

UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

Essentially the Same Today as When Established by Napoleon.

In the United States there are many universities which are free from state control, but in France there is only one university, and it is an absolute instrument of the state. It is true that there are schools of higher learning, which were founded in 1870 as universities, but five years afterward the title was withdrawn, and they are now called "instituts." They are five in number and are located in Paris, Lille, Lyons, Toulouse and Angers.

But the University of France is an entirely different organization. It is the official school. It is centralized in Paris and has under it a vast multitude of establishments, faculties, college and primary schools, distributed over the whole surface of the country. Directly or indirectly they all depend on the government.

The university was established by Napoleon, and in spite of certain modifications which it has undergone during years it is the same today in its essential elements as the day he founded it. Just as he established the entire civil administration, with its prefects, subprefects, judges, ministers of finance, so he created in 1806 this vast educational organization, with its countless professors, who control the entire intellectual training of France.—America.

RAILWAYS AND DOGS.

Alike in One Respect in Sardinia, That Both Are Perils.

Sardinia is an island of many perils. One of them, we gather from the experience of Mr. Crawford Filich, the author of "Mediterranean Moods," is the railways. "The engine," he says, "is continually making frantic dashes for the scenery. On the line to Tortoli I made four journeys and had three accidents. On one occasion, after a car had been wrecked, the various employees gathered round the wreckage and spent the remainder of a sultry afternoon in bitterly disputing the proper apportionment of blame for the accident. As it was impossible to proceed that evening I spent the night at the railway station and enjoyed a comfort that I found nowhere else in the island."

Another peril is the dogs, who do not hesitate to attack a stranger, even when he is walking peacefully upon the highroad. "The breed is particularly ferocious, and it is said that the peasants have a way of stimulating their ferocity by tying a bladder filled with blood to the neck of a dummy man and encouraging the animal to spring at the neck and tear open the bladder."

A Famous Paris Sign.

Paris is a city of curious signboards, one of the most remarkable ones representing a tobacconist's sign at 55 Rue du Chateau-d'Eau, which has been here ever since 1870. It is riddled with holes made by the bullets of the Prussians, and the occupant of the shop states that so far as he is aware it is the only public relic of the Franco-Prussian war in evidence in the streets of Paris today.

"My sign," he added, "brings me plenty of customers. You have no idea, monsieur, of the number of English and American tourists who pass this way and drop into my place for a cigar or a box of matches merely in order to have a word with me about my bullet riddled ensigne. I wouldn't part with it for anything."—Wide World Magazine.

Getting the Exact Spot.

An emergency call from a policeman for a tape measure kept two women waiting in the dressmaker's parlor for five minutes. There were other tape measures there which the dressmaker might have used, but she was too busy pondering the circumstance that had suddenly converted her into an ally of the police department. Presently the policeman returned the tape. "What did you want it for?" she asked. "To help find the right place to shoot a horse with a broken leg," he said. "The vital spot is just three inches above that little swirl in his forehead where a dozen crows seem to meet. I am not very good at guessing, so we thought it safest to find the exact spot with a tape measure."—New York Sun.

Music of the Drum.

All musical authorities have agreed that when used in a proper way the drum is thoroughly musical. The common snare or side drum is freely used in musical composition. A large number of drummers performing simultaneously out of doors produce good music. In this connection Berlioz, the composer, pointed out that a sound that was insignificant when heard singly, such as the clink of one or two muskets at shoulder arms or the thud as the butt comes to the ground at ground arms, becomes brilliant and attractive if performed by a thousand men together.

Crumpled Them.

We observe that the man's fingers are all twisted and bent into the most uncouth shapes. "Poor fellow?" we say to our friend. "Evidently he is a victim of rheumatism." "No," our friend explains. "He is deaf and dumb and has been trying to talk Scotch dialect on his fingers."—Life.

Would Have to Move.

"John, the janitor's son whipped Jimmy today." "Well, that's no great calamity. Suppose Jimmy had whipped the janitor's son?"—Pittsburg Post.

Saw His Chance.

When all Westchester county was thrilling with the prospect of a railroad competition an agent of the new company that was to build went through Pelham Manor buying property for the right of way. He rang the doorbell of one resident, who was living in a rented house at \$50 a month. "Will you take \$8,000 for this house?" demanded the agent.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," stammered the tenant. "Will you take \$8,000?" "I couldn't do it." "Well, think it over."

Mr. Tenant foxily runs around to the owner of the property and gets an agreement to sell him the property for \$6,000 if he can raise the money. The railroad's agent returns. "Will you take \$9,000?" "No."

Killing an Unfaithful Lover.

When a Japanese girl has been slighted by her lover she revenges herself according to the following quaint custom: In the dawn of the early morning she rises and puts on a white robe and white clogs. Round her neck she hangs a small mirror, which falls to her breast, and on her head she puts a metal crown with three points, each point bearing a lighted candle. In her left hand she carries a small figure of straw or rags—supposed to represent her unfaithful lover—and this she nails to one of the sacred trees surrounding the family shrine. She then prays for the death of the man, vowing that if this comes to pass she will pull out the nails which are hurting the sacred tree and make offerings to comfort her family god. Every night she comes to the shrine, strikes in two more nails and makes the same prayer, her idea being that the god, to save his tree from further injury, will kill her lover.

A Strange Species of Deer.

