

ANCIENT SECRETS.

Priceless Recipes That Are Now Lost to the World.

COLORS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

They Are the Envy and the Despair of Modern Artists, to Whom Their Composition Is a Mystery—Greek Fire and Roman Mortar.

Numerous are the trade secrets handed down generation by generation from father to son, and vast is the capital made out of some of them in the commercial world of today.

Particularly, perhaps, is this the case among the numerous manufacturers of pigment sauces and the countless vendors of patent medicines.

But there is also, it must be remembered, another side to the case. Many, alas, are the priceless trade secrets buried for down below the moldering dust of the misty past and lost to the world, perchance never again to be recovered.

To cite the first example that occurs to the mind of the writer, for instance, what would a Royal academical of the present day give to be possessed of the secret held by the old masters—Raphael, Rubens, Correggio, Van Dyck and their compeers—for mixing their colors so as to render them imperishable and impervious to the ravage of time?

The red colors especially of these artists of a bygone epoch are every whit as bright now as they were three long centuries ago. On the contrary, the colors of pictures painted only 100 years ago have lost their luster and are faded and decayed to a deplorable extent.

Again, in the world of music, the manufacturers of violins—old masters, as one may justifiably term them, in another branch of art—treasured a recipe for a varnish that sank into the wood of their incomparable instruments and mellowed it as well as preserved it.

With such extreme, relentless jealousy, however, did they guard their great secret that it, too, is lost, to all appearances, irrevocably.

Rather more than 100 years ago there lived in a quaint, old world village in Wales a working blacksmith who had managed by some means or other to bring the welding of steel to such a pitch of perfection that the joint was absolutely invisible and the temper of the steel as fine as on the day it left the taster's hands. By his process he was able to join the very finest of sword blades, and after he had finished with them they were absolutely as good and as sound as when they had left the factory.

The blacksmith's fame spread far and wide, and, naturally enough, he attained a great reputation, but he made a point of invariably working in solitude. He was offered large and tempting sums to divulge his secret, but kept it obstinately to himself, and when his span of life had run its course he took it with him to another world.

The ancient Greeks had a substance which we call Greek fire and which they used in naval warfare.

Their method of employing it was simply this—to throw the substance upon the surface of the water, where it flamed up and set fire to the ships of the enemy. What was it?

The only known substance of the present day that would do this is the metal potassium, but to set fire to a ship in the manner described would necessitate the use of at least half a ton of the metal. Where did the Greeks obtain the substance they used with such effect? Or how did they make it? If Greek fire was potassium the secret of the process is another that must be numbered with the lost.

The man who could disinter the buried recipe for Roman mortar would be bowed down to and worshipped by the builders of the present day. How they made it is a profound secret and bids fair to remain so.

The mortar is as firm now as it was 2,000 years ago. It has outlived the ravages of time and weather. The above are but a few—a very few—of the lost and buried secrets of antiquity which modern scientists and mechanicians would give much to learn.—London Answers.

That Held Him.

One of the young men in the boarding house had the double fault of slowness in paying his bill and fussiness about the table service. One morning he said peevishly to the landlady, "Mrs. Jones, will you tell me why my napkin is so damp?"

"Yes, Mr. Wicks," replied the landlady promptly. "It's because there is so much dew on your board."—Brooklyn Times.

Close.

"You say he is stingy?" "Stingy? I should say he was stingy. He never tipped a waiter but once in his life. It was on his wedding tour, and the tightwad gave the waiter 10 cents and asked for a receipt."—Chicago Tribune.

Authoritative.

"So you are going to leave your studio?" "Leave? No. Who told you so?" "Your landlord."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most important attribute of man as a moral being is the faculty of self control.

RUSHED TO THE RESCUE.

Then They Made a Tactful, if Ignoble, Retreat to Safety.

An amusing story of the adventure that four men had with an irritable bull is told by a correspondent of the London Field. It contains a hint that may be useful to some reader who shall hereafter find himself in a similar disagreeable situation.

