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Located in Wallowa National Bank Building.

A Choice Line of Meats always on hand.

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CURED MEATS A SPECIALTY

Enterprise, Oregon.

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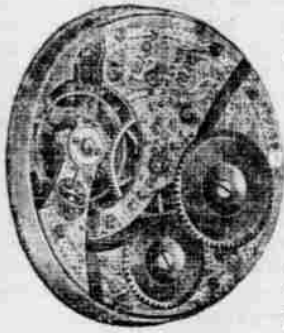
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I respectfully solicit a share of your work, and will try to merit your patronage.

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DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

Prescriptions
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Located in the old Gallery Building, Enterprise, Ore.

Portraits, Penny Pictures, Views,
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Views or portraits on cloth for fancy work. Kodaks and supplies, or do your kodak finishing. Copying or enlarging to order in CRAYON, PASTEL or BROMIDE.

Gallery closed on Sunday.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

INTERESTING ITEMS

From Various Sections of
Wallowa County.

GROUSE.

Mr. Joseph Farnsworth was among us again last week. It has been over a year since he left here to have his wife treated for a fracture she had received in a runaway some years before. She had to be hauled on a spring bed to Walla Walla where the knee cap was removed and the joints squared up. This made a solid leg from hip to ankle but unfortunately they left some decayed bone and it never knit properly and finally broke out again, which called for an amputation above the knee. In this operation they left a few of the clippings from the bone in the flesh which caused much irritation so she went to St. Louis her former home and had it all cut open to find the cause but we are glad to say she is now well at Terra Haute, Indiana, having an artificial limb adjusted. Mr. Farnsworth says he will go east and return with his wife Christmas.

Mr. Ely Smith has returned from Idaho where he was called to search for his son, Oscar, who was drowned in Snake river near Bliss. He says he never saw such men. They did not search for the bodies and on the ninth day they raised and were found five miles below where they were tipped out of the boat while they were stretching a trout line across the river. The other man was his near neighbor. Both men leave families. They were both good swimmers. No one has any idea how it was done as it was early in the morning and no one saw them. But there are many whirlpools in the rivers there and they had a poor boat. His family will remain on the fruit ranch he owned near Bliss. They have the sympathy of the entire community.

FINAHA.

Melotte Bros. have finished their second crop of Alfalfa.

Miss Elsie Neal, of the Buttes, is staying at Mr. Fisk's putting up fruit.

VanGraven & Son, photographers, arrived here last week. Everyone come and have your picture taken as they do first class work.

J. A. Denny returned a short time ago from Cuprum, Idaho, where he had been on business.

Mrs. Bell spent a day recently with Mrs. Bert Sprague.

Miss Cora Stubblefield stayed with Mrs. J. A. Denny during Mr. Denny's absence.

Chas. Denny and wife left last week for a short visit to Pine and Eagle Valleys.

Bill Wilkins.

Bill Wilkins was No. 99 in Capt. Laban Enoy's Company B, 2nd Regular Oregon Mounted Volunteers. He was 6 ft. 4, was bare of beard and tipped the scales at 200.

Bill was peculiar in many ways, but very peculiar in this. A white man could not provoke him to resentment, but the Indian that stepped on his toes got a kick.

He carried an old army musket of the kicking sort. This was the only reliable trait he possessed, yet Bill never filed a complaint against the gun he carried. With it in his hands he felt as secure from danger as if it had been a 3-30 Winchester rifle.

Grave creek is tributary to Rogue river. The Upper Meadows are 12 or 15 miles below the confluence on Rogue river. They are not what the name indicates. A meadow is low grass land, but the Upper and Lower Meadows on Rogue river and high grassy slopes, two or three miles up from the river. The Upper and Lower Meadows are 4 or 5 miles apart, being separated by one of the most rugged gorges I ever saw except the Roy-

al Gorge on the Arkansas river, Colorado.

In April or May 1856, 1000 mounted men moved down from Grave Creek House to the Upper Meadows and went into camp where five months before, 350 Indians under George, Limpy and John defeated and put to inglorious flight, 1200, approximately volunteers under command of Brigadier General J. K. Lamerick.

Our scouts had no trouble in locating the Indians, for they were not in hiding. Their village was 5 or 6 miles down the river and below the gorge of which I have spoken.

