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ANOTHER PIONEER ON LONG TRAIL

J. B. DICKESON, A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN PASSES AWAY.

Chronic Complications With Mild Case of Smallpox Caused Mr. Dickeson's Death.

Monday morning at six o'clock, John Benjamin Dickeson, a well known pioneer of Athena and the Northwest, died at his home on Third street, aged 77 years, seven months and 27 days. Death was directly due to smallpox, although the old gentleman had been ailing for several months with kidney trouble and dropsical complications, and but for this fact, would perhaps have recovered from smallpox, as it was in light form as noticeable in the cases now confined in the family of John Rothrock.

Mr. Dickeson has been a resident of Athena since 1875, and for many years worked at his trade of wagon-maker. He had an extended acquaintance throughout the Northwest. In early days he frequented mining camps in this state, California and Washington and did his share in being out on the trails of Western enterprise and progress. He freighted, mined, packed and hauled and followed other pioneer pursuits as occasion demanded, and assisted in several campaigns when it was necessary to subdue the redman by force.

His life has always been one of justice and uprightness, and he had been a consistent Christian for many years. The stamp of pioneer associations clung to him with indelible characteristics to the end and "Uncle Dick," as he was familiarly called, will be sadly missed in this community.

He was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, May 19, 1834, and when a young lad moved with his parents to Boone county, Missouri, which was then the frontier border.

When the California gold call echoed throughout the nation in 1849, he linked his fortunes with those of hundreds of other argonauts who merged themselves into civilization's skirmish line in its march to the golden West.

Later he came to this state and in 1871, at Roseburg, was united in marriage with Miss Naomi Banks, who with three sons and two daughters, survives him. The sons are: Oliver, of this city; Sims, of Santa Rosa, California; and Roscoe, of Ukiah; the daughters, Miss Ruth of this city, and Mrs. Lizzie Clark, of Walla Walla.

Since 1875, Mr. Dickeson has been a resident of this city continuously, with the exception of a period of five years he spent on a ranch near Ukiah. The funeral services were conducted at the grave Tuesday morning, by Rev. Denny, services at the church or home being impossible owing to the contagious disease from which Mr. Dickeson died.

New Store for Athena.
The Cox building has been leased to the firm of Frost & Penney, of the Golden Rule line of stores which are established throughout the Pacific Northwest. The store will be opened for business about the first of April. Mr. Frost is now in New York, where with other buyers he is purchasing stock for the Golden Rule stores.

Improving Theatre.
Rawl Miller, proprietor of the Dreamland Theatre, believes in giving his patrons the best going. From time to time he has made many improvements since opening the theatre to the public and he is still at it. This week the entire front of the building is being replaced with one of modern city design.

Basket Ball Game Postponed.
The double header basketball games between the picked teams of the town fellows and the two High school teams which were to have been played to-morrow evening have been postponed. Announcement of the games will be made through the columns of the Press.

THE STRAPONTIN.

Found in Parisian Theaters, it is a Delusion and a Snare.

In every Paris theater there are two or three score "strapontins." You wonder what a strapontin is? Well, it is a folding or strap seat on the aisle attached to the side of the aisle chair of the orchestra or balcony rows. It has neither sides nor back and is without visible means of support except through affilation and attachment. The unsuspecting American tourist whose stay in Paris is but a matter of days approaches the Parisian box office and is shown the diagram by the middle aged lady with the blond curls. Guilelessly the visitor indicates what he believes to be an aisle seat and congratulates himself on his luck at so late an hour in capturing it.

A few minutes later he has paid his 10 cents for a program and tipped the woman attendant who shows him to his strapontin. It is as devoid of legs, or feet, this strapontin, as of arms and vertebrae, a device to be slumped and taboed. You squirm to make yourself comfortable, to secure some attitude whereby the hardships of the strapontin may be annihilated, but in vain. It drives from your mind the most seductive music, the most dramatic episode fails to affect you, and your thoughts are forced back on the instrument of torture which has cost you the full 10 francs, the price of an orchestra chair.—New York Press.

KANAA BURIAL GROUNDS.

Bolivia's Fearsome Valley of the Shadow of Death.

There is a valley in Bolivia, South America, which might well be called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It has been inhabited for an indefinite period of years by the Kanna Indians, who are kindred to the various South American tribes and number now only a few hundred souls.

