

BYRNE REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE



REALTY

Of All Kinds Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

We have a very extensive list of DESCHUTES VALLEY IRRIGATED LANDS.

We bring the Property Owners and the Outside Buyers together.

BYRNE REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE
Hotelling Bldg., Wall St., Bend, Ore.

WHEN IN BEND STOP AT THE PILOT BUTTE INN

Table always supplied with the best that the town affords.

Neat and Comfortable Rooms.

BEND, OREGON

Hotel Bend

Corner Bond and Oregon Sts.

AMERICAN PLAN

Rates \$2 and \$2.50 a Day

HUGH O'KANE, Manager

HOTEL DALLES

The Dalles, Oregon

You are cordially invited to make THE HOTEL DALLES your resting place while waiting over between trains on your way to and from Portland. New, thoroughly equipped, modern hotel; steam heat, elevator; suites and rooms with baths. First class cafe. Rates ranging from 50c and \$1 upward.

Ideal Stopping Place Going to and from Central Oregon.

N. K. CLARKE, Manager.

BEND LIVERY, FEED & STABLE CO.

J. H. WENANDY, Prop.

All kinds of light and heavy Livery.

FEED FOR SALE.

HORSES FOR SALE.

Bond Street—Bend, Oregon.

Bend Steam Laundry

FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY WORK
at Moderate Prices.

If You Have a Bundle Phone Us

MRS. MAZO LOCKWOOD.

BEND HOSPITAL

Attending Physicians—U. C. COE, B. FERRELL, M. ELLEN KERSHAW, Superintendent.

Graduate of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

MRS. A. M. LUTES, Assistant.

Graduate of Columbus (Ohio) Training School.

Terms: \$10 to \$25 a Week, Payable Weekly.

There is a Nurse on duty at all times. No extra charge made for night duty, unless in extreme cases, when a special nurse is required

THE STORE OF QUALITY

S. C. CALDWELL, Prop.

Good Goods at the Price of the Other Kind

Hardware and Groceries, Stoves and Ranges, Windows, Doors and Glass, Roofing, Paints and Oils, Studebaker Wagons, Gasoline and Auto Oils of the Best. Come and see us.

O'DONNELL BROTHERS

UNION MARKET

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 it is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. Is 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 mine's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottled bees 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 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 Ostris 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 inquiry.

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 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 tormented 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 Lethian 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—At- lante Monthly.

You Stand by Your Home Town—



When you buy from a town merchant.

When you patronize a town tailor.

When you employ a town dentist.

When you encourage a town enterprise.

When you speak the town's praises.

When you subscribe for the town's newspaper.

Some citizens fail in some of these duties. A few fail in all of them.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

BEND.

BEND is situated in the very heart of the Deschutes Valley, on the banks of the Deschutes River where the vast pine timber belt meets the irrigated lands. No other town in all Central Oregon is so well located for economic development, no other can approach it in the beauty and healthfulness of its surroundings, and none will be half so much benefitted by the coming of the railroads.

A great irrigation segregation has its headquarters at Bend. At least twenty billion feet of timber is tributary to the town, whose milling in itself assures a great future. The Deschutes river in the immediate vicinity offers some 25,000 horsepower for the operation of the mills and plants of the future. No town in the Northwest has the openings for manufacturers, small and large, that Bend has.

The Oregon Trunk Railroad is building to Bend. Practically all the grading from the Columbia river is completed, and cars will be running early in 1911. Bend will be the terminus of this road for a considerable period. The Harrison Deschutes Road already is building into the Bend country. The east-and-west line of the Hill road branches off from the Columbia-Klamath line at Bend. Bend, then, is situated at what will be the most important junction point in Oregon.

Immediately adjacent to Bend are some three hundred thousand acres of irrigated land under the Carey Act segregation of the Central Oregon Irrigation Company. This land is FREE. Perpetual water rights cost \$40 an acre. Forty acres means independence, eighty acres brings wealth. Every product adapted to the temperate zone thrives in the rich volcanic soil. The land is easily worked and watered. It offers the greatest irrigationist's opportunity to be found in the Northwest. A great amount of construction is being conducted by the company.