A farmer had a bull that he thought perfectly docile. One day he was quietly walking behind the herd when without any warning the bull turned and came straight at him. He had a heavy club in his hands, and he struck the animal with all his might over the head and eyes several times, when the club broke. For the moment he did not know what to do and thought it was all over with him, when he remembered that some one had told him that a bull would not attack you if you lay down, so he threw himself flat on his face and shouted for help, and three of his men who were not far off came running to the rescue.

When they got within about twenty yards he told them to come on their hands and knees, and in this way they came up alongside of him. The question then was what to do. They came to the conclusion that the only thing left was for all of them to retreat backward on their hands and knees. This they did, and the bull, never more than a yard off, followed them up with his head slightly on one side. Meanwhile he snorted and bellowed, and his eyes, showing all the whites, looked, the farmer said, as if they would come out of his head. At last the men reached the river bank, slipped over the edge and so escaped.

CUT THE RED TAPE.

Sarah Bernhardt's Lesson to Belgium's Customs Officials.

In the bad old days not so very long ago travelers, when they reached the Belgian frontier, were compelled to leave their compartments in the middle of the night in order to be present at the customs examination of their luggage.

A train in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was traveling reached the frontier at midnight, and the customs officials made their customary raid into her compartment. Roughly awakened from her beauty sleep and not in the best of humor, Mme. Bernhardt refused to descend.

The officials uncoupled the actress' carriage, dumped her luggage on the platform and went through it with conscientious vigor.

By this time the train was about ready to start.

"You are not going to leave without me?" cried the actress. "Be so kind as to couple my carriage at once."

"When we have completed our examination," replied the inspector and went on rummaging with redoubled zeal. But he did not know with whom he had to deal. The actress took up a portmanteau, placed it between the rails a few yards in front of the engine and calmly seated herself.

"And now," she said, "you can go on if you please."

The officials were helpless, and the Bernhardt car was attached to the train. This lesson in manners soon afterward produced a change in the Belgian customs.—London Telegraph.

Incidental Music.

One afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine and asked to be married just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. The minister replied that he regretted that he could not at that moment comply with their wish, but that immediately upon the conclusion of the service he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony. The lovers after demurring seated themselves in the rear of the church. When the minister had finished the service he made the following announcement: "The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of Hymn 415, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven'."—Exchange.

Spelling by Ear.

The young French stenographer, whose progress in English had not kept pace with her proficiency in shorthand, was puzzling over some notes she had taken of a recitation at a public entertainment.

As she transcribed them the recitation began like this:

La fanthi wariat swidheu, Oul panju oul pelone.

"That's easy," said the expert to whom she submitted the notes. "It is part of a poem that begins:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone."

—Chicago Tribune.

The Very Worst.

Schoolmistress—Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie, don't you? Johnny Jones—Yes, ma'am; I'll go to a bad place. Schoolmistress—Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. You'll also be expelled from school.

A Failing Most Folks Have.

"Don't you think every one ought to look for the good in the world?" "Yes. But instead of looking for the good they seem to be looking for the good things."—Houston Post.

His View of It.

Bond—Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man? Bondlet—Oh, yes. I suppose it can be put that way, but "broadens" is the word I've always used.—London Tit Bits.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

A CHAIN OF FAME.

The Barrier Washington Erected Across the Hudson.

ARNOLD REMOVED ONE LINK.

Still the Monster Cable, in Spite of the Traitor's Act, Served its Purpose and Blocked the Progress of the British Ships Up the River.

Somewhere in the bed of the Hudson river just off of West Point lies buried the larger part of a great iron chain, one of several ordered by General Washington during the Revolution to be constructed to prevent the enemy from ascending certain rivers to accomplish strategic points of vantage.

The British were making strenuous efforts to get hold of the Hudson in order to keep free communication with Canada by the additional channels of the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and so it was determined to obstruct the Hudson by a great chain crossing from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose.

But this was a failure. The chain parted within a week after it had been stretched, and, although subsequently raised and again placed, it was destroyed by the British.

Finally Washington decided to forge another and obstruct the river between West Point and Constitution Island, for here there was an abrupt change of course, and a heavy tide reduced the speed of any ship encountering it. Besides, the channel was 300 feet narrower at this crossing.

The forging of a chain such as was contemplated was then no small undertaking. Requests were secretly sent to various iron companies, and among the bids the most favorable came from the Sterling Iron works, situated in one of the most beautiful regions of the east, now within the fashionable domains of Tuxedo Park.

