THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It Is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottleflies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitious and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those diseased years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom blent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever torpescent and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethean air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and, no more return to the autumn dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.—Atlantic Monthly.

A PIONEER AERONAUT.

The Brave and Daring Frenchman Pilatre de Rozier.

TRAGIC END OF HIS CAREER.

He Was the First Aeronaut to Lose His Life From a Balloon, and He Was Dashed to Death With a Companion From a Height of 1,700 Feet.

Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who was born at Metz in 1756 and who was killed, a martyr to his zeal, by a fall from his balloon at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1785, was the first aeronaut to lose his life in the dangerous work of mastering the air.

Pilatre de Rozier, who had made ascents in the Montgalfier balloon, determined to solve the question of balloons as mediums for carrying passengers and could think and dream of nothing but how he could fashion a machine that would carry him on an aerial voyage. When his balloon was finished he made some twenty-three ascents, nearly always alone, but occasionally accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, a brave soldier and one who had faith in Pilatre's ideas. The balloon was always held captive by strong cords.

Whenever he went up there was a crowd to watch him. One day there was a thrilling moment. The balloon drifted toward some high trees, and it seemed inevitable that the tissues would be torn by the branches and Pilatre dashed to the ground. They saw the young man calmly throw a bunch of straw on his fire and quickly pour over it two small bottles of oil. Instantly the fierce heat sent the balloon up safely, and it swept beyond the danger line of the trees. A mighty shout went up from the crowd, and when he came down Pilatre had an ovation.

He now felt ready to make his grand experimental trial trip, but the king would not allow him to go, as he feared to lose so brave and scientific a man. Pilatre was in despair, and at length the king said that he would give him the opportunity to test the safety of his balloon in the following way: He would give full pardon to any two criminals who were willing to go up in it, provided Pilatre did not himself go.

The scientist was very angry. He said: "What! Shall vile criminals, foul murderers, men rejected from the bosom of society, have the glory of being the first to navigate the air? Never while Pilatre de Rozier draws breath!"

After repeated prayers for permission to make his experiment he appealed to the influence of the Duchess de Polignac, the governess of the royal children. To her petitions the Marquis d'Arlandes added his and asked to be allowed to accompany Pilatre. At length consent was obtained.

On Nov. 21, 1783, Pilatre and the marquis made an ascent from the gardens of the Chateau de la Muette, in the Bois. They sailed safely across the Seine, over the Hospital For Old Soldiers, over the Military school and landed about five miles from Paris. Their return was greeted with wild enthusiasm.

The marquis rode back, but Pilatre had to go first to his house and get a coat, for some one had stolen his in the mixup of their coming down, when the balloon, of course, collapsed.

Pilatre now announced that he would cross the channel from Boulogne to England. A wealthy Frenchman advanced the money to construct an improved machine that he was certain could stay in the air as long as necessary. This new invention was a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. Under it was a cylinder by which he expected to rarefy the air contained in it so that he could either ascend or descend easily and so reach currents of air that would take him in any desired direction.

It was five months before there came a day suitable for making the aerial trip. A physician who loved adventure and believed in the success of the experiment went with him from Boulogne.

They cut the cords that held the balloon at 7 o'clock in the morning. The ascent was majestic, and when at a height of 200 feet the balloon swept into a current of air that took it toward the channel. Suddenly a cross current swept it back.

Pilatre hastened to let some cold air into the cylinder and in some way made a rent in the balloon. They were 1,700 feet high, and instantly they were dashed to the earth, mangled and crushed frightfully.

France still remembers his enthusiastic faith in his scientific efforts, and in many places are memorials and inscriptions that perpetuate his fame.—Boston Globe.

The Dental Ornaments.

Visitor (passing through dining room with little Tommy, discovers mince pie on sideboard)—Heigho, but that's a fine pie! Who made it?

Tommy—Gran'ma; she always makes the pies.

Visitor—Does she, indeed? Well, I'd like to get my teeth into that one.

Tommy—You would, eh? Well, gran'ma's got ahead of you. Don't you see the prints of her'n all around the edges?—Boston Courier.

Trespassing.

"You accuse this aviator of trespassing in your garden?"

