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### SOMETHING NEW

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased rooms over the First National Bank which he has converted into

# STUDIO :

and is now prepared to instruct a large number of students in oil umphs. But it was so, and after painting and free hand penoil drawing. Nice quite rooms. Prices bever appeared again on Mr. Harris had consents

FALLING LEAVES.

Around me fly the falling leaves— In vain their fate my spirit grieves, For nature grants us no reprieves. Throughout the world she holds her sway. Her laws must men and leaves obey, From dust they spring, to dust decay.

Yet while this requiem we sing, Our faith looks forward to the spring That shall the Resurrection bring. Back to the earth for earth's own sake

The falling leaves themselves betake, But soon in beauty shall awake.

Awhile they mingle with the soil, Till nature's unremitting toll Shall reproduce with neight of moil.

As fall the leaves our dear ones fall, When comes to each the silent call; Nor long the grave shall them enthrall. Ah, why begrudge them nature's sleep? Why deem the grave so dark, so deep, Or tears of hopeiess sorrow weep?

For sleeping mortals comes the spring And joy with morn's awakening; Immortal life the day shall bring.

E'en death is part of nature's plan, And hath been since the world began, Sweet death, unerring friend of man. Such are the thoughts my fancy weaves With brightest hues of falling leaves— No more my thoughtful spirit grieves. —Robert M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

JENNY LIND'S ROMANCE.

The Love Affair in the Life of the Nightingale.

No one could see Jenny Lind and not fall under the charm of her perfect naturalness, freshness and originality. Although her features were irregular, she was anything but plain; her com-plexion was fair; she had abundant flaxen hair and the most wonderful gray eyes, a beautiful figure and hands and arms and graceful movements. Hers was not the slow, sinuous grace, which has its own charm; her movements were light, decided and expressive. She always seemed to do everything more quickly than anyone else. At this time she was studying the part of "Susanna"—a "sweet part" she said it was, and had the partition of the "Nozze" always on the knee. In the evening she sang her Swedish songs, and then we all went out to listen to the nightingale's singing under the magnificent old beeches. She had a passion for the song of these "little sisters" of hers, and used to mimic them and excite their rivalry, so that the air was filled with music.

It was strange that it should have been the fate of my father, writes C. M. Simpson in the "New Review," who was entirely destitute of musical sense, to be of use to the most celebrated singer of the day. It was in 1849 she had resolved to give up the stage and had affianced herself to Mr. Claudius Harris, a young Indian officer, brother to Mrs Joseph Grote, whom she met at the Palace, Norwich. My mother and cold afternoon in April, and I found in the hall a note from Miss Lind for my about her marriage settlements, either at three, or, if that were not possible, at

nine, p. m. It so happened that he was not free at three, so he went to her st not free at three, so he went to her at nine. She did not expect him, and was quite alone. They entered at once upon business, and my father soon found out that she was very half-hearted about the matter altogether. Indeed, she could scarcely have found a partner less suited to her. Mr. Harris and his family were intensely low church, and they thought that the remainder of the great prima donna's life could not be more appropriately spent than in atoning for her theatries career. The attraction to Jenny was in her lover's goodness. She said he had such a "pure mind."

But when she was first introduced to him she said to Mrs. Stanley: "What a

him she said to Mrs. Stanley: "W dull young man!" Nothing could more true. He was heavy and sin but tall, fair and good looking. Stanleys supported denny in herry lution to give up the stage, and a deed did Mrs. Grote from a diversalon, for, in spite of her untruse on the with her young friend. pathy with her young friend's neal al career, she saw that the strain al career, she saw that the strait too great. Jenny was worn ont by fatigue and emotion. She threw herself into every part as if she hertelf were suffering the woes of the heroine, unlike other great actors and actresses, who succeed in making their representation to a certain degree mechanical. But her essentially truthful spirit could not do this. The tears she wept in "La Sonnambula" came from her heart. We had more than once the stage box, and could see that she was stage box, and could see that she was stage box, and could see that she was almost overpowered by her feelings. She had led this trying life for upward of ten years, and she longed for reat and the peace and regularity of domestic life. The manager of Her Majesty's theater, Mr. Lumley, was in despair. It was almost ruin to him to lose her, and he urged for ate least a few farewell performances; she offered instead a series of dramatic concerts. Only one took place.

