

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Fine job printing "while you wait" at the LEADER press room.

The first blast of the foundry is expected to be run off next week.

Red Seal lye is packed in large sifting top cans.—M. M. Co.

Fine assortment of ladies' shirt waists at M. M. Co., just received. Biggest and best for 25 cts.—the meals you get at Delmonico, Wasco.

For terms on Moro property call on or address R. E. Hoskinson.

Open day and night, meals at all hours, Delmonico, Wasco.

Send in your name and \$1 for the MORO LEADER, and get all the news of all the county for a year.

If you want to buy a farm remember R. E. Hoskinson. He has some fine bargains.

Professor Mayberry has purchased a fine new Harford bicycle. It arrived last Thursday.

Best in the market, prepared by the best cook in Wasco, at Delmonico Restaurant.

J. W. Messenger bought the Henry Steel lot, next to the old McKenzie lots, a few days ago.

If you want to know the live business men consult the advertising columns of the LEADER.

Walter T. Ginn sold a half section ranch the other day near Monkland to Robert Elcock for \$4600.

A car load of the celebrated Monitor Drills just at hand. See M. M. Co., agents.

Mrs. Elora Bolton will begin a private school in Moro on March 28th. Tuition, \$1 per month.

Finest on the coast. What? Why, that car of buggies and hacks for sale by the Moro Mercantile Co.

Boone Wheat has his new residence on McCoy street nearly completed.

Clean your seed wheat with one of those fanning mills sold by M. M. Co. cheap.

Read our correspondence columns for the latest news from each place.

Subscriptions to almost any publication taken at publishers' prices at the Moro agency at the postoffice.

Circuit Court adjourned last Wednesday night after a much shorter session than was expected.

If you don't buy Hoe Cake soap you don't get the worth of your money.—M. M. Co.

Mr. P. C. Davis, one of the old pioneers on this coast, was in town last Thursday from his Rosebush ranch.

Will buy your fat cattle. Will sell you choice beef, pork, mutton and vegetables. PAGE & PARRY, Moro.

Born—March 16th, to the wife of Wm. Walker, a daughter. Our informant says, "father and child doing nicely."

Make no mistake! The place to get a first-class bath, hair cut and shave, is at Cousen's.

The elegant residence of W. H. Moore has received the finishing touches by the painters, and now presents a very handsome appearance.

For sale or trade.—The stallion, Coco is for sale on easy terms; or will trade for cattle or horses. Apply to R. Dingle, Wasco, Or. m162

Mr. T. Kaseburg, who returned from the hospital at Portland a few days ago, is not yet entirely recovered, but is gaining strength slowly.

Do you want an elegant bed lounge? If so, you can get it at the Moro Furniture Store of E. Peoples.

Saturday was a very windy and dusty day—a disagreeable day for country delegates to come in to attend the county conventions of the Populists and Democrats.

Duller-Moro stage is again making regular trips, leaving Moro Monday, Wednesday and Friday. D. C. Wigle, Proprietor.

C. D. O'Leary, who is at present herding sheep, left his camp early Saturday morning to attend the Democratic county convention here.

First-class meals served at the City Hotel. New management. Give us a trial. m24

Ada Belshee, a young daughter of J. R. Belshee, has been quite ill with lung fever and pneumonia, but is now recovering under the skillful treatment of Dr. Smith.

This is an "Age of Soap." Why use any but the very best. Best soap means Hoe Cake.—M. M. Co.

Miss Maggie Huff returned home Saturday from a short stay at the residence of J. H. Johnson, near Bigelow.

If you desire to look your best, have your laundry done by the Troy Laundry Co. A. E. Cousen, agent. Call on him for prices.

Monday morning a blanket of snow 2½ inches deep covered the ground in the neighborhood of Moro.

A washing powder that is yellow will make clothes the same color. Avoid this by using Soap Foam.—M. M. Co.

TAKE NOTICE.—The fare from Moro to Grass Valley is only 50 cents, unless passenger has heavy trunk, when 50 cents extra will be charged for it.

ELIAS NEECE.

Our genial friend C. E. Jones paid the LEADER a social call Monday.

Dr. I. M. Smith went to Portland Monday, and is expected to return tonight.

Don't forget to place your farm to sell with R. E. Hoskinson.

Rev. Nickelsen left this city Monday for Hood River (his home) for a two weeks' visit.

Just received—a fine line of cigars, tobacco and stationery, at the P. O. store.

