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 superstitions 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 phenograph 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.

THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was listening to an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'ratten konig' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has"—

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it!" said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shape. He carried a large oilcloth sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blond hair had not been cut, but haggled. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the signal. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then and there, but insisted that Professor Henry mail the check to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian institution has never been seriously troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's High Priced Shad.

Washington's steward was a man named Fraunces, who liked good living and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the marketing. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward, "a very fine shad. It was the only one in the market, and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost $3," stammered out Fraunces.

"Take it away," said Washington as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.

She Liked Silk Hosiery.

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity that she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at one time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, I just love 'em! They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address I feel just as if I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Just the Thing.

The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife.

"I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered.

Ten minutes later the pawnbroker had advanced $2 on it.—Chicago News.

Headed Him Off.

He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

Lost Opportunity.

Wifey—I remember the night you proposed to me—I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you've made up for it since.—Exchange.

A man should stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

Sheep Feeding Hints.

Up to lambing time, about March 20, feed breeding ewes on good clean clover hay, corn fodder and straw morning and night. At night, before the hay feed, give four pounds of mangels and a handful of oats to each ewe. After lambing give all the mangels they will eat night and morning, and at night, before hay feed, give each one a quart of bran with a handful of oats and one of linseed meal mixed in. It is best to put the ewes with twins by themselves and give a bit more grain, as they require it. Keep water by them all the time and salt. Mix condition powder with the salt, one-tenth powder and nine-tenths salt. This is a preventive better than cure. Every pleasant day turn them out for a run of three or four hours in the early afternoon.—New England Homestead.

Sanitary Dairy Barns.

If agricultural science has demonstrated one fact more conclusively than any other it is that dairy cows must have clean quarters, well supplied with plenty of sunlight. This is absolutely necessary, first, to insure the perfect health of the animal, so that it will be able to produce a perfect quality of milk, and that this milk shall be wholesome and palatable. It is necessary, second, because of the fact that milk drawn from cows standing in a barn which abounds in filth and bacteria is not of the highest quality—in fact, is scarcely usable at all. As dairy cows are only profitable when they produce large quantities of first class milk, the necessity for having clean surroundings is very apparent.—American Agriculturist.

Opening an Oyster.

"The Cook's Oracle," a book which was never far from the kitchens of our great-grandmothers, is very precise in its directions as to the proper manner of preserving and eating oysters, says an English journal. "The true lover of an oyster," writes the author, "will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite and will never abandon it to the mercies of a bungling operator, but will open it himself and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

This Was In Denmark.

An Englishman having business in a certain Danish town arrived at the railway station. He inquired of a group of men standing near the way to the house he wanted, whereupon one of them offered to go with him and show him. With recollections of what such a service meant in England he said, "I don't want a guide." "But surely you asked us to show you the way," said one of them. "Yes, but I don't want a guide." "My dear sir, I am not a guide; I am the bishop."

Romance In High Life.

"So that heiress is engaged to a nobleman."

"Yes."

"And you say the affair was romantic?"

"Oh, very. Why, the duke was even too poor to hire a lawyer."—Kansas City Journal.

Afraid of Consequences.

Dog Hater (tremulously)—See, here, sir! Will that dog bite me? Dog Owner (scornfully)—Do you suppose he has no instinct of self preservation?—Baltimore American.

The sagacious are generally lucky.—Blackwood.

Gilbert Coats was in from Hardman, today.

W H Stirritt and Emmett Cochran left this week for an extensive trip through the Middle West and Eastern States. They will look over some of the best bands of sheep in America, with a purpose in view of securing some high grade rams for the betterment of their flocks in this county. They are both excellent judges of sheep and no doubt will return with the goods.—Monument Enterprise.

Proposals Invited.

The County Court of Morrow County will receive sealed proposals for the service of County Physician for Morrow County for the year 1910. Proposals to be filed with the County Clerk of Morrow County before One o'clock p. m., Jan. 7, 1910. Each proposal to be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of the proposal as required by law.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

C. C. PATTERSON,
Co. Judge.

Administratsr's Sale of Real Property.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.

In the matter of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased, pursuant to order of the above entitled County Court made on December 21, 1909, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at one o'clock p. m., on January 25th, 1910, at the front door of the Court House of Morrow County, Oregon, in the town of Heppner in that county, the following described real property belonging to said estate, in said Morrow County, to wit: The east half of section 16 in township 1 south of range 29 east of Willamette Meridian; all sales to be made subject to confirmation by said County Court.

Dated December 23, 1909.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Kate Cunningham, deceased. Dec30 Jan27

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Isolated Tract.

Public Land Sale.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
December 24th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 [34 Stats., 517], we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 17th day of February 1910, at this office, the following described land:

The W½ SW¼ section 32, T 2 S, and the SW¼ NE¼ section 6, T. 3 S., R. 29 E. W. M., serial No. 05948.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

Dec30 Jan27 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.
COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon,
December 20, 1909.

Notice is hereby given, That the State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress of August 14, 1848, and the acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, the SE¼ NW¼ and SW¼ NW¼ section 28, T 1 S, R 27 E W M, serial No. 07420.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, may file their affidavits of protest in this office at any time prior to the approval or certification of said selection by the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office

Dec 30 Jan 27 F. C BRAMWELL, Register.

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One is—the other isn't.

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Enclosed please find $4.90 for which please send me at once by express, prepaid, four quarts GENUINE CYRUS NOBLE.
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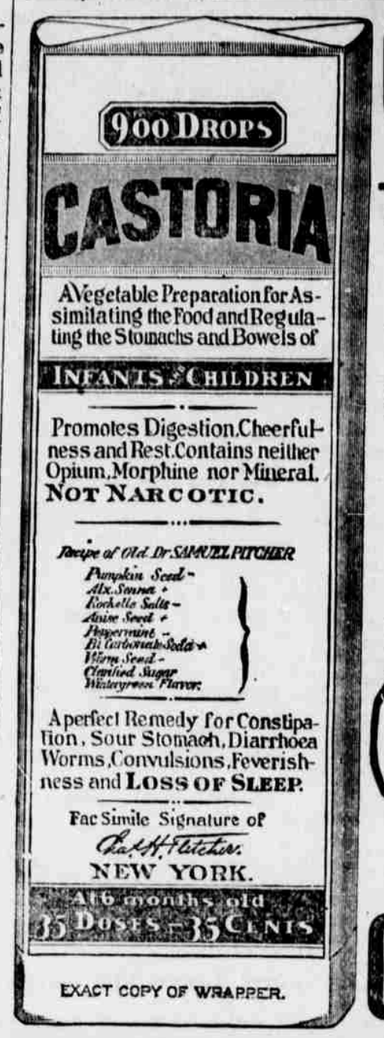

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H. V. REED, Representative

BOX 19 . . . . . PORTLAND, OREGON

"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, 1904 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.