ATHENA PRESS

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By J. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

F. B. Boyd, Editor.

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ATHENA, AUGUST 30th, 1895.

In Oregon, as in any other agricultural state, the farmer that makes farming pay, works hard and intelligently, but it is a fact that in portions of the state, where alfalfa is a staple crop, one can make a living with less work, than anywhere else on earth. Alfalfa is better than a bank account, for draw on it as you may, it always will show a balance to your credit. It is equal to an artesian well for live water, and bores to reach it. Cattle live on it, hogs fatten on it. A hungry horse wants nothing better. For filling a milk can it beats the pump. Once started on your land, it will stay with you like a Russian thistle or a first class mortgage. With a twenty-acre alfalfa field two milk cows and a herd of hogs, a farmer is "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Senator McBride of Oregon is in favor of electing United States senators by a direct vote of the people. Here are his reasons for it: "It would be well for the senators in congress to receive their election directly from the people, that the senators themselves may know and feel that their trust has been delegated to them by the people and not by the few men, howsoever able and worthy, who hold the elective power under the present system. I think, too, that the election of senators by popular vote would remove from the minds of the masses prejudice which, though often a mistaken one, exists against the senators as a body, that does not feel itself directly responsible to the people themselves."

A meeting of the business men of Salem and the farmers of the surrounding country was held recently for the purpose of taking steps toward the establishment of a creamery. The project met with favor, and a committee was appointed to canvass the business men and farmers to ascertain how much will be subscribed to the enterprise. The business men of the capitol city have taken a step in the right direction. Athena could inaugurate this movement to successful advantage to herself and to the farmer in precisely the same way.

The money question does not afford a test of any man's Democracy There are as good Democrats on one side as on the other. It will not do to say that the man who favors the free coinage of silver is not a Democrat, or that the man who opposes it is not a Democrat. [illegible] is a question upon which good [illegible]mocrats may and do widely dif-[illegible]

[illegible]ew libel law regarding [illegible]s, passed by the Illinois [illegible]ast winter, has been un-[illegible] repealed at the re-[illegible]sion of that august [illegible]re of the new law [illegible] of retractions [illegible] and providing [illegible]her than ex[illegible]ges where [illegible] in pay-[illegible] near [illegible]wn of [illegible]e, but [illegible]f that [illegible]ome-[illegible]ever [illegible]

while the well known name of that veteran writer, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, who a quarter of a century ago launched the "New Northwest" on the journalistic sea, tops the editorial page. We wish the new paper success.

The Wallowa Chieftain says if J. L. Carter has any friends left they should call him off. That paper thinks he should be satisfied with his present soft snap and let the school superintendent care drop There is some satisfaction in knowing that the all important subject of education in Union county is being well looked after by a competent official, Miss Nellie Stevens.

A petition for a rehearing in the case of J. B. Eddy, railroad commissioner, vs. Secretary of State H. R. Kincaid has been filed in the supreme court. The people—the taxpayers—of Eastern Oregon sincerely hope that the rehearing will be granted the petitioner, and offer up a prayer that the commissioners may be ousted.

A man and his wife in Kansas spent a fortune in suing each other for divorce. After they had gotten rid of all their money they concluded to live happily together in poverty. This is a new demonstration of the theory that the way to get any satisfaction out of wealth is to spend it.

An editor who takes produce in exchange for subscriptions and advertising space, has been asked to give his views on the money question. "Money is," he says, "so far as we are concerned, the essence of things hoped for and the substance of things not seen."

Ex-Senator Ingalls says the populist party is "not wholly defunct, but is on its death-bed, ill with an incurable malady; its pulse flutters its respiration is labored; its temperature is low. The undertaker is waiting."

Benjamin Harrison has again taken occasion to say, "I am out of politics." Many others in these United States could say as much and not be accused of prevaricating.

AMONG TOYMAKERS.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards Tells of What She Saw in the Homes of St. Ulrich.

In her story of the toymakers of the Tyrol, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, in her "Untrodden Peaks," mentions many an interesting visit to the homes of the working people of St. Ulrich, where so many toys are made.

"In one house," runs the account, "we found an old, old woman at work, Magdalena Paldauf by name. She carved cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants. She has made these six animals her whole life long, and she has no idea how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes, and she turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year. She has no model or drawing of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gouges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if it were not utterly mechanical. Magdalena Paldauf learned from her mother how to carve these six animals, and her mother had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. Magdalena has now taught the art to her own granddaughter; and so it will go on being transmitted for generations."

