

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, 1783, 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 Montgolfier 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, 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 your bladder; opinion tools.—Socrates.

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 butterflies 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 unfathomable 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 dwelling within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of its 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 psychical trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom-bent 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 savior, 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 so 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 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 tormented and unmazed, 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 Lethoan 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 in short return to the autumn green skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.—Lautie Mouths.

MAKING ICE.

The Process Is Simple, Though It Puzzled the Negro.

A sailboat in which were a white man and several negroes had just left the wharf near an ice factory at the foot of Main street, Annapolis, and was headed out the mouth of Severn river, toward a point on the Chesapeake.

"Ye-e-th, thir," an old time colored man was hisping, "I like to git a job workin' round that air ice plant and see 'em make ice with fire."

"I'll tell you how it is done, if you would like to hear my explanation," said the white man.

"Ye-e-th, thir, I like to hear 'bout it." "Well, in the first place, they have a tank of ammonia, to which a small amount of heat is applied. It does not take much heat to convert the ammonia into vapor, and even that heat is used up in causing the liquid to expand into a gas, or become latent, as it is called, so that the temperature is not materially affected.

"Now, suppose the ammonia gas occupies a hundred times as much space as the liquid. It is evident that the liquid contains a certain amount of heat, which is afterward distributed over a hundred times the space first occupied. A cubic foot of the liquid becomes a hundred cubic feet of gas, and it is plain that a cubic foot of gas will contain only one-hundredth part of the heat originally in a cubic foot of liquid; hence the gas is much colder than the liquid.

"Now, this gas or vapor is allowed to flow through pipes covered with salt water, which becomes extremely cold, but does not freeze, owing to the presence of salt. The fresh water desired to be frozen is put into large metal cans and placed in the cold salt water and allowed to freeze.

"There is nothing mysterious about the process. It is, in fact, very simple. Do I make myself clear? Do you understand my explanation?"

"Ye-e-th, thir, yo' explanation's plain, but I suttainly would like to see 'em make that air ice with fire."—Washington Star.

His Quaint Suggestion.

A Frenchman who appears to have been of a thrifty turn of mind conceived the idea in 1878 that too much valuable time was being wasted in cleaning sardines when preparing them for the market. He found a way of preparing them without cleaning them, and on this he took out letters patent.

Apparently he had some slight misgiving as to whether the public would be perfectly suited with his invention, and so in his claim he makes this parenthetical entry: "Fish put up by this process may be slightly unpleasant to the customer at first, but he soon gets used to it."

A curious custom used to accompany an Anglo-Saxon betrothal. After the giving of the ring the father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes, with which the son-in-law hit his wife on the head to teach her submission.

Later on a more moderate (7 castigation) was suggested, and three blows with a broomstick became the custom: "The Months of the Year," by Rev. Pemberton Lloyd.

A New Scheme.

"Sued for breach of promise, eh?" "Yes." "Any defense?" "Temporary insanity, and I expect to prove it from the love letters I wrote."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An ad in the Examiner will bring results. Try it and be convinced.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Edgar Howell, Deceased, and all parties having claims against said estate are hereby required to present said claims to the undersigned, at E. F. Cheney's Harness Shop at Lakeview, Oregon, within six months from date of first publication of this notice. Date of first publication being the 25th day of July, 1910. Dated at Lakeview, Oregon this 6th day of July 1910.

E. F. Cheney, Administrator of the Estate of Edgar Howell, Deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Not coal land. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, July 9, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Etta Clark Mauzey, of Plush, Oregon, who, on Nov. 23, 1906, made Desert land entry No. 642, serial No. 9815, for E 1/2 NW 1/4, W 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 17, Township 35S, Range 26E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 18th day of August, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: R. A. Phelps, of Plush, Ore. L. O. Enquist, of Plush, Ore. E. E. Bond, of Plush, Ore. L. P. Mauzey, of Plush, Ore. ARTHUR W. ORTON, Register.

Reliable Remedy

FOR CATARRH

of the Bladder

is quickly absorbed.

Relief at Once.

It is a reliable remedy.

Not by Shakespeare. There once was a fellow from Butte Who went on a terrible tute. When he tried to drink down All the beer in the town The citizens cried, "Hi tu, Brute!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Bad Boy's Sait. "Why is Jimmie Jinks so willing to let his mother cut his hair?" "It leads the other boys on to make fun of him, and when he whips them he can say they started it."—Washington Star.

LIFE ON PANAMA CANAL.

has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitter never fails to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm A. Fretwell, of Lacama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cures Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevents Typhoid. 50 c. Guaranteed by A. L. Thornton.

These Three.

