

PUZZLING ECHOES.

The Riddle of the Gardens of Aux Rochers in France.

MYSTICAL TRICKS OF SOUND.

A Spot Where an Almost Inaudible Whisper Becomes Curiously Transformed Into Thousands of Hissing Responses—Other Famous Echoes.

Some echoes in their mystic character would seem to approach the domain of psychic phenomena, which are elicited so much and such puzzled attention. One of these ghostly tricks of sound is to be found in the gardens of Aux Rochers in France, which was once the residence of Mme. de Sevigne. The chateau is situated near the old town of Vitre. A broad gravel walk on a dead level conducts through the gardens to the house. In the center of this, on a particular spot, the listener is placed at the distance of ten or twelve yards from another person, who addresses him in a low and almost inaudible whisper, when immediately, as from tens of thousands of invisible tongues, starting from the earth beneath, or as if every pebble was gifted with powers of speech, the words are repeated with a slight hissing sound, not unlike the whirling of small shot through the air. On removing from this spot, however trifling the distance, the intensity of the repetition is sensibly diminished and within a few feet ceases to be heard. Under the impression that the ground beneath was hollow the soil was recently dug up to a considerable depth, but without discovering any clue to the mystery.

Although the weird echoes of stately hall in the capitol at Washington have been somewhat subdued since the structural modifications of the roof, they still haunt the chamber which was once the house of representatives. The capitol guides used to take great pride in the mysterious echoes of stately hall, and they deplore their partial elimination. It will be recalled by many that there is a flagstone in the floor of the hall marked by a small black hole about as large as an umbrella end, on which, if a person stood and uttered a word, he heard a repetition of his voice proceeding apparently from the basement of the building just below him. An appreciable interval elapsed between the utterance of the sound and its echo, a circumstance that rendered the effect almost ungainly. To laugh was to prove a mocking rejoinder, and many persons, say the guides, were persuaded that a trick was being played on them. The same effect was noticeable on that part of the floor adjacent to the flagstone mentioned, but the farther away from the latter the less distinct became the echo until, at a certain distance, it was not perceptible at all.

Some of the most curious and beautiful echoes in the world are to be heard in the Luray caverns, which are only a few hours' journey from Washington. Numerous of the huge stalagmites here, when only gently struck, give forth tones that in some instances resemble the chiming of great, sweet toned bells or a long melodic note like that of a church organ. A famous violinist is said, when visiting Washington, to have journeyed to Luray in order to test the effect of the playing of his instrument amid the singular acoustic surroundings. The tones of the violin are described as having been wonderfully enhanced both in sweetness and in volume.

Among the wonderful rock formations of the far west, notably in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, are said to lurk many marvelous echoes. The same is true of the great Niagara gorge, and, though few are aware of the fact, it is said that any one journeying to the falls and taking in the gorge—a superb piece of natural scenery in itself—will be well rewarded by stopping at Inspiration Point, walking forward to the edge of the cliff and here waiting until the first train, on nearing the level crossing, blows its whistle. The sound is caught up by multitudinous echoes until one would fancy that it was resounding through the universe.

One of the most famous echoes is to be heard in Woodstock park, Oxfordshire, England, which is said to repeat seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. Although this statement is to be found in various standard textbooks and treatises on the subject, it has lately been contradicted by an investigator, who remarks, however, that the diminution of this classic echo is probably due to the removal of various buildings in its neighborhood.

A most striking interior echo is a feature of the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City. When this hall is empty and quiet the ring of a pin falling on the floor can be heard from all points, and even the faint, rasping sound produced by rubbing the hands together is perfectly audible from one end of the building to the other.

In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the region of the great door to a location in the upper part of the church about 250 feet distant.

Although acoustics would seem to account satisfactorily for many echoes, there yet remains much that is mysterious and baffling concerning them.—F. V. Collins in Chicago Record-Herald.

Be as glad as you can. The merry heart lives longer than the sad.—Florida Times Union.

PICTURE SIGNATURES.

Difficult to Find Sometimes and Not Always Reliable.

Many of the works of the old masters are not signed. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone in determining the authenticity of an old work, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technique.

False signatures can be easily detected. Spirits of wine or turpentine will usually remove a name of later date than the painting. In the course of time signatures often become very difficult to find. Painted originally in a shade slightly lighter than the ground, perhaps, they sink in, darken or they are almost rubbed away by successive cleanings. Recognizable one day in a specially favorable light, they may not be visible again for weeks.

