City and County Brief News Items

Glucose at Funk's.

Strained Honey 12½c a pound a Funk's.

Daniel Boyd went to North Yakima, Wash., Friday on legal business for Burleigh & Boyd.

Union Scout:—Jay Dobbin, a prominent stockman and banker of Wallowa county, is visiting with relatives near Union. Mr. Dobbin commenced in the sheep business in this county a number of years ago, and was not rich by a long shot when he started in. His success is the result of attention to business.

Have you enrolled as a member of the Commercial club?

G. W. Wright has gone to Troy, Idaho, to reside.

L. Berland returned Friday from a business trip to Portland.

The county court has notified the contractor that it expects the court house to be finished April 1.

The new Methodist parsonage is completed except the bath room, and Rev. C. E. Trueblood and family moved in Wednesday. The new parsonage is a very pretty one and a half story cottage of eight rooms besides pantry, bath and closets, with city water and electric lights. The contract price was $1500. The outside will be painted as soon as the weather permits.

PROMISE NEWS.

The Colpitts school will celebrate Washington's birthday on the evening of the 22nd by an appropriate program of songs and recitations, after which a box supper will be given. The girls and women are asked to bring boxes containing lunch for two. The boxes will be sold at auction. The proceeds are to be used by the district to procure some needed supplies for the school room.

There will be preaching at West Grossman school house, Sunday, February 27, at 11 a. m., by Rev. Fred G. Potter.

DEATH RECORD.

Word has been received by Mrs. F. S. Ashley of the death of her father, D. C. Davis, who passed away February 1, at his home in Masada, Tenn., at the advanced age of 85 years.

Mr. Davis was a pioneer of both Union and Wallowa counties, having settled at the Cove in '69 and moving to Wallowa county in '75, where he lived 20 odd years in Alder and on Prairie Creek. He was a member of the Baptist church and a veteran of the Mexican war. In an early day no pioneer family was more hospitable, more highly respected or more widely known in Eastern Oregon than that of D. C. Davis.

His surviving children, of whom there are six and of whom Mrs. F. S. Ashley of this city is the youngest, all have homes and families in the west.

Robert Miller, the La Grande architect and a brother of A. C. Miller of this city, died very suddenly Tuesday night, February 15, at 9 o'clock. He was taken ill of neuralgia of the heart while in this city Monday, but was able to return home Sunday. He had another attack on Monday, but nothing serious was apprehended until about three hours before his death.

The deceased was 55 years of age and leaves a widow, a daughter Isabelle and son Robert, and an infant son. Miller of La Grande and Miller of Enterprise are brothers, and Mrs. Kirk of La Grande is a sister.

His sudden death is a great shock to many friends in this county.

In business but few years in the west his handiwork is seen in a number of fine buildings, including the office structure for the Wallowa County Title & Abstract company in this city, the Jennings block in Joseph, the M. & M. Co. block and the F. J. Holmes residence in La Grande.

Subscribe for the Chieftain.

LARGE TAXPAYERS ON ROLL OF 1909

(Continued from page three.)

Hendrickson Bros.	4180
Sarah Henderson	5160
D. B. Hendricks	48820
Home Ind. Tel. Co.	5125
A. A. Hart	3500
James Hays	4370
Wilbur Homan	7075
Hattie A. Holmes	3300
W. R. Holmes	11965
C. L. Hartshorn	20645
G. G. Holmes	12865
C. E. Howard	6320
W. A. Davis	5340
Johnson Bros.	23760
F. Isley	4030

(Continued next week.)

The Meeting of the Governors.

Whatever name may be formally adopted as befitting the scope of the annual meeting of the governors who shall assemble to compare views, the movement is likely to be important and the results encouraging. The first meeting was announced as a conference. "A house of governors" has been suggested, although in such connection the word "house" would imply legislative functions, which, of course, governors do not perform.

Uniformity in laws throughout the states would be generally desirable, and the governors might help toward this end. But uniformity in the spirit in which laws are lived up to is also essential, and here the influence and co-operation of governors would be effective. A wide range of topics has been suggested as proper to bring before a conference of the heads of the several states. Among these are marriage and divorce, the status of women, prison reform, election reform and special taxation. Extradition is a matter of executive action and is all the more a subject for governors to consider, most all others being finally dependent upon legislative will. True, relief through federal legislation is often difficult and must come through state action.

