

VARIES IN QUANTITY.

A Cord of Wood Is a Rather Uncertain Proposition.

ODD FACTS ABOUT ITS BULK.

There Are Many Different Conditions That Affect the Measurement of the Pile—The Interesting Result of an Experimental Test.

When is a cord not a cord? To the farmer harvesting his small wood lot and to the man laying in logs for the large fireplace of his country or seaside home, to the paper manufacturer buying pulp wood and to the proprietor of the ordinary city wood yard, to all of these men this question has an important financial meaning.

Queer to say and contrary to the belief of most people, there are many times when a cord is less than a cord and many conditions when it is more. School arithmetics say that a cord of wood is 128 cubic feet, or the contents of a pile eight feet long, four feet high and four feet wide. Wood is marketed on this basis. A pile whose length, breadth and height multiplied together gives this number of cubic feet fills this requirement, no matter whether the sticks are long or short, straight or crooked, round or split, unless there is an understanding to the contrary. Nevertheless, a cord, though it comes up to legal measurements, is an uncertain quantity, even when the seller is honest and the buyer satisfied.

A lumberman may have a tract of pulp wood which he sells to a paper mill at \$5 a cord for as many cords as it will make. It is in the contract that he shall cut and stack it. He cuts it in twelve foot lengths, and when the job is complete it measures 230 cords, and he receives \$1,000 for it. Would he have made or lost by cutting four foot lengths instead of twelve?

He would have lost in the first place from the additional labor required to cut four foot wood, but his principal loss would have resulted from a greatly diminished number of cubic feet, due to the fact that short sticks lie closer together than large.

Measurements and experimental tests have been made to ascertain exactly how much actual wood is in cords of different lengths, sizes, shapes and species.

Had the 200 cords of twelve foot wood been cut in four foot lengths there would have been only 176 cords, and the owner would have received for it \$880 instead of \$1,000. It was, therefore, clearly to his advantage to cut twelve foot lengths, but it would have been to the buyer's advantage to have it cut in four foot lengths. He would have received the same actual quantity of wood for \$120 less.

It also makes considerable difference to the seller whether wood is chopped or sawed. If chopped, the chips are lost. Where the logs are large this loss amounts to no small total. In a cord of four foot wood, with sticks six inches in diameter, the chip loss is from 6 to 8 per cent, and, of course, the shorter the sticks are cut the greater the loss. If the wood is sawed the sawdust loss is scarcely the half of 1 per cent.

The difference due to spaces between the sticks, of course, depends very much on the shape and size of the sticks. Straight, smooth sticks lie close together, and a cord contains more wood and less air. For given lengths sticks of soft woods are usually straighter and smoother and when stacked lie closer together. But whatever the kind, cords of long sticks are pretty sure to contain more empty space than cords made of short pieces. Likewise cords of split wood contain less than cords of round sticks. The finer the wood is split the more it makes; hence wood dealers are often willing to sell kindlings, all sawed and split, for the same price per cord as unsplit wood. They get back the cost of labor in the increased bulk.

A cord (128 cubic feet) of four foot hardwood usually contains about eighty-three cubic feet of solid wood, a cord of three foot wood averages eighty-three and one-half feet, of two foot wood eighty-four feet and of one foot wood eighty-five feet. The confers, soft woods, contain ninety to ninety-six cubic feet. Thus the purchaser receives on an average about two-thirds of a cord of real wood and one-third of a cord of spaces.

In some countries wood is bought by weight, and the buyer comes more nearly getting what he bargains for, but even then he may miss it if he receives green wood when he wants dry. According to timber testing engineers of the United States forest service, wood may lose half or more its green weight in seasoning. Cedar for lead pencils is bought by weight in this country. The pieces are so small and of such irregular size that they cannot conveniently be stacked and measured as cordwood.

The bulk of nearly all woods decreases as seasoning goes on. A hundred cords green will make from eighty-nine to ninety-three cords when dry. This is a factor of no small importance to dealers who handle large quantities.

