

# THE NEWS RECORD

(Twice-a-Week.)  
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER  
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1909.

## City and County Brief News Items

County court will convene next Monday.

C. K. Bue of Rognas, was in town Saturday.

Circuit court will convene Monday, November 8.

L. Couch of Wallowa was a visitor in this city Tuesday.

White Loaf Flour, \$4.50 per barrel at E. M. & M. store.

Job Halsey is very ill at the home of his father, J. D. Halsey.

O. M. Corkins left Tuesday morning on a trip to Walla Walla.

Miss Margaret Mavor spent Tuesday with friends in Lostine.

Marshal Charles Hug visited in Elgin from Sunday to Tuesday.

William Wood of Lostine was in this city on business Tuesday.

T. N. Baker of Allice, came down from Joseph, Tuesday, on a business trip.

Miss Nellie Brasha of Pendleton came Tuesday for a visit with her aunt, Mrs. J. A. French.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson and Robert Jickling of the Contact Mine, Lostine, were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Della Moxley has bought the millinery store of Mrs. Agnes Leslie of Joseph and has moved to that city.

Mrs. J. A. Fitzpatrick of Lostine spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. G. C. Russell, on Swamp Creek.

## R. S. & Z. Co. ENTERPRISE

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WATCH THIS SPACE

For Further  
Announcement

## R. S. & Z. CO. ENTERPRISE.

Judge D. B. Reavis left Wednesday morning for Hood River where he will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reavis of Walla Walla will remain some time with Mrs. J. C. Reavis in this city.

Rev. C. E. Trueblood is evidently sowing good seed in more than one way, judging by the fine garden products he has been showing. Saturday he was exhibiting a four pound potato dug from his garden in the A. H. Rudd lot.

The largest line of Baswood for Pyrographic work, Pyro outfits, ever brought to Wallowa county, at the drug store of Jackson & Weaver. Ladies please call and inspect quality, quantity, and prices, whether you desire to purchase or not.

Attorneys T. M. Dill, D. W. Sheahan, J. A. Burleigh and O. M. Corkins of this city and J. P. Rusk of Joseph went to La Grande Tuesday to attend the reception to Senator La Follette, given by the lawyers of La Grande. The program included an automobile ride, a 5 o'clock dinner and an address.

Dr. Gregory of Wallowa was in town Tuesday. He reports the Robinson family, who have been very ill with typhoid fever, slowly improving. The family recently came to Wallowa from Grossman. The father died with the disease and the mother and three children are ill. The county is assisting the city of Wallowa in caring for them.

Rev. W. H. Gibson of La Grande who recently closed a four years pastorate of the First Baptist church of that city, is visiting Enterprise and working in the revival meetings. He is greatly pleased with our beautiful little city and entertains the hope and cherishes the expectation that within a few months a Baptist edifice will adorn one of the attractive lots in the city. He will work toward that end.

A class of a half dozen young people was confirmed at the Bue school house on Mud Flat last Sunday, the confirmation services being conducted by a Lutheran minister from Moscow, Ida., who had been there about a week instructing them. A large congregation attended the confirmation services. The class was composed of Christian and Peter Bue, Martha and Alvin Hagan, Alfred and Amelia Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Poley, from Lostine, Oregon, arrived in Asotin Monday evening to pay a visit to Asotin relatives for ten days or two weeks. It has been fully two years or more since these people were last here. Mr. and Mrs. McGill, accompanied them with the view of finding a location, on account of Mrs. McGill being bothered with some throat trouble. They were not sure whether they would locate here or at Clarkston.—Asotin Sentinel.

