THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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THREE HOUSE CLEANING TIMES

La Grande, Or., Jan. 26.(To the editor.)—Several years ago Kansas was under a house cleaning reform, by Mary Ellen Lease. One night she was stopping in a prosperous Kansas town and took a room in a hotel wherein a Masonic lodge was located. Her room happened to be joining the lodge room annd it so happened that a meeting was in session initiating some new members. She heard their revelry and mistook it to be a saloon, and thought the occasion demanded a much-needed reform and the opportunity presented itself for her to show her skill, so she set forth to do the task. As she stepped into the hall, it being a warm summer night, she discovered the transom open. This appeared especially advantageous, so she took from her room a stand and placed a chair upon it and climbed upon them with her big reform stick in hand. It was similar to a cattle prod or punch, and just as she was going to wield it upon a supposed saloon man's head her staging gave way and she fell into the lodge room, upon a new member who was being initiated and was blindfolded. Well, it created a commotion throughout the hotel and a panic ensued nearly every one being awakened from their peaceful slumbers. They scrambled pell mell for cyclone caves. In the morning when they discovered that the town had undergone a severe housecleaning, many a cry went up "give us more women with the courage of Mary Ellen Lease." Now she has the distinction of being the only woman ever admitted to the Masonic lodge. Soon after she died and left one heir. Mrs. Carrie Nation, and soon after she received the coronation as Kansas was clean and purified. She thought it best to go to house cleaning in her sister state, Nebraska, and once when she was on a train going into Omaha there were many returning from a cattlemen's convention at Lincoln. The cars being crowded she happened in some way to get into the men's smoking department and spied a cattle man smoking a very valuable pipe, a gift from his wife and prized very highly. She grabbed it from his mouth and threw it out the window saying, "don't you know that it is impolite to smoke in the presence of ladies, and you are a good subject that needs reforming." This enraged his temper somewhat, and spying her little pet dog which she valued very much, he grabbed it by the collar and threw it out the window, saying "dogs are not allowed to ride on the cars with passengers." At this juncture her little hatchet was slicing reform right and left until is created such an excitement on the train that everyone thought the train was held up by robbers and when the train arrived at the depot there was another exciting time, she trying to get him arrested and he trying to get her arrested. And what should happen at this crucial moment! Her little dog came running up uninjured with a pipe in his mouth. "Oh, my little dog is just ruined. He has learned to smoke," she cried. Then a cry went up, "give us more women with such courage of Carrie Nation." She now has the distinction of having the best educated dog in America.

She died not long ago and left two heirs. In a little city called Copperfield, of about 49 inhabitants, encircled between high snowy and icy peaks, came an explosion for a needed house cleaning reform. A cry went up to the governor. He thought the the house cleaning reform was too much of an undertaking for a man; anyway, he thought house cleaning was a woman's work, and knew that women have great records for making reforms, so he pinned a reform badge on a young lady aspirant, equipping her with a good scrubbing brush and some powerful cleansing condensed soap and instructed her to go forth and scrub Copperfield, clean, pure and white.

It is said that rats and snakes are numerous in Copperfield and the people there have quite a unique and novel way of exterminating them, by taking a large barrel tank and sinking it into the ground and filling it with the waste molasses from the beet sugar factory over from Idaho. Then, adjusting a board cover with a spring in such a way that when they step on it, it easily tips and they fall in and can't get out and as she was hurrying to get the cleaning done up in proper shape so as to take the train home she did not notice the sign to keep off the rat trap and accidently stepped upon and fell into it, needless to say this created a very excitable sensation as the saloon men, city officials and citizens were assisting her to get out of her sticky bath, her terrific cries brought forth to her rescue Oregon's army of soldiers, its state prison guards and some of the most expert gunmen of its prison convicts, they arriving on the scene just as they got her out of the rat trap and not waiting to get any information of how the accident occurred and waiving every effort of an explanation they locked all the city's officials and saloon men in jail thinking that they were about to tar and feather her. When they found out the situation they said, "no more such rat traps will be allowed in Copperfield" and now they keep an army and guards and convicts to shoot the rats and snakes. They are experts, can shoot them on a run and hit and kill them every time if they see 'em or not.

The rats in Eastern Oregon are not like the Coast rats. They are hobbled rats, a cross between high license and prohibition and the notoriety and cleverness of shooting them, depends on one's nerve and in Eastern Oregon the nerve is not the same either. But the rats are a capital target to shoot at.

