

ATHENA PRESS

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The Oregon delegation in congress have been quite industrious since the convening of congress introducing bills appropriating vast sums of money for public buildings at different points throughout the state and for pensions etc Hermann has introduced several bills for improvements to the lower Columbia and Willamette rivers and numerous harbors along the coast, but none of them as yet have raised their voices in behalf of an appropriation for removing obstructions to navigation on the upper Columbia, says the Dalles Times-Mountaineer. Possibly we should not find fault with them for their inactivity in this matter, since such a vigorous opposition has been raised by some of the parties most interested in the matter to the plan recommended by the government engineers—a boat-railway—but it does seem that this should not prevent our representatives in congress from taking action in such an important matter. It is one of more importance, not to the state of Oregon alone, but to Washington and Idaho as well, than the erection of public buildings or the granting of pensions, for upon it depends the future prosperity of the entire Inland Empire. It would benefit all the people, while pensions and public buildings can benefit only a few. The Dalles, Baker City and Salem can well afford to wait for their one hundred and two hundred thousand dollar buildings until this more important improvement is made, and we would call the attention of Senators Mitchell and McBride and Representatives Hermann and Ellis that if they would serve their constituents well they will take this matter in hand at once. Give the Inland Empire an open river to the sea first, even if we never get our great public buildings. They are little needed—luxuries as it were—while an open river is a necessity.

The entire people of Umatilla county mourn the loss of Sam P. Sturgis. His was a life of usefulness. A man of enormous energy, he was the father of many enterprises in Pendleton and Umatilla county. He was a man of unswerving loyalty to a friend and never turned from one in need of help who could demonstrate that he had ability to help himself and was reliable. Not only the rich were numbered among his friends, but the poor alike were bound to him in the unbreakable chains of friendship. Sam P. Sturgis had a goodly store of this world's goods, which were not accumulated by selfish avarice, but by self-denial in early life, and later by strict attention to honorable business methods. He was a man among men and the position in life he had attained; the claims he had upon the friendship of hundreds of people, were hewn from the rough by the man himself. His was a useful life; fit for the emulation of all. May he rest in peace.

There is undoubtedly a ghost of no diminutive proportions in the Republican camp at the present stage of the game, as the following excerpts from two leading papers of G. O. P. doctrine and persuasion, will attest. The Heppner Gazette asks:

"Can we afford to swap horses in the middle of the stream?" The Pendleton Tribune man comes back at the Gazette man in this way: "The answer is easy. The Republican party is not a one-horse party. It can swap horses in this district whenever it can gain by

the swap. Is Mr. Ellis a statesman of such commanding character that we cannot improve upon him? Nonsense. What has he ever said or done, in congress, that makes his services indispensable? Umatilla county can supply a dozen more efficient men than Ellis to hold down the seat in congress. The Heppner Gazette is way off its base."

The Eugene Guard says: "The only appropriation of the state university receives is the \$30,000 given by the last legislature, which is to carry on the university for two years, thus making an annual sum of \$15,000." How is it then that the item of \$30,000 for the support of the state university was put in the amount to be raised by the tax levy of 1896? Has the entire amount to be raised this year? The Guard will please explain.

A HIGH protection paper says that "in order to restore confidence it is necessary first to restore the revenue." But the revenue cannot be restored by restoring the very taxes that were abolished to reduce the revenue.

The Republican organs shouted 'wait till we're in and then prosperity will come.' 'We'uns' have been in for some time, but the people still wait.

TRICK WITH A BANK BILL.

A man walked into a hotel near the Grand Central station early the other morning, having just left a train. He ordered and ate a hearty breakfast and then, instead of giving the waiter the money to pay the check and waiting for the change, as most men do, he "tipped" the waiter and carried the bill to the cashier. In his hand, says the New York Tribune, along with the bill for his breakfast, he held a ten-dollar note. "I wish," he said to the cashier, "that you would pin a slip of paper to this bank bill, so that you can identify it, and then put it away, please, until I call for it. I'll be back to-morrow." The cashier looked rather astonished. "Yes," said the other. "I only want to leave it here as security for my breakfast. I'll come back to get it." "But it's a good bill," said the cashier. "I'll accept it and give you the change." "No," replied the stranger. "I don't want you to do that. I want merely to leave this bank bill in pawn. I want to pledge it. Give me the price of my breakfast on it, and to-morrow I'll redeem it." "Oh, I see," said the cashier, with a smile, "you want to keep this bill because it has some peculiar value through association. It's a sort of a souvenir, eh?" "Well, not exactly," was the answer. "You see, I have been over in Boston. I went nearly broke there. When I was coming away some of my friends insisted on lending me some money. I told them that I should not need it, but they declared I could not pull through. One of them forced ten dollars on me." "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the man. "I'll give you the number and date of this bill. I'm coming to Boston again next week. Now to prove to you that I don't need this ten dollars, I'll bet you that I bring the same bill back with me, I'll bet a dinner for us all." "They took the bet, and that is why I want to put this bill in pawn. Pretty good joke on them, eh?" he said, with a wink. "I spend it, and yet I keep it. Take good care of it for me, and when you get out, looking like a conqueror." About five minutes later the cashier took out the bill, pinned the slip of paper to another one of about the same color and appearance, and slipped them back into his cash-drawer. "I wonder who'll have the joke on him, now?" he said to himself, and then he whistled softly.