Just above the buffet in the dining room of a Richmond house there hangs a huge, finely mounted antlered head. This trophy of the owner's hunting prowess is fastened so firmly to the wall that the glistening neck seems to be coming right out through the plaster. When a little boy from the city saw this decoration for the first time he eyed it with considerable curiosity and very evident uneasiness. It looked almost too lifelike for comfort. Finally the youngster asked to be excused and slipped from his chair, going into the next room. He returned to the dining room flushed with embarrassment.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked his host.

"I wanted to see," explained the child sheepishly, "if that animal's legs were really as long as that or if he were standing on something in the next room."—Lippincott's.

A Clear Case.

The beautiful young prisoner entered the box in her own behalf. "What is your age, miss?" asked the lawyer.

"Forty-eight," was the steady reply. The feminine jury caught its breath with an audible little gasp and sat there rigid.

"How much did you pay for the hat you are wearing?"

"Ninety-eight cents." "Are you guilty of the crime that is charged against you?"

"No."

Thus did the wily prisoner attempt to establish her veracity and then convince the jury that she was innocent. But don't forget that this was a jury of women. A verdict of incurable insanity was brought in.—New York Journal.

"Yarbs" We Have Known.

What has become of the elderly lady who in the seventies and earlier always referred to an "herb" as a "yarb"? The word has gone out of use. About the meepest "yarb" was a bitter weed named "thoroughwort." Then there was cammermie, dockroot, and dandelion, in their miserable partnership, lobelia and catnip. These things were "steeped," and you took them or had them thrust upon you "for your blood."—Minneapolis Journal.

Nearly a Joke.

The humorist was in a brown study. "I'll get it yet," he muttered. "What's the matter, dear?" his wife inquired. "You seem to be puzzled about something." "Yes," the jokesmith replied. "I'm trying to make a 'stitch in time' joke about the girl who is darning the clocks in her stockings."

Useless Sacrifice.

Duncan had eaten, with symptoms of pleasure, his first shrimp, but the mushroom that followed it proved less to his liking.

"Mother," he said, pushing the part eaten agaric to the far edge of his plate, "I wish they hadn't killed that one."—Youth's Companion.

No Crown For Him.

Sunday School Teacher—If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head. Willie—Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once.—Exchange.

Not Much Resistance.

"Did the prisoner offer any resistance?" "Only a shilling, your worship, and I wouldn't take it."

QUAINT MARRIAGE NOTICE.

William Cullen Bryant Broke the News Gently to His Mother.

The following letter from William Cullen Bryant to his mother, quoted by Professor Chubb in "Stories of Authors," indicates that the author of "Thanatopsis" could enjoy his little joke on occasion:

"Dear Mother—I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me. Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats. The little elderly gentleman with the hook nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistic expressions, which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side and whom I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world."

SHIELDED THE LADY.

A Tactful Head Waiter Bailed an Offensive Hotel Guest.

To illustrate an incident that occurred in a hotel uptown the other night, where, if you are not known, you have to produce some sort of patent of absolute respectability, construct a rectangle, lettering the imaginary diagonal corners A, B, C and D:

A represents a solitary male person dining. B represents a comely person of the opposite sex seated at another table with a party. C represents a head waiter and D a group of the unemployed waiters. Let the line AB represent an admiring look that travels continuously. BA represents a look of annoyance. CA and CB are comprehending glances directed by the head waiter.

The point C moves toward D, making a triangle. After a whispered direction a figure which may be termed O, because it represents a particularly rotund waiter, moves from the point D until it reaches a point on the line AB. C moves back to position.

A finds that his ogle stops at O, which he cannot see through, and calls O to take an order. Thereupon C motions toward D, when another waiter, traveling on the line DA, effects a junction with A and goes off at a tangent. A cranes his neck, stretching to one side or the other, but it cannot get past O. The result is that A finally sees what is up, finishes his coffee in sheepish disgust and leaves the room.

—New York Sun.

Astrology With Risks.

Formerly they had rough and ready modes of testing claims to supernatural powers. "Dost thou know where thou wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry VII. of an astrologer. He could not tell. Whereupon the king's grace, which did love a merry jest, made answer, "Then I am wiser than thou, for I know that thou wilt spend Christmas in prison."

John Galeazzo, duke of Milan, is said to have made even merrier at the expense of an astrologer who foretold him that he would die early.

"And how long do you expect to live?" he inquired of the prophet.

"My lord, my star promises me a long life."

"Never trust to your star, man; you are to be hanged today," and the duke took care that his own prediction should be fulfilled.

Killing One Fly.

Every fly begins as an egg deposited in some kind of organic filth. It hatches into a tiny maggot within a few hours, begins to feed and grow, completes its growth and comes out as a perfect fly in possibly ten days. It then requires at least fourteen days to mature its first batch of eggs, and it may live to mature and deposit at least six layings, of from 120 to 150 eggs each. This means that in killing one fly we may be preventing the hatching of nearly a thousand others.—Youth's Companion.

Two Kinds of Curiosity.

Philanthropic Visitor (to jailbird)—My friend, may I ask what it was that brought you here? Jailbird—The very same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke my nose into other people's business, only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window.—Exchange.

Mean.

Miss Mugley—I always try to retire before midnight. I don't like to miss my beauty sleep. Miss Pepprey—You really should try harder. You certainly don't get enough of it.

Two Sides.

Willis—Why don't you go to church? Gillis—Too far. Why don't you go? Willis—We live next door to one, and I hate to get all dressed up just to go that little way.—Puck.

By the work one knows the workmen.—La Fontaine.

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