**Young Folks Party.**  
Master Proctor Hug was seven years old Monday and a Halloween surprise party was given at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hug, in his honor. Proctor dined with his young friends, Robert and Gilbert Steel, and upon arriving at home was met at the gate by two ghosts, who escorted him into the house. The guests were each given a like reception and two witches and a fairy awaited them within the darkened room, lit only by the weird jack-o'-lanterns, and decorated seasonably and attractively. Bobbing for apples, pinning on the pig's tail, and other games made a jolly evening, the guests departing at 9 o'clock. Those present were: Ariena Combes and Zoia Wright, ghosts; Portia Steel and Orris Combes, witches; Mildred Day, fairy; and Masters Robert Boyd, Robert and Gilbert Steel, Albert Dalsley, Donald Funk Donald and Wilson Gally, Clarence Woodell, Guy Moos, Dwight French Ralph Tibbett and Ted Yandell.

**OSTEO-PATHY.**  
(From the New York Press.)  
Osteopathy, the drugless science in medicine, is only about fifty years old. The word is not even in the Century Dictionary, edition 1895. Its practice is going hand in hand with bloodless surgery, so that in time we may expect to be cured without pills and without a knife. Some principles are: "Health means physical adjustment;" health is natural; disease and death between the time of birth and old age are unnatural. All bodily disorders are the result of mechanical obstruction to the free circulation of vital fluids and forces. The characteristic generalization of osteopathy in a nutshell is "most diseases are of spinal origin."

**New Suits Filed.**  
Oct. 25—Hiram C. Cramer vs. John R. Cramer.

**Marriage License.**  
Oct. 23—Floyd W. Hammack, Lostine, Miss Zelma R. Ogbourn, Alder Slope.

## Linen and China Shower.

Miss Zelma Ogbourn was given a linen and china shower surprise at her home last Thursday afternoon by a party of her lady friends. The unbidden guests took the materials for a delicious luncheon which they prepared and placed on the table while Miss Ogbourn was entertained in the orchard. The centerpiece was a huge white cake, wrapped diagonally with pink ribbons. Inside, the bride-to-be found the beautiful remembrances of her friends. Miss Ogbourn was given a thorough rehearsal in the art of presiding and it is thought that she will now be perfectly able to assume the duties of hostess in her own home.

## LAND SALES.

The Enterprise Real Estate company sold for Roy McCoy five acres just south of the corporation line. Saturday, to J. M. Blakely, for \$1,125. The land is under irrigation and contains a fine large barn.

## FOR TRADE.

For Wallowa county land: 120 acres fine blue grass and timothy land in Adair county, Missouri; well watered. Fenced, half cleared; 25 acres in timothy, balance in blue grass; about 50 acres in post oak, partly underlaid with coal; 1 mile from mining town. \$25 per acre. C. C. Brown, Joseph, Oregon. 49b4

## WANTED.

Lumber. Anyone having lumber of any grade in any amount for sale, or who has timber he intends to saw soon, and wishes to contract the lumber, call on or address W. F. Rankin at Haney planer in Enterprise, Agent for W. R. Kivette. 26b4

## THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian Institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was listening to an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'ratten konig' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has—"

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it!" said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shape. He carried a large oilcloth sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blood hair had not been cut, but bagged. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the signal. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then and there, but insisted that Professor Henry mail the check to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian Institution has never been seriously troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

## He Saw Double.

Mr. Lushleigh came up the stairway with his shoes in his hand and his hat hanging precariously upon one ear, singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" with wondrous disregard for pronunciation and melody. Mrs. Lushleigh met him with a cold stare and exclaimed:

"Well, to see you in such a condition! William Henry Lushleigh, I am beside myself with indignation!"

"Thank ee," agreed Mr. Lushleigh, moodily watching the bureau as it waited about him. "Thank ee—ye, beside yehself. I ee see you right there beside yehself. Glad you tol' me. Was begantur' to think I ah a liguahant."—Baltimore American.

## THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

## THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It Is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottled flies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some peremptive thought, insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of its holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those diseased years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom bell machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus until today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unmade, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its phos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethean air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumnal dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.—Atlantic Monthly.

Dr. Cook's own story of the

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