

City and County Brief News Items

First class shine at Calvin's barber shop.

J. H. Mansley and family left Friday morning for Couer d'Alene, Ida., to spend the winter.

A son was born Monday to the wife of Wm. Miller of La Grande, brother of A. C. Miller of this city.

The Women's Union Missionary Society has been postponed indefinitely. Time and place of meeting announced later.

The E. M. & M. company presented their patrons with thermometers this year, a departure gladly welcomed by them.

S. V. Cray left Friday for Philomath, Oregon, where his wife is staying for the benefit of her health. He expects to be gone about a month.

Fred S. Ashley is distributing the newest thing in matchboxes, one that takes the cardboard box the matches come in, matches and all without unloading.

W. D. Hillsley of Snake river came to Enterprise Tuesday to meet Mrs. Hillsley who returned Wednesday from a long visit in Chicago and other Eastern points.

Enterprise Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, elected the following officers: High Priest, Daniel Boyd; king, C. E. Funk; scribe, W. C. Boatman; captain of host, C. H. Zurcher; principal sojourner, J. A. Burleigh; royal arch captain, W. T. Bell; secretary, C. G. Blyden; treasurer, W. R. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. McReynolds and baby left Wednesday for La Grande and after a brief visit there will go on to Woodstock, near Portland, where Mrs. McReynolds and child will spend the winter. Mr. McReynolds will go on to Lakeport, the new seacoast town in Curry county where several local people have investments.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. Accept no substitutes. Burnaugh & Mayfield.

W. E. Taggart went to Garfield, Wash., Friday to spend Christmas with his family.

Charlie and Miss Maude Litch left Friday morning for a Christmas visit at the home of E. Hubler in Oregon City.

Miss Agnes Brichoux, who has been staying for some time with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, returned to her home in La Grande, Friday.

Orville D. Shirley and Calvin Mahaffey of this city filed homestead applications in the land office at La Grande, Monday, according to the Star.

WEDDING BELLS.

Miss Nellie Mabel Hanson and Mr. Max Gummerman were married Wednesday evening, December 21, at 4:46, by Rev. W. P. Sagnus at his residence. They left Thursday morning for Portland on a wedding trip.

Both parties are well known and have many friends who wish them a long and happy wedded life. Mr. Gummerman is a young business man of this city, and Miss Hanson is a daughter of Mrs. A. Hanson of just south of town.

BIG PANTHER KILLED.

The Joseph Herald says Ed Mallory killed a panther 11 feet long. Our Innaha reporter confirms the tale.

But in the issue of the Chieftain of March 14, 1901, in the Innaha correspondence there is the following item:

Miss Winnie Rice killed a panther the other day that measured 11 feet, 3 inches in length. She heard it in her chicken house about daylight and took the gun and ran him out and he took to a tree where she shot him in the head and killed him. How is that for game woman?

LADIES

Mrs. A. D. Vandecar of North Powder, Ore., has a large stock of switches and all pertaining to the trade. Also makes switches and puffs of your combings, will make trips to your town. She will also do your work if you will address her at North Powder, 30 years experience. Work guaranteed. 18c2

The Stowaway

By
LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

CHAPTER I—Overhearing a conspiracy between her uncle and the captain of his ship to sink the vessel and collect insurance, Iris Yorke secretes herself aboard the Andromeda just before it sails for southern seas. Her uncle, who is her guardian and has commanded her to wed old Dicky Bulmer, thinks she has run away to avoid the distasteful marriage. II—Philip Hozier, young and handsome second officer of the Andromeda, discovers Miss Yorke aboard. III—Iris tells Hozier of the plot to sink the vessel, and he keeps watch on Captain Coke. Mysterious defect in the steering gear discovered, causing the ship to veer from her course. Coke treats the matter lightly. IV—While passing into a harbor at an unknown island the Andromeda suddenly is shelled by a mysterious foe on shore. V—She's wreck ship. Hozier is wounded and his life saved by Iris.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

He glanced at Iris. Vanity being his first consideration, it is probable that he would have refused to be made ridiculous in her eyes had not a knock on the door galvanized him into a fever of fright. He sprang up and glared wildly around for some means of eluding the threatened scrutiny of a search party. Luisa Gomez flung him a rough skirt and a shawl. He huddled into a corner near the bed and draped the two garments over his head and limbs.

Then the woman unbarred the door. A man staggered in. He was alone, and a swirl of wind and rain caused the lamp to flicker so madly that no one could distinguish his features until the door was closed again.

But Iris knew him. Though her eyes were dim with tears, though the newcomer carried a broken gun in his hands and his face was blood stained, she knew.

With a shriek that dismayed the other women, who could not guess that joy is more boisterous than sorrow, she leaped up and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she sobbed. "He told me you were dead, and I believed him!"

The manner of her greeting was delightful to one who had faced death for her sake many times during the past hour, yet Hozier was so surprised by its warmth that he could find never a word at the moment. But he had the good sense to throw aside the shattered rifle and return her embrace with interest.

When they parted in that same squall but at midnight he took with him the intoxication of her kiss. Yet he scarce brought himself to believe that the night's happenings were real or that they would ever meet again on earth. And now here was Iris quivering against his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart. The perfume of her hair was as incense in his nostrils. She was clinging to him as if they had loved through all eternity.

San Benavides supplied a timely touch.

Throwing aside the rags which covered him, he tried to rise. Philip caught a glimpse of the uniform, the sheen of the naked sword. He was about to tear himself from Iris' clasp and spring at this new enemy when the Brazilian spoke.

