

THE TUM-A-LUM LUMBER CO.

Lumber, Mill Work and all Kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL

PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISHES
Posts and Blacksmith coal

A. M. Johnson, Manager
Athena, Oregon

ESTABLISHED 1865

Wagon-Parton Milling Company

AFRICAN BEAUTY

the latest



"GREAT GRAP!" HE CRIES.

The New Year of the Hoboes.

The Grotto of Modern Miracles.

OWHERE in New York city at midnight on New Year's eve is there a busier throng of hurrying humanity than at the junction of the Bowery and the street leading to the grotto of modern miracles.

At this point Blind Phil throws down his sign and peers intently at the five dollar bill to make sure it is genuine. "I didn't make that much all day," he says ruefully.

Asleep near by, with his head bowed on the table, is Bill, the humpback. No one ever had a more pronounced deformity of the spine.

"Bill," cries Blind Phil—"Bill, look at de long green Pedestrian and Silent copped! Bill!" And then as Bill does not awake from the slumber of five cent whisky the "blind beggar" hits the hump, and, lo, it goes with the motion of his hand, sliding down from the shoulders to the middle of the back.

Bill awakes with a yawn and slowly adjusts his stock in trade to its proper resting place between his shoulders while giving his order to the waiter.

As the waiter sets out the drinks the hoboes pass around the bill. The blind examine it closely, the lame dance with it in their hands, and the armless feel of the paper with the air of one who is used to it. The bill is passed around the merry crowd and greeted with enthusiasm until taken by Green Goods like.

"It's a fake," he cries—"a bad imitation!" And the drinks are on Pedestrian Patrick and Silent James, for it is a counterfeit.—New York World.

the tale of his battles, dispenses liquor through an opening to a hurrying waiter.

At the tables sit the motley group of hoboes, panhandlers and jailbirds. Fortunate beggars who have had a prosperous day are spending money freely, small change for the most part. Whisky and beer flow as they have never flowed before in the year.

Nearly all the mendicants have arrived. The last two, known as "Pedestrian Patrick" and "Silent James," are greeted with an uproar.

Hanging from the neck of Silent James is the sign that reads:

DEAF AND DUMB.

The sign he casts aside, and, with a yell, he dances and laughs and calls upon all present to drink at his expense. Above his head he waves a five dollar bill.

"Great grap!" he cries. "I touch er bloke fer de long green dead easy!" Pedestrian Patrick discards a pair of well worn crutches and stands up straight on what before appeared to be helpless limbs. "I told his nobz dat we'd pray fer 'im!" he yells.

At this point Blind Phil throws down his sign and peers intently at the five dollar bill to make sure it is genuine.

"I didn't make that much all day," he says ruefully.

Asleep near by, with his head bowed on the table, is Bill, the humpback. No one ever had a more pronounced deformity of the spine.

"Bill," cries Blind Phil—"Bill, look at de long green Pedestrian and Silent copped! Bill!" And then as Bill does not awake from the slumber of five cent whisky the "blind beggar" hits the hump, and, lo, it goes with the motion of his hand, sliding down from the shoulders to the middle of the back.

Bill awakes with a yawn and slowly adjusts his stock in trade to its proper resting place between his shoulders while giving his order to the waiter.

As the waiter sets out the drinks the hoboes pass around the bill. The blind examine it closely, the lame dance with it in their hands, and the armless feel of the paper with the air of one who is used to it. The bill is passed around the merry crowd and greeted with enthusiasm until taken by Green Goods like.

"It's a fake," he cries—"a bad imitation!" And the drinks are on Pedestrian Patrick and Silent James, for it is a counterfeit.—New York World.

How Time Travels.

When St. Paul's strikes noon on Jan. 1, 1900, the new year will come into being somewhere in the Pacific ocean, on a line following longitude 180 east, which is exactly opposite Greenwich meridian on the other side of the globe. Geographers draw the line to avoid passing through any of the Pacific islands, for if it did the times and days of the inhabitants would be hopelessly muddled. Yanua, one of the Fiji islands, for instance, would be otherwise divided by the line where the days and years begin and end, so that while it would be Jan. 1 on the western side it would be Dec. 31 a few paces away on the east of the line. One could thus walk into yesterday and a moment later return tomorrow!

How the new year travels is curiously illustrated by its passage across Great Britain: It reaches Greenwich, as the time center, at midnight, exactly twelve hours after it started. Seventeen minutes later it gets to Glasgow, and another six minutes pass before the new year has captured Penzance. These are the true times for these places, though Greenwich time

is the one accepted. But Ireland is proud in possession of her own chronology, and it will be 12:25 at night in London before 1909 reaches Dublin.—London Chronicle.

New Year Superstitions.

It is considered a sure sign of death to see one's own shadow in the moonlight on New Year's eve.

You court misfortune by leaving the house on New Year before some one has entered it. You must hope for the luck, moreover, of having the first to enter a dark haired man.

