

ATHENA PRESS

Tuesdays and Fridays

F. B. BOYD.....Publisher

Have you quit trying to keep track of the land frauds?

A woman 60 years old is said to be cutting her fourth set of natural teeth. Shouldn't it be unnatural?

It is claimed that a bat has lived in a sealed vault for 106 years. It must have been of the brick variety.

Mr. Fielding has put lemons on the free list. The trade was suffering, and he came to the rescue—a case of lemon aid.

A man has been arrested for trying to throw his mother-in-law into the river. Evidently his idea was to drown his sorrow.

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota thinks we are threatened with national nervous prostration. Pick your sanatorium early.

The way to worry a man is to say there is probably no truth in the charges against him and keep right on digging into them.

Prof. J. G. Adams' assertion that man is largely composed of pure soap is likely to strengthen the average hobo's aversion to water.

Those who believe in Spartan methods of "hardening" children might reflect that there is no hardness like unto that which marks the absence of life.

The name of a woman was drawn from the jury wheel in Washington, but she was promptly excused. Besides being of the wrong sex, she was quite intelligent.

Owing to the fact that King Leopold has bushy white whiskers it will be hard to ever convince the people of the Congo country that Santa Claus is a good man.

The opponents of free congressional seeds are making another strong fight. Can't make them believe that the prosperity of the country is grown from free seeds.

Now a Chicago man has offered Count Boni a job as chauffeur at 25,000 francs a year. That ought to suit him down to the ground, since he is used to living a fast life.

Explorer Peary attributes his failure to reach the pole to the weather. Just as soon as they have a tropical season up there we look for Peary to put a cabbage leaf in his hat and push forward to victory.

To oblige a woman, 2,270 western business men signed a petition without reading it and have made themselves liable for a total sum of \$800,000. Cassie Chadwick will find plenty of them left when she gets out of the penitentiary.

There are still some persons who are not anxious to have an automobile. Two well-known residents of Madrid started from that city on a journey to Paris last month mounted on asses, in protest against the reckless speed of the automobile-drivers. Each ass was named after a noted auto-maker, and the riders carried banners inscribed, "Donkeys are better than automobiles."

There is a good deal of talk at times about British conservatism in business matters, but they are not half as backward in some matters as Americans, who plume themselves on their go-ahead-iveness. From present appearances the agitation in England over the adoption of the metric system is likely to bear fruit much sooner in that country than in the United States. The old argument about the difficulty of adjusting accepted standards to the metric system is found to be less formidable than represented and many big firms have, as a matter of individual enterprise, prepared tables which will permit the prompt translation into metric terms of their products.

A large amount of pioneer work still invites the explorer, for many of the unknown areas have much territorial extent. In the Amazon basin, for example, three of these regions are each much larger than all of our New England States. One unknown area in Northwest Alaska is nearly as large as New England and the Sahara has two areas in black that are each twice as large and another three times as large as New England. Asia still has several of these vast mysterious spaces and the solid chunk of the unknown in New Guinea, the largest island in the world excepting Greenland, would swallow up New England and leave a black border all around it.

Not every wife can issue a bulletin to the press concerning the state of her husband's health and sign it "house physician and qualified nurse," as the Queen of Roumania has done. King Carol has been ill for a year, and in recent months has been in extreme pain. The queen, in her bulletin, signed "Dr. Carmen Sylva," says, "I jealously insist on sharing no part of his nursing with any one else, and I never had a better patient. It is a pity no one can glance at the peace of this sick-chamber." She has had previous experience as a nurse, for in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8 she devoted herself to the care of the wounded soldiers. Al-

though ordinary wives do not issue bulletins, they do nurse both husbands and children through many illnesses.