"Mil diabol!" he cried in a rage. "This cursed Ingles still lives, and here am I posing before him like an old hag!"

His voice alone saved him from being plinned to the floor by a man who had adopted no light measures with others of his countrymen during the past half hour, as the dented gun barrel minus its stock well showed. But the captain's mortified fury helped to restore Philip's sanity. Lifting Iris' glowing face to his own, he whispered: "Tell me, sweetheart, how comes it that our Brazilian friend is here?"

"He ran away when some shots were fired," which was rather unfair of Iris. "He said the launch had been sunk by a man-of-war."

"But he is wrong. I saw no man-of-war. We captured the launch. By this time she is well out at sea. Unfortunately Marcel was killed and Domingo badly wounded. There was no one to come for you, so I jumped overboard and swam ashore. I had to fight my way here, and it will soon be known that there are some of us left on the island. I thought that perhaps I might take you back to the Grand-pere cavern. These people may give us food. I have some few sovereigns in my pocket."

"Oh, yes, yes!" She was excited now and radiantly happy. "Of course



Captain San Benavides must accompany us. He says the soldiers will shoot him if they capture him. I, too, have money. Let me ask him to explain matters to this dear woman and her daughter. They have been more than kind to me already."

She turned to the sulky San Benavides and told him what Hozier had suggested. He brightened at that and began a voluble speech to Luisa Gomez. Interrupting himself, he inquired in French how Hozier proposed to reach the rock.

"On a catamaran. There are two on the beach, and I can handle one of them all right," said Philip. "But what is this yarn of a warship? When last I sighted the launch she was standing out of the harbor, and the first clouds of the storm helped to screen her from the citadel."

Iris interpreted. San Benavides repeated his story of the rockets. In her touch of realism with regard to the firing that he had heard. Certainly there was a good deal of promiscuous rifle shooting after the departure of the launch, but warships use cannon to enforce their demands, and the boom of a big gun had not woken the echoes of Fernando Noronha that night. Philip deemed the present no time for argument. He despised San Benavides and gave no credence to him. Just now the Brazilian was an evil that must be endured.

Luisa Gomez promised to help in every possible way. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of gold, but the poor woman would have assisted them out of sheer pity. Nevertheless the gift of a couple of sovereigns, backed by the promise of many more if her husband devoted himself to their service, spurred her to a frenzy of activity.

There was not a moment to be lost. The squall had spent itself, and a peep through the chinks of the door showed that the moon would quickly be in evidence again. It was essential that they should cross the channel while the scattering clouds still dimmed her brightness, so Manoela and her mother collected such store of food and milk and water as they could lay hands on. Well laden, all five hastened to the creek, and Hozier, Iris and San Benavides boarded the larger of the two catamarans.

When the catamaran rounded the last outlying crag and they were all straining their eyes to find the sentinel pillars they became aware that a small boat was being pulled cautiously toward them from the opposite side of the rock.

Iris gasped. She heard Hozier mutter under his breath, while San Benavides revealed his dismay by an oath and a convulsive tightening of the hands that rested on the girl's shoulders.

Hozier strove with a few desperate strokes of the paddle to reach the shadows of the passage before the catamaran was seen by the boat's occupants. He might have succeeded. But there was even a greater probability that the unwieldy catamaran might be caught by the swell and dashed side-long against one of the half submerged rocks that thrust their black fangs above the water.

Happily they were spared either alternative. At the very instant that their lot must be put to the test of chance Coke's hoarse accents came to their incredulous ears.

"Let her go, Olsen," he was growling. "We've a clear course now, an' that infernal moon will spile everything if we're spotted."

In this instance hearing was believing, and Philip was the first to guess what had actually occurred.

"Boat ahoy, skipper!" he sang out in a joyous hail.

Coke stood up. He glared hard at the reef.

"Did ye 'ear it?" he cried to De Silva. "Sink me, I 'ope I ain't a-copy in pore ole Watts, but if that wasn't Hozier's voice I'm goin' dotty."

"It's all right, skipper," said Philip, sending the catamaran ahead with a mighty sweep. "Miss Yorke is here—Captain San Benavides too. I was sure you would look for us if you cleared the harbor safely."

Then Coke proclaimed his sentiments in the approved ritual of the high seas, while the big Norseman at the oars swung the boat's head round until both craft were traveling in company to the waiting launch. Before anything in the nature of an explanation was forthcoming from the occupants of either the boat or the catamaran a broad beam of white light swept over the crest of the island from north to south. It disappeared to return more slowly until it rested on Rat Island, at the extreme northwest of the group. It remained steady there, showing a wild panorama of rocky heights and tumbling sea.

"A searchlight!" growled Coke.

"Then there really was a warship!" murmured Iris.

"Ha!" said San Benavides, and his tone was almost gratified, for he had gathered that Hozier was skeptical when told of the rockets. But in that respect at least he was not mistaken. A man-of-war had entered the roadstead, and her powerful lamp was now scouring sea and coast for the mis-



"IF THAT WASN'T HOZIER'S VOICE I'M GOIN' DOTTY."

ing launch. And in that moment of fresh peril it was forgotten by all but one of the men who had survived so many dangers since the sun last gilded the peak of Fernando Noronha that were it not for Iris having been left behind and Philip's mad plunge overboard to go to her and the point blank refusal of the Andromeda's captain and crew to put to sea without an effort to save the pair of them the launch would not now be hidden behind the black mass of the Grand-pere rock.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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