Wood lot owners and farmers who have small forest tracts from which they expect to sell cord wood are no less interested than contractors who buy and sell large quantities. It will stand them in hand to know how much difference it makes whether wood is cut long or short, chopped or sawed, whether the sticks are round or split, whether large or small and whether the measurements are to be made while the wood is green or after it is seasoned.

AS TO LOSING MONEY.

Case Showing the Importance of a Ten Dollar Bill May Reach.

"To some men," said a man now of amplest means, "the loss of \$10,000 might be a joke, and then to some the loss of a ten dollar bill might be a tragedy."

"Poor? Why, we were so poor that we had to count every cent, every penny. Not that we were miserable, we were very far from that. As a matter of fact, we were happy, but we certainly did have all the time to sell very close to the wind."

"There were four of us—wife, two children and myself—and, bless you, how we did have to figure and scribble to make both ends meet. I've seen the time, many a time, when a nickel was of great importance to us, when it was the last cent for carfare. I often think what a blessing it was that we were none of us ever sick; that nothing ever happened to us. I don't know what we'd done if there had."

"I was going to tell you what it might be to some folks to lose a ten dollar bill."

"Ten dollars was the amount of our monthly rent, and whatever else we did we always saved out of my week's pay the weekly proportion of the rent, to have it ready when it was due. I always used to get a ten dollar bill in my pay envelope, and when it came to the last Saturday in the month we just used to take the ten dollar bill out of the envelope to pay the rent, and then we had the amount we'd saved out of three weeks to go on for current expenses."

"Well, one last Saturday that happened to come three days before the end of the month we took the ten dollar bill out of the envelope as usual for the rent and as usual my wife put it away—she always looked after the finances—and there we were all comfortable and happy, with the next month's rent all ready, and then on the last day of the month, when she went to get it out to have it handy when the landlord came she couldn't find it!"

"If that wasn't a tragedy I don't know a tragedy when I meet it. I don't suppose I took it quite so hard as she did, and I'd have shown it as little as I could anyway on her account, but to her it was nothing less than a calamity."

"When the children had gone to bed we tore the house apart. We looked and looked and looked into every nook and corner over and over again, but that ten dollar bill, with all that it meant to us—and I doubt if you can imagine how much it did mean—was gone. That was the first thing we had on our minds when we woke up in the morning, and gloomy enough for us that morning was. And then when I was eating my breakfast in our modest dining room she looked in at the door from the kitchen, and 'I've found it!' she said, and so she had, just where three days before she had hidden it away, and so was our great gloom changed to joy—to joy with a large, large J."

"Yes, sir. We got more now, by considerable, and now she has what she wants; now she doesn't have to skimp. In these days I take her home myself now and then a ten dollar bouquet. We can afford it. But I never shall forget as long as I live how we felt when we thought we'd lost that ten dollar bill or the joy that came to us when we found it, for, you see, how a loss strikes you depends so much on how much you've got."—New York Sun.

**Climbs Up the Trunk.**  
The native elephant driver never has to bother with a step ladder in mounting his beast after he has trained him for a little time, for the easiest way to get up is to ascend by way of the trunk. Standing in front of the elephant, the driver grasps him by the ears, this being a signal that he wishes to mount, and the obedient monster promptly arches his trunk so that the master can easily step upon it and go right on up to the top of the elephant's head.

**Tom's Wellwisher.**  
In a Philadelphia club a member was met not long ago by the announcement from a fellow member that a friend of both had fallen ill.  
"I understand from the physician," said the first member, "that Tom has brain fever. He'll recover, but it's thought his mind will be blank."  
"I trust the diagnosis is incorrect," came in fervent tones from the second member, "inasmuch as Tom owes me \$100."—Lippincott's.

**Enthusiastic Photographer.**  
Fair One's Father—Why do you bring that kodak with you? I've never—That I might catch your expression of astonishment when I asked you for your daughter's hand.—Fliegende Blatter.