Mrs. Hattie Chandler Stilwell.

Slaughter of the Innocent.

(Rose Trumbell now in Scottsdale, Arizona, but formerly a resident of La Grande where she lived with her parents who were at that time the pastor and pastor's wife at the Baptist church here, is attaining considerable reknown as a verse writer. The following clipping has been taken from the New York Independent by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Slater of this city, and practically every corner of the country has now read the poem.)—Editor's Note.

"O mother, see the mill lights in the darkness glow!"
"I see but candles for my dead
At foot and head."
"Nay, see how wrought by childish hands, world fabrics grow!"
"I see my babes decrepit bowed—
They weave a shroud."
"Yet see their golden wage: the purse of wealth is deep."
"The tide of barter at its flood
Gives bread for blood!"
"O mother, with thy visions dark, dost thou not weep?"
"For slaughtered babes upon such biers
There are no tears.'

Bright Outlook for Kelly.

They were speaking of paradoxical expressions at a recent banquet when an amused expression floated over the features of Gov. George W. Clarke of Iowa, who was on a visit to the east. He explained that he was reminded of an incident along that line.

Recently there was a bad railroad wreck in a western state, and after the injured had been cared for, a man hastened up to one of the doctors.

"Doctor," said the man in an anxious voice, "is Kelly very badly hurt?"

"He is, indeed," admitted the doctor. "We were compelled to amputate both legs."

"You don't really mean it, doctor!" returned the other, deeply concerned. "Do you think he will recover?"

"Oh, yes," was the confident rejoinder of the doctor. "I will have him on his feet again in a couple of months."

MADE EFFECTIVE CAROM SHOT

Remarkable Feat of Marksmanship That is Credited to a Texan of Kentucky Descent.

Shooting to kill is notoriously a fine art both in Kentucky and in Texas. No wonder, then, that the best shot of that sort on record should have been made by a Texan of Kentucky descent. We may call him Hank. His enemies, however, had other names for him. It was, in fact, because a particular one of these enemies, commonly known as Torm, had been indiscreet in this matter of nomenclature that Hank had extra-oiled his six-shooters and gone out to take a walk in the cool of the evening.

Torm was warned, and with his six-shooters also extra-oiled, intrenched himself behind one of the solid brick pillars of the courthouse porch. It was past dusk and the swinging kerosene lamp in the porch failed to illuminate the gloom of the village street where Hank was with his battery, while it made an easy target of a human head poked from behind the pillar, as it must be if the owner were to do any effective shooting on his own account. Torm wisely stuck behind the pillar. Hank maneuvered in vain. Wherever he stood, the pillar was between him and every bit of Torm. At last he gave vent to his disgust in these words, distinctly overheard by listeners well under cover across the road:

"I see I've got to try a carom shot or I'll never get the coyote."

He carefully selected his position, took aim at a certain spot on the brick wall behind the pillar, and pulled the trigger. The bullet went true to the mark, ricocheted, caught Torm in the side of the head, and killed him where he stood.

The story is vouched for by a member of the Republican party in Texas. —New York Evening Post.

News of an Ancient King.

Following his recent return from Egypt to England, Prof. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, lectured before the British School of Archeology for Egypt. He told of having exhumed the mummy of a woman that offered evidence that labor unions existed 5000 B. C. She was a member of a "union of cake sellers," and the inscription that told of her occupation also declared that she was the daughter of one Apollonius.

The latest Egyptian excavations under Doctor Petrie have been rich in discoveries, according to the London correspondent of the New York Sun. A king who had hitherto been unknown to history is now brought to the knowledge of the world. His name was Ha. No portrait of him was found, but a clue to his existence was given by the carving of a jar that was found in one of the graves.

"It is a scratchy drawing," says Professor Petrie, "and was evidently done by a prehistoric man. There is no mention of this king since Mena, who was the first king of Egypt; so he must have belonged to a date previous to that, and was probably short-lived." —Youth's Companion.

Ship Struck in a Hayfield.