Gen. Shafter's death has recalled to the public memory little but criticism. The man's real achievements have been all but forgotten in the resentment over what seemed a needless loss of life in the Spanish war. It is true that Shafter exhibited an unfortunate lack of experience and skill in the protective side of warfare; but it may be questioned whether any other American commanding officer of that day would have done better in coping, unprepared, with the real enemies, climate, bad food and fever, says Ridgway's weekly. And, in spite of all, in his surly, tactless, patient fashion he did what he was sent to do in Cuba. This habit of performing the allotted task was the keynote of Shafter's character in his many years of invariably successful and valuable Indian campaigning, during which the public never heard of him. It was his misfortune that his brilliant successes should have been accomplished in the obscure places of the earth; his errors committed in the blaze of the limelight. Whatever the public, fickle and often ungrateful, may think of him, his fellows in the service will remember him with honor as a brave, honest, sincere and generally efficient public servant.

The percentage of people in a large city who have any knowledge at first hand of government reports and bulletins is exceedingly small, out the government printing office turns the documents out in great number, and they contain much useful information. When the President spoke in his message of the help the Agricultural Department is to the farmers he might have referred to some of this literature, which covers a great range of subjects. Not only is agriculture proper discussed, but here is "Modern Conveniences for the Farm Home," which is significant both of a paternal interest in the farmer and of the changes for the better that are going on in farm life. First there is a disquisition on the water supply, with many sanitary suggestions, and hints as to mechanical devices for distributing the water through the house. Then there is a discussion of the location of the house and of cellar building, and an elaborate treatise on the question of plumbing, taking in laundry and sink arrangements, heating apparatus and hot water circulation, the bathroom, lavatory and closet, and giving careful instructions for the disposal of sewage. This is followed by directions for the disposal of ashes, garbage and miscellaneous refuse, and by a dissertation on heating systems, after which examples are given of homes where modern conveniences have been installed, and also hints on the possibility of introducing them into houses already built. Such a bulletin must have some influence in spreading the desire for home comforts, and though many farmers may still lag behind, the installation of the conveniences has really gone on rapidly. There are farm houses, genuine farm houses, built and equipped out of "farm money," as well supplied with them as the best city residences. They would astonish those who after years of desertion remember only the discomforts of farm life, and what with such improvements and the trolley and the telephone the movement "back to the soil" may gather considerable impetus.

MISSING THE LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Cumcock was a district visitor, who went about her work with the same indiscriminating enthusiasm which carried her through her other social and philanthropic enterprises.

She found at the outset one of the keenest old women it had ever been her lot to meet, who unfortunately had never learned to read or write.

"I shall go to that poor soul three times a week," she announced to her family, "and I shall read her all the news of the day and some of the best books. She will appreciate everything."

At the close of one of Miss Cumcock's long afternoons of reading the minister happened in to see Mrs. Higgins.

"I suppose you've been enjoying a delightful hour together," said the minister, and Miss Cumcock, clasping a pile of newspapers and a book with fervor, answered him.

"We've had a lovely afternoon!" she said, eagerly. "Lovely! And now you've come to put the finishing touch to it. Good-by, Mrs. Higgins!"

"Good-by!" said the old woman; and then as the door closed she turned her bright eyes to the minister.

"Can't ye help a body out of a hole?" she asked him. "'Tis every day in the week but Sundays she comes now. She means well, and I'm enduring it as best I can, but while I'm being informed what all the world's doing, and following every movement o' them Rosyfelt children, the McCarthy twins and the rest o' Pearson's Place are getting away from me, an' I never heard o' the Halloran baby's teeth till there was three o' them in his mouth."

Anatomical Correctness.

Mamma—Why, what's the matter, Willie?"

Willie—I r-kicked George, an' he r-kicked me back.

George—No, mamma, I didn't kick his back—I kicked his legs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Girls are fond of attention, married women are fond of contention.

DIGGING A GRAVE FOR HIM.

Intended Victim Escapes and One of Plotters Killed by Mistake.

A story of treachery followed by poetic retribution is told in a dispatch from Lucknow to a London newspaper.

Late in the evening a traveler, the story goes, realizing that he could not reach Lucknow before dark and fearing the dangers of the road, stopped at the house of the police inspector, a native official, and applied for shelter for the night.

"I am carrying a considerable sum of money," said he, "and in view of the dangers of the country I desire to have your protection until I can resume my journey by daylight."

