

ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

TWELFTH YEAR. NO. 88.

ENTERPRISE, WALLOWA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1911.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

SALOON MAN AT HAINES MURDERED

ATTEMPTED HOLD-UP OF LIQUOR SHOP ENDS IN KILLING -HOT PURSUIT.

La Grande, March 3—The two men suspected of the murder of E. McCullough at Haines, slept in a barn near Telocaset Wednesday night. The trail was lost again yesterday morning at the railroad track near Telocaset and has not been picked up.

Edward McCullough, proprietor of the Stockmen's Exchange saloon at Haines, was shot and instantly killed at a quarter to twelve Tuesday night by an unknown assassin, who with a companion entered the saloon, as McCullough was eating lunch with a friend. One of the two men went to the back room of the place where several men were talking, one of whom was using the telephone. He covered the occupants of the room, while his confederate ordered McCullough to throw up his hands.

When the man at the phone heard the order to "throw up your hands" he thought some of his companions had said it in a joke and answered "Shoot if you want to." The man in front hearing this remark, which was coupled with a loud oath, probably thought that resistance was offered, and fired, his bullet striking McCullough directly between the eyes and penetrating his brain.

Leave Without Loot. Frightened no doubt by the fatal turn of events the robbers fled in a hurry with the four men hot on their trail, but in the darkness they escaped in dark alleys. Returning to the saloon the alarm spread in all directions, the farmers throughout

the valley being notified by telephone Sheriff Rand was on the scene at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning and has the man hunt under his personal charge. Not appeared with the arrest of suspects at North Powder the posse, growing in size every minute is combing the surrounding country.

Men Well Described. Among the men in the saloon at the time were George Penington and J. T. Jarman, Haines residents. They describe the man who pulled the trigger as a fellow well dressed, about six feet tall and wearing a light overcoat and cap. His appearance would annul the idea of his affiliations with ordinary tramp types. His partner dressed in a dark suit, was short of stature, measuring about five feet six inches. With their faces covered identification would be somewhat difficult.

TWO NEW COUNTIES CREATED IN IDAHO.

The Idaho legislature has created two new counties, both to be erected out of Nez Perce county.

One out of the northeastern part of Nez Perce will be known as Clearwater county, with Orofino as the temporary county seat. The other will be erected out of the southeastern part of Nez Perce, and is named Lewis county. Nez Perce is the temporary county seat of Lewis county.

The county divisionists struck an opportune time, finding help rather than opposition in Lewiston, the county seat of Nez Perce county. This was owing to the liquor license question, Lewiston figuring that with the territory comprising the two new counties out, the remainder of Nez Perce will go wet.

The ten days old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis of Middle Valley died February 24, and was buried in the Lostine cemetery the following day.

WHAT TO TEACH GIRLS. Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar. Teach her to arrange the parlor and library. Teach her to say "No" and mean it or "Yes" and stick to it. Teach her how to wear a calico dress and to wear it like a queen. Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves. Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as appearance. Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden. Teach her to make the neatest room in the house. Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

SHEEP HAD RABIES. County Veterinarian E. R. Plack has received word from Dr. White, secretary of the state board of health that the heads of the Coffman sheep recently sent him, were full of rabie germs, and the animals had undoubtedly been afflicted with hydrophobia.

SUGAR MEETING POSTPONED. The sugar beet meeting that was to have been held in the court house, Saturday, March 4, has been postponed two weeks because of the illness of Manager F. S. Bramwell. Mr. Bramwell recently underwent a surgical operation at Hot Lake.

APPOINT TRUANT OFFICERS. At a meeting of the school district boundary board, Wednesday, truant officers were appointed. Their names will be published as soon as their acceptances are all received. Districts 61 and 43 in the Promise country each took a part of lapsed district 56.

DORRANCE BUYS BELL RANCH. W. T. Bell of this city has sold his Crow creek ranch of 320 acres, 20 miles from Enterprise, to W. C. Dorrance for \$3000. It is a fine stock ranch lying a mile and a half along the creek.

J. W. Bickford made a business trip to Lostine, Friday. E. M. Ward went to Baker, Friday, for a few days stay. Ladies style book and samples from Chas. A. Stevens & Bros. at Mrs. Hag's millinery store. Call and see them. 87a3

Bruce Cox, the popular and well known Wallowa merchant, has accepted the position of assistant cashier in the Stockgrowers and Farmers National bank, to succeed Miss Margaret Bower, who has ably filled the position for the last three years.

