

MATHEMATICS.

Used to Locate an Aerolite That No One Had Ever Seen.

Arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry are not romantic, but they may accomplish things which greatly impress the imagination. By means of them a professor at Yale university found a few years ago an aerolite that no one had ever seen.

It appears that a photographer in Ansonia, Conn., was occupied in taking pictures by the aid of a telescope of a comet which was invisible to the naked eye. When his negatives were developed one of them revealed the fall of a meteor. It was too small an object to attract the attention of the unaided eyes, but its line on the photograph indicated that it must have come to the earth.

The picture was shown to an astronomical professor at Yale. Ascertaining the point of observation and reckoning with the aid of the data which the photograph itself supplied, he made a calculation which proved that the meteor must have fallen in the neighborhood of a reservoir some two miles north of Danbury, Conn. There the aerolite was found in the very place indicated by the calculation. It was oval in form, measured fifteen and a half inches in length, seven and a half inches in diameter and weighed twenty-six pounds. It was sent to the museum of Yale university, where it serves not only as an illustration of the nature of the vagrant bodies of the skies, but testifies also to the wonders of calculation which it is possible for mathematical science to accomplish.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DROPPING ASLEEP.

The Way Mother Nature Charms Away Our Consciousness.

How do we go to sleep? How does Mother Nature charm away our consciousness? First of all she throws her spell on those centers of our bodies that preside over the muscular system, causing one group of muscles after another gradually to collapse. Then after various powers of mind succumb in regular order. First we lose attention and judgment, then memory goes, and imagination wanders away in reveries of its own. Ideas of time and space cease to control thought as gentle sleep, the nurse of our life, draws nearer. Then comes the turn of the special senses, beginning with sight. Eyelids close, and eyeballs turn upward and inward, as if to shut out all light, the pupils contracting more and more as slumber steals over us.

The turn of the ears comes; the power of hearing fades away. The heart beats and breath is drawn more and more slowly. The heart beats from ten to twenty times less frequently each minute, or 5,000 times less during the night, while breathing is not only slower but much more shallow than during waking hours. Temperature falls by perhaps 2 degrees, and the body loses three times less heat than when awake. And so at last sleep covers a man all over—sleep that shuts up sorrow's eye.—London Express.

Both in Front and Behind.
A police magistrate recently learned that it is possible to be back of a person even if you are in front of him. The means of this startling intelligence was a stout German conductor, witness to a "breach of the peace" that occurred aboard his car.
"You were on your platform and yet you say that the prisoner was in back of you?" said the puzzled magistrate.
"Ya."
"Was the prisoner in the car?"
"Ya."
"Well, then, he must have been in back of you."
"No," said the man patiently. "I am the conductor."
"Then," exclaimed the magistrate, "you were on the rear platform. The prisoner was in the car. Now, how in heaven's name was he in back of you?"
The conductor smiled sweetly.
"My back was turned," he said.—Philadelphia Times.

Lived Up to Her Name.
Apropos of the eternal domestic question, an Englishwoman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply couldn't ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle or to holly-stone to the doorstep I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one?' 'Yes,' replied the damsel brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her, 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied acidly: 'Yes, I have, but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Ermione for to wear a livery!'"

Thought He Had Seen It.
Yankee Tourist (watching Vesuvius in eruption)—Great snakes! It reminds me of hades. English Tourist (looking at him in amazement)—My word! You Americans go everywhere!—Boston Transcript.

Not Necessary.
A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," remarked to the officiating clergyman: "Go on, minister. It don't matter. I can make her."

Still Grieving.
"So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?"
"Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."

Casualty Is the Opportunity of virtue and a spur to a great mind.

YOUR MEMORY.

If It Seems to Fail You Just Give It a Good Jogging.

Memory does not "fail" (except in loss of all the faculties; it simply gets weak and languid for want of use, just as the physical organs do. People often say "My memory is failing" when it is really as good as ever if they would give it a chance.