"Yes, judge. I caught him among my air currents."—New York Herald.

Wind puffs up empty bladders, opinion fools.—Socrates.

ABOARD A SUBMARINE.

The Crew, the Work and the Kind of Life the Men Lead.

Life aboard a submarine is not so unpleasant or dangerous as one might imagine, but it is entirely different from that led on other types of ships.

The crew, usually consisting of two officers and fourteen men, is selected from volunteers after a most rigid medical examination. Service rarely extends beyond a period of two years, and real work on a submarine is limited to about three weeks in the summer and one in the winter. During the remainder of the time the men live on a "parent" ship or on shore. The boat is, however, put through the various evolutions once every week.

The first impression on entering a submarine is one of heat, the air being rather close and heavy, but the men soon become accustomed to it. Standing room space is about six and one-half feet, and toward both ends the boat tapers away almost to a point. There are no portholes. The hatchway in the conning tower is the only aperture. Under water electric light is used. There are ventilators, but when the boat dives they are shut off with a cap.

Life on board a submarine is essentially "in common." The way men and many objects are crammed together in a narrow space is almost miraculous.

Cooking is done in an electric oven, and no foods which have a strong or disagreeable smell are used. Of course smoking is allowed only when on the surface and then on the bridge. Owing to the character of the men selected discipline is perfect.

There is scarcely any noise in a submarine when submerged. The greatest depth the boat descends does not exceed thirty feet. At that depth her speed is about 8 knots. The air is quite "breathable" for four hours, but in case of emergency the crew can remain closed in for seventy hours without danger.

The men love the life. With the officers they are as one family, sharing everything equally, including the dangers, which are not much to speak of, provided every one does his duty. When the weather is fair there is very little rolling. In rough weather the men escape knocking about by holding on to "steadying lines."—New York Press.

JURIES IN ENGLAND.

They Get Through Their Work Quickly and With Little Fuss.

The working of the British jury system exhibits a marked contrast with that of our own. It is possible that my experience in British courts was exceptional, but in not a single instance did I see a juror challenged or rejected. In all of the courts requiring juries the necessary number of men were present, and they were sworn in without question. In the sheriff's deputy court in Scotland the presiding judge gave notice to the jury that he expected to adjourn the court at 2 o'clock and stated that if they could all remain until that hour he would at once dismiss the men who had been called for a second panel. The jurors conferred together and decided to remain till 1 o'clock, whereupon the judge notified the other men to appear at 12:30. The one jury impaneled for the morning session rendered six verdicts in cases involving prosecutions for thefts, fraud and burglary.

In the court of quarter sessions at Taunton, England, I saw a single jury in one day render eleven verdicts. I found that it was customary in the several sorts of court that I attended for the same jury to act in successive cases. In no instance did I see a jury leave their seats to make up their verdict. Usually the issue before them was made so plain that all who gave attention knew in advance what the decision would be. I made note of an exceptional instance of delay when the court was forced to wait nine minutes for the report of the jury. In this case the judge who gave the instructions was himself in doubt as to what the verdict ought to be.

A Scottish jury consists of fifteen persons, and a majority may render a verdict. In England the number is twelve, and unanimity is required. But I noted no difference as to practical results in the two countries. The twelve men in the English jury were as prompt and certain in their action as were the eight out of fifteen in the Scottish jury.—McClure's Magazine.

A Hot Spot.

"I believe that Monterey, Mexico, is the hottest spot in the world in the daytime," said an Arizona man. "I have seen the thermometer register as high as 120 degrees in the late afternoon. It was so hot that the natives who ventured on the streets would hug the foot wide shade of the low buildings like lichen clings to tree bark. But here's the funny part of it: When the sun sets it begins to cool off, and at night it is positively necessary to sleep under blankets. The nights are delightfully cool, and I presume it is because one is able to get a good sleep that it is possible to live in that climate."—Washington Post.

The Complete Bookkeeper.

Mrs. Knicker—How do you make your books balance? Mrs. Booker—That's easy. I always spend the exact sum I receive right away.—New York Sun.

For Him to Say.

"Do you think I can stand an operation, doctor?"

"You know your financial condition better than I do."—Exchange.

