Oregon Historical Society

TWICE-A-WEEK SATURDAY EDITION

ENTERPRISE NEWS-RECORD

TWELFTH YEAR. NO. 102. ENTERPRISE, WALLOWA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1911. CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

TO COLLECT DATA OF WALLOWA COUNTY

ENTERPRISE COMMERCIAL CLUB WORKING FOR GENERAL GOOD OF COUNTY.

While the attendance at the Commercial club meeting Friday night was not large there was earnestness and determination manifest to put the club on a permanent, progressive footing.

President S. L. Burnaugh presided and stated the object of the meeting. The causes of apathy were gone over thoroughly and remedies proposed by a number of members. The work of the Commercial club during the past four or five years was reviewed and everybody conceded it had been worth while. All that had been done was done for the general good of the community and certainly comparatively important things had been accomplished. The record is one of success from the start until now. But it is also recognized that different work now lies before the club, just as important and just as difficult as any heretofore.

The action of the impromptu session of the club, following Tuesday night's mass meeting, in remitting all except three months' back dues was ratified. The old debts of the club under former organization will be met by a subscription and a fine start toward the necessary sum was raised.

The election of officers and directors resulted as follows: President, B. B. Boyd; treasurer, C. S. Bradley; directors, C. T. Hockett, Daniel Boyd, F. A. Clarke, S. L. Burnaugh and H. A Galloway.

The board of directors will organize later, choosing a chairman and select a escretary. The directors with the president and secretary constitute the executive committee.

The especial business now before the club is the gathering of data in regard to the county for the coming visit of the Portland club representative, and getting it in shape that he may take it back to Portland with him and put Wallowa county on the map in the publicity enterprises of the metropolis. Citizens of all parts of the county are asked to send in crop, livestock, timber, soil, climate, water and mineral statistics; facts they know about.

WALLOWA VALLEY BEST AND CHEAPEST IRRIGATION.

H. W. Grunsky, special investigator of irrigation for the census office, left for other fields of work Saturday after two weeks spent here. He says this is the best watered land he has seen, having the greatest number of large ditches to the amount of land irrigated. Another feature he was enthusiastic about is the mutual ownership of the water rights, ditches, etc., by the farmers, giving not only the best but the cheapest irrigation of anywhere in the West. Mr. Grunsky was accompanied by his wife, and both are enamoured with beautiful Wallowa valley, and hope to return some day and spend a longer time here.

LOSTINE ODD FELLOWS TO CELEBRATE APRIL 26.

Lostine Odd Fellows will celebrate the anniversary of the order next Wednesday, April 26, and invite members of the order all over the county to attend. Those who are not members can attend the big basket auction and supper following the ceremonies.

PIONEER MERCHANT DEAD.

Wm. E. Hamilton, a pioneer merchant at Summerville died at his home in La Grande, Thursday afternoon, aged 59 years. He is survived by his widow and three sons.

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

TO RENT.

160 acre farm, 3 miles from town. Inquire of A. F. Poley or H. T. Mitchell.

MONEY TO LOAN

State Funds loaned, 6 per cent. John P. Rusk, Atty. State Land B'd. Joseph

FOR SALE.

Guaranteed Clean, Selected, Tested, Swedish Regenerated Seed Oats for sale, 2 cents a pound. Will grow. Charles Down, Joseph. 100b2

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. 32, W ½ NW¼ sec. 23, SW¼ SW¼ sec. 14, 3 S 46—280 A.
64btf J. S. Cook, Burns, Ore.

House, partly furnished, new range and heater, etc. 4 room cottage in most desirable location in Enterprise. Only $400 down; easy payments. Inquire at this office. 102b2

ELGIN RECORDER SOLD.

E. F. Flagg, formerly of St. Helens, Ore., who was clerk of the state senate at the last session has bought the Elgin Recorder, taking charge Monday. He will change it from an independent to a Republican paper. L. B. Tuttle, the retiring publisher, is one of the best country newspaper men in this part of the state and got out a paper second to none.