**Obeying Papa.**  
Stern Father—Now, now, my boys, quarrel again—and for a miserable little halfpenny? One of the Boys—Well, you said, father, the less we quarreled about the better!—London Tit-Bits.

**Inquisitive.**  
Small Boy—Papa, where does leather come from? Papa—From animals, my boy, their skins being tanned. Small Boy—And does sole leather come from their souls, papa?—Chicago News.

**Difference of Opinion.**  
Kitty—Mrs. Carleigh thinks her son Harry is the salt of the earth. Janet—Well, I can't see why. I think he is about the freshest thing I ever met.—Lippincott's.

It takes a great man to make a good listener.—Helps.

KILLED THE JAGUAR.

The Terrible Boa Constrictor of the Mexican Jungle.

I had been traveling for about an hour, trying to locate the source of the Santa Rita and winning every inch of ground by hacking and slashing with the machete, when I was startled by a most fearful scream, which seemed to come from somewhere immediately behind me. Turning round and looking back over the trail I had just made, I saw a great commotion taking place among the vines, dead leaves and decaying branches which carpeted the ground, and the blood-curdling screams I had heard rang out again and again. Returning a little nearer, I discovered a "tiger," or, properly speaking, a Jaguar or American leopard, and it was writhing in the coils of an enormous boa constrictor. The great snake appeared to have the side of the jaguar's head in its mouth and a coil or two of its body around the neck of the beast, which was making frantic efforts to regain its liberty. The snake had its tail coiled round a small ebony tree about a foot in diameter, and whenever the hapless Jaguar relaxed its efforts the serpent would swiftly release itself from the tree and make an attempt to get another coil around the body of its opponent.

I stood there fascinated with horror and yet forgetting my fear in the interest I was taking in this terrible fight between beast and reptile. Presently the snake with an incomprehensibly quick movement succeeded in getting two more coils around the body of the jaguar, but not without receiving severe laceration from the formidable claws of its victim. Then, letting go the jaguar's head, where it seemed to have a firm hold, the boa constrictor raised its head seemingly in triumph and, with its tail still wrapped round the tree, lifted the body of the jaguar up in the air. I heard the bones crack under the fearful strain, and with one awful, despairing scream the jaguar fell back, dead!—World Wide Magazine.

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN.

At Sea He Is a Czar, and His Authority Is Absolute.

When you have passed down through the Narrows and then passed Sandy Hook you see a man in whiskers and a reefer climbing down a rope ladder that drops him into a waiting boat.

It is the pilot. You have dropped the last link connecting you with shore except wireless telegraphy, and you are now a member of a community that for a few days, a week, is as much an entity as any nation.

The captain is pacing the bridge. Until you reach shore again he is your overlord. His decision is final and without appeal. He can order you locked in your stateroom or he can put you in irons.

If occasion arises he can alter the course of the ship and land you wherever he pleases. You have recourse when you get ashore, but if he wants to drop you at the Azores when you have paid passage to Bremen he can and will do it.

His authority extends to every part of the ship alike, from the cargo to the saloon deck and from the engine room to the scullery.

Navigating a ship is a ticklish business and one that requires that there be no division of the highest authority. So, for the brief period until he touches port, he is your czar.

The ship is a great community, sometimes with a population of 5,000 souls, living, eating and sleeping under one roof. It has its policemen, its firemen, cooks, butchers, bakers, doctors, clerks, carpenters, electricians, boiler-makers and a horde of personal servants.

In the control of this organization the captain has at his right hand his officers. The ship's officers are the important persons in the detail management.—Bookkeeper.

**Her Bargain.**  
An Oil City man, who was detained at the house for a part of the day, handed his wife, who was going downtown, a quarter of a dollar and requested her to get him three cigars for it, according to the Blizzard.

