

THE ROBBERS

THE PLAIN OF GUISNES.

Its Transformation into the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

It was a magnificent display when Henry VIII. of England and Philip I. of France met in good fellowship on the plain of Guisnes.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his 300 followers, headed the escort and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered 4,000 horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly 2,000 persons and 800 horses.

The French king had an equally splendid retinue. King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that and erected one for his king. The palace was the most beautiful place imaginable. It had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold.

All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suits were to lodge. The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling. Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gayly. So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

BROWNING'S "SORDELLO."

The Critics Had Lots of Fun With the Famous Poem.

When Robert Browning was twenty-eight years old and after he had written "Paracelsus" and his tragedy of "Strafford," he wrote "Sordello," about which there has always been such a variety of opinion. Dante in his "Purgatory" wrote of Sordello, who was a poet of Provence.

"When 'Sordello' appeared it made a sensation. Punch said it had offered £100 to any person who would reasonably explain one single line and that after a year no one had claimed this reward. Burlesques were written on it, and in one of these it was claimed that the funniest lines were some of the exact original ones.

A story is told of witty Douglas Jerrold, who met a friend one day and asked, "Have you read 'Sordello'?" Does it mean anything?" The friend replied that it meant nothing whatever. "Thank heaven!" said Jerrold. "Then I am not mad!" I read it yesterday and feared I had lost my wits. It is only Browning who has lost his.

Another story was that criminals at Newgate prison who were condemned to death were offered full pardon if they would listen to the reading of "Sordello," but in every instance they hastened with glee to the gallows. Browning once said that he blamed nobody but himself for the work and that it had many faults of expression; that he meant to lay stress on incidents in the development of a soul and that little else is worth study. This estimate of his work was given twenty-five years after it was written, when he had revised it and dedicated it to a friend. He rewrote very little of it, and his followers have a belief that he considered "Sordello" his best literary work. It certainly has many beautiful lines, and in particular there is a word picture as striking as anything in our language:

That autumn eve was stilled, A last remains of sunset dimly flamed O'er the far forests like a torch flame turned.

By the wind back upon the bearer's hand In one long flame of crimson; as a brand The woods beneath lay black.

—Boston Globe.

The Boss Got Ahead.

"I came mighty near resigning my job this morning," said Ardup, ordering coffee and sinkers. "I'd made up my mind that the boss and I couldn't get along any more."

"Well, why didn't you resign?" asked the man sitting on the next stool.

"He beat me to it by just one second."—Chicago Tribune.

Smart Boy.

Mamma—Edgar, didn't I tell you not to take any more preserves from the jar? Small Edgar—Yes, ma'am. Mamma—Then, if you wanted some, why didn't you ask me for them? Small Edgar—'Cause I wanted some.—Chicago News.

How He Manages Her.

"How is it that your wife is so tractable?" "Why, I told her when we were married that she could do just exactly as she pleased, and of course she finds no pleasure in doing it."—Chicago Post.

The Fighting Eel.

Bacon—Which do you think is the gamiest fish? Egbert—Well, the black bass is the gamiest to catch, but the eel is the gamiest when it comes to getting it off the hook.—Yonkers Statesman.

IT WAS NOT REFERRED.

When Lincoln's Words Were Turned Back Upon Himself.

General Robert Avery, who was wounded almost fatally at Chancellorsville and recovered just in time to lose his right leg at the hip on Lookout mountain, told an anecdote of Lincoln which shows the great president's appreciation of the fitness of things and his unflinching fund of humor.

"When I had recovered from the effects of the amputation," said General Avery, "a very dear friend of mine who had served long and faithfully as a regimental quartermaster was an applicant for a position as brigade quartermaster. He filed it with me, and after it had been properly briefed and indorsed I made it my business to put it before the president. There was a long line of people waiting to see Mr. Lincoln when I arrived at the White House; but, seeing I was a wounded man, he came over to me. 'I'll take my turn, Mr. President,' I said, and he turned to receive his visitors.

"The man ahead of me also had a request for an appointment—a letter which Governor Bramlett of Kentucky had indorsed 'Respectfully referred to President Lincoln.'"

"Governor Bramlett requests that I be appointed," said the man from Kentucky. President Lincoln took the letter. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "this doesn't show that Governor Bramlett requests anything. It says simply 'Respectfully referred.' That means he just passed it along. If you can get Governor Bramlett to request me I'll do it. 'Respectfully referred' is only a polite way of getting rid of a person."

"He was sitting at his desk at the time, settling lower and lower down in his chair until only his head seemed to show. I presented the papers to my friend. He read them and said, 'Why, yes.' Then he wrote on a card, 'Respectfully referred to Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war.'"