Rev. Iliff, D.D., of Portland, will preach at the Presbyterian Church at 7:30 Friday evening. All should turn out and hear him.

South-bound express handled with care and promptly by Ellis Neece.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast. Put your horses in the Altmont Jr. Stable, and Hayes & Dunahoo will see to it that they are well cared for.

A traveling fragment of an Arctic snowstorm came blustering through Moro on Sunday, and forcibly reminded us of the fact that we have not had our usual amount of snow the past winter.

FOR SALE.—Two lots in Moro, formerly occupied by Mackenzie & Somers' foundry building; splendid business location, on Main street. Apply to m241 J. B. Hoskinson, Moro, Or.

Hoe Cake soap and Red Seal lye are made by P. C. Tomson & Co., who have a national reputation for pure and high grade goods.—M. M. Co.

W. E. Lee of Villisca, Iowa, arrived in Moro on the 19th, and contemplates making his home with us. Mr. Lee is a graduate of the Western Normal College of Shenandoah, Iowa, and has for several years been engaged in teaching.

At present Mr. Lee is working in the office of R. E. Hoskinson.

The First Methodist church of Chicago has "money to throw at birds." It owns a great deal of land in the very heart of Chicago with sky-scraping buildings. It aids churches all over the nation. Its jubilee began last Sunday and will last a week.—Portland Chronicle.

[We hope the effort to build an M. E. church in Moro will be liberally aided by the people here.—Ed]

The City Hotel has undergone a thorough renovating by Hayes & Holder, and is now ready for the public patronage. m244

We are pleased to acknowledge a call at the LEADER press rooms by Grandma Moore last Friday. She is feeling better in body, but with the assistance of Mrs. Hunting, she mounted the stairway leading to our office, and after resting and expressing her kindly interest in our efforts to make the LEADER what its name implies, she returned home, none the worse for the visit, we hope.

We sell Hoe Cake Soap.—M. M. Co.

Last Friday we had the pleasure of listening to a gramophone belonging to Dr. Smith that was made entirely by his brother, except, of course the disks. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and cost much less than a phonograph, and in some respects is better.

Now is the time to have your property insured. Everything will be dry and inflammable soon. We will insure anywhere in the county and give you any one of the following old companies: Home of New York, Phoenix of Hartford, Imperial of London, Pennsylvania of Philadelphia, Home Mutual of Cal., or Ethna of Hartford. Have your farm-houses and barns insured. The rates are very low on farm property.

MOORE BROS., Agents.

If you use lye for any purpose it is to your interest to use the best. Red Seal is absolutely pure granulated potash and nearly double the strength of any other in the market. M. M. Co.

Carl Peetz, one of the most successful and best known farmers of this county, has started on a visit to his relatives in Illinois. He is just recovering from a serious illness, and thinks the trip will do him good. We join his many friends in wishing him "bon voyage," and hope he will return strong and hearty again. We shall miss his genial company, but the LEADER goes to him while there to keep him posted on home events.

Every farmer that expects to raise good wheat, and lots of it, should seed with a drill, and all we ask of those that are going to buy is to take a look at our new Monitor. There is no doubt, with our improvements, the Monitor is the best drill in the market. It is the only drill made with a slow and fast feed. The wheels are nearly twice as heavy as those on other drills. It has a long heavy hub and truss rods. Call and see the drill for yourself.

MORO MERCANTILE CO.

Died—at the family residence, near Moro, on Thursday morning, March 17th, Mrs. Mary B. McGrath, aged 43 years. She had been sick about three weeks, and suffered greatly toward the last. There are left to mourn her loss a husband and two sons. The sympathies of a large circle of friends are extended to the bereaved ones. The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church by Rev. Nickelsen, and a large number gathered to pay their last respects to the deceased.

ELIAS NEECE.

The snow put a stop to work by carpenters on Monday.

J. M. Parry went to Portland Monday on business.

J. B. Mowry sold two lots to Heydt & Co. this week.

James Wier, of Bigelow, was in Moro on legal business Monday.

The public telephone office will for the present be in the City Hotel.

It will pay you to pay cash for groceries, etc., at stores of M. M. Co.

R. E. Hoskinson went to Wasco to-day, and expects to return to-morrow.

If courteous treatment and fair rates are the proper thing, the Moro-Rutledge stage line is all right.

The foundation for Geo. W. Brock's new building is completed, and the carpenters are rapidly putting up the house.

C. W. Stokes, the hustling carpenter, has secured the contract to build the new hotel for Mrs. Williams.

Circuit court has not adjourned until next regular term. An adjourned session will begin here on May 16th.

