

A BIT OF CHALK.

What It Shows When Placed Under a Powerful Microscope.

Few people know what a wonderful object a bit of chalk is when examined under a microscope. Take your knife blade and scrape off a little of the loose powder, catch it on a clean glass slide and place this on the stage of a good table microscope. Use a quarter inch objective lens and illuminate the field with a cone of light from the concave side of the reflector. The powder will be seen to consist of a confused mass of beautiful tiny shells, many of them of the most curious form.

A better way, however, is to rub down a portion of chalk with an old toothbrush in a tumbler half filled with water. If you desire to prepare several slides rub on about a teaspoonful of the powder. Shake the tumbler briskly, allow the sediment to settle for a moment and then carefully pour off the milky looking water.

Repeat this until the water remains clear, and you will then have left in the bottom only perfect shells or large parts of shells. Take up a small pinch of this deposit and spread it carefully over the center of a glass slide. Dry over a lamp and if you wish to preserve the slide for future use mount it in Canada balsam, pressing out the bubbles of air beneath the cover glass.

MECHANICAL INGENUITY.

A Full Rigged Ship That a Fly's Wing Would Cover.

Many instances of mechanical ingenuity really remarkable to us in these days, when we are supposed to have advanced in learning, are related by various ancient authors. The silver sphere, "a most noble and ingenious performance," which was presented to Sultan Solyman the Magnificent by his imperial majesty Ferdinand, is mentioned by Paulus Jovius as showing and keeping time with the motions of the celestial bodies in various configurations. It was carried to Constantinople by twelve men and there put together by the artist that made it.

Mycenides, an ancient carver, was so proficient in microscopic mechanism that he made an ivory ship, with all its decks, masts, yards, rigging and sails, in so small a compass that it might have been hidden under the wing of a fly. He also made a chariot with four wheels and as many harnesses, which took up scarcely more room than the ship.

George Whitehead, an Englishman, made a ship, with all things pertaining to it, to move as if it sailed, upon a table. "All hands were aloft, a woman made good music on a lute, and a little puppy cried in the midship, all of which variety," says the old writer, "was pleasant and diverting."

The Vulnerable Point.

Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intentions in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right."

"Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the day after a beach picnic. "We both got tired to death, you and I. You say you've had just a little bit of indigestion, while I have this fearful blind headache."

"Why, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt cheerily. "Of course when people are tired out it goes straight to the weakest part of them. Mine is my stomach, and everybody knows yours is your head, poor dear!"—Youth's Companion.

The Word Silhouette.

The little black pictures called "silhouettes" derive their name from Etienne de Silhouette, who was the French minister of finance in 1759. His extreme economy in matters of finance was caricatured by all classes, and any cheap mode or fashion was sarcastically called by his name. About that time these profiles were produced by casting the shadow of a face on the paper by the light of a candle and tracing about it. Because they were cheap they were called in ridicule at the minister "silhouettes," and the name has ever since been retained.—Boston Globe.

All the Printer's Fault.

"What became of that paper you were going to start in the interest of uplifting the poor tramp?" asked the interviewer.

"Ah, it fell through," confessed the great reformer, with much agitation, "and all on account of the blooming carelessness of the printer."

"Did he make a grave error?" "I should say so. You know the paper was to be named the Bar of Hope. Well, that idiot of a printer changed it to the Bar of Soap, and as soon as my constituents heard the name they started running, and they are running yet."—Chicago News.

Court Logic.

Lawyer—My client, your honor, has confessed that he committed the burglary. You will admit this an eloquent proof of my client's love of truth and of his upright conscience, and, your honor, a man with such a delicate conscience should not be accused of having broken into a house to steal. Never!

Quite Satisfactory.

Stern Father—Young man, the lights in this house are put out at 10 o'clock! Young Man—That suits me. Don't delay on my account.—New York Times.

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—Beecher.

Wanted His Money Back.

It is an old saying that "you cannot eat your cake and have it too." But a sensible person usually cares little for either side of the proposition. The captain of one of the steamships plying between this country and Italy, which arrived at New York with over 600 immigrants, tells a rather amusing story of a heated interview held between himself and one of them on the voyage across.

