

THE NEWS RECORD

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911.

UNEXPECTED WISDOM.

For more than a generation Republicans have viewed an occasional Democratic congress with complacency, if not to say gleeful anticipation, confident the said Democratic majority would make foolish breaks that would violently throw back the pendulum of public opinion in favor of Republicanism for another long lease of power.

That there was abundant cause for Republican gleefulness history records.

It was so in the middle eighties when Horizontal Bill Morrison brought forward the acme of tariff folly.

It was so in the early nineties when a Democratic senate, as clearly biased by big interests, especially by the malodorous sugar trust, as ever a senate was, played such sad havoc with Professor Wilson's tariff bill, that President Cleveland called it party perfidy and dishonor, allowing it to become a law without his signature.

Democrats have had no chance to "make fools of themselves" from that time till now but Republicans confidently counted that the bourbon element still predominated.

In this it seems they counted their chickens before they were hatched. As they say, for only a start has been made and before this time next year lots may happen.

But the Democratic majority is making a fine start. At the caucus the other day, reciprocity with Canada was endorsed and Taft's measure will be passed thru the house without amendment, but following right on its heels will come a FARMERS' FREE LIST.

The main objection to Canadian reciprocity has been that it removed duties off farmers' products but not off farmers' needs. The Democratic caucus says what's sauce for the goose is a fair tidbit for the gander, and so the tariff will be taken off a lot of things the farmer has to buy, such as agricultural implements, wire fencing, boots, shoes and saddles, baling wire, cotton bagging, cotton ties, bagging ties, burlap and salt.

On many of these articles the present tariff is practically prohibitive and there are few importations on that account.

And this is not the end of the unexpected wisdom.

The two foregoing measures will not stand in the way of immediate introduction of three other important measures—popular elections of senators, publicity before election of campaign contributions and statehood for Arizona and New Mexico.

If this special session will pass these five measures and then adjourn there can be no gainsaying the Democrats will have made considerable political hay.

H. R. AMENDMENT A NULLITY.

The decision of the Court in the Home Rule amendment test case is no surprise to those who are acquainted with Judge Knowles' penchant for putting plain, dictionary-English construction on plain English words.

Any man who understands the ordinary meaning of words who reads the amendment would at once say there was no power of licensing saloons conferred on municipalities that they did not have already. There was a seeming attempt in the first half of the amendment to do so, but it was entirely nullified by the second half proviso. The "smart" lawyer who drew it up left out the word "otherwise."

Judge Knowles' decision is that no election having been held in the

city of Joseph to determine whether the majority was wet or dry, and the county being dry under the provisions of the state local option law, Joseph council has no power to license saloons; further more, that if an ELECTION HAD BEEN HELD AND THE TOWN HAD VOTED WET THE COUNCIL WOULD NOT HAVE THE POWER TO GRANT LICENSES.

In other words, the so-called Home Rule amendment is a joke and of NO EFFECT WHATSOEVER.

Congressman Lafferty is surely trying to do what he said he would during the campaign. He not only forsook all other preferment to get on the public lands committee, but he induced his colleague Hawley to do a little self-interest sacrificing to help him. He has already introduced the bills in aid of bona fide settlers that he promised to do, also the one to give Oregon her proper share of the reclamation fund.

The one argument for a passenger train service, at the expense of a lally freight service, is to expedite the mails and passenger travel. Nineteenths of all mail and passenger travel on the branch originates from points beyond La Grande or is destined to points beyond that town. The service should be so arranged to take that mail and travel to its destination with the least delay possible.

Since Mutt and Jeff left Mexico, popular interest in the revolution has about died out.

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TRUXTON KING

A Story of
...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR
M'UTCHEON

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(Continued from First page.)

the attitude of the denizens of this unwholesome place. The prow of the boat grated on the pebbly bank, and Peter Brutus leaped over the edge into the shallow water.

"Come, on Julius—hand her over to me!" he cried.

As he leaned over the side to seize the girl in his arms Truxton King brought the butt of the heavy revolver down upon his skull. Brutus dropped across the gunwale with a groan, dead to all that was to happen in the next half hour or more.

Leaning forward, he had the two amazed oarsmen covered with the weapon.

"Hands up! Quick!" he cried. Two pairs of hands went up, together with strange oaths. Truxton's eyes had grown used to the darkness; he could see the men quite plainly. "What are you doing?" he demanded of Loraine, who, behind him, was fumbling in the garments of the unconscious Brutus.

"HANDS UP! QUICK!" HE CRIED.

"Getting his revolver," she replied, with a quaver in her voice.

"Good!" he said exultantly. "Let's think a minute," he went on. "We don't dare turn these fellows loose, even if we disarm them. They'll have a crowd after us in two minutes."

"We'll keep the boat. There! Now push off, Newport." For King had recognized his guard in the witch's hovel in the person of one of the oarsmen.