From Bend settlers are located on 320-acre homesteads on the vast area of sage brush lands to the southeast. Here is found the biggest and the last big chance for the land hungry to get free Government land that is worth the having.

Bend is the most beautiful and healthful town in Central Oregon. It has a public water system, with absolutely pure water. It has electric lights, hospitals, schools, churches, a free library, tennis, tanks, etc.

The railroads are coming. Hurry and get in on the ground floor. Central Oregon is the greatest homebuilders' and investors' proposition in all the West today. Bend is the pivot point of Central Oregon. It is destined to make a magnificent city. Those who come to Bend now and to the country around Bend, will win wonderful rewards for their foresight.

We want you to come to Bend. Write us for information—we shall be glad to help you in every possible way.

Bend Commercial Club
Bend, Oregon

Hot Water Bottles THAT LAST

EXPERIENCE has shown that the best are the cheapest in the end. Cheap water bottles are both dangerous and unsatisfactory. A good article will last a long time if properly cared for. Our bottles are the best that can be procured. They are sold at a fair price. Our guarantee with every bottle.

Red Cross Drug Store.

SATHER

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

We have succeeded in getting our freight through

and we are in a position to supply all your wants. Come where you are sure you can find what you want.



Groceries and Dry Goods Shoes and Rubber Footwear

E. A. SATHER

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BEND, OREGON

STAR BAKERY

FRESH BREAD
Pastries, Rolls, etc.

MEALS
At Regular Hours
Furnished Rooms

MRS. NELLIE WRIGHT



BEND LODGE No. 139
A. F. & A. M.

Meets on Thursday on or before the full moon of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome.

J. D. DAVIDSON, Secy. U. C. COE, W. W.

The Bend Bulletin and Portland Evening Telegram \$4.75.

WINCHESTER



401 CALIBER
MODEL 1910
Self-Loading Rifle

It Strikes
A Blow of 2038 lbs.

This new Winchester shoots a heavier bullet and hits a harder blow than any other recoil operated rifle made. It is more powerful than the .30 Army, of big-game hunting fame. The loading and firing of this rifle are controlled by the trigger finger. It HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR

Send for illustrated circular fully describing this new rifle which has strength and power plus—

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
Nov. 19, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that—

Ralph A. Dunn, surviving husband of Tina Dunn, formerly Tina Shaddock, deceased, of Bend, Oregon, who on November 9, 1905, made homestead entry No. 12799 (Serial No. 9744), for 160 ac. 00 1/2 sec. 25, T. 18 S., R. 12 E., 22., and lot 3 sec. 26, T. 18 S., R. 12 E., W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 27th day of December, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Elia M. Arnold and John Ferguson, of Prineville, Oregon, and Milo E. Wilson and Cora A. Brosterhouse, of Bend, Oregon.

37-41 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Or.,
Nov. 17, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that—

Ada B. Milligan, whose postoffice address is Prineville, Crook County, Oregon, did, on the 25th day of August, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 2007, to purchase the swq. sec. 31, T. 21 S., R. 16 E., W. M., 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 at a total of \$67.27, the timber estimated at 612,000 board feet at \$25 per M, and the land \$19.27; but said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 25th day of January, 1911, before Commissioner T. J. Duffy, at Prineville, 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.

37-40 ARTHUR W. ORTON, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Justice Court for Deschutes Precinct No. 12, Crook County, Oregon.

J. R. Williams, Plaintiff,

vs.

John F. Ferne, Defendant.

To John F. Ferne, the above named Defendant, in the name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before Jan. 4th, 1911, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded, to-wit: for judgment in the amount of ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents (\$97.65) together with his costs and disbursements of this action.

This summons is served upon you by the publication thereof in The Bend Bulletin, a newspaper of general circulation within Crook County, Oregon, published weekly at Bend, Oregon, said county and state, for the period of six consecutive weeks commencing with the issue of November 16, 1910, and ending with the issue of Jan. 4th, 1911, in pursuance of an order of the Honorable W. W. Orcutt, Justice of the Peace of the above entitled Court, which said order was made and entered October 24, 1910.

Date of first publication Nov. 16, 1910. Date of last publication Jan. 4, 1911.

W. W. ORCUTT,
Justice of the Peace of Deschutes Precinct No. 12,
Crook County, Oregon.