A delegation of Masons from the local lodge attended the funeral of G. W. Cray at Lostine, Friday.

CITY AND COUNTY BRIEFS.

Commencing Saturday April 15 and continuing for ten days, I will have a sale of all my trimmed hats at 25 per cent off the regular price. Mrs. Charles Hug. 100a3

Miss Flossie Williams, teacher of a school in Eden, was called to Idaho by the serious illness of her father. She will return and finish the term of school as soon as her father recovers.

Surveys are being made for the new water system at Lostine. The supply will come from the river a mile and a half above town, giving a fall of 125 feet. The Reporter says the lack of a good water system has been the greatest drawback to the growth of the town and with this obstacle overcome Lostine should double in population in the next year.

AMONG THE CHURCHES

SERVICES ANNOUNCED.

Baptist: Rev. H. B. Foskett will occupy his pulpit as usual, morning and evening. His subject in the morning will be "The Trustees of the Kingdom." The evening service will begin at 8 o'clock, subject: "Who is My Neighbor?" Cordial invitation is extended to all without a church home and to the congregations without pastors to unite in these services.

Alder Slope: The Sunday school will be held at 2:30 p. m. This will be immediately followed by preaching. Rev. H. B. Foskett will speak. Everybody in the community invited.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

There was a fine attendance at the prayer meeting at the Baptist church Thursday evening. Plans were adopted for the complete reorganization of the church. The grounds around the building have been cleaned up, preparatory to grading and seeding.

Rev. H. Elmer Pemberton, Gen. Supt. of the Oregon Yearly Meeting of Friends, was in town Thursday, in conference with members of that faith concerning the work of the church at this point. He is thinking of re-establishing their work at Enterprise. The Friends own the church building at Alder.

Stallion Books For Sale.

Books for owners of stallions, containing descriptions, complete record of service, terms, agreement to pay, etc. Two forms, 50 cents and $1 each at this office or address enclosing amount in M. O. or stamps, The Enterprise Press, Enterprise, Oregon. tf

TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XV.

THE GIRL IN THE RED CLOAK.

INSIDE of an hour after the return of the frightened, quivering groom who had escaped from the brigands in the hills Jack Tullis was granted permission by the war department to take a hundred picked men with him in the effort to overtake and capture the abductors of his sister. The dazed groom's story hardly had been told to the horrified brother before he was engaged in telephoning to General Braze and Baron Dangloss. A hurried consultation followed.

Baron Dangloss was sadly upset. Three prominent persons had been stolen from beneath his nose, so to speak. He was beside himself with rage and dismay. This last outrage was the climax. The old man adored the sister of Jack Tullis. He was heartbroken and crushed by the news of the catastrophe.

Captain Haas of the dragoons was put in charge of the relief party. The party was armed and equipped for a bitter chase. Word had been sent to Serros, the capital of Dawsbergen, asking the assistance of Prince Dantan in the effort to overtake the abductors. A detachment, it was announced in reply, was to start from Serros during the afternoon bound for the eastern passes.

Baron Dangloss rode to the southern gate with the white faced, suffering Tullis. "We will undoubtedly receive a communication from the rascals this afternoon or tomorrow," he said gloomily. "They will not be slow to make a formal demand for ransom, knowing that you and your sister are possessed of unlimited wealth. Hello! Who's this?"

A man who had ridden up to the gates, his horse covered with foam, was demanding admission. The wardens halted him unceremoniously as Dangloss rode forward. They found that he was one of the foremen in the employ of the railway construction company. He brought the disquieting news that another strike had been declared, that the men were ugly and determined to tear up the track already laid unless their demands were considered and, furthermore, that there had been severe fighting between the two factions engaged on the work. He urgently implored Dangloss to send troops out to hold the rioters in check.

"What is your name?" demanded the harassed minister of police.

