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RUINED THE PAINTING.

Curious Fate of Burne-Jones' Favorite Water Color.

A very curious history is that of Burne-Jones' favorite picture, "Love Among the Ruins." The original picture was in water color and was sent to Paris by a firm of art publishers for reproduction and in that city forwarded to their photographic studios in the suburbs. The picture unhappily preceded the letter of instructions regarding it warning the photographer of the medium in which it was painted, so that immediately on its arrival it was brushed over with white of egg to bring out the colors for photographing—an excellent procedure in the case of oil pictures, harmless and very efficacious.

But, as to the Burne-Jones picture, Love was very soon among his own ruins, for every swish of the brush brought off the final touches and left a mere smeared ground. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was heartbroken at the loss of a work on which his reputation, he considered, would in great measure rest and on which he had spent many months of patient toil and the very perfection of his execution in the realization of one of the most poetic conceptions that had sprung from his fanciful imagination.

"Love Among the Ruins" was painted during the years 1870-3. In October, 1803, it was destroyed, and by the following year the oil version was finished, but was scarcely a consolation to the artist for the loss of his first and more spontaneous work.

ANIMALS IN OPERA.

Some of Them Raised Up Their Voices With Weird Effect.

Few persons realize how many animals appear in opera. By this I do not mean such animals as the tenor who played the part of Lohengrin and was told by Von Bulow that he was the knight of the swine rather than of the swan, but real bona fide animals. They extend all the way from Monteverde to Wagner.

About A. D. 1600 it was not unusual to have lions or elephants upon the operatic stage. One can never tell what these animals may improvise in their parts. I know of a case where an elephant caused a most hasty exit of the orchestra in London long ago, when the father of R. E. Woolf, the Boston critic, was conducting.

The donkey in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" has not a speaking part, yet once that I know of he lifted up his voice and made Canio's great solo an unexpected duet. Balaam himself was not more astonished than was the tenor on that occasion.

In spite of the saying, "Thou shalt not yoke the ox and the ass together," Pierne caused these two to sing a duet in "The Children of Bethlehem." On this occasion the ass was a tenor, but I do not believe that Pierne meant any reflection upon the high voiced fraternity.—Louis C. Elson in Musical Observer.

Couldn't Be Divided.

In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Mme. Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?"

"Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response.

The envoy tried again and mentioned her husband's "Carnival." "One part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidsbundler.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!"

This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man de 'Carnaval' spielt, spielt man ihn ganz." (When one plays the "Carnaval," one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

Feyther and the Passon.

After a Saturday afternoon tramp in Cheshire, writes a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, I stopped at a little whitewashed inn, where I heard the following rustic story. On a bench outside half a dozen farm workers, with faces and bared arms richly sunburned, were relating reminiscences of bygone times.

"Did Ah iver tell yo' about ma poor owd feyther and the passon?" asked a white whiskered sturdy veteran. "No? Well, passon meets feyther one day, an' ses 'e, 'John, Ah could find yo' a bit o' a job blowin' t' organ up at t' church o' Sundays if yo' doan't mind.' 'Aye, thankee, sir,' ses feyther. 'Ah'd be very glad, but Ah doubt Ah hevna wind enough.'"

"Sustenance Space."

When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, what Professor Peuck has called his "sustenance space."—Mark Jefferson in Atlantic.

Appreciation.

never "c

A WIRELESS STORY.

Call From the Pacific That Was Heard In the Gulf of Mexico.

It was "eight bells" on a ship lying at anchor down in the gulf of Mexico. The men had retired for the night to their bunks and hammocks, and the wireless operator, alone in his watchfulness, was "listening in" at the head phones.

Suddenly, out of the pitchy darkness of the sea, a message that curdled the blood in his veins leaped down the antenna and hummed its fearful contents, "S. O. S.—S. O. S.—S. O. S." And a few minutes later, in response to the customary reply, "What is your position?" the answer flashed back, "125 degrees 27 minutes 37 seconds west, 47 degrees 33 minutes 10 seconds north.

