

THE OBSERVER

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ANOTHER STURDY SOUL GONE.

Trekking with hundreds of others through the wilds of the west in '47, which by the way is a long time ago measured by the hour glass of a man's life—L. A. Ross came to La Grande to help make a town. What Ross and his kind did to make La Grande needs no elucidation—the city stands as a lasting monument of what those pioneers of the forties could and did do.

TWO IMPORTANT MEETINGS.

December carries with it two important conventions in this city. One, and of course the more important, is the Threshermen's Association convention which will bring threshermen—hence good roads boosters—from every section of the state. The other is the poultry show.

forms a dual purpose; so with the Threshermen's association.

The Poultry show has a different aspect; one that is more local in its contour. But let the roadmakers and the threshermen legislate; they are working for a common goal with other associations; also let the poultrymen show. In Millar Purvis, the judge, is a man of national reputation, and he scores the exhibits in the show he will impart goodly portions of his knowledge to each and all of the exhibitors.

"THE THIRD DEGREE."

"The method, known as 'the third degree,' of extorting alleged 'confessions' from men who have committed crime, was condemned by Judge L. R. Webster in a Thanksgiving address delivered in the Church of Good Tidings last Thursday as 'inhuman and unjust and calculated to defeat the ends of justice.'"

Christmas, since time immemorial has stood for at least some semblance of religious reverence, aside from what it has in the past 100 years come to mean as home gatherings at similar side issues, but a new and commendable "side issue" is being attached to Christmas in more recent years. It is Red Cross stamps.

President Taft may have a turbulent sea before him—bolting regulars, Democratic solons and all that—but he can console himself with the thought that King George is having a rumpus with his Lords and Commons of Parliament, and that Emperor William is right now in the midst of a tussle with his Reichstag.

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A MAN IN A MILLION

By M. QUAD
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Joseph Skater was in the lightning rod business. He could talk lightning for half an hour with only four intervals for breath.

When Mr. Slater got the job of rodding a building he proceeded to cheat and lie. He would cheat as to the amount of the material used, and he would lie about the protection that might be expected.

On one of his happy jaunts around the country Mr. Skater discovered a widow. He discovered forty of them, for that matter, but this was a particular widow. She wasn't so very old, but she was so homely as to be startling.

"How did your husband come to marry you?" asked the lightning man in a voice tinged with sympathy.

"He was a little bit daft from birth," was the reply.

"You have a very tidy little farm here?"

"Yes. Widowers and old bachelors come and look the farm over, but when they come to see me and Anna they hurry away."

"Mrs. Allbright, I shall take your case under advisement. You are not to blame for your looks. The homely people ought to have a fair deal. I shall try to get you one."

It was curious that such a selfish man as Mr. Skater should think of the interests of any one else, but as he went his way the matter bothered him.

"Widow, you have a creek on your farm. It rises from a spring in a marsh. You know what petroleum is, of course. Petroleum is going to be found in the marsh and creek."

"But I have never seen any there," she replied.

"Because the psychological moment had not arrived. It will arrive in three or four days. Three or four days later than that men will arrive—various sorts of men. Would you care for riches?"

"No-o-o."

"Just so. You want some one to love you and call you pet names, eh? Just want to stay right here and take comfort? A wise decision."

"I didn't say I wanted to get married again," protested the widow.

"No, no, but none of us can afford to miss a good thing in this world. Love is greater than riches. Mrs. Allbright, you may be offered \$5,000 for this farm, which is worth about \$2,000."

"Then I'll take it."

"Then don't you do anything of the kind. There will be an offer of marriage. What you want to do is to accept that. You want to be petted. That girl wants a father. A husband and father is worth more than \$5,000. No sale, remember. A husband or nothing."

"But how is the petroleum going to get into the spring?" was asked.

"Widow, there are many mysterious things connected with the lightning rod business. This is one of them. The petroleum will appear in good time. So will the men. So shall I. One day nature sends us a thunder-storm; the next day it is a hurricane; the next she causes the earth to quake and pour out petroleum. It is for us poor mortals to take advantage of such things when possible."

The petroleum appeared on the creek. It was sniffed and sighted by a traveler where it crossed the highway. In two days thirty men were sniffing and following the creek to its source. They called at the house. All the widow could say was that the petroleum had suddenly appeared.

The "and" was announced in the papers, and the thirty men became fifty. There were gushers gushing 1,000 barrels of oil per day not fifty miles away. The widow was offered as high as \$10,000 cash for the farm, but she shook her head. Men were going and coming when Mr. Skater drove up with one seated beside him. They went up to the spring, heard the

Reductions Worth While

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An offer of \$15,000 had just been made for the farm. Mr. Skater left the couple alone for an hour. Then he was asked to gallop his horses for a preacher, and there were a marriage ceremony and a scattering of disappointed speculators.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH
PERT PARAGRAPHS.

MANY a man starves himself to death trying to save enough money to keep out of the poorhouse.

The man who doesn't know his own mind needs a woman to introduce him to it.

It is a wise father whose favorite daughter can't twist him around her finger.

The woman who coaxes and cajoles her husband for money would perhaps rather hit him over the head with a club and search his pockets.

The husband of the wise woman is the one who knows that he is boss in his own house.

The only time that we can go sleigh riding is when it is more comfortable to sit by the fire.

It is one of the compensations of life that we can feel so very superior to the talent that entertains us.

Like many another climber, salt pork has risen above its old time friend and consumers.

If goodness were as contagious as the grip the millennium would be imminent.

It is hard to make a man with the toothache believe that the world is growing better.

Another Throne in Pawn.

By gum. That was some Revolution, little Portugal! You sure riz up strong And told the king "So long!" In a gilt frilled manner Ordered his banner Moved to some other lot Not In that latitude or longitude. Maybe it was rude And smacked too much of the soil, Not according to Hoyle Or Chesterfield; but, say, It was O. K. And a yard wide! It made a hit this side The blooming strand And Rounded out the task, If any one should ask. Kings are out of date A few more wait For their papers And cut up capers As though they were here to stay. But nay! Their finish is writ. The place to quit Will soon be pointed out. They are getting too stout For the delicate job. The hand of fate is on the knob. And they Must soon away. One by one the roses fade, Thus with those whose trade Is to be king. The common people are in the ring And ready to say: "Good day! We hate to make a fuss. But a republic is good enough for us! We'll snay they tremble as Manu! reads the text And wonder who's next.

Classified Advertising

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