"This won't do, Mr. President," I said to him. "Why not?" he asked. "Because you have just said to that man from Kentucky that 'Respectfully referred' is a polite way of getting rid of a person."

"The president slowly rose out of his deep seated chair until he looked seven feet tall to me, and then he began to laugh. 'You've got me,' said he, and then he wrote on a card, 'Appoint this man.'—New York World.

THE BURYING BEETLE.

Dead Mice and Birds Secreted as Food For Its Young.

People often wonder what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds, for though birds and mice are constantly dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they are buried by beetles. Buchner gives a brief account of them as follows: "Several of them unite together to bury under the ground, as food and shelter for their young, some dead animal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole or a bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up or grow rotten or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from the outer air lasts very well.

"The burying beetles go to work in a very well considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body so that it sinks of itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough it is covered over from above. If the situation is stony, the beetles, with united forces and great effort, drag the corpse to some place more suitable for burying. They work so diligently that a mouse, for instance, is buried within three hours. But they often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they only bury pieces as large as they can manage."

There can be no doubt of the intelligence of these strange insects, as a gentleman discovered in a rather curious way. He desired to dry a dead toad, and for that purpose he fastened it upon the top of an upright stick. The burying beetles, however, were soon attracted by the smell, and, finding that they could not reach the food, they undermined the stick, causing it to fall with the toad, which was then duly buried.—Our Animal Friends.

A Comforting Word.

A woman whose colored maid was assisting her in trying on a handsome new gown the other day got a shock when, after looking in the pier glass and admiring her really handsome figure as displayed in the new garment, she remarked to the girl: "Julia, all I need now is a new face."

"Deed, Mrs. Dyer," replied the colored girl, "I wouldn't worry if I was you. I saw a lady the other day no better lookin' than you are."—New York Press.

Time to Do Something.

Mrs. Mimms—Mary, it was 1 o'clock this morning when you got in. I heard you. Mary—Well, ma'am, if I was you I'd take something to make me sleep better. I took my shoes off down in the kitchen and didn't make no more noise than a cat would. I've been kind of worried about you for a good while."

Satisfied.

Mrs. Skowler—You will have to go, Mary. I can't put up with your impertinence any longer. I'm sorry I can't give you a recommendation. Mary—It's all right, mem. My leavin' alive will be all the recommend I need.—Boston Transcript.

The fool wanders; the wise travels.—Spanish Proverb.

SANDLAKE.

The dance at Berg's hall, Saturday night was a success. The early part of the evening was spent in music and games for the benefit of those who did not dance. The white elephant parade was enjoyed by all. Supper was served at mid-night and all went home at broad day-light in the morning.

Ernest Berg had a telephone party in his house Monday.

Joe Finigan says you could not drive him away from Tillamook county. Good for you, Joe, stay with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Galloway, of Pleasant Valley, were visiting with relatives on the lake Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Atkinson are taking in the fair at Seattle, Wash.

Miss Grace Spaulding went to work for Mrs. Anna Roenicke, Monday.

The proprietor of the Yellow Fir Mill and some other parties were trout fishing on the lake Sunday.

NETARTS.

Frank Reading and family, of Beaver, and James Lane, of Hebo, are visiting with Dan Arrance and family.

Ed. Davis went out to Black Rock, Polk County, the last of the week to move in some of his relatives. He took his brother-in-law, Geo. Lewis and family out to the valley with him.

Campers are arriving every day at Netarts.

Geo. W. Phelps has moved his stock of goods into his new building which is nearly completed. The second floor will be used for bedrooms for the accommodation of the public.

A. M. Austin went to Tillamook Friday.

Gust Jensen, 1st assistant keeper of the Cape Mears Light House, was at Netarts the last of the week.

A crowd of about 40 persons from just north of Tillamook City, headed by Mr. Hanson, came over to the beach Saturday and spent over night at Happy Camp, going to the light house Sunday, returning to their homes Sunday evening.

Miss Mildred Phelps came home from school in Tillamook, Friday, spending Saturday and Sunday at her home at Netarts.

James Walton was at Netarts Sunday.

Elmer Marshall has been mail carrier from Tillamook to Netarts in place of Ernest Baker for the past week.

Father LeMiller, is spending a few days on the beach.

T. Walker and party, of Mt. Angel, are camping at Netarts and enjoying camp life.

A Thrilling Rescue.

How Bert R. Lean, of Cheney, Wash., was saved from a frightful death is a story to thrill the world. "A hard cold," he writes, "brought on a desperate lung trouble that baffled an expert doctor here. Then I paid \$10 to \$15 a visit to a lung specialist in Spokane, who did not help me. Then I went to California, but without benefit. At last I used Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me and now I am as well as ever." For Lung Trouble, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, Asthma, Croup and Whooping Cough its supreme. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough's.

Men Past Fifty in Danger.

