

MORO LEADER.

Published Every Wednesday by the
Moro Publishing Co.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
PER YEAR, \$1.00. SIX MONTHS, 50c.
(In advance.)
SINGLE COPIES.....5 CENTS.
L. W. HUNTING.....EDITOR.
WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 29, 1898.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.
William McKinley.....President.
Garrett A. Hobart.....Vice President.
John Sherman.....Secretary of State.
Lyman P. Gage.....Secretary of Treasury.
C. N. Bliss.....Secretary of Interior.
Russell A. Alger.....Secretary of War.
John D. Long.....Secretary of Navy.
James A. Garfield.....Postmaster General.
Joseph McKenna.....Attorney General.
James Wilson.....Secretary of Agriculture.

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A. A. Jayne.....Prosecuting Attorney.
E. B. Dufur.....Joint Senator.
William Sherman and Wasco counties.
John Michell.....Joint Senator.
Sherman and Wasco.

R. S. Huntington, F. N. Jones, Joint
Representatives, Sherman, Wasco.

SHERMAN COUNTY.

John Fulton.....County Judge.
R. P. Orr, R. H. King, Commissioners.
Wm. Henrichs.....Clerk.
Geo. N. Bolton.....Treasurer.
W. J. Peckford.....County Supt.
B. F. Pike.....Assessor.
J. E. Brown.....Coroner.
J. T. Johnson.....Surveyor.
J. V. O'Leary.....Stock Inspector.
District No. 3—L. W. Hunting, Justice;
E. B. Wheat, Constable.

SETTLED.

For some time there has been entirely too much dispute and wrangling amongst those claiming to be Republicans, as to who represented Republican principles, and should represent the party in primaries and conventions.

The seat of war has been in Multnomah county, and until this year other counties did not manifest any particular determination to take a hand in the fight, or to settle it. But those who called themselves Republicans, with a prefix, finding themselves unable to conquer there, carried the fight into other counties. This was more than could be submitted to, and last week the outside counties took hold of the matter and settled once, and we hope for all time, the question whether one man was greater than the party. And this is as it should be, for when any man or set of men undertake to say that they are the true representatives of a party regardless of the fact that they are a hopeless minority, and advocate doctrines diametrically opposed to the plain teachings of the party whose name they claim, refuse to submit to the majority rule, then it is the unquestioned duty of all true supporters of that party to at once and forever set down on them.

Now that the self-styled "Mitchell Republicans" are no longer of, or in the Republican organization, the only thing left for them to do is to give up their quasi-organization, come into the party and take part in its labors, and assist it in its efforts to maintain national and individual honor, upholding sound money principles and supporting known and tried sound money candidates, and thus prove to the world that they are for their country rather than man.

In the present struggle there can be no half-way position. Either for the maintaining of, or doing away with, the present gold standard, every one must take a stand. All who have been, and still wish to be Republicans must, in order to be consistent, advocate the preservation of the gold standard, for the present at least. This we say, for all efforts to promote international agreement as to free coinage of silver has proved utterly futile, and until such time as this can be accomplished the Republican party stands pledged to maintain the present standard of money.

The American people are noted for the ease and speed with which they are willing to forgive a fallen foe, and the hearty hand-shake of fellowship is extended to all who promise amends; and the Republicans of Oregon are but Americans, and extend to their late antagonists, the so-called "Mitchell Republicans," a hearty invitation to "come in out of the rain."

Attention is called to a letter from Robert Newton, printed in another column. He is a representative farmer, and expresses the views entertained by many in his part of the county.

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SHERMAN COUNTY.

Here are a few facts about Sherman, the biggest little county in Oregon: Area, about 515,000 acres; about 400,000 acres tillable land; about 165,000 acres under cultivation; about 110,000 acres now in wheat; population, 3,051; 1897 crop of wheat 2½ million bushels, or about 820 bushels for each inhabitant, at 60 cents per bushel; nearly \$500 for every man, woman and child; never had a crop failure; wheat has been exported every year since farming began. First county to pay state tax in full this year.

One flouring mill running, another under construction and another projected. About 22 per cent of buildings in xoro have been erected since April 1, 1897, and other towns show about the same; six business corporations in xoro in last 7 months, aggregating about \$55,000 capital; 128 real estate mortgages released from October 15, 1897, to April 15, 1898; amount, \$96,000; warrants are at par, and have been for some time; practically no debt.

OF CANDIDATES.

For the various county offices the Republicans have put in the field a ticket composed of men well known to almost everybody in the county.

Of the aspirant for sheriff nothing need be said. Everybody knows Wm. Holder, the present incumbent.

