

SPRUNG FROM KINGS

Very Many Ordinary Folk Had Monarchs For Ancestors.

LOOK UP YOUR FAMILY TREE.

You May Be Related to Royalty and a Very Important Personage Without Knowing It—The Godwins and the Last of England's Saxon Kings.

A Duke of Norfolk once, inspired by a generous fit, announced his intention of entertaining at dinner all the Howards in existence who were related to him, the duke of course being the head of the Howard family. He set agents to work to seek out his relations, but had to abandon his proposed "little party" when he was assured that something like 20,000 people would have a right to come to it.

In the same way an astonishing number of people might be able to claim kinship not with mere dukes, but with royalty, if they only knew all about themselves. The heirs of monarchs who have died on their thrones are comparatively easy to trace and are, roughly speaking, fairly well known.

In this way, for instance, it was no secret that the late Sir William Harcourt was descended from the Plantagenet kings, and several gentlemen who bear no other legal designation than plain Mr. are known to have royal blood in their veins.

This does not apply to kings who have lost their thrones. King Harold, the last Saxon sovereign of England, was the son of Earl Godwin. When he was slain at the battle of Hastings he undoubtedly left children behind him. Some of them fled abroad to escape from William the Conqueror, but others remained in the country, where they sank into poverty and obscurity, but they married and had children. There is at least a chance, therefore, that every one named Godwin or Goodwin is related to a royal family.

King Richard III., whom we all know so well as the wicked Duke of Gloucester, is popularly believed to have been childless when he fell at Bosworth, but some historians hold that there is plausible evidence that he left a son. This son, to escape the death or captivity to which he would have been doomed by the victorious Henry VII. had he been captured, is said to have taken a common name and retired into Somersetshire, where he died as a petty farmer.

The whole story may be a myth, but there is nothing impossible about it, and the descendants of King Richard's nameless son may be numbered among ordinary working folk.

All the Clarks have a right, if they like, to think that they may be connected with royalty—albeit, royalty of a somewhat dubious sort. When Dr. Samuel Johnson was doing so much to make Fleet street famous there was alive in Europe an adventurer who called himself the Baron Theodore Stephen de Nuhoff. He found his way to Corsica and assisted the Corsicans to get free from the republic of Genoa, which was ruling the island in a tyrannical manner. In return they proclaimed him king under the title of Theodore I.

His royalty was brief, however. He had frequent quarrels with the Corsicans and finally quitted the island. Ultimately he drifted to London, where he kept up a sort of shabby genteel regal style. But at last he was arrested for debt and remained in prison for sixteen years. When released he was broken down and old and died in the house of a poor tailor.

The king of Corsica had a granddaughter who married an official in the custom house named Clarke. The family became very poor, and all genuine traces of them have been lost. But it is open to any Clarke who pleases to imagine that he is a descendant of the dashing, unlucky Theodore.

A lot of people have claims to belong to a much more distinguished family. Kindly folk still in the land of the living have employed a meek old charwoman who called herself Miss Paley and was glad to earn a shilling in odd ways. Nothing concerning her ancestry could be definitely proved, but there was reason for believing that she was a descendant of Constantine Palaeologus, the last Greek emperor of Constantinople.

Constantine was killed when the Turks captured his capital in 1453, and his family and relatives had to flee for their lives. Some of them came to England, and there are living thousands of his descendants.

There is a general impression that the old royal family of Stuart is extinct. This, however, is a mistake. Stuarts and Stewarts scattered all over Britain can claim kinship with the old royal family.

In ancient days there used to be about a dozen kings reigning in Ireland at once—the king of Derry, of Munster, of Connaught, and so on. They are all gone now, but so many of their descendants are alive that practically every Irishman has a right to fancy himself related to royalty if he wants to.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not to Be Taken.

A Peruvian Jew at Johannesburg was so ill that a trained nurse had to be sent for. When she came on duty, her first remark was, "Now I'll take your temperature." To which the Jew replied, "You can't; everything is in my wife's name."—Sporting Times.

RELIGIOUS HATRED.

The intense bitterness that divides Islam and Hindooism.

It is difficult to express the eternal and inevitable hatred and detestation which have always existed between the Mohammedan and the Hindoo in India. It is often forgotten by critics that the differences between the Mohammedan's religion and the Englishman's are minute compared with those that divide Islam and Hindooism. They of the east take their religion much more seriously than we of the west, and in the eyes of Islam the dog of a Christian is far better than the swine of a Hindoo.

