

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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ANDERSON SUSTAINS WEST.

Light the bon fires and get out the band.

Bring forth Col. Lawson who can kill a rat and never look at the rat.

Prepare the chariot and four white horses to transport the governor and Miss Hobbs.

Shoot off the sky rockets and ring the bells.

Why?

Judge Anderson, of Baker county, has sustained West.

Sustained him in what?

In jumping on Copperfield—the frontier town on the Snake river.

As the parade files past the court let those fearful Copperfieldians be burned in effigy; let Baker county be clothed in white and proclaim to the world that she has been purified; that she is the only pure mining section in the universe. Clap your hands in praise, for the millenium has been ushered into Eastern Oregon with Miss Hobbs and the colonel in command.

But look—

Another parade—It is partially hid by silk laces, high priced draperies and tinsel. Look closely—A float carrying a Western Oregon hotel, and a poker game in progress on every floor; another float—it is Western Oregon's white slave traffic; still another—it is the well-dressed influential saloon men of Portland selling liquor on Sunday; yet another—

The state house at Salem filled with numberless clerks and commissioners, grabbing the taxpayer's money in purely "legal" manner.

No martial law in the Willamette valley. Oh, no.

What a farce. How easily some are fooled.

BETTERING THE POSTOFFICE.

A change in the postoffice money order system is promised by which such an order may be collected at any office instead of merely the one on which it is drawn, simply by the endorsement of the payee. It is said that the express companies are op-

posing it. But then we have them always with us, the promoters of the plan argue, so that the opposition is rather in the nature of reason for approval, and should have the effect of hastening the change which would make postoffice orders like a check, or rather a certified check for the government order would insure that the drawer had deposited the amount called for, whereas uncertified checks are every day sent and taken on honor that the drawer has the amount asked on deposit. No careful thought on the subject can, we believe, arrive at any other conclusion than that this change should be made. It seems like an anomaly that this government of a continent should compel a holder of a promise to pay to hunt out just the one postoffice, before he can get his pay.

The proposed change would give currency to this class of checks or orders, and that is just what they have lacked since they were instituted.

There ought also, with this reform, to be another, and that is to reduce the price of an order to a sum merely nominal. The government, it should

be remembered, reaches with its post-office, regions that cannot be served by other conveniences, and hence the people roundabout must rely on this service. So orders should be made nominal in their cost, something like a letter, and be endorsable so as to give them currency. If this should be done to a proper extent we should thereby institute another reform that has long been asked in vain, and the lack of which has been a reproach to us; that is, a means of sending small sums by mail.

To think of a continent of a hundred million of people still using stick postage stamps as currency of value for small sums is almost incredible. We should be able to buy from the government checks or orders as we buy postage stamps in various small amounts, and for use fill these in with the name of the payee. With bank notes or greenbacks, with endorsement, there is no trouble or confusion. What is to prevent us from making certificates for smaller sums, to be transmitted by mail, to a person whose endorsement would make it acceptable? Of course all this has been discussed time and time again, and no good reason has ever been brought against it. We do not do it simply because we do not, and yet we lay claim to being the most practical people on earth.



"Yes, De Blood has been riding a horse a great deal lately for the purpose of reducing flesh."  
"That so? Has he reduced his weight much?"  
"No. But you ought to see the horse."

And Now Comes the Climax of Sale Bargains at West's



Take Your Choice of Our Entire Line of

Ladies' Coats

For

\$9.90

Includes Absolutely Every Coat in the Store from \$20.00 to \$40.00. None Reserved

Take Your Choice of Our Entire Line of Ladies Newest

Tailored Suits

For

\$9.90

We Must Clear The Racks of Every Suit In The Store Immediately - Hence This Offer On Suits That Sold Regularly Up to \$40.00

West's Sixteenth Annual Clearance Sale

WASHED UP BY THE WAVES

Innumerable Articles, Many of Value, Reward Search Made Along the New York Beaches.

Along the beach at Manhattan and Brighton, as well as at the Rockaways, articles aggregating \$100 in value are picked up every morning, relates the New York Herald. And this amount is considered by the regulars along those shores to be a very conservative estimate.

