

Diamond Cleaving.

The art of the lapidary is one of the most delicate employments of mechanical force known. The practical diamond cutter learns many facts about precious stones which are sealed books even to mineralogists. For instance, it is the lapidaries who have found out that diamonds coming from the different districts vary remarkably in their degrees of hardness. It appears that the hardest diamonds come from New South Wales. An unfamiliar fact is that diamonds are made to assume approximately the required shape by sifting and cleaving and by "bruting," which is the rubbing of one diamond against another, before they are submitted to the polishing wheel. In cleaving the diamond is cemented on the end of a wooden stick and a steel blade is driven with a smart blow in the direction of the natural plane of cleavage. Diamonds that have been cut by the lapidary's wheel lack some of the brilliance possessed by those that have simply been cleaved.—New York Press.

Good Weight.

One trick of the trade was taught to the young butcher by the marketman who gave him his first employment. The old dealer pointed to trays of beef, lamb and pork trimmings beneath the counter. "When customers ask to have all the waste that has been cut from their own meat wrapped up with their order be sure to put in a few of these trimmings besides," he said. "Most always they want the scraps sent home so they can weigh the whole business and find out whether they are getting full weight or not. Enough extra pieces to tip the scales half an ounce beyond the supposed weight won't hurt anybody and will give us a good name." Shortly after that the new clerk heard one frugal housewife say to another: "Oh, why don't you trade at Blank's? He gives such good measure, often almost an ounce more than you pay for." The clerk smiled.—Washington Star.

Why Men Went West.

A hundred years ago the Rev. Timothy Dwight commented complacently on the benefit to Connecticut from the draining away to the frontier—then western New York—of the restless spirits who chafed under the rule of the old families and the Congregational clergy, writes Professor Edward Alsworth Ross in the Century. It never occurred to him that these insubordinate spirits were carrying with them to the wilderness a precious energy and initiative. The unprosperous, the shiftless and the migratory sought the frontier, to be sure, but the enterprising, too, were attracted by it. The timorous and cautious stayed and accepted the cramped conditions of an old society, but those who dared take chances, to "place a bet on themselves," were apt to catch the western fever.

Precedent Nobly Ignored.

Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of his guided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America—happily we trust for the whole human race—they pursued a new and more noble course.—James Madison.

The Judge's Advice.

The prisoner being without an advocate and the charge being one of murder, the judge asked a junior barrister to act as his counsel. The barrister did his best and at lunchtime privately asked the judge whether he should make a long speech for the defense or a short one. "As long as you can make it," said his lordship emphatically, "for that's the only chance the prisoner has of lengthening his life."—London Opinion.

The Good Old Days Long Gone.

A well known Bostonian recently found in his trunk an old diary with this entry: "Aug. 10, 1887. Went to the railroad station to see my sister off, and by some chance Harry Blank was there to see his sister off, and in the rush and noise and confusion we got mixed and I hugged his sister and he hugged mine."—Boston Transcript.

More Red Tape.

New Official (at museum turnstile)—Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door. Gent.—But I haven't got an umbrella. New Official—Then go back and get one. No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door. Orders is orders.—Exchange.

A Coincidence.

"I wonder why a man should ever wish to steal a kiss?" she remarked after they had been gazing in silence at each other for a long time. "It's funny," he replied. "While I have been sitting here that same thought occurred to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

New Fashion in Horse Shoes.

Hubby—I must take him to the blacksmith. He needs new shoes. Wife—Can't you have the old ones soled and boxed? The uppers look perfectly good.—Harper's Weekly.

If you bring a smile to the trembling lips of another you will soon discover that a smile is alighting on your own lips.

Didn't Like Questions.

Bishop Threlwell, an English prelate, had the greatest possible aversion to answering questions. One day a tailor said to him when he had been summoned to take the bishop's measurements, "What are your lordship's orders?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Here is a very nice cloth, my lord." "Ah!" "And this is likewise a very good one." "Yes." "Here is another of excellent quality." "Very." "Which material will your lordship decide upon?" "I want a suit of clothes." And that was all the answer the tailor could get. When the new gardener accosted him as he was walking, book in hand, in the garden to ask, "How will your lordship have this border laid out?" there was no answer. "How will your lordship be pleased to have this border laid out?" was the next attempt. Still there was no reply. But when the question was repeated for the third time the answer came. "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop!"

World's Most Valuable Garden.

The Bank of England has an old fashioned garden in its midst. In the center is a fountain, there are a couple of trees, and the paths are graveled. This garden has a curious history. In reality it is the churchyard of the vanished Church of St. Christopher le Stock, which used to stand on the site of the Mansion House. One reason why the church was pulled down was because its tower completely overlooked the bank, and it was feared that it would be a danger to the "old lady" if the church was occupied by rioters. As the bank occupies the site of the entire parish of Christopher le Stock it is said that any freeman of the city of London can claim admission to the old garden. As a matter of fact, any one who cares to see it may do so during business hours, and it is well worth a visit, if only for the fact that it is the most valuable garden in the world.—London Spectator.