The remains of an excursion steamer may be seen in a hayfield three hundred feet above the lake of Loen, in Norway. This oddly placed wreck is the sole relic of a terrible landslide which took place in 1906, when the whole side of a mountain suddenly slipped into the lake, raising a great wave more than 300 feet high, which drowned everybody living along the shores, more than 60 people perishing. The steamer, which was moored on the lake at the time, was carried on the crest of the wave over a perpendicular cliff and deposited, as already stated, more than 300 feet above the normal level of the water, more than a quarter of a mile away from its anchorage. It is a torn and battered wreck, every bit of woodwork has been wrenched off, and the twisted steel work testifies to the force of the wave which cast it ashore.—Wide World Magazine.

Not Much Doubt.

Several Americans in London recently applied to an agency for an automobile in which to go sightseeing. There was difficulty in getting one on such short notice, but when the hour arrived a luxurious limousine car was placed at their disposal. The chauffeur proved very informed. When they returned they remarked that they had never had such a car or such a driver.

"Well, it is not often that one like this is for hire," was the reply. "Did you notice the coat of arms on the door? That automobile belongs to Lady ——," naming one of the wealthiest American heiresses married to an English peer, "but she is out of town."

The Americans who had the use of Lady ——'s car are wondering whether she or the chauffeur enjoyed the profits.

Read the advertisements too.

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Final Reductions Placed on All Lines

Here Are a Few of The Many Final Prices:

$9.90	Half - Price	Greater
Your Choice of any Ladies	For a Large Line of New	Reductions on all
Tailored Suit or Coat	Silk Dresses	Wool Dress Goods

Last Chance to Save ¼ on Mens' and Boys' Clothing
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KILL BEASTS OF PREY

FOREST RANGERS WAR ON THE PREDATORY ANIMALS.

Not Only Save Stockmen Many Thousands of Dollars Yearly, but Afford Protection to the Milder Class of Game.

During the past fiscal year 4,686 predatory animals were killed by federal officers on the national forests, according to an actual count of carcasses. An indeterminate number of animals, whose bodies were not found, are presumed to have died from poison.

The ranger's bag of beasts of prey this year, as shown by forest service figures, was made up of 206 bears, 3,541 coyotes, 133 mountain lions, 62 lynx, 583 wild cats, 64 wolves and 97 wolf pups. The figures indicate that the national forests are becoming cleared of wild animals that prey upon domestic live stock and game, for the forest ranger fills in odd moments between other jobs by thinning out "undesirable citizens" of the animal world. Wolves are said to cause greater losses to western stockmen than any other of the predatory animals. It is estimated that a family of wolves will destroy about $3,000 worth of stock per annum and that one able-bodied wolf costs the grazing industry $600 a season. The wolves are of two classes—the smaller prairie wolves or coyotes and the larger gray, black, or timber wolves, called "lobos." These latter are the great stock destroyers against which the campaign of the rangers has been waged.

The methods of hunting wolves in the west vary. On the plains wolves are sometimes hunted with dogs and horses, but this way is considered expensive and often dangerous. This sport is described by Roosevelt in his earlier hunting books. On national forests the rangers either set out poison or baited steel traps or, by watching trails and hiding near a wolf's den, are able to shoot one or both of the old wolves when they return from foraging. In no other way, according to the forest service, can the number of wolves be kept down so well as by finding their dens and destroying the young.

The skins of the predatory animals killed by the rangers are either kept as souvenirs or sold for a price or for bounty. Wolf skins in the west are said to bring from $4 to $6 for robes and rugs; a mountain lion skin, $10 to $20; and a bear skin, anywhere from $20 to $150, according to size and species. In addition to this there are bounties on bears, lions and wolves in most of the western stock states. Wyoming, in ten years, has paid out, it is said, over $65,000 in bounties on wolves alone and $95,000 more on coyotes and mountain lions. Through his activity against these pests the forest ranger, it is said, has saved the stockmen many thousands of dollars during the year, while the protection to game animals, such as deer, elk and antelope, is of almost equal importance.

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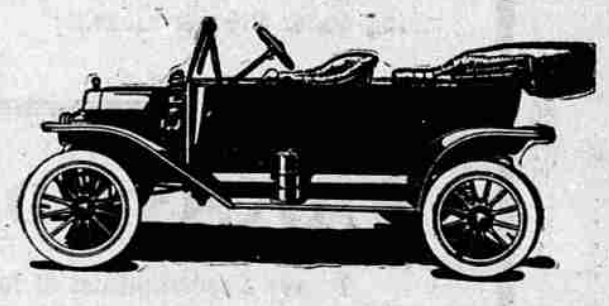

La Grande National Bank

Organized in 1887.

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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
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