

# Moro



# Bulletin.

VOL. I.

MORO, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1902.

NO. 5.

## SHERMAN COUNTY

ONE OF THE MOST PRODUCTIVE COUNTIES IN THE STATE.

A County of varied resources and susceptible to an increase in productiveness to double what it is at present.

Sherman County is bounded on the north by the Columbia River, on the east by the John Day River, on the west by the Deschutes River, and on the south by Wasco County, and embraces in said boundaries a strip of country about 850 square miles.

The principal production of the County is wheat, although large quantities of oats and barley are raised annually. Sherman County, although one of the smallest in the State, can in production be placed alongside of the largest, as one sixth of the entire wheat crop annually exported from the State of Oregon is taken from this County.

Fruits of all kinds bear in abundance and are of the very best quality. Some of the best orchards in Eastern Oregon are to be found here.

A portion of the County is peculiarly adapted to stockraising, and thousands of sheep, horses and cattle of the best breeds and highest grades are to be found within her borders.

The assessed valuation placed upon property is very low, as well as the tax levy, as there is no need of either being high, the County being entirely out of debt with plenty of money in her treasury to meet all her obligations.

The County has a fine two-story brick courthouse, surrounded by well kept grounds.

The principal business places in the County are Wasco, Grass Valley and Moro, all thriving towns.

### CITY OF MORO.

Moro, the County Seat of Sherman County, is located near the center of the County. It has a population of some 500 inhabitants, each and every one of whom has the interests of the town at heart; and no difference how they may be divided on religious, political or other questions, when anything pertaining to the welfare of the town comes up, then they act as one man, working together in unity to accomplish the purposes in view; and in every instance success crowns their efforts.

Moro is about 1400 feet above the sea level, and is located upon rolling ground that slopes gradually to the northeast, making a beautiful picture to the traveler entering the city from any direction.

Moro has a fine system of waterworks, and in fact is the only town in the County which owns its own water plant, furnishing an abundance of water to its citizens, as well as having an unlimited supply in case of fire.

Moro has one of the best graded schools in the County, and no pains or expense are spared in building up the school, each year making it better than the preceding one.

Moro has banking facilities equal to any found in the State, as well as enormous business houses of all kinds that carry full lines of everything needed in the workshop, on the farm or in the home.

Moro has a bright future before it, and at no distant day its population will be more than doubled, as those seeking a pleasant and ideal place to live, with transportation facilities of the very best at its door, with several religious denominations represented, with the very best school, with one of the healthiest locations in the State, will come and build themselves a home with us and help enjoy the benefits that can only be derived from a town that has the many advantages that Moro possesses.

### MORO CITY DIRECTORY.

**MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.**  
 Mayor..... W. H. Moore  
 Recorder..... J. M. Parry  
 Treasurer..... E. H. Hickson  
 Marshal..... Wm. Hogard

**COMMISSIONERS.**  
 R. J. Gian..... M. Fitzmaurice  
 H. A. Moore..... J. O. Eldred  
 W. J. Martin..... G. W. Brock

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
 J. M. Foss..... Chief  
 Adolph Heydt..... Asst. Chief  
 Geo. Bolton..... Foreman Hose Co.  
 L. Barnum..... Asst. Foreman Hose Co.  
 Wm. Henriksen..... Foreman Hook & Ladder Co.  
 W. O. Hadley..... Asst.

**CHURCHES.**  
 M. E. Church, Rev. W. C. Smith, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.  
 Presbyterian church, Rev. C. S. Elder pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

**LODGES.**  
 Moro Camp No. 351, Woodmen of the World. Meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. M. Fitzmaurice, G. C. J. M. Foss, Clerk.  
 Moro Circle No. 56, Women of Woodcraft. Meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Mrs. Daye Dickman, Mrs. J. Danaboo, Clerk.  
 Moro Lodge No. 111, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. G. W. Brock, M. A. Bull, Sec.  
 Lupton Rebekah Lodge No. 116. Meets every Friday evening. Mrs. W. J. Martin.  
 Mrs. May Barnum, Sec. N. G.  
 Moro Lodge No. 64, A. O. U. W. Meets every Tuesday evening. Robt. Brash, A. E. Cousins, Recorder. W. W. Zurek, Lodge-1, D. A. P. and A. M. Meets on first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. M. Parry.  
 H. W. Logan, Sec. W. M.  
 Hermita Lodge No. 82, B. of H. Meets second and fourth Monday evenings in each month. W. B. McCoy, Mrs. Geo. Brock, Recorder. W. W.  
 Moro Council No. 962, Knights and Ladies of Security. Meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Maggie Strahan, Ir. O. J. Goffin, Cor. Sec. President.  
 Moro Camp No. 298, Modern Woodmen of America. Meets on first and third Thursday evenings in each month. W. H. Snook, D. P. Higginbotham, Clerk. Consul.  
 Order of Washington. Meets first and third Wednesday in each month. W. O. Hadley, Alta Poole, Sec. Pfrs.