That they were once a very powerful tribe is indicated by the condition of the land which they as a tribe still inhabit. One cannot travel any distance through their land without coming upon the old and forsaken burial grounds of the Kanna dead. These places cannot be called graveyards, for the bodies are not buried, but rather placed upon elevated platforms, wrapped in the garments of death and bound to the crossbeams that they may not be displaced.

In one of these burial grounds there will be probably fifty high skeleton platforms, and on each will lie from three to five of the Kanna dead. The air in that part of Bolivia is very pure and preservative, for it is one of the highest plateaus of the continent, although Kanna valley is but a little below the plateau's height. A traveler passing through that land at night and by moonlight would be awe-stricken at the gloomy vision those graveyards present.

Won by His Wit.
On one occasion a dress rehearsal at His Majesty's theater was prolonged till the small hours of the morning. The company grew very weary, particularly a gentleman who had been with Sir Herbert Tree in a good many productions, but who had never attained to more than a very tiny part. When the time came to rehearse his few lines he was so tired that his voice was anything but distinct.

Opposed to Mourning Clothes.
"A southern physician of recognized skill and eminence urges that all outward symbols of mourning should be abandoned," says Munsey. "For many years he has expressed his views. He has won over a large number of people who see no reason why the heart should advertise its sorrow by the conspicuous insignia of gloom. There are or have been peoples wiser in their generation. The Romans of the days of the republic wore blue as a sign of mourning. It is the proper thing in Asia Minor now. The Turk mourns in violet and the Persian in pale brown. Until a French queen set the present fashion in the latter half of the fifteenth century white was the color of grief in Europe, as it is now in China."

A Generous Actor.
I remember when Toole was playing an exceptionally fine engagement with us that he said laughingly: "Oh, by the way, Calvert, if my wife comes down next week don't say anything about the big receipts. You see, I've a lot of nephews and nieces, and they all expect tips from Uncle Johnnie. Last year they had over \$400 from me, and my wife thinks I rather overdo it."—"Sixty-eight Years on the Stage," by Mrs. Charles Calvert.

Quite Different.
"I suppose his wife is the most careless housekeeper in town."
"Poor fellow!"
"And she has half a million in her own right!"
"Ah, that's different."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gossip.
"I wonder why gossip travels so fast."
"Because the tongues which carry it are always on the rail."—Baltimore American.

A VICIOUS COLONY

England's Penal Settlement in the Andaman Islands.

LIFE CONVICTS FROM INDIA.

Often the Most Desperate Prisoners Kill One Another, While Others Fall Victims to the Native Head Hunters, to Whom Murder is Sport.

Frederick Taylor, F. R. C. S., writing in the Century Magazine about life in the Andaman islands, says:

"The sailing of the Maharaja from Calcutta for the Andaman islands was not accompanied by the usual goodbyes and handkerchief waving, for of my fellow passengers there were seventy to whom no one wished bon voyage or a safe return. These were convicts, all murderers under life sentences, who for some reason had escaped the death penalty, and included six women, for the Maharaja is the ship used by the colonial Indian government to transport convicts to the penal settlements near Port Blair, South Andaman island, a distance of 650 miles from Calcutta.

"The prisoners were all manacled and shackled about the ankles, with chains fastened to bands at the wrist. They were a despicable lot. At night a continual moaning and cursing and hopeless sobbing came up from the hatches and made sleep out of the question for me, though the European officer in the steamer's cabin apparently slept undisturbed. Early the first morning I went on deck and learned that two of the male prisoners were ill and had been brought up to the deck for air. They were closely guarded, and raw recruits were stationed at the railing to prevent them from committing suicide by jumping overboard into the Hugel river.

"The Andamans are literally the homes of murderers. The inhabitants are the most vicious members of an older civilization and the uncivilized head hunters, among whom murder is a sport and a pastime. In the settlement are about 1,700 prisoners, including 800 women. On arriving at Port Blair the prisoners first spend six months in solitary confinement in the cellular jail of Viper island. They are then transferred to one of the associated falls and the comparative blessing of hard labor in company with others, though still occupying separate cells at night. After a year and a half of this they become slaves, working in and about the settlement during the day and sleeping in barracks at night, always closely guarded. At the expiration of five years a convict becomes eligible to join the colony of 'self supporters' and live in the village, where he earns his living in his chosen way, lives in his own house and can send for his wife and children or marry a convict woman. In a limited sense he becomes a paterfamilias, but is always carefully watched and cannot leave the settlement without permission.