In another house Miss Edwards found the whole family carving skulls and crossbones for fixing at the bases of crucifixes, for the wood carving of Grodner Thal is religious in its nature as well as amusing. In other houses there were families that carved rocking horses or dolls or other toys, and in still other houses there were families of painters.

"In one house," says the gifted authoress, "we found about a dozen girls painting gray horses with black points. In another house they painted only red horses with white points. It is a separate branch of the trade to paint saddles and headgear. A good hand will paint twelve dozen horses a day, each horse being about one foot in length, and for these she is paid fifty-five soldi, or about two shillings three pence English."

PARTIES OF SHOPPERS.

Accomplish Less and Try the Clerks More Than Does an Individual.

Is there any season of the year when women don't "shop?"

I suppose there must be, but I declare whenever I visit one of the mammoth emporiums, it is filled with the fair ones, as busy as bees.

They generally hunt in couples, or even in threes or fours, and the shopmen and women rather resent this.

For, if Miss Jones is alone, she has only one mind to make up. But a quartette means four times the work, or so the employes have often assured me.

For instance:

"Oh, that's just lovely! I've been looking for that all day. Can you let me have fourteen [illegible]?"

"Yes'm."

[illegible]e shopman [illegible] silk and [illegible] out his scis[illegible] [illegible] a momen[illegible] [illegible]o [illegible] [illegible]t for me?" [illegible] like [illegible]

quite sure it won't be becoming.

"Oh, then wait! You needn't cut that off. I'll look at something else."

The shopman pockets his scissors, and brings out a sigh instead, for the bevy in time float away, and that sale is dished.

THE HORSELESS AGE.

Electricity Will Soon Drive the Useful Animal Off the Street.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, who was asked whether he thought the horse was doomed, said: "I imagine that one fine morning we will wake up with apparatus ready to take us to our offices by an automobile carriage, or, perchance, through the air. But in spite of my full belief in the electric carriage of the future I doubt whether the services of the horse will ever be entirely dispensed with. I cannot conceive our active Americans adapting themselves to the pursuit of pleasure in carriages moved by electricity or by any other kind of motor but the horse. What has made the bicycle so universally popular but the one fact that it permits of action on the part of the rider, that it affords excitement? For similar reasons the carriage horse will always have friends and admirers; his style, action and movement cannot be duplicated or imitated. As to the ordinary everyday horse, he is certainly doomed. The extent to which electricity has discredited and replaced him is exemplified by the fact that it no longer pays to breed horses that command but a moderate price."

Every Horse Its Own Doctor.

A striking instance of animal instinct, or "horse sense," is revealed by the actions of an old horse owned by Henry Root, a prosperous farmer of Wissahickon, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Root's horse has been troubled for months with rheumatism of the entire body, and all the treatment of learned veterinarians failed to relieve the suffering of the animal. One day, upon being turned into the meadow, the horse pawed up the earth with his hoof and stooped down to lick up the dirt. Almost immediately the beneficial effects were noticeable, and ever since the rheumatic horse has taken his daily dose of mud to the extent of nearly a half peck per day. He is almost entirely cured.

Art of Chinese Burglars.

The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of his own, burns it and blows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him helpless, while at the same time permitting him to see and hear everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against the charm is pure water, and most of the wealthy Chinese sleep with a basin of this near their heads.

STAGE VIANDS.

The Kind of Food Furnished to Actors in the Plays.

When actors partake of a repast on the stage the minds of many in the audience ask: "Are the viands real?" The answer is, sometimes they are and sometimes they are not. One of Mr. Salvini's recent productions was "Friend Fritz," in which there is a typical stage breakfast.

The writer happened to be behind the scenes on the first night of the play in Philadelphia, and he overheard a conversation not intended for the ears of the audience, between Fritz and Hanezo while seated at the table. From the remarks it will be learned precisely what constituted the menu.

"Just taste this bisque and give me your opinion," said Fritz aloud. The soup was tasted in silence. Then Hanezo remarked sotto voce: "It's awful, governor; there's no salt in it," then aloud: "Delicious! delicious!" to which Frederick replied: "Perfect! perfect!"

Enter Catherine with the fish, which was a half loaf of rye bread cut in the form of a fish and garnished with lettuce and floating in a gravy of soup.

Joseph's violin was heard by the audience while the fish was being served, but not Fritz's remarks when he whispered: "Eat the fish, boys." "I can't, governor," said Hanezo; "rye bread doesn't agree with me."