Men past middle life have found comfort and relief in Foley's Kidney Remedy, especially for enlarged prostate gland, which is very common among elderly men. L. E. Morris, Dexter, Ky., writes: "Up to a year ago my father suffered from kidney and bladder trouble and several physicians pronounced it enlargement of the prostate gland and advised an operation. On account of his age we were afraid he could not stand it and I recommended Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the first bottle relieved him, and after taking the second bottle he was no longer troubled with this complaint."—J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Trouble Makers Ousted.

When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his Dyspepsia and Indigestion fly, but more he's tickled over his new, fine appetite, strong nerves, healthy vigor, all because stomach, liver and kidneys now work right. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's.

MASONIC LODGE.

No. 57, meets on third Saturday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall, at 7:30 p.m.

FRANK SEVERANCE, W. M.

ERWIN HARRISON, Sec.

DR. A. D. PERKINS,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Office in Surgeon's Building.

All Work Guaranteed.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

Bicycles.

I have some new and second hand ladies' and gent's wheels at a bargain. Will not be undersold by Eastern firms.

Come and see my stock. I am prepared to build you any kind of a bike at short notice.

Bargains never before seen in Tillamook for cash. Old bicycles taken.

ED. SNODGRASS,

AT THE OLD STAND.

WARNING.

It is a felony for anyone to sign any initiative or referendum petition with any name other than his own, or knowingly to sign his name more than once for the measure, or to sign such petition when he is not a legal voter.

PETITION

For the Incorporation of the PORT OF TILLAMOOK, In the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon.

To the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook:

We, the undersigned, citizens and legal voters of the State of Oregon, County of Tillamook, and residents within the limits of the district in said county hereinafter described, respectfully demand that there shall be submitted to the legal voters of the State of Oregon, residing within that portion of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, described as beginning at the North West corner of section 18, in township 1 south of range 9 west, W.M., and running thence west to Tillamook Bay; thence in a straight line to a point where the east line of section 16, in township 1 south of range 10 west intersects Tillamook Bay; thence south to the south west corner of section 34, in township 1 south of range 10 west, W.M., and running thence east 1 mile to the north west corner of section 2, in township 2 south of range 10 west, W.M., running thence south 3 miles to the south west corner of section 14, in township 2 south of range 10 west; thence east 11 miles to the south east corner of section 16, township 2 south of range 8 west; thence south 3 miles to the south west corner of section 34, township 2 south, range 8 west; thence east to the east line of Tillamook County; thence northerly along the eastern boundary line of Tillamook County to the north east corner of section 31, township 2 north, range 5 west; thence west 19 miles to the north west corner of section 31, township 2 north of range 8 west; thence south 9 miles to the south west corner of section 7, in township 1 south, range 8 west; thence west 6 miles to the place of beginning, at a special election to be called by said County Court, the question whether or not that portion of Tillamook County, Oregon, described as beginning at the north west corner of section 18, in township 1 south of range 9 west, W.M., and running thence west to Tillamook Bay; thence in a straight line to a point where the east line of section 16, in township 1 south of range 10 west intersects Tillamook Bay; thence south to the south west corner of section 34, in township 1 south of range 10 west, W.M., and running thence east 1 mile to the north west corner of section 2, in township 2 south of range 10 west, W.M., running thence south 3 miles to the south west corner of section 14, in township 2 north of range 8 west; thence south 9 miles to the south west corner of section 7, in township 1 south, range 8 west; thence west 6 miles to the place of beginning, shall be incorporated as a municipal corporation to be known as the Port of Tillamook, in accordance with the provisions of that certain act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, passed at the regular session in the year 1909, entitled "An Act to provide for incorporation under general law of Ports in counties bordering upon bays or rivers navigable from the sea, or containing bays or rivers navigable from the sea, and to provide for the manner of incorporating such Ports, and defining the powers of Ports so incorporated," and each for himself says:

I am a legal voter of the State of Oregon and of the county of Tillamook and resident within that portion of said county herebefore described. My residence and post office address are correctly written after my name.

Centrally Located. First Class Rooms

HOTEL RAMSEY,

Tillamook, Oregon.

The Only First Class Hotel in Tillamook, Ore.

A Modern Hotel. Traveling Men's Home. Tourists' Headquarters.

J. F. RAMSEY, Pro.

Pacific Navigation Co's

STEAMER SUE H. ELMORE,

The ONLY Freight and PASSENGER

Boat making regular trips between

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FREIGHT, \$3.00 PER TCN.

CHEESE, Tillamook to Portland:

Twins, 12½ Cents per Case.

Trips, 15 " "

F. P. BAUMGARTNER, Agent Couch Street Dock, Portland, Oregon.

B. C. LAMB, Agent, Tillamook, Oregon.