America and Manchuria.

The chief weakness of the advice coming from many quarters not to mix in the business of Japan in Manchuria is the fact that this country has mixed in. Nearly six years ago Secretary John Hay originated the United States policy of maintaining the integrity of China in the Russo-Japanese conflict within Chinese territory. The peace of Portsmouth was concluded with the approval of the United States, and that document seemed to explicitly bar Japan from the course in Manchuria which she has of late pursued and apparently intends to continue.

Like the planting of our flag, the setting up of our policy in the far east is the step that cost. It must stay to the fore until good and sufficient reasons exist for its withdrawal. All along the people of this country have taken pride in the worldwide tribute that "the United States is the only power which can look China in the face without blushing." To let Japan have her own way with railroads in Manchuria might be defensible diplomacy, but would look like abandonment of the integrity of China to its fate in a crisis as important as any raised by the recent war.

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TOBACCO SHOP
IS
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If You Prefer the Best Brands of
Cigars or Smoking Tobacco
you can always get what you want here. Fine line of
PIPES
The same is true of all our Stock. Come in and see.

PRENTISS HOMAN'S
Next Door to Bank
Enterprise, - - Oregon

New Blacksmith Firm
Poulson & Prater
At the Red Front Stand
All kinds of Blacksmithing. -:- Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Enterprise, Oregon

A. C. Carpenter
High Grade Watch Repairer
Manufacturing Jeweler Stone Setter and Engraver
Old Postoffice Building Enterprise, Oregon

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

His One Great Chance.

One who had been very rich slowly approached the gates of pearl.

He appeared to be in doubt.

There was nothing in his manner to indicate that he expected to be welcomed with open arms or a blare of trumpets.

He saw others, those who had been poor and humble upon the earth, walk up confidently to the splendid entrance and gain ready admittance.

Frequently he paused as if he had decided to turn back, but little by little he drew nearer to the place where his fate was to be decided.

At last he stood before the gate and peered through at the magnificent scene within.

Then the saint who kept the key, perceiving him, asked:

"Have you any credentials to present?"

"No," replied the one who had been very rich. "The best I can hope for is to ask that you will permit me to try to get a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. I don't suppose I can do it, but I will try. I have never believed in giving up without making an effort."

"Your remarks lead me to believe you were a rich man."

"I was—a very rich man."

"I suppose you were not always scrupulous in your dealings with other men?"

"No."

"Your riches were not the result of hard work and honest dealing?"

"No. I gained my millions by laying burdens upon others, by cunningly evading laws that were made for the purpose of protecting the weak and by engaging in enterprises that were often of a questionable nature."

"I suppose you gave many millions to charity and did other things that were intended to divert public attention from your reprehensible practices?"

"Yes. I can see now, however, that I might as well have saved myself the trouble. Giving to charity for selfish ends instead of for the love of giving, it appears from certain things which I have seen and heard since my arrival here, does not rank as a virtue."

"Well, if there is nothing in your record which ought to entitle you to admittance here, why do you linger?"

"There is one thing that I have thought might be considered in my favor."

"What is it?"

"I never went around after I had become a multimillionaire trying to make people believe that I considered my wealth a burden and was longing to be poor again."

"Wait. Don't go away. I think we may be able to fix it for you without applying the needle's eye test."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not the Least Alarmed.

"The last time I was around here I was telling you about the comet," said the tourist.

"I remember, boss," grinned the freckled lad on the fence.

"Didn't frighten you much?"

"Not a bit, stranger."

"Well, listen. Since then I have found out that the comet will be equal to twenty full moons."

"Good news, by heck! Thar'll be more spooning than ever, dad won't have to burn so many candles, and the mules can feed at night and work twice as hard in the daytime."

"You seem to be a good prophet, bub. Do you know the tail of this comet will sweep the earth next May?"

"That ought to please ma, sir, because May is housecleaning time."

"You seem to be the limit, young man. Suppose you awake some morning and find there is nothing left but the farm?"

