

THE MORO BULLETIN.

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THURSDAY OCT. 2, 1932

A FAIR BLOCKADE RUNNER

Continued from last week.
"This guard house is just—where you ought to be!" He raised his voice for the sentry to hear. "You will be here all night, even if you miss your faith to-morrow."

"I understand perfectly," the boy again replied. "I suppose I am as well off here as elsewhere."

"Far better for such an active youth, whose tongue has more liberty than his body, just now. Keep that tongue quiet, or you may remain here longer than—I think you will."

He turned, opening the door. As the sentry faced, for his exit, he added: "You are such a boy, here's something for you. It may taste better, coming from Gen. Baldwin's kitchen."

Drawing from his pocket a crisp, brown bun, he handed it to Evan, who caught his meaning look that accompanied the next words:

"Don't bolt it whole; it might disagree with you. Anyway, you will be obliged to divide with these other rebels, I suppose. Good-bay."

He was gone; the bolt shot, and Evan Fauntleroy, with whirling brain—full of hope, memory of the secret letter, curses of his own stupidity, and dashes of Ross's Westchester's meaning eyes—sat once more on the bunk's edge. After some thought, he rose, saying, softly: "Comrades, I'd like your names and commands. I am Fauntleroy, B troop,—th Virginia cavalry."

The trio gave the information: when the boy cried with a loud laugh: "Well, parls, let's divide Gen. Baldwin's bun."

But his finger went to his lip, as he listened intently for the sentry's tramp, till it faded slowly from the door. Then he carefully broke the small loaf, taking from it a thin, tempered slice, a flat phial of oil, and a strong, thin twine, closely wrapped around a scrap of written card. These he quickly concealed in his shirt; and when the new relief looked in at the door five minutes later all four men were manching the flaky white bread, with innocent faces but hearts beating high with hope.

Then, as the regular tramp again sounded without, Evan eagerly read the card in low whisper:

"Just after the midnight relief drop the twine from the window. Saw the bar first. Pull up the rope very cautiously. Stockade sentry walks to edge of guard house just by window. Watch his back. I will be below. I will force you into the guard house. It is the only hope."

Never had hours crawled with feet so leaden as those between noon and nightfall, for those liberty-hungry creatures, watching the creeping sun-light along the prison wall. But at last came tattoo; then—after a seeming age—taps.

The prison pen was still as death, the only sound the dull beat of feet before the guard-house door, the more hollow tramp of the stockade sentry almost overhead. For what seemed many hours, the waiting men heard this sentinel tramp almost to their window, his feet dying almost away as he turned and walked back, up his post.

At last came the relief, the sergeant of the guard looking in, only to find four worn, sleeping men stretched in their bunks. And their sleeping quarters, his caution to the new sentry to keep his eyes about him and look out for grand rounds.

As the order came and the tramp of the relief died away, Evan rose cautiously, but nimbly, and motioned to his nearest neighbor. As though drilled a zealous, the man clambered on the upper bunk, leaving himself against the wall, the boy climbing to his shoulders without a sound, the file saw in his teeth. Gilding that and the bar freely, the boy waited until the stockade sentry turned; then he began to say: "The trumped steel, cooled to somnolence by constant drops of oil, cut fast into the soft iron; but the bar was thick, and each time the sentry turned, the worker paused to listen. So for a long while, when the man below—faint, exhausted, with a great heave upon his brow, spite of the cold-whispered for rest. A second took his place. Again the boy mounted his human ladder, working on, cautious, but tireless, with sweat pouring from him, with blistered hands, but heart high, upheld by hope—the side was scored through. Suddenly, the tramp of men approaching—the second relief.

Again the feet before the door were still; again the sergeant and the new sentry put in their heads, seeing four men sleeping heavily and with stertorous breathing. Then again, with precision as though drilled to it, the human ladder posed, and Evan went at the bar afresh.

At last! The iron yielded, shook; and Evan, cautiously exerting all his strength, twisted it round, hanging by a thin shred. Then, carefully as one whose life hangs upon a sound, he put forth his head.