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

At present we are permitted to attend a meeting of the cabinet, which sits occasionally in solemn collectiveness just off the throne room within the tapestried walls of a dark little antechamber known to the outside world as the "room of wrangles." The question under discussion relates to the loan of 5,000,000 gavvos, before mentioned. At the head of the long table, perched upon an augurinary pile of lawbooks, surmounted by a little red cushion, sits the prince, almost lost in the huge old walnut chair of his forefathers.

The prince was a sturdy, curly haired lad, with big brown eyes and a lamentably noticeable scratch on his nose, acquired in less stately but more profitable pursuits. (It seems that he had peeled his nose while sliding to second base in a certain American game that he was teaching the juvenile aristocracy how to play.)

About the table sat the three regents and the other men high in the administration of affairs, among them General Braze of the army, Baron Pultz of the mines, Rosion of agriculture. The Duke of Perse was discussing the great loan question. The prince was watching his gaunt, saturnine face with more than usual interest.

"Of course it is not too late to rescind the order promulgated at our last sitting. There are five bankers in St. Petersburg who will finance the loan without delay. We need not delay the interminable length of time necessary to secure the attention and co-operation of bankers in France and England. It is all nonsense to say that Russia has sinister motives in the matter. We need the money before the winter opens. Why should we prefer England? Why France?"

For some unaccountable reason he struck the table violently with his fist and directed his glare upon the astonished prince. The explosive demand caught the regent by surprise. He gasped and his lips fell apart. Then it must have occurred to him that the question could be answered by no one save the person to whom it was so plainly addressed. He lifted his chin and piped up shrilly and with a fervor that startled even the intense Perse:

"Because Uncle Jack said we should, that's why."

It goes without saying that the innocent rejoinder opened the way to an acrid discussion of John Tullis. If that gentleman's ears burned in response to the sarcastic comments of the Duke of Perse and Baron Pultz, they probably tingled pleasantly as the result of the stout defense put up by Halfont, Dangloss and others.

The duke's impassioned plea was of no avail. His conferees saw the wisdom of keeping Russia's greedy hand out of the country's affairs—at least for the present—and reiterated their decision to seek the loans in England and France. The question, therefore, would not be taken to parliament for reconsideration. The duke sat down, pale in defeat; his heart was more bitter than ever against the shrewd American who had induced all these men to see through his eyes.

At this juncture the prince, gathering from the manner of his ministers that the question was settled to his liking, leaned forward and announced to his uncle, the premier:

"I'm tired, Uncle Caspar. How much longer is it?"

Count Halfont coughed. "Ahem! Just a few minutes, your highness. Pray be patient—er—my little man."

Prince Bobby flushed. He always knew that he was being patronized when any one addressed him as "my little man."

"I have an engagement," he said, with a stiffening of his back.

The Duke of Perse smiled grimly. In his most polite manner he arose to address the now harassed princeling, who shifted uneasily on the pile of lawbooks.

"May your most humble subject presume to inquire into the nature of your highness' engagement?"

"Count Halfont interposed good humoredly: "There is nothing more to come before us today, your grace, so I fancy we may as well close the meeting. To my mind it is rather a silly custom which compels us to keep the prince with us—after the opening of the session. Of course, your highness, we don't mean to say that you are not interested in our grave deliberations."

Prince Bobby broke in eagerly: "Uncle Jack says I've just got to be interested in 'em whether I want to or not. He says it's the only way to catch on to things and become a regular prince. You see, Uncle Caspar, I've got a lot to learn."

"Yes, your highness, you have," solemnly admitted the premier. "But I am sure you will learn."

"Under such an able instructor as Uncle Jack you may soon know more than the wisest man in the realm," added the Duke of Perse.

"Thank you, your grace," said the prince so politely that the duke was confounded. "I know Uncle Jack will be glad to hear that. He's—he's afraid people may think he's butting in too much."

"Butting in!" gasped the premier. At this the Duke of Perse came to his feet again, an angry gleam in his eyes. "My lords," he began hastily, "it must certainly have occurred to you before this that our beloved prince's English, which seems, after all, to be his mother tongue, is not what it should be. Butting in! Yesterday I overheard him advising your son, Pultz, to 'go chase' himself. And when your boy tried to chase himself—'pon my word he did—what did our prince say? What did you say, Prince Robin?"

"I—I forget," stammered Prince Bobby.

"You said 'Mice' Or was it—er—'No, your grace; rats. I remember. That's what I said. That's what all of us boys used to say in Washington."

"God deliver us! Has it come to this—that a prince of Graustark should grow up with such language on his lips? That confounded American has every one hypnotized!" exploded the duke. "His influence over this boy is a menace to our country. He is making an out of him—a slangy, impudent little!"