The articles found range from the gold filling of a tooth to a cork leg. And you need not think the cork leg statement is drawing it with a long bow. There was one washed ashore the last week in June.

It belonged to James J. Fitzsimmons, cook on a Maine coasting schooner. Fitzsimmons had removed it, so it came out afterward in a Water street tavern, so that he might indulge in a bath. The schooner lurched. So did the cork leg. Fitzsimmons wailed an alarm, but the skipper, being in a hurry to make a Maine port at a particular hour, refused to luff and pick the leg up. So it washed ashore and its identity was revealed by a brass plate containing the owner's name and New York address. It was sent back by parcel post.

Every now and then a wig is picked up. The supposition is that the owner was swimming at night and was overconfident that his top piece would remain on his head when he dived. Lockets and chains are found in numbers. It is likely they are kept on the neck by girls and women when they don bathing costume and slip off when their owners are frolicking in the waves. Of course they are dropped close to the shore line or they would never be seen again. The constant rolling shoreward of the waves gradually forces them into view.

Watches, chains, finger rings, scarfpins, cuff links, studs, eyeglasses, belts, fountain pens, key rings, full sets of artificial teeth, garters, cravats, hatpins, canes, umbrellas, crutches, shoe buckles, gold hairpins, purses and scores of other things are among the daily morning finds.

The Very Human Worker.

A curious type of labor dispute has developed simultaneously in two different directions in the shipbuilding industry on the Clyde and among the coal-trimmers at Cardiff. In each instance the trouble has been caused by the fact that a number of workers prefer the enjoyment of their due leisure to working overtime, even for a considerable addition to their wages. They are not willing to sacrifice their half-holiday in order to gain more money by doing more work, the less so as they have to resist the pressure of their workmenfolk, who argue that when the husband works on Saturday afternoon the wife must work also in preparing his meals and bath.—London Daily Mail.

DARKEST AFRICA.

The lovers lingered long. At their feet the noble Zambesi hurried onward to the sea. It was in Darkest Africa, but they were not afraid of the dark.

"No," she was cooing, softly but firmly, "I cannot marry you on any other terms. Papa says I'm worth three yoke of oxen and a tame elephant, and I cannot become your wife for any less."

"All I have in the world," he protested wildly, "is one yoke of oxen." For a moment no sound was heard save the ripple of the water. She first broke silence.

"I think—" Her voice trembled, and her glance was bent shyly upon the ground.

"—Papa is willing to let me be a sister to you for one yoke of oxen." But he only groaned.—Puck.

A Painful Reminiscence.

"Yes," confessed the imprisoned confidence man. "I have had moments of deep regret. I remember on the occasion of my first arrest—I was barely nineteen years old—" He paused for a moment.

"Yes?" put in the good old clergyman, sympathetically.

"I was bitterly disappointed to find that not a single newspaper referred to me as 'young in years but old in crime.'—Puck

On an Ocean Trip.

"That fellow gets seasick, but he's a game sport."

"Keeps eating, does he?"

"Yes; he's had four breakfasts this morning."

Read the advertisements too.



Phone, Red 3931. La Grande. FRESH TAMALES AND CHILI

All kinds of HOT DRINKS Ice Cream

Finest Line of Fresh Candies in town

HOT TAMALES, OYSTER COCKTAIL, HOT BEEF TEA, HOT TOMATO VECTOR.

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Organized in 1887.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS DEPOSITORY.

Capital	\$100,000.00
Surplus	\$140,000.00
Total Resources	\$1,000,000.00

For twenty-six years, in all kinds of financial weather, we have successfully catered to the monetary wants of the people of La Grande and the Grande Ronde Valley.

We respectfully solicit your business.

La Grande National Bank

La Grande, Oregon

Swift's Prem. Sugar Cured Hams Just in

GRAPE FRUIT, ORANGES, BANANAS AND LEMONS

California Rhubarb, Cucumbers, Sweet Potatoes, Celery, Cauliflower, Beets, Turnips, Rutabago, Carrots and Cabbage, Head and Hot House Lettuce and Cranberries

The City Grocery and Bakery

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