

MORO LEADER.

Published Every Wednesday by the
Moro Publishing Co.

Entered at the Post-Office at Moro,
Oregon, as second-class matter,
April 27, 1918.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
PER YEAR, \$1.00 SIX MONTHS, 50c.
(in advance.)

SINGLE COPIES.....5 CENTS.
Advertising rates made known on ap-
plication.

L. W. HUNTING.....EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY.....JUNE 15, 1918.

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WHAT NEXT?

The last campaign surely ought to convince free silver advocates of the utter failure of that as an issue on which to divide the people of Oregon. The people have spoken. The free silver issue is dead—let it remain dead—there is no use to keep agitating it. Those who are still determined to down the Republican party must pick up some other weapon, free silver won't do. Frade trade failed in the former campaign, and free silver in this. What will they do for an issue? They can't take up free Cuba; the Republican party won't take issue with them on that. They can't take up the opening of the Nicaragua canal, the Republican party won't take issue with them on that. They might hunt up something with the great word "free" in it, but what shall it be. In the name of common sense, in the light of recent political events, what can the opposition take up for an issue with which to try to get into office. Let them say, and then another "campaign of education" will begin, and not end until the people are as well informed as in the last campaign. Again, we ask, what next?

TO INVESTORS.

Oregon has a prosperous year in sight. Many millions of bushels of wheat will be raised and shipped abroad besides supplying home needs. Thousands of tons of hay will be sent to California. Millions of dollars' worth of fruit will be raised. An output of gold, probably the largest in the history of the state, is another source of wealth, to say nothing of other minerals, and coal, dairy products, lumber, fisheries, etc. Capital is needed to develop our natural resources. We have right here in Sherman county opportunities for investment that cannot be excelled in the state. Eastern men who have money to invest, and desire to realize on their investment a larger profit than money can earn there, will do well to turn their attention to Oregon, where opportunities for safe and profitable uses of money are so plentiful.

Oregon can boast of being the first Western state to come out in unmistakable terms for the present gold standard with a majority that surprises even the most sanguine supporters of the Republican principle of sound money. This is the result of thorough, earnest, and constant education on the money question. This education has been mainly by newspapers, the leading one being the Oregonian. That the Oregonian is proud of the result is quite pardonable—yes, commendable—it for it shows that the work was done well and thoroughly. Despite the envious ranting of the opposition, the fact remains that to the Oregonian belongs great credit for its labors.

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Gain in an "Off Year."

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The republicans made gains in nearly every county in Oregon in last Monday's election, as compared with the vote for president in 1896. A circumstance of this sort is so rare that when it occurs it deserves conspicuous mention. A party's majority in a presidential year in a state higher than any which it gains in the immediately succeeding state elections. In Oregon, however, the republican margin of 1896 for president is far exceeded by that of 1898 for governor. The plurality now, in fact, is nearly four times as great as it was then. This shows that the republican party is stronger in the West than it was in the great republican year in which McKinley was elected. The canvasses in the rest of the country later in the year will probably show that the republican gain is general.

The Sunday Oregonian dwells upon what it calls "a pleasant circumstance in connection with the recent election is, that not a single fusion or People's party paper in all Oregon has charged that the republican victory was even remotely due to the corrupt use of money." There is one, The People's Republic, published at Wasco, that does make a long-winded, rambling charge that "hack load after hack load of total strangers" were "wheeled up to the polls, voting and returning in the most systematic manner," and this too in a little county town of a few hundred people. It only shows that the writer is not acquainted with his own neighbors, or that he purposely misrepresents matters. But then the Oregonian is right, for the afore-named paper does not represent the fusion, nor People's party; it represents only the disgruntled views of its editor.

As we predicted several weeks ago, the action and policy of President McKinley in the Cuban question, as it becomes known and understood, is fast gaining the approval of even those who bitterly attacked him for what they considered procrastination and even cowardice. Never in the history of this or any other country has a war been so successful, in so short a time, under similar conditions, and this fact is fast proving to the impatient ones that "McKinley is all right."

