

**MAKING WIRE.**

The Method of Rolling and Drawing the Iron Bars.

Bars of metal four inches square are heated and passed while hot and plastic through rapidly revolving rolls, reducing them to wire rods which vary from one-quarter of an inch to an inch or more in diameter, depending upon the finished size of wire wanted.

These rods, which are formed into coils as they pass through the rolls, are dipped in acid baths to remove loose scale and provide a lubricant for drawing. Drawing consists of pulling rods while cold through holes of gradually increasing diameter drilled in steel plates. During this process the particles of metal become elongated and strained, making the wire harder and more brittle. To restore it to a proper temper it is necessary to heat or anneal it.

When a fine diameter is required there must be repeated annealings and drawings. This may be done until the bar, which originally was four inches square and four feet long, becomes reduced to a diameter of a single thousandth of an inch and extended 13,000 miles in length. Before so fine a size is reached the wire will cut into the steel of the die plate, so the usual die plates must be discarded and the drawing continued through holes drilled in diamonds, the diameter of these diamond dies decreasing by fractional parts of a thousandth of an inch. This wire affords a striking illustration of a material made more valuable by the application of labor.

From the time the bar of metal enters the furnace nothing is added to it. All the work is done with one article, which is passed through rolls and drawn through die plates until it is finished.—Chicago Tribune.

**MODERN MARTYRS.**

Those Who Entertain, but Who Suffer While Doing It.

"In a periodical the other day," says the amateur philosopher of the Providence Tribune, "I ran across a picture of what had evidently been a musical entertainment or musicale—I took it to have been a musicale for choice. The fiddlers had gone, and so had the soloist or soloists and guests. There remained in the foreground the deserted room and a waste of empty chairs, along with the open grand piano.

"The host's head was resting on his arms on a table. The hostess had removed her shoes and was on the verge of collapse. In the background a butler was looking on commiseratingly.

"Now, there's a good deal of that sort of thing first and last the country over. It was true to life, but I never could understand it—that is, nobody has ever explained to me why people who don't enjoy entertaining or being entertained persist in making martyrs of themselves, why anybody does something for pleasure that invariably gives pain?

"A person who puts himself out and wears himself out in the line of duty is comprehensible, but why you should sacrifice yourself when you're pretending to be looking for fun is beyond me.

"The woman who said that her idea of a perfect life from the social point of view would be to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere doubtless expressed the sentiments of thousands, but why go anywhere if you feel that way?"

**Corroded by Water.**

In a German village an underground lead water pipe was found greatly corroded and perforated. Investigation showed that the soil in which the pipe had lain was permeated by very impure water and consequently contained large quantities of ammonia, ammonium nitrate and other compounds, which had attacked the lead pipe, forming lead carbonate, nitrate, nitrite and chloride. All of these lead salts, except the carbonate, are more or less soluble in water. The carbonate is insoluble in pure water, but is soluble in water containing carbon dioxide. Iron pipes coated with asphalt should be employed for underground conduits. If lead pipes are used they should be imbedded in asphalt.—Scientific American.

**Learn to Laugh.**

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to care for your ills and sorrows. Even if you are a bedridden invalid there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself.—Exchange.

**His News.**

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer catfish, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widdy woman you wuz a-goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Slightly Different.**

"Ten years ago that fellow borrowed the passage money to come to this country."

"And now he's worth millions, eh?"

"No. He seems sort of thrifflish. Over for his passage money yet."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In that worst of all struggles—the struggle for self mastery and goodness—we are far less patient with ourselves than God is with us.—J. G. Helms.

**FATAL CUPIDITY.**

A Tragic Case of Treasure Hunting in Egypt.

A certain Egyptian native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her also. In turn three other members of the family went down into the darkness, and that was the end of them.

A native official was then called, and, fighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulcher and that its mouth should be sealed up.

According to the natives there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Wegall in Putnam's.

**GRATITUDE OF THIEVES.**

Their Longing For Association With Honest Men.

The thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruffianism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracize him. He may move about with a sullen swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eye, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled.

If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theater. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's gratitude.

"After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, "I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook—watches, scarfpins, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rug—all belonging to somebody else."—Everybody's Magazine.

**The Wolf In Disguise.**

Once upon a time a wolf who was going after the farmer's chickens took the advice of a fox and disguised himself in sheep's clothing.

"For," said the fox, "if the dogs see you they will take you for a harmless lamb and let you pass."