"Polson," replied the foreman. He lied, for he was no other than John Cromer, the unsavory husband of Anna Cromer of the committee of ten.

"Come with me," said Dangloss. "We will go to General Braze. Goodby and good luck, Tullis."

At that very moment Loraine Tullis was comparing notes with Truxton King in the room beneath the armorer's shop. Count Marlanx was hiding in the trader's inn outside the northern gates. The abductors themselves were scattered about the city, laughing triumphantly over the success of the ruse that had drawn the well feared American away on a wild goose chase to the distant passes of Dawsbergen. More than that, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon a second detachment of soldiers left the city for the scene of the riots in the construction camps, twenty miles away.

Surely the well laid plans of the Iron Count were being skillfully carried out!

All afternoon and evening men straggled in from the hills and surrounding country, apparently loath to miss the early excitement attending the ceremonies on the following day. Sullen strikers from the camps came down, cursing the company, but drinking noisy toasts to the railroad and its future. The city by night swarmed with reveling thousands. The bands were playing, the crowds were singing and mobs were drinking and carousing in the lower end.

At 3 o'clock in the morning word flew from brothel to brothel, from lodging house to lodging house, in all parts of the slumbering city. A thousand men crept out into the streets after the storm, all animated by one impulse, all obeying a single fierce injunction.

They were to find and kill a tall American! They were to keep him or his companion from getting in touch with the police authorities or with the royal castle, no matter what the cost!

At 5 o'clock a stealthy whisper went the rounds, reaching the ear of every vagabond and cutthroat engaged in the untiring vigil. Like smoke they faded away. The silent watch was over.

The word had sped to every corner of the town that it was no longer necessary to maintain the watch for Truxton King. He was no longer in a position to give them trouble or uneasiness.

The 20th dawned bright and cool after the savage storm from the north.

"I don't like the looks of things," said Baron Dangloss time and again. His men were never so alert as today and never so deceived.

"There can't be trouble of any sort," mused Colonel Quinnox. "These fellows are ugly, 'tis true, but they are not prepared for a demonstration."

"Colonel, we'll yet see the day when Graustark regrets the economy that has cut our little army to almost nothing. What have we now all told? Three hundred men in the royal guard, fewer than 600 in the fortress. I have a hundred policemen. There you are. Today there are nearly 200 soldiers off in the mountains on nasty business of one sort or another. Gad, if these ruffians from the railroad possessed no more than pistols they could give us a merry fight. There must be a thousand of them. I don't like it. We'll have trouble before the day's over."

By 11 o'clock the streets in the neighborhood of the plaza were packed with people. At 12 the castle gates were to be thrown open for the brilliant cavalcade that was to pass between these cheering rows of people.

Shortly after half past 11 o'clock certain groups of men usurped the positions in front of certain buildings on the south side of the square, a score here, a half score there, others below them. They favored the shops operated by the friends of the committee of ten; they were the men who were to take possession of the rifles that lay hidden behind counters and walls.

From the distant castle came the sounds of shouts, crawling up the long line of spectators for the full length

THEY SLEPT. HOW TIRED THEY WERE!

of the avenue to the eager throng in Regengetz circus, swelling and growing louder as the news came that the prince had ridden forth from the gates. Glad voices cried out tidings to those in the background. The prince was coming!

Bonny, adorable Prince Robin!

On came the splendid phalanx of guardsmen, followed by rigid infantrymen in measured tread. The great coach of gold, with its half score of horses, rolled somberly beneath nature's canopy of green, surrounded on all sides by proud members of the royal guard. Two carriages from the royal stables preceded the prince's coach. In the first were the Duke of Perse and three fellow members of the cabinet. The second contained Baron Dangloss and General Braze.

The curtains in a house at the corner of the square parted gently. A hawk faced old man peered out upon the joyous crowd. His black eyes swept the scene. A grim smile crept into his face. He dropped the curtains and walked away from the window, tossing a cigarette into a grate on the opposite side of the room. Then he looked at his watch.