It has been only about two months since war was declared with Spain. One great naval victory has been gained thousands of miles from home. Another hostile fleet is penned up where it is helpless. Thousands of new-made soldiers are on their way to Manila. Tens of thousands of others are either ready to go, already on the island of Cuba, or on the way there. Still some impatient ones wonder why we don't do something.

There was no demonstration at all when the election returns were coming in last week—by the victors—except now and then an expression of supreme satisfaction. The opposition seemed so utterly dazed and disappointed that any loud demonstration would have seemed too much like "jumping on a man when he is down," and Republicans refrained from boisterous cheering.

While no one is perfect, not even the sheriff himself pretends that Wm. Holder is perfect, it is safe to say he has as many friends now as before the attempt to defeat him for re-election by the People's Republic. The methods adopted by that paper to down him were not to the liking of many, consequently many cast their ballots for him in order to rebuke said paper.

"When shall we three meet again," as a motto with a picture of two jackasses above it is suggested as a crest, or coat-of-arms for the Union campaign committee to put upon its letter-heads when writing consoling letters to their associates journeying up "Salt River."

Oregon has in the past been on more than one occasion the first, or among the first to take up a great issue, and stand out boldly for the right, and that in unmistakable terms. She does so again now in this election.

Sherman county now pays interest on warrants issued since July 1, 1897, or less than a year. In one or two years more she will be able to pay cash on demand. A good record for a county only ten years old.

The Portland Tribune has expired. The election was too much for it. In fact ever since the state convention in Astoria the Tribune has been doomed, and the morning after the election saw it no more.

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CROP PROSPECTS.

It has been reported that Sherman county wheat has lately been damaged by the hot weather. This is a mistake. The weather is now cool and cloudy, frequent showers occur, and every farmer interviewed says, there has never been a brighter prospect for an immense yield of wheat than we have in Sherman county today.

The sinking of the Merrimac at Santiago will give to the time-honored expression, "Hobson's choice," quite a different meaning from what it has had heretofore—Oregonian.

CLIPPINGS.

A popular lecturer used to tell of two compliments he had received, each of which was, as he said, a "gem" in its way. One day a friend met him on the street, and said, cheerfully, "I see that you lectured last night. Sorry I wasn't able to be there. Hope to hear your lecture when it passes into literature." This was different from the tribute paid him by a young man, who, with a grave face and business-like air, stepped up to the lecturer one night, as he left the platform, shook his hand solemnly, and remarked, with the air of one making a dry statement of facts, "I merely wished to say that you are my favorite writer and speaker," after which he bowed and abruptly disappeared.

Even the children of to-day have an eye to the main chance. A western man has a little daughter of whose character, strange to say, he has an exalted idea, and delights to put it to harmless tests. One day he said to her, "My dear, a man this morning offered papa this room full of gold if he would sell little brother. Now, that means gold enough to fill this room from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum, I shall be able to buy everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?"

"No, papa," answered the little girl, promptly; and then, before her delighted father could embrace her for expressing so much unselfish affection, she went on, "Keep him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more then."

She was an awfully swell woman, an exquisite of make-up and languishing of manner. The children watched her and listened to her as she conversed with her mamma, evidently with wonder and admiration. A little tot of three years stood half concealed behind her mother's skirts, and bashfully regarded the fashionable visitor. The latter finally got hold of the childish hand, and patted it gently, smilingly displaying her own dazzling fingers.

"Haven't you got anything to say to me, my child?"

"Es ma'am, if oo please!"

"That's a dear! Now, what is it? Something nice, isn't it?"

"Did oo—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Did oo ever make mud pies?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One eye was in mourning, and there was a long strip of court-plaster across the bridge of his nose. "Yes," he sighed, "how correct it is that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"That's right," said his sympathizing friend; "this trying to kiss a girl on a tandem is not all asphalt and macadam."—Life.

Papa—"Don't you think he is very large for his age?—only fourteen months."

Friend—"Yes. Do you know, I've observed that most babies are very large for their age."

A London court recently condemned to three months' imprisonment a man who had supported himself fifteen years by means of begging letters. Over five hundred of these were found in his room. He had squandered his wife's property, worth \$75,000.

