

# MORO LEADER.

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L. W. HUNTING, Editor.  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1898.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Sherman and Wasco.

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The American people are a conglomerate, heterogeneous mass of humanity, having the best, most energetic, and liberty-loving of all nations, mixed and amalgamated with our native-born to such an extent and to such good purpose that it brings out and exercises those traits of character peculiar to "Americans;" that is, the spirit of unrest, of insatiable ambition and of toleration. We often tolerate what would be at once throttled in Europe. What would be called treason there, we often let pass as a harmless ignorance of our American principles of government. But that harmless which even in a small degree tends to bring into question the stability of our government?

The people of Northern Europe we have always welcomed to our shores, for of such were we composed when the great battle for free government was fought more than a hundred years ago; of such has been, until within a very few years, the bulk of immigrants; but now statistics show a heavy increase of immigration from Southern Europe of those who come to our shores not to live and die as Americans, but to live here simply to make money, hoping in time to return to their native land, and in too many instances they are criminals who "left their country for their country's good." Such are not desired here, and the sooner they are kept out the better it will be.

Can the people of Oregon demand that canned salmon shall be made the unit of value and be used as primary money upon which gold is based? Certainly not, for other states would not accept it. Can the United States demand that silver be made the unit of values, and force other nations to accept it? Certainly not. Only by not having any commercial intercourse with other nations, or else by making the exchange of silver into gold when dealing with others could this country make silver its primary money. Can we afford to do that? Certainly not; for the value of silver in other countries would continue to fluctuate, and in exchanging our silver for gold we would be called upon to pay enough more than the value at time of exchange to make safe the ones who would furnish us the gold against any probable loss from decrease in market value of silver while it might be in their hands. And as to making of the United States a hermit nation, closing our doors to foreign commerce, that is not to be considered for a moment.

A move in the right direction is experimenting with various seeds. R. Dingle of Wasco will this season make an intelligent effort to grow millet, buckwheat, orchard grass, and various other crops that have not yet been thoroughly tried in Sherman county.

Just at this time there is a dead calm in political circles so far as surface indications go, but beneath there is a latent fire that will soon burst forth and obscure other matters, to a certain extent, for the next two or three months.

"Experts estimate that a million tons of wheat will be exported from Cawnpore, India. Wheat for April delivery is selling at 3 rupees 6 annas per 80 pounds, against an average rate in past years of 2 rupees 14 annas. No such price was ever touched before, and the cultivators will benefit greatly." Such is a dispatch in the Morning Oregonian of last Friday. It will be in order now for some professional calamity howler to say that is the result of Mark Hanna's scheming, or that England's financial policy in India has caused the large yield and the larger prices. At any rate he can say the price is so high that poor people in India cannot buy, and so must starve. The professional calamity howler ought to thank us for giving him a pointer.

Another instance going to prove that Sherman county is one of the best in Oregon, is shown in a letter from state treasurer Metcalf to G. N. Bolton, our county treasurer, in which he acknowledges the receipt of Sherman county's state tax in full, amounting to \$3486.68, being the first county to pay in full, and second in making any payment at all.

As long ago as 1834 gold was recognized to be the safest and best measure of values in the United States congress, and since that time nation after nation has been compelled by the logic of events to admit it, and regulate its finances in accord therewith, until now there is practically no nation that is not on a gold basis.

At Wasco.  
During a few hours' sojourn in Wasco last week, we saw many signs of business activity and enterprise. The O. T. Co. carry a fine stock, and are always on the alert to please customers. W. M. Barnett is preparing to move his large stock of general merchandise from the old corner, in order to remove the building he now occupies, and put up a fine one 100 feet long in its stead. J. M. Hoag, the lively salable man, seems to be doing a good business for the time of year. The hotels must be doing a good business, for W. M. Reynolds, of the Wasco Hotel, is tired out and wants to sell. W. H. Bentley has taken charge of the Delmonico Restaurant, and has started in to please the eating public, and that means everybody. Wasco has a fine country surrounding it, and will, without doubt, continue to be a good business point. That Wasco appreciates the effort of the LEADER to be the leading paper of Sherman county, is evidenced by the good list of subscribers already in that wide-awake city.

