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A gift that brings the giver to mind every day—a gift that combines beauty and use beyond any other wearable thing; a LASTING GIFT. Watches for men and women, girls and boys; and every watch I sell is worth its price.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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We extend to our Depositors every Accommodation consistent with sound Banking.

We Announce our Readiness for Christmas

Time is just about over—only 1 shopping day remains, only 1 day in which to do an immense volume of business, and as rapidly as day succeeded day this volume has continued to grow.

With buyers coming in greatly increasing numbers, assortments and varieties must necessarily decrease. Thousands of articles come from markets too far to permit of re-ordering. Among these are the unique novelties in which early shoppers find joy in selecting. Therefore we advise all those who shop for Christmas, to

Shop Early

We will prepare your packages for shipment, and hold them here until you want them here until you want them sent, and attend to sending them for you if you wish.

The PEOPLES WAREHOUSE, PENDLETON
Save your coupons—Where it Pays to Trade.

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

PLAYING HOLD-UP AND GETS KILLED

VICTIM WEILDS REVOLVER AND FRIEND TOOK A RIFLE.

Deplorable Tragedy Takes a Son of Aug Arp, Formerly an Adams Saloonman.

William Arp and William Breeding, friends and fellow workmen on a farm 11 miles north of Pendleton, while playing the holdup game at the ranch Tuesday evening, pulled off an accidental tragedy in which Arp was almost instantly killed. Arp playfully pointed a revolver at Breeding, and his friend seized a 23 rifle in the same joking spirit, accidentally discharging it and killing Arp instantly.

The two men were alone at the ranch, and when Breeding returned to the house after finishing the chores he was confronted by Arp with a revolver in his hand, who commanded him to "throw up his hands." With a laugh Breeding seized a rifle which he supposed was unloaded, presented it at his friend and killed him.

The rifle had been used for target practice the night before and in returning it to its usual place the lever had been thrown back, leaving the gun cocked. The last shell, however, had caught in the barrel, thus leaving the gun loaded and cocked without the knowledge of the young man. A coroner's jury held an inquest and returned a verdict exonerating Breeding of criminal blame. Testimony showed the men had been the best of friends. Arp is a son of Gus Arp of Helix, and 23 years of age. Breeding is an orphan boy and 19 years old, but has been raised by the Eggers family, owners of the ranch where the tragedy occurred.

Elected on Debating Team.

Peter Crockett, the U. of O. student, is in the city visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. M. Meldrum. Mr. Crockett is a detactor of note, and has recently been selected as a member of the debating team to uphold the honors of the University, receiving the second highest number of votes.

WITH DICKENS AT THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH

By RICHARD BURTON.

The fact that the centenary of Charles Dickens is to be observed Feb. 1 makes this poem particularly appropriate for reading this Christmas.

BEFORE the Christmas hearth I muse alone,
And visions of the past, for grave and gay,
Rise from the ruddy coals; outside the moan
Of homeless winds is chidden by the lay
Sweet sung by children who keep holiday,
Making the season's mood their very own.

And slowly, while I gaze and dream and grow
Less lonesome, do the sights and sounds of earth
Fade, and my fancy wanders to and fro
With a great master of lament and mirth,
Who waved his wand to gild the long ago.

A wondrous company! Micawber smiles
In spite of poverty, and Little Nell,
Too frail a flower, travels her weary miles,
Then falls on sleep, and David tries to tell
The trials of the young; now Pickwick's spell
Makes laughter easy; on a pinnacle
Of sacrifice sits Carton midst war's wiles.

Now the air sweetens, for those brothers twain,
The little ones Cherrybles, have preached
Of kindness; honest Tapley hails again



CHARLES DICKENS, "A GREAT MASTER OF LAMENT AND MIRTH, WHO WAVED HIS WAND TO GILD THE LONG AGO."

A world too pleasant; while their horses speed
The Wellers make the welkin ring indeed,
Lo, Deadlock House looms darkly through the rain.

And, look, the tiny dressmaker limps by,
And she, eternal type of faithfulness,
Dorrit, whom prisons do not daunt; her eye
Is for her father; next, in seaman's dress
Quaint Captain Cuttle lifts his hook to
His darlings; Barkis at low tide must die.

Drolls, villains, gentlemen of all degrees
Make populous the air, a hundred strong,
Last comes, as fits the season, Scrooge, his knees
A tremble, till he harks the Christmas song
Of love and knows that spite and greed are wrong
And how that charity is more than these.