From Judge's Dictionary.

Autobiographer—One who strives to make a hero of himself with becoming modesty.

Announcer—A false friend; a person who confuses the text, and who is not a believer in the proverb, let bad enough alone.

Memoirs—Reminiscences of great men, written by little men to show on what familiar terms they were with the objects of their worship.

Literary syndicate—An institution which employs young men to rewrite the current encyclopedias.

Critic—A literary pope gifted with infallibility; an individual who seems to take a negative enjoyment out of life by pulling down what others have built, and who seldom commits himself to the jeopardy of any positive performance. Also a sort of safety-valve or withholding force preventing an overproduction of genius.—Judge.

The smallest bird known to the ornithologists is the West Indian humming-bird. It weighs but twenty grains.

"THE REBEL YELL OF '93."

"Blow the horn, Maria;
Call the boys from the plow;
McKinley wants more volunteers
An' I'll do my duty now."

"I fit ergin the Union once—
I fit fur what was right;
But bygones air bygones,
An' they mus' go an' fight."

"Fitz-Lee has jined the Yankees,
Jo, Wheeler's donned the blue;
If they fergit the civil war,
W'y, d—n it, I can, too."

"Albert Sidney, fall in line—
Close up thar, Robert Lee—
Jeff Davis, drop that weedin' hoe,
An' take this 'ol' fuzee."

"Tention, squad!—my tactics is
Just plain 'ol' rebel yell—
Lead an' shoot, an' shoot an' lead,
An' give them Spaniards hell!"
JACK CRAIG.

A Good Liear.

"I'm done with South America," he declared, with an air of disgust, as he looked at the other loungers in the hotel regaling parlor, and sipped a glass of beer. "Nature overdoes everything down there. Melon vines grow so fast that the melons are ruined by being dragged over the ground. Where the soil is most fertile, the natives have to go up in a balloon to pick grapes. Corn grows so tall that the crows eat it out of gun range, and the stalks have to be cut down with an ax. The grass comes on so fast that the farmers make hay every week, and there is enough fruit raised to supply the markets of the world. A man can live there without turning a hand."

"I guess not," grunted an old toper, who was looking for just that kind of a snap.

"I say you can, and have the best there is going. But I wouldn't live there if they deeded me the whole shooting-match. There are more snakes there than there are leaves in Formosa, or wherever it is. They can run like a motor car and climb a tree like a cat."

"Ugh!" shuddered the toper.

"And you people don't have any storms up here. One of your cyclones wouldn't be a fresh breeze down there. I've seen a blow in Brazil turn an iron keel inside out. I'd just bought a ticket for a place sixty miles away one evening, when I'll be durned if the wind didn't pick the little station up and land me right where I wanted to go. It was done so quick that the old clock didn't get through striking seven while we were making the trip. I located a gold mine on top of a hill, and it was full of gold. One night the whole top of that infernal hill blew away, and when I found it, a lot of Spaniards had jumped the claim."

"How's the grocery business?" brusquely asked a man who had come in a minute before, but the South American traveler had vanished as though on the wings of a South American storm.

"Runs a little one-horse grocery out here at Jumptown," continued the new-comer. "Never been out of Michigan in his life. Heavy-weight champion liar of the world."—Detroit Free Press.

Some Pertinent Questions.

I took my boy off for a sail on a Sound steamer a short time ago. Here is what he asked me in the course of the day:

"Do they call this a Sound steamer because it makes a noise?"

"Is that water down there any wetter than the water on the Atlantic ocean?"

"What makes the water wet, anyhow?"

"How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that?"

"If a mama fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish, would she go ashore and dig for them?"

"Suppose a whale came along and sat on an oyster for three days so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster?"

"Doesn't the dampness ever give clams malaria?"

"Does it hurt to get drowned?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them?"—Life.

By applying boric acid thoroughly to the feet, particularly about the nails, between and under the toes, and to the soles, two or three times a week or oftener, as the case may need, dressing them while there is a good coating of powder on the skin, sweating of the feet may be effectually relieved. The application is easily made and will prove satisfactory.—Medical Record.

