

EFFORT.

"Tis not enough to tune the lyre
And wait for harmonies to come.
God sendeth not celestial fire
When human hearts are cold and numb.

"Tis not enough to calmly wait
That quickening dew should on us fall.
To vaguely long for what is great
While still pursuing what is small.

"Tis not enough with tears of woe
To weep for all the world's distress.
The drops that from inaction flow
Nor us, nor other lives, will bless.

"Tis not enough the love to take
That other hearts on ours outpour;
The soul is only kept awake
By giving something from its store.

"Tis not enough with drooping wing
And aimless feet to walk this earth;
Effort alone can blessing bring.
And crown the soul with sov'reign worth.

—Inter Ocean.

A PESKY WHALE.



HERE'S a whale's an' a whale's," said the captain, suddenly. "Some of 'em is pesky critters, an' some ain't so pesky."

Smoke went up in clouds, and there was silence for five minutes.

"Heckon you've got something on your mind, cap'n," said the doctor.

"Oh, nothin' very particular," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz up Behring sea way two years ago—old Liz was my ship, her full name bein' Elizabeth J. Barker—an' we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around for the Horn, and, as things happened, didn't see another whale till we struck into the Forties. Then, sir, 'bout 11 o'clock one fine mornin', we doin' about six knots, we raised a whale that was a whale."

"Big, I bet," said the doctor.

"No, not so terrible big," said the captain, "but pesky. I was standin' about 'midships when one of the men sings out: 'Hi, Cap, look at 'er blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off and dead ahead to starboard, he was blowin'. He sent up a good spout and then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin', showin' a good bit of his length. I have old Liz to, and we put a couple of boats. Towin' in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I mention him, 'cause he comes into the yard pretty prominent. Frank was a good sailor, but one of them fellers that has a little to say. He tended right business and kept his hatch shut close. Well, as it turned out, the boat heeled the big one and got a whale at the whale. They put a spoon into him just over his port fin and down he went."

"I stood a-watchin' things through a glass. I waited an' waited for the boat start off in tow, but she didn't do a thing, but set still, which was puzzlin'. 'bout five minutes somethin' big an' black broke water 'tween us and the boat, an' there was all blower, not more'n 200 yards from the place he went down. He warn't up long, but enough to git his beamin', I guess, for down he went again, an' I could see the bow man gettin' ready to give him all the he'd take. Then the boat started, an' a bit an' come dead for the ship a mile clip. I never see a boat like that. We waited 'em, an' when she got within a quarter of a mile I thinks to myself: 'This is gittin' blamed interestin'.' I wonders that whale goin' to sheer off or is he goin' to give us a ram? That boat, sir, traveled for us as true as a hair, an' I could see the men in her gittin' excited. On she come, throwin' spray like a liner, and I calculated if she held her course she'd hit us so near 'midships it wouldn't be worth measurin' the difference. Then I see the man in the bow make a pass for the rope with the hatchet, but he was nervous like, an' missed it, for the hatchet went overboard an' he, losin' his balance, along with it. The rest of the men warn't long decidin' what they'd do. It was go overboard or git smashed to flinders, and when they got



"OH, NOthin' VERY PARTICULAR."

within 50 yard of us they all went over but Frank.

"Jump, you idiot," yells I 'do you want to git stove? Mebbe he didn't hear, but I reckon it wouldn't make no difference, for as I'm livin', Doc, that Dutchman lay himself out on his stomach in the bottom of the boat, grabbed a foot cleat with both hands and hung on for dear life. Well, old whale kept stream on. I could see the boat go down a little by the head as she got close to us. I knew the rope was scrapin' the keel. We was all holdin' breath waitin' to see Frank splinter his brains against the ship's side, when the boat went nose down, stern up and under the water with a kerching. She missed reachin' us by about five yard."

"All hands aboard ship lent over to see Frank and the splinters come up, for the boat would sure fetch again the keel and go to kindlin' wood. We waited an' waited an' waited, but by gum, there weren't no splinters an' there weren't no Frank. All of a sudden one of the men sings out: 'By the holy poker, look!' I whipped round and there 20 fathoms off our port, was the little whaleboat, full o' water to the gunnel, an' Frank standin' up in her, waist deep, holdin' on to a rowlock for dear life. So help me, Doc, that boat was towed clean under' old Liz, the Dutchman in her, an' come up sound on the other side."

