

Advertising is to business what steam power is to machinery—the grand motive power. —MACGILL.

THE ATHENA PRESS.

There is but one way of obtaining business publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising. —BLACKWELL.

VOLUME 6.

ATHENA, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 29 1893.

NUMBER 46

The Mails.
Closest for Pendleton, Portland, and all coast, except the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, at 5:30 p. m.
For Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 7:30 p. m.
Mail arrives from Pendleton, Portland and the coast at 7:45 a. m.
From Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 8:30 p. m.
Office hours—General delivery open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 8 to 11 a. m. Money order window open from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Geo. H. BERRY, Postmaster.

LOGE DIRECTORY
A. F. & A. M. NO. 80 MEETS THE First and Third Saturdays of each month. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to visit the lodge.

O. O. F. NO. 73 MEETS EVERY Friday night. Visiting Odd Fellows in good standing always welcome.

O. U. W. NO. 104 MEETS THE Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month.
L. A. GIBSON, Recorder.

PYTHIAN, NO. 29, MEETS EVERY Thursday Night.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. S. SHARP,
Physician and Surgeon.
Calls promptly answered. Office on Third Street, Athena, Oregon.

D. R. CARLISLE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Calls promptly attended to day or night. Office: Main Street, Athena, Or.

D. R. I. N. RICHARDSON,
Operative Prosthetic Dentist.
ATHENA, OREGON.

W. & C. R. Ry. Co.
in connection with
NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE
Between Eastern Oregon and Washington and Puget sound Ports, as well as the Popular and direct line to all

Points East & Southeast
Pullman Sleeping Cars.
Superb Dining Cars.
2nd-3rd-Class Sleepers.

AND ALL POINTS EAST.
TOURISTS-SLEEPING-CARS.

For Accommodation of Second-Class Passenger Attached to Express Trains.

G. F. WANSLEY,
Gen'l Frt and Pass. Agt., Walla Walla Wash
W. D. TYLER,
Pres. and Gen'l Manager.
J. A. MURHEAD,
Agent Athena, Oregon.

SOMETHING NEW!

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased rooms over the First National Bank which he has converted into a

STUDIO
and is now prepared to instruct a large number of students in oil painting and free hand pencil drawing. Nice quiet rooms. Prices reasonable.

PROF. J. S. HENRY,
INSTRUCTOR
PIANO AND ORGAN.

Will be in Athena on Thursday's and West weekdays of each week hereafter. Leave with F. Rozenzweig, at C. Hollis' Athena.

J. F. FORD, Evangelist.
37 Des Moines, Iowa, writer under date of March 25, 1893.

S. B. MED. MFG. CO.
Dufur, Oregon.

On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are

Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and only for the Spring's work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.

60 cents per bottle by all druggists. Sold under a positive guarantee by the Finger Drug Store.

LOVE'S SECRET.
Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Telling her of a ghostly fear,
Ah! She did depart!
Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveler came by,
Silently, invisibly,
He took her with a sigh,
—William Blake in New York Ledger.

THE MISSING COAT.

My name is Frederick Putnam. I have been the last 10 years foreman and bookkeeper of the lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the business. The other members of the firm live in the city and attend to the sales of lumber which we send to them by vessel.

One cold evening as I was preparing for home I heard footsteps outside, and presently a tall, stout, well-dressed man with a small traveling bag in one hand and a shawl over his arm entered the office. I was alone. I had ready put on my overcoat and was turning down the light.

"Good evening," said the man, walking up to the stove and kicking the dumper open with his foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"
I answered that he had.
"Where? I was afraid of it." He drew out his watch. "I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in 10 minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.
"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."
"What name, sir?"
"Anderson of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best western customers. I say had been for the reason that during the last year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Mr. Winston had that very day told me to write to him and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir; I will give you a receipt," I said. He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me. I never blamed anybody since however.
"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply.
"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents," I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before.

"Humph! Less than I supposed. Write me out a receipt for that amount."
He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.
"It's all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a wallet and counting out 11 piles of banknotes he told me to count them. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just 100 bills. The balance was in fives and twenties.