Jones—"Great guns! You're getting deaf, old man."

Smith—"In not. I could never hear better in my life."

Jones (producing a watch)—

"Can you hear that watch tick?"

Smith (triumphantly)—"Distinctly."

Jones—"That's queer. The watch isn't running."—Judge.

Cholly—"I lost five pounds coming ovah."

Dolly—"Mal de mer?"

Cholly—"Naw-pokah."

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

A FRAUD.

Geo. W. Mitchell, who claims to be a Deputy Supreme President of the Protected Home Circle, has left many bills unpaid in Sherman county. He is a fraud. He has been working the people here and members of the P. H. C. for about two months, and has now skipped for parts unknown, presumably to work some other community in the name of some other fraternal order, as members of the P. H. C. here say he has been kicked out of the order for misconduct. Oregon and other papers please pass this warning around and head him off.

A Mrs. Ida M. Cooper, who is crippled from paralysis, is now a charge upon the county with her little four-year-old son. James Phillips, who was drowned in the John Day river May 30, was her brother, and supported her.

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 oil companies: Home of New York, Phoenix of Hartford, Imperial of London, Pennsylvania of Philadelphia, Home Mutual of Cal., or Etna of Hartford. Have your farm-house and barn insured. The rates are very low on farm property. Moore Bros., Agents.

BASE BALL.

The Antelope nine will be in Moro next Saturday, June 18th, and will cross bats with some of our boys from Hay Canyon. This is expected to be one of the most hotly contested games of the season.

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.

Klondike Gold.

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

"This is the saddest case of all, and yet he achieved his ambition." The keeper paused, and with pitying eyes the visitors gazed on the hopeless, expressionless face of the patient, from which all traces of intelligence had vanished.

"How did he come to this sad state?"

"He was out of work and endeavored to make himself eligible to serve as a petit juror."—Judge.

The best time to strike your clients is right after dinner, is it not?" asked the social statistician.

"It is when they eat at a hotel," answered the begging gentleman.

"Home dinners, man is just as liable to be comin' away mad as in a good humor."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Ah! for a lame back, I presume?" inquired the druggist, suavely.

"No," replied the callow poet, who had asked for a porous plaster, "for writer's cramps."

"Pardon me, but how can you apply it to your wrist?"

"It isn't in my wrist; it's in my stomach."—Truth.

Boston girl—"Uncle Gawge, do you think my photographs do me justice?"

Uncle Gawge (critically)—"Yes, Emeline; justice without mercy."

LAND NOTICES.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, June 6, 1898. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Wm. Henrichs, county clerk, at Moro, Oregon, on July 16, 1898, viz: Margaret McCallum; H. E. No. 3072, for the S W 1/4 Sec. 23, T. 1 S., R. 17 E., W. 4 M.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land: J. S. W. Elliott, Hugh McIntyre, Joseph Patterson and L. H. Martin, all of Monkland, Oregon. Jas. F. Moore, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, May 9, 1898. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, on Friday, June 24, 1898, viz: LIDA JOHNSON, of The Dalles; Homestead Application No. 2223, for the lot 1 S. 1/4, Sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 15 E., W. 4 M. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. C. Egbert, A. S. Roberts, M. Stecker and Herbert Egbert, all of The Dalles, Oregon. Jas. F. Moore, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, May 3, 1898. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before William Henrichs, county clerk, at Moro, Oregon, on Monday, June 20, 1898, viz: MARY A. RICHMOND, formerly Mary A. Stone, of Biggs; Timber Culture Application No. 2224, for the N 1/2 S E 1/4 Sec. 30, T. 1 N., R. 16 E., W. 4 M.

She names as witnesses: O. W. Richardson, J. G. Richardson, J. G. Walker and Fred Stone, all of Biggs, Oregon. Jas. F. Moore, Register.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HUNTINGTON & WILSON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK,
The Dalles.....Oregon.

ALBERT A. HAUG,

Deputy Prosecuting Attorney and Counselor. Will practice in all courts in the state.
Grass Valley, Sherman County, Oregon.

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