The pork pie was next served, but instead of pork it contained apples. "Aha!" exclaimed Fritz aloud, "this is your favorite dish—a pork pie," to which Hanezo replied with a jolly laugh, and then whispered: "Governor, I can't eat pie, I'm banting."

The Rhine wine and claret were genuine, and the glasses were always set down empty. This is accounted for by the fact that Salvini is too good an Italian to drink a poor quality of wine, and the bottles generally contain the best that can be purchased.

"In New York," said Mr. Salvini to the writer a little later, "a friend of mine presented me with a bottle of port that was said to be forty years old, and the company drank it before the audience, which no doubt thought it to be cold tea or burnt sugar and water. But the breakfast scene was played with an unusual amount of earnestness and accuracy that night."

FIRST WATCH EVER MADE.

It Was Constructed of Iron and Is Still in Running Order.

About three hundred and seventy-five years ago the first watch was made, and it is still in running order. Clocks were made long before watches, the year 900 after Christ being about the time when clocks with wheel works, the power being given by hanging weights, were first made. But these timepieces were stationary. Later on smaller clocks were made, but it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that an ingenious locksmith of Nuremberg constructed a portable watch made entirely of iron.

A private collection recently brought to New York from Berlin contains the first watch that was ever made, and one that is still in working order—an iron watch of Peter Henlein, now universally accepted as the inventor of the pocket watch, who was a locksmith of Nuremberg, and was born in 1480. The present watch was made certainly not later than 1520. The works are entirely of iron. The back of the case and the cover, which are of bronze, and the dial, are beautifully ornamented with arabesques of ingenious design, cut into the surface and delicately chased. The dial is divided into twelve hours,

but has no minute marks on the spaces. Above the figure 12 there is a small thorn, and above each of the other figures a small knob, for convenience of feeling the time at night. The early watches had but one hand, the hour hand and the mainspring, of hardened iron, had no casing, but was merely confined by four pillars supporting the back plate.

NAPOLEON'S HORSES.

The Little Corporal Was Very Fond of the Noble Animals.

In the present revival of interest in Napoleon, little attention has been paid to his love for horses. A study of this side of his nature would reveal some interesting facts. In Egypt Napoleon ordered the capture of every horse ridden by the Mamelukes where capture was possible. Nearly every horse taken was shipped to France, as many of them were of the Arab type. One of the ships on which some of the captured horses were shipped was wrecked in attempting to escape from a English frigate. Another ship on which Junot sailed was captured, and Junot was made a prisoner. When Napoleon heard the news, he expressed more regret for the loss of the horses than he did for that of his favorite secretary, afterward marshal of France.

The horses that arrived safely on French soil have left their mark on the horses of France and this country. Their descendants can be seen every day on the streets of New York. They have driven the Clydesdales and English shire horses out of the American markets, and the smoothly turned, trappy, rapid walking, active Normans and Percherons are the result of the capture of the horses of the Mamelukes by Napoleon in Egypt. Their blood lines were so strong that the grays predominate, and it is a common occurrence to see horses that weigh upwards of one thousand pounds with the clear-cut head, wide throttle, sharp-pointed ear and beautiful, mild eye of the Arab type.

TOO MANY GIRLS.

What They Do in China When Such Is the Case.

As maid-of-all work, the Chinaman has won a fair reputation; but he is undoubtedly wrong on the woman question. A correspondent of Frank Leslie's Monthly tells of her Chinese servant's peculiar conduct when twin girls were born to the household.

Sue Kung had been with us three years, when twin daughters blessed our home. He came in to look at them, and laid a new coin on their pillows and some tiny cups under the crib, and then asked: "Him girls or she boys?" We said, two girls. His face was a study, and wildly waving his hands, with the gesture of wringing the neck of a fowl, he said:

"Too much girlie; ling hims neck in China. Too much girlie cost too muchee; allee time want nice clothes. Too much boys good, 'cause they makee muchee money in the banks."

When he came in the next morning he said: "Me likee you belly (very) much, but me no likee to stay in any place where him gettee two girlies allee same time."

He made us numerous and elegant presents, such as beautifully embroidered mantel draperies and highly colored silk handkerchiefs, and some pretty china trinkets and ornaments for "them too much girlies," and left our employ.

BEES FORM FRIENDSHIPS.

Experiences of a Young Man to Whom They Took a Liking.

"I always loved bees," said the young man in gold-bowed glasses behind the dairy counter as he handed down a honeycomb for the inspection of an idle customer, according to the New York Sun. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a swarm a-coming. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarm as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed my hands and arms with burdock juice and honey water, and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me.