A word, a date, a name, an incident, comes up, or, rather, fails to come up when you want it. There seems to be no possible way of remembering it. You make two or three efforts, give up and say, "There's no use; it's gone from me."

Nonsense! It hasn't. It is there just as much as it ever was, only there are a lot of things over it. Keep at work, bring your will to bear upon it, try and try and try, and after awhile you can get it.

And, better, you will find that the exercise required in remembering it will help you next time and that a little toil and determination put together will accomplish wonders in the whole range of faculties.

Look over your memory, see where you are most deficient and exercise it in that respect. You can do it at any odd time, while you are walking, riding, resting after a day's work, listening perforce to a dull speaker. Don't let a few failures discourage you. The long corridor of recollection lined upon both sides with valuable material will be opened for you because of your "importance" if you use it.—Exchange.

BARGAIN HUNTING.

The Strenuous National Game of the American Women.

There is always something impressive about a crowd that is swayed by a single emotion. You get an impression of force, says Mary Heaton Vorse in Success Magazine. These women, who a few moments ago had been quiet shoppers, formed a mob. They swayed and pushed as though moved by a common impulse toward a table where were the embroideries. From their throats came a little dull growl, a curious noise—the whisper of a mob.

The noise of a mob in joy or in anger or in fright or just its restless murmur as it waits is different from any other noise that comes from the human throat—quite distinct, of a curious animal timber. I heard it once on the occasion of the throwing of a bomb, again from a crowd waiting for a bank to open and a third time in a theater when fire had been called, and now here it was in miniature from a couple of hundred women waiting to buy ten cent embroideries.

They were poor women with shawls and baskets, women with babies in their arms, women with threadbare clothes carefully brushed, who must think before spending each dime in the dollar, but for once indulging in the great sport of American women—bargain hunting.

Edward Everett.
Edward Everett was one of the most purely literary of all American orators. Among the more eminent scholars and statesmen of our land no one has ever been more deservedly honored for intellectual power, purity of character, public and private, and for clearness and perception of judgment than Everett. To the efforts of Edward Everett more than to any other one person is to be credited the raising of funds sufficient to purchase the home of Washington at Mount Vernon. He delivered a lecture on the character of that great man more than a hundred times and gave the proceeds to the Ladies' Mount Vernon association. He personally placed over \$60,000 in the treasury. It is probable that his oratory won for benevolent purposes at least \$100,000.—St. Louis Republic.

The Oldest Reliable Date.
It used to be supposed that the most ancient civilization of which real records had been found dated from B. C. 3500. This had relation to Peru and its earliest known inhabitants, but Dr. Eduard Mayer, professor of ancient history at the University of Berlin, studying the Egyptian calendars on the monuments in the state museum of the German capital, discovered that the date B. C. 4241 is frequently cited as that in which the early Egyptian astronomers first calculated their solar year from the rising of the star Sirius. This is by far the oldest reliable date in the history of the human race.

The Word "Belfry."
The word "belfry" had originally no connection with "bell," an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is "watchtower," from the middle English "berfry," a watchtower. The first part of this word is connected with "borough," the second with "free." As the practice grew of hanging "bells" in such towers people reminded themselves of the fact by changing the word "berfry" into the modern "belfry."

No Chance.
"Why don't you ask that young man up to tea some evening, dear?"
"I don't believe it would do any good, mother. He's a confirmed bachelor."—New York Journal.

A College Pun.
"Can your horse jump?"
"I don't know. I never asked him."
"Really? Why not?"
"I'm afraid he might take a fence."—Harvard Lampoon.

Appropriate.
"What do you suppose is the song of the desert?"
"I don't know, but I should think it would be 'The camels are coming.'"—Exchange.

A CURIOUS WATCH.

Made by a Clever Workman on a Challenge From Royalty.

