

ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

TWELFTH YEAR. NO. 86.

ENTERPRISE, WALLOWA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1911.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

ABOUT 100 KNIGHTS ATTEND CONVENTION

SIXTY VISITORS ENTERTAINED WITH MINSTRELS, DEGREE WORK AND BANQUET.

About 100 Knights of Pythias attended the annual district convention embracing Union and Wallowa counties, held in this city Friday night, February 24. The 100 were each and all filled with the true fraternal spirit and everyone had a fine time, or else was an adept at seeming to have one. Later on each and all were filled with chicken, pie, cake and many other toothsome things—but that is another story.

This fraternal feeling, the splendid work of the degree team selected from the members of the four visiting lodges, the good entertainment at the opera house, and the crowning cap of all, the delicious supper, were the big features of the convention.

Sixty-three visitors were present from La Grande lodge, from famous Blue Mountain lodge of Union, Orion lodge of Elgin and Kinsman lodge of Wallowa. These visitors were first entertained by the K of P minstrel show at the opera house, repeated that evening in compliment to the visiting Knights. At 10 o'clock the Knights repaired to Castle Hall and after a social hour, the rank of knight was conferred on Esquire A. C. Weaver of Enterprise lodge. The work of the selected team was of the finest order.

Adjournment to the banquet hall followed and 100 Knights did yeoman work for the nonce, in showing their hearty appreciation of the sumptuous hot chicken supper, prepared and served by the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church, in the manner and

(Continued on last page.)

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

County court meets next Wednesday.

Miss Elise Holmes went to Wallowa Saturday, to visit relatives.

Herbert Hedges has returned to Lostine from Oklahoma where he spent the winter.

Illness of debaters is causing postponement of the high school debates between Enterprise and Joseph, and also between Lostine and Wallowa.

E. B. Howe of Boise, Ida., was in town the first of the week looking over the field here with the view of starting a first class moving picture theatre.

Principal H. H. Bronson of Wallowa has suffered a relapse and is again confined to his home by pneumonia. Miss Jean Williamson of this city is supplying his place in the schools there.

The Sun says a petition is being circulated there asking for a special election on saloons. The Sun prints an article favoring the running of saloons by the city. The Joseph Herald publishes a similar article.

Oliver Wood, one of the many prosperous farmers of near Lostine, was in the city Friday, and left his subscription at this office, the ninth new name added to our lists in four days.

R. McCrae, the genial landlord of Wallowa's leading hotel, was among the K of P visitors. Mrs. McCrae accompanied him and they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Haney while in the city.

The Old Time orchestra, that played for the dances in this valley years ago when settlers were few and far between, played for the dance in Joseph the night of Washington's birthday. The orchestra is composed of the two Hoop men, the two Hamilton "boys," "Charlie" Vest and "Joe" Olmsted. They have consented to play for one more dance, at Joseph March 16, and that will be their last public appearance together.

REV. G. ERNEST GOES TO CENTRAL POINT, OREGON.

Rev. Gifford Ernest and family left Saturday morning for his new charge, the Christian church at Central Point, four miles south of Medford. Mr. Ernest preached a trial sermon there some weeks ago, and the church extended him a call, but he hesitated about accepting it as the weather was quite foggy while he was there and he was doubtful about the climate being suitable for his health. Since then physicians who are familiar with the year round conditions in the Rogue River valley, have assured him on that point, and as he received another and urgent request to come he decided to make the move.

The church there is in a flourishing condition, and the town is a rapidly growing one. Enterprise friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest sincerely hope they will find all things to their liking and that they will be prosperous and happy. They will stop a day in Eugene on their way to Central Point.

GRAND JURY AFTER US.

The grand jury, during a lull waiting for witnesses during the recent session, visited this office in a body and inspected the most completely equipped country newspaper plant in Oregon. They said it was worthy of the best county in the state.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Baptist: State Secretary Rev. Fred C. W. Parker will preach both morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

Christian: "The Great Compensation" will be the subject of Mr. Crockett's discourse Sunday night. There will be the usual Sunday school and preaching service in the morning.

Methodist: The pastor will preach Sunday morning on the theme: "Self-Triumph Through Self-Forgetfulness." In the evening the subject will be Abraham Lincoln. All invited. President Homan of Willamette University will preach in the Methodist church Sunday morning, March 5.

Revival meeting at the Christian church in Wallowa closes tomorrow night.

Wallowa Presbyterian church has extended a call to Rev. J. E. Youel of Union to succeed Reverend Maynard, who resigned some time ago.

Reverend Johns of the Wallowa Methodist church has closed a revival meeting at Flora.