A FOREIGN INDUSTRY.

We use Millions of Split Steel Rings, But Don't Make Any. "I've handled and sold forty thousand gross of split key rings since 1867," said the little man in an overcoat and a white sweater, "and not one of them was of American make." "Why, how is that?" asked a New York Sun reporter. "Because there are none made in this country," replied the little man with a smile that lifted one corner of his gray mustache. "No, sir," he continued, "the making of split steel rings is an art that we haven't got hold of yet, somehow, and I must say I often wonder at it."

"Where are they made, then?" "The best, sir, are made about fifty-seven miles outside of Paris, at a little manufacturing town whose name I can't just now recall. The next best rings are made in Sheffield, England, while rings of inferior quality, made from Swedish iron, are manufactured in Alsace. I don't know that the steel in the French rings is any better than that used by the Sheffield manufacturers, but the Frenchmen in this, as in so many things, have got the hang of making their things look well. The

Deafness Cannot be Cured. by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, unless it comes out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We give One Hundred Dollars reward for so many deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent on circular free. K. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O., 23 So. Dearb't St.

Sheffield rings are polished with oil and emery, and that gives them a dull steely look, while the French rings are polished by the dry process, with what they call 'rocous powder,' a sort of coarse rouge.

"What are the extremes in size of split rings?" the man was asked. "The smallest that I ever handled," he replied, "were three-sixteenths of an inch across. They are gilded when they reach this country and are used in cheap jewelry. The largest key rings I ever sold were two and a half inches in diameter, and those I sold to the wardens at Sing Sing. In fact, they are called prison rings. That key ring with the two little knobs or bosses through which you slip the key, is also a French manufacture, and indeed I have never seen an American key ring, except that clumsy little thing where you have to move around a small round double plate with a notch in it, and then spring out the open end of the ring through this notch. I must say," concluded the little man, musingly, "I often wonder why we don't make rings over here. Even now there's a forty-five per cent duty on them, and they could be sold at half their present price and still bring a good profit. Why, just think, I sell over one hundred and fifty thousand rings a year, and there must be millions of them handled every year in this country."

STEPS ON RAILWAY CARS.

An Authority Thinks They Are Useless and Should Be Abolished. When the first primitive railway was built in this country, says the Railway Age, somebody thought it would be cheaper and handier to attach steps so that passengers could get on or off whenever the train might accommodate itself stop, without the trouble of drawing up to a platform, and the fashion once started has been followed until now there are in the United States not far from thirty-five thousand cars, passenger, baggage, mail and express, with one hundred and forty thousand sets of steps that are costly to build and maintain, are a constant source of danger, discomfort and delay, and serve no purpose that could not much better be accomplished by having station platforms at a level with the platforms of the cars. The elevated railways in New York first demonstrated the needlessness of steps for cars on the American plan of having end doors as had from the first been demonstrated on all European railways where the doors open at the side. The Illinois Central Railway company had the enterprise to extend the principle of no steps to surface roads by building special cars and high station platforms for its world's fair train service, with the result of handling great numbers of passengers with extraordinary celerity and safety, and the same progressive management is now preparing to abolish the use of car steps in its extensive suburban train service by elevating its station platforms. It has had the principle in highly successful operation for nearly a year on its express suburban service, in which are used ordinary day coaches, the steps having been removed and the platforms widened out, and if it were building new cars for that service it would build them without steps. For remote stations on its local service where it is not yet ready to provide new station platforms it adopts the simple device of having trap doors over the steps, which can be thrown back where the steps are to be used—an expedient that would facilitate the gradual adoption of the high station platform principle on all roads, allowing them to apply it at first only at the principal stations.

THE FIRST CIGARS.

