

PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS. Visions That Have Never Been Fully Explained.

There are two matters in respect to which I am sure I shall never be able to cease from dreaming while I live, writing on the subject of dreams. The one which most disturbs me is that of printing; and now, for over half a century, since I quit the business, I may say without exaggeration, that hardly a month has passed in which I have not dreamed about it.

My labor the larger part of the time was not only severe but I encountered violent opposition from a section of my own political party, which sought by the most unfair means to crush me. In spite of all this my paper was regularly issued, never once failing to appear at the promised time.

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working so hard at the fire last night. "What do you mean," he enquired. "Why, you worked like a hero, saving the buildings around the Starbird house."

He looked dazed for an instant, then took his hat, looked over the premises and came back. "Well, Marcella the buildings are sure gone, but I never would have believed even you in saying I went to a fire last night had the buildings not been destroyed. I don't know a thing about it."

He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism without awakening. In order to test the correctness of this story I wrote to the postmaster at North Turner, who answered me that it was substantially correct—that he was with Winship at the fire, and that the latter told him the next morning that he could recollect nothing of the events of the previous night.

I will conclude with the relation of two cases of trance, or suspension of animation, now published for the first time. In the first we have the experience of one of my own relatives. A devoted Christian, who died many years ago. I received the account from her own lips. On a certain occasion she was seriously indisposed, and being obliged to submit to a surgical operation, she instantly swooned and was to all appearances in the embrace of death.

Her friends present thought her dead, but after a short time she revived and lived many years afterward. When she swooned it appeared to her that she was suddenly transported to the margin of a serene lake, environed by the most beautiful scenery.

Approaching her on the water she saw in a boat two persons clothed entirely in white. She was given to understand that they were coming to receive her, and was about to resign herself to their care, when, reviving under the means used for her restoration, she opened her eyes upon earth again, to the joy of the anxious friends around her. She was not at all credulous, but a woman of excellent common sense; yet from that time to the day of her death she believed that when the final summons came she would be received by the white-robed boatmen.

The other somewhat similar instance comes to me from an intelligent and reliable gentleman of my acquaintance, who was the subject of the trance described.

A respectable old gentleman in one of the Eastern states had been long living a widower and he was so sorrowful over the loss of nearly all of his old friends that he felt himself more nearly allied to the world of spirits than to that of the living.

Suddenly, one morning as he was looking out of the window of his bedroom, things began to present a strange appearance, and he threw himself upon the bed, where, at the hour of breakfast, he was found in a state of insensibility. It was about four hours before medical aid could be procured, and just before the physician arrived he awoke to life and soon regained his usual health.

He also believed that while in his trance he visited the world of spirits, on his entrance into which he met his wife in all her virgin loveliness, in company with others he had known here. Spread out before him was a landscape enchantingly beautiful; he had passed safely through the dark valley of death and was filled with inexpressible joy and thanksgiving.

He walked and conversed with his wife and celestial associates, who told him he would return to the lower world, but would ere long rejoin them in happiness eternal. The thought of returning to the natural world was painful to him, for he wished never more to leave them.

ONCE IN SIX MONTHS. A Counterfeiter Copies \$50 Treasury Notes With a Pen.

The most remarkable counterfeiter at present living has been keeping the United States secret service in such a condition of exasperation for a long time past that no trouble or expense would be considered excessive for his accomplishment of his capture. And this although he produces on an average not more than two bogus notes in a year.

The remarkable thing about these imitations is that they are executed entirely with a pen. Once in six months almost as regularly as clockwork, one of them turns up at the treasury here to the disgust of the government detectives, whose utmost efforts cannot discover as much as a clue to follow.

The strangest point about the matter is that the work of producing the bills in this fashion, merely considered as a question of labor, remunerative or otherwise, cannot possibly pay. They are always either fifties or twenties, and to make one must require pretty constant toil for quite half a year. The last one, which was received a few days ago was a double X.

Funnily enough, they come each time from a different city, and the supposition is that the forger leaves town for another locality immediately upon passing one. He gets rid of the note he has just completed, which may remain in circulation for some time before reaching a bank, and departs long before the police agents arrive upon the scene.

The most possible theory seems to be that he is a monomaniac of means who gratifies a morbid taste in this astonishing way. His imitation bills are so perfectly done that no one short of a professional expert would hesitate to take them for genuine.

From the vignettes to the signatures the work is performed with accuracy that bears scrutiny with a powerful magnifying glass. In all likelihood the reason why the notes are not made of larger denominations is that they would be proportionately more difficult to pass.

One can imagine that this eccentric counterfeiter indulges in the employment merely for the gratification of his vanity. It is not improbable that he himself has been shown the frame at the treasury building in which two specimens of his handiwork are shown by polite attendants to visitors as the most extraordinary samples of forgeries in the government collection.

Anyway he goes on turning out the bills at intervals of six months, thus occasioning periodic spasms of exasperation in the secret service bureau.

The Census of Cheese. Cheese alive? Of course! Didn't you know that vinegar? Cheese is about as lively as vinegar, and everybody knows that vinegar is full of microscopic snakes. And you know that yeast is full of eels, so small that it takes a microscope to see them, and that the excellent drinking water that we get from the Yanhill is full of the liveliest little wrigglers that you can gulp down by the thousands without ever suspecting that you are drinking anything but the purest liquid?

Anybody has been taking the census of a piece of cheese, and gives us the result in round numbers. He finds the population of Emmenthal, a sort of Gruyere, to be as follows: In each gramme of the cheese when fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes are found. This number increases with time. A cheese seventy-one days old contains 800,000 bacteria per gramme.

A soft cheese twenty-five days old and much denser than the preceding has 1,300,000 and a cheese forty-five days old contains 2,000,000 microbes per gramme. The center is freer than the outside. A cheese near the periphery has from 3,600,000 to 5,600,000 microbes. According to the mean of these two figures there are as many living organisms in 369 grammes of such a cheese as there are people on the earth.

Match Making.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads—namely: Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making and filing. When the timber is brought into the cutting room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks seven inches long, which is the length of fifteen matches.

It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe where by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous roll, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met by eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match are obtained.

These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter.

This machine with its one sharp knife can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day. From the cutting room the splints are taken to the drying room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain.

They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient space to be fully coated and yet not placed so close to the others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine which seems to work with almost human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in the dipping frame.

These frames contain forty-four movable laths, and between each lath the machine places, with clockwork regularity, fifty splints, making over 2,000 splints in each one of the frames.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place over 1,000,000 splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints so they will absorb the mixture, the second contains molten paraffine in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with igniting composition.

Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skillful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames, and are then taken to the packing room, where they are put into boxes by hand.

A Curious Puzzle. By use of table given below you can, says the St. Louis Republic, ascertain the name of any person or place, providing the rules below the lettered diagram are strictly observed:

Have the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the name is contained. If it is found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the column in which it is found, the sum being the number of the letter sought.

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Table with columns for destination (East and South, Chicago & Northwestern Railway) and train times (Express Trains, Pullman Buffet Sleepers, Tourist Sleeping Cars).

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