Call for Republican Congressional Convention—Second District.  
A Republican Convention for the Second Congressional District of the State of Oregon is hereby called to meet in the city of Astoria on Wednesday, the 12th day of April, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress. The convention will consist of 130 delegates, chosen by the several counties as follows:

Raker, 6  
Clatsop, 10  
Columbia, 4  
Gilliam, 4  
Grant, 5  
Harney, 3  
Malheur, 3  
Morro, 4  
Multnomah, 60  
Sherman, 3  
Umatilla, 11  
Walla, 8  
Wasco, 10  
The same being one delegate at large for each county, and one for each 200 votes or fraction thereof, cast for President McKinley at the election held in November, 1896.

The committee recommends that the primaries and county conventions be held in accordance with the recommendation of the state central committee. The committee also recommends that the same delegates be chosen to attend the state convention as are elected to the congressional convention, unless otherwise ordered by the proper county convention.

By order of the committee for the second congressional district.  
CHAS. H. CARBY, Chairman.  
J. M. VAGNER, Secretary.

To the Public.  
On last Wednesday evening a dispatch came over our telephone line in regard to war with Spain that was unreliable. It came from a local office, and no doubt the party sending it, or causing it to be sent, thought it was a good joke. Such things must cease. This line is run for reliable business only, and due notice is given to one and all, if this thing is repeated, the guilty parties will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, O. W. MOORE, W. M. HOLDER, Lessees.

At the Democratic primary in Moro on the 12th D. W. Howard, B. F. Schaffer, H. W. Strong and Jas. Tomlin were elected delegates to the Democratic county convention, and D. W. Howard precinct committeemen.

Why Latin is Used.  
The New York "Herald" publishes the following reply to the query why doctors use Latin, in writing their prescriptions, instead of English:  
"In the first place Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

"Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopoeia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

"But suppose a doctor should write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodine of potassium, and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take a number of grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him.

"That's an extreme case, but it will serve for an illustration. Do you not see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently does not try to remember.

"Now for a final reason. Latin is a language which is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug-store. We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally and which has since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"

How To Treat A Man—By A Horse.  
When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an end-board or a cart-stake and pound him on the head and on the ribs. If this does not recuperate him, kick him violently in the belly. This treatment will restore him if persistently administered.

If a man finds his load too heavy and feels that it will seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board and knock him down—and hammer him thoroughly with the board. This will give renewed energy, and he will make no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load. That would look too much like common sense. If a man refuses to drink when you offer him water, don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach him" to be thirsty at any time you find it convenient to attend to him. It is a good plan to ply the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him now and then on "general principles." If no whip is handy, use a club.

His Handwriting.  
Many stories are told relative to the illegibility of the penmanship of Rufus Choate, the famous lawyer. It is said that he once openly congratulated himself on the fact that if he failed to get a living at the bar, he could still go to China and support himself by his pen; that is, by decorating tea-chests! He once asked that a case might be postponed, owing to his engagement in another court. The judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his argument.

With a mock solemnity of countenance which he knew so well how to assume at a moment's notice, he said:

"I write well, your honor, but slowly!"

This was too much for the judge and the assembled bar, and the court room echoed with prompt and unrestrained hilarity. There was not a lawyer present who had not more than once seen a specimen of what one of Mr. Choate's friends called his "wildcat's tracks," and the joke needed no explanation.—Law Student's Helper.

A Bitter Word.

A bitter word dropped from our lips against a brother is like a pistol fired amongst mountains. The sharp report is caught up and intensified and echoed by rocks and caves till it is like thunder. So an unkind word, in passing from mouth to mouth, receives progressive exaggerations, and snow-ball like increases as it rolls. Scandal-mongers are the persons who tear the bandages from social wounds and prevent their healing. A whisper-word of slander is like that fox with a firebrand tied to its tail, that Sampson sent among the Philistines. It brings destruction into wide areas of peace and love. Evil-speaking is like a freezing wind, seals up the sparkling waters and tender juices of flowers and binds up the hearts of men in uncharitableness and bitterness of spirit, as the earth is bound up in the grip of winter.—Catholic Review.