The Havana Variety Was Smoked in Paris as Long Ago as 1813. When were cigars first smoked? According to a French authority at Paris, he has been making investigations in this subject, the record in this shape was not introduced into France till the return of the French army from Spain in 1823. This fact is on the authority of Hippolyte Huger, the dramatic author, who writes thus in his memoirs: "Our return from Paris was by way of Orleans. On the route we met quite frequently officers returning from Spain. They had generally cigars in their mouths as a new habit, since become general. From this point of view the campaign of 1823 had the good financial result of establishing a new branch of import trade." Another document, however, carries back the use of the cigar to a slightly earlier period. The "Hermit of the Chasse d'Antin" (1813), going to see his nephew, a young officer at Paris, finds him in his morning in coat and trowsers and smoking a Havana cigar. The taste for cigars seems at this time to have been sufficiently extended to make them a common article in the stock of every grocer who was careful to cater to the wants of his customers.

Not a Pleasant People.

An almost unknown race—or one rarely visited by Europeans—is described by Mr. G. S. Robertson. These people live in the sub-Himalayan region and are called Kafirs. In many respects they are not a pleasant people. Their worst mental peculiarities are cupidity, jealousy, and intertribal hatred. On the other hand they have a strong family affection and are capable of acts of heroism when at war. For killing one of their fellow tribesmen punishment is the penalty. They have their cities of refuge. They have medicine men. Mr. Robertson intimates that there is a secret valley in Kafiristan where an unknown tongue is spoken the sound of which is like "a soft musical meowing."

A Curious Incident.

A train was recently stopped in France, on the line between Bellegarde and Geneva, under the following curious circumstances: A freight train had in one of its cars some cod liver oil, which began to leak away from the containing vessel. By chance, the escaping steam struck exactly in the middle of the rail. The train that bore the oil was not affected, but the track was thus well greased for the passenger train that followed, which came to a standstill when it reached the oily rails. Nearly three-quarters of an hour were consumed in running the two and a half miles to the next station, and this rate was only attained by diligent sanding of the track.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

He Buys Two Cans' Worth of Coconut Cakes and Rescues His Youth.

"When I was a boy," said a middle-aged New Yorker the other day, according to the Sun, "I used to be very fond of coconut cakes, as they were called, small disks of candied coconut, which cost one cent each. They were colored white and red, and gaily they got some chocolate colored, and it seems to me they had some other colors. If I had only one cent I bought usually a white one, though sometimes I took a red one; if I had two cents I bought a red and white, to have a variety. I have seen the time when I had three cents, and bought all three colors at once. "I had not bought any coconut cakes for I don't know how many years, though I had seen them along year after year, particularly in summer, when the dust blows and the white ones get all covered with dirt; but the other day I bought two of the new-fashioned kind, that seems just now to be having a run; you see them on all the push carts. The new coconut cakes are all one color, a sort of mottled color and they are not round and flat like the old ones, but thick and bunched, like little broken-off masses of the prepared coconut. "I found them very good. They differ somewhat from the old-fashioned coconut cake in taste and texture, as well as in build and color; the old coconut cake, while not brittle, exactly, was what you might call crumbly and sugary; it dissolved quickly in the mouth; while the contemporary coconut cake, after you get below the light frostwork of its exterior, has decidedly more consistence; it is what the modern child calls chewy; but the coconut taste is there all right, and as I eat them they carry me back to the days of my youth."

AN EARLY IRONCLAD.

It Was Built to Break Through the Spanish Lines. The idea of protected ships, such as the modern men-of-war, is by no means an absolutely new one. This is proved, says the Western Mail, of Cardiff, by the fact that an armored vessel was constructed, though crudely, of course, as far back as 1585 by a shipwright of Antwerp during the wars between the Spaniards and the Dutch. In the summer of 1585 Antwerp was invaded by the Spaniards both by land and water, and the people of Antwerp built the first protected ship on record in an attempt to break through the line of besiegers in the river. It was a craft of unusual size, with flat bottom, its sides armed with iron plates fastened into great beams of wood. When finished the builders thought it a floating castle, impregnable to the artillery and missiles of those days, which should crush all opposition, as it contained a great number of men, some of whom were placed like sharpshooters in the tops of the masts, and the rest protected by the bulwarks.

They were so confident that the craft would rout the enemy that they called it "Finis Belli," thinking it no doubt would put an end to the war. Unfortunately, however, the early ironclad proved a disastrous failure, getting stuck upon a bank of the Scheldt after a very short and unhappy career. The Spaniards were greatly amused with the untimely end of the vessel, while the brave burghers of Antwerp changed the name from "Finis Belli" to "Perdito Expensal," or "Money Thrown Away." The crew then deserted the ship, and the Spaniards, after defeating the Netherlands in a naval battle, carried the monster in triumph to the camp of Alexander, of Parma, where it became one of the sights of the times. The city of Antwerp was taken August 17, 1585, and so the first ironclad on record came to an unfortunate end.

CAN THE HEART BREAK?