"Your grace!" interrupted Baron Dangloss sharply.

"Uncle Jack's all right," declared the prince, vaguely realizing that a defense should be forthcoming.

"He is, eh?" rasped the exasperated duke, mopping his brow.

"He sure is!" pronounced the prince with a finality that left no room for doubt.

"He is a mountebank, a meddler, that's what he is!" exclaimed the overheated duke.

But the prince had slid down from his pile of books and planted himself beside him so suddenly that the bitter words died away on the old man's lips.

"You awful old man!" he cried, trembling all over, his eyes blazing. "Don't you say anything against Uncle Jack. I'll—I'll banish you—yes, sir—banish you like my mother fired Count Marxan out of the country. I won't let you come back here—never. And before you go I'll have Uncle Jack give you a good licking. Oh, he can do it, all right! I—I hate you!"

The duke looked down in amazement into the flushed, writhing face of his little master. For a moment he was stunned by the vigorous outburst. Then the hard lines in his face relaxed, a softer expression came into his eyes, and he smiled kindly on the boy.

But Prince Bobby was still unrepentant. "I could have you beheaded," he said stubbornly. "Couldn't I, Uncle Caspar?"

The Duke of Perse suddenly bent forward and placed his bony hand upon the unshrinking shoulder of the prince, his eyes gleaming kindly, his voice strangely free from its usual harshness. "You are a splendid little man, Prince Robin," he said. "I glory in you. I shall not forget the lesson in loyalty that you have taught me."

Bobby's eyes filled with tears. The genuine humility of the hard old man touched his tempestuous little heart.

"It's—it's all right, du—your grace. I'm sorry I spoke that way too."

As the prince strode soberly from the "room of wrangles" every eye was upon his sturdy little back, and there was a kindly light in each of them, bar none.

NEIGHBORS RAISE PURSE WHILE HOME IS BURNING.

A small house in the south part of Lostine, owned by Mrs. Wm. Post and occupied by Martin Wolverton and family, was destroyed by fire February 24, the Wolverton family losing all their household goods and clothing, on which there was no insurance.

This last stroke of bad luck seems to be only one of a series of misfortunes which have been visited upon Mr. Wolverton in the past year or so, says the Reporter. A year ago last fall he was in the hospital at Wallowa for a long time suffering from blood poisoning caused by running a nail into his knee. The accident left him with a stiff knee and practically renders him unable to do hard work. His family consists of a wife and two little girls, the oldest one four years old.

As the house was going up in flames Rev. Crockett started around with a subscription paper and about \$200 was raised for the benefit of the Wolverton family.

CONDEMN ELGIN OPERA HOUSE.

Elgin.—At an adjourned council meeting the opera house of Robert Blumenstein was condemned, leaving Elgin without a playhouse. The dance hall of Henry Bader was discussed. A committee was appointed to investigate public buildings. The city clerk was also commanded to notify the owners of property on the east side of Front street to obtain deeds for land necessary to straighten the street.

LA GRANDE MERCHANT JAILED.

La Grande.—W. W. Berry, proprietor of a local dry goods store, was arrested this week charged with beating his wife. In his inability to secure bond money he was jailed.

Ben Franklin's wisest maxim: "Always keep your home paper paid in advance."

ROAD TO RONDOWA IS ORDERED OPENED

GREAT BOON TO TOWNSHIPS 3 AND 4 NORTH, 41—KNAPP ROAD AGAIN.

The John Anthony road was ordered opened by the county court at the session this week.

This is the road leading from Smith Mountain down to Rondowa that was fought by the Palmer Lumber company. It will be the financial salvation of the settlers on Smith Mountain and in the new township, 4 n 41.

The celebrated Knapp road case that every one thought was settled by the Supreme court decision in favor of the road, bobbed up again. C. R. Elliott, who fought the road to the highest court, appeared with a large backing this week asking the road be vacated. The court ruled that signers of both petition and remonstrance must be freeholders resident of the district. This cut many names off both but left more on the petition for vacating than on the remonstrance. The matter was continued.

F. S. Bunnell was appointed road supervisor of district No. 20, the new Sled Springs district.

After allowing claims all day Friday the court adjourned until March 13.

CUTTING ICE AT ELGIN.

Elgin.—Elgin ice men have nearly filled their houses from North Powder, the ice shipped in being about twelve inches thick. Yesterday they commenced cutting six-inch ice here. This morning the ice is eight inches thick and a car is being loaded for Palmer Junction for the Graham packing plant.

