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PIONEER ROULSTON DIES SUDDENLY

STRICKEN AT HIS FAMILY HOME IN WALLA WALLA.

Succumbs to Apoplexy After Spending Day in Motor Car Touring About the City.

With no warning to family or friends, J. J. Roulstone, of Walla Walla, was stricken with apoplexy Tuesday night, death following immediately after.

James J. Roulstone was born in Searsport, Maine, December 27, 1842, being 69 years of age. With his parents he moved to the Pacific northwest when 17 years of age, spending most of his life in Umatilla county, where he still owns a large amount of farm land. In 1878 he was married to Miss Sarah Skewis at Apple River, Wisconsin, where they spent their early married life. They moved to Oregon again in 1881, taking up land and acquiring more, which he farmed until five years ago when he retired from active work and moved to Walla Walla with his family.

He appeared to be in fine health and spirits all day Tuesday and on inking of the calamity about to befall them was received until he was suddenly stricken in his home.

Besides his wife, three children survive him, two daughters, Cora and Nettie living with their parents, and a son, John, who is in the real estate business with headquarters in Denver.

BEST BANKNOTES.

They Are Produced by American Talent and Methods.

HARDEST TO COUNTERFEIT.

From the Time of Paul Revere, the First American Banknote Artist, Ours Have Been More Difficult to Imitate Than Those of the Old World.

To say that Americans make the best banknotes in the world may sound at first rather boastful, and yet any history of the art and industry of note engraving which failed to record that fact would be incomplete. Paul Revere was the first American banknote artist, and from the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris, in 1781, up to the present American engravers have excelled not only in their artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting.

Marco Polo found banknotes in China ages ago, printed on paper made from the bark of the mulberry tree. One of the notes upon which the great Venetian traveler himself may have gazed is on exhibition at this day in the office of an American company. It is one of a series issued by the Ming dynasty about 1399 A. D.—"current anywhere under heaven"—and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks on a sheet of paper nine by thirteen inches, a bigger surface than any man could cover with both hands outstretched. It is good for "one string of cash." The provision against forgery is simple to the point of severity: "Counterfeiters hereof will be executed. Persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with tael 250 and in addition will receive the property belonging to the criminal."

Another great government has placed much dependence upon death as a deterrent to imitators of its promises to pay. When Jacob Perkins of Newburyport, Mass., invented the method of transferring designs from hardened steel plates to steel cylinders and retransferring to flat plates, thus enabling the engraver to devote the time necessary to accomplish his best work in the original and reproduce it at will, the new process aroused international interest. Mr. Perkins and his associates went to London in 1819 at the instance of the British minister at Washington to help the Bank of England to issue notes not easily counterfeited. But the conservative old bank refused to adopt the new method, preferring, as one of the Americans said, to rely upon the hangman rather than the engraver. Nevertheless the English began in time to follow American methods after the geometric lathe had been invented by Asa Spencer of New London, Conn., and improved by Cyrus Durand.

The governments of continental Europe depend exclusively upon color work to protect their paper currency, and several of the large banks of issue have civil engineers in charge of their bureau of engraving and printing, though what connection there may be between engineering and engraving is a mystery. Many Italian banknotes are easy to counterfeit. The Bank of Spain has of late abandoned its own plan because its notes were imitated so successfully that counterfeiters were accepted by the bank without question. A private concern now does the work. The Bank of Greece now uses the American method, having had sad experiences with notes of Austrian, German and English fashioning.

A myth that probably will never die tells us that the notes of the Bank of England cannot be counterfeited. As a matter of fact, they can be imitated readily enough, for little attempt is made to protect the notes beyond the use of a watermark paper. The watermark can be easily copied.

One practical safeguard of great effectiveness is the custom of the Bank of England to cancel every note that is returned to the bank and issue another in its place. This and the practice of keeping a record of the numbers of all bank notes used in every business establishment keep alive a keen sense of responsibility which adds to security. The custom of circulating soiled banknotes, of course, gives the counterfeiter his best opportunity. Forgery is much more readily detected in a crisp, stiff, new bill than in a rumpled and dirty one.

The American style of banknote has become the standard in the countries of Central and South America. The experience of the Brazilian government led the way in this after various disappointments. First the much vaunted Austrian system was tried, the notes being engraved and printed in England under that system. They proved a complete failure. Counterfeiters flourished. The Brazilians tried banknotes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters could get their plates and paper ready. Brazil tried German and English establishments, but still without securing protection to the banknote circulation, and at last turned to the United States and found a type of bills practically impossible to counterfeit. So it is no boast, but a mere record of fact, to state that Americans make the best banknotes in the world.—Detroit News.

