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ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

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HAREM SKIRT WILL STAY SAY MODISTES

GROWING POPULARITY OF BIFURCATED GARMENT PREDICTS ITS PERMANENCY.

New York, April 7.—If any one thinks the harem skirt is going to be laughed and ridiculed out of fashion much the same as the directoire gown and sheath skirts were, and as the hobble is now being, that person has another unusually large sized think coming, according to many of the dress and health experts of New York.

And should the harem remain, dressmakers are agreed that common sense will have scored the greatest victory over mere fashion on record. Not many can be found to rave over the appearance of the bifurcated skirt, although leading modistes say that when the public once gets used to it, it will appear as modish as a Worth gown. But that it is comfortable and—what is more important—hygenic, few will deny.

The Committee on Public Health of the American Women's Medical association held its annual meeting in this city recently. Dr. Belle J. McDonald was one of the New York city delegates and here is whatishe has to say of the latest Paris importation:

"From the standpoint of hygiene, it is a capital innovation. In the first place, the trouser-like division gives perfect freedom of motion. But more important, the harem skirt will not drag going down steps, as even a short tailor-made skirt is apt to do. This means that the wearer will be freed from the collection of germs, dust and mud that is bound to gather on the bottom of the ordinary skirt. Also on wet days the ankles will be protected from the chill caused by damp skirts rubbing against them. If all women adopt the harem, I believe they will be much healthier."

From other sources come praise for the harem, no less an authority than Mme. Ripley, president of the Chicago Dressmakers' Club, declaring that within a year the new fashion will be worn by all women who wish to be strictly in style.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Sarah Workman, wife of T. W. Workman of this city, died Wednesday, March 23, at La Grande, of blood poisoning. Funeral was held Friday; interment in La Grande cemetery.

Mrs. Workman, who had been ill here for several weeks, was taken three weeks ago by Mr. Workman to Stanfield, Umatilla county, where her mother lives, and where she was rapidly recovering, until the picking of a pimple on her lip caused blood poisoning. She was brought to La Grande and all that skill and loving care could do was of no avail, her sufferings being ended only by death.

Sarah, daughter of Samuel and Mary E. Hiatt, was born in Utah, Nov. 28, 1869, and was married to Thomas W. Workman in June, 1887, at Parker, Ida. To them seven children were born, four of whom survive: Bertha, age 17, May 13 Zetta 8 and W. Bud 6. Besides the immediate family, her mother, seven brothers and three sisters survive.

The deceased was an earnest, Christian woman devoted to her home and family, and her death leaves a vacancy that can never be filled.

Fred S. Ashley returned Thursday from a business trip to Portland.

Bass Weaver went to Echo, Thursday, to shear sheep.

Mrs. L. C. Johnson and child of Imnaha returned Thursday from a few days visit at Wallowa.

Bankruptcy Referee John S. Hodgin of La Grande came in Thursday to hear suits in connection with the Rankin estate.

Wants

Cent a word single insertion, 1½ cents a word 2 insertions. Special rates by month and year.

LOST.

Woolen Horse Blanket in south part of Enterprise Saturday night. Reward for return to this office. Jacob Bauer. 98btf

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.

Eggs, single comb Brown Leghorn and Rhode Island Reds, pure bred stock. $1.50 for 15. L. E. Jordan, Enterprise. 98b4

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. 92a6

S. C. Rhode Island Red Eggs, $1 fo 15. C. J Sanford, Enterprise. 88b8

Matched team of horses. Well broke and true to pull. See Carl Roe or W. I. Calvin, Enterprise, Ore. 83btf

I will sell all or any of my town prope ty at reasonable prices. W. W. Zurcher, Enterprise, Oregon. 40btf

Sec. 36, 3 N 44—640 A. S E ¼ sec. 22, W ½ NW¼ sec. 23, SW¼ SW¼ sec. 14, 3 N 46—280 A.
84btf J. S. Cook, Burns, Ore.