Transportation in Charles II's Time.

On the best highways heavy articles were in the time of Charles II generally conveyed from place to place by stage wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback and who were prevented by infirmity or by the weight of their luggage from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was £7 (\$35) a ton, from London to Exeter £12 (\$60) a ton. This was about 30 cents a ton for every mile. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal in particular was never seen except in the districts where it was produced or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea and was indeed always known in the south of England by the name of sea coal.—Macaulay.

Meals in the Good Old Days.

In the sixteenth century it was considered a sign of effeminacy to eat breakfast. Says Harrison in his "Description of Britain," published in 1550: "Of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto reare suppers. Now these old repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and each one, except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time, contenteth himself with dinner and supper only. The nobility, gentry and students ordinarily go to dinner at 11 before noon and to supper at 5. The merchants dine and sup seldom before 12 at noon or 6 at night, especially in London. The husbandmen also dine at high noon and sup at 7 or 8, but out of terms, in our universities, the scholars dine at 10."—London Chronicle.

The Old Dodge.

"Brown has refused to give us an extra day's time to meet his bill. He says it's been running long enough." "Didn't you tell him we'd give him a check for the full amount the day after tomorrow?" "I did. He said that wouldn't do. He wanted it in the morning."

"All right. Mail him a check today and forget to have it signed. There's more than one way of stretching credit if you have to."—Detroit Free Press.

Useless Salutes.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn—"I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?" "There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl, "but I suppose women will go on kissing one another just the same."

Calling Terms.

Visiting Curate—I've just been speaking to your neighbor, Mrs. Noggins. Are you on calling terms with her? Mrs. Littledrop—Yes. She called me no lady, and I called her a bottle nosed old draggletail.—London Answers.

Another Form of Expression.

Tommy—Pop, what do the dramatic critics mean by spontaneous applause? Tommy's Pop—It is merely another way of saying the ushers are earning their salaries, my son.—Exchange.

Wanted to Finish the Job.

"Now, Willie, promise me you won't fight any more." "Can't you wait till tomorrow, mother? I've only got one more boy to lick and then I'll be through."—Life.

Interested Spectators.

"You want me to pull a tooth out for you, Hans? And what do all the others want?" "To watch you."—Fliegende Blätter.

Literature and Slang.

"Booze," as a word connected with taking strong waters, dates back two centuries, and in the spelling "bouze" may be found at even as remote a date as 1300. "Fresh," in its signification of forward, comes from 1803. "Some pumpkins," popular slang in bucolic circles, is of ancient lineage. "Stag," has been slang for a century. "Stag" has the sense between slang and English, has survived generations. In the Knickerbocker Magazine of 1856 we find an author telling of "a party of old bricks who . . . are keeping up a small stag party at the end of the room." "Squeel" in the seventeenth century was in good use. Of two words in vogue to express drunkenness half a century ago "tight" is much alive, while "whittled" has been dropped. There are no fixed laws to gauge the life of slang or to predict its entrance into the language. Will "high-brow," for example, find its way yet into the mouths of grandchildren yet unborn, or will it take its place in the ranks of absolute curiosities?—Collier's Weekly.

Wreck of the White Ship.

The most famous of all royal shipwrecks is probably that of the White Ship, which gave Rossetti the subject of one of his finest ballads. Henry I. had crossed to France to secure the allegiance of the Norman barons and was returning in triumph. Prince William, the king's favorite son, did not sail aboard his father's vessel, but followed in the White Ship, commanded by Fitz-Stephen, the royal hereditary pilot. Somewhere in midchannel the White Ship separated from the fleet and went down with all on board, and Henry "never smiled again."

That historically stifled smile also gave rise to the ribald verse—it came, one thinks, from some Twainish American:

Many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk,
But never, never smole again
After the White Ship sunk.
—London Spectator.

Ermine Is the Royal Fur.

The fame of the ermine as a creature "patronized by royalty" dates back to the reign of King Edward III, who made it a punishable offense for any person except those of royal birth to wear the fur of this handsome little animal. This tyrannous restriction has been long removed, but ermine, of course, is still the royal fur and probably owes its long continued popularity as an article of personal adornment more to that fact than anything else. It has, however, the great drawback of losing its pristine whiteness after a few years, while, owing to the variation in the quality of the fur found on different animals of the tribe, ermine is far harder to match than many other skins employed in the making of human apparel.—London Globe.

The Jerusalem Chamber.

One of the rooms in Westminster abbey that are of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem chamber, which was built more than 500 years ago and was probably at one time the abbot's withdrawing room. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died, in curious fulfillment of a prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem:

It hath been prophesied me many a year
I shall not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land,
But bear me to that chamber, There I'll lie,
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

And in the same chamber Addison, Congreve and Prior lay in state before their splendid interment in the abbey.

Killed by Imagination.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor. The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees F. throughout the journey.

Identified by an Old Habit.