REORGANIZE HARRIMAN LINES
Segregation of Southern Pacific and O-W. R. & N. Included.

Plans for the reorganization of the Harriman lines in the northwest were announced by J. D. Marrell, newly elected president of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation company while in Portland Tuesday. They include the complete segregation of the Southern Pacific and the O. W. R. & N. properties, the appointment of a separate set of officials for the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon and the extension of J. P. O'Brien's jurisdiction as general manager over the Seattle as well as the Portland districts of the O. W. R. & N. company.

Mr. O'Brien will be relieved of authority over the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon and a general manager will be appointed to that place. R. B. Miller will be relieved of authority as traffic manager.

PRESSURE OF AIR.

It May Readily Turn the Thermometer Into a Fibber.

THE BOILING WATER POINT.

On the Scale This is Marked at 212 Degrees, but Under Certain Conditions It May Be Several Hundred Degrees—The Critical Temperature.

On an ordinary Fahrenheit thermometer there is written opposite 212 degrees "Boiling point of water" and opposite 32 degrees "Freezing point of water." Neither of these is correct except for a certain condition of the atmosphere, and that is when it gives on the barometer about thirty inches, or fifteen pounds pressure to the square inch. This is the ordinary pressure at what is known as sea level, and to this all thermometers are calibrated. In a mountainous region the pressure is hardly ever so much as fifteen pounds, and water boils at sometimes as low as 200 degrees.

If water is boiled in a diving bell, where the pressure is forty or fifty pounds a square inch, its temperature will be several hundred degrees instead of 212. If water is boiling in a near vacuum, the temperature is so small that the hand thrust into the water would actually feel cold.

What has been said about the boiling point applies to some extent to the freezing point, but here it differs for different materials, whereas the remarks about the boiling point of water apply to the boiling points of all liquids.

Some substances when they freeze become larger, while others become smaller. On this depends the freezing point at different pressures of atmosphere. Water expands on freezing; so do type metal and some other things. All other substances become smaller on freezing. Water pipes burst when the water freezes. Coins of gold and silver are stamped instead of being molded, for the metals grow smaller on freezing or solidifying, and consequently the coin would be wabby.

It has been found that the things that expand on solidifying, as water, freeze at a lower temperature when the pressure is increased, while the others freeze at a higher. When a substance that expands freezes under higher pressure than usual it has to exert more force to shove the pressure away, and consequently has to use up more of its heat energy, thus losing more heat and becoming colder.

Take the substance that contracts when it solidifies. The pressure will help it to get smaller, and consequently the greater the pressure the less heat it has to lose on attaining the solid state, so it will freeze at higher temperature. If the pressure is great enough it may freeze or solidify at a thousand degrees temperature, which is high enough to change most substances to vapor under ordinary atmospheric pressure.

This is one of the reasons advanced to prove that the interior of the earth is solid, for the assumption is that the core is made up of substances that contract when freezing, and there is, of course, an enormous pressure a few hundreds of miles below the surface.

In regard to the boiling points of liquids, there is an upper limit to the point at which a thing boils—that is, changes to the state of vapor. It is called the critical temperature. No matter how great a pressure exists on a substance, if it is at a temperature greater than its critical it will change to vapor anyhow.

The ignorance of this point held back the making of liquefied gases—such as air, carbon dioxide, etc.—for many years. The experimenters tried to liquefy gases at ordinary temperatures by enormous pressures, whereas if they had just cooled the gases below their critical temperatures before applying the pressure liquefaction would have ensued immediately.

This is the method employed today in making liquid air. The air is compressed at first and then allowed to issue from a small orifice, thus expanding and cooling. It is then pumped back and compressed by the pump, allowed to go through the orifice again, thus cooling still more, until at last it is below the critical temperature, when the compression caused by the pump liquefies it.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

In Trouble.
"Yes," he said regretfully, "I'm in a tight corner. My sweetheart is wild on the subject of germs and microbes, and she insists that I must choose between her and my mustache. I'm to lose one or the other."
"Lose the mustache, my boy."
"That's just the trouble. If you ever saw me without it you'd pity my haunting fear that when it's gone I'll lose the girl too."

The Simple Answer.
A society man at a luncheon said of a well known suffragist:
"She accomplishes a great deal, but some of her methods are not quite fair. A man once inquired of her husband: "Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask for money when she wants it?"
"Both," was the simple answer."

In Doubt.
"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate.
"Sure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does your anner get up?"—London Answers.

Pay what you owe, and you'll know what you own.—Franklin.

BRUIN'S BANQUET.

It Was Long Drawn Out and Only Whetted His Appetite.