The vessel had been out a few days and had encountered some heavy seas. The first morning that calmer weather prevailed one of the steerage passengers appeared for the first time above deck and with a face as white as a sheet approached the captain.

"This has got to stop!" he said angrily.

"What has?" asked the captain, in surprise.

"This feeling of death. When I bought my ticket I was told it included meals, but I can't keep my food down. Now, it has got to stop, captain, or else I want my passage money back. You cannot break your contract in this fashion with me."

It took all the captain's ingenuity to pacify him during the rest of the trip.—Youth's Companion.

No Chance For the Truth.

"Be truthful," said the teacher.

"Always?" asked the boy.

"Always," answered the teacher.

"Never tell a lie?"

"Not even a white lie?"

"Not even a white lie."

"Huh," ejaculated the lad scornfully, "it's a mighty good thing for you you ain't a boy with my dad for a father!"

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy, and you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin' to visit us with her children, and Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her, and you'd told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad had finished with you."

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him.—London Tit-Bits.

When Curates Were Wanted.

When one learns that curates are increasing so much more rapidly than benefices, wonder is excited as to the condition of affairs in the eighteenth century, when enterprising ladies offered livings to clergymen willing to marry them. An advertisement to this effect appeared in the London Chronicle in March, 1758. The lady was rather particular too. The curate was to be young, have a small fortune, be well recommended as to morals and good temper "and be firmly attached to the present happy establishment." The living was not rich—below £100 per annum—but the fair one was young and agreeable. There seems a touch of humility in the direction that answers "may be left at the bar of the Union Coffee House, Strand, directed to Z. Z." Confidence was created by the assurance that "the utmost secrecy and honor may be depended upon."—London Chronicle.

England's Old Common Field System.

A "common field" is quite distinct from a "common." It is a field belonging to numerous owners. The land consists of long narrow strips, perhaps not more than ten yards wide and running parallel with one another. What are the exact rules of cultivation that obtain in Kent today we do not know, but of old it was usual to have a regular rotation, such as wheat one year, barley or oats the second and fallow the third. When the crops were harvested, each member of the community getting his or her share, all could put in their cattle, which roamed over the whole field, feeding on the stubble, etc. And this was termed the "right of sack." The "common field" system was gradually done away with by statutes in the reigns of George III. and William IV.—London Express.

A Famous Temple.

The most magnificent work of architecture in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, Hindustan. It was erected by Shah Jehan in the memory of his favorite queen. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with jasper, carnelian, turquoise, agate, amethyst and sapphire. The work took 22,000 men twenty years to complete, and, though there were free gifts and the labor was free, the cost is estimated at \$16,000,000.—Exchange.

Real Good Steak.

"We can't eat this steak; it's not good!" complained a young man who was spending his honeymoon in a Scottish village.

"Ye're surely jokin', sir," said the landlord of the inn. "It maan indeed be guid. It's a bit o' the minister's aid coo!"

Higher.

"But our ideals?"

"What of them?"

"Are they higher than they were a generation ago?"

"Sure. Everything is higher now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Blunder.

"How did you enjoy the musicale?"

"Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual; thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

Easily Tamed.

Read—Have you ever tamed your automobile? Green—Oh, yes! It stood perfectly still for forty-eight minutes on the road today.

DROPS OF WATER.

Thrown Upon a Redhot Stove. They Will Never Touch It.

It is impossible to throw a few drops of water on a redhot stove. The water can never touch the stove at all. What is seen is a few drops rolling rapidly over the surface, gradually getting smaller until they disappear. If the drops are on a perfectly level place one can see under them to the other side of the room, thus proving that they are not in contact with the stove itself.

What actually happens is that the bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface, and this vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away. So the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it is entirely dissipated. This state of water is known as the spheroidal state and is of interest simply on account of its peculiarity and seemingly paradoxical behavior.