"It was a clever job," said the chief. "How did you spot him through his woman's disguise?" "I happened to see him sit down," replied the detective, "and noticed that he gave his skirt a little twitch with both hands, as if to keep it from bagging at the knees. Then I nabbed him."—London Tit-Bits.

Proved.

"But do you think you can support a wife?" "Of course. Why, we've been engaged two years."

"Well?" "Well, if I can buy flowers and candy for a fiancée for two years and not go broke I can surely support a wife!"

The Ticket Didn't Tick.

Moore—My sense of hearing is the keenest ever. Do you know I can hear your watch ticking, although you are six feet away? Poore—Then you're a wonder. My watch is at the pawnbroker's, six blocks away.—Boston Transcript.

False Alarm.

"I was present at a raid the other night." "Great Scott! Were you caught?" "Certainly not. It was a masquerade."—Baltimore American.

Getting It Up to Date.

He—They say that no man is a hero to his valet. She—And no man is a hero to his stenographer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.—Tennyson.

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HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION S. A. Davis, 227 Washington St., Concord, N.H., in his 84th year. He writes me: "I have lately suffered much from my kidney and bladder. I had severe backache and my kidney action was less frequent, causing me to have much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation." G. I. Clough, Druggist.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook. Mrs. W. W. Curtis, Plaintiff, vs. D. E. Goodspeed and M. J. Goodspeed, Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That by virtue of a judgment and an order of sale of attached real property made and entered of record and docketed in the above entitled court and action on the 15th day of April, 1912, wherein it was adjudged that the above named plaintiff have and recover off of and from the above named defendants and each of them, the sum of One Thousand (\$1000.00) Dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent per annum from July 10, 1908, until paid, and the further sum of One Hundred and thirty (\$130.00) Dollars attorneys fees, and Twenty-One and 5/100 (\$21.05) Dollars costs and disbursements in said action, and the judgment further ordered that the property hereinafter described, and which was attached in this action on the 29th day of November, 1911, be sold for the purpose of satisfying said judgment and the whole thereof; and in pursuance of said judgment and order of sale of said attached property, and by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the above entitled court in this action, the same being issued under the seal of said court to me directed bearing date of the 17th day of April, 1912, and commanding and requiring me as the Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon, to make sale in the manner provided by law in such cases, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment and order of sale of attached property, the following described real property situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, to wit:

Two certain tracts described as follows: First all the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter (or lot 14) of Section thirteen, in township one south of range ten west of the Willamette Meridian, containing 36.84 acres, according to Government Survey, save and except 22 acres off the North end of said tract heretofore conveyed to D. Edgbert Goodspeed, and save and except a certain right of way heretofore conveyed to the Pacific Railway and Navigation Company. Second: The North East quarter of the South East quarter of said Section thirteen and that part of Lot six of said Section more particularly described as follows: Beginning at the South East corner of the C. W. Hendrickson Donation Land Claim, and running thence South to within 30 feet of the North bank of Wilson river, thence West parallel with and 30 feet distant from the North bank of said river to the center of the present county road, thence North following the center of said road to the South line of said C. W. Hendrickson D. L. C., thence East to the point of beginning, save and except three certain tracts to-wit: 1st. A certain tract heretofore conveyed to A. M. Hare; 2nd, A certain tract heretofore contracted to be conveyed to W. S. Hare; and 3rd, A strip of land 16 feet wide off the South side of the North East quarter of said section 13, reserved as a roadway by T. Oddeus S. Townsend; all of said lands lying and being in Section 13, Township 1 South of Range 10 West of the Willamette Meridian.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said judgment and order of sale of said attached property, and in compliance with said execution issued as aforesaid, I will on Monday, the 10th day of June, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day and date, at the North Front door of the County Court House in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, sell at public auction for cash in hand, to the highest and best bidder, all of the right, title and interest which the above named defendants and each of them had in and to the real property herein-

before described, on the date of said attachment, or at any time thereafter; and that the proceeds of said sale will be applied to the satisfying of said judgment and order of sale and execution, together with all interest accrued and accruing, and all costs and disbursements, and all accruing costs and disbursements. Dated this 4th day of May, 1912.

H. CRNSHAW, As Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That the undersigned has been by the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon duly appointed as administrator of the estate of JOHN C. MANGAN, deceased, and that he has qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to said administrator at his office in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof, together with proper verifications thereof as required by law. Dated this May 23rd, 1912.

H. T. BOTTS, Administrator of the Estate of John C. Mangan, deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook. In the Matter of the Estate of William D. Jones, deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That the administrator of the Estate of William D. Jones, deceased, has filed in said county court his final account of his administration of said estate, and the county judge has appointed Tuesday the 2nd day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m., as the time for the hearing of objections to said final account, and for the settlement thereof. Dated May 18th, 1912.

DAVID W. JONES, Administrator. A. S. DRESSER & J. W. DRAPER, Attorneys for said estate.

Helped to Keep Down Expenses. Mrs. J. E. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so: "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and feel that they saved me a big doctor's bill." Lamar's Drug Store.



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