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

Good sorrel gelding, 9 years old, wt. 1200 pounds. Sound. Broke to all harness. Good set of heavy work harness with collars and pads.
C. S. BRADLEY,
93a4 Enterprise, Ore.

One cook stove and one heating stove both in good condition. Inquire at this office. 98btf

SOCIALISTS WIN MANY MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

How rapidly the Socialist party is advancing and becoming a factor in political life is indicated by the following results in Municipal elections during the last month:

March 6—O. C. Wilson and William Montgomery elected to the city council at Muscatine, Iowa, on the Socialist ticket.

March 28—The Socialists carried Two Harbors, Minn., electing a mayor and three aldermen.

March 22—The Socialists carried South Frankfort, Mich., electing a full ticket.

March 27—The Socialists of Belle Plaine, Iowa, elected one alderman and came within fourteen votes of electing a mayor, and missed electing a second alderman by only five votes.

March 27—Socialists of Wichita, Kan., on direct primary election, nominate mayor and two members of the city commission. The party showed great strength, having 700 more votes than Graham, the prohibitionist, who has been mayor for four years and who was nominated by his party. This makes the Socialist, A. I Blase, a cobbler, and Graham, the only two candidates.

March 31—E. D. Barber, Socialist, elected corporation attorney of Bennington, Ver., defeating Judge E. L. Bates.

April 1—J. Stiff Wilson, Socialist, elected mayor of the heretofore strong Republican city of Berkeley, Cal., defeating Hodgehead, Republican, by a plurality of 284. Wilson received 2750 votes. Hodgehead had the unqualified endorsement of Colonel Roosevelt, who recently delivered a series of addresses at the University of California here.

April 4—John A. C. Minton, cigar maker and Socialist, was elected mayor of Flint, Mich., by a plurality of 852. He polled over 7000 votes. The Socialists also elected three aldermen, three supervisors and two school trustees, one of the latter being Mayor Minton's wife.

April 5—H. J. Houghton, Socialist, elected mayor of Girard, Kan., by 61 votes over his nearest opponent.

April 5—Three Nebraska cities, Beatrice, Red Cloud and Wymore—elected Socialist mayors. William Griffin, a sprinkling cart driver, got the majority of Beatrice votes: Edward Wymack was chosen in Wymore, and Edward Foe in Red Cloud.

April 5—At Victor, Col., the entire Socialist ticket was elected by 500 majority, Joseph R. Bitterly, being made mayor.

O. A. C. STUDENTS HELP EACH OTHER.

Corvallis, April 7—The student loan fund at the Oregon Agricultural College for the temporary assistance of self-supporting boys and girls, has just had a contribution of $50 to its empty exchequer from the receipts the Philadelphian and Feronian literary societies netted from a recent production of "The College Widow."

TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE GROUND.

THE second day after his incarceration began King was given food and drink. It was high time, for he was almost famished. Thereafter twice a day he was led into the larger room and given a surprisingly hearty meal.

Peter Brutus had just voiced the pleasure of the majority by urging the necessity for physical torture to wring the government's secrets from the prisoner. King, half famished, half crazed by thirst, had been listening to the fierce argument through the thin door that separated the rooms. He heard the sudden, eager movement toward the door of his cell and squared himself against the opposite wall, ready to fight to the death. Then there came a voice that he recognized.

A woman was addressing the conspirators in tones of deadly earnestness. His heart gave a bound. It was the first time since his incarceration that he had heard the voice of Olga Platanova, she who still must be his friend.

"No! You shall not torture him. I have said he is no spy. I still say it!" she was exclaiming.

"God, girl, we cannot turn him loose now. He must die." This was from Spantz.

"We cannot release him, I grant you," she said, and Truxton's heart sank. "Not now, but afterward, yes. When it is all over he can do no harm. But hear me now, all of you. If he is harmed in any way I shall not perform my part of the work on the 26th. This is final."

