

**Saving Time or Time Tables.**

To most people, especially when they are on the road, time is money, but time tables are not convertible into cash. In the pages of "Through Savage Europe" Harry De Windt gives a curious and amusing experience on a Russian railway some years ago. The patience of the Russians is in marked contrast with the impatience of American travelers. All Russians have a rooted antipathy to fast railway travel. If one may judge from an incident which occurred some years ago when I was travelling across the Caucasus from Batoum to Baku. We had reached a tunnel, at the entrance of which the train waited for at least twenty minutes.

"There is something wrong," I remarked to a fellow passenger. "Oh, no," he replied; "we are only making up the time. This tunnel was recently made to avoid a long bend round a range of hills, and as it now cuts off several miles a short delay is necessary so as to fit in with the scheduled time."

"But surely we should save time by going on," I urged. "Perhaps so," said my friend. "But then, you see, they would have to alter all the time tables."

**Form of Divorce in Old Rome.**

In the earlier period of the Roman republic divorces were quite unknown and were rare right up to the time of the Sulla wars. In the old days the husband and wife who wished to separate appeared for the last time before the common hearth, a priest and priestess being present. As on the day of marriage, a cake of wheat flour was presented to the husband and wife, but instead of sharing it between them they rejected it. Then, instead of prayers, they pronounced formulas of a strange, severe, spiteful character, by which the wife renounced the worship and gods of the husband. From that moment the religious bond was broken, and the community of worship having ceased to exist, the marriage without further ado was forever dissolved.—New York American.

**Floral Etymology.**

"Primrose" is one of those words that have shown popular association to be stronger than etymology. It has no real connection with the rose, but is the old French "prime" and, anyhow, means only the "prime" or first flower (more or less) of the year. Our language has insisted upon making "roses" of all sorts of flowers. We have the tuberose, which is only "tuberosa," tuberous, and the rosemary, which is "rosmarinus," dew of the sea. On the other hand the "rose" has been dropped readily enough in cases where popular fancy could not see the flower. The alchemists called green vitriol "rose of copper," "cupri-rosa." In French this became "couperose," but English wore it down to the pointless "copperas."—London Chronicle.

**The Dancing Mania.**

The "dancing mania" of the middle ages came on the heels of the great plague known as the "black death." It was some sort of nervous disease and is now supposed to have been what is known as "St. Vitus' dance." It began in the year 1374 at Aix-la-Chapelle and spread all over Germany, the Netherlands and Italy. The dancers formed circles hand in hand and appearing to have lost all reason, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together until in their wild delirium they fell to the ground in sheer exhaustion. Panting and foaming at the mouth, they would suddenly spring up and begin the dance again, to be again exhausted, and so on until they died. The mania involved millions of people.

**The Twelve Jurymen.**

A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the Vikings. The Vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

**Made Her Mad.**

"I thought I overheard you and your wife quarrelling a little while ago. What was the trouble?" "She brought home a new hat, and after putting it on she turned to me and said she didn't believe it was becoming." "Well?" "I agreed with her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A One Sided Rule.**

Once when P. T. Barnum was taking tickets at the entrance of his circus a man asked him if he could go in without paying. "You can pay without going in," said Barnum, "but you can't go in without paying. The rule doesn't work both ways."

**Not by Exclusion.**

He—I had a hard time getting a good wife. She—Goodness! Have you been married several times? "Oh, no. But I courted my present six years."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Usually the Way.**

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret. Maud—How do you know? "She told me so."

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless oneself.—George Sand.

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**There Should.**

Fritz, the gardener, was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

**Strange Fishing Matches.**

In the olden time in England lords and ladies sometimes invented queer amusements. They were always on the lookout for some novelty, and one of the strangest they discovered was fishing by a goose. A line with a baited hook attached having been fastened to the goose, tied to its leg, she was flung into the water from the boat in which were all the gay lords and ladies. Then, when a pike caught the bait, she was sport indeed, a royal battle between bird and fish, and all the time, between the loud splashing, wheelings and flounderings, the on-lookers in the boat giving vent to their feelings in cheers, handclappings and handkerchief waving. But the goose was usually the victor and ended the struggle by landing its prisoner on the shore, where its quack-quack as it cleared itself from the line and waddled away ended the scene. The lake of Monteith, in the southwest of Perthshire, was often the scene of such angling matches.

**Couldn't Hear Them.**

"I've been worried about my hearing for some time," said a local banker, who tells the story on himself, "and finally the fear of getting deaf became a sort of obsession to me, and I decided to go over to New York to consult a specialist. I got over there and went to see the doctor, and he looked so grave I was more scared than ever, and I was feeling pretty blue as I walked down Fifth avenue with a friend.

**The Rod and the Child.**

I do not believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you ever expects to whip your children again I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery when the maples are clad in tender gold and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children. Make your home happy. Be honest with them. Divide fairly with them in everything.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

**Realism.**

"When I was in London," said Miss Warner to the little group of friends round the dinner table who were listening to her account of some amusing experiences she had abroad last summer, "I tried to be as British as I could, but I was constantly getting mixed in my English phrases.

**The English Manor House Bathroom.**

A writer in the American Magazine gives the following directions by which a visitor may always find the household bathroom in an old English manor house: "The household bathroom may be reached by descending the narrow stone steps from the second floor back of the north battlement. Follow the fall in a southerly direction until you come to the armor gallery, then turn sharply to the left and follow the corridor to the top. Open the door at the end of this long hall and take a half flight of stone steps (Oliver Cromwell once kissed a serving maid in this dark passage) on the right and pass into the open hall at the end. You will easily discover the bathroom, because it is the fourth door from the glass window, a beautiful piece of masonry Charles II's time."