"Despite the rigid discipline and the vigilance of the authorities the communal life is far from harmonious, and the more vicious often rebel. The murderers kill one another and are in turn murdered by the treacherous Andamanese, who regard the hapless convicts and their guards as their natural prey. Occasional attempts at escape are made by the prisoners, but the efforts inevitably prove disastrous. The fugitive, finding his conditional freedom worse than servitude, either dies at the hands of the Jarava warriors, falls a victim to fever or other disease or starves. There is also a system in vogue by which the more friendly tribes of savages co-operate with the authorities in capturing escaped convicts and receive rewards for the return of the unhappy deserters. More often, however, the head hunters kill the fugitive and return just the same, the killing adding zest to the chase and the return of the head being the easiest and quickest way of earning the reward.

"Under these conditions there are few attempts at escape, though many remarkably hazardous dashes for liberty have been made from time to time, which, though futile, were most daring. Some time ago the steamer Falata picked up a poor, emaciated wretch who was sighted on a small bamboo raft off the Arakan coast. He was later found to be an escaped convict. When picked up he had been on the raft for twenty-nine days during one of the southwest monsoons and had secured water by catching the rain and sucking it from his turban and loin cloth. He lived upon flying fish that flew aboard the raft, eating them raw. He was swept off the raft many times by the waves, but had managed to cling to it. After a month in a hospital at Rangoon he was returned to prison and solitary confinement.

"Another daring attempt at escape was made by a party of six convicts who were sent with two native policemen to a small island off the middle Andaman to work. They managed to escape from the guards and, hoisting the sail of the small boat, started out in a gale. After seven days of heavy weather they were dashed upon the rocks of the Tenasserim coast, and the boat was wrecked. All escaped with their lives and eventually reached the Siamese border, where they were apprehended by the local authorities and returned to the prison."

Setting Him Right.
Sapleigh—Would you—or—advise me to—er—marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl? Hammersley—I'm afraid you'll never be able to marry either, old man. Sapleigh—Why not? Hammersley—Well, a beautiful girl could do better, and a sensible girl would know better.—Pittsburgh Press.

Over His Head.
"It is seldom nowadays that you find a man familiar with Epictetus."
"Hum! That's true. Still, science has made rapid progress in the treatment of contagious diseases."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Immune.
"Madam, can I sell you a vacuum cleaner?"
"No, sir; we hain't got any vacuum in this house that need cleaning."—Exchange.

OUR PUZZLING TONGUE.

Snags a Foreigner Striking In Trying to Master English.

In spite of certain undeniable disadvantages the English language steadily makes headway. There are few tongues so hard to master. One foreigner who has had his troubles, but has won his way to a perfect command of the language, has presented in the Bookman some of the humors and some of the difficulties which belong to this richest of living languages.

As a boy I heard a fantastic Turkish legend which to my mind aptly illustrates the actual facts concerning the origin and formation of modern English.

After creating the first parents of each of the races, the story runs, Allah took a large piece of meat and, cutting it into slices, distributed them among all the people to serve them as tongues. For some reason the Englishman was absent when the others received their share. At last he came into the presence of his Maker and in mute humility begged him to put a tongue into his mouth. But nothing was left of the meat. So Allah was obliged to cut a little piece from the tongues of all the others, and, joining these pieces, he fashioned a tongue for the Englishman.

The orthography of the English language does not by any means contain all of a foreigner's troubles. One of the most perplexing characteristics of the English tongue is the fact that, as a rule, the same word has different meanings. My dictionary gives to the verbs see, lead, hold and draw fourteen, eighteen, nineteen and thirty-two meanings respectively. Now, for a foreigner to be able to distinguish all these various meanings is a tremendous task. The words which have only one or two meanings are comparatively few. Is it surprising that a foreigner is often puzzled by the numerous and sometimes opposite meanings of many an English word? Just as an illustration, consider the perplexity of a persevering Frenchman over the meaning of the word "fast."

"Zis horse, sair, he go quick. What you say?"
"Yes; he is a fast horse."
"Ah, pardon, monsieur, but your friend say he make fast his horse and he tie him to a post so he not go at all."
"Very true; he is made fast by being tied."
"Ah, zat cannot be. He cannot go fast. But what you call a man that keeps fast?"
"Oh, he is a good man that does not eat on fast days."
"But I have seen one bon vivant, who eat and drink and ride and do everyzing. Ze people say he is a bad man—he is very fast."
"True, that is called living a fast life."
"Ah, certainement. Zen all ze days of his life must be fast days."
"No, of course!"
"Eh! Men. Does he eat every day?"
"Certainly he does."
"Zen how can he keep fast?"
"Why, he keeps going, to be sure."
"Yes, you tell me to stand fast when you want me to keep still and go fast when you want me to run. How can I understand?"

