

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.
In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastwardly at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 270,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my rusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the county. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair ground as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "Ton my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Heranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spoiled the Evening For Her.
"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"
"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WHITE NILE.

Mr. Roosevelt's Description of Night on the Great African River.

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed northward its waters stretched behind us beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges on the other side of which the Kongo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles and its banks barren of human life because of the swarms of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White and blue and red the floating water lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds, and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft, and soon the African landscape vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering glare of heat and light, and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

A DUKE'S LOVES.

The Force of the Attacks Were Measured by His Appetite.

In the late eighteenth century a Dr. Moore was tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton of those days, whom he accompanied on the usual continental tour. The duke was then eighteen and was susceptible to feminine charms. He had just fallen a victim to the black eyes of a married lady when Dr. Moore made this report to the youthful peer's mother:

"This is the third passion the duke has had since we crossed the sea. They generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess at the height of his love by the victuals he refuses to eat. A slight touch of love puts him immediately from legumes and all kinds of jardnage. If it arises a degree higher he turns up his nose at fricassees and ragouts. Another degree and he will rather go to bed supperless than taste plain roasted veal or poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length his passion has ever come hitherto, for when he was at the court with Mlle. Marcheville, though she put him entirely from greens, ragouts and veal, yet she made no impression on his roast beef or mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon those in spite of her charms. I intend to make a thermometer for the duke's passion with four degrees—(1) greens, (2) fricassees and ragouts, (3) roast veal and fowls, (4) plain roast mutton or beef—and if ever the mercury mounts as high as the last I shall think the case alarming."—Argonaut.

Pawning Bank Bills.

"Pawnbrokers don't think much of ten dollar bills as pledges," said the city salesman. "I saw a man pawn one the other day for \$6.50. When asked why he didn't spend his \$10 instead of soaking it for a little more than half the amount he explained that he wanted to keep the particular bill. Twice before he had tried to keep a certain bill by giving it as security to a friend who had so many bills that he wouldn't need to spend that particular one, but both times he tried of his money mixed and the keepsake was lost after all. This time he depended upon the pawnbroker to tide him over. To pawn money struck me as a very curious proceeding, but the broker assured me that it is frequently done by people who attach a sentimental value to a particular bill or coin."—New York Sun.

His Choice.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."
"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.
The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.
"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."—Lippincott's.

Kept His Head.

"Miss Giddy," began Mr. Timmid.
"I thought to propose!"
"Really, Mr. Timmid?" interrupted Miss Giddy. "I'm sorry, but"—
"That we have some ice cream!"
"Oh, I should be delighted to take!"
"So me evening when the weather is warmer!"

Its Purpose.

He ward—That's a bad cough you've got. Do you do anything to cure it?
Coward—None. It's this cough that wakes our cook in the morning.—Harper's Bazar.

In Boston.

"See, I'm a stranger in this town. Can you tell me a good place to stop at?"
"Ye s, sir. Stop just before the 'at.'"
—Cleveland Leader.

Every man holds in his hand a rock to throw at us in our adversity.—George Sand.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the county court of the state of Oregon for Umatilla county. In the matter of the estate of Louis A. Githens, deceased.
Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern: That J. D. Plamondon has been appointed administrator of the estate of Louis A. Githens, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate are required to present them, with proper vouchers as required by law, to me at my office in Athena, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.
Dated this, the 3rd day of November, 1910.

J. D. Plamondon, Administrator.
Homer I. Watts, Attorney.

Now is the time to lay in your winter supply of everything to wear during Jarman's Big Sale at Weston.

A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Ore., operates six official institutes in America under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials and places all graduates in positions. It will pay you to write them for full details.

Five cent tablets will sell for only 2 1-2 cents at Jarman's Big Sale, at Weston.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ATHENA

No. 4516.

—AT—

Athena, in the State of Oregon,

—AT THE—

Close of Business Nov. 10, '10

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$283,265.87
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	23,630.73
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	12,500.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,867.46
Banking-house furniture fixtures	10,000.00
Other real estate owned	177.64
Due from approved reserve agents,	10,577.07
Checks and other cash items	70.45
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	62.10
Specie	15,871.20
Red'm'n fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	625.00
Total	\$328,833.62

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	35,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	11,087.57
National bank notes outstanding	12,500.00
Due to other National Banks	993.16
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	2,228.15
Individual deposits subject to check	117,929.71
Demand certificates of deposit	84,901.99
Cashier's checks outstanding	201.00
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed,	10,000.00
Total	\$328,833.62

State of Oregon, ss
County of Umatilla, ss
I, Edw. E. Koontz, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Edw. E. Koontz, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of Nov. 1910.
B. B. Richards, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest: H. Koepke, M. L. Watts, F. S. Le Grow, Directors

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

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I'm going for MAIDWELL SHOES
Maidwell Shoes

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We Make all Kinds of Farm Machinery to Order and We Guarantee the Goods
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is just right for the purpose. Withstands the effects of hot and cold water. Makes old bath tubs look like new—often better than new.
S-W Bath Enamel wears well and is most economical. Put up in large or small cans. Colors most suitable for the purpose.

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CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.....SURPLUS, \$35,000

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The Best Meat to be found in Town. Come and see me. I will treat you right.
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via the Southern Pacific Company, leaving Portland December 11th and 12th, 1910, and San Francisco December 14th, 1910, in a Magnificent Special Train.
Consisting of Observation Car, Pullman vestibuled sleeping cars, smoking car and dining car will leave 3rd and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, via the Coast Line.
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