That meant that out on the Pacific ocean 140 miles west of Seattle, Wash. —2,850 miles away—a vessel was calling for help.

The call of the Pacific! The operator hardly believed it. With tremulous fingers he repeated the call to the station nearest to the vessel in distress. But already the wireless watchers along the western coast had caught the message, and relief was on its way. Clear across the entire North American continent, over land and sea and mountain ranges, the ship's cry had been heard.—World's Work.

BARREN PALESTINE.

Its Forests Are Gone and the Jordan Is Now a Feeble Stream.

One of the most remarkable illustrations in all history of the ill effects of the disappearance of forests may be observed in Palestine. In the days when Joshua conquered the promised land Palestine was a wonderfully fertile country, a land flowing with milk and honey. The Lebanon mountains were heavily wooded, and a large population was supported in comfort.

The general devastation of the forests brought about, however, a gradual deterioration of the country. The hills of Galilee, which had long served as pasture lands for large herds of cattle and sheep, are now sterile. The Jordan has become an insignificant stream, and several smaller rivers are now completely dried up throughout the greater part of the year. Some few valleys in which fertile earth washed down from the hills has been deposited have retained their old fertility. The land today supports only one-sixth the population of the time of Solomon.—Christian Herald.

Table Manners In the Old Days.

Modern table manners compare favorably with those of the past. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, author of "The Gentlewoman's Companion," the standard seventeenth century book on etiquette, found it necessary thus to warn her readers: "Gentlewomen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat would swallow. * * * In carving avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burned them. Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

Historic Hyde Park.

Hyde park has seen not only magnificient reviews, from Stuart times onward, but has witnessed also military musters with a more warlike intent. Here during the commonwealth were encamped the Roundhead armies of Essex and Lambert, and here Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides. The defenses which were at that time raised in the park have left their mark on Mayfair's street nomenclature, for Mount street, Grosvenor square, commemorates Oliver's mount, as it was called, part of the line of fortifications drawn around London by order of the parliament in 1643. Even the women, Butler tells us in "Hudibras," helped in the defensive work, and—

From ladies down to oyster wenches
Labor'd like pioneers in trenches.
—London Standard.

Extraordinary Seed.

A farmer who mainly out of curiosity had grown a crop of flax had a tablecloth made out of it. Some time later he remarked to a lady visitor at dinner, "I grew this tablecloth myself." "Did you really?" she said, apparently much astonished. "How did you manage it?" It was plain from her tone that she had no idea how tablecloths came into existence, so the farmer lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "If you'll promise not to tell any one I'll tell you." The lady promised. "Well," proceeded the farmer still in the same mysterious tone, "I planted a napkin!"

Side Light on History.

Socrates was about to quaff the hemlock.

"This," he said, "is the cup that neither cheers nor inebriates."

Making a sort of wry face, just the same, he hastened to bring the incident to a close.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Be Strong.

Man is strong, only by union, happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free [illegible] undisciplined; prompt, not [illegible] —Comte de Mirabeau.

The good [illegible]
"There, that [illegible]
"There, that [illegible]
—Emerson.
"W[illegible]

No Place For Postmen.

The new postman was called before the office superintendent for a reprimand.

"You were seen loitering in the neighborhood of that big fire down the street," the superintendent said.

"I only stopped a minute," the man pleaded, "and I was already eight minutes ahead of schedule time."

"It is not a question of time, but safety," the superintendent replied. "The last place on earth a postman can afford to loiter is in the vicinity of a big fire. On the contrary, he ought to make a detour to avoid it.

"By neglecting that simple precaution more than one postman has had his leather bag drenched by a stream from the hose and a lot of ruined letters charged to his conscience if not to his pocketbook."—New York Times.

English Words In German.