A family passed through Moro Monday, bound for Grass Valley, intending to locate there. We did not learn the name.

Word was received here last week by Moore Bros. that J. A. Smith, known by some as "Coyote" Smith, died at Juneau, Alaska, on March 6th.

Our popular tonsorial artist, A. E. Cousen, was off duty a few days because of a severe cold, but his customers were well groomed by Elvin E. Barnum, who kindly took his place at the chair.

If you wish to see a modern engine of war in operation just step inside of this office on press day (Thursday forenoon) and watch the GLOBE force run the press. Admission free to cash subscribers.—Condon Globe.

Subscription price of the LEADER is \$1 per year in advance. If you want it, send in your name. Address LEADER, Moro, Oregon. At the price we cannot afford to furnish the paper on time, but will give any responsible person 30 or 60 days to pay.

Herrin Lodge No. 2, D. of H. A. O. U. W., had an ice cream social amongst the members Monday evening. The attendance was not large, but the enjoyment of those present was so were the dishes of ice cream that so mysteriously disappeared while social chat was indulged in.

It's in Town.

You'll be surprised. Won't "yellow the clothes." Won't burn your hands. Nothing equals it. Better than soap. Extra large packages. Soap Foam Washing Powder.

The Eastern Oregon Land Co. has filed fifteen suits in the circuit court for Sherman county, against settlers on lands claimed by them, and forty-five more suits are expected to be filed of the same nature. The intention evidently is to quiet title or remove clouds to their title.

The poetical effusion found on another page, is by one of our comparatively recent settlers, but, undoubtedly, expresses the sentiments of the older ones concerning our beautiful little city.

To-day the new Sherman county paper, the MORO LEADER, reached us. It is edited by W. L. Hunting, and is a remarkably wide-awake Republican paper. The Chronicle wishes the new publication all success.

The credit business is hard on the people and hard on the merchant. Therefore we have decided to sell from and after March 21, 1898, all groceries, provisions, nails, rope, soap, axle grease, tobacco, oils, blacksmith's coal and iron for cash only. Moro Mercantile Co.

A good example of the reward for honest industry, and a desire to make one's self useful, is the case of our young townsman Ladru Barnum. He returned from Portland a short while ago, having graduated from a business college there, and almost immediately was given a good position with the Moro Mercantile Co. at their Klondike store.

Silas Cushman and wife arrived in Moro Saturday evening from their home in Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Cushman is a brother of O. Cushman. They had not seen each other for 42 years, and the meeting was a joyful one indeed. Mr. Cushman expresses himself as very well pleased with our country, and especially is he favorably impressed with the character of our people.

Frank Sayers came near losing about ten tons of hay a few days ago. He went out to the hay before breakfast, and found that some tourist had left a fire burning in some old straw near, and the fire had burned its way to within a few feet of the stack when he discovered it.

Plenty of groceries, cheap for cash, at all our stores. M. M. Co.

The Antelope Herald is urging the people of that enterprising little city to bestir themselves in the matter of getting a mail line from Kent, thus giving them more direct communication with Sherman county.

There are two classes of men who never profit by their mistakes—those who blame it on their wives, and those who lay it all to Providence.—Ram's Horn.

CHURCH NOTICES.

The quarterly conference of the United Brethren Church will convene in Moro on Saturday, 2 P. M., at the Presbyterian Church. Presiding Elder C. C. Bell, of Portland, will be present, and will preach in the evening and Sunday. Scripture service at 3 P. M. at DeMoss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM BIGELOW.

S. I. Everett of Dufur paid Bigelow a visit last week.

Miss Maggie Huff, of Wasco, is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Johnson.

Miss Mattie Peddicord of Goldendale, and Earl Peddicord of Wasco, were visitors at Bigelow the 17th.

Mr. Horace Osborn, who started for Klondike some time since, on reaching Seattle was taken sick, and has returned home.

Bigelow was again treated to one of those good old times at the spelling school last Friday evening, given under the auspices of the Bigelow school. A large and appreciative audience listened to a well rendered programme, after which we all "chose up to spell down."

FROM WASCO.

Mrs. V. C. Brock is up from Portland visiting her husband.

Born—to the wife of G. B. Pulliam, March 17, a son.

Born—to the wife of W. F. Johnson, March 19, a daughter.

Mrs. Emerson of The Dalles, is nurse for Mrs. W. F. Johnson.