Wm. Henrichs, our candidate for re-election as county clerk, is also well known. He served faithfully and honorably as assessor for two terms, and left such a record for strict attention to business that he had practically no opposition when, at the earnest solicitations of numerous friends two years ago, he finally consented to let his name go before the convention for nomination. Not a word can be said against him or his management of the clerk's office, and he will undoubtedly run ahead of the ticket.

For treasurer, Capt. W. Stanley, a thoroughly competent and strictly honest man, who will be the treasurer himself if elected, is the proper man for the place, and should receive the full support of Republicans and all others who want a man capable and trustworthy to handle the finances of the county.

B. F. Pike, our present assessor, is again placed before the people for their indorsement of his labors. He has made every effort to get at all taxable property in the county, and the records show he is the man for the place. He will be our next assessor if merit is to get its reward.

County Commissioner R. P. Orr comes before the people of Sherman county for an indorsement of his work as a member of the county court. During the time he has served as commissioner he has always worked for economy, and the present good financial name of our county is partly due to his efforts.

For county school superintendent no better choice could have been made. W. H. Ragsdale is a graduate of the State Normal school at Monmouth, has had experience in the school room, is up to date in all that pertains to public schools, and will make a good superintendent. While he is a Republican, he does not believe in partisan politics in the public schools. He is very popular with all who know him, and is worthy of the support of all who have the good of our public schools at heart.

Thos. Peugh for surveyor is the right man for the place. He is an industrious young man, has studied for the business, and will receive many votes outside the party, as well as a full party vote.

While the office of coroner is not a very lucrative one, still it is important, and in Dr. I. M. Smith the people of the county will find all the qualifications necessary. Besides he is one of the most popular men in the county. To know him is to respect him. His election is assured.

Now that President McKinley has put the whole Cuban affair into the hands of congress, that body does not seem to be in so great haste to go to war. Grave responsibility rests with congress, and necessarily calls for more careful action than some members have been advocating.

In the Wasco News of the 14th, there appears "a kick" signed by E. Jacobsen. It seems we touched him where he lives. His threat to expose the "Moro push," as he calls it, is a mere bluff. If there is anything to expose, why don't he, instead of only threatening? Until such time as he presents something more tangible than a threat, we shall let the matter rest.

Hurrah for Cuba Libre!!

Miss Gotham (wishing to astound her Aunt Cynthia, from Hayseed Corners)—"What do you think of my new gown, aunt? It was made in Paris."

Aunt Cynthia (severely)—"Lan's sake, niece! I ailers did hear that your father was purty close-fisted, but I didn't think he'd go so far as to send to Europe an' have your dresses made by that cheap foreign pauper labor."—Puck.

LETTER FROM MONKLAND.

MONKLAND, OR., April 18, 1898.

EDITOR LEADER: A public meeting will be held in Monkland on Saturday, April 23d, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of talking over the railroad situation in this county. The railroad officials and other prominent citizens who are interested in the building of the road through Sherman county will all be present, and the selection of a route from Wasco into the interior will receive special consideration. I need hardly say that this matter of a route for the new road is of the greatest importance, especially to the farmers living in that portion of our county known as the Hay Canyon country, which is the most productive wheat belt in Sherman county, and that it is for the interests of all to attend this meeting and make their wishes and views on the subject known to the company.

I am aware that the company has experienced a good deal of difficulty in securing a right of way out of Wasco, and I also know that some of the opponents of the road in Wasco have diligently conveyed the impression to the Hay Canyon people that Moro was trying all it could to prevent the road from being built up Grass valley canyon. All this Wasco talk is very transparent, and plainly shows that their object is to antagonize the Hay Canyon people against Moro. As a matter of fact, all the obstacles to the building of the road have come from Wasco, and their reasons for doing so are quite easily accounted for. I know that the people of Moro are anxious to see the road built further south, and that they want to see the most practicable route, and the one that will best subserve the interests of the people of this county selected by the company. I also know that Moro has no grudge against Hay Canyon, and that the route up Grass valley canyon, if suitable to the company, will be just as satisfactory to the Moro people as any other: in fact, I believe it would be more satisfactory to them.

In conclusion, I will say that this thing of the citizens of a certain town fighting the building of the road out into the interior of the county, just because it may affect their own private interests, is a selfish policy, and will be resented by the people south and east of Wasco, who all want the road, and who know that the building of the road will be a great blessing to the entire county, even if it does hurt a small portion known as the city of Wasco.

R. NEWTON.

United States Land Office—Notice of Filing Plans.

