

The Moro Bulletin.

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THURSDAY OCT. 23, 1902

Women as Voters.

It is a little difficult to understand the position of Mr. Seddon, premier of New Zealand, on women's suffrage. In his visit to England he has spoken most enthusiastically of the success of the experiment of giving the suffrage to the women in that colony.

Australian Wheat Trade.

As an outcome of the prolonged drought in Australia, Australian wheat buyers have turned their attention to the Pacific coast as a field for operations.

The South African and Indian trade is largely responsible for these prices in excess of export values. On Monday last 67c was bid for Wauia wheat and 72c for Bluebonnet. These fancy figures have had the effect of checking the selling movement.

A Problem.

The United Mineworkers of Pennsylvania and West Virginia have been contending with their employers for four months to gain an increase of 20 per cent. in their wages and for the right to have their grievances in the future decided by arbitration.

they have interests that must be recognized and that their grievances must not be set aside with contempt.

A miner is a human being and not a dumb beast as the average mine owner would have him. They certainly have a right to some voice in the conduct of an enterprise in which they are so important a factor.

What could be a more fitting monument than a free kindergarten, as established by Mrs. Hearst in San Francisco.

The East Oregonian takes exception to people who come over to this country "in ships."

A FAIR BLOCKADE RUNNER

Continued from last week. The blockade runner was waiting for a hail, probably a volley.

Meanwhile, the skiff, in slack from the current, began to drift slowly toward the second light, and Pete, low-crouched in the stern, motionlessly shipped his paddle and turned her head shoreward.

Intuitively the others had stretched in the hay, drawing the oilcloths well over them, breathlessly expecting the whir of a bullet or the glare of a bengala.

Flat on the water, no head showing above her sides, the light craft as if seized well the feather of Pete's strong, slow wrist.

For high above him loomed the second boat; and a biscuit dropping from it had fallen in the skiff.

Under the very nose of the tall ship drifted the skiff, quiet, turned into the gloomy shadow of her great sails, carried slowly downward by the slack.

All three could hear the officer run aft, and his gruff reply, as he lowered his night-glass: "No more, Kessel! I see nothing."

so brightly that the boat-gilding swiftly almost out of radius now showed clearly. And, with the slight ripples cracked from the nearest ship, bullets cutting the water all around, and one striking dull into the stern of the tall blockade-runner.

"By low, missy!—Row, bossy, row!" Another volley came, some bullets hissing very near, as Evan beat to his oar and cried, cheerily: "Well, Pete! It's run or hang, now!"

"But the light boat, as though in relief from impeded shots by the tall ship, the darkness like a racer, under the desperate pull of four strong arms.

"How far to shore, Pete?" "Less'n half-mile, bossy." "Can we beat them in?" "This as calmly as the negro had asked for a 'chaw,' but he added: 'They's eight oars and oberhaul our two.'"

"Can you shoot, Pete?" There was a breezy ring in the boy's question, but the answer came: "Yes, bossy; but I's not gwine ter. Pete's gwine ter lan' de missy a-runnin' dis time!"

"But you say they'll catch us?" "All this through desperate pulling, pursuing our boats sounding clearer, clearer still.

"If de water'd hold. Ef we keeps 'lar de lumps, we strikes de flats, an' dem can't follow, sholy!"

Straight on after them came the heavy ship's boat, powered by their oars. And now another bengala flashed up in her, not reaching the quarry, but showing the pursuer plainly.

"How far off is that boat?" Miss Clay asked, calmly, sitting in the hay. "A hundred yards."

"Hundred and fifty," Evan answered. "Pull away, Pete!"

"But three hundred, bossy," the black corrected. "Lowin' ter de water. But she's a gainin', an' fass, too!"

On still, with oars strained as though for very life, swept pursuer and pursued, sweat dripping from Evan's every pore, while the trained black seemed cool and fresh as if there were no strain upon him.

And the Yankee crew gained with every pull. Suddenly a soft jar—another, harder, and the black gave a great sweep, crying: "Back! Lift, bossy! Quick! We's dun streak dem flats," he added, as the boat's head swung to his pull and she glided on again.

"Pull slower, bossy. De lumps is dun'jus." And he bent low over the water, striving to scan the shoreline behind him.

But the pursuer had brought the pursuit dangerously near, the glare of a fresh bengala showing her prey well within its gleam. Raising the torch high above his head, the officer pointed to the slower moving craft; and with his other hand, under a dozen shots, bullets cutting the water all around, ere the red flash ran along the muzzles.

"Catch my oar, quick!" Evan cried; but it was Carolyn Clay's hand—evidently quicker than Pete's—that grasped it, as the boy slipped out his long revolver, studying the barrel on his left arm and aiming just above the torch. Before its report rang out, the bengala-light whirled in air, falling fast into the water. But, as it fell, they saw the officer's arm drop, as he staggered back among the rowers.

Then all was blacker than before, for awhile, and then came faintly in the low east a pale, grayish haze that was not light, but soft whiff of the Omnipotent's command to make it!

"Now for life!" Evan cried, taking his oar. "Have we water enough?" "Lots, bossy, outer de lumps," Pete replied, leading his broad back to the pull. And again the skiff flew onward, the sounds in the pursuing boat fainter in the distance.

On, for minutes more, reckoned only by their heart-beats and regular plash of oars. Then that eastern haze, fast growing into semblance of light, made the shore line visible. Pete rested on his oar, and a quick turn swept up around a point and into a creek, black and tree-arched. Gliding swiftly up this, until its windings stopped the oars, Pete shipped his paddle, as he said: "Dem's dun loss us, sholy! Dis sho's oncheknow ter dey. Ya've 'em!"

The light craft shot through overhanging foliage, as the gray dawn touched the old face of all nature. And its way light fell upon the face of Carolyn Clay, quiet, solemn, but glorified with joy, as she knelt in the wet straw and sent her heart up in thanksgiving to the Throne's foot.

CHAPTER XV. THE DEBATER'S REWARD. Its precious freight of medicines and stores removed, Pete hauled his boat ashore and led the way through crisp grass and frozen brush.

(Continued next week.)

THE HOME GOLD CURE. An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Thomases.

No Nauseous Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive for the Liqueur 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.

Wives cure your husbands!! Children cure your fathers!! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum, but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble 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 with 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.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

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 a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

An abstract of title is something the average man knows very 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.

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.

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How About Your Heart

Feel your pulse a few minutes. Is it regular? Are you short of breath, after slight exertion as going up stairs, sweeping, walking, etc? Do you have pain in left breast, side or between shoulder blades, choking sensations, fainting or smothering spells, inability to lie on left side? If you have any of these symptoms you certainly have a weak heart, and should immediately take

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. Mr. F. H. Oaks of Jamestown, N. Y., whose general face appears above, says: "Excessive use of liquor seriously affected my heart. I suffered severe pains about the heart, and in the left shoulder and side; while the palpitation would awaken me from my sleep. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and soon found permanent relief."

J. B. NOSFORD, 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 near Kramer's Hardware Shop. WASCO, OR.

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

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

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

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Advertisement for 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.

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Advertisement for 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.