When the disguised wolf was near the chicken house he heard the dogs bark and saw them running toward him at the top of their speed.

"I am a fool," said the wolf. "For now the dogs think I am a lamb and have no fear of me. I will change my mind, get out of this lumbering clothing and make a winning fight."

But before he could get the garment off the dogs were upon him and took his life.

Moral.—It is easier to change your mind than your clothing.—New York Herald.

**The Regimental Barber.**

A major in an English regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "See if you can find one, and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

"Great guns!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"

**Very Red Tape.**

A burglar entering a house by a ladder in a small Prussian town fell and broke his leg when making off with his booty. An inquiry into the bylaws of the town, the house owner's ladder was not provided with strong iron spikes at its base. The house owner was therefore ordered to pay all the hospital costs and further to give the burglar a substantial sum.—London Standard.

**Broad Minded.**

"So your husband is in the pageant, Mrs. Jones. I didn't know he belonged to the Church of England."

"No, mum, he don't. But there, he's very broad minded, and he don't mind being an ancient bishop in the cause of charity."—Punch.

**An Opportunity For Him.**

Mose Foreace (ardently)—Tell me, Miss Angle, may I contribute to yer future happiness? Miss Angle—Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Abe Gingerbread last eben'to dere is weddin' presents to be thought ob, to be shuah.—Judge.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give himself for a principle.—Lowell.

**PLANT BAROMETERS.**

The Dandelion, Clover Leaves and the Scarlet Pimpernel.

The dandelion is a dandy barometer, one of the commonest and most reliable. It is when the blooms have seeded and are in the fluffy, feathery condition that the weather prophet faculties come to the fore. In fine weather the ball extends to the full, but when rain approaches it shuts like an umbrella. If the weather is inclined to be showery it keeps shut all the time, only opening when the danger from the wet is past, says the Chicago Tribune.

The ordinary clover and all its varieties, including the trefoil and the shamrock, are also barometers. When rain is coming the leaves shut together like the shells of an oyster and do not open again until fine weather is assured. For a day or two before rain comes their stems swell to an appreciable extent and stiffen so that the leaves are borne more upright than usual. This stem swelling when rain is expected is a feature of many flowering grasses.

The fingers of which the leaves of the horse chestnut are made up keep flat and fanlike so long as fine weather is likely to continue. With the coming of rain, however, they droop as if to offer less resistance to the weather. The scarlet pimpernel is nicknamed the "poor man's weather glass" or wind cope and opens its flowers only to the weather. As soon as rain is in the air it shuts up and remains closed until the shower or storm is over.

**INSECT STINGS.**

Dangerous Always and Especially When One Is Run Down.

Stings and bites of insects are extremely dangerous at all times and especially when the system is not in a condition to resist the poison injected.

In many insects the nature of the poison has not been ascertained, while in most of them it is of an acid, irritant nature, in others it may contain a powerful cardiac sedative and depressant, and in still others organisms in pure or mixed cultures may be introduced with the sting or bite. Apart from the natural poison used by insects it should not be forgotten that flies and other insects that live on carrion may easily carry contagion and inoculate the persons whom they bite or sting.

In the case of ordinary bites and stings the chemical antidote is an alkaline solution, such as a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash, which counteracts the acid of the sting. Suction at the wound in all these varieties of stings and bites will draw out some of the poison and until some antitoxic treatment can be found which will prove an antidote to the bacterial poison introduced little can be done beyond a stimulating and supporting treatment with attention to symptoms.—Health.

**Old Mail Box.**

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears. The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about nine inches long, four and a half inches wide and a little more than that in height. It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783. This box contained all the mail and made every week one round trip, occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

**He Knew No Fear.**

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Floundering he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.

"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king. "You are a supernatural being."

**Hard to Get.**

Not long ago at a village near Durham a quack doctor was selling recipes for rheumatism, so a pitman bought one. It told him to catch a common housefly and tickle its ribs with a clothes prop until it cried. Then catch the tears in a teaspoon and rub the part affected, and he would get instant relief.—London Express.

**Praise.**

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Retort Unkind.**

Gerald—A gentleman is defined as one who never gives pain. Geraldine—Then you're no gentleman; you give me a pain every time you call.—New York Press.

**Finding His Level.**

"A man allus finds his level, son," said Uncle Eben, "an' you's lucky to be let down easy by experience instead of arrivin' wif a jolt!"—Washington Star.

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