Mr. Swartz and wife, from Minnesota, arrived Saturday evening.

We understand E. O. McCoy is owner of the Oregon Trading Co. store.

On Wednesday evening, March 16th, Mr. E. L. Weld and Miss Rose M. Venable were united in marriage by Justice Jos. Marsh. The ceremony took place in the K. of P. hall, which was elegantly decorated for the occasion. About one hundred and twenty guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Weld are popular here, and we join their hosts of friends in best wishes. It was the most brilliant and happy affair ever witnessed in Wasco, and we must leave its description to abler pens.

FROM DE MOSS SPRINGS.

A howling snow storm this morning.

We learn that the C. S. R. R. is getting up steam to start south.

It will soon be time to start the political train with the eagle and honest \$ on her banner.

We still hear the growl and grumble between the United States and Spain, but no barking yet.

There is quite a large amount of wheat being hauled to market. Four to five wagon loads pass here daily.

The DeMoss Family started Tuesday morning on their 26th annual tour, to be gone for an indefinite time.

Our townsman, J. D. Newman, has returned home. He has been away helping to put in an extensive crop for 1898.

Quite a few tramps may be seen passing through the country. There has been no less than a dozen here the last week—at the back door.

Mr. Ireland, editor of the Sherman County Observer, spent Saturday afternoon and night at this place, and attended the concert given by the DeMoss Family, which was a success and well attended. Quite a number of Moro's citizens in attendance.

FROM RUFUS.

The sand storm is here in all its fury.

W. B. McCoy was down from Moro Saturday evening, and Dr. Idelman gave us a call also.

The Rufus school has begun, with Miss Bybe teacher. Several pupils from Grant are attending.

At our annual school meeting B. B. Clark was elected director and R. C. Wallis clerk.

Mrs. Condon, mother of our P. M., R. W. Condon, has gone to The Dalles to visit her daughter. Mrs. R. W. Condon, who accompanied her, returned home Saturday evening.

Passenger train No. 1.—One coach jumped the track at the big cut. Several of the passengers got tired of waiting and walked into Rufus for breakfast. Among them was our assessor, B. F. Pike, on his way home from Umatilla.

Spring has come, and the ladies are planting flowers and having their front yards put in order. The apple tree in the hotel yard is white with blooms, and the peach tree is pink with buds. Mrs. R. C. Wallis is planting several kinds of choice flowers and shrubbery and otherwise beautifying the grounds about her residence.

FROM GRASS VALLEY.

R. L. Campbell is limping around town again. Glad to see him out. As time rolls on you can hear more and more of politics.

Our public school closed Friday for a two weeks' vacation.

A. Scott returned Friday, but left his family to visit a little longer in Montana.

Everything was quiet last Monday after the stage left with its courting crowd.

Tuesday evening "Van" opened his alley, and since then the place to find any one is there.

C. E. Brown will start building in a few days, so as to be able to move in his own building on or before the first of June.

Dr. Cole is expecting his family here in a few days, and they will occupy the upstairs of John Berger's building until they can get a house.

Towards the middle and last of the week the jurors began to return one and two at a time, and some say the county clerk has a "cross dog."

Last Friday evening a four-horse team of the P. H. Co. of this place went to Moro on a visit, and they say they were entertained royally, so tonight (Monday) this Circle will give a public entertainment, and expect to have a good time.

TELEGRAPH TICKETS.

Monday 21st.—McKinley said to be almost broken down. Fears assassination, and has fits of despondency.

England surprised that we should excite ourselves over Spain's "paper" navy.

Tuesday 22d.—A summary report of the board of inquiry sent to Washington last night.

The House passed a bill for the relief of the sufferers from the Maine disaster.

Fire in a hotel in Montana; three dead and 20 missing.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF MORO.

You can boast about your cities, and their steady growth and rise, and brag about your wholesale stores and business enterprises; And railroads and factories, and all such foolery. But the little town of Moro is good enough for me.

You can harp about your churches, with their steeples in the clouds, And gas about your graded streets and blow about your crowds. You can talk about your theaters, and all you have to see, But the little town of Moro is good enough for me.

There's no style in our town, it's like and small. There are no grand churches either, just a meeting house, that's all. There are no sidewalks to speak of, but the highways are always free, And the little town of Moro is wide enough for me.

Some find it discommoding, as they go passing by, To have no railroad handy, but we'll have one by and by. With candy store, and soda fountain, and packing plant, all three, But the little town of Moro is handy enough for me.