At this moment we heard the whistle from the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling bag, and giving me a hasty handshake was off. I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel easy to have so much money about me, but as Mr. Winston's house was at least a mile distant I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail over the door and walked over to extinguish the light. As I did so I saw on the floor the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone on the train which took Mr. Anderson I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment with a young woman whom I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding house, ate my supper, and then went over to the home of my intended bride, wearing the coat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, and leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. At 10 o'clock when I prepared to leave, Carrie went into the hall for my coat and hat that I might put them on by the fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred," she exclaimed, "you certainly did not venture out such a night as this without an overcoat?"
"No coat!" I cried in a dazed way, for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly that it almost stunned me. The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone! Then I was unerved. I grasped at the stair rail and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.
"Oh, Fred, are you ill? Let me call the doctor and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet."
"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."
And I was better. I was strong all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid, and was not my unpaid word as good as his? I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie," I said quietly, "I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But you must not go out without an overcoat," the dear girl answered, "and if you will wait just a moment I will get you one of father's coats to wear home." She did so, and I started for home. You may guess that my slumber that night was not sound nor refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you met a legion of ghosts last night," said Mr. Winston as he came into the office the next morning. "What is the matter?"
"I did not sleep well," I answered, with a smile.
"By the way," continued my employer, "did you write to Anderson as I requested?"
I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him tomorrow or next day." I immediately afterward he added: "Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're ill, man! Come, jump into my trap, and I'll take you home."
I was glad of the chance to get away, and on reaching home I locked myself in. Ah, those were terrible hours I passed, and night brought no relief. Can you guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had resolved on self-destruction. I began my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation to Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my mother. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my wardrobe and took out my revolver.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire and placed the pistol against my forehead. In another second I should have been lifeless, but just as my finger began to press the trigger there was a tap on my door. It startled me, and easily concealing my weapon I called out that I could admit no one.
"Not me, Fred?"
I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look once again into her loved face mastered me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters which I had left on the table into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are really ill!" exclaimed Carrie the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"
"Worse," I answered huskily. "But, Carrie—good heavens!" As I uttered this exclamation I started back and then forward, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat. Recovering from my astonishment, I drew from the pocket \$11,750.23.

You have heard about the singular capers of a madman or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, but judging from what Carrie told me and from the appearance of my apartment after it was over I am led to believe that I was far more grotesque.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own and had worn it down town, never thinking that a fortune was lying in the pocket. I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed the money to Mr. Winston and went on with my duties a wiser and, I hope, a better man.—Thomas G. Mitchell in Drake's Magazine.

A Story About a Story.
Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marion Harland) tells a curious bit of fact in connection with one of her early novels, "Ruby's Husband." The novelist was living in Newark at the time of its writing, and on her frequent trips over the Jersey flats to New York her attention was often centered upon a long, low, roofed white house visible in the far distance from the cars. She knew nothing of it nor of its inmates but its isolation, and on late winter afternoons its single eye of light streaming eerily across the stretch of marshland attracted her story-telling instinct, and she wove the tale about it.

Long afterward she found that it was occupied by a sporting character very similar to the hony Nick Sloane and actually having his initials, and he had, too, a young daughter, whose beauty was as remarkable for her environment as was that of the brilliant and unscrupulous Ruby. In the story Nick Sloane is killed in a runaway accident, and out of it the tenant of the meadow house came to a violent death by the cars, several years after "Ruby's Husband" became popular.

Thank Offerings.
When there came to the household of the Duke and Duchess of Portland a baby daughter some years ago, the duchess insisted on the duke's converting the gift of diamonds he contemplated purchasing for her into an hospital where the tenants on his estate might be cared for. Now that a son has come to inherit the name and title, the duke has remitted 20 per cent of the rents of the tenants on the Welbeck estate and has directed his agent to prevent the carrying out of the proposed baptismal present from the tenants to the infant marquis, because in these times such a gift would be a serious tax on the resources of his friends.—Exchange.

Our Royal Landlords.
It is reported that Queen Victoria has been investing quite actively in real estate in this country of late. The German royal family have already heavy real estate interests here, and in fact about every monarch in Europe, including the Russian czar, has set a stake down in our soil. This shows that faith in the future of the republic is entertained right royally abroad. By and by the candidate for naturalization who has forgotten to pay his rent on American royal territory will be able to swear truthfully that he renounces all allegiance to every foreign prince or potentate.—Boston Globe.