Practice what you preach. Get your printing done at home.

TRUXTON KING A Story of Graustark BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

Truxton King, a millionaire's son, sets out in search of adventure. Where better could he look for stirring events than in faroff Graustark, where the age of chivalry yet survives in all its romantic opportunity; where rules Prince Robin, the most precocious boy monarch in the realm of fiction; where the reds of Europe plot his murder in mysterious underground retreats; where gallant Truxton King and brave "Uncle Jack" fight valiantly for the preservation of the prince and the love of beautiful princesses; where American pluck and manhood are pitted against foreign intriguers, and where honesty and courage are mightier than the sword? Read of Prince Robin, son of an American princess; of Olga Platanova, the girl with the dread mission; of Marlax, the Iron Count; of John Tullis, the American bulwark of a foreign throne; of lovely Loraine and of daredevil Truxton King, and then you will understand why an American lad is Prince of Graustark and an American author prince of story tellers.

CHAPTER I. TRUXTON KING.

HE was a tall, rawboned, rangy young fellow with a face so tanned by wind and sun you had the impression that his skin would feel like leather if you could affect the impertinence to test it by the sense of touch. His clothes fitted him loosely and yet were graciously devoid of the bagginess which characterizes the appearance of extremely young men whose frames are not fully set and whose joints are still parading through the last stages of college development.

This tall young man in the panama hat and gray flannels was Truxton King, embryo globe trotter and searcher after the treasures of romance. Somewhere up near Central park, in one of the fashionable cross streets, was the home of his father and his father's father before him—a home which Truxton had not seen in two years or more. It is worthy of passing notice, and that is all, that his father was a manufacturer; more than that, he was something of a power in the financial world. His mother was not strictly a social queen in the great metropolis, but she was what we might safely call one of the first "ladies in waiting," which is quite good enough for the wife of a manufacturer, especially when one records that her husband was a manufacturer of steel. It is also a matter of no little consequence that Truxton's mother was more or less averse to the steel business as a heritage for her son. Be it understood here and now that she intended Truxton for the diplomatic service.

But neither Truxton's father, who wanted him to be a manufacturing Croesus, nor Truxton's mother, who expected him to become a social Solomon, appears to have taken the young man's private inclinations into consideration.

Young Mr. King believed in romance. He grew up with an ever-increasing bump of imagination, contagious to which, strange to relate, there was a properly developed bump of industry and application; hence it is not surprising that he was willing to go far afield in search of the things that seemed more or less worth while to a young gentleman who had suffered the ill fortune to be born in the nineteenth century instead of the seventeenth.

We come upon him at last—luckily for us we were not actually following him—after two years of wonderful but rather disillusioning adventure in mid-Asia and all Africa. He had seen the Congo and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Nile, the Yangtze-kiang and the Yenisei; he had climbed mountains in Abyssinia, in Siam, in Tibet and Afghanistan; he had shot big game in more than one jungle and had been shot at by small brown men in more than one forest, to say nothing of the little encounters he had had in most unoccidental towns and cities.

For twenty days he had traveled by caravan across the Persian uplands, through Herat and Meshed and Bokhara, striking off with his guide alone toward the sea of Aral and the eastern shores of the Caspian, thence through the Ural foothills to the old

Roman highway that led down into the sweet green valleys of a land he had thought of as nothing more than the creation of a harebrained fictionist. Somewhere out in the shimmering east he had learned, to his honest amazement, that there was such a land as Graustark. At first he would not believe, but the English bank in Meshed assured him that he would come to it if he traveled long enough and far enough into the north and west and if he were not afraid of the hardships that most men abhor. The dying spirit of romance flamed up in his heart. His blood grew quick again and eager. He would not go home until he had sought out this land of fair women and sweet tradition. And so he traversed the wild and dangerous Tartar roads for days and days, like the knights of Scheherazade in the times of old, and came at last to the gates of Edelweiss.

Not until he sat down to a rare dinner in the historic Hotel Regengatz was he able to realize that he was truly in that fabled, mythical land of Graustark, a quaint, grim little principality in the most secret nook of the earth's great mantle. This was the land of his dreams, the land of his fancy. He had not even dared to hope that it actually existed.

And now it becomes my deplorable duty to divulge the fact that Truxton King, after two full days and nights in the city of Edelweiss, was quite ready to pass on to other fields, completely disillusioned in his own mind and not a little disgusted with himself for having gone to the trouble to visit the place.