The gibbous moon hung low in mid-western heaven, gleaming clear and white on the snowy plain all about the camp; but nearer in—on this side—the high wall cast dense shadows, blacker

by contrast, for many yards. Then, as the wall sentry walked back, Fauntleroy unrolled the twine, passing it through his mouth to dampen out the twist. With steady hand, but wildly-thrilling heart, he dropped it slowly down. The depth to ground he could not even guess, ignorant of the shape beyond and if the wall were ditched; but, after anxious space, he felt a light touch, as a perch were feeling the line. Another pause and two distinct pulls signalled him to haul up. The sentry turned again; and he swiftly drew up the line—laid and heavy now—hand over hand, to avoid the noise of friction on the sill.

At length the end of a heavy rope was in; eager hands seized it, nimbly securing it to a ring, used for refractory captives. Then the four men listened for the stockade sentry, scarce breathing as he approached the window. This time he passed, peering mechanically into the shadow, while Evan's heart beat loud tattoo. But the soldier turned carelessly, paced slowly away, and the boy, forcing himself lightly through the bars, grasped the rope securely.

Even he went, hand over hand, his feet carefully steering him from the wall.

Half-way down, he heard the sentry

"Quick! Close to the wall! This way!"

turn, and hung still, breathless, each second expecting a shot. But the friendly shadow shielded rope and man; and next moment his feet touched the ground, a strong hand grasped his shoulder, and whisper came through the darkness:

"Quick! Close to the wall! This way!"

"But the others? I promised—"

"They must risk it. Come! Two lives—one halter—depend on seconds now! Come!"

Yielding, half reluctant, to the stronger will and his own sense of right to his rescuer, the boy followed his guide, with noiseless feet, but eyes glued to a new sentry, silhouetted sharp on another angle against the clear moonlight. As he turned on his beat, the guide whispered:

"Now! Quick across that moonlight! To that ditch!"

Both men sped across the broad moonlit space, unobserved, and gained the friendly shadow of the ditch. And at the instant a shot rang out, and simultaneously the call:

"Turn out th' ga-ald! Prisoner 'scaped!"

Throwing themselves flat on their faces, with one impulse, both men turned their eyes to the guard house window, as the sentry's lantern swung out over the parapet with dull gleam.

Six feet below the sill a form clung to the rope desperately, seeming in their dim light to writhe and kick spasmodically. And, as they looked, it relaxed its hold, falling to the ground with dull, ominous thud.

Then over the night came quick orders, flashing lights, the dismal long-roll of the drum, and the thud of many running feet.

"Quick! follow the ditch! Your life is on your speed!" the guide whispered; and they rushed along the smooth-washed bottom of the deep gully at top speed.

A hundred yards, and a tall fence skirted the ditch. Over this they clambered, running over foot and hand, lock, aided by the kindly moon; over the opposite fence, racing a night for the city, its lights not half a mile ahead. Soon they reached the suburbs, the guide dropping into a brisk walk, finally passing before a lonely house in the thinly-settled quarter. Gaining, he lifted a dim lamp, screened behind the door, and motioned Evan to a large, unfurnished parlor.

(Continued next week.)

Natural Anxiety.
Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. It's attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Liquefies the mucus, allays inflammation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Ga.: "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest. I intended to withdraw but took One Minute cough cure. It restored my voice in time to win the medal." G. N. Bolton.

Parties wanting timber claims will do well to write or see M. Fitzmaurice, Moro, Or. He has some yellow pine, 24 million feet to the 4 section, 3 miles from a driveable stream. New railroad in course of construction. Apply at once.

Book-lovers will find a nice assortment of stories and novelties by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ertha M. Clay, Marie Correlli, Alphonse Daudet, M. E. Holmes, and Mrs. Southworth at the "Beehive." Your choice for 10 cents.

Job printing at the Bulletin office

Socialists Notice.

To the editor:—I have just received a letter from the Socialist Party headquarters in St. Louis which I give below, it being self-explanatory:

Comrad:—The socialists of Massachusetts having insisted upon Comrade Chase's return to that state immediately, we are obliged to inform you that his lecture tour will have to be abandoned, and the dates already made cancelled. With regrets, I remain,

Yours fraternally,
LEON GREENBAUM,
National Secretary.