The inspector made him welcome, gave him water and food, finally taking him to a sleeping room, where he left him alone.

As the night wore on the traveler was stricken with sleeplessness. Presently he heard voices near his window and strange sounds of labor. He got up and looked out. His eyes, used to the greater darkness of the room, discerned two men digging in a field at the back of the house. He strained his ears to catch what they were saying and realized in a few moments that they were digging a grave for him. They were in a plot with the inspector of police to murder him for his money and hide his body away before daylight.

In panic he stole through the house and crept out by a back door. He dashed through the village as noiselessly as he could and a mile or so down the road climbed a tree, where he sat in safety in the shadow of the foliage until daybreak came. Then as a patrol came along he slipped down to ground and told his story to the commanding officer.

All hands returned to the village and there the first news that greeted them was the mysterious disappearance of the police inspector. The traveler located for them the grave that had been intended to receive him. The soldiers opened the trench and there was found the body of the police inspector, horribly hacked.

The arrest of two men who had been seen with him late the previous evening followed and then the whole case became simple. After arranging with his accomplices the plot to rob and murder the traveler the police inspector started to get drunk while they were busy digging the grave. In this condition the idea struck him that he would go in and do the killing himself and so skim the cream off the booty instead of dividing evenly. Stopping over the bed to grip his victim by the throat, he must have fallen forward and passed quickly into a drunken slumber.

When the two accomplices outside got the grave finished they began to wonder at the inspector's failure to turn up. Entering the house, they armed themselves with the inspector's saber and creeping into the room attacked the man in the bed, literally hacking him to death.

Then they struck a light to look for the plunder and discovering their mistake had nothing left to do but bury the murdered man in the grave they had dug.

A Freshman.

A freshman who had entered one of the large universities, and was not much accustomed to the ways either of institutions of learning or of cities, was returning late one evening from a lecture. When near his lodgings he was halted by two masked men, who "held him up" in true metropolitan style.

One of the men leveled the conventional revolver at the young man, while the other relieved him of his watch, pocketbook and other valuables.

He made no mention of the matter to anybody at the time, but a few days later he reported it to the president of the university.

"It wasn't a great deal," he said, "but it was more than I like to lose, and I think it's an outrage to treat a boy that way."

"Why didn't you tell me of this sooner?" asked the president.

"I supposed they would bring the things back to me next morning," he answered. "It was a couple of sophomores hazing me, wasn't it?"

Reformed Old Favorites.

Trz, idl trz, I no not wut tha mena, Trz from the depth uv sum divin despar Rix in the hart and gather to the i's, In lukiug on the hapi ortm feeda And thinking uv th' daz that r no mor.

Tu b or not tu b; that is the kwestyun: Whether tis noblr in the mind to sufr The slings and aros of outrajus forchun, Or to take rms agensat a c uv tribla, And bi oposng nd them.

Sum vilage Hamdn, that with dorntles brest The litl tirant uv his feildz withstud, Sum mut, inglorius Miltu heer ma rest, Sum Cromwl gildies uv his countri's blud.

Ti me not in mornl numbrs, "Life is but n mtl dreme!" For the sole is ded that slumbrs, And things b not wut tha seme. —Brandt Mathus.

The Morning and Evening Girl. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly you praised at the twilight's last gleaming? Well, not much you can't, for a girl is a sight In the morning that knocks your pipe-dreaming. —The Bohemian.

The art of living consists in not being a dead one.

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ARRIVE Daily.	TIME SCHEDULES ATHENA, ORE.	DEPART Daily.
11:55 a. m.	Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Lewiston, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow, the Couer d'Alene district, Spokane and all points north.	11:55 a. m.
12:30 p. m.	Walla Walla - Pendleton Mixed	
4:33 p. m.	Fast Mail for Pendleton, LaGrande, Baker City, and all points east via Huntington, Ore. Also for Umatilla, Heppner, The Dalles, Portland, Astoria, Willamette Valley, Polite, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	4:33 p. m.
	Pendleton - Walla Walla Mixed	8:30 p. m.

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