It was originally organized by Lord Sterling in 1751, a well known officer in the Revolutionary army, and continued in operation for more than a hundred years, meanwhile passing into the possession of Abel Noble, who married a niece of Peter Townsend and who now in association with the latter increased the capacity of the works which eventually came into the entire possession of Peter Townsend, a patriot and filled with the spirit of the time.

He finally obtained a few Welsh miners from Pennsylvania for the heavy handling in the forging and a number of men from Connecticut with their ox teams to do the hauling, and when the chain was ready it was drawn over the rough mountainous roads and through forests that had to be purposely cut in many places and so on to New Windsor, the nearest river point, and towed to West Point.

It was a strenuous undertaking from the very start. Each link weighed 200 pounds, was two feet in length and two and a quarter inches square, and each 100 feet was secured by a swivel, a twisting link, and at every thousand feet there was a clevis. The whole of this weighed 185 tons. When it was stretched across from West Point to Constitution Island it was buoyed up by large sixteen foot logs, and these were in turn held in place by the anchors.

The British made no specific attack on this then invincible obstacle, for it must be remembered that in those days there was no dynamite nor torpedoes, and none of the enemy's prowess would have pushed their way through such a barrier.

Although the British did not succeed in passing the big Hudson river chain, the American traitor Arnold gave it his particular attention and removed a link of it under the pretense of having it repaired for weakness at a nearby smithy. He wrote to Major Andre that it would not be replaced until the forts were surrendered to the British. But somehow the chain stood for its purpose, and Sir Henry Clinton did not attempt to relieve Burgoyne.

Parts of this celebrated chain are to be seen among various historical curios of prominent societies. A number of years ago Mayor Hewitt of New York, then the owner of a mine near the Sterling properties, became interested in finding out the whereabouts of the remaining portions of the chain. A large part of it lies at the bottom of the river, about thirty tons were in various possessions, and at West Point there are thirteen links, and a staid placed near the spot where the chain was anchored and a plate tells of the date and place of forging.—Boston Herald.

No Primaries For Her.

"Are you going to the primaries to-night, Ethelinda?" asked the husband of his suffragette wife.

"Indeed I am not!" replied the lady.

"Do you suppose that after I have attended the postgraduate courses in political science for two years I'm going to waste my time on those primary classes? I guess not! They're good enough for you men, but we women have progressed beyond that!"—Harper's Weekly.

Two Failures.

"I married for beauty alone," said a presumably happy benedict to an old chum. "And yet you remind me of a friend of mine who married for money," was the rejoinder. "How's that?" "He didn't get it," said the chum sarcastically.

The preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality.—Spencer

IMITATION PEARLS.

They Are Made With Essence d'Orient, a Fish Scale Product.

As the real pearl comes from the oyster, so to a large extent is the manufacture of artificial pearls dependent on a certain species of fish. The complete processes of manufacture are, of course, trade secrets, but it is interesting to know that it is from the brilliant scales of the ablet, or blay, that essence d'orient is produced, as with this essence imitation pearls are made.

The blay is a small fish with a green back and a white belly, and the essence is obtained exclusively from its white scales, which are covered with a pigment of metallic appearance. They are first treated with ammonia and then with fish glue, a powder being first obtained and then a paste which can be easily spread on glass.

In the early stages of pearl manufacture, about 1656, this essence d'orient was applied to little balls of plaster, but the temperature and the damp heat of the human body modified the adhesive qualities of the pearly matter and caused changes of color. In 1680 a Parisian named Jacquin invented a method of covering small glass balls with this essence, thereby producing the first practical artificial pearl.

In the north and east of France and in Germany blay fishing is actively pursued. About 4,000 are required to produce a pound of scales, which in turn gives a quarter of a pound of essence.—New York Press.

WINDOW GLASS DECAYS.

It Gets So Brittle In Time That It May Be Cut With Shears.

It is generally supposed that glass is practically immortal. But it has been demonstrated that glass exposed to the elements will decay and in time become so rotten that it is worthless.