Experts speak of "will-o'-the-wisp" signatures, and many collectors have encountered accidental strokes and cracks that tantalizingly suggest a signature, though it can never be made definite. On the other hand, there have been remarkable cases of such marks, after careful study, resolving themselves into a famous name.

Sometimes the painter's name is most conspicuous—as, for instance, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan. Proud of having surpassed his master, the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas "Raphael Urbinas."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse" he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

With reference to unsigned paintings there is told in Germany an amusing story. Achenbach, the German artist, enjoyed a vogue about ten years ago. A certain collector had bought from an art dealer a marine represented as a genuine Achenbach. Afterward it was pronounced to be a copy. The buyer brought an action against the dealer, who turned the tables by declaring that his picture was genuine and the other was a copy.

Achenbach himself was summoned by the court to tell which was which. Amazed at the similarity of the two paintings, the artist gazed at them for a long time, inspected them closely front and back and then frankly admitted that he could not tell which was the original and which the copy.—Harper's Weekly.

Bear's Grease.

In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days and ascribes our loss of hair to the decrease in the use of "bear's grease." This pomade was made principally of lard, colored and scented, but "hairdressers, many of whom called themselves 'professors,' used to advertise the slaughter of another fine bear, exhibiting, particularly in the Walworth road, a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephantine proportions expiring in a sea of gore."—London Standard.

Sunset and the Flag.

A stalwart sergeant in an artillery regiment stationed in one of the harbor forts walked into a store in upper Broadway the other evening at about 8 o'clock and demanded of the storekeeper the reason for having the stars and stripes displayed after nightfall.

"Isn't that all right, general?" asked the bewildered tradesman. "I'm not a general," said the big soldier, "but it isn't all right to keep the flag out after sunset. Only during a siege is the flag displayed at night, and judging from your business, I don't think you're under siege."—New York Sun.

The History of the Key.

The key was one of the first things invented by man. The primitive key was probably a thorn or a splinter. Afterward fishbones seem to have come into use. Wooden pegs followed these. In modern times the process of manufacturing keys is very highly developed. Fifty years ago there were only some hundred varieties of keys, each having its special name and distinct use. Today they are legion.—Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Bliss.

"I'm sorry I ever married you!" shrieked the bride on the occasion of their first quarrel. "You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of His Faults.

Mrs. Peck—I must say you have more faults than any other man I ever met. Peck—Well, you have plenty of faults yourself. Mrs. Peck—There you go again, always changing the subject when I try to talk to you.—Boston Transcript.

Quite a Joker.

"Dicks is a facetious chap." "Yes?" "He refers to the Stock Exchange as one of our best known watering places."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

One on Each Corner.

Bix—I have a dog that's nearly thirty inches high—Dix—That's nothing. I have one that stands over four feet.—Boston Transcript.

True success means making more out of oneself than out of others.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SETTING A FASHION

Easy, No Matter How Freakish, if It Hits the Popular Fancy.

STYLES WITH ODD ORIGINS.

The Old Masculine Trick of Tying the Hair Behind Was the Result of a Childish Prank, and the Beauty Spot Grew From a Boil on a Lady's Cheek.

That many of the fashions which became famous in their day and have come down to our own were due to chance or accident is now a matter of history. Interesting are the stories told of the odd origin of certain styles which an unsuspecting world probably thought were intentionally chosen for their beauty or comfort.

The courts of Europe have been especially noted for their sheeplike following of an idea introduced by the reigning monarch, when frequently that idea was evolved to conceal one of the ruler's physical defects. One of the kings of France came to the throne a child of ten. He wore his hair in long ringlets all about the head. Immediately men and women coiffed themselves likewise. The same monarch was bald at thirty, and, being a lover of all that was beautiful and feminine, he ordered the elaborate wig which was taken up and reveled in during many reigns.

As for the hair being caught in the back and held with a small bow of ribbon, the style beloved of men several hundred years ago, little girls are said to have originated the idea, and accidentally. One day a court leader happened to be visiting, and his hostess was late in arriving in the salon. The young man fell asleep, and the two children of the noble lady, creeping in, saw the guest and to play a trick tied his hair all together. The little girls, fearing to be caught, ran away, and the young man never knew of the curious picture the back of his wig presented. Other visitors discovered the garish, laughed at the ribbon, and the young count declared barefacedly that he had so fastened his hair and meant to keep it always so from his neck and shoulders. Within a few days the entire nobility found the scheme so good they adopted the idea.

The pannier was introduced by a queen to cover a misplaced hip bone. It was an actress who finally threw the pannier aside after it had been fashionable half a century. One evening just before she was to appear on the stage the actress discovered that one pannier was entirely drenched in oil. The dress, it was thought, was spoiled by a rival.