THE DALLES, OR., April 8, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the approved plat of survey of Township 12 South, Range 26 East of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, has been received at this office and will be officially filed in this office Saturday, the 28th day of May, 1898, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Jas. F. Moore, Register.
Wm. H. Boggs, Receiver.

To All Whom It May Concern.

Notice is hereby given that at the term of county court, held on April 6, 1898, an execution was issued commanding me to collect the delinquent tax for 1897, and to levy upon and sell property. To give one and all every chance in my power to pay without costs added, I will not start out to make such levies until May 16, 1898, thereby giving the taxpayers the same time to pay without costs I have each year. I hope all will be able to avail themselves of this opportunity.

MORO, OR., April 18, 1898.

Wm. Holder, Sheriff Sherman County, Or.

Notice to Stockholders.

There is now due and payable at once on each share of stock in the Moro Hall Co. (known as A. O. U. W. Hall) an installment of \$5 on each share subscribed. Payable to A. H. Barnum or H. A. Moore, Moro, Oregon.

School Teachers.

Applications to teach in the Moro public schools will be received until the 30th of April, 1898. Applicants must write their application with pen and ink, state grade they desire to teach and salary expected. Address: W. H. Ragsdale, Clerk, ap64 Moro, Oregon.

FOR SALE.

400-acre farm; also 400 acres summer-fallow, 500 acres of wheat, 18 work horses, 8 cows, full outfit of farm implements, consisting of 4 wagons, hack, buggy, harness, gang plow, right lap, harrows, etc., etc. If sold soon, in quantities to suit purchaser. For price and terms call on or address R. E. HOSKINSON, Moro, Oregon.

Klondike Gold

Loaned on Sherman county real estate. Call on or address R. E. HOSKINSON, Moro, Oregon.

Mr. Jinks—"I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is that my wife, your daughter, is a dreadfully hard woman to live with."

Mr. Blinks—"I can sympathize with you, sir. I married her mother."—Y. Y. Weekly.

MORO LEADER. \$1.00 per year.

FOUND DEAD.

Mark Hayden, about 60 years of age, a brother of Ben Hayden, of Salem, started to go to the Seelye ranch Tuesday, the 12th, from Wasco. He got within about a mile of his destination, when he dropped dead, apparently without much pain or struggle. Saturday, friends not hearing from him, a search party, consisting of Mr. Lucas, B. F. Pike and Bud Clayton, left Wasco about 3 o'clock and found the remains, as stated above. Mr. Clayton came at once to Moro, and an undertaker went to the sad scene, and Coroner Brown was telephoned for, arriving about 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Upon investigation he decided it was not necessary to summon a coroner's jury, death being evidently due to natural causes. The remains were buried at Moro Sunday, it being impossible to delay the interment longer. A son lives in Grant county, and a married daughter also in Eastern Oregon.

A \$17,000 Watch.

"While in Geneva some months ago," said Col. J. R. Reynolds, "I visited the principal watchworks there, and as a matter of curiosity asked the manager what was the highest price watch that was made in Geneva. He said that the most expensive watch turned out in Switzerland was worth \$700. This watch had a split second-hand, and struck the hours if needed. It also had in it a tiny musical box, which played three distinct tunes. This watch, he said, was the finest that could be made, but that ornaments, diamonds, etc., could be worked into the cases, which would run the price up into as many thousands as the purchaser desired. He said there had been one watch made in his establishment the cases of which had been studded with diamonds, and which had cost \$17,000; but as far as the watch itself was concerned, it was a \$700 watch.—Farm and Fireside.

It Makes a Difference.

The popular adage is, "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery county recently by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train, going north, sincerely believing it is the southern train. Will it make no difference? Will he bring up at the south all the same?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a lie, and a very transparent one at that! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it.—The Covenanter.

Discouraging.

Well, how do you like farming? Has the hog-cholera got in your pig-weed patch yet?" asked the friend from the city.

Johnson, who had rented a farm to escape an epidemic of appendicitis that was raging in the city, extracted a sliver from his thumb, and replied:

"I can tell you, farming isn't the snap folks think. There's lots of work. A couple of weeks ago I wanted to set a hen. The hens were all laying, and not wishing to interrupt them, I set a rooster. I've been working with him ever since. That bird is as faithful to his vows as a summer girl. But my worst stroke was last week."

"What was it? Forgot to put quilts on your onion bed?"

"No, not that. You see I had a colt that was in rather poor flesh. One of the neighbors told me to feed it plenty of corn in the ear. I did so, and I am afraid it is going to die. The poor animal has been deaf as a bat ever since."—Truth.

It Was Regular.