Window glass exposed to the heat and cold and varying winds will, after a number of years, become so brittle that it can be cut with a pair of shears. It is said that light and darkness have different effects on glass, and this alternation alone will cause it to become fragile and in time worthless.

It is almost impossible to remove old windows from a building without breaking many of the panes of glass. New glass can be handled with much more carelessness.

There is a certain elasticity to new glass that leaves glass which has faded the weather for a number of years. Street fakery who travel throughout the country selling sissors will obtain a lot of old window glass and show the crowds how wonderfully their shears will cut by clipping off strips of the glass just as a person would cut paper, when in fact the feat is due to the fact that the glass is actually rotten.—Harper's Weekly.

Many Names of the Thames.

The Thames has been the cause of much controversy. Its name has been variously stated as Tameses, Tamese, Tamises (at the juncture of the Isis and Tame, near Dorchester), Tamisa, Tamesa, Thamisia, Thamosis and finally Isis (where it flows between the Oxfordshire and the Buckinghamshire shores). Thus at Oxford it is still often called the Isis until it reaches the shallow river Tame just below Dorchester, from which point it is called Thames. Historians trace this error to an early attempted division of the Latin word Tamesis into two words, Tameis or Tame Isis, suggested perhaps by the existence of the Tame in Buckinghamshire. The Saxons called it the Thames, ancient maps and documents designating it Thamesis Fluvius.—From "In Thamesland."

A Pioneer Tourist.

Thomas Pennant was the great pioneer of the tribe of tourists. He discovered Scotland, Ireland and the Isle of Man, taking with him a tame Welsh artist of genius to illustrate his travels. "I have had the hardihood," he wrote in 1771, "to venture on a journey to the remotest part of north Britain." So alluring was the account of his exploration that the country has ever since been inundated with southern visitors. Of Ireland he was able to make only an imperfect report, because of the "conviviality" of the people, and of the Isle of Man his impressions have perished. Pennant corresponded with Linnaeus and met Voltaire, whom he found to be a "master of English oaths."—London Standard.

Harvard Then a College of Children.

In 1635, when elected president of Harvard, the Rev. Increase Mather refused to resign the pastorate of the North church in Boston for the sake of "forty or fifty children." Therefore he used to ride back and forth from Boston to Cambridge, charging to the college the cost of shoeing and baiting his horse and mending his saddle. Many of these students were but twelve or thirteen years old.

Breaking the News.

"I have decided," said the congressman, "to retire to private life at the end of my present term."

"What's the matter?" asked his colleague. "Has somebody been sending you marked papers from home?"—Chicago Record Herald.

No Chasing.

Jeweler—This ring is 5 shillings more than the plain one on account of the chasing. Buyer—But you won't have to chase me. I'm going to pay for what I get.—London Lady.

A Pair of Whys.

She coming down later—Why do you wear that racking cap? You are never on a yacht. He—Why do you wear that watch? You are never on time.

Notice.—Fairview Grange.

A special meeting of the Fairview Grange is called for next Tuesday, at one o'clock, to consider matters in connection with the Tillamook County Fair.

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.

Fifty-Second Annual OREGON STATE FAIR, SALEM.

SEPT. 29th--OCT. 4th, 1913.

A whole week of pleasure and profit. \$20,000 offered on premiums on Agricultural, Livestock, Poultry, Textile

And other Exhibits. Horse Races, Shooting Tournament, Fireworks, Band Concerts, Eugenics Exposition, Children's Playgrounds and other Free Attractions. Free Camp Grounds. You are invited. Send for Premium List and Entry Blanks. Reduced rates on all railroads. For particulars address FRANK MEREDITH, Secretary, Salem, Ore.

Advertisement for 'If rough strong whiskey burns your mouth, gags you when you swallow it' by Cyrus Noble. Includes text: 'What will it do to the delicate lining of your stomach?' and 'W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents Portland, Oregon'

Advertisement for 'The Range With A Reputation' by ALEK. McNAIR. Features images of the range and text: 'Some of the Reasons Why', 'Economical In Fuel', 'The Great MAJESTIC Charcoal and Malleable Iron RANGE', 'FOR SALE BY ALEK. McNAIR.', 'It Should Be In Your Kitchen'