"Yes, sir, under the ship as slick as a

whistle an' the Dutchman in her. That whale was a scientist, sir. He calculated all right to lose the boat; but, bless you, it's a bigger job than anyone wanted to tackle to state that craft, an' as for floatin', she was boxed at each end an' couldn't sink. But that ain't the end of the story. We remembered the feller that jumped an' we seen the big boat would pick 'em up before we could put another over, so we turned to look at Frank again. There weren't anythin' left in the boat to bail with an' he couldn't do nothin' but wait on the pleasure of that whale. He traveled away from the ship as fast as he come at it, an' he must 'a' gone a third of a mile before the boat slacked. Then we seen her slow down an' come to a dead stop. 'Line's busted,' says I; 'man a boat an' fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an' old whale blowed 30 foot high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tail goes an' he under the water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an' try to pay out line, but it was jammed, an' before he could make it loose the boat gave a jerk round, almost a-throwin' him out, an' come at us again. What I'm sayin' the truth, Doc, that boat struck another bee line for us. I suppose, more properly speakin', the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kiltin'! Frank quit foolin' with the line an' just hung on. I reckoned the boat was movin' faster'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down almost to her rowlocks. We stood speechless while she was drivin' for us. When she got within 100 yards the mate took a big breath and let fly:

"Jump, you Dutch lubber, or you're a dead man."

"But he didn't jump, an' I could see him gittin' ready for another dive under old Liz."

"I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on the rail an' when the boat come near



"JUMP, YOU IDIOT."

enough I let drive at Frank, hopin' to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin', dodged, an' just as the boat went tail up again yelled:

"I can't swim!"

"Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up come the boat, bottom up! 'Oh, Lord!' groaned the cook, 'he's gone!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yard afore she righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob up over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't you so far this time, for he broke water a few hundred fathoms off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen then that the harpoon was a good throw, an' he wasn't goin' to fight long."

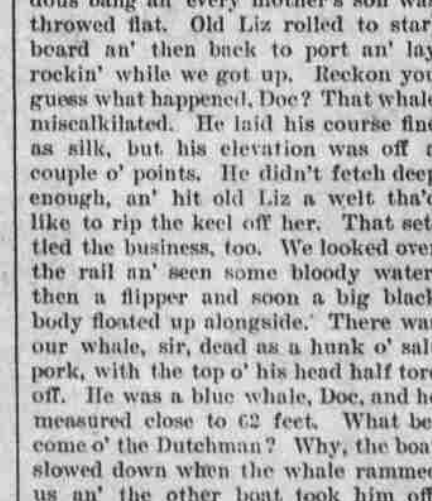
"I sent the second boat out after him, but they didn't git far 'fore down goes whale for the third time, an' in a second the little boat started again an' we knew he was comin' an'. There warn't no way to make the Dutchman jump, an' there warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang an' every mother's son was throwed flat. Old Liz rolled to starboard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, Doc? That whale miscalculated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple o' points. He didn't fetch deep enough, an' hit old Liz a welt that'd like to rip the keel off her. That settled the business, too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper and soon a big black body floated up alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk o' salt pork, with the top o' his head half tore off. He was a blue whale, Doc, and he measured close to 62 feet. What become o' the Dutchman? Why the boat slowed down when the whale rammed us an' the other boat took him off. Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' up that whale along with the rest of 'em. I did hear afterward that he was grumblin' 'cause 'twas his bucket I throwed at him an' it warn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, Doc?"

"Right lively," repeated the doctor, absently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"We have called to beseech your aid in a movement for the purification of politics," said the spokeswoman of the delegation of high browed, lean waisted ladies and gentlemen.

"Well, my friends," said the practical statesman, "I don't know but politics is in need of a good deal of purification right now."

"Ah! We thought you would see—" "Yes. It is getting so mixed up with reform and economy and one thing and another here lately that there is hardly any of the good, old-fashioned, pure politics at all any more."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Early Closing.