"Once upon a time," said Congressman Peel, of Arkansas, at the Metropolitan, "I heard Mr. Lanham, of Texas, then a congressman, say to his colleague and friend, Colonel Culberson, that it would be better for both of them to retire from political life and return to their homes and make some money from the practice of their profession."

"You know, Culberson," said Lanham, "that \$5000 a year hardly pays the expenses of living in Washington, and as for saving anything, that is impossible. Both of us can make more money than that practicing law."

"Yes, Lanham," responded the other, "I admit the truth of what you say. It's no big money, \$5000 a year, but, Lanham, it comes powerful regular."—Washington Post.

CLIPPINGS.

Porter—"Kin I brush de dust outer yer clothes, boss?"

Traveler—"There's no dust in my clothes, Sam."

Porter—"Well, yer doesn't look like yer was dead broke, boss."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I see that you are your own washerwoman," said Mrs. Spitley, who was leading her poodle past the place.

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Snapley, "but, thank goodness, I'm not reduced to playing nurse-girl for a dog!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Grubb—"Have you any more sugar like the last ye sent me?"

Grocer (briskly)—"Yes, madam, plenty of it. How much do you want?"

Mrs. Grubb—"Don't want none."—N. Y. Weekly.

He—"So you have ambitions?" She—"Yes, decidedly. I want to solve some important problem."

He—"Well, you just study out how to bring up a family on fifteen dollars a week, and we'll get married."

"Yes, sir; that is the greatest dog to ferret out criminals that you ever saw. He has caught a bank burglar, seven murderers and thirty-seven road-agents."

"To what do you attribute this marvelous detective ability?"

"Well, you see, as a pup he managed to swallow a lot of tracing-paper, and—"

But the listener was gone.—Judge.

Little Harry's experience with death was limited to the decease of a pet canary, which had been sent to a taxidermist, and now adorned the parlor mantel.

His grandmother, of whom he was very fond, was taken suddenly ill. For some time after he learned of her condition he sat in a brown study; then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he tiptoed into the sick-room, and cautiously approaching the bed, fixed his serious big brown eyes upon his dear relative, and said, with a little quiver in his voice:

"Say, grandma, if you die, which would you rather be, buried or stuffed?—'cause if you're buried we can't see you no more, but if you're stuffed we can set you in the parlor."

Grandma immediately began to mend.—Judge.

A young lady once called on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians, and after discussing on all the topics of interest of the day, settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things, she said she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling.

The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out, she started for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said:

"Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?"

"Take the cork," he retorted; "they tell me that's good for a sinking feeling."—Argonaut.

"What is the matter? Are you angry?" inquired the blonde.

"No, I'm not angry. I'm mad!" exclaimed the brunette.

"Oh, my! What is the matter?"

"It was that horrid Charley Chapperton."

"What has he done?"

"Why, he came in awhile ago, and I was lying down on the lounge. I thought I would pretend to be asleep, just to see if—if what he would do, you know."

"And he didn't?"

"But he did, though."

"Gracious, you are not mad at him for that, are you?"

"No; although I pretended to be terribly provoked, I reproached him for taking advantage of me, and pretended to be awfully shocked. He tried to change the subject, but I—"

"He didn't say he was sorry, did he?"

"Hardly that. You see, it was the first time he had ever kissed me, and I wanted to keep him from talking about it. I pretended to be so much in earnest that I really scared him. Then I told him that I had not been asleep at all, and that I was only pretending."

"Then what did he say?"

"Why, the mean, hateful, horrible thing said that he knew it all the time, and that the game had been worked on him before. That's why I am mad."—N. Y. World.

Priscilla—"Jack is the oddest fellow. He took me driving yesterday, and when we were seven miles from home he said if I wouldn't promise to marry him he'd make me get out and walk back."

Pendelope—"Did you walk back?" Priscilla—"No, indeed; but the horse did!"—Truth.

Temper, if ungoverned, governs the whole man.

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BARAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

Bargain No. 1—160a ranch 3 miles south of Grass valley, 100a farm land; terms, \$100; \$500 cash, bal. on easy terms; int. 10 per cent.

Bargain No. 2—220a ranch 7 miles south of Moro, fair improvement, plenty of water; terms, \$1100, \$500 cash, bal. in two payments; int. 10 per cent.

Bargain No. 3—160a 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—475a ranch 8 miles east of Wasco, 300a farm land, 240a sown to wheat, house of 6 rooms, barn 40x33, and granary 18x24, machine shed 30x32; terms, \$500, \$250 cash, bal. on easy terms; \$500 extra for crop.

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