The Recker Rebelled.
In the early days of missions in Persia the people were naturally suspicious of the missionaries and were constantly on the lookout for something in their houses which would exert a baleful influence upon native visitors. A Persian lady, calling one day on an American missionary lady, wished to sit in a rocking chair, which was something she had never seen before. She got up into it with her feet and attempted to squat upon her heels, as she would have done upon the floor, with the result that she and the chair both took a tumble backward. Hence there went abroad a report that the missionaries kept in their houses a machine for converting people to Christianity.—Los Angeles Times.

Nothing Forgotten.
There is nothing—no, nothing—innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it and play its part through them in the redemptive actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh, if the deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! For how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!—Dickens.

The Smallpox Quarantine.
School and churches are closed this week on account of smallpox cases in the city. For this week at least, public gatherings of any nature will be prohibited. The disease is confined in the family of John Rothrock, there being no other cases in Athena or vicinity. It is alleged that Mr. Dickeson, who died from smallpox, was on the fair road to recovery, but during the temporary absence of attendants, rose from his bed and exposed himself to the cold, thus suffering a relapse. He had a light case, which he contracted from his neighbors, the Rothrocks, so it is said. The other members of the family had the disease some years ago. The members of Mr. Rothrock's family are still in quarantine, though all have recovered from the disease.

Odd Fellows-Rebekah Social.
A pleasant time was had Saturday evening at the Lodge Hall when Odd Fellows and Rebekahs and their invited friends enjoyed a social and banquet. A short program was offered in the way of entertainment and the splendid banquet was a notable feature. Dancing was indulged in for an hour. That the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs know how to entertain to perfection was the decision of all present.

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COCHRAN BECOMES FACTOR IN RACE

WATER COMMISSIONER WOULD BE A CONGRESSMAN.

La Grande Man Announces His Platform, Says He is a Stranger to Public Service.

George T. Cochran, state water superintendent, a resident of La Grande, has made formal announcement of his candidacy on the republican ticket for congressional nomination from this district. Among other things in his announcement, Mr. Cochran says:

"I have definitely decided to seek to further serve the people of my state as their representative in congress from the Second district. My present position as state water superintendent has brought me in touch with the needs of the district, and I thoroughly believe I can render my constituency more beneficial service by this advancement.

"A solution of our national irrigation problem, as Alaskan policy that will permit of present as well as future benefit, a more liberal public land policy for the development of our arid lands and the benefit of the home builder, and a continuing appropriation for the Collio canal and the opening of the Columbia river, will have my earnest support.

"I am no stranger to public service. Three years were spent in the government service in the Philippine islands, which gave me personal knowledge of conditions on which to base a proper policy with reference to our insular possessions."

IS MAKER OF MANY WILLS

Mabel Young Warner Must Stand Trial For Fraud.

For the third time Mabel Warner, alleged maker of many fraudulent wills, on January 29 will face a jury on a charge of forgery, Circuit Judge Phelps having this week set that date following the indictment returned against her several months ago for the grand jury. Twice has she gone through the ordeal which was to decide whether or not she would go to the penitentiary and twice she came free by reason of a jury disagreement, although once, it is said, 11 of the jury stood for conviction.

Mrs. Warner is alleged to have made five separate wills to which she is charged with forging signatures in an effort to gain possession of the estate of James Young, her uncle and stepfather. One of these wills was upheld by Judge Henry J. Bean, now supreme judge and former circuit judge of this district. Upon an appeal the supreme court reversed the decision of Judge Bean and Mrs. Warner was ousted from the farm whose profits she had been enjoying.

Another will is alleged to have been drawn up but it was never filed for probate because of the publicity given it after the fact of its existence had leaked out. Shortly afterwards the grand jury met and returned an indictment against Mrs. Warner for forgery, the basis of the charge being the will which the supreme court declared to be fraudulent.

Mrs. Warner professes to have no fear of the outcome of the coming trial for she declares she has evidence enough not only to establish her own innocence but to put the leaders in the long fight against her in the penitentiary. She will be tried by an outside judge because of the connection Judge Phelps had with her two previous trials while he was district attorney.

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