took place.
Although the "Flauto Magicoy" which Although the "Flauto Magico," which was chosen for the first performance, would seem to be independent of acting, the libretto is so eminently stupid and undramatic, yet, in spite of Jenny Lind's splendid singing, the whole affair fell flat, to her great disappointment. Never before had she met with a cold reception. Mrs. Grota and Lumley entreated her to give the operatic performances but she would not yield. At length my father succeeded where they failed. They suggested that Harms could not object if he really loved her; he urged the unfairness of disappointing Lumley, and finally the unsatisfactory termination which a failure would put to her whole career. So she promised to give six freewell nights. Lumley was overjayed, and sent as boxes for all six. The enthusiasm of the sudience knew as bounds. Yet no one could believe that the singer, in the very plenitude of ker powers (ahe was only twenty eight), really intended these to be the just of her triumphs. But it was so, application in the surfame fell on the less of the surfame fell on the surfame fell

performances, and he and Jenny were

once more on good terms.

She lived at this time in a little house very near us. It was called Clairville cottage; it was covered with roses and creepers; it had a pretty garden, and was thoroughly rural. The backs of the houses in Brechin place now occupy the ground. She and Claudius Harris often joined our country rides. He generally fell to my share, and I did not find him exciting company. Lord Lansdowne sometimes joined us and also came to meet them at dinner, but we did not venture to invite anyone else, except the Grotes and one or two others of Jenny's intimate friends. All eemed to be going on swimmingly, and Mrs. Grote went off to Paris, followed soon after by my father, but before he went he said to Jenny Lind: "Something tells me that your marriage will not take place. If it should be broken off again, write no letters and have no farewell interviews, but join Mrs. Grote in Paris immediately."

Affairs had not been going on smoothly as appeared. Mr. Harris had asked Jenny to insert in the settlements a promise that she would never act again. To this my father objected, and he also insisted that Jenny was to have uncontrolled power over her carnings. Mr. Harris said this was unscriptural, and the engagement was nearly broken off, but renewed in consequence of the despair Mr. Harris exhibited. He also terrified her by threats of torment hereafter if she broke her word; and last of all, when in the joy of reconciliation she was singing to him, she turned round and saw that he had gone to sleep. Not long after Mr. Senior reached Paris there was a tap at the door of Mrs. Grote's apartment one evening about seven o'clock, and in came Jenny. The ill-assorted marriage was finally broken off.

The emotions of the last few months had told heavily upon Jenny Lind, but with the sense of freedom the power of enjoyment soon returned, and she rode in the Bois de Boulogne and walked on the boulevards and in the Tuileries, and listened to the nightingales. One day she took my father to a house in the place d'Orleans, near the Rue St. Lazare. It was built round a courtyard, with a fountain in the middle. Jenny gazed at it without speaking. Afterward she said: "I was so miserable in that house; I envied the fountain because it was not obliged to sing." The house had been the residence of Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master of singing in Europe, and she alluded to the time when, in despair at the loss of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, first of rest, and then of skillful practice under Garcia's

had so long sighed was soon to be hers. After singing in concerts and oratories in Germany, Sweden and Liverpool, she 21, 1850. Her success in the New World was as brilliant as it had been in the dict as planist. A deep and true attach-ment sprang up between the two young artists, and they were married on Feb-

