

The Making of Chipped Glass.
Sheets of glass that are covered with a shell-like raised pattern are in use for screens, partitions, electric light fixtures and other purposes. This chipped glass, for the pattern is often really chipped out of the surface, involves a process that is interesting. The sheet of glass to be treated is placed under a sand blast in order to give it a grain. This ground surface is next treated with a solution of good glue, and the glass is placed in a drying room on a rack, where it remains for some hours. Next the sheets of glass are removed to the chipping room, where they are placed on edge back to back, with the coated surfaces outward. This room is heated by steam coils, and when the heat is turned on the glue reaches its utmost degree of desiccation and curls off the glass in pieces from the size of a dime to that of a silver dollar, but it adheres so closely to the glass that in its effort to get free it tears a piece off the surface, the result being a beautiful pattern.—Harper's Weekly.

The Logical Name.
"What a queer name for a child," said the woman who had just moved next door. "Are you sure they named it Breeze?"
"Yes, indeed, and it is a most natural name for the child," was the reply.
"I suppose it's the outcome of a cheap joke on the father's part," sighed the new neighbor. "When the child is naughty he is likely to suggest a spanking Breeze."
"Not at all, though I'll mention that to him," said the other. "You see, the family name is Storm. Before she was married the mother's name was Wind—Augusta Wind. Upon marriage her name became Storm, of course, making it Wind-Storm. Now, when the little girl was born they were puzzled about selecting a name. They could not agree until some one said a little Wind-Storm might be called a Breeze. The little one is just like her mother, and a little Gustav Wind is"—
But the new neighbor wouldn't stay to hear the rest of it.—New York Press.

Getting the Bank's Help.
Financial ability is not alone the power of getting moneyed men's ears and interesting "big capital." The bank is the bulwark of small business. Given an enterprise that has a legitimate excuse for being and available assets, if it is backed by men of integrity, it can always command the support of its bank for working capital. Yet it is astounding how many small businesses start without even conferring with a bank or banker. This is a mistake. The man who wants to finance a small concern successfully should get acquainted with his banker, keep them in touch with the business and afford them every opportunity to analyze its condition. There is no finer security than the confidence of your bank, and the cost of getting capital in this way is very small indeed compared with the cost of underwriting more or less inflated issues of stock.—Business.

Never.
"Never" is a word which is wrongly defined in the dictionary.
In that book we gather the understanding that "never" means not at all, forevermore.
But—
Each day in our broad land young women vow that they will never forgive young men.
Men lift their right hands to high heaven and swear that they will never take another drink.
Husbands promise never to forget to write every day.
Wives promise never to make another extravagant and foolish purchase.
Candidates aver that they will never run for office again.
Women say they will never speak to some one any more.
In all these cases "never" means any length of time from one hour to four days.—Life.

Broke Three Legs.
"Yes," said the small boy to the reporter, who was looking for some news to put in his paper; "mother fell downstairs and broke three legs."
"Show! What are you giving me, youngster?" cried the reporter. "Don't be too funny. Your mother hasn't got three legs."
"I didn't say she had," retorted the wicked boy. "The legs belonged to a table which mother fell against. She wasn't hurt at all."

John o'Groat's to Land's End.
The distance in English miles between John o'Groat's, in the extreme north of England, to Land's End, in the farthest south, is about 480 miles as the crow flies, though by the ordinary lines of travel, of course, the distance is something more than that.
Revenge.
"That fellow cut me out in a very unhand way."
"Yet you are going to the wedding?"
"Yes, I may get a chance to soak him with an old shoe."—Exchange.

Old Fitz's Absentmindedness.
Of FitzGerald's absentmindedness and preoccupation a good story is told. He was going to London from Woodbridge to visit some friends, taking with him his handy man. When Woodbridge was left the sky was clear and cloudless, but when London was reached it was raining in torrents. FitzGerald paced restlessly up and down the platform, expressing regret at having failed to bring his umbrella and occasionally sending his man out to see if the rain had ceased. Suddenly FitzGerald stopped in front of a time table. A brilliant inspiration had come to him. His long, artistic fingers followed the dotted lines, and then, taking out his watch from his fob, he said to his man, "John, go and fetch my umbrella and catch the train back again." And away went faithful John to Woodbridge on a journey costing twice as much as an umbrella could have been purchased for just outside the station, while FitzGerald stayed in the waiting room.—T. P.'s London Magazine.

Worse Than a Galley Slave's Life.
Less than a century back life at Eton appears to have been even harder than at Christ's hospital. An old Etonian who left the school in 1834 describes his experience there as "worse than that of many inmates of a workhouse or a jail. To get up at 5 o'clock on freezing winter mornings; to sweep their own floors and make their own beds; to go two by two to the pump for a scanty wash; to eat no mouthful of food until 9 o'clock in the morning; to live on an endless round of mutton, potatoes and beer, none of them too plentiful or too good; to sleep in a dismal cell without chair or table—such was the lot of boys whose parents could not pay for a private room. Some of these underwent privations that might have broken down a cabin boy and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley slave."—London Spectator.

Boxing the Ears.
"Don't box a naughty child's ears. Don't allow any provocation to tempt you to strike a child on the head," is the injunction contained in an article on skulls issued by the International hygiene exposition at Dresden. Corporal punishment of any kind, says the writer, is wrong, but when the head is the point of contact between the angry parent and the child the former may easily become a murderer. In a collection of skulls at the exposition lent by the Wurzburg university there are many of children as well as adults which show that the abnormally thin skull is not unusually found, even in otherwise normal human beings, and the causes of death, which are stated on cards attached to the skulls, are intended to serve as warnings to parents, teachers and guardians.