Like the word "sport" and many other English words for which the German language has no adequate terms, the word "strike" has become one of common usage in Germany. "Start, finish, mutiny, trick, snob, smart, partner, detective, picnic, film, handicap and hundreds of other words," says a letter on the subject, "are used in their original form, with not a letter changed. Panic has been made into 'panik' and check into 'scheck,' record as 'rekord' when the German uses the word, and strike, in order to preserve the proper pronunciation, is written 'streik.' These words look English enough when you see them printed, but when you hear them you involuntarily think of the 'English spoken here' signs."—New York Tribune.

Camp Candlesticks.

A camp candlestick can easily be made with a piece of stick. Choose a straight stick about eight inches long and one inch thick. With a good knife sharpen one end as you would a lead pencil or a stake. Then split the other end into four parts, taking care not to allow any to snap, and strengthen the point where they meet by binding with string. The candles can then be placed between the four branches and held in position with string. The pointed end is then stuck into the ground and the candlestick is ready for use.—Boston Herald.

Watered Milk.

"Farmers," said the fair city visitor, "are just as dishonest as the city milkman."

"How d'ye make that out?" asked the farmer's wife.

"This morning," said the girl, accusingly, "with my own eyes I saw your hired man water the cows just before he milked them."—Exchange.

His Infinite Variety.

Blobbs—Saphedde is a man of many parts. Slobbs—Yes, he tries to be all the different kinds of fools at once.—Philadelphia Record.

NOTICE.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Athena, Oregon, for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it will be held in its office in Athena, Oregon, on Tuesday the 13th day of January, 1914, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m. F. S. LeGrow, Cashier.
December 5th, 1913.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.
In the Matter of the Estate of Madison Jones, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that George W. Jones, the executor of the last will and testament of Madison Jones, deceased, has resigned and that his resignation has been accepted by the above entitled court; that John M. Jones was, on the 13th day of December, 1913 appointed administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of the said estate. All persons having any claims against the estate, or unfinished business connected with the administration of the estate, will present their claims to, and take up their unfinished business with, the said administrator at the office of Will M. Peterson, his attorney, in the Smith-Crawford Building at Pendleton, Oregon.

Dated this the 26th day of December, 1913. John M. Jones,
Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Madison Jones, deceased.
Will M. Peterson,
His Attorney.

Wilson, administratrix of the estate of Charles Wilson, deceased, has filed her final account and report in the administration of the estate; that the County Judge, by order duly made and entered, has appointed Saturday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1914 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon as the time, and the County Court house at Pendleton, Oregon as the place, where the said final account and report will be heard and the settlement thereof made.

Dated this 12th day of December, A. D. 1913. Maggie Wilson,
by Homer I. Watts,
Atty. for Administratrix.

Notice of Final Account.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.
In the Matter of the Estate of Amos Shick deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that Arthur E. Shick, administrator of the estate of Amos Shick, deceased, has filed his final account and report in the administration of said estate. That the County Judge, by the order duly made and entered, has appointed Saturday, the 20th day of December, A. D., 1913 at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon as the time, and the County Court house at Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, as the place, where all objections and exceptions to the said final account and report will be heard and the settlement thereof made.

Dated this the 14th day of November, A. D., 1913.
Arthur E. Shick.
by Homer I. Watts,
Attorney for Administrator.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.
Mary F. McCubbins, Plaintiff,
vs.
A. C. McCubbins, Defendant.

To A. C. McCubbins, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled suit within six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons in the Athena Press, a newspaper published weekly at Athena, Umatilla county, Oregon, and you will take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer the said complaint or otherwise plead thereto within said time, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for and demanded in said complaint, viz.: For a decree of divorce forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant and for such further relief as the Court may deem just and equitable.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Hon. G. W. Phelps, Judge of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 8th day of November, 1913 and the first publication thereof is made on Friday, Nov. 14, 1913 and the same will be published for six consecutive weeks, the last publication to appear on Friday, December 26, 1913.

Homer I. Watts,
Attorney for Plaintiff.