The Pathans of the northwestern frontier—keen, hardy and relentless fighters, without education and without the wish for it—may stand as a type of the Mohammedans. They are kept from the throat of Hindooistan only by the presence of the British government. If restraint were removed from the Mohammedan the Hindoos would go down like grain before the sickle, and the Pathans would turn India into one widespread hell. The first to fly would be our friend the babu. Yet he is precisely the man who today does all he can to make British rule in India difficult. Were there any chance of his succeeding agitation would promptly cease. Grim indeed would be the silence of the Bengal press about the moral delinquencies of the white man. The Brahman agitator knows his Englishman and understands exactly how far he may be trusted to go doggedly on with his ungrateful work.

I once saw a curious instance of the contempt in which the educated Bengal babu is held by men of his own blood. Toward the close of 1902 I was traveling up to the Durbar at Delhi and happened to be in the dining car on the three foot Rajputana-Malwa railroad. A well known rajput asked if he might join me at dinner. I was delighted and found him a most interesting companion. From first to last nothing could exceed his courtesy. But in pausing in the midst of a sentence and apologizing to me he leaned back in his chair and stretched out his arm behind him, barring the narrow passageway. A well to do Bengal babu was stopped by the outstretched arm. The rajput then called the Bengal ugly things. He told him that he was one of a filthy and seditious lot of cowards, mangy curs that bit the hand that fed them, and he finished by saying that, could he have his own way, he would subject the whole lot of them to a certain torture whose very mention made the wretched babu a shade grayer. I never saw such a spectacle of shivering terror. With a final sneer, the rajput told his victim to go, and then he turned back to the table with a pleasant smile.—Perceval Landon in World's Work.

An Interesting Experiment.

That the earth revolves on its axis can be proved by a simple experiment. Fill a medium sized bowl nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room that is not exposed to jarring from the street. Upon the surface of the water sprinkle a coating of lycopodium powder. Then take powdered charcoal and draw a straight black line two inches long upon the coating. The line should be north and south. After this is done lay upon the floor a stick so that it will be exactly parallel with the charcoal line. Any stationary object in the room, will answer as well, provided it is parallel with the line. If the bowl is left undisturbed for several hours it will be seen that the black mark has turned toward the parallel object and has moved from east to west in a direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis. This proves that the earth in revolving has carried the water with it, but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind.

Bear Baiting in Olden Days.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool, especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which bruis sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

A Contradictory Questioning.

"A young man who wants to get married has certainly contradictory preliminaries to go through."
"What are they?"
"First he must pop the question, and then he must question the pop."—Baltimore American.

No Satisfying Him.

"Ah," he sighed, "if you only gave me the least hope!"
"Gracious!" interrupted the hard hearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave to any man."—Des Moines Register.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

By Clarissa Mackie.

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A night in India—humid, breathless, with great stars hanging in the dark blue sky and the dank odor of rotting vegetation from the nearby jungle.

From his seat in a bamboo reclining chair Welton stared unblinkingly at the blazing constellations. The punka boy had fallen into exhausted slumber on the mat, and the huge fan hung motionless overhead.

Welton could hear the low murmur of voices from the interior of the bungalow, and he knew that by slightly turning his head he could see the pink glow of light from the shaded lamp and the reflection of two faces in the large mirror in the corner.

The two forms leaned over the piano, the white fingers of Marion Lester drawing soft harmonies from the instrument, while Akerslie murmured tenderly in her pretty ear.

And it was because of these two at the piano that Welton was very miserable and stared at the stars. He knew that Mrs. Lester was nodding over her embroidery in some obscure corner of the room, and as for himself—well, he seemed not to be in it at all!

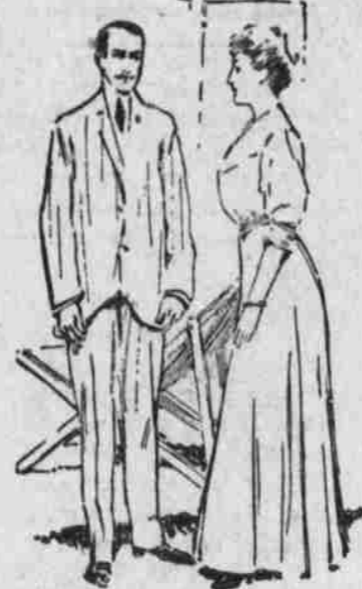
Colonel Lester was quartered at Lucknow, and when it was learned that Welton could not obtain the desired leave of absence to visit his sweetheart Mrs. Lester had good naturedly undertaken the journey to Welton's isolated station at Gola Chat.