"Just what I am thinking, stranger. President Taft says, 'Young man, stick to the farm,' and I guess in that case I'd have to do it."—Chicago News.

Tooly Lural!

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the judge; "he means as the fly crows."

And then all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.—Everybody's Magazine.

Improvement.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Bjinks, it is the custom to return thanks at each meal.

The New Boarder—That's fine! I like it lots better than paying cash.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Appropriate.

"He has invented a new drink."

"What does he call it?"

"Love."

"Why?"

"Because it makes the world go round."—Houston Post.

The Servant Problem.

Stude (home for vacation)—Bridget, I've just found another fly in the milk.

Bridget (appreciatively)—Begorrah, it's wonderful what collidge trainin' will do for ye.—Yale Record.

In the Ark.

Noah—I know what I'm going to do.

Mrs. Noah—What is it?

Noah—Hold the elephant's trunk for board.—New York Press.

Popular a Short Time Ago.

"What is a north pole cocktail anyway?"

"A gumdrop in a glass of soft soap suds."—Boston Herald.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The Russian sugar crop exceeds a million tons.

Experiments in raising vanilla are to be made in Brazil.

A direct cable is to be constructed between Argentina and the continent of Europe.

Cotton growing is being resumed in Palestine. An extensive suitable area is available.

There are in Constantinople some 400 pharmacies to an estimated population of 1,125,000.

In England in 1534 a penalty was imposed on flockmasters who kept above 2,000 sheep.

Ice breakers are of importance in Russian ports. Riga is to have a new one costing nearly $200,000.

Canada's first great electric smelting plant for the treatment of ores is to be erected at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

It is estimated that 75 per cent of the products advertised in the street cars of Canada are of American manufacture.

An average of thirteen persons a day who use the railroads of the country for footpaths pay for the practice with their lives.

Operators on the sewing machine in south China are paid $5 a month for working nine hours a day seven days in the week.

The swamp areas of the United States if combined would cover the New England states, New York and New Jersey.

During the last ten years $750,000 worth of property has been cast ashore on the coast of Ireland, including twenty-six steam vessels.

W. E. Cummings of Albany, Me., felled on his farm a spruce tree that was 175 years old and measured nearly four feet across the stump.

For every man, woman and child in this country there is manufactured each week more than twelve pounds of finished iron and steel products.

Though hydrophobia has been stamped out of Britain, it is still rampant in Germany, where every year over 2,500 dogs and cats afflicted with the disease are destroyed.

When George Osborn, a jeweler, of New Haven, Conn., took apart an old clock brought to him to be repaired, he found a green wad of $150 tucked in the back of it.

One Scotch casualty insurance company is offering policies to aviators, while another will extend all future policies to cover the risks of aviation and ballooning.

West Australian flowers inclosed in a block of ice sent by the governor, Sir Gerald Strickland, to Joseph Chamberlain recently arrived in London in the orient liner Ophir.

All the grade crossings on the Montreux-Berne-Oberland electric railway are guarded by automatic gates or bars which close when a car approaches and lift when it passes.

Despite the disadvantages of a temperature of 30 below zero, the gasoline engine of Lieutenant Shackleton's motor sleigh used in his antarctic expedition worked with scarcely a hitch.

The Lincolnshire (England) county court ordered a man who was owing $90 to a money lender to pay the debt in installments of 2 cents a month, at which rate it will take 365 years to pay off the sum.

There are not less than 800 moving picture shows in New York city, and, figuring on the capacity of each and on the basis that each house is filled twice a day, they give amusement to 480,000 people a day.

The Swiss climbing season of 1909 will long be remembered as a black year for accidents. At least 150 climbers were killed outright or died from the effects of the injuries they sustained in the mountains.

Cork cut into very thin sheets and chemically treated to remove all resinous matter is being used in France for hats, shoes and waterproof garments, in the last instance textile materials being coated with it.

The failure of the experiment of hiring Japanese laborers on the coffee plantations in Brazil is explained as being due to the unwillingness of Brazilian planters to allow the Japanese laborers to adapt their own systems of work to the industry in which they are engaged.

Paris is having much trouble with the moving picture craze, and the camera operators now even invade the cemeteries when the funeral of some well known person is being held. The government had to forbid the photographers from attending executions, as they wanted to even make films of these.