"What the devil!" began Newport, but King silenced him. The boat slowly drifted out into the current.

"Now row!" he commanded. With his free hand he reached back and dragged the limp Brutus into the boat.

"Gad, I believe he's dead!" he muttered.

"Can you swim?" demanded King.

"Not a stroke," gasped Newport.

"Good Lord, pal, you're not going to dump us overboard! It's ten feet deep along here."

"Pull on your left, hard. That's right. I'm going to land you on the opposite shore."

Two minutes later they ran up under the western bank of the stream, which at this point was fully 300 yards wide. Under cover of the deadly revolver the two men dropped into the water, which was above their waists. The limp form of Peter Brutus was pulled out and transferred to the shoulders of his companions.

"Good night," called out Truxton King cheerily. He had grasped the oars.

"I'll row over to the east side," announced King to the girl, "but I don't like to get too close to the walls. Some one may have heard the shouts of our friends back there."

Not another word passed between them for ten or twelve minutes. She peered anxiously ahead, looking for signs of the barge dock, which lay somewhere along this section of the city wall.

At last the sound of rapidly working rowlocks came to the girl's ears. "They're after us," grated Truxton in desperation. "They've got word to friends one way or another. By Jove, I'm nearly fagged too! I can't pull much farther. Hello! What's this?"

The side of the boat crumpled off a solid object in the water, almost spilling them into the wind blown river.

"The docks!" she whispered. "We struck a small scow, I think. Can you find your way in among the coal barges?"

He paddled along slowly, feeling his way, scraping alongside the big barges which delivered coal from the distant mines. At last he found an opening and pushed through. A moment later they were riding under the stern of a broad cargoless barge, plumb up against the water lapped piles of the dock.

Standing in the bow of the boat, he managed to pull himself up over the slippery edge. It was the work of a second to draw her up after him. He gave the boat a mighty shove, sending it out into the stream once more.

In a few minutes loud curses came from the river, proclaiming the fact that the pursuers had found the empty boat. Afterward they were to learn that Newport's shouts had brought a boat load of men from the opposite bank, headed by the innkeeper, in whose place Loraine was to have encountered Marlanx later on, if plans had not miscarried.

By this time King had located the open space which undoubtedly afforded room for the transfer of cargoes from the dock to the company's yards inside the walls. Without hesitation he drew her after him up this wide, sinister roadway.

The pursuers were trying for a landing, noisily, even boisterously. It struck Truxton as queer that these men were not afraid of alarming the watchmen on the docks or the man at the gate above. Suddenly it came to him that there would be no one there to oppose the landing of the miscreants. No doubt hundreds of men already had stolen through these gates during the night, secreting themselves in the fastnesses of the city, ready for the morrow's fray.

They rushed up the narrow railway chutes and through one of the numerous gateways that opened up upon the barge docks. No one opposed them. No one was standing guard. From behind came the sound of rushing footsteps. Lightning flashed in the sky, and the rumble of thunder broke over the desolate night.

"They'll see us by the lightning," gasped Truxton, almost ready to drop from faintness and exhaustion.

Following a vivid flash of lightning, two shots were fired by the men who were now plunging up through the gates, a hundred yards or more away. The same flash of lightning showed to King the narrow, muddy street that stretched ahead of them. Instead of doing the obvious thing he turned sharply to the left, between the lines of freight cars. Their progress was slow.

At last they came to the end of their rope. They were literally up against the great city wall.

A car door stood open in front of them. He waited for a second flash of lightning to reveal to him the nature of its interior. It was quite empty.

Without hesitation he clambered in and pulled her up after him. They fell over on the floor, completely fagged.

A few minutes later the storm broke. He managed to close the door against the driving torrents.

"We've fooled them," he managed to whisper close to her ear. "They won't look here. You're safe, Loraine. Gad, I'd like to see any one get you away from me now!"

She pressed his arm. Then she was fast asleep.

He sat with his back against the side of the car, a pistol in one hand, the other lying tenderly upon the drenched hair of the girl whose head rested upon his leg. She had slipped down from his shoulder. He did not have the desire or the energy to prevent it. Manfully as he had fought against the impelling desire to sleep, he could not beat it off. His last waking thought was of the effort he must make to reach Dangloss with the warning.

Something stirred in the far end of the car—a still small noise as of something alive that moved with the utmost wariness. A heavy, breathing body crept stealthily across the intervening space, so quietly that a mouse could have made but little less noise.

An instant later the bluish flame of a sulphur match struggled for life, growing stronger and brighter in the hand of a man who stood above the sleepers.

(Continued Saturday.)

CHEAP LAND

Men who are familiar with land values in the Northwest will tell you without a dissenting voice that farm land is better and cheaper in Wallowa county than any place in the Northwest; that there are more and better opportunities for investments in city property in Enterprise and farms in this county than can be had in any other locality on the Coast.

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