Many Instances of Death Being Due to Grief, Fear, Etc. Grief does a fearful bill, and it is, indeed, very seldom that heavy sorrow causes death to anyone when in a healthy condition, says a writer in the Buffalo Times. It is, however, very often the indirect cause of a death, either by bringing disease to a climax or by rendering the sufferer more liable to its attack. If a man is convinced that his grief is more than he can bear those who have control of the matter agree that through the force of his own imagination the man will actually die of a "broken heart." The great Napoleon was killed by an internal disease, but it is supposed that it would not have been fatal had not his spirits been so depressed through exile and defeat. William Platt, the orator, is said to have died of a "broken heart," caused by his great grief at the failure of his cherished political plans. And there have been many other such instances in the history of this country. When plagues are raging in a town statistics show that as many die from fright and imaginary causes as from the real epidemic, so great a hold has the fear of death on some people. If a man is condemned to be shot he has often occurred that on the word "fire" he has dropped lifeless, although, through accident or design, no bullet has in reality left the gun. There is a queer case on record concerning the daughter of a celebrated French novelist, who was deeply interested in one of her father's stories. It appeared in installments, and the heroine was suffering from consumption. As the girl brooded over the sad fate of the heroine she, too, suddenly manifested the same symptoms. A physician recommended the father to restore the heroine to health, which he did a few chapters on, and at the same time as the girl in the novel recovered, so also did his too melancholy daughter.

FIRST STRIKE ON RECORD.

Roman Flute Players, B. C. 300. Successfully Resented Exclusion from a Banquet. Livy, in his famous book, "The Annals," in 30, relates in the following suggestive words the story of a singular strike which occurred at Rome in the year 300 B. C., and was probably the first strike yet known. "That year occurred an event little worthy of being related and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the banquet in Jupiter's tem-

ple, according to the ancient custom, withdrew, every one of them, to Tibur, so that nobody was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the senate, and the senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the players should be restored to the Romans. The Tiburines, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute players to come to the place where the senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so they employed a stratagem in keeping with their character. On a day of festival, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute players individually to his house, and wine, of which people of that profession are usually fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were thrown into wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after, when dawn surprised them lying on the carts, which had been left in the forum. A large crowd had assembled and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute players."

HANDSOME, BUT TIGHT.

A Young Lieutenant's Uncomfortable Evening in Society. Society belles are not alone in their liking for personal adornment. Young soldiers, and brave ones at that, are sometimes as vain of their fine clothes as any schoolgirl, says Youth's Companion. Gen. Du Barail, writing his "Souvenirs," lingers with fond particularity over the splendid new uniform he put on when he became a lieutenant. "Five minutes after I received my promotion," he says, "the best tailor in Algiers was taking my measure for my officer's uniform. "Then he goes into full details about the red sencer trimmed with black braid, the blue cap, the sash of red silk, from which dangled acorns of gold, and especially the sky-blue pantaloons. "It would be hard to imagine a uniform more coquet," he declares. This gorgeous rig he was to wear for the first time at a dinner given by the governor general in honor of the newly promoted; and he could hardly wait for the time to come. When he came to put the garments on, however, he found himself literally in a strait. For three years he had been going about in loose Arabian costume. His new clothes were so dreadfully tight! He got into his jacket only with the vigorous assistance of three of his companions, who had to unite all their forces in order to button the thing together.

He entered the general's house with his arms standing out "like basket-handles," and all in all felt as awkward as any mortal well could. He neither ate nor drank. "It seemed to me," he says, "that at the first mouthful of bread or the first swallow of water, everything would burst. And when, as it happened, the governor general looked in my direction, with his big round eyes, like coffee-cups, I felt a foolish desire to hide myself under the table. Ah! for that evening, the fashion made me suffer!"

SOME POINTED QUESTIONS.

They Were Put to American Travelers by the Viceroys of China. When Mr. Allen and Mr. Sachtleben reached Tien Tsin after their long bicycle ride from Constantinople across Asia, they had a protracted interview with the viceroys—Li Hung Chang—the man whom Gen. Grant included among the three greatest statesmen of his day. He asked the young American travelers a multitude of questions about the countries they had ridden through, and at last came down to personalities. The following were a few of his inquiries: "About how much did the trip cost you?" "Do you expect to get back all or more than you spent?" "Will you write a book?" "Did you find any gold or silver deposits on your route?" "Do you like the Chinese diet?" "How much did one meal cost you?" "How old are you?" "Are you married?" "What is the trade or profession of your parents?" "Do they own much land?" "Are you democrats or republicans?" "Will you run for any political office in America?" "Do you expect ever to get into congress?" "Do you have to buy offices in America?" The young men hesitated a little over this last question, and the viceroys was good enough to say that they would become so well known as the result of their long journey that they might get into office without paying for it. "You are both young," he added, "and may hope for anything."

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