Seeking to know what good or evil the New Year would bring, superstitious people in the long ago girt themselves with swords and sat on the roof of their houses on New Year's eve. They also knelt at the crossroads (on a cowhide) for the same purpose. The first thing brought, one might think, would be pneumonia.

It is bad luck to carry anything out of the house on the New Year before something has been brought in.

But the best luck of all, which even those most scornful of portents may not despise, is to begin the New Year owing no man a cent.—Philadelphia Press.

A NEW LEAF.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—

The lesson was done.

"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said.

"I have spotted this one."

In place of the leaf so stained and blotted

I gave him a new one all unspotted

And into his sad eyes smiled.

"Do better, now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—

The old year was done.

"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?"

I have spotted this one.

He took the old leaf, stained and blotted.

And gave me a new one all unspotted

And into my sad heart smiled.

"Do better now, my child."



"Cut It Out!"

[A New Year's poem.]

THE old year's shades were quite pulled down When through each village, city, town,

There passed a sandwich man with sign Whose legend filled a single line:

"Cut it out!"

"Be more specific!" said the man Who plainly rushed too much the can. The sandwich man ne'er turned aside; Only the legend writ replied:

"Cut it out!"

"Please state exactly what you'd say!"

Desired the man who smoked all day.

But all the answer that he got

Was this laconic, center shot:

"Cut it out!"

The man whose face so haggard white

Meant poker playing night and night

Required to know what thing was meant

And got this answer eloquent:

"Cut it out!"

So every one who looked on it Felt his especial fault was hit. Their souls with new resolves did fill, And all exclaimed aloud: "We will Cut it out!"

So all braced up and for three days Frequented narrow, proper ways And followed fully up the plan Suggested by the sandwich man: "Cut it out!"

But ere the sandwich man did trace A four days' journey from the place All things were as they were before And no one ever hinted more: "Cut it out!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AZTECS' HORRIBLE HOLIDAY.

They Celebrated the New Year With Human Sacrifices.

The bloody and complicated ritual of the Aztecs commemorated the return of their masterful war god, the sun, from the south, and the ceremonies carried on in his honor occupied a period of several days. The initiatory rites began before daylight of the first morning, when the chief priest and his subordinates wended their way in solemn procession to the top of their greatest pyramidal sanctuary. Here the high priest retired alone to a small temple, whose doorway opened toward the east, and as the rising sun enshined and purpled the serrated mountains he knelt and sprinkled thickly upon the marble floor the sacred meal.

As the first rays of the newborn sun strike slantingly across the floor of the tiny temple the bearded priest beholds a miracle. Finding at first, then stronger and stronger, grows an imprint in the meat of the naked foot of their war god. Upon this miraculous manifestation the high priest announces to the assembled courtiers that their god has returned to them and that the grand festival occasion is inaugurated.

Unhappily the first feast rites were of a gruesome and horrible nature, consisting mainly in sacrificing youths to the gods. It is said that they were fastened for days previous to the ceremony that they might be in a wholesome and pleasing condition upon their last and the war god's first great day. In other ceremonies human beings were killed and flayed, and the participants in the sacrifice enveloped themselves in the bloody skins of the victims, while they took part in a wild and uncanny dance.

While the observance of the new year among the Aztecs seemingly predominated in bloody rites, they were most likely confined to the religious order of the priests, and the great mass of the people, with no taint of blood on their hands, might be happy and revel in the feast of the new year.—New York Herald.

The Jewish New Year.

In striking opposition to the spirit of joy and happiness which pervades Christendom generally is the New Year of the Jews. With the Jews, who also observe the New Year for two days, the days are not days of feasting and enjoyment, but days of judgment. According to the belief of every orthodox Jew, every member of the Jewish race is tried on the New Year. The books kept in heaven are opened on that day. The record of each man for the year just ending is looked through and taken under advisement for ten days. On the tenth day, the day of atonement, the fate of each man for the coming year is drawn up, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement the fate is sealed and nothing can change it any more.—Chicago Tribune.

Their New Year's Wishes—Weary Wraggles—if I wuz only back at me old home, what a spread

Carriage Painting

E. T. Linder, McArthur Building

J. W. BODDY'S MEAT MARKET

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET

The Best Meat to be found in Town. Come and see me. I will treat you right. My prices:

Boiling Beef 6 & 7cts. per lb.	Lard 5 lb. 70cts.
Roast Beef 8 & 10 " " "	Lard 10 " \$1.40.
Steaks 9, 10 & 12 1/2 " " "	Bacon 18cts per lb.
Pork Steak 12 1/2 " " "	Hams 17 " " "

J. W. BODDY, ATHENA, OREGON

THE QUALITY GROCERY STORE

PROMPT DELIVERY WHERE PRICES ARE RIGHT PHONE MAIN 83

The Freshest and most Choice the Market affords in

VEGETABLES

The Best that Money can Buy Always Found Here

DELL BROTHERS, CATERERS TO THE PUBLIC IN GOOD THINGS TO EAT Athena, Oregon