

TELEGRAPH WITH LIGHTS.

Although searchlight signaling between battleships was a means of communication at sea long before the introduction of wireless telegraphy, it is still utilized.

The latest instruments of our navy are equipped with projectors designed especially for this purpose, while the older vessels use their regular searchlights, for which auxiliary shutters are supplied. Levers operate these latter members, flashing the lights on and off quickly so that messages may be sent out in dots and dashes, either by day or night.

For day signaling the light shaft is directed squarely at the observer, and for enabling this a telescope is mounted with the projector. When atmospheric conditions are good the distance of communication is about twenty miles in any direction. At night this is obviously much increased, for light may be placed on some prominent cloud and seen for a distance of fifty or fifty miles.

When there are no clouds the searchlights may be directed skyward and their shafts of light seen in clearer faun. The feasibility of launching captive balloons as substitutes for cloud banks has been suggested.—Popular Mechanics.

EARLY TRADEMARKS.

When First Used They Were Without Any Protection In Law.

The recognition of trademarks by English law may be said to date only from the beginning of the nineteenth century, but the use of trademarks was, of course, of far earlier date.

So far back as the reign of James I. a certain clothier applied the mark of another clothier to his own inferior goods, but the reports of the lawsuit which ensued leave it doubtful whether the action was brought by the owner of the mark or by an indignant customer. In this latter case it would constitute an ordinary action for fraud.

In 1742 Lord Hardwicke declared that "every particular trader has some particular mark or stamp." At the same time his lordship refused to grant the protection of the law to the "Great Mogul" stamp on cards. He was apparently under the impression that the legal recognition of trademarks meant the creation of a new kind of monopoly, and he made up his mind to obviate such possibility.

Lord Eldon, on the other hand, repeatedly granted injunctions to restrain one trader from fraudulently "making off" his goods as those of another and thus helped to lay a foundation on which the present trademark law has been built up in successive stages.—London Standard.

Patent—Doctor, what I need is something to eric me up something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put any thing like that in this prescription? Doctor—No. You will find that in the bill.—Judge.

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE.

Mystery of Jean, the Hairdresser of Marie Antoinette.

There are many puzzling features of French history, but perhaps the most puzzling of all, though it has to do with a comparatively minor personage, is that surrounding the mystery of the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette. It is not a common occurrence for a person to die twice, a circumstance which has occurred in the case of this hairdresser.

A TRUCELESS WAR.

The Unending Struggle Between the Sea and the Shore.

VICTORIES ON BOTH SIDES.

Sometimes the Ocean Lashes Its Way Through Rocky Cliffs, and Sometimes the Wind and Land Combine to Beat the Billows Back to Defeat.

It is a truceless war that the waters of the world are waging against its lands. John Oliver LaGorce, associate editor of the National Geographic society, has prepared for that institution a study of this striking struggle between the earth and the sea with the shores lines of the world as the far gone theater of war.

After calling attention to the fact that the processes which have transformed the polar regions from dense jungles of tropical growth into lands of perpetual ice and snow, which have brought the tops of mountains to the bottom of the sea and the bottom of the sea to the tops of mountains, are still going on, although the hands upon the face of the clock of geology move so slowly that we cannot perceive their movement, Mr. LaGorce continues:

"Along every coast line on the face of the earth there is perpetual warfare between the land and the sea, with the wind as the shifting line, now throwing its weight into the balance on the one side and now on the other. Here the land is taking the offensive, driving the sea back foot by foot, always with the aid of the wind; there the sea marshals a great drive and eats its way landward slowly and laboriously, but none the less successfully.

"The varying fortunes of this relentless and age long war which neither truce nor treaty will ever bring to an end can be read in the shifting sands of the seashore. At many points along the coast of the northeastern states are found bold cliffs, and the charging sea attacks them with the shot and shell of loose shingle. Some of them, however, are adamant and impregnable in their frontal fortifications and hold out against the sorest siege, but between them have occurred stretches of softer rock which have been literally pounded to dust by the ocean's heavy artillery, thus permitting flank attacks on the hitherto unconquered defenses.

"Along the southeastern coast, however, the rock bound cliff is the exception and the long stretches of glassing sand the rule. Here the sandy beach reaches out farther and farther into the sea, and the water is thus enabled to penetrate farther and farther into the land because the attack of the sea is usually a frontal movement and that of the land frequently a wedge attack. Thus we can account for the long straight shore on the one hand and the split on the other.

"The formation of the beach immediately guarded by the Cape Henry light is not changing so rapidly as is the case only a few miles on either side because of its somewhat protected position, due to the many sand bars or reefs far out from shore which, acting as the first trenches, serve to break the charge of the white horses of Father Neptune as they dash in from the ocean, and because of this knowledge of defense, it is plain to be seen that a good quarter of a mile of beach has been added by the defender since the old light was erected.

"Rockaway beach, Long Island, grows westward at the rate of nearly a mile every twenty years. At Nag Head, N. C., the land has extended into the sea at the rate of thirty-five feet a year. In 1804 Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch prepared a chart of Salem and Marblehead harbors, giving the soundings over various ledges of rock. Ninety years later similar soundings were taken, and in all cases the water was found to be considerably deeper, once again telling the tale of endless warnings.

