

GLASS AND CUT GLASS

Pressed Ware at Times Deceives Even Experts.

GUIDE FOR THE UNWARY.

Seeker After Cut Glass is Safe in Purchasing "Closed in" Articles, as they Cannot Be Duplicated in Pressed Glass—Art of the Cutter.

Buyers for large houses are sometimes deceived when buying cut glass and find they have bought what is commercially known as pressed glass instead of the genuine article.

Yet there are a few simple rules that will safeguard the ordinary buyer at retail. The chief one is to pick out that the manufacturer calls "closed in" articles. By this he means jugs, pitchers, bottles and the like.

The "closed in" articles some are to be devised by which the pressed lines can be followed through the opposite side when put on the wheel to be cut, as the pressed part interferes with the workman seeing through the glass, which he has to do in order to follow the lines of the design on the cutter.

The kind of cut glass that is counterfeited is called open work, such as plates, nappies or any flat article through which the workman can readily see when finishing it.

Another help in selecting cut glass is its weight. The genuine is made from pure lead glass, made chiefly in America, especially for cutting. This lead glass is very heavy.

The first step toward cutting is to mark on the "blank"—that is, the dish in the clear glass—in red or other paint the design that has been selected for it.

The most common designs are diamond shapes, stars of various points, crosses and squares and other geometrical patterns.

The design must be marked on the glass exactly to stand the test of compass and rule. When all lines are in perfect accordance with the pattern and also fit the blank the "roughing" begins. This is cutting the heavy work, such as the necks of vases and bottles and the heavy lines on the stars.

This is done on a machine called the "mill," a big wooden framed affair, on top of which is a hopper holding about half a ton of Berkshire hills sand. This sand is the only kind in this country that has proved satisfactory for this work.

The sand runs down through the hopper, is moistened with water and comes out of a large steel disk, the edge of which is sharp. This disk is turned by power at a very high speed. The wet sand of the disk gives it a "tooth," which when the glass is held against the edge of the disk cuts very rapidly.

All the coarse and heavy cutting is done on this "mill."

The cutting in of the finer work begins on a mill with a stone disk resembling an old fashioned grindstone, but much narrower and with a beveled edge. These stones come chiefly from Italy or Scotland. They are very hard and carry a keen edge a long time. They are used for the fine cutting at all times.

There is a stone found in Nova Scotia much softer that cuts quicker and is used for fluting on water bottles and computes where heavy cuts are desired. Very often as many as fifteen or twenty different stones of varying degrees of hardness are used for the cutting of one article.

After the design has been all cut comes one of the most difficult parts of the work, the polishing.

This is done on the outside of the work with a very high speeded brush wheel covered with moistened pumice stone powdered. This stone is lava thrown off by a volcano.

Large wooden disks made to fit the cuts and fed with pumice and water are used for polishing the fine work in and around the delicate tracery of the pattern.

The hand of the glass cutting expert must be steady, strong and accurate, for the least mistake spoils a whole pattern. In the case of a fourteen inch punch bowl this means the loss of \$50.

Another kind of glass cutting is known as stone engraving. It is done with little stone wheels and copper tools entirely by hand. The designs are chiefly vines and flowers. They are not cut deep and are often mistaken for pressed glass. In reality they are the most expensive kind of cut glass, the price for a single piece of large size and ornate decoration reaching four figures.

Glass cutting is not only a trade, but an art, and any one after seeing the method employed will readily understand why genuine cut glass commands high prices.—Boston Globe.

The Job Department. Former Employer—And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson? Thompson—Yes, sir, I'm the editor of the job department. Former Employer—Editor of the job department? Thompson—Yes, sir, I carries in coat, and scrubs the floor, and cleans the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir.—London Graphic.

Presence in the voice is often only a rattle of reason in the Boyer.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

But After Awhile the Young Man Made His Case Clear.

As the young man entered the old man looked up and frowned. "Well?" said the old man shortly. "Your daughter?" began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What?" roared the old man. "She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of egotistical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way. What I want is nothing to you; now, is it?"

"Why—er—not—exactly."

"I might want \$1,000, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?"

"Certainly not."

"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly."