Master of human hearts! No Christmas-tide
Whose chants are not the sweeter and whose cheer
Is no more blest since Dickens lived and died!
The savor of his teachings makes each year
Richer in homely virtues, doth endear
Man unto man; hence shall he long abide.

CHRISTMAS TOWN.

It lieth sweet as a little street
That sweeps to a good green valley,
It lieth clean, with no squalor seen,
No dark and lonesome alley.
It lieth there in the golden air,
A town of song and gleaming,
With childhood's chatter and bugles clatter
And the make believe of dreaming.

It lieth still on a little hill,
By a brook and a strip of wild-wood,
Oh, let's go down to Christmas Town
Just as we did in childhood!

Its streets are bright with merry light,
And all day armies wander
All to and fro, with golden glow,
From childhood's way back yonder.

Each laughing face wears smiles of grace
And trust and all doubting,
And o'er the throng the voice of song
Swells into silvery shouting.
It lieth calm as isles of balm
Far off from hate and wrangle,
Oh, let's go down to Christmas Town
With all its glow and sparkle!

Its hills are toys for girls and boys,
Its vales are candy-icing,
Its lanes and lake are gingercake
And bonbons most enticing,
While always there a fragrant air
Of orange bloom is blowing,
And on the trees green memories
Of childhood days are growing.
It lieth far, but love's sweet star
Eternal watch is keeping
To guide us down to Christmas Town
Through little paths of sleeping.

Ah, it may seem a foolish dream
That I should see it lying
So still and sweet, its every street
With some fond vision lying,
But yet I know that long ago
They built it there who love us,
And many a day we've spent in play
With its blue sky above us,
It lieth near for those, my dear,
Whose eyes have fairly essence
To help them see, though aged they be,
The gleam of childhood's presence.
—Bentston Bard in Baltimore Sun.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW!

RING out the old year, ring in the new!
In every country of the world where civilization has taught mankind the importance of celebrating his holidays brazen throated bells will obey this injunction at the midnight moment which marks the passing of 1911 into 1912.

Every bell, every chime, every peal, come it from brass or steel or glass, sounding in mellifluous beauty in the silence of night, marks the observance of a custom that goes back not less than fifteen centuries.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new, is not an impulse to celebrate with mere noise another swing of Father Time's scythe. The custom has a significance, a beauty, of meaning identified with some of the earliest observances of the church.

From remotest antiquity bells played a part in religious worship. In Egypt the feast of Osiris was announced by the ringing of bells. Aaron and other Jewish high priests wore bells attached to their vestments. In Athens the priests of Cybele used bells in their rites; the Greeks employed them in camps and garrisons, and the most solemn moment in the ritual of the Catholic church is preceded by the ringing of silver chimed bells.

Paulinus, bishop of Nola, introduced the bell into the Christian worship in the year 400 A. D.

The first bells were made in Campania, hence the term campanile or bell tower.

The adoption of the bell into the services of the church soon gave the chimes the comforter's office in the minds of the devout. In their simple faith the worshippers believed that consecrated bells had the power to prevent storms, to drive away evil spirits and to bring repose to the sufferer.

The direct forerunner of the New Year bell is what was known as the "hanging bell." This was rung at the death of a believer. In theory devils troubled the expiring patient.

But the peals of a consecrated bell were believed to possess a potency that the most malignant of devils could not withstand; hence with every death the ringing of the holy bells exercised the evil spirits and assured the soul a happy passing into a future untroubled peace.

From this ancient custom developed easily and naturally the habit of ringing out the old year and ringing in the new.

Centuries have passed, a thousand years, and still 500 more have been numbered since the first New Year was hailed by the music of tuned brass, but man still finds the custom beautiful and comforting, and 1912 will be saluted by more peals than any of its predecessors.

The bell most favored is made of tin and copper. In the reign of Henry II, experts decreed that a bell should have two parts of copper and one of tin. When Mr. Layard made his famous investigation of the ruins of Nineveh he found beautifully toned bells where the proportion was ten parts of copper against one of tin. Later experts have decided that four to one is about the right proportion. Experiments have also been made with bells of brass, German silver, real silver and gold. Some made of steel were shown to have a beautiful tone, but deficient from the fact that it could not be sustained. Glass bells of great thickness give out a exquisite melody, but the material is too brittle to withstand the constant impact of the clapper.

So most of the bells that great 1912 will be made according to the formula of four parts copper to one part tin.

The most famous of the bells that have greeted New Year are now prized relics of the world's greatest antiquity; the other is a worshiped memento of the struggle for liberty that launched into existence the world's mightiest republic.