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat, and went at them. I have taken them from all sorts of places, but I was never stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down by back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one time when I was stung I had found a swarm on a high limb and was sawing it off, and at the same time holding on to it that it should not fall to the ground with the bees. In doing this I squeezed one of the bees, and it flew straight at my temple' and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bee business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the difference."

A Natural Question.

A Cincinnati paper reports that the agent of a clock-dealer in that city called one day on a good German citizen of the "Over-the-Rhine" district, and endeavored to sell him an eight-day clock. "My dear sir," said the salesman, "this is a remarkable clock. It is not only beautiful, but it is most useful. Why, this clock will run eight days without winding." The German opened his eyes. "Eight days vidout vinding!" he exclaimed. "Vy, dot it is a creat glock. But tell me dot—if he vill run eight days vidout vinding, how long vill he run if you *do* vind him?"

Good Feed.

An Englishman and a Scotchman were walking in the fields together. "Humph!" said the Englishman, "oats are very well in their way. Now in England we feed them to horses, but here your men eat them." "Ay, ay!" said the Scotchman. "And just see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men there [illegible] Scotland."

WON BY A SIREN.

The Romantic Tale of an American Professor's Downfall.

Led by the Wiles of an Aleutian Island Maiden to Forsake His Wife and Country—A Touching Story of Life in the North.

Maj. S. R. Nettleton, who was two years United States special treasury agent at the Pribylov islands, or Seal islands as they are sometimes called, was a close observer of the customs of the Aleutians, and relates many interesting anecdotes of his sojourn there, says the St. Louis Republic.

"In the far away Pribylov islands there is a little convent devoted to a nameless religion," said Maj. Nettleton. "It has only one occupant, whom the natives call Kchatka, the Aleutian nun. She worships no invisible divinity and has no theoretical doctrines, but she teaches her people that if they live honestly and relieve the sick and unfortunate they will be rewarded.

"Years ago, when the islands were the property of Russia, a Russian trader came to the islands to exchange his merchandise for sealskins and the fur of the silver gray fox. He fell in love with an Aleutian maiden, the belle of the island, and in the due course of time they were married. The trader and his dusky wife made many voyages between the island and Russian ports, but one day they were brought from their ship to one of the Alaska Commercial company's huts, both very ill with a terrible fever. With them were two little twin girls, whose exuberant health and spirits were a sad contrast to the condition of their parents. The next day their mother died. Her husband was at the point of death, but when his dying wife was brought to his bedside and asked him to give their children to her parents he feebly assented. When the funeral of his wife was taking place he too died, and the two little orphans were removed to the home of their grandmother.

"Their lives were uneventful until they reached the age of sixteen. Neither had been to school, and they knew nothing of the outside world, except what they remembered of the fairy tales told to amuse their childhood fancies. About this time the United States purchased Alaska and sent a young professor from one of the leading eastern universities to the island on a scientific expedition. The trip was an arduous one, and he left his young wife at home with her relatives. Securing the data and statistics for which he was sent in a few days, time hung heavily on his hands, and the young savant undertook the task of instructing the beautiful but illiterate sisters. Kchatka was an apt pupil, quaffing eagerly from the Pierian spring, but her sister, although quite as bright, seemed to be much more interested in her tutor than she was in her grammar or arithmetic. The attraction was mutual, and when a ship came on which the young professor might have returned home he wrote to his wife that he was unexpectedly detained and could not come home for another three months. The arrivals of ships at the islands were few and far between, and the next mail brought a letter imploring him to return home, as his wife was at the point of death. It so happened that one of the Alaska Commercial company's schooners was to sail for San Francisco the following day. The young professor resolutely went on board, bribing the boatmen to refuse to bring his Aleutian sweetheart to the schooner should she ask them to do so.

"The schooner lay fully a mile from the shore, and the sailors were already in the tall masts spreading the canvas preparatory to departure, when one of them caught sight of a woman swimming in the water. She came on board and implored the young man to abandon his idea of returning home, or to stay at least until the next ship. Her knowledge of English was limited, but as she knelt before him on the deck of the ship, her dark eyes pleading more eloquently than words, he decided to forsake his invalid wife and spend his days with his Aleutian love.

"He returned to the island and endeavored to forget the woman whom he had promised to love and cherish, who, lying at the dark portals of death, was longing for a parting kiss or a last embrace before she died. The mail which next reached the islands informed him that his wife was dead; that she died with his name on her lips, and that her last intelligible utterance was a hope that he would meet her in the better land.

