THE MORO BULLETIN.

Entered July 2, 1903, as second-class matter, Postoffice at Moro, Or., Act of Mar. 3, 1887.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
WM. HOLDER,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per year	$1 00
Six months	50
Three months	25
Single copies	05

THURSDAY - NOV. 13, 1902

A FAIR BLOCKADE RUNNER

(Continued from last week.)

door. He tells me *your* good nursing has saved this—deserter."

He drew nearer the bed as he spoke the hateful word lightly, but she winced under it.

But Stuart did not note that; for she saw those bright blue eyes, she knew so quick to darken with anger or contempt, dancing as with some joy, or jest, suppressed.

"I did my best, general," she answered, softly, but with downcast eyes and quivering lips. "He suffered so terribly! And it was your special command by Evan."

"By the way," the general interrupted, softly, "that youngster never told you that this was his work."

"Evan? *His!* The ingrate!" Miss Clay's eyes flamed, her small hands clinched, and she almost hissed the words at her chief.

"Oh, not his hurt: I meant his being saved," Stuart replied, quickly. "Your cousin brought him in, through a storm of bullets."

A great breath, half sigh, half sob, broke from the girl's bosom, and some color came back to her face, as the general went on:

"By the way, you lost an admirer in that fight. Capt. Charlton was—"

"Was he killed?" she asked, quickly.

"No; captured unhurt; and after a great fight, too. The fellow has plenty of grit; but he is such an awful—romancer!"

A movement in the bed. The black eyes opened slowly, languidly, but with full consciousness in them at last. As they fall upon the general, the weak, pale lips form one word: "Jeb!"

"Fitz, old man!" And that strong right hand, so rough in sword play, steals softly as a woman's to the white, wasted one upon the coverlet, and the left gently and tenderly rests upon the broad brow, shutting from view the bright red scar.

"What does all this mean? Explain, sir."

For a space in which one might have told ten, no answer came. The thin, sensitive lips twitched spasmodically; the nervous brown hand slid beneath the cloak, as though to grasp a weapon; but all the while the guide's flushed face was raised full to his chief's, his eyes never wavering, though his breast labored heavily once, twice.

"Answer, sir, what is this woman's name?"

The guide was himself again. Calmly, respectfully, he answered, with least possible emphasis upon the title:

"This lady is Miss Carolyn Clay, of the Beeches, James River."

"Do you know Miss Carrie Fauntleroy?"

Fitzhugh's quick glance showed him the girl erect, with folded arms and coldly defiant mien, Evan with downcast face, helpless to invent aught to stem this rushing tide of emergency. So, ignorant of what had gone before, quivering inwardly, but in calm voice, he answered:

"Yes, sir; I know her."

"She is this lady's first cousin? Their aunt lives in this neighborhood?" the

"PEYTON FITZHUGH."

general queried rapidly—"lives close to Harper's Ferry?"

"Yes, sir; close to Harper's Ferry."

"No, no; not near the—" Evan broke in, hastily; but the cold, hard ring of Miss Clay's voice cut his disclaimer short:

"Silence, Evan! Let the traitor lie for himself."

"Enough of this! I am satisfied, Miss Clay," the general said, decisively. "I have heard of you before. You are in our lines under assumed name; your escort swallowed some papers. I would not use rough terms, but you are suspected as a spy. I will send you to Washington at dawn. This soldier is in uniform. He will go, too; and *he* may save himself by telling the truth. Provost, separate these prisoners and guard them securely—Fitzhugh, remain here."

A moment later and the cousins had passed into the now furiously-driving snowstorm without. Evan hustled with scant ceremony to the guard-fire. Miss Clay guided by the provost-marshal himself to a solitary hut across the road, half hidden in trees, but fast whitening under soft flakes caught by it into a drift. The major bustled about the mouldy little room with the politico-military punctilio of a fresh soldier, swinging his lantern up to the one window to inspect its security, trying the creaking wooden latch of the door, and swearing, not inaudibly, at the nimble soldier trying to blow the wet and smoking brush, piled upon the crazy hearth, into a blaze.

"Rather an awkward fix you're in, I fear, miss," he said, at length, turning to Miss Clay. "Circumstances certainly seem dead against you. Of course I can't answer certainly for the general, but I should have this matter fully investigated. I should send you to the old capitol for court martial. We are in the enemy's country, you see; and the safety of the whole command, no less than the honor of the flag, demands full investigation of your reasons for assuming a name. As for your young man, *he* certainly swallowed *something;* and I can testify, in person, that he almost assaulted me in his effort to prevent capture of dangerous despatches. You will be under close guard until daylight, miss; but I will await further instructions before disposing of you finally. We will advance at—hem!—I mean, you should try and make yourself perfectly comfortable. Confound you, Lynch! you've filled the room with smoke!"