The great bell of Moscow, now located in the Kremlin, was cast in 1734. It was the design of its makers that it should fill the air with a volume of melody that should make it world famous. In both height and diameter this colossus of bells is twenty-one feet. It weighs 193 tons.

But how vain is the planning of mankind is proved by the tragic career of this monster of sound. Only for three years did it toll forth the beginning of the new year. Cast in 1734, it remained in its place till 1737. Then it fell during a fire and from its great weight sank deeply into the earth.

For exactly one century it was permitted to remain buried.

Then it was raised, but the excavators found in its side a gaping hole, where a great piece had been broken out. No more should the bell ring. But they raised it, placed it on a solid foundation, and it now forms the dome of a small chapel made by excavating the space beneath it. Now, though it may no longer ring in the new year, it can be the sanctuary for the New Year prayers of the faithful.

Every New Year eve citizens of Philadelphia gather around the shrine of liberty, Independence hall, to hear the new year rung in. Formerly this service was performed by the bell now known as the Liberty bell.

CHRISTMAS FOX HUNT IN AMERICA

WHEN the weather is favorable on Christmas day the members of many country clubs throughout the United States engage in a fox hunt. This is the modern survival of the ancient chase that used to furnish game for the great holiday feast.

Long ago in the middle ages before the day of markets, of storage houses or refrigerator cars the lord and vassals shared the traits of the lion and scorned to eat that which they did not kill. At daybreak on the morning of the holiday the chieftain summoned the men of his clan, and to horse they went in pursuit of the wild boar. Across hills and level stretches, through swamps and across frozen streams they galloped till they came up with the fierce prey.

In the battle that ensued the privilege of the most valorous feats, of undergoing the greatest danger and of finally administering the death stroke was intrusted to the noblest. Then the body of the boar was carried back by the vassals, the body roasted and the head garnished and decorated to take the place of honor in the center of some long table laid in the center of a baronial hall.

Far into morning of the next day would the roistering continue, and the poor gentleman who could drink only one bottle was destined to sad experiences in this bout of mighty bibblers.

The boar has passed from the earth. No longer does the lord kill his own Christmas feast, but in small measure he revives the joys of the holiday hunt by his pursuit of sly reynard. There are in the United States seventy first class clubs devoted to the sport of fox hunting. The season began at Thanksgiving day is at its height by Christmas tide, for then the air is crisp with frost, and the last of the crops that hunters might have damaged have been gathered into the barn and safely stored away.

For persons of wealth these are early days who, at 7 o'clock in the morning have gathered near the clubhouse. One comrade joins another, and a merry exchange of Christmas greetings recalls the holiday.

Trotting behind the huntsmen and the whippers-in come the hounds, now quiet and businesslike, but at the word of command ready to break into a very babble of dog noise. Horses, superb horses, strain eagerly at their bridles, anxious to hear their red coated riders off in the chase.

The master of the hounds gives his word of command, and across a cornfield the mad Christmas race starts. To the first fence comes the mad cavalcade. It is a high one. Over, under and through the bars scramble the dogs. Grandly on his horse the master takes the fence. Others follow, some not so gracefully. Some one falls, but the race goes on, all eager to reach that place where in front the hound is giving tongue.

There comes a ditch whose surface is only partly frozen, the middle hauled by the water free. The leap is a bad one, with the footing covered with ice, but one after another the hunters put their steeds at it. Some slip and scramble, splashing seas of mud on their riders, but none cares. Too great is the joy of getting over without loss of time to worry over a couple of pounds of mud added to the weight of what the gallant horse must carry.

A level stretch is reached. The thoroughbreds are put to it to keep up with the dogs. Then come a wilder outburst of barking and the capture of a fox. The brush is taken and awarded to the lucky rider who was in at the death.

Then the party turns sedately back, the excitement of the day over. The dogs are returned to the kennel, the horses are carefully rubbed down, the participants in the hunt have their shower bath and are ready to dress for dinner after the most exciting and enjoyable start a Christmas day can well have.

Not only members of the clubs have taken part in this chase. The growing good will between farmer and hunter has turned the attention of the man of agriculture to the delights of this holiday ride. He has mounted his best horse and joined in the race. He, too, returns home to a hearty dinner to tell what a good time he had.

In less aristocratic clubs, such as the many organizations of farmers are in various parts of the country, the hunt is less ornate, but it results in more Christmas killings of foxes.