"Abject Fear."
A witness at the inquest on the bodies of those who lost their lives in the Ford's theater disaster in Washington stated under oath that the attitude of the government clerks toward their chief in that building was one of "abject fear." They had long known the ill starred old trap was unsafe, but dared not complain for fear of discharge.

An admission more shameful for both the superior officer and those under him was never made. It is likewise a sufficient comment on the state to which he at length becomes reduced who accepts what so many hundred thousands of republican citizens this moment would almost break their necks to get—a government clerkship. The hundreds of clerks in the Ford building had precisely the feeling toward their chief that the negro slave had to the overseer who stood above him with the lash. The lash in this case was the fear of discharge, potent as an evil terror where the clerk had a family depending on him for support. For himself, he could have asserted all the manhood that had not yet been reduced by the machine and rebelled—got out of the slave gang—but where would be the bread for those dependent on him? One must not blame too much the clerks who submitted to and cover under the frown of their overseer.

But the overseer himself—the chief of division in that old Ford's theater? The use of unlimited power in time makes average men crazy or despots. Mandarins go down into the dust in bound to grope anew. The person toward whom they stand under him has only the feeling of "abject fear" is bound to be overtaken by retribution. When the long crushed spirit reasserts itself, it breaks violently out. Every malediction that has been uttered under the breath against the tyrant finds voice at last in the cry, "Hang him!" "Lynch him!" Undoubtedly in the grief and despair of the moment the feeling against the superior officer in the Ford building was heightened to extravagance in the breasts of those who looked only on the mangled bodies of those who gave them bread. But danger lurks always where the mental attitude of an employee to his superintendent is that of a victim toward a tyrant.

An American Inferno.
A correspondent of The Globe-Democrat describes a weird and wonderful region he visited in the northwestern part of Mexico. On the dividing line between the Mexican states of Sonora and Lower California is a tract 85 miles long from east to west and 10 to 18 miles in width from north to south, which the Indians long since poetically named "Bad Men's Hunting Grounds." It is probably such a region of miniature volcanoes as exists nowhere else on this globe. It contains thousands of volcanic mounds, ranging in size "from a hen-coop to a house of moderate dimensions," and not a trace of life, animal or vegetable.

The district is 200 miles southwest of Yuma, A. T., and is reached by following the Rio Colorado to the dry bed of one of its tributaries, thence following this dry bed to the volcanic pit. It is really a basin 200 to 300 feet below sea level, and why it does not fill up with water, either salt or fresh, is one of nature's unexplained mysteries. But the smells of these shoal vomiting mounds! In describing them the writer rises to the height of the poetic. There are hot springs, showers of mud, water and ashes, puffs of smoke, and such a boiling, seething and searing that it makes the beholder first dizzy, then sick. There is a lake of some kind of demoniac stew that is as black as ink. The prevailing smell is that of a mixture of burning sulphur and blue lick water, added to the odor of a tar roofing pot. The writer makes the statement on his honor as an honest man that you can smell the basin 20 miles away.

At the basin itself, however, strangely enough, scores of springs of delicious sweet water sparkle alongside the volcanospouting mouths. Some day undoubtedly this basin will become a famous resort for travelers. As to the effect of its appearance on a stranger, our poetic correspondent says, "After the feeling of awe wears off, the first impression is that you are standing on the edge of hell." What the impression is before the feeling of awe wears off we are not told.

With the advent of the hot weather comes the customary epidemic of suicides. This year there have been several instances in which the impulse to self-destruction has led its victims to leap from heights. Why people should be more ready to kill themselves in summer than during the cold and dreary days of winter is a mystery to the student of mental unbalance. It would be interesting to know if the proportion of suicides in hot countries is larger than in those lands that are located in temperate climes.

A Chicago employer is trying the experiment of rewarding his help according to their efforts instead of in proportion to their talents. When this idea becomes general in its application, look out for the millennium.

If you see a bicycle coming, do not change your pace. If you stop or hasten, it may knock you over. A bicyclist can appreciate this admonition.

So President Cleveland was not the author of the phrase "innocuous denudate" after all. It was invented by a White House factotum.