A fit of coughing cut off the military stump-speaker, and he stepped outside for lengthy instructions to the sentry, already pacing his post before the hut.

The girl had dropped listlessly on the one rickety stool in the room, seemingly as oblivious to cold and to danger as to the major's stream of talk. She was very pale, but two red disks burned in the rounded cheeks, her lissome figure drooping and her gauntleted hands resting carelessly in her lap. Only the face moved, its gray eyes intent on vacancy, but deepening in color as swift thoughts chased each other through her brain. Sometimes the lips moved soundlessly, the color deepening in her cheeks and her head half erecting, only to droop again upon her bosom.

Not one word of reply came to the bustling major's rigmarole, and if the girl even heard his words they conveyed no sense to her. Only did she start from deep revery when the Irish trooper, rising from his knees, said, cheerily:

"Bedad! but there's a darlin' av a blaze! Bad luck to the broosh, but it's blowed me out enthierly! Kape up yer sperrits, miss! Ther's th' blanket to kiver ye from th' cowld; an' ye'd better catch a wink of shlape, fur ye'll be called early, Oi'm belavin'. Niver fear, darlin'," he added, lower, "Oi'm a feyther myself, an' Oi know th' failin's av a dochter. Bad cess to the major's tongue!"—his voice fell to a whisper—"he's makin' av it woorse fur ye, whin it's hard enough, shure! Good night, miss; an' don't lit the fire go low. Plisant dhrames!"

Then, as amazement riveted her eyes upon his face, the sad, black ones wandered to Carolyn Clay's. Great wonder struggled in the man's white face; the lips again moved feebly:

"*You*, too! How good—"

"Hush, Fitz! Not one word!" Stuart whispered, softly. "You're all right, but we *must* obey your nurse, old man."

And, white as her patient, Carolyn Clay drew nearer, striving to drop some fluid in a glass. But the hand that had not trembled in all that weary vigil now shook as she whispered, with quivering lips and averted face:

"Take this; you must not talk."

With a look that carried volumes of words, the sick man obeyed, closed his eyes, and, with a sigh of infinite content, yielded to the drug and slept again.

Then, still not turning her face, the wondering woman whispered:

"What *does* it all mean?"

Taking her hand, with all the deference of the cavalier, Stuart led Miss Clay to the open room adjoining. There his story was briefly told. The dispatch Evan brought across had saved a fatal surprise. Before the dawn of battle morning, as the confederates lay in riflepits, waiting the attack, firing was heard in front. Soon Fitzhugh raced in, closely followed by federal troopers. That day he was in the very forefront of the fight. When the enemy broke, Charlton's troop was first to mount, in close pursuit; a rally, and they broke in turn, leaving their captain hemmed by hostile sabers. Like lightning Fitzhugh cut his way to Charlton, just as he fell pinioned by his horse. Then Evan reached the pair, fighting on foot, just as Fitzhugh fell. The boy sprang from saddle, threw the wounded man across his horse, and brought him safely in, under a very hail of lead.

As she heard this terse recital, the woman's brain reeled; but will coerced it to calm at its close, and she gasped:

"But—all this for—*a spy!*"

"Yes—for *mine!*" Stuart's eyes, glinting as he recounted the fray, softened to tenderness, as did his tone. "Peyton Fitzhugh, my life-long friend, was sent abroad at my request on a delicate mission. He *would* not stay. Service here—secret as desperate in peril—was needed; and that grand fellow yonder risked a halter hourly—bore obloquy and insult from both sides—to serve the cause."

"But your order? That scar?"

"Secrecy made the order imperative. Thrice I begged him to return, explain and accept a troop. He refused, until I found a better man to replace him there. That scar was made by my pistol—mistaking him on a lonely night-ride, when deemed far away."

"And Capt. Charlton's story—"

"Was one of the strange ones he tells after country parties, Miss Clay." Stuart's eyes were dancing in their deep-blue depths again. "But his gallant fight redeemed his gasconade, when I acted Joab to him and put him in the front of the battle. But the council meets in ten minutes. I must go; Marse Robert does not stand delay. I'll come this evening, when your patient—is cured."

His blue eyes were verily dancing a reel, as the commander of all the cavalry of the army of northern Virginia—"Lee's strong right hand," *Vis Regum Arthurus*—ran down the stairs as lightly as a boy. And, bound to solemn council with the president and corps commanders as he was, his mellow baritone voice trolled out, not softly:

"If you want to have a good time join the cavalry!"

With slow, quiet step Carolyn Clay moved to the bedside once more, looking down long and earnestly upon the face of the sleeper, now flushed with healthier glow. Then, hiding her own in clasped hands, she sank upon her knees.

Presently the sun, peering through the western window, burnished the girl's hair to ruddiest gold, thence touching softly the sick man's eyes.