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Don't let that fence go any longer. I can sell you posts at 10c by the carload. M. Fitzmaurice.

Parties take notice that I have charge of E. Peoples' agricultural implements. These things must be sold. If you want a plow, harrow, wagon, seeder, header, or anything in that line, see me first.—M. Fitzmaurice, Moro.

Parties looking for farms will do well to go to Moore Bros. before purchasing elsewhere. They have several fine farms in the county that they wish to sell on easy terms.

**R. E. HOSKINSON,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
Abstracting, Collections and Real Estate A Specialty.  
MORO, OR.

**J. B. HOSFORD,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.  
Practices in all the Courts of this State.  
MORO, OREGON.

**C. J. BRIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Will practice in any Court of the State.  
Office over Krause's Harness Shop.  
WASCO, OR.

CEDAR FENCE POSTS—bright, new, clean cuts for sale by M. Fitzmaurice, City Hotel, Moro, Ore.

**DR. O. J. GOFFIN,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN,  
Women and Children a Specialty.  
Office in Anderson Bldg. Moro, Oregon

**R. W. LOGAN, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Rooms 1, 2 and 5, Ginn Brick.  
MORO, OR.

**Dr. Lloyd D. Idleman**  
DENTIST.  
Does All Kinds of High Class Dental Work.  
Office hours: 9:30 a.m. to 12 m.; 1:30 to 5 p. m. Office over the Bank.  
MORO, OREGON.



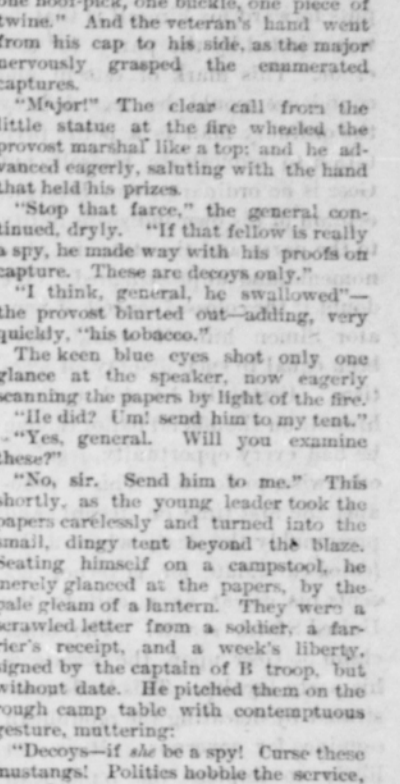
A ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