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The man who stood in the middle of the freight car looking down in wonder at the fugitives was a tall vagabond of the most picturesque type. No ragamuffin was ever so tattered and torn as this rakish individual. His clothes barely hung together on his lank frame.

Long, thin lips curled into a smile of delicious regard. His sides shook with the quiet chuckle of understanding. He was thinking of other days and nights and of many maids in faroff lands and of countless journeys in which he, too, had had fair and gentle company—short journeys, yes, but not to be forgotten.

He lighted the stub of a tallow candle. Ah, how envied this great, sleeping wayfarer! How beautiful his mistress! How fortunate the lover! They slept. How tired they were! Whence had they come?

Why should he stay here to spoil their waking hour? No. He would surrender his apartment to them.

Softly he tiptoed to his own corner of the car. He gathered up his belongings—an ancient violin case, a stout walking stick, a goodly sized pack done up in gaudy cloth, a well worn pair of sandals with long, frayed lacings. As gently he stole back to the door. He tossed a kiss to the sleeping girl, his dark gypsy face aglow with admiration and mischief, and was about to blow out the light of his candle. Then he changed his mind.

With a determined shake of his head and a new flash of the eye, he calmly seated himself and began to open his ragged pack.

At last his small store of food lay exposed. Without hesitation he divided the pieces of smoked venison, giving one part to himself, two to the sleepers, then the miller's bread and the cheese and the bag of dates he had bought the day before.

Again he blew a kiss to the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Snuffing his candle, he dropped to the ground and closed the door against all spying, uncivil eyes.

Daybreak found him at the wharf gates.

Coming to an empty flat car direct from the quarries, he resolutely seated himself upon its edge and, with amiable resignation, set about devouring his early meal, all the while casting longing, almost appealing, glances toward the next car but one. Busy little switch engines began chugging about the yards. The railroad at least was exhibiting some signs of life.

Down through the maze of sidetracks whisked the little train, out upon the main line with a thin shriek of greeting, past the freight houses. It was then that Sir Vagabond sat up very straight, a look of mild interest in his eyes. Interest gave way to perplexity, perplexity to concern. What's this—leaving the city? He wasted no time. Clutching his belongings to his side, he vaulted from one hand, nimbly landing safely on his feet at the roadside.

He thought of the luckless pair in the empty "box."

Suddenly he stopped, his chin up, his hands to his sides. A hearty peal of laughter soared from his lips. The joke was on them. It was rich. The more he thought of their astonishment on awakening the more he laughed.

His immense levity attracted attention. Four or five men approached him from the shadows of the freight houses, ugly, unsmiling fellows. They demanded of him the cause of his unseemly mirth. With tears in his merry black eyes he related the plight of the pretty slumberers. They plied him with questions. He described the couple, even glowingly. Then the sinister fellows smiled. More than that, they clapped each other on the back and swore splendidly.

And so it was that the news spread over town at 5 o'clock that Truxton King was where he could do no harm. It was well known that the train would make forty miles an hour down the steep grade into the lower valley.

When Truxton King first awoke to the fact that they were no longer lying motionless in the dreary yards he leaped to his feet with a startled shout of alarm. With frantic energy he pulled open the door. For a minute he stared at the scudding walls of stone so close at hand, uncomprehendingly. Then the truth burst upon him with the force of a mighty blow. He staggered back, his jaw dropping, his eyes glaring.

"Great God, Loraine! We're going! We're moving!" he cried hoarsely.

She shot to her feet and lurched to his side. "Don't fall out!" she almost shrieked.

Suddenly the train shot out into the open, farm spattered valley. Truxton fell back dumfounded.

"The country!" he exclaimed. "We've been carried away. God in heaven! The prince—he is lost!" He was beside himself, raging like a madman.

He had shouted to her that he must get back to the city.