Some years ago the czar, hearing of the marvelous inventive genius of a Polish mechanic, determined to put him to the test and accordingly caused to be forwarded to him a few copper nails, some wood shavings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire and a few cribbage board pegs. The box was accompanied by the request that the Pole should transform these unpromising articles into a timepiece.

It was a challenge and one that few watchmakers would have cared to take up. But it would have taken a harder task than this to daunt the Pole. He set to work on the unpromising materials and out of them fashioned a watch that was quickly dispatched to the czar. Just eight hours after he began his work of transformation the watch started on its journey to St. Petersburg, where it arrived safely, to the great delight of the czar.

It was a most unique timepiece, its case being made of china and its works composed of the material that had accompanied the old cup. Yet it kept good time and had to be wound up only once in three or four days. It pleased was the czar that he sent for the Pole and conferred upon him several distinctions, besides granting him a pension.—New York Press.

A TRAGIC OLD CUSTOM.

Human Beings Once Walled Up In Building Foundations.

The practice of putting money under the foundation stone of a new building is the shadow of an older tragic custom. The money stands theoretically for the ransom of the human being who by ancient superstition should have been buried in its place. Other wise, it was held, the building would not stand firm and endure.

There was a time when this particular kind of human sacrifice had a vogue extending to most parts of the world. Even in England skeletons have been found imbedded in the base of castle walls, and there is record of one German fortress at the building of which a child was bought from its mother with hard cash and walled into the donjon tower, the unnatural mother, according to the story, looking on the while. Edifices of human beings are still used in some parts of Europe as harmless substitutes, and in remoter and more ruthless places the old custom crops out from time to time in all its grim reality. Within the last century two children, a boy and a girl, were, it was reported, walled into a blockhouse by some laborers at Duga, Asiatic Turkey.—Westminster Gazette.

Milais' Faith in Himself.
The artist Milais, writes J. E. Reid was as open and frank as a boy in expressing his belief in himself. When the Leyland collection was on view previous to its dispersal, Milais went to see it and openly asserted that his "Eve of St. Agnes" was the best picture there. This egotism was part of his character, a thing it was impossible to resent on account of the manner in which it was expressed. Milais never lost the self confidence of youth. In this respect, as in many others, he remained a boy to the end. Neither was the egotistic note confined to art matters. His public speeches were invariably about himself. His conversation on all subjects was impregnated with the essence of a sincere conviction of his own authority to speak. He liked to be always right, and such were his grasp of realities and his power of reasoning that it required very strong evidence and a very clever argument to convince him that he was wrong.—Youth's Companion.

Flogging at Eton.
On more than one occasion Dr. Hornby, the famous headmaster at Eton, is said to have flogged the wrong boy by mistake. A boy thus victimized was asked why he did not attempt to exculpate himself or offer any explanation. "If you had not been complained of," said the tutor, "why did you not say so to the headmaster?" "Well, sir," he replied, "I thought that if Mr. — had not complained of me some other master might have done so." The young scapegrace was so seasoned a campaigner that he was prepared to take a flogging without asking captious questions, as all in the day's work.—From "Eton Under Hornby."

The Story of Four Uncles.
"I have four uncles," writes a correspondent, "who are all widowers. Uncle Sam and his wife used to fight. Uncle Tom was always flirting, and Uncle Joe was ruined by his wife's extravagance. Uncle Martin alone loved his wife, and when she died he was broken hearted. Still he is the only one who married again. He married a girl who has all the qualities he used to proudly boast his wife lacked. Men are funny and grow funnier as you know them better."—Atchison Globe.

Under Water.
Howell—They can take photographs under water, can't they? Powell—I guess so. I got a negative there once. Howell—I don't understand you. Powell—A girl refused me while we were in bathing.—New York Press.

The Limit.
Worthless Husband—Going to leave me, are you, Moll? Didn't you take me for better or worse? Long Suffering Wife—Yes, but you are absolutely the worst. I didn't take you for that.—Chicago Tribune.

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