For many years the Mexican dollar was current at and in the vicinity of the Chinese coast and river ports, but now Chinese dollars are coined at the provincial mints at Tientsin, Nanking, Wuchang, Hankow, Canton and elsewhere, but the mintage of one province is only accepted at a discount in another province.

The Women's Industrial and Educational union of Boston has started the work of introducing the system of savings bank, life insurance and old age annuities among the settlements in and near Boston. The plan is to instruct a class made up of representatives of co-operative social settlements in savings insurance.

The 100,000 British residents of Argentina have decided to erect a memorial clock tower on some prominent site in Buenos Aires in 1910 to mark the first centenary of Argentine independence. A monument will be erected by the Spanish community in Argentina, while the French, Italian and other foreign elements have similar plans on foot.

QUESTION OF DESCENT

Settled to the Satisfaction of All Concerned.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"There's no use talking, Addison, I've got it all fixed in my mind plain as can be that you're descended from 'Over the Mountain Dodge,' who used to live in the white farm on the east slope."

Mr. Luke Goddard knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully refilled the bowl.

When he had returned it to his lips and applied a match, he lifted his keen gray eyes to the obstinate face of the young man on the other side of the hearth.

"What say, Addison?" he insisted.

Addison Dodge arose to his great height and looked down on the little gray bearded father of Emily Goddard.

"I ought to know who my great grandfather was," he said with cold dignity. "'Over the Mountain Dodge' wasn't any ancester of mine. I'm descended from Philemon Dodge of Exeter and nobody else, sir."

Emily Goddard's father shook a crooked forefinger at Emily's lover, and his shrill voice quavered with rage.

"Don't you dare contradict me to my face, Addison Dodge! I'd like to know who 'twas that taught school on the mountain here for thirty years—eh?"

"You did," returned Addison crisply.

"Who is it that's allowed to know the genealogy of every man, woman and child in Peters county, eh?"

"You."

"Who is it that's referred to when the committee wants to find out who fit in the wars, eh?"

"You."

Luke Goddard's voice rose triumphant. "And who are you that sets up and tells me that you ain't descended from 'Over the Mountain Dodge' when I say you are, eh?"

"I'm Philemon Dodge's great-grandson," retorted Addison firmly, "and nobody else."

There was a long silence after that while the two men measured the depth

SPEEDING DOWNWARD WITH STARTLING SWIFTNESS.

of each other's obstinacy with narrowed eyes.

Pretty Emily came and peeped at them through the kitchen door, and at sight of their angry faces her own went quite pale.

Finally her father spoke. "My daughter Emily shan't marry any one except he descends from 'Over the Mountain Dodge.' No need to make that any plainer, eh?"

Addison Dodge grew white to the lips, and for the first time his eyes met the pleading ones of his sweetheart.

His teeth snapped angrily, and he turned his miserable glance away from Emily's face.

"I don't know what you're getting at, sir," he said hoarsely. "Do you mean to say that if I don't admit I'm a descendant of 'Over the Mountain Dodge' that you'll forbid Emily's marrying me?"

"That's what I mean," snapped Luke Goddard.

Addison turned toward the door. "Very well, sir. I'm not going to lie about the matter to gain anything, not even Emily. She wouldn't want me to, would you, dear?"

His voice dropped into tenderness as she came forward and slipped her hand into his.

"No," said Emily with trembling lips. "Father knows I shall never marry without his consent, and if he feels that he is justified in making me unhappy over the question of some man who is dead and buried this hundred years, why, I have nothing to say."

She broke into sobs and hid her face in her hands.

"Except 'goodby,'" added Addison Dodge, kissing her golden head.

The outer door opened and closed and left Luke Goddard and his daughter alone in the mountain cabin.

Outside the door Addison Dodge thrust his arms savagely into the sleeves of his heavy jacket, belted it snugly about his waist and pulled his cap down over his ears.

Then he strapped on the snowshoes that he had left beside the door and, throwing his gun over his shoulder, strode away up the steep mountain path.

Great pines heavy with snow leaned above the narrow trail.

As he crashed through the thin crust with fiercely placed steps a light wind sent the snow crystals in icy stinging gusts against his face.