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to close our respective places of business at 6 p. m., during the months of January and February, and at 7 p. m. during the month of March, 1904:

Athena Mercantile Co.
Taylor & Jarman.
M. J. Bagley.
Dell Bros.
Ed. Manasse.
Gross & Worthington.

WHITE WATER IN THE OCEAN.

Singular Phenomenon Witnessed at Rare Intervals in the Tropical Regions.

Of the many sights witnessed in the oceans of the globe, one of the most curious and most weird is that described by sailors as "the milky sea," ships being surrounded for several hours by water that appears to be a snowy whiteness. Compiled from experiences recorded during the last 70 years, an interesting account of the phenomenon is given on the North Atlantic and Mediterranean Pilot Chart. The spectacle is restricted to the darkness of night and rare occasions, and, while it is limited mainly to the warmer waters of the tropical belt, it appears to be more common in the Indian ocean than in the Atlantic and Pacific. From the white water the light is so strong that ordinary newspaper print can be read on board ship, but the scene all around is of an awe-inspiring description. The horizon is blotted out, sea and sky seem to become one in a sort of universal luminous fog, which, like a London fog, robs the observer of the sense of distance and direction, the deck being lit up with a ghastly, shadowless light. Last June off the west coast of South America a bucket of the white water emptied back into the sea resembled molten lead. The curious sight has interested scientific investigators, Darwin among them; but while it is, no doubt, related to the many phosphorescent displays common at sea, there is no difficult explanation forthcoming of this particular manifestation or of the singular atmospheric effects resulting from it.

KINGS OF FOREIGN BLOOD.

Few European Countries Can Boast of Rulers Who Are Really Natives.

It is strange how little really native blood the royal families of Europe have in their veins. The king of Greece is generally called a Dane, being second son of the King of Denmark, but as the king of Denmark was a prince of Schleswig-Holstein, the Danish and Grecian reigning houses are both of German extraction, says London Black and White.

Germany, has, indeed, supplied most of the royal houses of Europe. The czar is, of course, a lineal descendant of Peter the Great, but nearly all his intervening ancestors have been German, as in the middle of the eighteenth century a prince of Oldenburg inherited the Russian crowns and transmitted them to the subsequent czars.

The king of Sweden is French, and of quite humble extraction—that is, humble for a monarch—though his grandfather, Bernadotte, was one of Napoleon's most famous generals.

The Spanish crown is filled by a prince who can boast at least of a fair percentage of real Spanish blood, and Italy's king, too, descended from the old kings of Sardinia—one of the Italian states.

The royal house of Hapsburg has given many emperors to Austria, which is one of the few countries where the king is really a native of the country he reigns over.

Novel Method of Poachers in Catching the Game Fish in Eastern Streams.

Poachers in the Adirondacks and other wild sections of New York are taking trout by means of a hook tied to the end of a stick. The poacher lies down upon a log or stump above some deep pool in a trout stream and brings the stick close alongside the fish, working it ever and over so carefully till the fish should be frightened away. When the pole is only a hair's breadth from the side of the trout the fisher gives a jerk, and nine times out of ten, hooks the fish. The method is specially destructive to good sport, for the reason that it enables the poacher to take the wary old trout that are shy of the hook.

Closely allied is the method of sturgeon catching which is practiced in the Detroit river and some of the streams running into Lake Superior, says the New York Times. The sturgeon has a way when it runs up a stream in spawning season of rubbing against every bit of wood that may be fixed in the water. The fisherman goes out in a boat or takes his place at a bridge with a pole, on the end of which are tied three hooks pointing in three different directions from a common center. The end of the pole he plants on the bottom of the stream, while the other he holds in his hand. When he feels the movement of the sturgeon he jerks. The sturgeon is hooked and a grand fight begins.

IT'S JUST A COUGH.

that gets your lungs sore and weak and paves the way for pneumonia or consumption, or both. Acker's English Remedy will stop the cough in a day and heal your lungs. It will cure consumption, asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. Positively guaranteed and your money refunded if you are not satisfied. Write to us for free sample. W. H. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by McBride & Co.