"On the shore of Cape Cod, near Chatham, the land is retreating at the rate of a foot a year, and on the southern shore of Martha's Vineyard it is giving up the fight to the enemy at the rate of three feet every twelve months, while on the southern face of Nantucket the retreat has been as much as six feet a year, the records tell us.

"In its incessant warfare against the land the sea literally takes its captured hosts and makes them do battle under its command. The bowlders that are shattered from the face of a cliff are dashed up against it again and again, hammering others loose, the while being worn round and smooth as the projectile of big guns must be. As the process goes on these huge shells are worn down and crumbled until there remains nothing to tell the story of forced fighting against their own stronghold save grains of sand on some distant beach or the soft carpet spread upon the floor of the sea many fathoms deep.

"How rapidly this process goes on is sometimes strikingly shown. A schooner laden with bricks is beached on some bare shore in a storm. These bricks are rolled and tumbled a distance of five miles or so in the course of a year, and by that time attrition has usually completed its work. Authorities say that on the shores of Cape Ann a fragment of stone as big as a ball has been worn completely round by its constant turning during the course of but five years."

A propensity to hope and joy in real riches, and to fear and sorrow real poverty.—Hume

PAID IN CORN AND RYE.

Two Old Time Offenders and the Way They Were Punished.

Two poets, both honest and peaceable and one a Quaker, were fond of telling anecdotes of two old time delinquents, the one quarrelsome and the other thievish: John Greenleaf Whittier was exceedingly fond of quoting the lines, handed down from time immemorial in the Haverhill countryside:

The man who whipped old Timothy Swan
Paid his fine in Indian corn.
He paid his fine and he paid it quick—
A peck of corn for every holt!

Whether the fine imposed on old Timothy's assailant was judicially decreed and legally assessed nobody knows. But in the case of a fine of three bushels of rye once ordered paid by Ebenezer Beal, grandfather of William Cullen Bryant, it is quite certain that neither judge nor jury had anything to do with the matter. Nevertheless it was paid and promptly.

"My grandfather," Bryant used to relate, "once found that certain pieces of lumber, intended for the runners of a sled and called in that part of the country sled crooks, had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. Such timbers were made from a tree, the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curve required in the runners.

"The delinquent received notice that his offense was known and that if he wished to escape a prosecution he must carry a bushel of rye to each of three poor widows living in the neighborhood and tell them why he brought it."

He escaped prosecution. But if the tongues of the three poor widows were as lively as those of most country gossip and the public opinion of the village as strict as in most New England communities he did not escape punishment a good deal in excess of three compulsorily bestowed bushels of rye—Youth's Companion.

A WORD ABOUT THE SCOT.

And the Influence He Wields All Over the World.

Whenever the Scotchman goes he becomes a leader. You hear of the Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, but you hear only of Scottish leadership. He has had a powerful influence on our country.

Our first newspaper was published by a Scotchman; a Scot first won international honors for American letters; the steamboat, telephone, telegraph and electric light were devised by men of Scotch descent. The second college in our land was founded by a Scotch divine; our constitution was framed and adopted largely by the influence of two Scotch lawyers; our most majestic orator, our most winning politician, our most metaphysical statesman, our greatest diplomatist and our greatest poet were of Scotch lineage. So of many of our business captains and railroad magnates, almost one-half of our presidents and a large proportion of our cabinet members, judges and governors. Was there ever such a drain of leadership upon a like area?

The Scotch have not alone helped make America. They control Australia, direct New Zealand, lead Canada and rule Africa. For centuries Scot and Briton were bitterest enemies. Ed Inburgh and Paris conspired against London. The union when it finally came was one of crowns and not of hearts. There still lurks jealousy under the surface. Write a letter to "North Britain," and see what happens.—Samuel P. Orth in Century.

Historic Phrase.
On the morning after the assassination of Lincoln James A. Garfield, then a representative in congress, addressed a large assemblage in Wall street, New York city. A crowd were about to attack a newspaper which had been hostile to Lincoln. Garfield calmed them with the simple words: "Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face. Fellow citizens, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives!"

Dream Life.
I called aloud in the forest, and the about came back. Then I searched long to find who answered me, but the sound had no source. I followed the will-o'-the-wisp through swamps at evening. It led me hither and yon, but I came nowhere. It was only the ghost of a light. I saw an apple hanging in the depths of a pool. I stopped to pick it and lo! my hands in the water. The apple had no form. This is dream life.—Atlantic.

Life's Little Comedies
It is funny to watch a cat whip a dog. The dog always looks asleep. So does the owner.
And after it is all over the woman who owns the cat usually pops out and demands truculently:
"What you trying to do with my cat?"—Chicago Herald.

Little Pitcher.
Maiden Aunt—So you're studying physiology, Willie? Well, tell me, to what part of the animal kingdom do I belong? Sweet Little Willie—Dunno. Pa says you're an old hen and ma says you're an old cat.—Baltimore American.

Protected by Grass.
Chinese railroad embankments are protected from floods by planting them with a native grass with tenacious roots that resist erosion.
Politeness is a locksmith and opens many difficult doors.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE United States National Bank
Under date of official call, June 30, 1916

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$284,207.37
Bonds, Securities	83,038.88
Furniture and Fixtures	3,000.00
CASH AND EXCHANGE	105,141.06
Total	\$475,387.31
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Profits	28,549.33
Circulation	49,000.00
DEPOSITS	347,837.98
Total	\$475,387.31

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