Lifelike Death.
The current number of The Popular Science Monthly contains a paper timely to the memorial season, and which will be received with interest not alone by veterans, but by men of science. Writing of the "Phenomena of Death in Battle," Mr. George L. Killmer deals at length with the mooted question, "Do men sometimes retain in death the last attitudes of life?" Citing the opinions of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—Grant in the negative and Sherman and Sheridan in the affirmative—the writer refers to cases at Belmont, Antietam, Williamsburg and other fields of the civil war reported by army surgeons, and also from cases in the Crimean and Italian wars. Soldiers were found dead from battle wounds with various parts of the body in the last attitudes of life and held so by a severe rigidity, the onset of which seemed to have been simultaneous with the coming of death.

The conservative view is that death is in all cases followed by relaxation of muscles; hence the attitude held when the body becomes rigid must be a new one caused by the contractions of rigidity. The surgeons whose records are given, however, found the rigidity and the warlike attitudes upon bodies still warm and similar appearances upon others where death had taken place from a few hours to 24, 48 and even 60 hours before. The cause, the writer believes, is "heat stiffening" of the juices of the muscles. He finds that in all cases reported the circumstances of the action favored great bodily heat combined with excessive muscular action that would create acid in the muscles and invite early rigidity. He finds also an analogy in the action of lethal currents of electricity, which produce an instantaneous and firm, although transient, rigidity.

Cases of rigidity in lifelike attitudes from lightning stroke have been frequently reported, but in common with those found in the literature of the battlefield, have been attributed to the imagination of descriptive writers. The records of men who stake professional honor upon their statements contain cases as startling and as remarkable as any that have been brought into play to adorn tales of the battlefield.

Noah's Ark Leads.
They are turning out some large wooden sailing vessels in our home shipyards this season. Some of them are four-masted. But after all some of the wooden ships of olden times were larger even than the steel steamships of the present day. One of Ptolemy Philopater's carried 4,000 rowers, 400 sailors and 6,000 soldiers. But this even was nothing to a ship constructed by Hiero, that old Syracuse tyrant. This is reported to have had all the variety of apartments of a palace—banqueting rooms, galleries, gardens, fashpans (if there were not fish enough just outside), stables, mills and ballrooms. It had eight towers with walls and bulwarks and one machine of war which threw a stone of 800 pounds a half mile.

It seems that there was no port in Sicily capable of containing this vessel in safety, so Hiero had to give it away. Such vessels as this will compare very favorably with the leviathans of the big ocean steamship companies of the present day.

If, however, larger ocean steamers yet appear, as is reported, there will be nothing to compare with them if we accept Noah's ark, which still has the lead as to size.

There is sometimes room for honest differences of opinion concerning the making of improvements that must needs destroy historic spots, but there seems to be little chance for two views regarding the project of those who would deface the field of Gettysburg by the construction of a trolley railroad through the grounds. The preservation of Gettysburg in the same condition as it was when the awful struggle took place is as important to the defeated as to the victors, and it is an encouraging sign of the times that the proposed improvement is generally regarded with indignation.

Probably Lewis Morris will be the poet laureate of England. Ruskin has apparently declined the job. Morris is an estimable gentleman, but not much of a poet. Ah, a great light went out when Tennyson died. He was as completely separated from all other poets that now live as the Caspian from all other seas.

The cruiser New York is the fastest naval vessel afloat. Yet she is built to fight and not to run away. She is the most remarkable warship that skill and ingenuity have produced up to this time. Hands all round! Three cheers and a tiger!

It costs \$2,500 per week to entertain the Duke of Veragua. By the same token how much will it cost to entertain the infants? But never mind the cost. We are not having World's fairs every year.

The man who first suggested the use of bicycles instead of horses in the army ought to try to ride the two wheeled vehicle across country once.

Richard W. Gilder is writing a long poem, which he will read before the Army of the Potomac June 27. The vets deserve better treatment.

An Income Tax.
It is reported that the next congress will pass an income tax bill. This idea is opposed by the influential press of the east and favored by many of the newspapers and statesmen of the west. The idea of a graduated income tax is also popular in the south.

Those who oppose this idea claim that it would impose a burden only upon the comparatively few who have themselves, by their greater ability, energy and enterprise, gained wealth, while at the same time contributing to the riches, power and dignity of the nation. They claim that it is an unfair tax and cannot be successfully defended on any ground. Further objections urged are that it would be a most fruitful source of lying, as the untruthful would avoid payment by making false statements of their income.