When she returned she handed him the package, remarking exultantly: "That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases. I found a place where I could get eight for a quarter instead of three. Isn't that going some?" And the poor man, as he took his medicine, merely remarked: "It certainly is, dear."

**Stoats Hunt in Packs.**  
In some years stoats appear to be more numerous than in others, and they are seen not in ones and twos, but in dozens, hunting together in small packs. Stoats will hunt together from scent and in full cry like a pack of hounds, one always keeping the line and followed closely by the others. This sight has been recorded by different observers who have also seen weasels hunting in the same way.—Fur News.

**The Resemblance.**  
Miss (making an unexpected raid on the kitchen)—Who is this, Mary? Mary—M-me b-rother, please 'm. Mistress—Indeed! But he doesn't resemble you in the least. Mary—No'm! But we was remarkably alike before 'e 'ad 'is beard shaved off.—London Sketch.

**Professional Relics.**  
Doctor (to lawyer going through the medical museum)—Your profession does not offer any opportunity for the collection of professional relics. Lawyer—I am not so sure about that. I have a unique collection of family skeletons at my office.—Puck.

THE RIVER SEINE.

It is the Most Picturesque of the Highways of Paris.

We have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the river Seine. Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its bateaux mouches, its bridges and its quays. Of a dark night the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding—murky death and lanky crime, oozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but the mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water. The Louvre and the Concergerie shown in the stream are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an auto show. The lights on the Seine and its images are more alluring, more innately of fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards.

Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city, and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Reard. Line fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris. Even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the commune days, when the Hotel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime, imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough to the saunterer watches the fisher folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the banlieu, where the Seine's green bank is dabbled with villages in brown and red and gray and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city there are the men who clip poodles on the quays and higher book and picture stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain hunters—the Odeon arcade for new books, the riverside for old.—Scribner's Magazine.

ASTRONOMY.

Its Exactness Illustrated by the Discovery of Neptune.

There is perhaps no more striking illustration of the power of scientific method than that relating to the discovery of Neptune in 1846. The planet Uranus, until then the outermost known member of our solar system, refused to follow the path computed for it by mathematical astronomers. With the progress of time the discrepancies between its predicted and observed positions grew constantly larger until in the early eighteenth-forties the discordance amounted to fully seventy-five seconds of arc. This is a small angle, not more than one-twenty-fifth the angular diameter of our moon, yet a very large angle to refined astronomy, for a discrepancy of two seconds would have been detected with ease. The opinion gradually developed that Uranus was drawn from its natural course by the attractions of an undiscovered planet still farther from the sun than itself. Adams in 1843 and Le Verrier in 1845 independently and each without knowledge of the other's plans attacked the then extremely difficult problem of determining the approximate orbit, mass and position of an undiscovered body whose attractions should produce the perturbations observed. Regrettable and avoidable delays occurred in searching for the planet after Adams' results were communicated to the astronomer royal in October, 1845. Le Verrier's results were communicated to the Berlin observatory in September, 1846, with the request that a search be made. The disturbing planet, later named Neptune, was found on the first evening that it was looked for less than one degree of arc from the position assigned by Le Verrier. If an energetic search had been made in England the year before the planet would have been discovered within two degrees of the position assigned by Adams.—Professor W. W. Campbell in Popular Science Monthly.

**The Smuggled Box.**  
A Joker had some fun with the customs officials at New York some years ago. A servant had gone ashore from a German liner with a basket and was about to leave the pier when a passenger whispered to a customs officer that he had better see what the basket contained. Following the tip, the basket bearer was detained, and a wooden box was found among a lot of soiled linen. The box contained another and this still another box, the third securely fastened with screws. When these were removed a card was discovered on which was written in three languages. "This is the 1st of April. Many happy returns of the day."

**A Diplomat.**  
Possible Client—And is the district at all malaria? My husband asked me to be careful to inquire about that. Agent—Er—what is your husband's business, madam? Possible Client—He is a physician. Agent—Hm—well—er—truth compels me to admit, madam, that there has been a good deal of it about here of late years.—Life.