"You cannot withdraw!" exclaimed Peter Brutus. "You are pledged. You are sworn. It is ordained."

"I, Olga Platanova, say this to you. It is not a plea, not a petition; it is an ultimatum. Spare him or the glorious cause must suffer by my defection."

"Sh! Not so loud, girl! He can hear every word you say!"

"Let him hear. Let him know that I, Olga Platanova, am to hurl the thing that is to destroy the life of Prince Robin. I am not afraid to have him know today what the world will know next week. Then the world will say that Olga Platanova was not a beast, but a deliverer, a creator! Let him hear!"

The listener's blood was running cold. The life of Prince Robin! An assassination! "The thing that will destroy!" A bomb!

For half an hour they argued with her, seeking to turn her from the stand she had taken. Then they came to terms with her. Truxton King owed his life to this strange girl, who knew him not at all, but who believed in him.

Truxton was brought into the room a few minutes later. He was white with emotion as he faced the committee of ten. Before a word could be addressed to him he blurted out:

"You cowards! Weak as I am, I would have fought for you, Miss Platanova, if I could have got through that door. Thank you for what you have done to convince these dogs! Only don't do this awful thing! Think of that dear little boy!"

Olga Platanova cried out and covered her eyes with her hands. She was led from the room by William Spantz.

Peter Brutus stood over King, whose arms were held by two stalwart men.

"Enough!" he commanded. "We spare you not for her sake, but for the sake of the cause we serve. Hear me! You are to be held here a prisoner until our plans are consummated. You will be properly fed and cared for. You have heard Miss Platanova say that she will cook the food for you herself, but you are not to see her."

King interrupted him. "I haven't the least doubt that you will kill me in the end. She may not be here to protect me after—after the assassination."

"She is prepared to die by the same bomb that slays the prince," was all that Brutus would say in response to this, but King observed the sly look that went around among them. He knew then that they meant to kill him in the end.

Afterward, in his little room, he writhed in the agony of helplessness. The prince, his court, the government—all were to be blasted to satisfy the end of this sickening conspiracy. Loraine! She, too, was doomed! He groaned aloud in his misery and awe.

There was a telegraph instrument in the outer room. He could hear it ticking off its messages day and night and could hear the discussion of reports as they came in or went out. It soon became clear to him that the wire connected the room with Marianx's headquarters near Balak, in Axphain, a branch instrument being stationed in the cave above the witch's hut.

On his third night he heard the committee discussing the conditions at the castle.

"WEAK AS I AM, I WOULD HAVE FOUGHT FOR YOU."

"The count is more afraid of this man Tullis than of all the rest," averred Peter Brutus. "He has reasons to hate and fear the Americans. That is why he desires the death of our prisoner. He has said time and again over the wire that King will in some way escape and play the deuce with our plans. It does not seem possible, however. We have him absolutely secure."

"This is the 22d; Saturday is the 26th. Nothing could be done to stop us in four days," said one of the women.

"Count Marianx will be ready on the 26th. He has said so. A new strike will be declared on the railroad on the 25th, and the strikers will be in the city with their grievances. Saturday's celebration will bring men from the mountains and the mines to town. A single blow, and we have won." So spoke Brutus.

"We must not—we cannot fail," grated William Spantz, and the cry was reiterated by half a dozen voices.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, Truxton King made his first determined attempt to escape.

He knew that two armed men stood guard in the outer room day and night. The door to the stairway leading into the armorer's shop was of iron and heavily barred; the door opening into the sewer was even more securely bolted. Besides, there was a great stone door at the foot of the passage. The keys to these two doors were never out of the possession of William Spantz. One of his guards held the key to the stairway door. His only chance lay in his ability to suddenly overpower two men and make off by way of the armorer's shop.

When his little door was opened on the morning of the 23d Truxton King's long, powerful figure shot through as if sped by a catapult. The man with the candle and the knife went down like a beef, floored by a blow on the jaw.