As he plodded upward the crust was thicker, and when he reached the top of Bald Knob walking was difficult.

He paused and looked around at the mountains of snow glistening with icy caps in the bright sunshine.

Overhead was a sky of deep blue. Below nestled the village, with his school in the center, and under the shoulder of Bald Knob was Luke Goddard's comfortable home.

Addison could see the smoke pouring from the wide chimney. It crept like a blue mist up over the shoulder and curled away into nothingness in the light air.

The house was long and low, and it was built so snugly under the mountain that the kitchen opened directly into a great natural cave in the rocks, and that cave was Luke Goddard's woodshed.

Addison's strong arms had hewed vigorously that long autumn to fill the woodshed. Every night after school he had come up the mountain and, with Emily sitting near by to gladden his eyes, he had cheerily reduced the pile of cord wood to kindling.

In the spring he and Emily were to be married and come to live with Luke, and their plans for the future had been so long in making and so interwoven with love and little self sacrifices that now, standing alone on the mountain top, with a loveless future before him, Addison Dodge was very miserable.

His was a nature that would never yield to an unjust claim. Neither would he lie to save his soul.

Luke Goddard, in his own way, was obdurate. He loved Addison Dodge as his own son, and yet his domineering spirit would not concede one inch in the controversy which had separated them that morning and in which the old schoolmaster believed himself to be in the right.

Genealogy was his hobby. That any one should dispute him upon his beloved subject was unbearable.

Pretty Emily would have fared hardly between these two unrelenting men she so dearly loved, but kind Providence intervened and made clear the descent of Addison beyond all doubt and quite to the satisfaction of his future father-in-law.

Addison roamed over the mountain top all the afternoon, rejoicing in the keen wind that arose and chilled him to the bone.

His snowshoes glided over the frozen crust and bore him along against the bitter wind with startling swiftness.

He always remembered that day on the mountain as one of pain and self torture.

His love for Emily sent him toward the trail a dozen times, and his pride sent him back again as many more.

At sunset, when the whole west was a glorious blaze of crimson and purple and gold and the expanse of frozen snow was blinding in the glare, Addison skirted the shoulder of Bald Knob, seeking for a short cut to the village below.

He had made up his mind. He would not take back what he had said to Luke Goddard.

When he reached a point above the cottage of his sweetheart he paused and looked down the glittering slope to where the blue smoke curled upward from the chimney.

While he gazed Emily and her father came out of the cottage and looked toward the west, as was their custom at sunset. He could see the pink shawl about Emily's head, and in the clear air he heard Luke Goddard's sharp cough.

In another second they would see him silhouetted against the sunset sky, and he turned abruptly away.

As I said before, Providence intervened. The mass of snow upon which he stood suddenly slipped forward, and before the young man could throw himself from the little avalanche he was speeding downward, downward with startling swiftness.

He heard Luke's shout of dismay and Emily's frightened scream as he swept down toward them—toward a goal which could be no other than the roof of their home.

It was growing larger, larger now, and the stinging blue smoke of the chimney smote his eyes, and then—the avalanche of snow struck the stout roof and packed itself into a high plateau about the tall chimney.

Addison clambered out of the great bank of snow to find Luke Goddard, poised on a tall ladder, staring at him over the eaves of the roof.

"Boy, I thought you were killed," said the old man hoarsely as he helped Addison to descend to the ground.

Emily's arms were around her lover. "Father and I came out to look for you. Father made a mistake"— She looked at Luke with loving, sympathetic eyes.

Luke smiled grimly. "I looked up that Dodge matter after you went out, Addison, and—and as near as I can make it out 'Over the Mountain Dodge' was a crabbed old bachelor that lived and died a hermit. So I'll have to give in that you came from Exeter after all." He held out his hand, and Addison grasped it warmly.

"We're both wrong and both right," asserted the young man as he stood between his sweetheart and her father. "I was wrong not to give in about an insignificant matter, yet I am descended from Philemon Dodge of Exeter, and at the same time I might be called 'Over the Mountain Dodge,' because I just came down that way."

"You've established an independent line of descent," chuckled Luke from the doorstep, "and now you two can watch the moonrise while I get that birthday supper ready."