Please inform your readers that it is my intention to place a socialist speaker in Sherman county in the near future. The present disappointment in not getting Mr. Chase is perhaps greater to myself than anyone else. C. W. Batzov

"Snuffles" is the only perfect catarrh cure ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve hay fever or cold in the head.

Catarrh when neglected often leads to consumption—"Snuffles" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure catarrh in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "Snuffles" the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. H 567, Edwin B. Giles & Co., 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Vessels bound to England and Australia bound to South Africa are suffering from a plague of stowaways. Since the British have gained control of the country thousands of emigrants are flocking there, and the impetuous want to go any way.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.
An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves. No Nauseous Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that drunkenness is a disease and not a weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "Home Gold Cure" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of imbeciles. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how long a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

Wives cure your husbands! Children cure your fathers! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum, but a specific for this disease, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is tolerably palatable and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "Cure" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. Do not wait. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "Home Gold Cure" is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, thus placing within the reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. H 567, Edwin B. Giles & Co., 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

An abstract of title is something the average man knows every little about. He has sold his property or wants a loan on it, and is told by the purchaser or loan company that an abstract is absolutely necessary. He immediately orders one without inquiring the cost. It will pay you to see me if you want an abstract. If you want to borrow money I can get it for you from a reliable company.—M. Fitzmaurice.

Grant Kollogg is selling a fire extinguisher that no well regulated house should be without. Any ordinary blaze can be put out with this machine in half a minute.

WASCO ITEMS.

H. K. Porter was in from his John Day ranch Saturday.

J. W. Allen made a business trip to The Dalles Saturday, returning Monday.

The Dalles Carnival is attracting visitors from every corner of Sherman county.

A light frost Saturday night is reported from several sections of the county, which is us that winter is coming on apace.

John Lynch of Biglow was doing business in Wasco Saturday and wound up by riding to Moro with ye editor for the purpose of paying his taxes.

The Moro Land Co. sold two sections of Horse Heaven land this week and have a deal about closed for the sale of several more. It is excellent land and affords a splendid opportunity for men with little capital to get a start.

Several of our citizens are planning to attend the lecture on socialism to be delivered by Hon. John P. Chase, in Moro Wednesday evening, October 5th. It will no doubt prove very interesting and afford many who do not understand what socialism is, to obtain a correct idea of its principles.

Farm For Sale, Cheap.
If you want a well improved farm at a bargain, on easy payments, call at the News office.

Farm For Sale.
A good ranch of 320 acres, water, house, barn and small orchard; for sale with payment of one-fourth down and balance on crop payment plan. For information call at News office.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.
Something New Under the Sun.

Doctors have tried to cure Catarrh by powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. The powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of catarrh, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures catarrh, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This remedy is known as "Snuffles the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure" and is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine for full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

Jury Panel.
October Term, 1932

W. H. MOORE, J. A. MOORE, J. B. MOORE, J. C. MOORE, J. D. MOORE, J. E. MOORE, J. F. MOORE, J. G. MOORE, J. H. MOORE, J. I. MOORE, J. J. MOORE, J. K. MOORE, J. L. MOORE, J. M. MOORE, J. N. MOORE, J. O. MOORE, J. P. MOORE, J. Q. MOORE, J. R. MOORE, J. S. MOORE, J. T. MOORE, J. U. MOORE, J. V. MOORE, J. W. MOORE, J. X. MOORE, J. Y. MOORE, J. Z. MOORE.

Teachers Reception.
Mr and Mrs. Vowry opened their spacious parlors for the entertainment of the teachers and a few friends Wednesday evening.

Co. Supt. Ragsdale made a brief address which was very ably responded to by Miss Ewing.

Prof. Ackerman made it a special duty to see that all the school-ma'tams had a good time, and as usual these present spent a most enjoyable evening, one which will be among the pleasant memories of our little city. Ice-cream and cake was served and although this office was not remembered we know it was first-class.

The Worst Form.
Multitudes are singing the praises of Kodol, the new discovery which is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure, rich, red blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill, of Troy, I. T., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals, it digests what you eat." G. N. Bolton.

Four lots, good house, barn, woodshed and all the conveniences of a modern residence. For sale. Apply at this office.

