

THE MORO BULLETIN.

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R. W. Mitchell writing in the Oregonian says: "Irrigation and good roads are of vast importance to our people. The supervision of roads in the different counties of Oregon is a farce. Not one supervisor in a hundred knows a good road when he sees it, much less a bad one. The methods of working roads are not half so good as the plans followed for working the tax payers. The next legislature should provide for a state engineer and the present supervisor should be sent away back and made to sit still. From long experience he knows how to do the latter well."

Superintendent J. Q. Willis, of Lake county, says that some means should be devised of testing the qualifications of a teacher besides the usual test of an examination. He sometimes finds country girls and boys who make better teachers than the normal graduates, while he who holds the diploma is looked upon, generally, as the superior. The only remedy he sees now, is for the country boy and girl to attend the normal and get a diploma.—Chewaucan Post.

It is refreshing to find one man in the state who corroborates our ideas along the line of school examinations. Mr. Willis is perfectly right and the country boy or girl who passes the examination in the county and gets a certificate has a very much harder ordeal to face than the normal school graduate. We certainly know of one case some years ago where a teacher failed for a second grade certificate at Condon, Gilliam county. He was pretty mad about it, got on his horse and plugged away to the normal school and sure enough came back with a state diploma. It would be only fair to the county teacher who has not the money to take a normal school course to make it imperative for the teachers who come from that school with a diploma cut and dried in their pockets to pass the public examination in the county in which they are to teach. Surely with the grand education they acquire at these schools there would be no hardship in this.

Evidently the people of the eastern and middle states are becoming more restless and dissatisfied with their present locations. They are getting tired of facing year after year the rigors of long cold winters, and the death dealing intensity of the heat during the summer. For the past year thousands have emigrated to this state, these have written to their friends giving glowing accounts of the new country until train after train comes loaded with homeseekers. The railroad companies find that their rolling stock is quite inadequate to supply the wants of travelers and are adding daily to their tourist and emigrant cars. All the westbound trains are running in two sections and the rush to secure homes in the west is the greatest ever known. The class of immigrants too, are quite different from that of past years—when the hardy adventurer was the man who struck out with no capital except the pair of strong hands and the brains the almighty supplied him with. It is different now, men who have possessions in the east are selling as fast as they can find buyers and investing the proceeds in lands, business enterprises, and manufacturing plants in this country. In fact we are now getting the third stage in the tide of emigration. Men of capital have found out the possibilities of the country and are gaining

confidence as to our conditions and are ready to invest capital in the development of the huge resources of a hitherto only half known region. Towns are springing up, new enterprises here-to-fore unthought of are being set on foot, and in a few years the West with its genial climate and exemption from all extreme climatic conditions will rival the East in manufacturing, agriculture, and all other industries that add to the greatness of the country.

Timber Land Frauds.

Upon further investigation into the timber land frauds recently unearthed in Oregon, the secretary of the interior finds that in the quarter ended September 30th there were in all land districts 625 more timber entries, covering 100,000 more acres, than were reported in the quarter ended June 30th, while the cash receipts for the last quarter exceed those of the preceding quarter by \$244,489.53. If this pace had not been checked the public timber lands in Oregon would soon have become a thing of the past. The secretary has figured out that if there was the same proportionate activity in timber entries in each of the states as suddenly developed in Oregon, there would not be an acre of public timber land in a years time. Not only are these extensive frauds injuring the general government, but their successful perpetration would throw into the hands of private owners the best remaining public land in Oregon, and the state would be deprived of valuable tracts under its grants. To a certain extent it is expected that the state will assist the department in bringing to justice the violators of timber land law. The Oregon frauds are not dissimilar to those discovered in Idaho and Montana two years ago, which resulted in a large number of prosecutions.

The discovery of these wholesale violations of the present law will act as an inducement to the secretary to urge upon congress at the coming session the necessity for the repeal of the timber and stone act. Not only does this law offer opportunity to speculators, but it permits the acquisition of timber lands, worth \$50 to \$100 and more an acre for the nominal sum of \$2.50. When that law was enacted it is said that the price was reasonable because of the inaccessibility of the timber. Now that the great timber states are well developed and means of transportation afforded, it is contended the government should derive a greater revenue from its timbered domain. There is a bill now on the senate calendar embodying the ideas of the secretary, and renewed efforts will be made to secure its enactment. It is said that President Roosevelt is in perfect harmony with Secretary Hitchcock in his desire to arrest frauds arising under the present land laws, and it is not improbable he will personally advocate the revision of those laws that are now so objectionable.—Oregonian.

A FAIR BLOCKADE RUNNER

(Continued from last week)



LIEUT. FAUNTLEROY, BRILLIANT IN NEW BRAZILS.

to take his troop at once. I compliment Capt. Charlton with an honorable post. When sunset glow had faded into gray over the frozen Virginia border, Carolyn Clay rode into the camp. She found it still as a churchyard; the general gone, and the sergeant of the invalided camp-guard, his own bride-arm in a sling, handed her an envelope addressed in Stuart's even, business-like handwriting. It ran: "For the white hands of Carolyn Clay, spouse. These with royal greeting. Know, lady, that as well you must—my deep concern of an invitation from certain friends, whom I must meet, which carries me away before your advent. But my dearest name 'Lady of the Valley' awaits you; also a trusty pack, and—*and*—a hot supper. Eating that, use my personal tent for a night's rest, or proceed to Richmond, at your will. I inclose a pass, yours having been eaten. Your obliged friend, "J. B. STUART."

