

Ring Out the Old

Ring in the New—new goods, new fixtures, new and improved graphophones, new music to play on them in our new quarters in the new Fraternal Building. And new friends as well as old ones are invited to visit our store. We appreciate the generous custom given us during 1907, and will endeavor to merit as well in 1908.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Next door to R. S. & Z.

E. B. WHEAT.

THE ENTERPRISE JEWELER

R. I. LONG

CIVIL ENGINEERING and GENERAL LAND SURVEYING

Hydraulic and Irrigation Engineer

ENTERPRISE, OREGON.

Second-Hand Store

RODGERS BROS. Proprietors

Dealers in New and Second-hand goods, Bicycles and Bicycle Repairs. Furniture Repaired, Upholstering done. Counters, Show Cases, Store fixtures and Old Mission Furniture made to order. All goods called for and delivered any place in town. We are located in the Enterprise Restaurant Building, west side of the city square. Call in and see us.

Enterprise - Oregon

Joseph - Elgin Stage Co.,

Incorporated

Tariff and Rate Sheet of Fares from Enterprise:

Effective on and after September 1, 1907.

	One Way	Round Trip
Enterprise to Joseph	\$.75	\$1.25
" " Lostine	1.00	1.75
" " Willows	1.75	3.00
" " Canyon House	2.50	4.75
" " Elgin	4.00	7.50

Baggage allowance 40 pounds for each full paid fare. Excess baggage rates same as old tariff.

Makes connections with stages at Willows for Promise on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For Fiera, Paradise and Anaton, Wash., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Carries U.S. Mail and Express.

Connects with Stages at Enterprise for Imnaha on regular days. Stopover privileges given on round trip rates.

F. D. McCULLY, Pres. E. W. RUMBLE, Mgr

O. R. & N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

Daily Ex. Sunday. Depart for Elgin. Time schedule. Elgin. Daily Ex. Sunday. Arr. from

No. 31. Imbler, Albee, Island City, La Grande, connecting at La Grande. No. 32. 2:45 p. m. with trains for all points east and west. 11:30 a. m.

Low Rates.

Through Tickets To and From All Parts of the Country.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS,

H. H. Weatherspoon, Agent.

Elgin, Oregon.

ENTERPRISE OPERA HOUSE



Watch for Next Announcement

Christmas on Taft's Ranch.

SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT is part owner of one of the largest ranches in Texas, the Coleman-Fulton ranch, so called, a 175,000-acre "farm" eleven miles from Corpus Christi on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass railroad. One hundred men are always and 250 men sometimes employed on it.

"I was so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing a unique Christmas tree on this ranch," writes Mary Elise Muncy in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Christmas morning, though warm, was foggy, and a slow rain fell, but by 12 o'clock the sun came out, and the people at the ranch house began to make their preparations. Ever since early morning the employees from the different farms had been coming in. All kinds of vehicles were pressed into service. Some came on horseback and some on foot. There were many children.

"I saw what I had never seen before, a growing Christmas tree. Just in front of the house was a large mul-



"I SAW WHAT I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE, A GROWING CHRISTMAS TREE."

berry tree. The ladies of the house came out about 2 o'clock and decorated the tree, with the assistance of some of the men. Even the men required stepladders to reach the top-most boughs. First, the ladies gave them some artificial icicles, which they hung on the branches in great profusion. As the sun was shining brightly by this time, it gave the icicles a very glittering appearance, and the wind, commencing to blow, shook them gently, making the illusion more perfect. Then long bright ribbons of many colors were suspended from the topmost limbs and fruit and candles tied on with ribbons of the same color—orange with orange ribbon, apples with red ribbon, limes with green ribbon, etc. Small toys were suspended from the tree; large ones were at the base. It presented a very gorgeous spectacle, and the sight of the happy children that surrounded it made one wish to be a child again to enjoy it to the utmost. But the best was yet to come.

"In the front yard were the presents intended for the grown people, and each man received one. One was a fine sully. Five were each given fifty and seventy-five dollar saddles. Several married men got handsome metal bedsteads, with springs and mattresses. Twenty or thirty fine hats, costing \$7 apiece, were distributed and many other articles, all the best of their kind. I saw a young man who received an all leather suit case. This last item may seem strange on a ranch, but there are many polished gentlemen among the employees who would consider suit cases very necessary should they have occasion to visit the city.

"All this while music was to be heard from a band stationed on the front porch, where many of the visitors were seated. After the Santa Claus of the Christmas tree had retired and the presents to the grownups had been distributed all repaired to the porch and front yard to see again the gleeful children and the tree, and surely it was a thing of beauty and, with its fruits and flowers, looked as though it had been transplanted from fairyland.

"The people that came from a distance departed before nightfall, but those that lived near by remained for an evening of music and good cheer, and thus ended a happy Christmas day."

"The Queen's Christmas Card." Queen Alexandra has not given up her interest in behalf of the unemployed. Last Christmas she sanctioned a unique plan to raise more funds for them. This was in the shape of the issue of a Christmas book, consisting of poems, stories, sketches, drawings and music, which was entitled "The Queen's Christmas Card." Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate; Thomas Hardy, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, George Meredith, Arthur Wing Pinero, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Edwin A. Abbey, William Holman Hunt, Sir Edward John Poynter and Sir Edward Elgar are among the host of those who contributed. The production of the book was practically gratuitous. It sold for half a crown, and the proceeds were devoted to the queen's unemployed fund.

CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our destination.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey." The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made. "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or was interested or expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found a letter in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wisconsin.

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, Wis.' Would you believe that that postman in that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good."—Washington Star.

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Life on the Boards Is Not All a Happy Holiday.

"I like Christmas," said an actor. "No two are ever alike in my business. Last year, for instance, the company I was with was four weeks behind in salaries, and we were simply hanging on with the hope of the big houses Christmas day pulling us out a little. We were playing one night stands and left some little town in New York state for Wheeling, W. Va., right after the performance. It was a trip that called for three changes of cars, and there were no sleepers in any of them.

"Every car on every train was loaded with holiday excursionists, and every male excursionist was loaded with rye and brimstone. There were fights fresh every half hour, and constables met us with open arms and clubs at every station. No eating stations were honored by us, and we arrived at Wheeling too late to give a matinee performance, our manager had two black eyes and a broken wrist, and our star had lost a new set of teeth, without which he refused to play at night.

"The report had it that we were all in jail, and there would have been no house anyway. We had to get up three benefit performances before we could get money enough to buy tickets to New York, but we got there. However, as I said before, Christmas days are not all alike."—Buffalo News.

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the kaiser's. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to bestow. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toyshops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had, and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time to visit.

The kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient. Early in December he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or invalided housekeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mint sends the kaiser a bag of bright, new



HE BELLOWED OUT THE ONE WORD "MAGESTAE!"

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry, stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by a joke.

The kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the kaiser came upon a half frozen sentinel with very red nose and eyes. The sentinel, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute. "Cold day," said his majesty. The sentinel did not reply, but his teeth chattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the kaiser. Still no reply. "Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?" The sentinel moved his jaws and lips, but no word escaped. The kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his adjutant, said:

"Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big feed, and here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress's!"

The soldier found voice at last. He bellowed out the one word "Magestae!"

The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the welfare of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of presenting ladies with costly lace.

The young princes, headed by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts—scarfpins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, matchboxes, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a statuette. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished dolls' houses. She is in close association with the matrons and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.—New York World.

An Old Christmas Custom.

A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, a mask and a huge flaxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindeln, had sent them. This was the primeval Kris Kringle. Coleridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a rod left for their correction.—Brooklyn Citizen.

IN THE DAYS OF '64.

The Last Christmas of the Southern Confederacy.

"We had some memorable Christmas days in the south during the war," said Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, wife of the late United States senator from North Carolina. "That of 1861 was different from any that had preceded it because we were in arms against the Federal government, and many of the male guests at southern homes that day wore Confederate uniforms. Much of the talk at the Christmas dinner table was of sieges and battles and marches, but we were all full of hope and confidence.

"Christmas, 1862, found us but poorly prepared to celebrate it. Our supplies were few, and Confederate money was at a heavy discount. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonizing well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the south devoted themselves to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field.

"Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of the war—dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south! Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hairpins were made of long black thorns, with a ball of sealing wax on the end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, while our feet were incased in homemade cloth shoes. The slaves, having heard of 'de 'mancipation proclamation,' knew that they were free and had all scattered away. Desolation seemed to reign over everything. Of all the Christmas days I have known that last Christmas in the south in wartime is the one of all others that I am most certain never to forget."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP.

The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday.

Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a Christmas gift in the form of two cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps.

It was larger than our Columbian stamps and showed a map of the world with the possessions of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The oceans appeared in a bluish green and the frame of the design in black.

Across the top was the inscription "Canada Postage," with a crown resting on laurel leaves tucked in between the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, "We hold a vaster empire than has been;" above this, "Xmas, 1898," and a figure "2" in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp production, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamp. Although issued on Christmas, 1898, the stamp's availability for postage uses is unlimited.—New York Herald.

WHEN SANTA WENT ASTRAY.

Miracle of the Loaves Repeated For Washington's Poor.

The day of miracles has not passed, according to the firm belief of a hundred or more poor people in Washington. Last Christmas day Almas temple of the Shriners gave its annual dinner to the poor. It was a well planned affair, generously contributed to, and turned out a big success. But the most notable thing about it was not the programme and made the hit of the occasion.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from the Christmas tree. In the middle of one of his stories there entered another big fat Santa Claus, carrying a colossal basket full of bread, and behind him were three or four negroes, also carrying baskets of bread. One of the Shriners committee men at once inferred that some one had sent a gift of bread to be distributed and signed a receipt for the 150 loaves. In a few minutes they were handed around to the heads of families, and an additional smile of Christmas joy went around with them.

When the festivities were nearly over and the crowd had begun to disperse a man came running in and asked:

"Did you get 150 loaves of bread?"

"We did," was the reply.

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it away."

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll Institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know," and the man went away, evidently fully satisfied with the incident.—New York Times.

Grain Market.
No change in grain market: Wheat 60c bu., oats \$1 cwt., rye 90c cwt., barley 85c cwt.
Flour is \$4.50 bbl.