"He read the letter and fell to the floor unconscious. Fully two months of faithful nursing saved him from dying of brain fever. When he was well enough to return home he married his Aleutian sweetheart. Kchatka, her sister, refused to leave the islands. During the epidemic of smallpox, which nearly depopulated the islands a few years ago, she was one of the very few who did not take the disease, although she was constantly at the bedside of the sufferers. The simple natives say that the Great Spirit refused to spoil her beauty, that she might shine as an angel of light among them and teach the road to the Aleutian heaven, where seals are plenty and it is never cold."

BRUIN AS A DEFENDER.

A Trapped Bear Whips a Mountain Lion and a Coyote.

A Montana ranchman, having lost a fine brood of ducks, set a bear trap baited with fresh beef, and that night heard a howl, which he recognized as that of a coyote. Knowing that the animal could not escape he turned over to sleep again, when he heard such a chorus of howls that he went out to investigate. He found a coyote and a cinnamon bear caught in the trap, showing that both animals had made a strike for the beef at the same time, while ten feet away was a mountain lion, waiting until one of the fighters had killed the other before finishing the winner. The bear and coyote seemed to know this, and made no hostile sign, so the lion sneaked around to the top of a sheep shed near by, where he lay crouched for a moment, and then made a spring, dropping squar[illegible] on the bear. A terrific struggle [illegible]lowed, in which the lion at first [illegible] the best of it, but finally the bear [illegible]

a grip on his adversary's neck, the lion's head dropped and he was strangled to death. The bear was not much better off, bleeding from many wounds, but he still had life enough to look after the coyote. He made two strokes at the coward of the plains and crushed the life out of him. Then the bear staggered around a minute and rolled over dead.

BIRDS AS BAROMETERS.

A Well-Known Writer Who Holds That They Are Not Weather Wise.

In his charming book, "Recent Rambles," Dr. Charles C. Abbott gives some little attention to the question whether birds can realize the coming of a storm so far in advance of its actual appearance as to serve observant man as a reliable barometer. Although this has been popularly believed for centuries, Dr. Abbott thinks that it has no basis in fact and voices his opinion in these words:

"It needs but a short ramble in the woods and fields after a summer shower to see how painfully destructive are moderate wind and rain when they rush across the country hand-in-hand. There is no more touching sight in all nature than the lowly murmured plaint of nest-birds as they contemplate, after a shower, their ruined home and drowned fledglings.

"To credit a bird with weather-wisdom, and yet with no power to guard against probable danger, is to assume that it leads the terrible life of one in constant fear—a mental condition the bird's daily life flatly contradicts. Never does the world look brighter than a few hours before some great change. Never are the birds more merry, mammals more full of play; yet the impending storm means mischief that to some extent might be averted had these happy creatures but an inkling of what was coming."

FIRST OF HOOFED ANIMALS.

Supposed to Have Lived on Western Prairies 500,000 Years Ago.

In the rooms of Prof. E. D. Cope, at Philadelphia, the person fortunate enough to gain admission, says the St. Louis Republic, may see the creature which all naturalists are unanimous in pronouncing the first representative of the hoofed-animal species. The animal is not alive, neither is it entire so far as flesh and blood are concerned, but to the paleontologist, who cares only for the fossiled bones, the specimen is perfect. It is not larger than a yearling calf, and not nearly so tall, and was found in the Wind river country in Wyoming. Prof. Cope named it Thenacodus primævus when it was first discovered, giving it as his opinion that it was akin to a specimen which was found several years ago in France (the paleotherium), and which gave Cuvier and the other naturalists so much trouble to classify. At the time of the discovery of the French specimen the savants of Europe decided that it was the ancestor of "hoofed critters," but the Wind river fossil, which is easily distinguished as being a type of the same, is believed to be much more ancient. Cope's curiosity was found in rocks belonging to the eocene period and the time when it grazed on the western prairies has been placed as far back as five hundred thousand years. Every bone is perfect and in place, and the specimen could not be purchased for ten thousand dollars.

HAD PREACHERS ENOUGH.

Stories That Are Funny, But a Little Doubtful.

The story is related of a bishop who came to one of our state prisons and was told: "No need of you here, sir. We have eight preachers safely locked up who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow-prisoners." If this appear a doubtful tale, it can be varied with the following about a young lady Sunday-school teacher who has a class of rather bright boys, averaging between seven and nine years. Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon love. The lads heeded the request and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular subject, such as "Love your enemies," Little children love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last: "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Raising himself up, he, responded: "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse: 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.'"