Where were the beautiful women he had read about and dreamed of ever since he left Teheran? On his soul, he had not seen half a dozen women in Edelweiss who were more than passably fair to look upon. True, he had to admit, the people he had seen were of the lower and middle classes—the shopkeepers and the shop-girls, the hucksters and the fruit vendors. What he wanted to know was this: What had become of the royalty and the nobility of Graustark? Where were the princes, the dukes and the



"I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT."

barons, to say nothing of the feminine concomitants to these excellent gentlemen?

One dingy little shop in the square interested him. It was directly opposite the Royal cafe, with American bar attached, and the contents of its grimy little windows presented a peculiarly fascinating interest to him. They were packed with weapons and firearms of ancient design. Once he ventured inside the little shop. Finding no attendant, he put aside his suddenly formed impulse to purchase a 'nifty broadsword.

On several occasions he had seen a grim, sharp featured old man in the doorway of the shop, but it was not until after he had missed the Thursday train that he made up his mind to accost him and to have the broadsword at any price. With this object in view, he inserted his tall frame into the narrow doorway, calling out lustily for attention.

"What is it?" demanded a sharp, angry voice at his elbow. He found himself looking into the wizened, parchment-like face of the little old man.

"That broad— Say, you speak English, don't you?"

"Certainly," snapped the old man. "Why shouldn't I? I can't afford an interpreter. You'll find plenty of English used here in Edelweiss since the Americans and British came. They won't learn our language, so we must learn theirs."

"What's the price of that old sword you have in the window?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"What's that in dollars?"

"Four hundred and twenty. It is

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

Tell a town by the ads in the home paper. Universal rule.

Frank Gillaspie of Fruita is reported very ill.

Miss Audrey Combes was a Wallowa visitor, Wednesday.

S. D. Keltner went to Portland, Wednesday, on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Davidlizer of Prairie Creek are home from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. F. S. Ivanhoe of the County High school spent Washington's Birthday at her home in La Grande.

The Joseph Farmers Union will hold a special meeting, Tuesday, February 28. The Lostine Farmers Union will hold an open meeting in the forenoon of March 2.

Walter Evans went to Portland Monday with a view of locating there. High Riley has gone into the saloon business in that city in partnership with his uncle, formerly of Lewiston, Idaho.

Miss Lessie Irwin, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Durham, who had been making an extended visit here, left Wednesday for her home at North Yakima, Wn. Mrs. Durham accompanied her as far as Pendleton.

Heacock, the eye specialist of La Grande, spent Monday and Tuesday at the Hotel Enterprise and his temporary office was thronged with patients both days. He is a genuine, passed the examination, optician, and guarantees all his work.

Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Lake will leave next Tuesday or Wednesday for Wenatchee, Wn., where they will make their home. They came here last summer, and he has since had charge of the dry goods department in the E. S. & M. store. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lake have made a large number of friends who very much regret their leaving. Mr. Lake owns property at Wenatchee and goes there to look after his investment.

genuine, sir, and 300 years old. Old Prince Boris carried it. It's most rare.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, Mr.—er—" he looked at the sign on the open door—"Mr. Spantz."

"I don't want your money. Good day."

Truxton King felt his chin in perplexity. "It's too much. I can't afford it," he said, disappointment in his eyes.

"I have modern blades of my own make, sir, much cheaper and quite as good," ventured the excellent Mr. Spantz.

"You make 'em?" in surprise.

The old man straightened his bent figure with sudden pride. "I am armor to the crown, sir. My blades are used by the nobility—not by the army, I am happy to say."

"I say, Herr Spantz, or monsieur, I'd like to have a good long chat with you. What do you say to a mug of that excellent beer over in the cafe garden? Business seems to be a little dull. Can't you—er—look up?"

Spantz looked at him keenly.

"May I ask what brings you to Edelweiss?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Spantz, that I'm here because I'm somewhat of a fool. False hopes led me astray. I came here looking for romance—for adventure."

"I see," cackled Spantz, his eyes twinkling with mirth. "You thought you could capture wild and beautiful princesses here just as you pleased, eh? Let me tell you, young man, only one American—only one foreigner, in fact—has accomplished that miracle. Mr. Lorry came here ten years ago and won the fairest flower Graustark ever produced—the beautiful Yette—but he was the only one."

"No. I'm not looking for princesses. I've seen hundreds of 'em in all parts of the world."

"You should see Prince Robin," went on the armorer.

"I've heard of nothing but him, my good Mr. Spantz. He's seven years old, and he looks like his mother, and he's got a jeweled sword and all that sort of thing. I darsay he's a nice little chap. Got American blood in him, you see."

The old man retired to the rear of the shop and called out to some one upstairs. A woman's voice answered.