But there is another side to the question. An income tax can be defended on the ground that it will secure a wider diffusion of moderate welfare, and it will act as a leveler, smoothing out the extremes of poverty and wealth. In all questions of this kind the feelings and the rights of individuals must be subservient to the general welfare. We make laws forbidding the shooting of game and catching of fish at certain seasons; they may be unjust to the individual, but they are a benefit to the mass. So likewise we grant franchises and often benefit individuals, although it is not done for this purpose, but to subserve the welfare of the many.

The question of an income tax must be considered from the same standpoint—not as to its effect upon the individual, but its effect upon the people at large.

An income tax has been levied by the United States but once in its history, and then it was established because of the necessity for revenue caused by the civil war. An act passed in 1861 created a 3 per cent tax on incomes of \$500 per annum and over. The rates of taxation, the amounts of the incomes taxed, and the proportion of the income exempt from taxation, were averaged by various acts, till in 1872 it was abolished.

During the 10 years the law was in operation nearly \$300,000,000 were collected. There is no particular need of such a law at the present time to raise a revenue, but it is the right and the duty of the government to do everything that lies in its power for the general well-being even to the extent of sacrificing the individual.

A Large Group of Sun Spots Visible.
Professor Holden of the Lick observatory says that a large group of spots is now clearly visible on the sun, which by the use of a smoked glass can be seen by the naked eye. It will be extremely interesting to note what, if any, extraordinary change in the weather of the present period may occur.

In any case experience shows that as a rule when the sun's activity is increased remarkable meteorological changes very soon take place on the earth. The present indications from the large group of spots telescoped by Professor Holden are that we may shortly look for an increased movement of the trade winds on our gulf and south Atlantic coasts, and consequently "warm waves" in the interior of the country.—New York Herald.

New Ruling on Railroad Liability.
A drummer for a firm of jewelers lost a checked trunk in an Illinois railroad accident. It was the kind of a trunk in which jewelry drummers carry their samples, and its contents were worth \$7,000. He brought suit and recovered judgment for the full amount of the loss. The railroad company carried the case up. Now the supreme court of the United States "reverses" the court below, sets aside the judgment and lays it down as law that the railroad company's check and liability cover only the personal effects of the drummer—his shirts, collars, cuffs, etc. As for the destroyed jewelry, he and his employers must arrange that matter between themselves. It is no concern of the common carrier's.—Hartford Courant.

The Fatal Opal.
Miss Ginzella Sikay, 16 years old, daughter of John Sikay of Bridgeport, died Sunday. She was to have been married to Henry Callopee. Miss Sikay had just been trying on her wedding dress, and displaying an opal pin intended for the veil remarked to her bridesmaids: "Some girls think opals bring ill luck. I am sure this will bring Henry and me nothing but happiness."

She deposited the pin in its case and turned to rearrange the display of her wedding gifts, when the muscles of her face contracted and she was seized with a convulsion, during which she sank to the floor unconscious. Her heart ceased to beat in 40 minutes.—New Haven Register.

Royal Helles.
A writer in "La Vie Contemporaine" has discovered that an old box in the lumber room of the Louvre museum instead of containing archives, as was supposed by many, is full of the relics of royal sonnets—sawbones, shoulder blades, shanks, ribs and vertebrae. The writer states that there are among them the scapula of Hugues Capet, the thighbone of Charles VI, the shinbones of Charles VI and Francis I, the vertebrae of Charles VII and Charles IX, the ribs of Philippe le Bel and Louis XII and the lower jawbone of Catherine de Medicis. The authenticity of these relics is, he says, proved by papers also found in the box.

Endurance of a Young Russian Woman.
Last winter a Russian girl of 17, giving way to fatigue, fell down asleep by the road, and when she awoke found herself buried so deeply in snow that escape was impossible.

Fifty-one days later she was still found breathing and was brought successfully back to life.

During all this time the poor girl had to eat only some crusts of bread that happened to be in her pocket.—Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Put on Trousers and Saw the Rights.
Miss Emma Wood, who claims to be the daughter of a wealthy Colorado ranchman, was arrested in company with a young man who said his name was Frank Patton, and both were dressed in masculine attire. The story of the couple is that they both reside a short distance from Denver and for the last two years have kept company. When Patton, who is employed on a neighboring ranch, was sent to South Omaha in charge of a consignment of cattle, they thought it an excellent opportunity to give the old folks a surprise party by making the journey an elopement as well. The girl declares that they were married by a Lutheran clergyman before they left Denver.