How Water Freezes.
It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact—namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F.—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom. Therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze. At last it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a great coat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.

The Japanese Empire.
The Japanese empire proper is made up of four large islands, Nippon, Shikoku, Kyushu and Yeddo and about 3,800 small ones, many of them too small and rocky for habitation. In area the empire is very nearly the same as the state of California, about 150,000 square miles. It has a population of between 45,000,000 and 50,000,000, the larger part of it being engaged in agriculture and fishing. The arable land of the whole empire, not including Formosa or Korea, is about 9,000,000 acres, or just about that of the state of New York.—New York American.

Even Up.
"Do you think it is ever going to clear up?" said the talkative man on the front platform.
"I do, sir," gruffly replied the man addressed. "And as I'm a lawyer that opinion will cost you a fee."
"My friend," returned the first man promptly, "your liver is out of order. Better take a pill. And as I'm a doctor that squares us."—Boston Transcript.

The Real Test.
"I shall make it a rule," said the young man who is learning politics, "never to go back on my friends."
"An excellent rule," replied Senator Sorghum, "but the real test of the game is to keep your friends from back on you."—Washington Star.

Dirty Windows.
A man professor has ascertained industrial cities windows which had been washed for ten days extend from 25 to 48 per cent of the dirt not washed for four weeks exclude as much as 80 per cent of the light.

Well Defined.
"A vessel a boat?"
"Yes, you may call it that."
"What kind of a boat is a blood boat?"

Schoolroom Training.
Our schools are not training individuals. They treat the unfortunate pupils in the mass, as a dyer treats his cambric by the vatful. Society needs the power of the child, and there are almost as many kinds of power as there are children. But these powers are latent and need to be aroused by the magic of personality. We now leave their discovery to haphazard after the child has left the general schoolroom. An earnest start has been made by sincere citizens to compel educators to use the great possibilities of the public schools for the training of useful individuals. A few vocational and special schools have been opened. Some of the states, a few of the cities, have studied the problem of individualized education. By and by the state will awaken to the possibilities of training its children into diversified and honorable usefulness. Then a personal supply of socialized useful individuals will be coming from the recreated public schools.—Samuel P. Orth in North American Review.

His Future.
Little Wimpleton had worked his courage up to boiling point. And he told the old, old story to the fair one of his heart. To his delight the maid reciprocated his affections. There was only one stumbling block, the girl's prim, proper and precise mamma, of whom little Wimpleton stood in great awe.
"I love you," said the maiden, "but you must ask mamma."
So little Wimpleton did.
"Ahem! Mrs. Doodles," he said, flushing like a beet. "I have come to inquire—I have come to ask—er—ahem!—er—what would you say to me as a son-in-law?"
"Why, Mr. Wimpleton," said the lady, "I really don't know. If you behaved yourself as you ought to I probably shouldn't say anything at all, but if you didn't—well, my dear boy, you had better marry Jane and find out by experience."—New York Journal.

Nickajack Cave.
Nickajack was once the name of an important Cherokee town on the bank of the Tennessee river. The Cherokees, who had aided the British in the Revolutionary war and had been well paid for their assistance, clustered their wigwags at this point about 1780-82, and the village was known as one of the "Chickamauga towns." The meaning of the name is now lost, though it was probably of Cherokee origin, as it occurs in the annals of the tribe as a man's name. This name is also given to a creek and to a very remarkable cave, the latter being situated very near that point of the southern boundary of Tennessee where it is intersected by the line separating the states of Alabama and Georgia. Nickajack cave, though but little known, is one of the wonderful caves of the world, being of even more imposing proportions than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.—Argonaut.

The Perfect Putter.
The art of putting consists of doing for yourself slowly and inefficiently what you can pay some one else to do for you quickly and well. It is hard work that you do not have to do, strenuous loading that invites the soul. The putter works in pure love, and if the product prove a poor thing it is at least his own. To be a perfect putter is to achieve a liberal education. Putting is a tonic relaxation from the mechanical efficiency of our professional selves, a corrective of the extreme specialization that otherwise would result in our becoming all foot or hand or head. The putter makes laws and breaks laws and breaks the laws he makes. He produces startling variations from type. An inspired fool, he is a true creator.—Atlantic.

A Blind Painter.
The wonderful sixth sense supposed to be possessed by the blind is not a fable. I know a blind musician. He is a genius.
"That's not so remarkable. I know a blind painter."
"Impossible."
"Not at all. His work is perfect."
"A blind painter? His work is perfect? Why, what does he paint?"
"He paints blinds, you chump."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

London and New York.
New York will never give in the same degree as London the impression of being a real city. It is on too big or too small a scale for that; its rivers are too wide—they break the sense of continuity. At Charing Cross, with eleven miles of London in every direction, one gets a feeling of mass of immensity that is lacking in little old New York, as Manhattan is properly described.—Springfield Republican.

Not to His Liking.
"How did you enjoy your visit to your grandfather in the country, Rob?"
"Oh, it was fine, 'cept I had to wash my face and hands in raw water at the pump. I like it cooked best, like we have it at home."—Judge

Continental Currency.
Continental currency notes were in July, 1780, worth 2 cents on the dollar and it took a "wagon load of currency to buy a wagon load of provisions."

Wadding Venice to the Sea.
By dropping a ring into the ocean at Venice in 1177 the doge "wedded the city to the sea." The ceremony is repeated annually.

We ought to avoid the friendship of the bad and the enmity of the good.—Epictetus.

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