THE FINISH WAS EXCITING.

After the Pork Course Gave Out a Dessert of Cold Lead Ended the Feast, and the Unwilling Host Vowed Never Again to Fool With a Bear.

A teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the west had a laughable yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark. As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon. Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team, but the teamster, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, smelled at the pork and gulped it down greedily.

Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable.

The teamster laughed and tossed out a second piece, which Bruin devoured, and then he posed again. But the teamster wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy intruder. The beggar, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled, but the teamster, thinking that the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his meal.

The bear ventured near and finally climbed up the load of bark at the hind end of the wagon. The man was unpleasantly surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarméd.

Accordingly he threw a bit of pork into the road, at the same time yelling to the bear to direct its attention to the meat. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up, but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming he made another charge upon the wagon.

The teamster started the mules on, but knew that he could not hope to escape with his heavy load of bark. An idea struck him. He would catch the bear on by feeling the lunch to him until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road. Then he would get a gun and shoot the old fellow.

The teamster sat on the bark, facing backward, his big dinner bucket at hand. When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb upon the load the teamster tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the bear a slice of bread, which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next slice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it. Boiled eggs and cheese faced the same. Bruin wanted pork. The teamster dealt this out in small bits, which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length the teamster saw his friend at work in a field and called to him to run for his gun. The man seemed to realize the state of the case and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before he returned, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight.

The bear climbed upon the load. The teamster tossed him the last piece of pork and then jumped from his wagon and tore down the road. Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was fleeing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him. The terrified man had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun.

The friend had come at last. There lay his late pursuer in the road, dead. The teamster declared that never again would he fool with a bear.—Harper's Weekly.

Our history contains the name of no one worth remembering who led a life of ease.—Roosevelt.

W. L. ZEIGER DEAD BY HIS OWN HAND

TOOK HIS LIFE WITH POISON AT ST. NICHOLS HOTEL.

"Without Funeral Services of Any Kind, Bury Me In Box Made of Rough Boards."

W. L. Zeiger committed suicide at the St. Nichols hotel in this city yesterday morning, by drinking cyanide of potassium.

He arrived in the city at 4 a. m. on the Spokane train, from the north. Going to the hotel, he registered from Tacoma, and was assigned to room No. 8. He instructed Landlord Freeman to call him at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Froume called him at the appointed time but could receive no response, and John Callender, the A paper parson, "ring the bell" (Garfield, Wash., "Druggist" the stand and contain) the poison to kill every child in the town.

The suicide was of a pro nature, for Zeiger had undoubtedly come to Athena, where in former years he had resided and was engaged in the blacksmith business, to deliberately end his life. A few lines scribbled on a tablet, giving directions as to his burial, left no doubt as to the suicide, and the coroner found it unnecessary to hold an inquest.

The dead man was well known in this city, where in the early 90's he conducted a blacksmith shop. From here he went to Helix, and later formed a partnership with Marion Jack and took over the Pendleton Machine Shop. Recently he has resided in Tacoma. He is well connected and was one of the best known men in the county. He is a brother-in-law of Judge J. W. Maloney of Pendleton, and of Attorney L. B. Reeder of Portland.

He had taken every precaution to end his life surely, and he died without making any disturbance that anyone heard.

Before taking the poison, he wrote the following, using a lead pencil and a new tablet, out of which a page or two had been torn, possibly containing a message to friends or relatives, and mailed before coming to Athena:

"Before you judge me, stop and think what it is, and how you are to judge. I have sinned many times, but will sin no more; have made many mistakes, but will make no more, and may those that I have wronged forgive me, as I have forgiven those that have wronged me.
"My request is, bury me in a box made of rough boards, and let there be no funeral services of any kind. If I have friends enough to lay me away, do it, and I thank you for it—if not, let the county do it.
"Love to all, good bye.
"W. L. Zeiger."

The dead man was at one time a member of the Masonic lodge in this city, also of Pythian Lodge No. 29, K. of P. He married Miss Mattie Rounds, a daughter of M. A. Rounds who in early years was an implement dealer here.

Mother's Club.
The Mothers' Club met October 6th at the home of Mrs. Charles Norris, with twenty-one ladies present. The subject under discussion was: "The Child, the Home and the School," a subject which proved to be very interesting. The next month's meeting will be at the home of Mrs. George Mahar, when an interesting program consisting of vocal solos, readings and recitations will be given. Every lady is cordially invited to attend these meetings.



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

The Pessimist.
Tommy—Pop, what is a pessimist?
Tommy's Pop—A pessimist, my son, is a man who loves himself for the enemies he has made.—Philadelphia Record.