The actress and her maid quickly thought the matter over, and both together quickly tore off the offending member of the costume. The actress donned the dress, but of course it presented a ridiculous appearance. So the other pannier was removed, and the slim young woman appeared on the stage more supple and graceful than ever. The audience at first gasped, then admired, and the next day all of London (the scene took place there) decided to imitate the actress and her severe skirt.

The origin of the beauty spot is no less interesting. The Duchess de Montmorillon suffered with a boil on the cheek and put on a bit of black mixture overnight said to be healing. In the morning she either forgot to wash her face or did not use enough care, so the story goes, and the inattentive or malicious servant allowed her mistress to appear "before the world" with her face spotted. Powdered and perfumed, Montmorillon received her callers, who found the black spot charming, so much so that before night they had anointed their faces with the black ointment.

To come down to present times, the feather boa was originated less than twenty years ago in Boston. In an idle moment an apprentice in a feather establishment sewed the discarded bits and ends of poor plumes together and strung them about her neck. The other girls laughed at the trimming, the head of the department found it pretty, and the order was given that no castaways in the form of plumes be thrown in the wastebasket. All parts of the plumes were kept, sewed on to a ribbon, the entire thing curled and long ribbon loops put at each end, and the feather boa was the success of the season.

The uncurled plume was purely the result of an accident. The biggest race of the year, the Grand Prix d'Autueil, was on, and women were there dressed within an inch of their lives. A fearful rainstorm came up, and people were drenched. Plumes that had left home finely curled were wet, and each spiral stood apart. It was not pretty, the effect, but it was original, and one of the milliners, not wishing to take the trouble to have the plumes of all his customers recurred, advised them to allow the garish to remain as it was.

That week following the Grand Prix d'Autueil saw nothing but straight spiral plumes, and women liked them so much that before the following Sunday, when the Grand Prix de Long-champ was to be, women who had curled plumes had the wave taken out so that they might appear like the other fashionable. For more than a year the defrissee plume was sought. As a whole fashion is, like in this instance, only the result of an accident. Sometimes it is the outcome of an experiment; but, like the women, it is capricious and changeable.—New York Sun.

Never despair, but if you do work on in despair.—Edmund Burke.

WHIRL OF THE TORNADO.

Beside it the Rush of the Cyclone is Comparatively Harmless.

An uphill fight for accurate English is being waged year after year by scientific authorities on the weather who object to having the tornadoes which rip through towns now and then or carry away isolated farmhouses, called "cyclones." The distinction made by the experts in meteorology is plain, but the public is wedded to the "cyclone."

The word has gained wide acceptance in describing the furious local storms which rush forward along a more or less direct path while they whirl with far greater velocity on a center which may be only a few feet in diameter. If a boy's top is spun on one end of a board and the board is tilted so that the top slides quickly along it, all the while revolving at high speed on its point, the onward sweep of the tornado is closely imitated.

It is the spinning motion which is swiftest and most destructive. The advance of the storm may not be as rapid as that of many a comparatively harmless gale. The twisting motion is estimated at not less than 200 miles an hour in the worst tornadoes.

The true cyclone of the West Indies, the China sea and other parts of the tropics is entirely different. Its force is spent in a furious wind that seems to blow almost straight ahead, while the storm revolves, more or less fully, around a circle the circumference of which may be many hundred miles. A tornado wreaks its fury on a strip of land usually only a mile or less in width. The cyclone sweeps scores or hundreds of miles of sea or shore.

But "cyclone" is entrenched in popular usage as the name of the typical "twister" of this country, and "tornado" has a poor chance.—Cleveland Leader.

THE PRISONERS' CIPHER.

A Puzzling Code That Was Discovered Only by Accident.

Prisoners in jails are generally very ingenious, so much so, in fact, that it has been frequently remarked that if their skill and ingenuity were turned to honest purposes they would thrive much better than as criminals.

One branch of ingenuity is displayed in the plans they make to communicate with one another. They construct cipher codes, but the officials generally manage to translate them.

Recently in a western jail the guards encountered a cipher that proved too hard for them, and it was a good while before the puzzling messages were made out, and then the key was accidentally discovered. A man in for forgery, as smart a rogue as ever was behind the bars, invented the puzzle.

The writing was on long, narrow strips of paper, on the edge of which were letters and parts of letters that apparently had no connection and from which no words could be formed.

One day a deputy who was passing the cell of a prisoner saw him passing a long strip of paper around an octagon lead pencil. He took this paper away, and on it were the mysterious scrawls that had worried the keepers.

