

ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

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ENTERPRISE, WALLOWA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1911.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

MANY STUDENTS EARN THEIR WAY

ALL BUT 20 PER CENT AT O. A. C. EARN ALL OR PART OF EXPENSES.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, March 15.—The student loan fund of \$500, given to the Oregon Agricultural college at the opening of the present college year by Senator R. A. Booth of Eugene for the temporary assistance of self-supporting students, is exhausted. This means that some of the hardest working and best students in the institution, both young men and young women, will have to drop out, since, with all their struggle to make their own expenses, they must depend upon an advance of \$5 to \$75 to tide them over until they are out and earning, where they can pay it back.

Distance made the highest grades of any student in the institution during the first semester, in one of the heaviest and most difficult courses. A young woman requested a loan of \$5 in order that she may be able to get through the next two months before commencement with careful management. Since she is earning her own way in order to gain a college education against her parents' wishes, she is entirely on her own resources.

A senior who has shown such splendid ability that he has been able to complete the four year course in three years, has asked for a small loan in order to complete his work with his class in June. In spite of his necessity for earning all of his expenses, his work in his studies has been of excellent grade. Practically 25 per cent of the entire student body is entirely self-supporting; 55 per cent are partially dependent upon what they can earn; and only 20 per cent of the whole enrollment—most of whom are girls—do not have to work for the money to pay their college bills. Any form of labor which will bring some pay, however small, is resorted to by the students in their eagerness to pay their way and gain the knowledge they desire for their future success. Some are fortunate enough to obtain clerkships at the college or in commercial establishments in Corvallis. Others work on the campus grounds or as janitors in the various buildings, or are registered with the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations, where their services may be obtained by townspeople for miscellaneous tasks—beating carpets, making gardens, caring for a horse, or darning stockings and tending the baby when a club meeting takes its mother away from home. During the summer vacations many earn a part of their expenses in the mines, on farms in logging camps, mills, factories, and offices.

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

CHAPTER VI. INGOMED THE BEAUTIFUL. LIGHT, chilling drizzle had been falling all evening, pattering softly upon the roof of leaves that covered the sidewalks along Castle avenue. Almost in the center of the imposing line of palatial residences stood the home of the Duke of Perse, minister of finance, flanked on either side by structures as grim and as gay as itself, yet far less significant in their generation. Here dwelt the most important man in the principality, not excepting the devoted prime minister himself. Not that Perse was so well beloved, but that he held the destinies of the land in Midas-like fingers. More than that, he was the father of the famed Countess Marlaux, the most glorious beauty at the Austrian and Russian courts. She had gone forth from Graustark as its most notable bride since the wedding day of the Princess Yevie, late in the nineties. Ingomede, the beautiful, had journeyed far to the hymeneal altar. The husband who claimed her was a hated, dishonored man in his own land. There were those who went so far as to say that her father had delivered her into the hands of a latter day Bluebeard, who whisked her off into the high lands, many leagues from Vienna. She was seen no more in the gay courts for a year. Then of a sudden she appeared before them all, as dazzlingly beautiful as ever, but with a haunting, wistful look in her dark eyes that could not be mistaken. The old count found an uneasy delight in exhibiting her to the world once more, plainly as a bit of property that all men were expected to look upon with envy in their hearts.

John Tullis opened his own eyes very wide. "You don't mean to say that he is—in peril of any sort?" She leaned nearer to him, dropping the ash from her cigarette into the receiver as she spoke slowly, intensely. "I think he is in peril—in deadly peril." He stared hard. "What do you mean?" he demanded, with an involuntary glance over his shoulder. She interpreted that glance correctly. "The peril is not here, Mr. Tullis. I know what you are thinking. My father is a loyal subject. The peril I suggest never comes to Graustark." "Never comes to Graustark?" he almost whispered. "You don't—you can't mean your husband?" "I mean Count Marlaux," she said steadily. "He means evil to Prince Robin? Good heavens, countess, I—I can't believe it. I know he is bitter, revengeful and all that, but—" "He is all that and more," she said. "First you must let me impress you that I am not a traitor to his cause. I could not be that, for the sufficient reason that I only suspect its existence. I am not in any sense a part of it. I do not know anything. I only feel. I dare say you realize that I do not love Count Marlaux—that there is absolutely nothing in common between us except a name. We won't go into that."