The wild, rough country of Virginia makes directly following behind the hounds a hazardous, if not impossible, performance. This gives rise to the distinctively American style of hunting, which is to let the hounds work much of the time alone, the hunter following only in spirit, catching a glimpse of the flying pack occasionally, or, guided by their musical baying, trying to catch up at the next station.

In Kentucky the Christmas hunt is held at night, on Christmas eve.

The fox hunt is an importation from England, where it still is the favorite sport of the elite at Christmas time. Virginia's early settlers first introduced the custom into the colonies, and General George Washington was one of the most famous of fox hunters. The colonial girl was educated to fox hunting as part of her accomplishment and hundreds of the belles kept a fire full fence as easily as a graceful figure in a minuet.

AT THE CHURCHES TOMORROW NIGHT

CHRISTMAS TREE EXERCISES TO BE VERY INTERESTING.

Three Programs To Be Rendered By Members of Different Sunday Schools.

Christmas tree exercises at the churches in Athena will be held tomorrow evening, beginning at seven o'clock. Excellent programs as an entertainment feature will be given at the Methodist, Baptist and Christian churches. The various committees in charge have all arrangements completed and tomorrow hundreds of beautiful presents will be hung on the trees.

Five trees from the mountains have been put in place and the decorations are to be the most beautiful imaginable. The numbers on the programs for the most part will be given by members of the Sunday schools of the different churches, and diligent rehearsals have been under way for some time, to insure satisfactory results. The various programs are as follows:

M. E. Church.
Song, Joy to the World
Prayer, by the Pastor
Song, Christmas Bells

School, Welcome
Rec, Vera Pennington, Xmas
Rec, Lois Stewart, Once a Year
Solo, Helen Downing, selected

Rec, Miss Velma Wilkinson, Why Do Bells for Xmas Ring
Rec, Doris Thompson, The Song and the Child
Rec, Dorothy Lawson, A Christmas Carol
Rec, Thelma McEwen, The Master Comes
Rec, Dorothy Koepke, The Christmas Joy
Song, Martha Hunt, Long Ago in Bethlehem
Rec, Henry Koepke, Bethlehem

Rec, Prals to the King
Rec, Ruby Hall, When Santa Claus Comes
Rec, Mildred Stanton, What Does It Mean to Me
Rec, Mildred Lawson, Christ Is Born

Song, School, The World's Gift
Dialogue, Four Boys, Our King
Rec, Evangeline Fix, My Wish
Rec, Beulah Mathers, Christmas Memories
Rec, Mrs. Kiser, Baptist Church.

Organ Prelude, Mrs. Plamondon
Song, "Christmas Day," School
Invocation, Supt. Mrs. C. A. Barrett
Song, "Hear the Glad Bells Ringing," school chorus
Scripture reading, Mrs. Chas. Betts
Vocal duet, "Santle," Edna and Thelma Sailing
Rec, "The First Christmas," Dolly White
Rec, "If You Are Good," Areta Littlejohn

Exercise, "Christmas Branches," Mrs. Winslip's class
Song, "Hail Hail Hail!" Double chorus
Rec, "The First Carol," Ida Crabbe
Rec, selected, Kohler Betts
Song, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," Class of girls
Rec, selected, Audrey Winslip
Rec, selected, George Kidder
Song, "Santa Claus," Class of boys
Rec, "A Dream," Mrs. M. L. Watts' class
Rec, selected, Hazel McFarland
Exercise, Class of boys
Song, "Christmas Every Day," school chorus

Distribution of presents by committee, Henry Barrett, M. L. Watts, and Floyd Payne.
Doxology, audience and chorus.
Benediction, Mr. Desper.
Program read by Mr. Chas. Betts.

Christian Church.
Song, by the children
Duet, Misses
Lucille Taylor and Zola Keen
Rec, Cyll Crusey
Song, Jeannette Miller
Rec, Glen Steen
Pianoforte solo, Mrs. A. M. Meldrum
Rec, Hope McPherrin
Song, Merna DePant

Local Team Lost Two.
Saturday evening the Athena High school basketball team went down to Echo and dropped a game to that town by a score of 25 to 15. Last night the local boys played the nifty Columbia College team off it's feet to a tie at 16 and, at the end of the second half. To the playoff, Columbia annexed three points, taking the game 19 to 16. The patronage was all that could be expected, a large crowd witnessing the game. The next game here will be with Pendleton High on the evening of January 6.

FOR SALE.
Five-room house, one block from Main street; good cellar, woodshed and barn. Inquire at this office.