

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That on Monday, September 8th, 1913, the County Board of Equalization will meet at the Court House, in Tillamook County, Oregon, and publicly examine the assessment roll for said year, and correct all errors in valuations, description of lands, lots or other property. Said board will continue in session from day to day, until the examination, correction and equalization of the assessment roll shall be completed. All persons interested in the assessment of their property are requested to appear at said time and place, as no change can be made after the adjournment of the board.
Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, August 11th, 1913.
C. A. JOHNSON, County Assessor.

PRIZE ORCHARD,

Non-Irrigated,

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR DAIRY.

15 Acres, Half Mile from White Salmon, Wash.

Best orchard and country home in the Famous White Salmon Valley—Strictly commercial varieties—10 acres apples with peach fillers and 5 acres solid apples. Eight room modern concrete bungalow, new 26 by 40 barn, carpenter shop and chicken house, well and elevated tank (also spring water), piped to all buildings, electric lighted throughout.

This orchard has an immense growth of trees, they being the largest of their age in the valley. Peaches are bearing now and apples will bear after next year. This property has a very gentle south slope, with the best of water and air drainage. Elevation 800 feet. Soils: Volcanic ash and red shot.

This place will make an ideal location for anyone wishing to retire from active farming and still have a fine income. The buildings are very homelike and convenient.

The improvements are easily worth \$4000, and the orchard \$10,500.00, making an actual valuation of \$14,000. I own 15 acres adjoining this and so can match a trade up to \$28,000.00. Property is free of encumbrance. Will assume a reasonable amount.

This proposition will bear inspection and if you are interested write what you have and I will send photographs.

C. T. DEWEY, White Salmon, Wash.

REFINING SUGAR.

Process by Which the Best White Products Are Obtained.

The method used by the best sugar refineries is substantially as follows: The raw sugar is dissolved in large cisterns on the ground floor, enough hot water being added to produce a specific gravity of 1.25. The solution is then drawn through a connecting pipe having a coarse wire strainer into large pumps, by which it is pumped into the highest story of the building, usually the seventh or eighth. It there passes into vessels heated by steam coils to a temperature of about 210 F. Milk of lime is added to the solution in these pans for the purpose of neutralizing any acid which it may contain.

From these pans the liquid passes down to the next floor, where it is filtered through a series of bags, each made of two thicknesses of cloth, an outer one of coarse and an inner one of fine cotton. The bags are inclosed in boxes to prevent cooling. After leaving these the sirup is run through filters of boneblack, which absorbs all the coloring matter left in it. After leaving these it is pumped into vacuum pans—large vessels heated by steam and exhausted by air pumps. The pressure being thus reduced, the liquid is boiled at a lower and lower temperature until, at 140 degrees, evaporation is complete and the sirup rapidly crystallizes into sugar.

This is the process by which the best white sugar is made, while poorer qualities are prepared by a method less complete.—St. Louis Republic.

NAMING A JAPANESE BABY.

Sometimes It is a Rite as Solemn as a Bishop's Election.

Often the naming of a Japanese baby is a simple matter, for the father or grandfather speaking before the company the name of some famous man, if the child is a boy, or of some favorite flower, if it is a girl. For girls, Hana, flower; Yuki, snow; Ai, love, are the favorites of parents with a poetical strain.

The sterner country folk choose for their daughters Matsu, pine; Take, bamboo (if the bamboo joints are exact, hence the exactness of virtue); Ume, plum, since the plum bears both cold and snow bravely. For boys, Ichiro, first boy; Toshio, smart; Iwao, strong, and Isamu, brave, are very popular.

Where belief is strong in the power of a name the family in holiday dress often assembles in a large room. Each writes a name upon a slip of paper and lays it reverently before the house shrine. From the group a very young child is chosen and led before this shrine, and the fate of the name is decided by the small hand which reaches out for a slip. Though it is a festive occasion, the selection of a name is made with a seriousness worthy of the election of a bishop. Many believe devoutly that this rite influences the baby's entire future, and therefore the one whose slip is chosen incurs from the moment of choice great responsibility for the child's welfare.—Frances Little in Century Magazine.

The Name Saratoga.

The original name of Saratoga was "Saratchague." About the middle of the eighteenth century it was "Saraghtoga." During the administration of Governor Leisler it was "Saratchoge." Isn't this quaint—from 1689:

Upon ye news yt three People should be kild at Bartel Vromans at Saratchoge by ye Indians.—
Resolved by ye Convention yt Lief Jochim Staats forthwith goe with ten men to Saratchoge to see how ye matter is, & bring us an account with ye first, & yt he cito send a Post hither with ye tidings.