"You would be killed!" she cried, clutching his arm fiercely. "You never can jump, Truxton. See how we are running. If you jump I shall follow. I won't go on alone. I am as much to blame as you."

A small station flew by. "Ronn, seven kilometers to Edelweiss." He looked at her in despair.

"We're going faster and faster," he grated.

Just then his gaze alighted on the pathetic breakfast. He stared as if hypnotized. Was he going mad? An instant later he was on his hands and knees examining the mysterious feast. She joined him at once. No two faces ever before were so puzzled and perplexed.

"By heaven," he exclaimed, "I see it all! We've been deliberately shanghaied! We've been bottled up here and shipped out of town. Don't touch that stuff! It's probably full of poison. Great Scott, what a clever gang they are!"

Whereupon he proceeded to kick the unoffending breakfast out of the car door. To their dying day they were to believe that the food had been put there by agents of the great conspirator.

"Hello!" said he. "We're slowing up." He looked out and ahead. "There's a bridge down the road a bit—yes, there's our same old river! They're running slow for the bridge. We can swing off, Loraine. Now's our chance!"

The train was barely creeping up to the bridge. He clasped her in the

(Continued on Page 2.)

CHARLES McALISTER'S HOME BROKEN INTO.

A man broke into Charlie McAlisters home three miles down the river Wednesday night, stealing some clothing and a watch. Mr. McAlister followed the trail thru Lostine Thursday morning where he was joined by Roger Kay and the two overtook the supposed thief at the Bear Creek planer above Wallowa, but the man escaped into the timber. Deputy Sheriff N. D. Crofutt took up the chase in the afternoon but failed to capture the fellow.

Circuit Court Orders.

An interlocutory decree has been entered in the divorce suit of Dorothy M. McCulloch vs John A. McCulloch, granting the plaintiff $10 court fees, $50 attorney's fees and $25 a month for support during pendency of the suit.

Stockgrowers and Farmers National bank of Wallowa et al vs Flora Milling Company et al. Judgment by default before clerk.

Circuit Court Suits.

April 19—Dorothy M. McCulloch vs John A. McCulloch.

April 19—A. C. Haggerty vs Baker & Smith, partners.

April 20—Josephine Fisk vs Luther Lloyd.

April 21—M. H. Beeson vs Baker & Smith.

April 22—R. S. & Z. Co. vs Leonard Baker.

Marriage Licenses.

April 21.—David W. Bridwell, 20, farmer, Lostine; Iris Laverty, 16, Lostine.

COYOTE BOUNTY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Woolgrowers association will not pay bounty on Coyotes killed after April 15, 1911, as per announcement at annual meeting, December 31, 1910.

THOS. MORGAN, Secy.
Enterprise, Ore., April 15, 1911. 102b

RANCH ON PRAIRIE CREEK SOLD, $20,000

FRED FALCONER BUYS THOMAS MORGAN'S HOME FARM OF 384 ACRES.

Fred W. Falconer has closed the deal by which he becomes owner of the Thomas Morgan ranch of 384 acres on Prairie Creek, for a consideration of $20,000.

A large part of the ranch is under irrigation but it includes some prairie for grazing and some timber. There are good improvements, and taken as a whole is considered a fine place.

Mr. Falconer's town property, the block at North and West Second streets figured in the deal, Mr. Morgan becoming owner of the block. Possession is to be given next fall.

BANKER BUYS PURDIN FARM ON ALDER SLOPE.

W. C. Hinterman, cashier of the Enterprise State bank has bought Lloyd Purdin's 155 acre farm on Alder Slope, six miles west of this city, for $6500. It is counted a splendid buy and will make a fine fruit ranch. The deal was made through Payne & Sheets.

BEST OF REASONS FOR BEING PLEASED.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Isaacson returned Saturday afternoon from Turlock, California, where they have spent the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson are better pleased with Turlock and Southern California in general than most of the people who have gone there and the reason is that they have sold all their property there and are back in Wallowa to stay.—Sun.