**The River Tinto.**

There is in Spain a river called the Tinto, which has very extraordinary qualities. Its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz, harden the sand and petrify it in a most surprising manner. If a stone falls into the river and rests upon another they both become perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. It withers all the plants on its banks as well as the roots of trees, which it dyes of the same hue as its waters. No fish live in its stream.

**A Creature From the Fire.**

Aristotle believed that some creatures were capable of supporting life even though confined to the devouring element. He says: "In Cyprus, when the manufacturers of charcoal (timber burn) it many days in the fire, a winged creature something larger than a great fly is seen emerging from the stone and leaping and walking about in the fire. These creatures perish immediately upon being removed from the furnace."

**The Social Breakfast.**

A London newspaper wonders why we no longer invite people to breakfast. The reason is to be found in the state of mind that usually possesses the free and independent citizen at that hour in the morning, a state of mind that makes him unbearable to himself and to every one who comes near him. Presumably it was not ever so, for invitations to breakfast were once common enough, and not so long ago either. Mr. Gladstone used to have guests to breakfast every Thursday morning as recently as 1884, and it was thought sufficient to supply tea and coffee, eggs, bread and butter and perhaps some cold meat. But the really solid breakfast had come into fashion long before then, and it is said that the English learned the fashion from the Scotch. Motley, when he was ambassador to England, found that the substantial breakfast was grievously opposed to the simpler customs of his own country. He says, "When I reflected that all these people would lunch at 2 and dine at 8 I bowed my head in humiliation, and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp."—Argonaut.

**Big Clocks.**

The big clock of the Metropolitan tower at Madison square, New York, is by long odds the costliest and most elaborate public timepiece ever constructed and is the only great clock in the world operated wholly by electricity without the touch of human hands. Some of its other wonders are its size being the largest four dial tower clock and the third largest clock of any size in the world, and its altitude, which is the highest of any clock in the world. It has also the biggest and heaviest striking bell.

**The Origin of the "Marseillaise."**

In the reign of terror under Feron and Barras, when hundreds of victims were carved by the guillotine and the people rose against the aristocracy, was born the hymn of France, composed by Rouget de l'Isle. He was an officer of engineers and at a banquet was asked to compose a war song. He wrote it in his room that night before going to bed, and the next morning his hostess, the wife of the mayor of Strassburg, tried it on a piano, and in the afternoon the orchestra of the theater played it in the square of Strassburg, where it created much excitement and gathered many volunteers. Rouget called it a song for the Army of the Rhine, but subsequently it was sung by a regiment of volunteers, mostly assassins, who marched out of Marseilles to Paris, where it was appropriated by the capital and called the "Hymne des Marseillais." But Joseph Rouget, the author, died in poverty.—Deshler Welch in Harper's Magazine.

**Westminster Hall.**

Westminster hall, England's old hall of the king's justice, is one of the world's notable historical shrines. Built four centuries before Columbus sailed for America, burned, restored, remodeled, it has seen more history in the making than perhaps any other building west of Rome. Here some of the early parliaments met, and here the second Edward was expelled from his throne. Here Richard II. was deposed, Charles I. condemned and Cromwell hailed as lord protector, whose head, if the legend is authentic, was afterward exposed from one of the hall's pinnacles. Westminster hall was the scene of the trial of Warren Hastings. In it sentence of death was pronounced on William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Somerset, Essex, Strafford and Guy Fawkes.—New York World.

**Tried to Fly.**

John Milton in "Britain to the Conquest" says that the youth King Harold, last of the Saxons, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet. With these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather the air, he flew more than a furlong; but, the wind being too high, he came fluttering to the ground, maiming all his limbs, yet so conceived was he of his art that the cause of his fall was attributed to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make.

**His Recommendation.**

Tom—Hello, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends Skinner & Co.? Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there. Tom—That's first rate. Who recommended you? Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.

**Firmness of Purpose.**

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary shewings of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

**The Real Grievance.**

"You are always complaining. You ought to be satisfied with the money you've got." "I am. It's with that which I haven't got that I am not satisfied."

**A Reminder.**

"Since I've come back I find that I'm forgotten by all my friends." "Why didn't you borrow money of them before you went away?"—Judge's Library.

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**City and County Brief News Items**

Rev. A. L. Howarth of Joseph was in Enterprise Friday.

Doors and windows and all kinds of builders hardware at Keltner's.

Sheriff Marvin made an official business trip to Wallowa Friday.

John Goble and daughter of Wallowa visited Enterprise Wednesday.

Japalac, varnish stains, maseed oil at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

Rev. W. H. Gibson and daughter Elena arrived in Enterprise from La Grande Thursday afternoon.

Owen F. Stubblefield returned Wednesday evening from several points in Idaho where he visited friends.

James Clark and wife returned from Emmet and other Idaho points Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Alfred Gardner passed through Enterprise Wednesday on her way to Joseph from Kennewick, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Funk left for Lostine Friday where they will

**Visit relatives and friends for a fortnight.**

Mr. and Mrs. Berland of Joseph spent last Sunday in Enterprise, visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Berland.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Baker have returned from an extended visit to Mrs. Baker's parents at Oregon City, Mr. and Mrs. Crader.

O. H. Brady has moved his cabinet shop from the Rodgers Brothers building to the rooms adjoining the Enterprise Press office, where he will engage in table and cabinet work.

Fred Falconer left this week for the summer timber range north of Enterprise where he has two large bands of sheep grazing. The "shrops," he states, are unlike the merinos in that they do not herd together so closely and thus require all the more watching.

Fred S. Ashley expects to occupy his new building now nearing completion some time next week. The new quarters will prove roomy, well-lighted, and very accessible to the trade, and the whole building will be an up-to-date monument to the already commodious business blocks in Enterprise.

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