The reason why the drop is not immediately evaporated or changed to steam is also very interesting. The water vapor that intervenes between its under surface and the redhot stove is a very bad conductor of heat, and consequently the full intensity of the heat cannot get to the water itself, only the amount transmitted through the vapor being available for this purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

ENGLISH COUNTRY BANKS.

It Takes Strong Iron Bars to Win the Depositors' Confidence.

Rural customers attach great importance to the bank's outward appearance. A thrifty tradesman having opened a deposit account with a bank distant some thirty miles from his home, the cashier had the curiosity to ask why he traveled so far when there was a branch of the same bank almost at his door. The depositor smiled knowingly and replied, "I lodged opposite here all the time while this bank was being built, so I know it's safe." Balance sheets to the rustic are a meaningless and arbitrary arrangement of figures. Iron bars he understands.

In a city in the north of England there is a bank widely known for the artistic merit of its doors. Designed by an eminent sculptor, they are executed in relief in copper or bronze and appear to represent tableaux from "Aesop's Fables" and Greek history. About a week after they were unveiled an old man who had been a depositor for many years withdrew his balance and took it to a rival bank almost opposite. Questioned as to his reason for changing, he replied: "I don't hold wt them doors of theirs. Punched in ain't businesslike, and it ain't safe."—London Saturday Review.

A Perfect Disguise.

Frank Lockwood's hunter was excellent and always good humored. I recollect him cross examining a detective in a divorce case, says a writer in London M. A. P. The witness was dressed in well cut broadcloth; he was portly; a massive gold chain and seals hung from his fob; he might have passed for a country banker or solicitor of the old style.

Sir Frank (very politely)—I believe you are a member of the eminent firm of detectives, Messrs. Blater & Co.?

Witness—Yes, sir; I represent that firm.

Sir Frank—And, I presume, in the course of your professional duties you have to assume many disguises?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Sir Frank—Pray, may I ask you what you are disguised as now?

Turner Was Gruff.

The great artist Turner is said to have been peculiar in his way of selling his pictures. At times nothing could induce him to part with one of them, and at other times he would receive a customer with the greatest affability of voice and manner and readily settle upon the sum to be paid for one of his treasures. On one occasion when he was offered £1,000 apiece for some old sketch books he turned them over leaf by leaf before the eyes of the would be purchaser, saying, "Well, would you really like to have them?" Then, just as the man proceeded to take possession of the books, Turner, with a tantalizing "I dare say you would!" suddenly thrust them into a drawer and turned the key in the lock, leaving the customer dumb with indignation.

Not Up on Slang.

"I'd like to get a room for the night," drawled the old man with the chin whiskers and yellow satchel.

"By jinks, Buttons," whispered the clerk to the bellhop, "all of the rooms are filled, but we don't want to discourage the country patronage, so we'll have to give him some kind of a 'stall.'"

But the old man overheard the remark and fired up instantly. "No, you don't!" he blurted defiantly. "By crickets, no! If I wanted to sleep in a stall I'd stopped at the livery stable on the other corner."—Chicago News.

An Insulting Style.

"O! did not mind the threats av him as much as the insultin' style av his remarks," said one Irishman to another.

"And what did he say?"

"Well, he says to me, 'Hogan,' says he, 'tis a great notion O! have to jump on you and knock your face into shape!'"

Here's Luck, Ethel!

"Ethel is not very handsome. Why do you call her a belle?"

"She's waiting for some man to ring her."—Boston Transcript.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.—French Proverb.

Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing Compy.

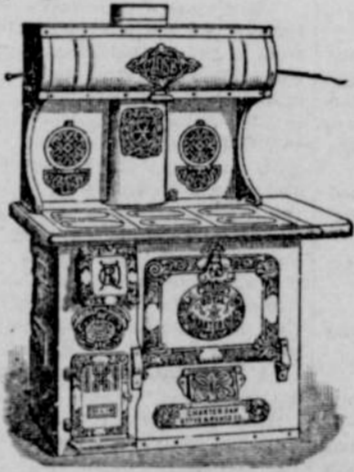
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