They arrived in Omaha Thursday night and devoted the next day to seeing the sights. The girl had often worn her brother's clothes out on the ranch during a roundup and helped the men drive up the cattle, and last night she declared her intention of putting on one of her husband's suits and going out to see the town by gaslight. She assumed the trousers, and the pair started down Dodge street and visited one or two swell resorts, after which the woman concluded she had enough, and they started to the hotel, but were arrested. They were released today without being fined.—Omaha Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Just as a Brazer For the Fish Season.
While a large pine log was being worked up at the Brown & Hall sawmill, Acton, Ontario, a wonderful discovery was made. After the outside "valch" had been cut off a large tunnel was seen to poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut in two by the saw.

How the creature ever got there is a mystery, as he was perfectly incased in the wood with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth up from the butt of the tree his position must have been at least 50 or 60 feet up from the ground. There is but one way of accounting for the fact that he was found in the situation mentioned. He had grown up with the tree from infancy and was probably hundreds of years old when the saw awakened him from his long nap. Naturalists of Acton say that he is of an unknown species of the reptilia, and that the cavity in which he was found was perfectly sound and as smooth as though chiseled out by a carpenter. He was surrounded on all sides with solid wood of about 4 inches to 2 1/2 feet thick.—St. Louis Republic.

A Large Group of Sun Spots Visible.
Professor Holden of the Lick observatory says that a large group of spots is now clearly visible on the sun, which by the use of a smoked glass can be seen by the naked eye. It will be extremely interesting to note what, if any, extraordinary change in the weather of the present period may occur.

In any case experience shows that as a rule when the sun's activity is increased remarkable meteorological changes very soon take place on the earth. The present indications from the large group of spots telescoped by Professor Holden are that we may shortly look for an increased movement of the trade winds on our gulf and south Atlantic coasts, and consequently "warm waves" in the interior of the country.—New York Herald.

New Ruling on Railroad Liability.
A drummer for a firm of jewelers lost a checked trunk in an Illinois railroad accident. It was the kind of a trunk in which jewelry drummers carry their samples, and its contents were worth \$7,000. He brought suit and recovered judgment for the full amount of the loss. The railroad company carried the case up. Now the supreme court of the United States "reverses" the court below, sets aside the judgment and lays it down as law that the railroad company's check and liability cover only the personal effects of the drummer—his shirts, collars, cuffs, etc. As for the destroyed jewelry, he and his employers must arrange that matter between themselves. It is no concern of the common carrier's.—Hartford Courant.

The Fatal Opal.
Miss Ginzella Sikay, 16 years old, daughter of John Sikay of Bridgeport, died Sunday. She was to have been married to Henry Callopee. Miss Sikay had just been trying on her wedding dress, and displaying an opal pin intended for the veil remarked to her bridesmaids: "Some girls think opals bring ill luck. I am sure this will bring Henry and me nothing but happiness."

She deposited the pin in its case and turned to rearrange the display of her wedding gifts, when the muscles of her face contracted and she was seized with a convulsion, during which she sank to the floor unconscious. Her heart ceased to beat in 40 minutes.—New Haven Register.

Royal Helles.
A writer in "La Vie Contemporaine" has discovered that an old box in the lumber room of the Louvre museum instead of containing archives, as was supposed by many, is full of the relics of royal sonnets—sawbones, shoulder blades, shanks, ribs and vertebrae. The writer states that there are among them the scapula of Hugues Capet, the thighbone of Charles VI, the shinbones of Charles VI and Francis I, the vertebrae of Charles VII and Charles IX, the ribs of Philippe le Bel and Louis XII and the lower jawbone of Catherine de Medicis. The authenticity of these relics is, he says, proved by papers also found in the box.

Endurance of a Young Russian Woman.
Last winter a Russian girl of 17, giving way to fatigue, fell down asleep by the road, and when she awoke found herself buried so deeply in snow that escape was impossible.

Fifty-one days later she was still found breathing and was brought successfully back to life.

During all this time the poor girl had to eat only some crusts of bread that happened to be in her pocket.—Courrier des Etats-Unis.