

ROYAL STRONG ARMS

Famous Monarchs That Rivalled the Mighty Samson.

AMAZING FEATS OF MUSCLE.

The Emperor Maximilian Could Lift Three Men With One Hand—Augustus the Strong of Saxony Carried a Horse and Its Rider on His Back.

Curiously enough, a large percentage of the notably strong men of history have been of royal blood. One of the earliest of these royal athletes was Maximilian, called "Maximilian Hercules" because of his great strength. He was the son of a peasant and had an enormous physique. He became a common soldier and was finally made emperor by acclaim of his fellow soldiers during a stormy period of Roman history.

Maximilian's strength was prodigious. It was said that on foot he could run down a fox, that he could lift three men with one hand and that by gripping the wheel of a chariot with one finger he could resist the pull of three horses. Like most men of great physical strength, Maximilian was a heavy eater. History records that his daily allowance was forty pounds of meat and eighteen bottles of wine.

Augustus the Strong of Saxony was another of these royal Samsons. He would often seize two of his courtiers, grasping one with his right hand and another with his left, holding them up at arm's length and playfully twirling them about.

On one occasion the horse ridden by one of his attendants became balky and refused to budge. After some minutes of coaxing the king dismounted, placed his Herculean shoulder under the horse's chest, grasping it by the fore legs, and calmly walked away with both horse and rider. This remarkable performance was witnessed by a number of courtiers and attendants.

King Richard of England ("Coeur de Lion") had tremendous strength. During his captivity in Germany he gave a terrible demonstration of his physical powers. The son of one of the wardens was a youth locally renowned for his muscular strength and in his assurance invited the royal captive to an exchange of buffets. The young man by a cast of the dice won the right to the first stroke and struck the king a staggering blow on the side of the head. It was then the king's turn, and he landed a blow just behind his opponent's ear so heavy that the man was instantly killed.

This incident is used in Sir Walter Scott's famous historical novel "Ivanhoe," where King Richard, the "Black Knight," and the jolly outlaw Friar Tuck have an exchange of buffets, without, however, any fatal result.

Dom Pedro I, emperor of Brazil, is also on the list of royal strong men. On the occasion of a carnival he arranged matters so that he was standing on the bow of the royal barge between two of his stately courtiers. Suddenly in the midst of the festivities the king reached out, grasped a courtier with each hand, and after holding them for a few moments squirming in the air and begging to be released, he relaxed his grip and allowed them to drop plump into the water, amid the frantic applause of the huge crowd that had assembled to view their monarch. The king joined heartily in the general hilarity, but what the drenched courtiers thought about this exquisite joke is not recorded.

Peter the Great of Russia, like Charlemagne, possessed great physical as well as mental power. His years of work as blacksmith and ship carpenter had so developed a naturally powerful physique that he was believed to be the strongest man in Russia.

The story is told that a certain blacksmith in a little country town had boasted that he was the only blacksmith in the world who could lift his own anvil. The emperor, hearing of the blacksmith's boast, disguised himself as a workman and with a single companion set out for the blacksmith's village. On learning of their errand the blacksmith without a word laid aside his tools and, grasping the anvil with his brawny hands, lifted it with great effort about a foot from the floor. Then Peter took hold of the anvil, raised it a foot, two feet, three, higher and higher, till he finally swung it to his shoulder and calmly walked away with it.

Charlemagne was said to be the most powerful man physically of his time. One of his favorite feats of strength was to break the heaviest horseshoe by gripping it with one hand.

A worthy successor of Peter the Great was the late Czar Alexander III, who was one of the strongest men in the world. He was often called "the Russian Samson." The czar's regular visiting card was a Russian coin somewhat larger than our silver quarter, which he would bend almost double with his powerful fingers.

Alexander was also fond of breaking horseshoes, and it is said he never found one he could not break in two. He could take two fresh packs of cards and by gripping the gods with his hands tear them straight down through the middle.

It is said that on one occasion a woman companion expressed a wish for a bouquet holder in which to place a large bunch of roses. The czar took a pewter tankard from a table nearby and with a few movements of his powerful hands fashioned it into a rough but picturesque and quite efficient bouquet holder.—W. R. C. Latson in New York Tribune.

GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which chickens occasionally "come home to roost" is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie." On a day in June, 1862, in the early part of the civil war General Hood of the Texas brigade halted each regiment in turn and gave his orders. To the Fourth he said:

"Soldiers of the Fourth, I know as little of your destination as you do. If, however, any of you learn or suspect it, keep it a secret. To every one who asks questions answer, 'I don't know.' We are now under the orders of General Jackson, and I repeat them to you."

General Jackson also gave strict orders against foraging, but apples were plentiful, and it was contrary to nature for hungry soldiers not to eat them, and so it came about that on the march to Staunton General Jackson came upon a Texan sitting on the limb of an apple tree busily engaged in filling his haversack with the choicest fruit.

The general reined in his old sorrel horse and in his customary curt tone asked:

"What are you doing in that tree, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the Texan.

"What command do you belong to?"

"I don't know."

"Is your command ahead of you or behind you?"

"I don't know."

Thus it went on, "I don't know" given as answer to every question. Finally Jackson asked sternly:

"Why do you give me that answer to every question?"

"Cause them's the orders our general gin us this mornin', an' he tole us he got 'em that'er way straight from ole Jackson," replied the man in the tree.

Disgusted with a too literal obedience to his own commands, but yet not caring to argue the point, General Jackson rode on.

A ONE NIGHT CONVERT.

Incident in the Temperance Career of Father Mathew.

In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humorously, but resolutely, the efforts of his zealous neighbor. The incident is related by Katharine Tynan in her biography of Father Mathew.

"I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner. And, though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew, "but I have my hopes of you."

And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the "new order of the Bath."

"Then I will keep it," said Brougham, "and take it to the house, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord — the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him."

The announcement of this intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was notorious for his potations.

Lord Brougham was as good as his word, for on meeting the veteran poet he said, "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck.

"Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," was the peer's unexpected response. And he kept his vow, to the amusement of his friends.

The Fare.

This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would-be wit on the causeway halted him:

"Got any room inside, Robert?"

"There's room for one," replied the driver. "We keep it for you."

Not entirely disconcerted, the wit made another shot:

"What's your fare?" he asked.

The answer entirely extinguished him.

"Bread and water—same as you had before!"—Pettson's Weekly.

The Great Circus.

The famous Coliseum in old Rome, massive as it was, was a mere toy in comparison with the great circus, which filled the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine hills. The Coliseum is said to have been able to seat 50,000 people, while the seating capacity of the great circus was, at different periods, 150,000, 250,000 and, lastly, 350,000 spectators. The great circus was probably the most stupendous building ever erected for public spectacles.—New York American.

Wasn't a Beauty.

Tired Traveler (to barber): Spending the night in a sleeping car doesn't improve one's beauty, does it? Barber: I don't know what you looked like when you started, but I guess you're right.—Harper's Bazar.

Reasonable Enough.

"What's your objection to the farm, mister?"

"The land appears to be sunken."

"But that's owing to the heavy crops."—Washington Herald.

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

Story of the British Civil Service in the Last Century.

The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful place for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A'Becket in his "Recollections of a Humorist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading the Times through—no short task—and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?"

He seemed a little perplexed. The other denizens of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?"

I replied I was fond of anything and everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were not the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues. "Well, A'Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I seized upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I docketed them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked in upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of the index. You can take your time, you know. Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park? Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work found my labors done. I took up the bundle of circulars, now in apple pie order, and laid them on my chief's desk.

"I say, A'Becket," said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index. Now it's done it's not the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

DEVELOPING A STAR.

How Mansfield Coached Margaret Anglin as Roxane.

Richard Mansfield in his preparation for "Cyrano" was unsparing of himself, and he was unsparing of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his sunny, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The orange girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice, and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might if you can make yourself ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a role. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit. I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.—Paul Whitstich in Scribner's.

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to Brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted. "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em?"—Delineator.

A Way Men Have.

"When a man talks about luck," said Uncle Eben, "he nearly allus means hard luck, 'cause when he's prosperous he's gwinter take all de credit for his own smartsness."—Washington Star.

They Were Strangers.

Howell—Howell doesn't seem to be at home much. Powell—He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife.—New York Press.

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Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of a Ceptic Tank, to be located on the property now owned by the Tillamook Lumber & Manufacturing Co., near the outlet of the said Sewer, leading from the Court House.

Said Ceptic Tank to be constructed of cement and bidder to submit plans and dimensions of tank with bid.

All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk, of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a. m., Wednesday, the 7th day of April, 1909.

County Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the County Court,
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