Spelling reformers would be delighted with "kild." And "ye" is shorter than "the," and "yt" is shorter than "that." "Goe" is expansive, but "forthwith" for "forthwith" is a contraction. Schoolcraft thinks that Saratoga is derived from the Indian words "assarat," sparkling, and "oga," place.—New York Press.

A Riming Will.

Perhaps the most peculiar will ever written was probated in England at Doctors' Commons July 17, 1789. It ran as follows:

I give and bequeath,
When I am laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters, most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.

And, that none may prevent
This my will and intent
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign and seal
This the true act and deed of Will Jacket.

The Way It Felt.

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."
"I think you must have struck my back collar button," replied the victim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

All the Difference.

"Society dropped the De Lacys because they had a skeleton in their closet, I understand?"
"No—because they didn't keep it there."—Cleveland Leader.

Domestic Science Applied.

Demosthenes was practicing oratory with pebbles in his mouth.
"Fine!" we assured him. "You can talk while eating your wife's biscuits."—New York Sun.

The worst education which teaches self denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

HUTS AND HATS.

Man's Headgear Was First Fashioned After His Habitation.

It has been pointed out that the form of the hat bears a certain relation to buildings of a primitive nature—huts. A distinguished architect has invited attention to the curious resemblance that has existed and that is still to be found in many countries between headgear and habitations or other buildings. It may be that the same taste, or the lack of it, has given rise to the similarity of style, or in the beginning the designer of the hat may have taken the hut as a model.

In the Hawaiian Islands, long before the inhabitants took the trouble to clothe themselves, they built grass houses, and at the present time the characteristic Hawaiian hat is remarkably like the hut.

The turbans of the dignitaries of the eastern church are still of the shape of those worn by the high priests among the Jews of olden times, and they are extraordinarily like the characteristic domes that surmount mosques. Again, it is pointed out, the high pointed spires of Gothic churches were contemporaneous with the high hornlike headdress known as the hennin.

It is believed, too, that like results may be found after a comparison of other styles of architecture with the headgear of the period wherein they flourished.—Harper's Weekly.

GOOD LUCK IN A POSE.

Accidental Success Won Through a Gladstone Photograph.

"In literature," said a publisher, "popular success frequently comes by accident. A remarkable case was that of J. H. Shorthouse. This man, a poor chemist, spent some years writing a book called 'John Inglesant.' But the publishers would have none of 'John Inglesant,' and finally Mr. Shorthouse printed 100 copies at his own expense. 'Only forty of these copies sold, one purchaser being a photographer. The photographer took Mr. Gladstone's picture some weeks later, and the old man chose a studious pose, sitting with a volume in his hand. He bent in absorption over the work, which happened accidentally to be 'John Inglesant,' and in the thousands of copies of the photograph that were sold the book's name was plainly to be made out."

"Mr. Gladstone was regarded as a great critic, and the people thought he desired to recommend 'John Inglesant.' What was the result? Within the year 300,000 copies of 'John Inglesant' had been sold, and Shorthouse was a made man."

Agassiz and the Girls.

Concerning Louis Agassiz, naturalist, when a professor at Harvard, this story is told by James Kendall Hosmer in his "The Last Leaf": "As he strode homeward from his walks in the outer fields or marshes we eyed him gingerly, for who could tell what he might have in his pockets? Turtles, tadpoles, snakes, any old monster, might be there. He was on the friendliest terms with things ill reputed, even abhorrent, and could not understand the qualms of the delicate. He was said to have held up once in all innocence, before a class of school-girls, a wriggling snake. The shrieks and confusion brought him to a sense of what he had done. He apologized elaborately, the foreign peculiarity he never lost running through his confusion. 'Poor girls, I will not do it again. Next time I will bring in a nice, clean leetle feesh.' Agassiz took no pleasure in shocking his class. On the contrary, he was most anxious to engage and hold them."

The Unsociable Little Fellow.

At dinner during a voyage to Corsica, to which my father invited the passengers who included some officers of his regiment and two Corsicans, he requested an officer, M. de Belloc, to call a young man who was wearing the uniform of the military school and reading at the end of the boat. The young man refused. M. de Belloc came back irritated and said to my father: "I should like to throw the unsociable little fellow into the sea. He has an unpleasant face. Will you grant me permission, colonel?"
"No," said my father, laughing. "and I am not of your opinion. His face shows character, and I am sure that he will be heard of some day."