AMBER.  
Amber has been known from earliest antiquity. The celebrated founder of the Ionian School of Philosophy, Thales, who lived six hundred years before our era, speaks of the property which, above all, contributes to render it celebrated—that of attracting light bodies when it was rubbed. It is from the Greek name of amber, electron, that our modern term electricity is derived.

To explain the origin of amber, the Greeks had one of those graceful traditions characteristic of that people. They said that the sisters of Phaethon, weeping for the death of their brother, were changed into poplar trees upon the banks of the Eridanus, (Po.) and that their tears were transformed into amber.

Chemical analysis shows that there are in 100 grammes of amber, 81 grammes of carbon, 7.33 of hydrogen, 6.75 of oxygen, and some traces of clay, alumina, and silica, amounting altogether to about 3 grammes.

This is exactly the composition of resin; indeed amber is itself a resin.

"Amber," said Pliny, "trickles from the pith of certain trees resembling pines." This quotation proves that the Roman naturalist considered amber as a contemporary production. He was right so far—amber is a resin; but it is a fossil resin.

The places most rich in amber are the borders of the Baltic Sea, between Dantzic and Memel; it is found also in Denmark, in Norway and Sweden, in Poland, France and England, and in different parts of Asia and America.

Wherever amber is found it is associated with lignites. It is nearly certain that the resinous trees which produced these combustible secreted amber, since it is not rare to find fragments of amber lodged in the midst of beds of lignite.

The presence of organized bodies, and particularly insects, imprisoned in amber, was well known to the ancients, and is mentioned by the poet Martial in particular.

The original fragment of amber belonged to the collection of the Jesuit Father, Kircher, and was presented to him by the Duke of Brunswick.

The amber which is most esteemed is translucent, and of a beautiful lemon-yellow; but there are also varieties semi-opaque, and one of a pale-yellow with veins and spots of dead-white that is much esteemed.

Amber is worn as an ornament principally in the east, where it is cut into beads, and threaded as necklaces. In western countries it is prized merely as serving to fabricate small objects of art, especially the mouthpieces of pipes and cigars. This latter usage in the east is justified by the prevalent belief that amber never will allow the transmission of any infection. This, of course, would be a highly valuable quality, but unfortunately there is nothing to prove its existence.

Lumps of amber are generally very small, but occasionally a piece is obtained of considerable size; as, for example, a specimen of amber in the Royal Museum at Berlin, which weighs eighteen pounds. Amber is wrought on the turner's lathe by steel instruments, and polished on a leaden wheel with pumice-stone and water.

Ted was invited out to tea with his mother one day, and among other delicacies a saucer of orange gelatine was set before him. It was a new dish to the little fellow, and he eyed it disparagingly a minute, then said, very politely, "If you please, 'um, thank you, I rather guess you can have it back—it keeps wagin' so."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"Eliphalet," said the white visitor who had dropped in by appointment, and had been watching the proceedings with some disappointment, "this is not at all like what I expected a cake-walk would be."

"No, sub," answered Eliphalet. "Somebody done stole de cake, an' de manager hez put up a cake o' soap. Dey's all walkin' so as not to git it, sub."

Sile Hoskins, Jr. (out of breath)—drop that 'ere hoe, an' run fer yer life down to de south crossin' pole on de Husky meadow-patch. Our hired man has fell into Mory brook up to his knees in mud, an' I can't git him out.

Siles Hoskins, Sr. (leisurely)—What's de hurry? Let de darned fool stop that a spell an' git his lesson larnt.

Sile Hoskins, Jr.—Git a gait on yer, pop. He went in head first.—Judge.

School Teacher—"What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?"

Bobby—"I kin."

Teacher—"Well, Bobby."

Bobby—"The home of de swallow is in de stummock."

# WHEN IS A WOMAN OLD?

This query on my mirror hung:  
"When is a woman old?"  
It clings to me and long has clung;  
The answer must be told.