Clipping of Gold Coins.

A century or more ago the clipping of coins was carried on extensively in England and elsewhere. Gold pieces which had lost more or less of their substance were common then and passed current readily enough. But statutory restrictions have rendered this business comparatively unprofitable. However, it is still practiced by criminals of great expertness. Gold is almost exclusively subjected to such treatment. Some of the processes employed are remarkably ingenious.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at La Grande, Oregon.
August 17, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to commute and make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before County Clerk of Umatilla Co. at Pendleton, Oregon on September 28th, 1895, viz:

JAMES H. GALLAHER,

Hd 5648, for the NE ¼ Sec. 23 Tp 4 N R 33, E W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

J K Bott of Helix William Reeder, of Athena Archie McKinnon of Adams, Clinton Munford of Pendleton.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed will have an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

B F Wilson, Register

Summons.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Umatilla county,

Ross Scott, Plaintiff
vs.
J A Johnson, J B Stewart and J J Johnson, Defendants

To J A Johnson, J B Stewart and J J Johnson the above named defendants.

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 within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served in Umatilla County, or if served in any other county in the State of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of such service upon you, or if served upon you outside of the State of Oregon or by the publication thereof then by the first day of the next regular term of said Court next following such publication, to-wit: the 14th day of October, 1895.

DEFENDANTS will take notice that if they fail to appear and answer or plead to the plaintiff's said complaint within said time, the plaintiff for want thereof, will take judgment against them for the sum of $457.03, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 6th day of May 1895, until paid together with the costs and disbursements of this action.

E. DePeatt, Attorney for Plaintiff.

This summons is published by order of Hon. J. A Fee judge of said court, made at chambers in Pendleton Oregon, on the 21st, day of August 1895.

E. DePeatt, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Summons.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Umatilla county,

C. C. Frazier, Plaintiff,
vs
Robert Ferris, Alexander Ferris and B. F. Stone, Defendants.

To Robert Ferris, Alexander Ferris and B. F. Stone, the above named defendents,

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 Court within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served in Umatilla Co.; or if served in any other County in the state of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of such service upon you, or if served outside the state of Oregon or by the publication thereof then by the first day of next regular term of said court next following such publication, to wit: the 14th day of October, 1895.

Defendants will take notice that if they fail to appear and answer or plead within said time, the plaintiff for want thereof, will take judgment against them for the recovery of the possession of the following described lands and premises situated in Umatilla county State of Oregon, towit: The Southwest quarter of Section 25 in Township 5 North of Range 34 East of the Willamette Meridian and for the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars damage for with-holding the possession of the same from the plaintiff, and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements of this action.

C. H. Finn and E. DePeatt, Attorney's for Plaintiff.

The above summons is published by order of Hon. James A. Fee, made at chambers at Pendleton Oregon, on the 31 day of July, 1895.

C. H. Finn and E. DePeatt, Attorney's for Plaintiff.

Notice of Settlement of Final Account.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of James M. Isley, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of James M. Isley, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement and filed in the above entitled Court his final account of his administration of the said estate, and that Monday, the 2nd day of September, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m., of the said day, the same being a day of the term of said Court subsequent to said filing of said final account, to-witt; of the September term A. D. 1895 thereof, has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the settlement of the same. Dated at Umatilla County, State of Oregon, this 18th day of July, 1895.

E. DePeatt, Attorney. Madison P. Isley. Administrator.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will apply to the Mayor and common council of the city of Athena, Oregon, at a meeting thereof to be held on the 25th. day of Agust 1895, for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in less quantities than one quart, said liquors to be sold only in a building situated on lot 7 in block 5, of said city. Alex McKay
Dated Aug 1st, 1895. Applican

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

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Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

Farmers, Attention

THE PRODUCERS' WAREHOUSE COMPANY'S HOUSES are now open and ready to receive wheat along the line of the Washington & Columbia River railway, which gives you a market at Tacoma, Seattle or Portland. These houses are open to all wheat buyers at all times. Each lot will be piled separate and loaded out as taken in. We think too expensive to farmers to send men out to drum up and solicit your business, as all such expense is charged to you in some way or other. Cumtux?

PRODUCERS' WAREHOUSE CO.
J. L. KILLIAN, MANAGER.
Clark Walter, - - - - - - Agent at Athena.

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