who are treated with special favor are those who have previously been officers in some other army. These are usually made corporals on enlistment and afterward sergeants. But even under the most favorable conditions life in the legion is the life of a dog.

In Its Due Order.
Dr. Thirdy was dividing up his sermon into its appropriate heads one Sunday morning, when a member of the congregation shouted frantically: "Meet, meet! Give us meat!" "Well, said Dr. Thirdy promptly, "hold on, then, till I'm done carving."
—New York Tribune.

Nothing can be truly great which is not right.—Johnson.

CLEARED HIS CLIENT.

Aaron Burr's Dramatic Accusation in a Murder Trial.

It is undoubtedly true that in former times in all parts of the country it was considered more important and more creditable to save a man's life or liberty than to get a verdict where property only was concerned. These days have passed, however, as far as New York is concerned, and in a lesser degree, possibly, in nearly all the other states, and despite the agitation on the subject they are never likely to return. It is interesting to turn back to the earliest days of the republic and the careers of two lawyers who would have been giants in any age or in any country and who were antagonistic in character and purpose—Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Both men accepted criminal as well as civil cases. One of the greatest efforts of Hamilton's life was his appearance for one Crosswell, charged with publishing a scandalous libel upon Thomas Jefferson. The court was divided in its verdict, but the prisoner was never punished.

Aaron Burr, that erratic genius who lacked a balance wheel, is said never to have lost a case in which he alone was counsel. It is also of record that he won a case in which by a queer trick of fate his associate counsel was Hamilton. It was a murder case. The actions and manner of the principal witness against the prisoner seemed to Burr exceedingly suspicious, and it is said that both Burr and Hamilton were undecided in their own minds which was the guilty party—the witness or the prisoner. Hamilton's summing up was perfunctory. Burr began to address the jury when it was nearly dark. The witness for the prosecution was leaning against a pillar. His face was pallid and covered with perspiration. He listened intently to the lawyer. Suddenly Burr seized a large candelabrum, and, throwing the light on the face of the witness, shouted, "Behold the murderer, gentlemen!" The witness turned and rushed from the courtroom and the prisoner was acquitted.—F. P. Ward in Harper's Weekly.

A BUNGLING CENSOR.

The Brilliant Genius That Used to Mangle Plays in Poland.

In 1869 there was a very strict censorship throughout Poland over all plays given in the theaters. It was, of course, very annoying to the actors and sometimes quite ridiculous. Mme. Modjeska in her "Memories and Impressions" says that during the winter of 1869 she was playing in Warsaw and that her actors had a great deal of fun every time a play came from the censor's office.

Every noble sentiment was forbidden. Even some words were found disloyal, among others the word "slave." In one of the melodramas it was cut out and replaced by the word "negro," and the sentence, which ran "He was a slave to his passions," was changed to "He was a negro to his passions."

On another occasion the actor taking the part of a Roman Catholic priest had to say, "I love my country and my people, and I shall never leave them." The words "country" and "people" were changed to "wife and children."

In another play the words "He walked arm in arm with the emperor and whispered in his ear" were changed to "He walked three steps behind the emperor and whispered in his ear." "These and like blunders became standing jokes among the actors and give an idea of the censorship at the time of my engagement in Warsaw. I am sure that our censor was overzealous in his services to the government and too ignorant of the language to see his absurd mistakes."

Fastening Battery Wires.

There are two ways of doing almost everything, and this is especially true of fastening battery and coil terminal wires. One way is wrong, and the other is to twist the bare end of the wire around the terminal as the hands of the clock move and then tighten up the nut. The reason for this is because the screw thread is right handed; therefore the tendency of the tightening nut will be to twist the wire around the terminal tighter than it was. Should the wire be twisted the other way the nut would tend to untwist it and it would slip under the nut and very likely get a very poor hold.—Boston Herald.

Snubbed the Czar.

Paderewski once dared to affront the czar, with the result that he soon received a note commanding him to leave St. Petersburg, where he had been booked for a number of concerts, within twenty-four hours. The czar had sent for him and paid him a neat compliment, but is said to have received the chilly response, "Sire, I am a Pole."

No Chance to Be Cheap.