Anger is a stone cast into a wasps' nest.—Malabar Proverb.

The Earwig.

There is no insect which has puzzled naturalists as to its proper classification more than the earwig. Some have asserted that it belongs to the beetles, of which it is an "aberrant type," others that it is connected with the grasshoppers. Even about its very name there has been endless discussion. Some have thought the name earwig is the result of the creature's supposed habit of getting into the ears, while others are equally certain that it is derived from the original name, which they say was earwing, from the fact that the wing when spread resembles the human ear. At all events, one thing is certain—the earwig as we know it now is a survival of an early type of which almost every other member has become extinct.

Appropriate.

A family of children, after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:

"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say 'Good night.'"

"Let's have 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.

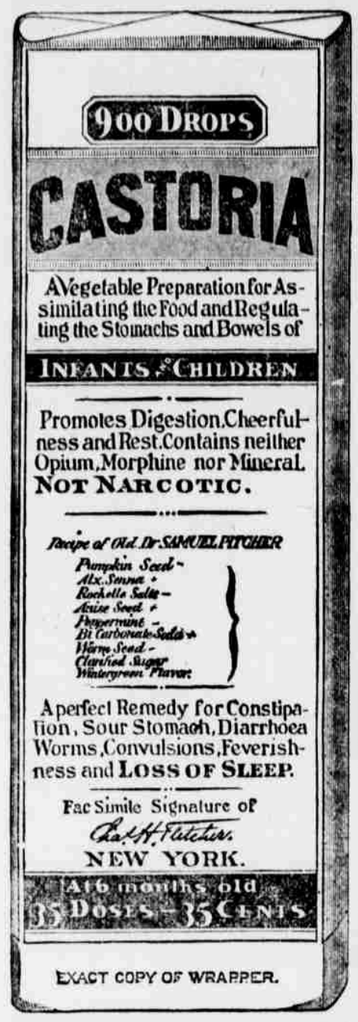
"Well, I think that would be more suitable tomorrow evening," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"—London Tatler.

What Did She Mean?

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?

Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Philadelphia Record.



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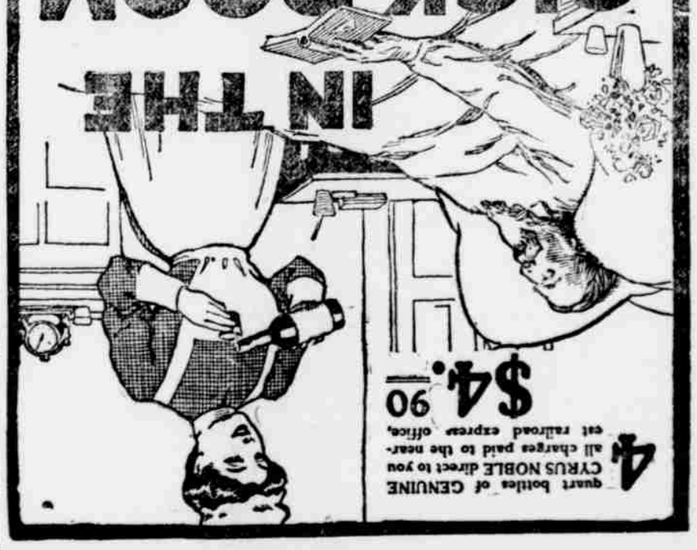

"Well Irrigation of Small Farms in the Willamette Valley" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the passenger department of O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific Company lines in Oregon, of which Wm. McMurray is the general passenger agent. The author is R. M. Brereton, of Portland. The publication is devoted to an explanation of the well-irrigation system and the advantages which may be derived therefrom, and a copy of it should be in the hands of every farmer and agriculturist in Oregon. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained free of charge on application to Wm. McMurray, Portland Oregon.

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at Lagrande, Oregon,
October 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1908 made homestead entry No. 13696, serial No. 07057, for S½ NE¼ N½ SE¼, section 18, township 5 S, Range 27 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.

Clirmant names as witnesses:

Charles Ridgeway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgeway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.

Oc14Nov18 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Knights of Pythias.

Doric Lodge No. 20, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting members invited.

VAWTER CRAWFORD, C. C.
GARFIELD CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.