Al! some are old before half way,  
And some are never old;  
For these but laugh life's cares away,  
While those both fret and scold.

And yet it is no easy task,  
However well controlled,  
To answer one if she should ask,  
"When is a woman old?"

The graceful ones are still young;  
And those alone are old  
Who try to make themselves look young  
When age has taken hold.

The oldest ones of all the old  
Are those who would look young,  
For they will always feel and scold  
When age's sign is hung.

The old in years who live among  
Those younger in their hearts  
Will find themselves remaining young  
Long after youth departs.

As long as women cling to youth,  
And disregard their age,  
They never could be old, for youth,  
Their youth fills up the age.

Yes, some are old before their time—  
Old age usurps their youth—  
And some are young beyond their prime  
Unless they hide the truth.

—Washington Post.

# CLIPPINGS.

"What do you consider the greatest achievements of the century?" inquired the philosopher.

And, after some thought, the man who wears bicycle medals, replied:

"The last ten or twelve miles."—Washington Star.

Mamma—"Dorothy, do you know who ate my raisins?"

Dorothy (turning over the leaves of her book more rapidly)—"Mamma, you told me yesterday some things are better left unsaid. Isn't that one of them, don't you s'pose?"—Judge.

"Do you like the hat?" as she turned it slowly on the pink tips of her fingers.

"More than I can tell; but I love its darling little owner."

"How sweet! It belongs to sister. I'll call her."—Detroit Free Press.

Small Southern boy (politely)—"Please pass the 'lasses."

Prim Northern aunt—"You mean molasses, do you not?"

Small Southern boy—"How can I mean molasses when I haven't had any?"—Truth.

"Henry, isn't this pumpkin pie I made for you a poem?"

"Poem? Josephine, I tell you solemnly, the editor who would throw that in the waste-basket ought to be hanged."—Detroit Free Press.

Father—Baby say dad! (Encouragingly) D—d—d—

Mother—Baby say mam! (Encouragingly) Mam—mam—

Baby—D—d—dam!

The parson—"An' to tink ob de New Jerusalem wif de streets paved wif gold!"

The deacon—"An' yit dere ain't de same rush dere as dey is to de Klondike."—Puck.

Mrs. Brown—"It's a shame the way the early settlers killed off the Indians!"

Mr. Brown—"They couldn't get close enough, my dear, to chloroform them."—Puck.

She—"I should think all young men would try and emulate the example of George Washington."

He—"But there are not rich widows enough to go round."

"Tell me," pleaded the artless maid, "wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?"

The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the art of imparting wisdom, and said:

"My child, listen!"

"I am listening," breathlessly she answered.

"Well, my child," he rejoined, "that is all there is to the art of conversing agreeably."—Chicago Tribune.

"I can say for myself that I never have been mean enough to get another woman's cook away from her."

"Neither have I; but I must confess that once or twice I have tried to work our cook off on some of my neighbors."—Boston Traveler.

"Before a man is married," said the minstrel orator, "before a man is married he is only half a man."

"There!" said the married woman to their escorts, "how do you like that?"

"And after he is married," continued the orator, "he is nobody at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

# A SERMON ON MONEY.

A colored exhorter said, recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil":  
"My brotherin', money cause mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anyt'ing I knows on. Fac' is, de devil is in de dollar! When I see a man wid a pocket full er money, I say ter myself: 'Dar's a man what needs a guarden,' an' I feels des like takin' him home en lockin' up dat money fer him. Ef any er yo' in de hearin' er my voice is got money on yo' pusson, bring it right heah, en lay it on de altar, en go yo' ways, en lemme pray over it till a blessin' come ter it. Doan wait ter count it; des come forward en unload!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Bargain No. 3—100a ranch 5 miles from Grass valley, 80a farm land, plenty of water; terms, \$1100, \$500 cash, bal. in two payments; int. 10 per cent.

Bargain No. 4—478a ranch 8 miles east of Wasco, 300a farm land, 240a down to wheat, house of 6 rooms, barn 40x33, and granary 18x24, machine shed 20x32; terms, \$450, \$250 cash, bal. on easy terms; \$300 extra for crop.

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