"My niece will keep shop, sir, while a young woman of the most astounding beauty, attired in the black and red of the Graustark middle classes, was slowly approaching from the shadowy recesses at the end of the shop. His heart enjoyed a lively thump. Truxton King, you may be sure, did not precede the old man into the street. He deliberately removed his hat and waited most politely for age to go before youth, in the meantime blandly preserved the little prince. The collision was from the rear, a broken rail throwing a locomotive into the princess' coach. This providential escape of the young prince preserved the unbroken line of the present royal fam-

SHEEP BITTEN BY COYOTE ARE DYING

EARL COFFMAN LOSES 65 HEAD IN BUFORD CANYON, 45 MILES FROM HERE.

Dr. E. R. Flack, county veterinarian, returned Friday from north of Flora, where he was summoned by a phone message from Earl Coffman saying that his sheep which had been bitten by a coyote a few weeks ago, were dying—30 already dead and 15 more showing symptoms of rabies.

Mr. Flack received the message at 7 p. m. Wednesday and at 8 p. m. he was on his way to Buford canyon where the Coffman sheep are ranging. He spent an entire day at the camp, and when he left 65 sheep had died. Doctor Flack put the stock and Coffman's dogs under strict quarantine. He also brought out the heads of several sheep to ship to Dr. White of the state board at Portland.

J. B. Hammond of the North End collected the bounty on 13 coyote and four bob cat pelts at the county clerk's office this week. He was accompanied by Dale N. Estes of Troy who had bought the skins, and who shipped them together with others he had purchased to West York city.

L. J. Selby of West Grossman brought in eight coyote and one large lynx pelt, Wednesday, all killed near his home in the new township.

Expert Coyote Trapper Hammersley says the coyotes are pretty well cleaned out in the Chesinnus country and he will go over on the breaks of Snake river where the pests are reported more numerous.

If you want good feed team and good treatment come to White Front Barn, 97btf

gazing upon the face of this amazing niece. Across the square, at one of the tables, the old man, over his huge mug of beer, became properly grateful. He was willing to repay King for his little attention by giving him a careful history of Graustark, past, present and future.

The old man was rambling on. "The young prince has lived most of his life in Washington and London and Paris, sir. He's only seven, sir. Of course you remember the dreadful accident that made him an orphan and put him on the throne with the three 'wise men of the east' as regents or governors—the train wreck near Brussels, sir. His mother, the glorious Princess Yette, was killed and his father, Mr. Lorry, died the next day from his injuries. That, sir, was a most appalling blow to the people of Graustark. There never will be another pair like them, sir. God alone fly."

"I say, Mr. Spantz, I don't believe I've told you that your niece is a most remarkably beautiful."

"As I was saying, sir," interrupted Spantz so pointedly that Truxton flushed, "the little prince is the idol of all the people. Under the present regency he is obliged to reside in the principality until his fifteenth year, after which he may be permitted to travel abroad."

Spantz was eying him narrowly. "You do not appear interested in our royal family," he ventured coldly.

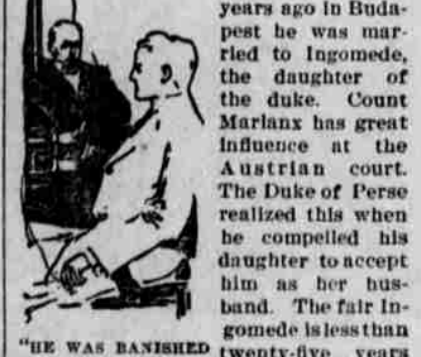
Truxton hastened to assure him that he was keenly interested. "Especially so now that I appreciate that the little prince is the last of his race."

"There are three regents, sir, in charge of the affairs of state—Count Hautfont, the Duke of Perse and Baron Jasto Dangloss, who is minister of police. Count Hautfont is a grandniece of the prince by marriage. The Duke of Perse is the father of the unhappy Countess Ingomede, the young and beautiful wife of the exiled Iron Count Marlax. No doubt you've heard of him."

"I remember that he was banished from the principality."

"Quite true, sir. He was banished in 1901 and now resides on his estates in Austria. Three years ago in Budapest he was married to Ingomede, the daughter of the duke. Count Marlax has great influence at the Austrian court. The Duke of Perse realized this when he compelled his daughter to accept him as her husband. The fair Ingomede is less than twenty-five years of age. The Iron Count is fully sixty-five."

"I'd like to see if she's really beautiful."



"HE WAS BANISHED twenty-five years ago in 1901."

(Continued on Page 2.)