Even without the spur of eager longing to clasp her mother and darling boy to her heart once more, the girl had shrank from uninvited occupancy of a tent in a solitary camp. Had duty

pointed to that sacrifice of womanly feeling, Carolyn Clay had made it, but now duty, inclination and propriety all pointed Richmondward. So, after a hasty supper from Mrs. Gilmore Gray's tin, and insisted upon sharing of its ample residue among the invalid guard, she set out, more wearied from rilling and loss of sleep, but borne up by love and hope for another night ride.

Once more at home, she found her darling convalescent, and—her thrilling story told, with certain reservations—Carolyn Clay bent all her energy, and every resource of tonic and medicine, she brought, to curing her boy. And two days showed wondrous improvement in the yellow, shrunken little form under her care.

Two days more brought great news, and that sensitive scale, the heart of a patient and rife nation, that went up with lightest hope or sank heavily under doubt and disaster, danced airily under touch of a great cavalry victory.

In spite of the bitter weather, federal cavalry had massed above Washington, had crossed the Potomac, three thousand in the saddle, and silently and swiftly—by forced march, that dropped man and horse by the way—bore down upon Stuart's advance. This the federal general knew to be less than one-third his own numbers; and supposing it entirely unwarned, he hoped to sweep aside and carry off to safety the capture of the devoted capital.

Advancing securely, though cautiously, the skilled tactician suddenly found himself opposed by the smaller forces, entrenched on vantage ground and ready to join battle.

Fiercely the fight had raged; but at last the invading force was hurled back, broken, decimated, but stubbornly contesting every foot of his retreat. This much only was known at the capital; that was a great, if resultless, victory, but one bought by the blood of many a gallant fellow.

Anderson in his train—as in that of many another of these indecisive killings—came so close, and so near to dim the glory of victory—to shadow, as with a pall, those stricken homes whose poor or dachling had been yielded as its price.

First rumors, then official telegrams, told eager-watching crowds the names of killed and wounded. Then dinky ambulance trains rumbled in, bearing the bandaged, writhing forms of the worse wounded to the hospitals. And finally Carolyn Clay, sitting by the bedside of her convalescent darling, was surprised by a visit from Lieut. Fauntleroy, brilliant in new braiding, but sad beyond his wont.

He was bearer of dispatches from Gen. Stuart, and of a brief note to Miss Clay, telling her that he sent a badly-wounded man for her special care. He was Mrs. Clement's, near by, the boy said.

"Who is he, Evan?" she asked, promptly taking her wraps. "Of course I will do all I can for the poor fellow; but do I know him?"

"I cannot say," replied the new lieutenant, with serious face. "The general only bade me see you at once and ask you to nurse him—if he live long enough."

To the comfortable bed in the old-fashioned home Carolyn Clay softly stole, as though with powerful restorative, turned away from probing the wound. It was a serious one through the breast; and the patient had fainted from exhaustion.

Gently, with the calm swiftness of experience in scenes of suffering, the girl wet a cloth with powerful restorative, and moved to lay it on the sick man's brow.

Then her own face grew pale as his, and sudden dizziness mounted to her brain; for there, white and calm as marble beneath her hand—and full as cold—was the chilled forehead of Peyton Fitzhugh, the blue lids closed over the well-remembered eyes, that scar upon his forehead gleaming red beneath the soft black hair.

But the blood of generations held its own, and an instant later her slim, light hand was bathing the still face, was steadily holding ammonia to the now quivering nostrils. And that hand did not tremble, even when it touched the fatal scar; though she heard, through a sound in her ears as the boom of the sea, her own voice denouncing "that brat of a doctor."

For weary days and nights the strong frame fought the fever that unperceived; and for all of them the gentle, pitying touch of the woman who had first loved, had later denounced him—who owed to him her liberty, if not her life—wrought for him. For the hand had once rested in his own in plight of truth; yet now it touched and tended him as tenderly as though no mark of treason to her—worse, to his country—flamed upon his forehead.

And through dismal night and dreary night-watch Carolyn Clay repeated to herself that she had done as much for any human creature so stricken and so helpless.

Christmas came and went, bringing with it what of joy and jollity might be left for some of the families living in the long-guarded capital. A heavy train had made all the roads well-filled, impossible for horse and man, wholly so for army trains; and Richmond was full of ardent youths, as eager for frolic as unleashed hounds for the chase. But Carolyn Clay, resisting all importunity of friends, moved only from her boy's bedside to that of him who had entered now, in body, as in reputation.

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An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves. No Noxious 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. 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 inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard 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 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 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.

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 discharge, 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. —M. Fitzmaurice.

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.

These wishing dental work should remember that Dr. Idleman is the only dentist in the county whose permanency is guaranteed by the fact that his home and interests are here and that any work which fails in five years is replaced free of charge.

Job printing at the Bulletin office



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

Mr. F. H. Oaks of Jamestown, N. Y., whose general face appears above, says: "Excessive use of tobacco 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."

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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

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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.