HE MEANS EVIL TO PRINCE ROBIN?

WIFE BEATER BERRY GIVEN YEAR IN JAIL. (From La Grande Observer.) Pleading guilty to a charge of wife beating, W. W. Berry, a local merchant, was today, (Wednesday) sentenced by Judge J. W. Knowles to a county jail term of one year. The case was instituted some time ago and should have come to trial this week but Berry pleaded guilty, bringing the case to a sudden end. Berry has commenced serving time.

Circuit Court Suits. March 6—J. D. Day vs J. H. Green et al. J. E. Stokes vs Lostine Lime Co. E. M. & M. Co. vs W. J. Gollnick.

BLAZE AT JOSEPH. A fire in the attic of Roup's opera house building at Joseph, Thursday afternoon, was discovered in time and was put out before it got beyond control. The fire was caused by a defective flue. Damage about \$1000, fully insured.

Pointed Paragraphs. (From the Chicago News.) A soft snap may end in a dull thud.

A man never hears of a lawyer going to law on his own account. A wise wife never quarrels with her husband just before pay day. A man may be working for all he is worth and not be worth much at that. When some people say they did their best we are glad it wasn't their worst.

A mother's Safeguard. Foley's Honey and Tar for the children. It is best and safest for all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. No opiates, Burnum & Mayfield.

COLONIST TRAVEL BREAKING RECORDS

RUSH GREATER THAN EXPECTED—MANY NOW DRIFTING IN ON BRANCH.

The colonist rush this spring is breaking all records, say the reports from stations on the main lines of railroads. Trains are loaded to the platforms and running in three and four sections. Homeseekers are arriving in Portland at the rate of over 2000 a day, and hundreds are stopping off at stations east of that city. Many are coming into Wallowa county. Friday's train brought in over a score, some getting off at each station in the valley. The majority of the arrivals Friday were Scandinavians from Minnesota and the Dakotas. It is estimated by the railroad officials that 50,000 colonists will come to Oregon during the continuance of rates in March and April. Of that number fully three-fifths will remain and make homes in this state. The rush is so much greater than expected that the problem in Portland is how to take care of them, and the commercial bodies have taken the matter in hand and will organize bureaus of information and do all things possible to give the newcomers a hearty welcome, and whatever assistance in matter of selecting a location that is needed. As to the latter however, little is needed for nearly all know just what they want to do and where they want to go. H. H. Weatherspoon was re-elected mayor of Elgin Monday, having a majority of 4 over D. Sommer. Bonds for \$10,000 for city hall and fire station were voted. Minimum saloon license of \$1,000 carried.

Wants

WANTED. Fresh cow to pasture for use of part of the milk. Good care. Plenty of water. Address care of this office. MONEY TO LOAN. State Funds loaned, 6 per cent, John P. Rusk, Atty. State Land B'd, Joseph. FOR SALE. See G. W. Franklin for full blood Barred Plymouth Rock settings, 92tf Work team, well broke, for sale at low price for cash. One of the horses worth the price asked. Inquire at this office. 92ab S. C. Rhode Island Red Eggs, \$1 for 16. C. J. Sanford, Enterprise. 88b8 Matched team of horses. Well broke and true to pull. See Carl Roe or W. J. Calvin, Enterprise, Ore. 83bt I will sell all or any of my town property at reasonable prices. W. W. Zacher, Enterprise, Oregon. 40bt Sec. 36, 3 N 44-640 A. S E 1/4 sec. 22, W 1/2 NW 1/4 sec. 23, SW 1/4 SW 1/4 sec. 14, S 3 46-250 A. J. S. Cook, Burns, Ore. 64bt Seed Oats that will grow. Don't you know oats play out? Get Selected, Tested Swedish Regenerated. Charles Down, Joseph. 88a8 All of my household furniture, consisting of bedroom suites, dining room sets of quarter sawed oak, buffet, fan chairs, etc. Also piano, which will be sold on terms to suit purchaser. Call at rooms over bank, or at bank. A. J. Boehmer. With every westbound cross country train running special sections for the colonist travel these are busy times in railroad circles. Last night the westbound passenger No. 5 passed through Pendleton in two sections. It brought a host of people from the middle states and a large number were transferred to the Spokane branch at this point. Last night the depot baggagemen handled a total of 259 pieces of baggage, most of this same belonging to colonists—East Oregonian. Congress is never so crowded with work that it does not find time to pass the pure seed bill. This authorizes the government to spend several hundred thousand dollars for comparatively worthless seeds that nobody wants, and which are sent through the mails in franking privileges that help to swell the postal deficit and give the postal authorities an excuse to raise rates on reading matter that the people want.—Lewiston Evening Teller.