The unsociable fellow was the future Emperor Napoleon.—From Memoirs of Comtesse de Boigne.

The Rosetta Stone.

The Rosetta stone was found in 1799 by a French engineer officer in an excavation made near Rosetta. It has an inscription in three different languages, the hieroglyphic, the demotic and the Greek. It was erected 195 B. C. in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes because he remitted the dues of the priestly body. The great value of the Rosetta stone lies in the fact that it furnished the key whereby the Egyptian hieroglyphics were deciphered.

Woman's Wiles.

"What a bold Maud seems to have on all her rejected suitors!"
"Why shouldn't she, the artful thing! She always tells a man when she refuses him that she is afraid to marry a handsome man because she would be so jealous."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Labor and Genius.

The common idea is the more labor the less genius—in other words, the greater the labor the worse the art. The truth is exactly the opposite.

Aspiration sees but one side of every question, possessors many.—Lowell.

A CZAR IN AN ATTIC.

Room in the Winter Palace Where Emperor Nicholas I. Died.

The Winter palace of the czar surpasses any other palace in Europe. It is on the banks of the Neva and owes its existence to the Empress Catherine II, that most extraordinary woman, extraordinary in ability and in vice, the surprise of all her contemporaries and the wonder of all who have studied her character. The building is four stories high, of a light brown color and highly ornamental in architecture. It is a wilderness of halls, stairways and apartments. The Nicholas hall and the St. George's hall will never be forgotten by those who have seen them.

One of the most interesting rooms is that where Nicholas I. died. It is in the upper story of the northeast corner of the building and is approached by four doors and finally by a narrow passage. It is a small room, only about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, with two small windows, and is the place where the emperor spent most of his time when not officially employed. It is the room in which he died, some say by poison administered by himself in a fit of melancholy induced by the outcome of the Crimean war.

The room remains just as he left it. Near the center is a plain iron bedstead. Some chairs and a few cheap pictures adorn the room, and a dilapidated, down at the heel pair of slippers complete the furnishings of the attic room in the palace.

EQUAL TO OCCASIONS.

A Man of Quick Wit and Prompt Action Was Lord Whitworth.

Lord Whitworth, who held various posts of honor in English diplomatic circles, was a kindly, gracious gentleman as well as a wit and a man of the world. He had indeed almost measured swords with Napoleon at the Tuileries when that despot rallied at England for not having evacuated Egypt and Malta, accused her of having violated treaties and ended by flourishing a cane dangerously near the face of the English ambassador.

Lord Whitworth put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What would you have done if the emperor had struck you?" he was afterwards asked.

"I would have felled him to the ground," was the quiet answer. "Perhaps the best story told of him is one showing how his quick wit disposed of a rival. When he was at the Russian court, Fox sent there as a sort of ambassador of his own a man named Adair, the son of a surgeon. One day the empress, speaking in French, said to Lord Whitworth: 'Is he a very important man, this M. Adair?'"

"Discovery."

According to some wonder mongers, whenever you tell a story asserting the existence of something new and astonishing you "discover" it. But that is not the sense in which the word is used by scientific investigators. When Professor and Mme. Curie "discovered" the wonderful element "radium" they placed it, so to speak, "on the table," and every one has been able to examine it and to prove that the statements made about it are true. When Dr. Laveran of Paris "discovered" that malarial fever is due to a parasite in the blood he showed the parasite and showed how one can always find it, and thus he enabled any one and every one to see it and to examine its relation to malarial fever. Those are instances of "discovery." Mere guesses and assertions without proof are not "discovery."—London Telegraph.

Pretty Useful Shoes.

It would be difficult to realize what the Frieslander would do without his klompen, or wooden shoes, for they have a hundred uses. With them he balls out his boat, corrects his children and scoops up a drink of water wherever he may be. He places in them his worms for fishing, uses them as missiles in a free fight, digs with them, measures dry goods with them, and a hundred other things. The klompen are cheap; they cost about fifteen pence a pair, man's size, and Dutchmen's feet are not Cinderella-like by any means.—Wide World Magazine.

Used to Dodging.

"You never hear of a wealthy bachelor being run over by an auto."
"That's so. I wonder why it is."
"To a man who is used to dodging mothers with marriageable daughters dodging automobiles is merely child's play."—Houston Post.

A Stickler For Good Form.