runry, 5, 1852. Her horror of being lionized led her sometimes to reject overtures which were made in perfectly good faith to express the respect and admiration felt for her; hence she was not always popular. She delighted in giving children's parties. I remember one in 1865, at her house in Wimbledon, and her joyous participation in the amusement she had provided, and again in More-tons gardens, when she waltzed like n girl with her eldest son. The last time I heard her sing was at a concert she gave at her own house in 1880 for the prince of Sweden. She had become very nervous about her voice, and it was not certain whether in the end she would summon up courage. At last she yielded to the persuasion of her friends and sang the splendid cantata, with violin accompaniment, from Mo-zart's "Re Pastore." It was a thing to

remember for the rest of one's life. In her later years she took a little house called Windspoint, which she ar-tanged and improved till it resembled a Swiss cottage on the top of the hills above Malvern Wells. We had, in the summer of 1884, a house art below hers, and we saw her much more fre-quently than was possible in the tur-nioil of London. We often used to sit with her in the garden enjoying the magnificent view. She was always uneasy lest she should be stared at, and if any presumptuous wight peeped in at the gate, she would instantly shoot up the gate, she would instantly shoot up a large red umbrella and shelter herself beneath it. My elder daughter, who is devoted to music, frequently went to see her alone, and one day ventured to ask her to write her name in her birthday book. They were in the drawing-room Jenny Lind rose up, saving: "Well, I did not think you had been a commonplace person," and walked through the window into the parden, leaving my daughter to repent garden, leaving my daughter to repent her indiscretion. Presently her hostess came back and gave her a beautiful rose, and went on talking as if nothing, had happered, and whea Gaynor was taking leave, Mrs Goldschmidt said cheerfully: "Now, where is your birthday book?" and wrote her name in it. It must have cost her more than many

an apparently greater sacrifice.

I like to think of her as she stood in the hanging balcony of her cottage waving good-by, the san setting behind her picturesque figure. It was at Windspoint that she died in 1887. At the very close of her life, as she lay on her death bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once, as her daughter opened the shutters and let in the morning sun, she just let her lips shape the first bars of the old song she loved: "An den Sonnenschein." They were the last notes she sang on earth.

-When Princess Anne, afterward queen of England, was married she were a headdress two yards high and three yards in circumference.

-Pa enger elevators were in use in Parts in the seventeenth century under the name of "flying chairs."

#### NOT ALL PLEASURE.

Even the Sport of Yachting Has Its Drawbacks.

There Is No Place So Hot as a Ship's Deck and Nothing So Exasperating as an Inexperienced Crew.

One commonly thinks of yachting as the most delightful of summer pastimes, says the Boston Transcript, and the very word calls up visions of a "wet sheet, and a flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast," smells of salt things, and whistlings through the rigging, blue sky, white caps, driving clouds and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of the possibilities of delightful companionship and the delicious unconventionality of meeting one's fellow men and women with all the formality and restraints of on-shore life thrown off; no making talk or anything of that kind, but knocking about carelessly and easily in flannel suits and having "a real good time." Or, again, racing, with all its excitements, and cruising, with all of its possibilities of adventure, to Bar Harbor. Such is the popular and accepted view of yachting, but there is another and gloomy side to the picture which the writer, who is sometimes inclined to growl, can set forth clearly in three distinct statements, with an open challenge to contradiction-first, that to "go and take a sail" in a small boat belonging to some one else and to sail aimlessly about on the open sea is "an awful bore;" secondly, that to go as 'amateur crew" on a rowing yacht under sixty feet long is not only a bore, but a hardship, and on yachts over sixty feet in length it is not customary to have an "amateur crew," unless an occasional and almost always useless passenger can be considered such; and, lastly, that cruising is a lottery absolutely dependent on the weather. Fogs, calms, storms and head winds are quite as usual as free

winds and sunshine. Observe that nothing has been said about seasickness, which makes yachting impossible to so many.