"Are you badly hurt?" the officer asked.  
 "Fast walking," Evan replied, with quick-repressed grunt of pain, as he again tried to bear weight on his left foot. "No bones broken, I guess; but a pretty bad wrench."  
 "Take him behind you, Dowd," the major ordered. "We're wasting time." And two stout pairs of arms raised the captive, not ungently, and placed him on the crup of the Irishman's horse.  
 "Sergeant, send him back to headquarters. Detail Riley to guard him," the major ordered, wheeling his horse. "An infantry support, Paddy," whispered Evan, as he gripped the Irishman's waist.  
 "Hark! what's that?" muttered the federal officer, suddenly checking his horse and turning in saddle to listen. "Platoon!—By right and left—as skirmishers—MARCH!"  
 An instant more, the road was clear, the skirting woods on either hand concealing the little force, and each man's carbine at a "ready."  
 For now, from southward, plainly sounded hoofs, at rapid trot; and soon the jingle of accoutrements told of cavalry advancing. In rear of the last trooper, Evan listened with bated breath.  
 Could they be rebels? Were they Yankees? Had Carolyn evaded them, friends or foes? Maimed, disarmed, and closely watched by the surly man who owed him a dismount, the chafing captive could only listen and conjecture. And nearer the horsemen trotted merrily through the snow—now falling heavily—and soon a dark shadow loomed up in distance.  
 "Challenge, sergeant," whispered the major, and the trooper's knees turned his horse into the road, facing the intruder, his carbine at dead aim.  
 "Halt! Who goes there?"  
 "Friends! With the countersign," came the answer. "Is Maj. Conyers there, Sergt. Greer?"  
 "I am here, Capt. Granger," the officer answered, riding out to his subaltern. "What brings your scout on this trail? You were to take the lower road," he added, in lower voice.  
 "We heard firing hoaraway, sir," the younger soldier replied, in the same tone. "And, besides, we had a chase after the best piece of horseflesh and pluckiest piece of womanhood I have struck in rebellion. She cut my shoulder strap with a bullet, in reply to challenge, then took to cover and led us through the woods like a born fox hunter."  
 "And you let a woman escape you?" The old major's voice was very dry.  
 "Not finally, sir. Her horse pumped—he must have been overriden—so we hemmed her in at last. Sergt. Flynn," he added, louder, "advance with your prisoner."  
 And Carolyn Clay's horse was led to the front, the girl sitting erect in saddle, quiet, but pale, and with an ugly gleam in her blue-gray eyes.  
 "Who are you, madam—or miss, I presume?" Maj. Conyers asked, saluting courteously.  
 "A Virginian. A lady causelessly chased and arrested while riding quietly homeward," the girl answered, defiantly.  
 "Virginia ladies seem to choose strange hours for quiet rides," the old major retorted, rather grimly. "Will you give me your name, occupation and residence, upon honor, if I parole you?"  
 "I demand to be released unconditionally and permitted to proceed to my home," Miss Clay answered, haughtily. "Do you Yankee soldiers confess that you war upon southern women?"  
 "Perhaps; when southern women shoot at us in their jocular way," the veteran replied. "But we waste time, madam. Will you answer my question?"  
 "I deny your right to question. I demand to be released as a non-combatant," was the firm response.  
 "Non-combatants do not shoot in reply to challenge, on lonely roads," the major retorted, rather impatiently. "Will you answer, or not? What is your name, and what were you doing hereabouts with a cavalry soldier?"  
 "I told you, major! That's my cousin from the farm," Evan began, only to be cut off by the sergeant's stern call: "Silence in ranks! Riley, guard your prisoner!"  
 But the quick woman's wit caught the fact of her cousin's capture, and his cue, at the same time; and she folded her arms quietly, remaining silent.  
 "Very well, madam," the major said. "I will send you to headquarters with your 'cousin' there, and let you discuss military ethics with the general. Capt. Granger, detail one man of your squad to guard this lady. Corporal Doyle, report with both prisoners to provost-marshal at headquarters: the fires will

### CHAPTER III.

A NEW FOR WITH AN OLD FACE.  
 A slight, almost boyish figure, passing to and fro with restless, tigerish movement, cut the red gleam of the smoldering campfire with frequent shadow, as the two prisoners and their escort rode up to the bivouac on the river bank.  
 Challenge, reply and report quickly made, the provost-marshal asked numerous questions of the captive pair, getting but scant information in return. Then he moved forward to the restless pacer by the fire, halted, and, saluting, said:  
 "Maj. Conyer's scout sends in two prisoners, general. Would you care to question them, or—"  
 "Send them to the rear, sir," brusquely replied the officer addressed, passing into gloom.  
 "One of them is a woman, sir."  
 The returning shadow promptly halted, raised a pair of keen blue eyes to the other's face, shook the snow out of the long brown curls escaping beneath his plumed felt hat and resting on his collar, as he asked, crisply—  
 "Camp woman, or spy?"  
 "Certainly not an ordinary camp woman. A lady, seemingly; though she will not talk," replied the provost-marshal, glibly. "And, sir, when a woman won't talk—"  
 "Any papers? Have you searched them?" cut in his superior.  
 "No, sir. I had supposed Maj. Conyers—"  
 "Supposed? Search them, sir!" And the young general, with a scarcely suppressed oath, locked his hands behind him, stood with back to the fire, wholly careless of the fast falling snow, and watched his officer's retreating form as he approached the pair.  
 "Faunteroy had been lifted from his cramped perch behind Doyle's saddle, and Miss Clay, dismounting, had approached him, with eager query as to his hurt.  
 "Leg busted, but only a strain, I guess," he answered, cheerfully, adding, rather ruefully: "It will be in marching trim long before I get the chance to test it, now!"  
 "Poor, dear boy! And all for my sake!" Miss Clay whispered back. "But perhaps we may get off, if—"  
 Her suggestion was cut off unfinished by the brusque order of the provost-marshal:  
 "Fall back, madam!—Sergeant, search that prisoner! Why in thunder haven't you done so already?" he added, in lower grumbling, venting spleen at his own reproach upon his inferior.  
 "All right! Search away," Evan responded, with a loud laugh, as the girl stepped back without a word, only one quick motion of her hand to her lips. And, noting it, the boy swiftly carried his hand to his mouth, as though to stop his laugh. With a dash upon him, the sergeant had his wrist in iron grip, forcing down the tightly-clenched hand and struggling to open it. But ere the long, powerful New Englander could do this, only to find it empty—Evan's jaws had worked rapidly, and he gave a great gulp, as the officer cried:  
 "Choke him, sergeant."  
 "For what?" the reb answered, defiantly, springing back. "You've made me swallow my tobacco now; and—Oh, Lord! I'm getting sick!"  
 With a sudden lurch forward, he leaned heavily on the officer, almost tumbling him into the arms of the agile sergeant.  
 "Lean up, damn you!" growled the provost-marshal—a volunteer commission by recent grace, but a politician by