Slowly they unclosed, resting long upon her, with equal doubt and yearning in them.

"What day is it?" he asked, feebly.

"New Year day." She rose, speaking very low.

"New Year! Twelve months ago you—"

"Hush!" she whispered. "You *must not talk.*"

"You gave your pledge," he went on, feebly, "a pledge to trust me unto death!"

"I remember it." She turned away her face, her voice very tremulous, but very sweet. "Spite of my will—spite of conscience—of everything, I kept that pledge."

Weakly his hand crept towards hers, resting there. "And this New Year you will give me—?"

Her grave, glorified face, softly glowing, was turned bravely to his:

"I will give you—myself!"

Gently, loyally, Carolyn Clay bent down, and her lips touched softly the scar upon his forehead.

And the sun of the New Year made her hair a halo over it.

[THE END.]

IRA IN THE CITY.

I WONDER what they're doin' these delightful days out there,
Where the good old crispy frosty comes a-stealin' through the air;
I can almost taste the cider that is pourin' from the mill;
Seems as though I hear the rustle in the corn shocks on the hill;
I can seem to see the punkins gleamin' yellow on the ground
And the blossoms of the buckwheat with the bees a-buzzin' round.

I wonder if they ever, as they're walkin' on out there,
Get to thinkin' of where I am; wonder if they ever care?
Oh, I s'pose the old spring bubbles just as cool and just as clear
As it used to 'fore I ever dreampt of comin' way up here,
And the path down from the kitchen, s'pose it's there the same today,
And wore down as smooth and bare as though I'd never come away.

I wonder if they ever notice my initials where,
Long ago, I cut 'em into all the stable doors out there?
And I wonder when they see 'em if they ever think of me
And would like to see me back there where the wind's a-blowin' free,
Where the hick'ry nuts come tumblin' with a rattle from the limb,
And the Lord's still near the people, and they still believe in him?

I s'pose the sumac's crimson and the maple's turnin' red,
Just as though I'd never left there with big notions in my head,
And the cows I'll bet go wadin' to the middle of the stream
And stand there, kind of solemn, and look fur away and dream.
Not a thing has stopped out yonder just because I left one day,
And if I'd go back the city'd never know I'd been away.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Not to Be Kept.

"What do you expect to do about those promises you made?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Aren't you going to keep them?"

"Keep them?" he repeated absentmindedly. "Well, my boy, you know I am not collecting souvenirs."—Washington Star.

No Misgivings.

"How is business, Hans?" asked his acquaintance.

"Vell," answered Hans, "if I can do so goot in de past as I haf in de future—vell, dot's how I hope, some more alretty."—Chicago Tribune.

A Realist.

Currie—Bighead is quite a character, is he not?

Peters—Yes. He is one of those fellows that are willing to make fools of themselves to show their individuality.—Judge.

Reason Enough.

"Porpus is awfully good to that new baby of his, but his wife can't get him to push it around in its carriage."

"Why not?"

"He's too fat to reach the handles."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Couldn't Stand It.

"Why was it that they couldn't get along together?"

"Oh, he stuttered so badly that she never had time to wait around and get in the last word."—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Shore.

"How sweet it would be to live alone with you in yonder lighthouse!" he whispered tenderly.

"Yes," she murmured abstractedly, "and do light housekeeping."—Smart Set.

Horseless Power.

Grandma—I declare, grandpa's foot is as good as an automobile!

Grandpa—It's beginning to feel like an automobile—feels as if it might break down any minute.—Puck.

Get your typewriter supplies and inks of Geo. Bolton, Moro.

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.

Strengthening, Satisfying, Envigorating.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

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 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 anitidote 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 tasts, 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 mucuous 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. —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 reccomend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals, it digests what you eat." G. N. Bolton.

Those wishing dental work should remember that Dr. Idleman is the only dentist in the county whose permancy 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 genial 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."

Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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 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. 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.

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.

W. H. MOORE. H. A. MOORE.

MOORE BROS.

BANKERS.

Transact a General Banking Business.

MORO - OREGON.

Letters of credit available on Eastern States.

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

GEO. BOLTON,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines.

Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Soaps, Stationery, Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Filled,

Day or night.

A full line of counting-room stationery always on hand.

W. O. HADLEY,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

MORO AND ANTELOPE

Mail Orders Attended to Promptly

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Diamonds and Jewelry.

THE MAZEPPA SALOON,

Biggerstaff Bros., Props.

DEALERS IN

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Ice cold beer on draught.

Moro - Oregon.

JAS. DUNAHOO, President. JAS. DUNAHOO, E. H. MOORE, W. POWELL, SIMON KLOCKE, KASEBERG BROS, Directors. E. H. MOORE, Secy and Manager

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.

SHERMAN TRADING CO.

MORO, - OREGON

MORO LUMBER YARD.

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
a panese Stands
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.