**Cautious.**  
Cook (angrily)—See here, you little imp, did you take that cake off the shelf? Small Boy (son of an attorney)—I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my lawyer.—Chicago News.

Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.—Talmud.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the lands described below, embracing 60 acres, within the Sitka National Forest, Oregon, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 253), at the United States Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on August 19, 1909. Any settler who goes on August 19, 1909, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make homestead entry for the lands actually occupied, said lands were listed in the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to August 10th, 1909, on which date the lands will be subject to sale. The lands are as follows: The Sw 1/4 of Ne 1/4, the E 1/2 of Nw 1/4 of Sec 3, T. 4 S., R. 10 W., W. M., listed upon the application of A. F. Gardner of Beaver, Oregon; Fred Bennett, Commissioner of the General Land Office. Approved May 21st, 1909. Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of MARTHA J. HASKINS, deceased, by the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby required to present the same to me at Tillamook City, in Tillamook County, Oregon, with proper vouchers, on or before six months from the date hereof.

Dated the 21st day of June, 1909.  
C. N. DREW,  
Administrator of the Estate of Martha J. Haskins, deceased.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, administrator of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same properly verified, as by law required, at the office of W. H. Cooper, in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 11th day of June, 1909.  
W. B. ALDERMAN,  
Administrator of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of ALBERT A. FORD, deceased, by the County Court of Oregon for Tillamook County. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me at Tillamook City, in Tillamook County, Oregon, with proper vouchers, on or before six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, June 14th, 1909.  
E. G. FORD,  
Administrator of the Estate of Albert A. Ford, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., March 31st, 1909.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that WALTER G. DUNGEY, of Tillamook, Oregon, who on March 31st, 1909, made application for Timber Entry, No. 41767, for W 1/2 of Ne 1/4 of section 34, Township 4 North, Range 2 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Cooper, U. S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 30th day of August, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: D. E. Goodspeed, of Tillamook, Oregon; J. C. Bewley, of Tillamook, Oregon; David Harting, of Tillamook, Oregon; ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., April 13th, 1909.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that JAMES T. WOODWARD, of Tillamook, Oregon, who, on April 13th, 1909, made application for Timber Entry, No. 41796, for Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 1, and Sw 1/4 of Se 1/4, Sec. 2, T. 1 South, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Cooper, U. S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 3rd day of September, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: Warren Vaughn, of Tillamook, Oregon; Sam Down, of Tillamook, Oregon; Dave Harting, of Tillamook, Oregon; Carl A. Patzold, of Tillamook, Oregon; ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, May 27th, 1909.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 27th day of May, 1909, filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat. 597, 620) as extended by the Act of Congress, approved May 17, 1906, Lot 2, sec. 24, T. 1 S., R. 9 West, W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 16th of July, 1909.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

MASONIC LODGE.

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

FRANK SEVERANCE, W. M.

ERWIN HARRISON, Sec.

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.

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Every day except Sunday. First-Class accommodations. Rapid Transit. HARRIS, MEYERS & HENDERSON, Proprietors. Leaves Sheridan at Hotel Sheridan at 6 a. m. Leaves Tillamook at Harris' Barn at 6 a. m.

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THE POET SA...

"Beauty draws a... by a single hair..." This seems like something of an exaggeration on the part of a poet, if at least does not mean men. The man with a single hair would not draw a woman's eye, unless as a curiosity. People to look their hair, they need all they can have. If the hair begins to thin, it is time to use IMPERIAL HAIR TONIC. This preparation saves the scalp from dandruff and promotes new growth of hair.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

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Cures Backache, Kidney Bladder Trouble. It corrects irregularities, strengthens the kidneys, will eliminate the impurities from the blood and tone the whole system. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once to avoid Bright's Disease or betes. 50. and \$1.00 bottles.

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