The 2nd day after going into camp at the Meadows the Regiment moved by companies to the battlefield. In anticipation of an attack from the volunteers, John disposed of his people after this manner. First he sent his old men and his women and children back into the brush and thick timber that bordered his village on the south. Next he stationed his braves up and down the river for two miles with orders to get as close to the water as they could find places of concealment. Then he climbed a high rock point, 2 or 3 hundred yards in the rear of his camp, from which he had a commanding view of both sides of the river for 2 miles awaited coming events.

The river was swollen to madness by melting snows above. He had no fears of our crossing the river on a log raft as we had tried to the fall before. He hoped, however, we would try again. By 10 a. m. the battle commenced. By 2 p. m. 1000 old fashioned muzzle loading rifles, shotguns and muskets were engaged in hurling shot and ball at an unseen foe. On the other side of the river 350 firearms, such as the Indians had, were barking murderous defiance. Above the incessant roar of battle Chief John's voice was plainly heard cursing his enemies and encouraging and directing his braves.

Capt. Enoy's company was lowest down the river. I was close to Bill Wilkins. A hard shower of rain came on. Bill's tree did not shelter him from the rain. Twenty yards up the river was a fir tree with sheltering boughs. Bill started, leisurely, for the tree. Half way there a bullet cut through the grass just in front of Bill's knees. He stopped short and looking in the direction from which the bullet came, gave the Sorehead, as he called him, a yard or so of his worst vocabulary. Here he walked on to the sheltering boughs of the fir tree. The Indian and Bill now got into a jangle of words, while they continued to reload and crack away at each other.

Finally Bill said to the Sorehead, see here, Mr. Injun, if you will stand out from behind your tree and let me have a shot at you, then I will stand out and let you shoot at me if I don't kill you. Close (all right) said Bill. Now load your old gun and get ready. Are you ready, Mr. Sorehead? Nowwitky, (yes) replied the Indian.

After leaving the Indian sometime by making false movements he sprang from hiding and stopped short. The Indian supposing Bill would jump out from his tree and back instantly, fired so as to catch him on toe return. This is just what Bill thought he would do.

There! shouted Bill, still standing uncovered. Didn't I tell you you couldn't shoot worth a huck? Now stand out from behind your tree, you mole eater and I'll make a stink pile of you. Nika, waka, quash, nika (I'm not afraid of you) came back the reply.

After some parleying the Indian told Bill he was ready. He sprang out and back so quickly that Bill could not sight him. Why don't you shoot? said the Indian. Why don't you stand like I did? replied Bill. Just here there was the sharp report of a Yanger close to Bill. Bill always declared afterward that Steve Longfellow killed his Injun and I think Bill was right. Respectfully,
J. J. Blevins.

Ingram Leaves Hospital.

SALEM, Aug. 2—(Special)—Frank Ingram, the prisoner who was shot by David Merrill at the time of the outbreak at the Penitentiary, left the prison hospital today. His left leg was amputated above the knee, and he walks on crutches. As he is unable to make a living at present by working, he is raffling off a splendid set of steel hearth utensils made by him while confined in the Penitentiary. When his means will permit he will purchase an artificial limb and engage in some useful occupation. During his 10 years' incarceration, Ingram learned the blacksmith's trade, but the loss of his limb will probably prevent him from continuing in that work. Ingram grappled with Merrill while the latter was in the act of firing at a prison guard, and the bullet passed through his knee. His heroic act led to his pardon by the Governor and won him the sympathy of the people. He is receiving temporary aid here from people who are charitably disposed.

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Courses are conducted on the same principles as those pursued by our Schools of Philadelphia. Music and Painting receive special attention. Letters of inquiry directed to

Sister Superior.

SHEEP MEN, ATTENTION!

We will be in Enterprise about September 15th with a choice lot of DELAINE and RAMBOUILLETTE Bucks. Prices reasonable. (Telephone connection.)

J. E. SMITH LIVESTOCK CO.,

PILOT ROCK, Oregon.

STATIONERY STORE,

ADA E. ROE, Proprietor

Confectionery, Books, Fine Stationery, etc.

School supplies always on hand.

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Your Horse Wants

are supplied here—the best combination of leather and labor. The harness will fit, and the saddles are easy riding and the latest styles—which is sure to give satisfaction. The quality of our horsewear is the best and our prices right

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Complete stock of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Keq and bottled beer always on hand.

Formerly the Delta Saloon.

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AT SEVEN PER CENT INTEREST

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PRENTISS HOMAN, Proprietor,

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Best Hay and Grain—First class Teams—New Rig

Free camp horse with cook stove.