DEATH OF MRS. PROUT.

A number of friends from this vicinity attended the funeral of Mrs. O. T. Prout from the Joseph Methodist church, Wednesday. Burial was in Prairie Creek cemetery. Mrs. Prout's maiden name was Sarah Cole and she was born in Nebraska in 1869. She is survived by a husband and eight children, who have the deepest sympathy of this community in their bereavement.

NEAR ZERO WEATHER IN ATLANTIC STATES.

New York, March 16.—A cold snap of unusual severity for this season of the year holds practically the entire eastern section of the country tightly gripped today, with small probability of its grasp being loosened before tomorrow. There was a drop of 36 degrees in the temperature, to a minimum of 16 degrees, in this city during the night. Temperatures, following the rain and brief snow flurries of last night, dropped to nearly zero at points in the interior of New York state, while it was only four above the zero mark in Pittsburg this morning and 14 degrees in Washington, the latter a very low figure for the time of year in that city. The cold wave was borne in on a wind which averaged 56 miles an hour along the coast here and up in New England. The storm moved northeastward today, and is centered in Eastern Nova Scotia.

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

Lostine Girls Basket Ball team defeated the Joseph Girls team at Joseph, Saturday night, 17 to 16. Jim Bloodworth and Tom Davis went to Modesto, Cal., this week on a visit and to look over the country. Fred Ewing and E. J. Martin of Portland who own a large tract of hill land northwest of Enterprise, are having a lot of it broke this spring. A ladder on which O. H. Brady was working in the Lyric theatre, fell last Saturday, giving him quite a tumble. He smashed two chairs but luckily escaped with only bruises. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fordice of Lost Prairie returned home last week from Portland. Mr. Fordice is about recovered from an operation for appendicitis that he underwent in Portland. A. G. Wigglesworth returned to Wallowa this week from Southern California. The Sun reports him saying that a number of prospective settlers are coming to Wallowa county from that section this spring.

Then the Duke of Perse resumed his residence in Edelweiss, opening the old palace once more to the world. His daughter after the death of the princess began her extended visits to the home of her girlhood. So long as the princess was alive she remained away from Edelweiss, reluctant to meet the friend who had banished her husband long before the wedding day in Bodapest. Now she came frequently and stayed for weeks at a time, apparently happy during these escapes from life in the great capitals. Of late she came more frequently to Edelweiss than before. John Tullis was always to remember the moment when he looked upon this exquisite creature for the first time. That was months ago. After that he never ceased being a secret, silent worshiper at her transient shrine. Ten o'clock on this rainy night a carriage has drawn up before the lower gates to the Perse grounds, and a tall, shadowy figure leaves it to hurry through the shrub lined walks to the massive doors. Tullis had long since ceased to be a welcome visitor in the home of the Duke of Perse. The men were openly unfriendly to each other. The duke resented the cool interference of the sandy haired American; on the other hand, Tullis made no effort to conceal his dislike, if not distrust, of the older man. The countess was alone in the long, warm tinted library. "It is good of you to come," she said as she shook hands warmly. "Do you know it is almost a year since you last came to this house?" "It would be a century, countess, if I were not welcomed in other houses where I am sure of a glimpse of you from time to time and a word now and then." They both seated themselves before a glowing open fire. "The duke has gone to Ganlook to play bridge with friends," she said at once. "He will not return till late. I have just telephoned—to make sure." Her smile did more than to reassure him. "Of course you will understand how impossible it is for me to come here, countess. Your father, the duke, does not mind matters, and I'm not quite a fool." "It is of the prince that I want to speak, Mr. Tullis," she said. "I do want to talk very seriously with you concerning his future—I might say his immediate future." He looked at her narrowly. "Are you quite serious?" "Quite. I could not have asked you to come to this house for anything trivial. We have become very good friends, you and I. Too good, perhaps, for I've no doubt there are old tables in Edelweiss who are provoked to criticism. You know what I mean." "The prince is a sturdy little beggar," he began, but she lifted her hand in protest. "And he has staidy, loyal friends. That is agreed. And yet"—She paused, a perplexed line coming between