You can smile and turn your nose up, and joke and have your fun, But the little town of Moro is a better place than none. If the city suits you better, why, it's where you ought to stay, But the little town of Moro gets larger every day.

There are three hotels here, so you see there's opposition; The people seldom get sick, but we have a fine physician. We are going to build a flouring mill which will be a credit to our town, So the little town of Moro is bound to win renown.

We have no timber round us, so need no lumber mills. But have a first-class foundry, which by far is better still; Our people are free-hearted and industrious as can be. And the little town of Moro is good enough for me.

A LYRIC.

A new Georgia poet "is in our midst." He sends this charming lyric to the "Constitution," with the statement that it is "one of a thousand" he has written, but the first he has ever submitted for publication. It is as follows:

"My love has eyes that are as blue As I am when a note falls due; Her face with love-lines abounds; I think she weighs two hundred pounds. Her smile far more than gold is worth; 'Tis love enough to light the earth! I hear the falling of her feet A hundred yards down the street; She sets my happy heart to drumming And the whole world shakes when she's coming!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years (or since the close of one of the later geological periods), is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

The largest orang-outang ever killed measured 4 feet 10 inches in height; the average is about 4 feet 2 inches.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of 409 years.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the circuit court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county, on the 14th day of March, 1898, in a suit therein pending wherein Ed. M. Williamsas trustee for A. M. Williams & Company, and E. P. Mays is plaintiff, and Henry H. Petersen and John Marden as executor of the last will of Mary Bill, deceased, are defendants, to me directed and commanding me to sell the lands hereinafter described, I will, on Saturday, the 23d day of April, 1898, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., at the door of the county court house in Moro, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the west half of the north-west quarter, and the west half of the southwest quarter of Section 24, and the northwest-quarter of Section 25, Township 2 South, Range 17 East, W. 4., to satisfy a certain judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court, and cause on the 4th day of October, 1897, to-wit: to satisfy the sum of \$282.62 and interest thereon at ten per cent. per annum from said October 4th, 1897, less \$204.40 credited upon said judgment on December 14th, 1897, and \$45 attorney's fees and \$13 costs, and the further sum of \$562.12 and interest at ten per cent. per annum from said October 4, 1897, and \$18.05 costs and \$40 attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$1055.93 and interest at ten per cent. per annum from said October 4, 1897, and \$13.16 costs and \$65 attorney's fees.

WILLIAM HOLDER, Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon. m235

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Laura Leet, deceased.

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Laura Leet, deceased, has filed with the clerk of the county court, in and for said county, his final report and account as such administrator, and that Tuesday, the 5th day of April, 1898, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the county court room, in Moro, county of Sherman, State of Oregon, has, by an order of said county court, duly made and entered on the 28th day of February, 1898, been duly appointed as the time and place for the settlement of said final report and account, and for the hearing and determination of objections thereto, if any there be.

Dated at Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, this 28th day of February, 1898.

Jones B. Moway, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Laura Leet, deceased. m235

C. H. JENKINS, —will do your—

Horse-Shoeing and general blacksmithing.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

GRASS VALLEY, OREGON.

What is Your Life.

A little crib beside the bed, A little face above the spread, A little shoe upon the floor, A little frock behind the door, A little lad with dark brown hair, A little blue-eyed face and fair, A little lane that leads to school, A little pencil slate and rule, A little winsome, blithesome maid, A little hand within his laid— That is where he got married— A little family gathering round, A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound—

That is where the child died— A little cottage and acres four, A little old-time fashioned store, A little added to his soil, A little rest from hardest toil, A little silver in his hair, A little stool and an easy chair, A little night of earth-lit gloom, A little cortege to the tomb— That is what life is.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

Properly Booked.

A shy Australian major, on an Australian liner, after spending the first evening very late with his friends in the salon, suddenly returned to them after saying "good-night," and requested an interview with the purser. He was very white.

"There is a lady," he said, "in my cabin—No. 42."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the purser; "here's the list; your companion is Captain Higginson."

"Nothing will induce me to go into the cabin again," said the major.

"Well, I'll go," rejoined the other. He returned with great celerity, and with a face as white as the major's. "Upon my life, you are right. We'll put you somewhere else for the night, and see about it in the morning."

With the earliest dawn they sought the steward, and demanded an explanation.

"It's all a mistake, gentleman," he said; "it's Captain Higginson, all right; here's his luggage."

"We must have this explained," said the purser; "this portmanteau is unlocked; let us see what is in it."

It contained a lady's wearing-apparel.