Wants

Cent a word single insertion, 1 1/2 cents a word 2 insertions. Special rates by month and year.

WANTED. Men and teams wanted to haul lumber. For particulars see the E. M. & M. Co. 70btf.

MONEY TO LOAN. State Funds loaned, 6 per cent. John P. Bush. Atty. State Land B'd. Joseph FOR SALE.

S. C. Rhode Island Red Eggs. \$1 for 15. C. J. Sanford, Enterprise. 88btf. A1 Piano for sale. Enquire at this office. 83btf.

Matched team of horses. Well broke and true to pull. See Carl Roe or W. I. Calvin, Enterprise, Ore. 82btf.

I will sell all or any of my town property at reasonable prices. W. W. Zureher, Enterprise, Oregon. 40btf. Sec. 36, 3 N 44—840 A. S E 1/4 sec. 22, W 1/2 NW 1/4 sec. 23, SW 1/4 sec. 14, S 46—280 A. J. S. Cook, Burns, Ore. 64btf.

Seed Oats that will grow. Don't you know oats play out? Get Selected, Tested Swedish Regenerated, Charles Down, Joseph. 88a8

CHURCH SERVICES. Christian church: Sunday school at 9:45. Thomas Morgan will speak at 11 o'clock. Subject, "What is the Destination of his Way."

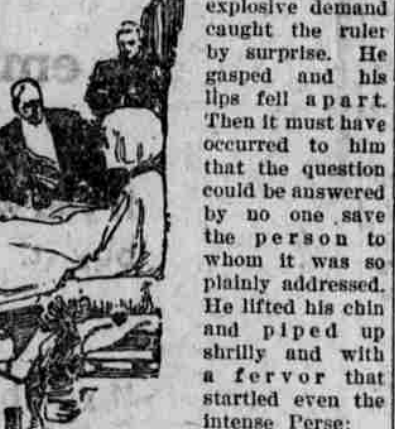
Methodist: The pastor, Rev. B. F. Meredith, will preach next Sunday at both services. Subjects: Morning, "Judge Not"; evening, "Sowing and Reaping."

Chapel Car Coming. The Chapel Car recently described in this paper is now at Wallowa, and it will be brought to this city Wednesday, March 8. This church on wheels is in charge of Rev. Father Austin Fleming, who is reputed a very eloquent orator. Everybody invited to hear him.

HIGH FLAGPOLE AT LA GRANDE.

La Grande.—One solid piece of timber hewn square and measuring six inches square at the base and five at the apex, and grown in the forests owned by the George Palmer Lumber company, will be erected in front of the company's main office in this city as a flagpole. The piece of timber is the longest of any trimmed as a flagpole in this county.

J. M. Blakely went to Wallowa, on business with Forest Supervisor Hart.



CHAPTER III

MANY PERSONS IN REVIEW. TRUXTON KING witnessed a review of the garrison. This in itself was rather a tame exhibition for a man who had seen the finest troops in all the world.

A thousand earnest looking soldiers proud of the opportunity to march before the little prince, and that was all so far as the review was concerned.

Mr. King saw the court in all its glory scattered along the shady avenue—in carriages, in traps, in motors and in the saddle. His brain whirled and his heart leaped under the pressure of a new found interest in life.

If Truxton King had given up in disgust and fled to Vienna this tale would never have come to light. Instead of being the lively narrative of a young gentleman's adventures in faraway Graustark, it might have become a tale of the smart set in New York, for, as you know, we are bound by tradition to follow the trail laid down by our hero, no matter which way he elects to fare. He confided to his friend from Cook's that he could never have forgiven himself if he had adhered to his resolution to leave on the following day.

"I didn't know you'd changed your mind, sir," remarked Mr. Hobbs in surprise.

"Of course you didn't know it," said Truxton. "How could you? I've just changed it this instant. I didn't know it myself two minutes ago. No, sir, Hobbs—or is it Dobbs? Thanks. No, sir, I'm going to stop here for a—well, a week or two. Where the dickens do these people keep themselves? I haven't seen 'em before."

"Oh, they are the nobility—the swells. They don't hang around the streets like tourists and rubbernecks, sir," in plain disgust.

"I say, who is that just passing—the lady in the victoria?" King asked abruptly.

"That is the Countess Marianax."

"Whew! I thought she was the queen."

Hobbs went into details concerning the beautiful countess.

"I was just going to ask if you know anything about a young woman who occasionally tends shop for William Spantz, the armorer." King finally asked.

Hobbs looked interested. "She's quite a beauty, sir, I give you my word."

"I know that, Hobbs. But who is she?"

(Continued on Page 2.)