descent, profession, and life-long practice.  
 There was apparent agony of pangs upon the boy's face; but had the light been stronger the captors might have caught a gleam of merry devil in the eyes he dropped quickly as the volunteer again grumbled:  
 "Um! the old spy's trick. Search him, sergeant! Do you hear?"  
 Without a word of protest, Evan submitted to thorough search by the lean old sergeant, a regular with chevrons for service, which yet could not keep his lips quite steady, as he finished his task and reported, handing over his treasures:  
 "One letter, two passes, sir; one pipe, one hoof-pick, one buckle, one piece of twine." And the veteran's hand went from his cap to his side, as the major nervously grasped the enumerated, captures.  
 "Major!" The clear call from the little statue at the fire wheeled the provost-marshal like a top; and he advanced eagerly, saluting with the hand that held his prizes.  
 "Stop that farce," the general continued, dryly. "If that fellow is really a spy, he made way with his proofs on capture. These are decoys only."  
 "I think, general, he swallowed"—the provost blurted out—adding, very quickly, "his tobacco."  
 The keen blue eyes shot only one glance at the speaker, now eagerly scanning the papers by light of the fire.  
 "He did? Um! send him to my tent."  
 "Yes, general. Will you examine these?"  
 "No, sir. Send him to me." This shortly, as the young leader took the papers carefully and turned into the small, dingy tent beyond the blaze. Seating himself on a campstool, he merely glanced at the papers, by the pale gleam of a lantern. They were a scrawled letter from a soldier, a farmer's receipt, and a week's liberty, signed by the captain of B troop, but without date. He pitched them on the rough camp table with contemptuous gesture, muttering:  
 "Decoys—if she be a spy! Curse these mustangs! Politics hobble the service, no end."  
 A shadow in the tent door raised the general's eyes, as Miss Clay entered, erect and calm, followed by Evan, leaning on the sergeant.  
 Keenly the cavalry leader scanned the pair, his eyes passing from the girl—after quick inventory of her "points"—to Faunteroy, then quickly back to her.  
 "Do you know, sir, that I can hang you at daylight?" He shot the question at Evan like a bullet.  
 "Yes, sir—or shoot me to-night," the boy answered, quietly. "But I do not think you will."  
 "You are a spy."  
 "He is not," Miss Clay's voice rang out clear and defiant. "He is a confederate soldier, and in uniform. He is a prisoner of war."  
 "And are you also?" The young general rose gracefully as he addressed the lady, instinctively straightening his saber and brushing back his damp curls, with half-boyish air of foppiness, as he tossed his hat on the table.  
 Miss Clay's eyes met her questioner's steadily, but with unmistakable defiance, as she answered:  
 "I am not, sir. I am a non-combatant, a Virginia lady on her way to her aunt's home, arrested and dragged here without cause or excuse for the outrage! You doubtless could hang us both to-morrow—or now, if it suits your government's theories of war; but its articles protect this youth and release me."  
 The general's eyes again inventoried the speaker with curiosity that had some admiration mixed with it, but he answered, calmly:  
 "Um! you seem familiar with the articles of war. Did you study them at your aunt's, or—in camp? What is your name?"  
 "Carrie Faunteroy—my first cousin, sir." Evan broke in, quickly, his eye catching the papers on the table, before the girl could reply.  
 "Is that true?"



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### Vitulent Cancer Cured.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to expel bilious, kidney and microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless healing power, blood diseases, skin eruption, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, salve 25c, at all druggists.

The Moro Implement Company beg to state to the public that they have a number one plumber who works in connection with their hardware store. They are prepared to make estimates on all kinds of plumbing and tin work.

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