"Why do you delay proposing to that girl?" "I'm saving up to buy an engagement ring." "Something especially expensive?" "It'll have to be. I can't fool her. Her father runs a jewelry store."—Exchange.

Not as Bad as That.

"Is your master in a somnolent condition?" "No, sir, he was pretty violent, but now he's asleep."—Baltimore American.

He Knew.

Casey—Phwat kind av a horse is a cob? Mulligan—It's wan that's been raised intirely on corn, ye ignoramus.—Boston Transcript.

HUGS THE EQUATOR.

Strip Upon Which the Starry White Coffee Flower Blooms.

It is only on the world's waistband that the starry white coffee flower blooms. Only between the fifteenth degrees, north and south of the equator, can the tree be successfully grown and on those altitudes which are between the 3,000 to 5,000 feet mark. Left by itself the plant will grow to a tree twenty five feet in altitude; but, as man is not usually over two yardsticks high, the bearing shrubs are kept by pruning under a maximum height of ten feet, so that they can be easily handled.

The seeds are thickly sown in the nursery, but as soon as babyhood has passed and the tender sprouts are able to bear a breath of wind or changes of temperature they are transplanted into orchards. They are set pretty far apart so that while young and not yet bearing the soil may be utilized with parallel rows of corn, bananas or plantain. A thrifty shrub grows berries when three years old and continues to bear during twenty years from three to six pounds of beans. Its glossy green leaves remind one of the laurel, and the fragrant, white, five petaled flowers—the perfume varying in different countries and localities—grow in clusters of from three to ten each in the axils of the branches. Well regulated streams of water run through the orchard to secure luscious growth, but when the berries begin to ripen the water is turned off lest the fruit be too succulent. The twin beans or nutlets ripen within a mass of pulp that looks like a dark red cherry, or in tint and size rather like a cranberry. This pulp, when perfectly ripe, is delicious to the taste, but when dried it is taken off either by hand or, as is usually the case in present day operations in Brazil, by most modern machinery.—St. Louis Republic.

WORKED TOO HARD.

Why David Graham Phillips Once Lost a Situation.

People who thought that the late David Graham Phillips had a rapid, fluent and even at times overhasty pen were very far from the truth, says a writer in the Bookman. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labor—a labor of love that he could not have shirked if he would, but none the less a labor.

A story which he sometimes told at his own expense illustrates this. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter and finally by offering his services for nothing obtained a chance to show what he could do on the leading daily in a western city.

The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below 00 degrees, yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with the moisture rolling from his brow in the anguish of trying to make literature from such material as "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a stepladder and dislocated his shoulder."

One day—it was the tenth of Mr. Phillips' services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the city room and stood for some minutes watching him.

"Who is that young man?" he presently asked the city editor.

The latter explained.

"Get rid of him!" came the curt edict.

"But," expostulated the city editor, "we are getting him for nothing."

"I don't care," rejoined the higher power. "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege. Get rid of him at once. I can't bear to see any human being work so hard."

The Scream of Ennui.

A dog howls when he is lonely, a cat wails (the word must be right, for it comes from "caterwaul") because of some combative or amative impulse, but a parrot screams through sheer boredom. I sometimes think it is the only creature that shares with us that secondary curse which followed our ejection from Eden—ennui. And I know that if Noah fed his animals well and if they had plenty of room for exercise the only creatures who rebelled vocally against the dire tedium of voyage and the creatures who made the most noise, bar none, were the two little papingoes, as our forefathers used to call them.—Atlantic.

Slipper Day in Holland.

There is a curious festival called Slipper day celebrated in Holland. Slipper day in the Netherlands is the one day in the year in which the Dutchwoman claims superiority over her husband. On that day she rules him to her heart's content, and he generally obeys good humoredly enough—that is, unless she is one of those ladies not unknown in Holland or in any other country who aspire to complete rule over their unhappy partners throughout the year.

Badly Handicapped.

"How did your show go on the road?" "Bad. We were fearfully handicapped by the plays we selected." "Eh? Why, I thought the dramas in your repertory were the finest you could secure." "Yes; but we couldn't play 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Extremely Rare.

Tommy—Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor? Father—The sense of humor, my son, consists largely of knowing when not to be funny.—Philadelphia Record.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.—Beecher.



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