"Of course you looked up the new girl's references?"
"How could I, dear? They were from a lot of women I don't know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Estimating It.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long," gushed the girl.
"Only about \$3 worth," estimated the young man with the taxicab outside.—Pittsburgh Post.

An Incentive.

Mrs. Crawford—I thought you said you weren't going to the sewing circle?
Mrs. Crabshaw—But, my dear, I didn't know then about the things you have told me.—Judge.

NAPOLEON'S PORTRAITS.

Some That Louis XVIII. Did Not Succeed in Banishing.

At the time of the Emperor Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba among other means to which the Bourbon king resorted in order to stay up his tottering throne was the passage of a stringent law that no picture, statue, statuette, figure or resemblance of "General Bonaparte," as he was called, should be allowed to remain in any place, public or private.

Mr. W., an American, then residing in Paris, owning a particularly fine and correct bronze statuette of the emperor, buried it, with other things of the kind, in his cellar. His turn for inspection by the police came. "Have you any statue, image or likeness of any kind of that upstart, that Bonaparte?"

"Certainly I have," answered the American, and, turning to his valet, he said, "Francis, bring me a bag of Napoleons." Then, pouring them out on a table before him, he said, "Here they are."

The police official said: "That gold is not what I want. You can keep it."

"Go and tell your master," said Mr. W., "that the whole specie currency of the realm must be called in before he can keep them from the eyes of the people the features of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte."

"You are right," said the official, leaving.—Boston Herald.

COLORING DRAWINGS.

A Tip to Draftsmen That May Save Time and Trouble.

Every draftsman has had occasion at one time or another to color a drawing or a white print. The use of colored inks is unsatisfactory; crosshatching in colors obscures the details and is slow, while water colors have the disadvantage of slowness, besides being difficult to apply evenly.

A quick and satisfactory method of coloring involves the use of ordinary wax crayons and gasoline. Crayon of the color desired is applied and then rubbed with a piece of cloth wet with gasoline until the color is even and extended to the limits desired. If it overruns the lines it can be erased with a pencil eraser. Some colors, particularly the yellows, purples, greens and light blues, produce much better results than others.

It is probable that the gasoline dissolves the wax from the crayon, leaving the pigment as an impalpable powder, which when rubbed over the paper colors it uniformly. The method is applicable with equal success to eggshell and smooth drawing papers and to white prints on both paper and cloth.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Delicately Handled.

Speaking of fitting marriages, an east side clergyman said:

"I favor healthy marriages only, to be sure. Health certificates would be an excellent thing. I have noticed that the Italians among us have a tactful way of managing that."

"The Italian father and mother ask the young man who seeks their daughter if he is insured. If he is not they urge him to take out insurance before the wedding, and sometimes they insist upon it. They put the argument for it on the usual grounds, the risk of his dying suddenly and leaving his family penniless. But what they are often most concerned about is assurance as to the suitor's good health. They feel satisfied that if he can get insurance there is nothing serious the matter with him."

"Now, that seems to me a happy way of dealing with a delicate problem to the satisfaction of all hands and the embarrassment of none."—New York Sun.

Saved the Baby.

The Chicago Historical society has a letter in which is described how Stephen A. Douglas was rescued from a fiery death on the day of his birth. The letter was written by Horatio L. Wait, master in chancery of the circuit court. John Conant, one of Wait's family ancestors, who lived next door to the Douglas home in Brandon, Vt., saved Douglas' life.

"The morning Douglas was born," the letter says, "John Conant went to the Douglas house, and as he entered the room Douglas' father was sitting in an armchair before an open fireplace with the infant in his arms. Just as Conant entered the father died suddenly from apoplexy. The infant rolled down into the fireplace, and Conant snatched him from the fire."

Sandy's Criticism.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violoncello fairly well. On his return to his native village he gathered his friends together to hear his new instrument. When he had played one or two tunes he looked up expectantly. After a slight pause his old grandfather spoke.

"Eh, maun," he said, "it's a maircy there's na smell w' it!"—Liverpool Mercury.

In Trouble.

"Did you go to the doctor's to be examined this morning?"
"Yes. And I was terribly disappointed."

"What was the trouble, dear?"
"I found him in."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

As It Often Happens.

Mrs. Jipes—How do you like your new girl? Mrs. Gumleigh—I don't seem to suit her at all.—Chicago Tribune.

Humility kneels in the dust, but gazes at the skies.

It's Import! Where you invest your money. The Western Loan and Investment Co., of Salt Lake, Utah is now open to make you a loan or build you a home on the small monthly payment plan.

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