"Then what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture, or I think I'd like your daughter' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent to say that she wants me and that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that if you care to make the investment I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally she got him. No wide-awake business man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Bargain. "I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley as he proceeded to open a large round box.

"What is it, precious?"

"Wait and see."

Darley carefully unwrapped the article and disclosed a lady's hat.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked. "I bought it myself as a surprise to you. Don't you think it is a perfect dream?"

Mrs. Darley gazed at the hat and burst into tears.

"I can't wear it," she cried. "It doesn't suit me at all. You meant to please me, I know, but it isn't my style at all."

"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me here after I'll let you select your own hats and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.

Her Very Clear Thoughts. "Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, missie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yourself, I thought, 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thought, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken w' that whumel out o' Saunders McDrunthie's cart my thoughts ayne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

Politeness in China. In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children. Accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say: "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners. They did not teach you the rules of propriety." A remark like this will make the crowd slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.

The Reason of It. "Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?"

"In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stood on His Rights. The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testaments)—Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—Mr. Snarler—Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—London Tit-Bits.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rico.

HE GOT THE GOODS.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Leiter and Marshall Field were working for him. Palmer wasn't so well known, but he had a good reputation in the trade, and he didn't have to introduce himself when he called on old A. T. Stewart to buy some goods. After some dickering they agreed upon the price and Palmer calmly said that he would take about \$100,000 worth. It was a little larger bill than Stewart exactly cared to sell young Palmer on credit, but he concluded to make the deal and told him to come in the next morning and arrange some final details. That night some big war news came, and it didn't require any declaration by the government to inform every dry goods man in the country that the price of goods would take a big spurt up. Stewart recognized it as soon as he had the news, and he immediately thought of Palmer. He also thought of the big bill of goods Palmer had bought of him. It didn't particularly tickle Stewart, that thought didn't. But it required only a few scratches of his red head to fix things to his satisfaction. He would simply tell Palmer that he was sorry, but that he didn't feel that he could sell such a big bill on credit, and as he knew that Palmer couldn't raise the cash immediately why, that would end it, and the sale would be off. Well, young Palmer called early, and Stewart greeted him in his very abrupt manner, telling him how sorry he was, etc., but really he didn't think it wise business to extend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

"Just \$110,000," Stewart replied, and then he straightway gulped for breath as young Palmer drew an immense pocketbook from his inside vest pocket and, opening it, counted out 110 thousand dollar bills and, laying them quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If you will kindly count them and give me a receipt I'll be obliged, as I must take the next train home. Ship the goods soon as you can, and when you're out our way drop in. Always glad to see our friends."

AN ARTFUL REPORTER.

Got the Oil King Unconsciously to Submit to an Interview.

Playwright Eugene Walter is numbered among the newspaper men who obtained the "first interview with John D. Rockefeller." When the first interview with Rockefeller club is formed Mr. Walter will be one of the charter members.

This is how he managed it: In the days when he was a newspaper reporter in Cleveland Walter was an extremely youthful looking young man. He decided to capitalize his puerile appearance, for it was not an easy task even at that time to get Rockefeller to say anything. He was utterly "improachable," as a colored man once remarked.

Walter got into the Forest Hill grounds from the rear and walked about, looking at the flowers and shrubbery with an apparent lack of purpose, just as a boy would.

Rockefeller finally noticed him gazing abstractedly at a flower bed and went up to talk to him.

"Ah, my fine lad," began John D., "are you fond of flowers?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Walter in true McGuffey Reader style.

"Well, I am always glad to see a boy who appreciates the beauties of nature. Would you care to walk over and look at the pond lilies?"

"Ah, sir, I should enjoy that more than I can tell you."

Thus the conversational ice was broken, and the youthful visitor was so enthusiastic over all he saw that the master of Forest Hill passed him out platitudes for about an hour. The interviewer didn't even have to ask questions.

Next morning Walter's interview was the best thing in the paper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Enough Kid. Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

"Well, we goes up"— "Went up"— "Went up on the farm"— "To the farm."

"To the farm, and there we see"— "We saw."

"We saw a little kid"— "Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.—Judge.

The First Dessert Spoon. When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Do you think ma moorth has got any smaller since I lappit up ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

An Exception. She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

Moral good is a practical stimulus.—Piatarch.

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