But the deputy got an idea from this, and, going back to the office, he wrapped the strip around an octagon shaped lead pencil and after several trials adjusted it so that the parts of letters fitted together and made a sentence, though the writing was very fine.

The writer had adopted the simple ingenious plan of covering the lead pencil with the paper and had then written along one of the flat sides. On unrolling it the writing was as mystical as a cryptogram, but when put around the pencil, as it was originally, it could be easily understood.—Dallas News.

Almost the Speed Limit.

"No man is a coward to himself," said the war veteran oratorically. "At Chattanooga one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unwounded and unharmed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it.

"I only retreated in good order," he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had 'retreated.' "Well, I'll tell you, cap'n," he said, "I'd been at home and going' to the doctor folks that see me passin' would have thought my wife was right sick!"—Youth's Companion.

A Story of St. Paul's.

A singular fact in the history of St. Paul's cathedral, London, is that the first stone which the architect ordered the masons to bring from the rubbish of the former cathedral, destroyed by fire, was part of a sarcophagus, on which had been inscribed the single word "Resurgam" ("I shall rise again"). The prophecy was fulfilled, for out of the ruins of old a veritable poem in marble has arisen.

His Umbrella Scheme.

"An umbrella with a gold handle studded with diamonds" exclaimed the admiring friend. "Yes," replied the man with a fierce look in his eye. "If somebody picks this one up it's going to be a charge of grand larceny."—Washington Star.

Domestic Ethics.

A man should be ashamed of himself when he tells a falsehood to his wife and she believes it. But he isn't ashamed; he is encouraged.—New York Journal.

A man may outwit another, but not all the others.—La Rochefoucauld.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

No. 1.—10 Acres of bottom land with house and barn, and all slashed and some meadow within 1/2 mile of the city limits, including four cows, one horse. Price \$3,500 or will trade for house and lot in Tillamook City.

No. 2.—320 Acres on the Wilson River, known as the Rush farm (except a right of way deeded to the R.R. Co. through the place), with everything on the place except wearing apparel and keep sakes, 80 acres of hay land and the balance good pasture land, with rolling hills and brush and timber, and Wilson River running through the place. Fine fishing and hunting, 14 head of cows goes with the place, but will run 35 or 40 head just the way that it is, but will run 100 head of stock cattle. Also there is 1 bull, 2 head of horses, 1 mule, 2 light wagons, and farm implements including mower, rake, hay fork, and about 60 head of chickens, 20 stands of bees, good 14 room house, with large woodshed and milch cans, and milk house, with U. S. separator. Barn 40 by 104 and 80 acres that will go with the place if not sold or traded off or should wish to reserve the same that belongs to Mr. James Hughey.

This farm is located about 8 miles East of Tillamook City, on the county road running up Wilson River. Price, \$20,000.00.

No. 3.—6 acres with house and good orchard, all cleared. 4 miles from the city. Price, \$2,500.00.

No. 4.—Two lots just west of the Academy for \$700.00 on easy terms.

No. 5.—One lot with 5 room house close in, rents for \$15.00 per month.

No. 6.—One lot 60 x 105, with 5 room house close in, rents \$15.00 per month.

No. 7.—Two lots with small house with 4 rooms, these are fine lots for sale on easy terms.

Two Lots and House on Second Ave. East for \$1400.00.

J. S. STEPHENS, ROOM 20, COMMERCIAL BLD.

Notice of Publication.

Department of the Interior. U. S. LAND OFFICE at Portland, Ore. June 12th, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That Alonzo E. Shirley whose post-office address is 1241 E. Main St., Portland, Oregon, did, on the 18th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 69888, to purchase the SW 1/4 of N 3/4, Section 12, Township 2 North, Range 10 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 100,000 and 120,000 board feet at 25 and 40 cents per M, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

H. F. HIGBY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon, June 20th, 1913.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That CLARENCE E. BROUGHTON, whose post-office address is Cheno-weth, Washington, did, on the 25th day of September, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 69366, to purchase the SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 11, Township 3 North, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 330,000 and 80,000 board feet at 30c. and 40c. per M., and the land \$30.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 9th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

H. F. HIGBY, Register.

The Best Medicine in the World.

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers.

P. A. Ford, Conejo, Calif., gives a pointer for others to profit by. "I have sold Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, also other lines of cough medicine for a number of years, but never used anything but Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for myself or family, as I find it produces the best results, always cures severe colds, and does not contain opiates." For sale by all druggists.

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