There is no place on earth where the sun can strike down out of the sky and bleach and blister and sizzle as it can upon a yacht's deck. There is no place that can be hotter or more stuffy or more uncomfortable than a yacht's cabin on a hot day, when there is no wind or when the wind is dead aft, and when it is rough, and the water is driving across the yacht's deck in a sheet of white foam, and the crew are all huddled behind the shrouds, into which old oil skins have been stuffed to make a screen and the man at the wheel has The domestic happiness for which she life lines running from the main sheet to the main shrouds on either side of him to keep him from being washed verboard, and the oil bags are hung to windward to keep the water from breaking, and the fire is out in th like mad, and the skylight leaks so that every wave which comes abourd sends bucketfuls of swash down into the cabin, and when every now and then a wave comes aboard and pounds down on her deck like a load of pig ron, and those below are shaken about like corn in a popper, and those on deck simply hold on and duck their heads—when such is the condition of affairs yachting would not be consid-

ered a pastime.

The delights of being "amateur crew" can be briefly summed up. They consist in lying flat on your face either in a hot sun or a pouring rain, and if you turn over having the owner shout at you: "Keep still Do you think that you're a wild elephant? You jarred her all over that time." Furthermore, all yachts are not rigged alike, and if the amateur crew is told at a critical point in the race-say just before rounding the leeward mark-to let go the spinnaker halyards and let the balloon jib halyards go instead, so that the whole sall goes over to leeward, the remarks which will be made to him will be "unfit for publication."

### ANCIENT TITLES.

THE Jewish title rabbi meant master

THE most dignified title among the Hollanders was Stadtholder.

THE word captain, so often used in the Bible, simply means officer. THE name Ptolemy was adopted as a

title by the later kings of Egypt. Tun shah of Persia pretends to date his title back for a thousand years.

Moses appointed judges for the Jews to aid him in the administration of justice.

THE Jewish scribes were the lawyers, registers and notaries public of their

nation. THE most splendid and substantial title of the middle ages was that of

doge of Venice. THE title prince is from a Latin word signifying leader, and dates from the

Roman empire. THE judges who governed the Jews were for the most part the heads of

their families or clans. THE centurion, as the name implies. was the commander of a hundred men in the Roman army.-Globe-Democrat.

#### NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

ADA-"Are you going to sue him fer breach of promise?" Elsie-"No; my lawyer says I haven't any case. You see, Dick always signed his letters 'Without recourse.' "-Life.

Figg-"Goodman is dead. He has led a most beautiful and a correct life. Everybody praises him." Fogg-"But, confound him! he trumped my ace once when we were playing partners at whist."-Boston Transcript.

"I THOUGHT you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you," said Mrs. Chugwater. "He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had chance to attack for a long time.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

MISS MIDDLEAISLE-"Your new rector is lovely." Miss Alice-"Oh, yes-but he's very bad form, though." Miss Middleaisle-"Why do you say that? I think his manners are perfect." Miss Alice-"Well, anyhow, he will talk nothing but shop whenever he calls."
—Brooklyn Life.

#### FLOWERS, SHRUBS AND TREES.

SPIKES of pampas grass should be cut as soon as they are fully expended, if they are wanted for winter use for decorating the house.

OLD-FASHIONED hollyhocks have sprung into favor for decorative purposes since Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt used them at the grand fete given at her marble house.

A HYBRID has been procured between Azalea mollis and A. viscosa which preserves the agreeable fragrance of our display in August. The li white flowers last for a long tip when they fade it is to a light pink color which is still attractive, if not so much so as when white. Furs, r, this, the heads may be cut later used in their dried state as ornam for the house, placed in vases.

## POINTS OF SCIENCE.

ANTS are provided with a poison bag, which discharges a fluid having a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to drive away most insect enemics.

Camphon is the result of evaporating

an essential oil found in two different trees, the cinnamomum camphora which grows in China and Japan, and the diptercearpus camphora of Sumatra and Borneo.

A LETTER from Prof. Garner, dated from his steel cage, which he has named Fort Gorilla, has been received in England from Fernandez Varz, Af-The professor claims to have made great progress in his study of the monkey language

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