Notice of Final Account.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Umatilla. In the matter of the estate of Enos P. Tucker, deceased:

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that Robert J. Boddy, administrator of the estate of Enos P. Tucker, deceased, has filed his account and report in the above entitled court; and that the county court by order has appointed Saturday, the 26th day of December, 1903, as the time and the county court house in Pendleton, Umatilla county, Oregon, as the place, where any and all objections and exceptions to the same will be heard, and the settlement thereof be made. The first publication of this notice is on Friday, Nov. 27, 1903, and will appear for four consecutive weeks in the ATHENA PRESS.

Robert J. Boddy, Administrator.
Dated Nov. 27, 1903.

Estate of Enos P. Tucker With Cascarets. Cascarets cure constipation forever. No. 30. 10 C. Q. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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Try Our COMPOUND SYRUP of WHITE PINE and SPRUCE

By soothing Mucous Membranes, it cures cough and the most severe colds. . .

PALACE DRUG STORE
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Leading Druggists

ONE OF THE Snaps WE OFFER IS 160

ACRES OF GOOD WHEAT LAND, FOR \$2,500

CHAMBERLAIN & HAYES, Athens.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Georgia Dunbar

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

WINE OF CARDUI

PNEUMONIA

follows a cold, but never follows the use of

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

It stops the cough and heals the lungs and prevents a cold from settling on your lungs and resulting in Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or Consumption.

You are in no danger of serious results if FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is taken, as it soothes and heals the inflamed air passages and the cough disappears.

Be sure and get FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, as preparations containing opiates stop the cough temporarily by paralyzing the nerves in the throat and leave the germs of serious lung trouble and you get one cold on another because the first one was not cured perfectly.

Saved Her Life From Pneumonia.
"My wife had a severe attack of Pneumonia which followed a severe attack of La Grippe and I believe that FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR saved her life," writes James Coffey, of Raymond, Missouri.

Cured When Very Low With Pneumonia.
J. W. Bryan, of Lowder, Ill., writes: "My little boy was very low with Pneumonia. The doctor we gave him FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered."

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00

The 50-cent size contains 2 1-2 times as much as the small size, and the \$1.00 size almost 6 times as much.

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GOOD HORSES AND RIGS. REASONABLE PRICES. DRIVER FURNISHED WHEN DESIRED.

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MARLIN

INTEREST is being displayed in the use of smokeless powders and loaded bullets in large caliber rifles. A 45 calibre bullet weighing 500 grains gives a shock to large game that the small bore can not always be depended on for. Marlin Model 1895 Repeater has Special Smokeless Steel Cartridges. For up-to-date information see our catalog. Mailed for 3 stamps.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Drying preparations simply develop dry 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 is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c size. Ely Brothers, 46 Warren St., N.Y.

The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation. With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Malaria and Fever.

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R. J. BODDY'S OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET

Is again open for business. He invites all his old customers to call and see him. Take new ones with you. Only the best the market affords is kept in stock.

O.R.&N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC TWO TRAINS EAST DAILY

Through Pullman standard and sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago; tourist sleeping car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping cars, personally constructed, weekly to Chicago, Kansas City; reclining chair cars, seats free, to the east daily from Pendleton.

DEPART Daily.	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE Daily.
4:30 p. m.	Fast Mail for Pendleton, LeGrand, Baker City, and all points east via Huntington, Ore. Also for Umatilla, Heppner, The Dalles, Portland, Astoria, Willamette Valley, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	9:55 a. m.
9:57 a. m.	Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Lewiston, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow, the River of the North, Spokane and all points north.	4:30 p. m.
7:45 p. m.	Mixed train Walla Walla and intermediate points.	1:15 p. m.
1:15 p. m.	Mixed for Pendleton and intermediate points.	7:55 p. m.

Water Routes.
SAN FRANCISCO-PORTLAND ROUTE. Steamer sails from Portland 3 p. m. every 5 days.
Snake River Route. Steamers leave Elgin daily except Saturdays at 4:15 a. m. Returning leave Lewiston daily except Fridays at 7 a. m.
For tickets and from all parts of the country call on or write to:
J. H. Swift, Agent, Athens.