Mark Twain's Cousin,

G. C. Clemens, of Topeka, Kan., the noted constitutional lawyer, who bears so striking a resemblance to Mark Twain, (Samuel B. Clemens) that he is frequently taken for the original Mark.

G. C. Clemens is a man of deep intellect and wide experience. He is considered one of the foremost lawyers in this country. In a recent letter to the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Mr. Clemens says:

"Personal experience and observation have thoroughly satisfied me that Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic is true merit, and is excellent for what it is recommended."

Mr. Norman Waltrip, Sup. Pres. Bankers' Fraternal Society, Chicago, says:

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills
are invaluable for headache and all pain. I had been a great sufferer from headache until I learned of the efficacy of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills. Now I always carry them and prevent recurring attacks by taking a pill when the symptoms first appear."

Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25c. per Box. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

J. B. HOSFORD,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
Practices in all the Courts of this State.
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C. J. BRIGHT,
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Will practice in any Court of the State.
Office over Krause's Harness Shop.
WASCO, OR.

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

R. W. LOCAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
Rooms 1, 2 and 5, Ginn Bldg.
MORO, OR.

W. B. McCOY,
DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS, NUTS, ETC.

To spend a quiet half-hour when time drags heavily, go to McCoy's. Here you will find billiard and pool tables, soft drinks, and everything necessary to pass the time pleasantly.

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Collections made at all points on favorable terms. Sight exchange and telegraphic transfers sold on New York, San Francisco, Portland and Honolulu, Hawaii.

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Biggerstaff Bros., Props.
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Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Ice cold beer on draught.
Moro - Oregon.

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WE SELL ELASTIC CARBON PAINT.

The only reliable Paint for painting fences, iron, steel, felt, and shingle roofing, boiler fronts, smoke stacks

It is guaranteed waterproof, fireproof, will not crack or blister, ready mixed, and it dries with a perfect lustre.

WHEN YOUR ROOF LEAKS REMEMBER

Elastic Carbon Paint

will repair and make it good as new.

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A. M. HOLDER, PROP.

Dealer in Lumber, Wood, Coal, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Windows, Posts, Chop Feed, Lime and Cement.

We solicit your orders and guarantee satisfaction, whether the order be for a large lot or a small one.

IF YOU INTEND BUILDING A HOUSE OR BARN

Come and let us figure with you, and you will be surprised to find how cheap we can furnish you the material.

If you want to see a nicely arranged, elegant stock of furniture, step into George Brock's store. He has, we believe, as extensive a stock of furniture as can be found east of the mountains. Special attention should be given his new and up-to-date typewriter desks and tables, which are beauties.

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.

Geo. W. Brock

MORO, OREGON

We are now at home in our new brick building on Main Street, where all our patrons, their friends and the general public are invited to call and inspect our line of goods, which is the largest and most complete of any in Sherman County. We carry

Furniture:
Baskets
Mirrors
Parasols
Carpets
Picture Moulding
Mattresses
Wall Paper
Paints and Oils
Picture Frames

Shelf Hardware
Nails and Spikes
Tools of all Kinds
Bolts of all Kinds
Stoves and Ranges
Tinware
Granite Ware
Wheelbarrows
Lanterns and Globes

"Royal" Sewing Machines

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

I have made arrangements to buy wheat this fall in Sherman County, and will pay the highest market price.

Grain sacks on hand, and can supply farmers with what they require.

R. J. GINN,
Moro, Oregon.

Eugene Field's Views on Ambition and Dyspepsia.

"Dyspepsia," wrote Eugene Field, "often incapacitates a man for endeavor and sometimes extinguishes the fire of ambition." Though great despite his complaint Field suffered from indigestion all his life. A weak, tired stomach can't digest your food. It needs rest. You can only rest it by the use of a preparation like Kodol, which relieves it of work by digesting your food. Rest soon restores it to its normal tone.

Book-lovers will find a nice assortment of stories and novelties by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ertha M. Clay, Marie Correlli, Alphonse Daudet, M. E. Holmes, and Mrs. Southworth at the "Beehive." Your choice for 10 cents.

Job printing at the Bulletin office

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The little bottle contains 24 times the 50c size.