The unexpected visit of the two women had thrown the little station into a blissful confusion of preparation. The deprecations of a man eating tiger had furnished an inexhaustible source of conversation and had been the occasion for many tentative trips into the jungle for several weeks before the advent of the visitors, but now all was forgotten save the fact that there would be new faces to break the dead monotony of the days—the fresh faces and low toned voices of refined Englishwomen.

And then Akerslie had stepped in and spoiled it all. He had come up to see Welton and to try pot shots at the man eater, but he had met Marion Lester, and in spite of the fact that he was Welton's guest and that he knew the relations existing between the two he paid assiduous court to the girl.

Thus far she had repelled his advances with a dignified coolness that seemed to inflame him to greater ardor. This evening, however, the gentleness of her manner toward him and her careless treatment of her lover had driven the latter to sulky solitude in the veranda.

When the blue smoke wreaths from



"WERE YOU REALLY ASLEEP, BILLY?"

his cigar had formed a dense cloud which obliterated the starry heavens from his gaze Welton dropped his eyes and stared at two points of yellow light that oscillated near the ground.

They were ten inches apart, and they moved in unison. Welton calculated that they must be just without the bamboo stockade which inclosed the compound.

There was a prickly feeling along the spine, and he could feel the hair raising slightly around his forehead as he realized that Chuni had neglected to close the great gate and that there was perhaps only a hundred feet intervening between the man eater and the open window of the little drawing room.

He thought rapidly, with his eyes fixed on the lambent points of flame in the velvet gloom of the gateway. If he made a dash for the window and the safety that lay beyond the beast would spring before he could close the shutters behind his retreating form. If he could make Akerslie hear, at least the women would be safe.

"Akerslie!" he called in a low, clear whisper.
"Yes!" came the other man's lazy tones.

"Close these shutters instantly! The man eater!" His words were lost in the quick manipulation of the iron rods from within, and the shutters fell with a clang, blotting out the glow of light and leaving Welton alone to face the tiger.

The momentary confusion roused the beast into action. Welton could see the slow approach of the yellow eyes, could hear the padding of the great paws on the sandy path, and now his long sinuous form was dimly outlined in the starlight.



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partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the beast. How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures.

Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been and might have been avoided. The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims and material, selfish ambitions have so lowered our standards that we think downward instead of upward; we grovel instead of soaring. Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.—Success Magazine.

A Courteous Pirate.

That even a Chinese pirate may have a strong idea of chivalry is proved by the following excerpt from an item in the North China Daily News: "The launch at once stopped when ordered to do so. The leader of the pirates was then heard to order his men that they were not to molest any one on board who voluntarily handed over his or her valuables. Among the passengers, however, were a father and son, the latter of whom, it seemed, was a little slow in obeying the pirates' order to hand over his money, with the result that he was shot. Upon hearing the shot the pirate chief, who was on deck, came down into the cabin and, seeing the father of the unlucky young man lamenting over his son's death, addressed the old man and consoled with him on his son's unfortunate and

deserved' death. The chief finally brought out of his pocket a roll of \$50 and handed the sum to the old man as a solatium, bidding him to refrain from further lamentations."

The Englishman's Letter.

"Whenever I get a letter with a string of unnecessary instructions for delivery on the envelope I know it is from an Englishman," said the tall girl. "He is so used to covering every scrap of space with the complex directions that prevail in his own country that he cannot understand how the simple address 'Miss Smith, 39 Blank Street, City,' will ever take a letter to its destination. In order to insure safe and expeditious delivery he adds 'East Side' or 'West Side' or 'Manhattan' or 'United States' or something else equally superfluous. The only really happy Englishman I have met in a long while was one who made the acquaintance of a girl who lives over on Staten Island. He was tickled to death when he gained permission to write to her and found she had a long address. He made it a good deal longer than it need be. He wrote: 'Avenue, Stapleton, Staten Island, Richmond County, New York, N. Y.' with irrepressible glee. He said that address was the first thing he had seen in America that made him feel at home."—New York Sun.

How He Got It.

"Had comp'ny fo' dinnab yist'dy. Mab' husband' stopp'd at Mr. Green's store Saturday ebenin' an' done got a fine spring chicken."
"Yaas?" replied the jealous neighbor. "Dat Mistah Green sho' is do' maw' keerless, onsusp'ctin' man!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Glory of Life.

The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only