her expressive eyes. John Tullis opened his own eyes very wide. "You don't mean to say that he is—in peril of any sort?" She leaned nearer to him, dropping the ash from her cigarette into the receiver as she spoke slowly, intensely. "I think he is in peril—in deadly peril." He stared hard. "What do you mean?" he demanded, with an involuntary glance over his shoulder. She interpreted that glance correctly. "The peril is not here, Mr. Tullis. I know what you are thinking. My father is a loyal subject. The peril I suggest never comes to Graustark." "Never comes to Graustark?" he almost whispered. "You don't—you can't mean your husband?" "I mean Count Marlaux," she said steadily. "He means evil to Prince Robin? Good heavens, countess, I—I can't believe it. I know he is bitter, revengeful and all that, but—" "He is all that and more," she said. "First you must let me impress you that I am not a traitor to his cause. I could not be that, for the sufficient reason that I only suspect its existence. I am not in any sense a part of it. I do not know anything. I only feel. I dare say you realize that I do not love Count Marlaux—that there is absolutely nothing in common between us except a name. We won't go into that."

Now, I happen to know that he is still in my husband's service, or was no longer ago than last week. He is here for a purpose, as my husband's representative. I have not been asleep all these months at Schloss Marlaux. I have seen and heard enough to convince me that some great movement is on foot. My intelligence tells me that it has to do with Graustark. As he wishes the prince no good, it must be for evil." "But there is nothing he can do. He has no following here. The prince is adored by the people. Count Marlaux would not be such a fool as to—" "He is no fool," she interrupted quickly. "That's why I am afraid. If he is plotting against the crown, you may depend upon it he is laying his plans well. John Tullis, that man is a devil—a devil incarnate!" She turned her face away. A spasm of utter repugnance crossed her face. "I am afraid of Peter Brutus. He is here to watch—everybody." She leaned against the great carved mantel post, a tall, slender, lissom creature, exquisitely gowned in rarest Irish lace, her bare neck and shoulders gleaming white against the dull timbers beyond, the faint glow from the embers creeping up to her face with the insistence of a maiden's flush. He gazed in rapt admiration, his heart thumping like fury in his great breast. She was little more than a girl, this wife of old Marlaux, and yet how wise, how clever, how brilliant she was! She was well named Ingomede the Beautiful. "Does Baron Dangloss know this man Brutus?" asked Tullis, arising to stand beside her. "I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I have not spoken to him concerning Brutus. Perhaps he knows. The baron is very wise. Let me tell you how I happen to know that Peter Brutus is still serving Count Marlaux and why I think his presence signifies a crisis of some sort." Her voice, always low and even, seemed lower still. "In the first place, I have a faithful friend in one of the oldest retainers at Schloss Marlaux. His daughter is my maid. She is here with me now. The old man came to see Joseph one day last week. He had accompanied Count Marlaux to the town of Balak, which is in Axaphaid, a mile beyond the Graustark line. Peter Brutus was with my husband in Balak for two days. They were closeted together from morning till night in the house where Marlaux was stopping. At the end of two days Brutus went away, but he carried with him a vast sum of money provided by my husband. It was given out that he was on his way to Seros, in Lawshergen, where he expected to purchase a business block for his master. Marlaux waited another day in Balak, permitting Joseph's father to come on to Edelweiss with a message for me and to see his daughter. He"— "And Joseph's father saw Brutus in Edelweiss?" "No. But he did see him going into Balak as he left for Edelweiss that

CHAPTER VII. AT THE WITCH'S HUT.

IN the meantime our excellent young friend, Truxton King, was having a sorry time of it. It all began when he went to the cathedral in the hope of seeing the charming aunt of the little prince once more. Not only did he attend one service, but all of them, having been assured that the royal family worshipped there quite as regularly and as religiously as the lowliest communicant. She did not appear. More than all this, he met with fresh disappointment when he ambled down to the armorer's shop. The doors were locked and there was no sign of life about the shuttered place.

(Continued on Page 2.)