"What are the three known dimensions?" asked the teacher at the night school. "The world, the flesh and the devil!" gasped the shaggy haired pupil, taken by surprise and unable at the moment to get his mental bearings.—Chicago Tribune.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all good dealers.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

STRUCK A RICH MINE

S. W. Benda, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of Liver and Kidney Trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for Constipation, Malaria, H emorrhoids, Dyspepsia, Debility. 25 cts at A. L. Thornton's.

STAGGERS SKEPTICS

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Backlin's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or pile, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25 cts at A. L. Thornton's.

Drying preparations simply develop oily catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm will master catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell the 50 cent size. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

\$1,000 REWARD

The Oregon, California and Nevada Live Stock Protection Association, which the undersigned is a member will give \$1,000.00 reward for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of any party or parties stealing horses, cattle or mules belonging to any of its members.

In addition to the above, the undersigned offers on the same condition \$500.00 for all horse-branded horse shoe bar on both or either jaw. Brand recorded in eight counties: Range Harney, Lake and Crook counties. Horses vented when sold. None but grown horses sold, and only in large numbers. W. W. Brown, File, Oregon.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"PRODUCTIVE SOIL, THAT'S ALL"

Government Homesteads and Relinquishments

By the Homestead Specialist

W. Roche Fick, Lakeview, Oregon

Goose Lake Valley Where the new Railroads are Coming
Warner Valley Lake County
Chewaucann Valley Oregon
Valley
W. outire Country
Paradise Valley, Long Valley, Nevada, Big Valley, California

A Few Letters to Many People

Dear Mr. Wagoner: I have a few claims of 160 acres that are suitable for a stock or dairy ranch. There are from 150 to 140 acres of meadow land on these homesteads. Springs of pure water and some timber make this an ideal place for these industries. There are plenty of lands on the Forest Reserve adjoining for pasturage. Butter averages about thirty-five to forty annually here. I am paying thirty cents now. Very truly yours, W. Roche Fick.

Dear Miss Livewire: Your inquiry regarding whether a single lady can take a government homestead, at hand. You can take the homestead all right but you will have to be careful and see that you do not encourage the young men to court you for if you do they won't give you a chance to "prove up." I am not conducting a matrimonial bureau and will warn you that you have to be on your guard against the handsome men of this section as they all want wives and are fully capable of getting what they want when they see them. Come at once if you want the homestead. Your sincere friend, W. Roche Fick.

Dear Mrs. Skookum: Your letter of inquiry asking whether a young widow can take a homestead, just received and hasten to say YES by all means. You can have the pick of any that we have in this section and they are all good looking. They are very productive and there is no doubt that you will be fully satisfied with what you find. You need have no hesitancy about coming. The size depends on your needs and would advise you to take a 320 acre tract in preference to a smaller one. Wire me to meet you as soon as you get here. Yours very truly, W. Roche Fick.

Oregon Valley Contract Holders

No matter where your land is or what quality of soil, etc., it may be, I will in exchange for your paid up contract deed me, to locate you on 160, 320 or 480 acres of tillable government land, providing you have a homestead right to any of these sized tracts. This offer is for a short time only and subject to withdrawal at my option.

CLOSING-OUT SALE OF Full-Blood Merino Flocks

Having decided to close out our entire holdings of FINE SHEEP, we have the following to offer for sale without reservation:

- 400 Registered Merino Ewes with Lambs Of the A and B Classes.
- 1500 Select Full-blood Rambouillet Ewes With Lambs. Strictly true to type and of beautiful covering
- 1500 Full-blood Rambouillet Ewes with Lambs Strictly first-class and good enough for any stud flock.
- 1500 Select Full-blood Delaine Ewes With Lambs. Heavy Sheeters, Heavy Bone and very Large Size.
- 1500 Full-blood Delaine Ewes with Lambs Good enough to go into any stud flock.
- 1200 Full-blood Spanish Merino Ewes With Lambs. These are strong type of the B Class, very Heavy Sheeters and dense covering. These are exceptionally large for their type.
- The following five flocks are all young sheep:
 - 500 One- and Two-year-old Ewes, Not Bred Of the above classes.
 - 3700 High-class Merino Ewes with Lambs
 - 2700 1- and 2-year-old High-Class Merino Ewes Not bred.
 - 2700 Yearling Range Rams
 - 400 Registered Rams of the Above ClassesAll ewes with lambs have been bred to Registered Rams in their respective classes. The male increase will be raised as Ram Lambs, except those from the 3700 head of high-class Merino Ewes.

For Prices and Particulars, Address, The Baldwin Sheep & Land Company HAY CREEK, CROOK COUNTY, OREGON

American Restaurant and Bakery

Gee Yong and Tom Hotai, Proprietors. Lakeview, Oregon Fresh Bread, Cake and Pies on sale every day Fancy Cake and all kind of Pastry made to order. The only first class short order place in the town. Open Day and Night