The American, his eyes blazing with hope and desperation, kept onward, to find himself face to face with Olga Platanova!

"HE HAS NOT THE KEY!"

She was staring at him with frightened eyes, her lips apart, her hands to her breast. He turned.

"He has not the key," she cried, "nor have I. You have no chance to escape. Go back!"

A key rattled in the door. When it swung open two men stood in the aperture, both with drawn pistols. The girl leaped between them and the helpless, defeated American.

"Remember!" she cried. "You are not to kill him!"

Peter Brutus had risen from the floor, half dazed, but furious. He made a vicious leap at King, his knife ready for the lunge.

"I'm glad it's you!" roared King, leaping aside. His fist shot out, and again Brutus went down.

"Miss Platanova, call your uncle," she was ordered. "It is now necessary to bind the fellow's hands. They are too dangerous to be allowed to roam at large in this fashion."

All day long Truxton paced his little prison, bitterly lamenting his ill timed effort. Now he would be even more carefully guarded. His hands were bound behind his back. He was powerless. If he had only waited! Luck had been against him. How was he to know that the guard with the keys had gone upstairs when Olga brought his breakfast down? It was fate.

The 23d dragged itself into the past, and the 24th was following in the gloomy wake of its predecessors. Two days more! He began to feel the approach of madness. His own death was not far away. It would follow that of the prince and of Olga Platanova, his friend. But he was not thinking of his own death; he was thinking of the prince's life.

Forty-eight hours! That was all!

Early that night as he lay with his ear to the crack of the door he heard them discussing his own death. It was to come as soon as Olga had gone to her reward. She was not there to defend him. Spantz had said that she was praying in her room, committing her soul to God. Truxton King suddenly pricked up his ears, attracted by a sentence that fell from the lips of one of the men.

"Tullis is on his way to the hills of Dawsbergen by this time. He will be out of the way on the 26th safe enough."

"Count Marianx was not to be satisfied until he had found the means to draw him away from Edelweiss," said another. "This time it will work like a charm. Late this afternoon Tullis was making ready to lead a troop of cavalry into the hills to effect a rescue. Santa Maria! That was a clever stroke! Not only does he go himself, but with him goes a captain with 100 soldiers from the fort. Ha, ha! Marianx is a fox—a very exceptional fox!"

Tullis off to the hills with soldiers to effect a rescue! Truxton sat up, his brain whirling.

"A wise fox!" agreed Peter Brutus thickly. "I wonder what our fine prisoner will say to it when the new prisoner comes to keep him company over the 26th."

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW PRISONER ARRIVES.

IT was far past midnight when King was aroused from the doze into which he had fallen. Was it the 26th? Loud, quick commands came to his ears.

"They are here at last," he heard some one say. "God! This suspense has been awful. But they are here."

"Stand ready, then, with the guns!" cried Peter Brutus. "It may be a trick, after all. Don't open that door down there, Spantz, until you know who is on the outside."

"It's all right," came at last in the relieved, eager voice of Peter Brutus. "Clear the way, comrades. Give them room. By our holy father, this is a brave triumph. Ah!"

Heavy footsteps clogged into the room, accompanied by stertorious breathing and no small amount of grunting from masculine throats. Not one but three or four languages were spoken by the excited, intense occupants of the other room. King could make nothing of what they said. Finally the sharp, incisive voice of William Spantz broke through the babble, commanding silence.

"Still unconscious," he said when some measure of order was secured.

"Yes," grunted one of the men.

"We will have our instructions tomorrow. The count is to inform us before nightfall where she is to be removed to. Next week she is going to go to Schloss Marianx," Brutus added a cruel, heartless laugh.

A woman, thought Truxton. The countess! They had brought her here from Balak, after all. What a remorseless brute Marianx must be to maltreat his beautiful wife!

"To my mind she is more beautiful than his own wife," observed Anna Cromer. "She will be a fine morsel for the count, who has even cast longing eyes on so homely a mortal as I."

"All woman are alike to him," said Spantz sententiously.

"We must put her in the room with the American for the present. You are sure he will take her away before Saturday? A woman's cries are most distressing." It was Spantz who spoke.

"I'll stop her crying," volunteered Anna Cromer harshly.

"She's regaining her senses!" exclaimed one of the men. "Stand back, every one. Give her air."

Presently the door to King's room was thrown open. He had got to his feet and was standing in the center of the room, his eyes blinking in the glare of light.

"Hello!" cried Peter Brutus. "You up, eh? We've got a fair lady for you, my friend. Get back there, you dog! Keep in your corner."

"You are a fine bunch of human beings!" blurted Truxton.

A man with a lighted candle entered first, holding the light above his head. He was followed by two others, who supported the drooping, tottering figure of a woman.

"Let her sit there against the wall, Drago. Julius, fetch in more candles. She must not be left in the dark. He says she is not to be frightened to death. Women are afraid of the dark and strange dogs. Let there be light," scoffed Peter Brutus, spitting toward King.

"I'll get you for that some day," grated the American, white with anger.

"Enough!" commanded William Spantz. "We are not children." Turning to King, he went on, a touch of kindness in his voice: "Cheer her if you can. She is one of your class. Do not let the lights go out."

Raising his hands, he fairly drove the others from the doorway.

For a time King stood in his corner, watching the figure huddled against the opposite wall. Suddenly he started

(Continued on Page 2.)

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

Deputy Sheriff Pace was serving papers out at Flora the first of the week.

A report from Elgin says there has been one death there of scarlet fever and that five other cases are in quarantine.

A. F. Poley is here this week looking after business affairs. He and Mrs. Poley do not expect to move back from Portland until about June 1.

H. W. Grunsky of the U. S. census bureau is at Hotel Enterprise, and he would like to meet all irrigators who have not sent in a full report by mail to the Bureau of Census. He will be here several days.

Editor Sloan P. Shutt and Mrs. Shutt of Joseph were on Friday's train enroute to Portland on a combined business and pleasure trip. Editor Shutt told us he chose this particular time for going to Portland, immediately following Roosevelt's visit, because he thought Beckwith, Mills, Wilcox and the rest of the high moguls would be sleeping off the celebration attendant on Teddy's visit, and he could slip in without a big demonstration in his honor. He is also booked for a lecture Saturday night before the Sunnybrook Irrigator's Club on the Hop Louse question.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Christian: Services as usual next Sunday.

Methodist: The regular prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening. Next Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. B. F. Meredith, will preach a special sermon to old people. At the evening service the Rev. G. G. Haley will preach and on the following Monday evening will hold the 3rd quarterly conference.

Rev. H. B. Foskett, who has been absent from the city for a few days on business relating to the local Baptist church expects to return here Saturday afternoon and will preach in the Baptist church tomorrow at the usual hours.

LIBRARY TO MOVE TO CITY BUILDING

COUNCIL DECIDES TO OCCUPY ITS PURCHASE—WILL REPAIR WATER DITCH.

At a special meeting of council, Thursday night, it was decided to use the city building now occupied by the Enterprise Press, for the library and reading room, also as a council chamber. The building after remodeling and refitting will answer well for the purpose. Places will also be provided for the fire apparatus.

The committee on the city ditch reported that it would take from $500 to $600 to replace the old flume with new pipe and to clean out the ditch and place it in order. The marshal was directed to go ahead and dig the trench for the pipe, and the city recorder to write for prices on pipe of various sizes. The recorder was also directed to advertise for bids for cross walk lumber.

A petition was presented for the opening of Mountclair avenue to Greenwood street. Mountclair is parallel to and first west of Depot street in Alder View addition. Councilmen Ashley, Combes and Hockett are a committee to ascertain the cost.

Gives Aid to Strikers.

Sometimes liver, kidneys, and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at all druggists.

Lee Weaver went to La Grande Thursday on a few days business and pleasure trip.