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

WEDNESDAY.....AUG. 3, 1898.

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DEMOCRACY'S FUTURE.

It is evident now that the great "unwashed," that is the Democratic and other 'cratic political wire-pullers intend, unless something more likely to serve their purpose should turn up, to build their air castles on the unsound sands of "anti-imperialism," as it is beginning to be called. It seems to be necessary to the existence of the Democratic party that it be opposed to something. It does not seem capable of originating any great principles or policy as applied to politics, except that of opposition to any and everything championed by the Republican party. It makes no difference whether the idea originated in the party, whether it be good or not, whether, even though it may have been thrust upon us as a consequence of the attitude and actions of all parties alike, as in the present case of the question of territorial expansion, as a result of the present war with Spain, the Democratic party must forsooth adhere to its time-honored custom of opposition. And it is not so very surprising to the student of the history of political parties in our country, to see the tendency of the degenerate Democracy of to-day doing what it has been accustomed to do ever since the Republican party first came into power. Hence it need surprise no one to see the Democratic party true to its instincts taking up the cry of anti-imperialism, which simply means opposition to further growth, to further extension of this, the best government on the face of the earth, over people who hitherto have been under the galling yoke of bondage to Spain. The latter Democracy must, to be consistent with its practices, be inconsistent with its professions of loyalty to and labors for the common people.

A good illustration of the position U. S. silver coin would be in if not virtually backed by gold, is given in the dispatches from Santiago de Cuba, saying the merchants there only desire gold or paper money, and will only take our silver at 50 cents on the dollar, the same as Mexican dollars, that they have been accustomed to handle. So soon as they understand our financial policy they will take the silver all right, for it will pass at par in any other civilized country, except in some cases the cost of transportation of the same is deducted.

It is the duty of this country to see to it that the people of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillippines do not have to jump out of the frying pan of Spanish misrule into a fire of revolutions and counter revolutions.

☞The way to make money is to advertise—in the MORO LEADER.

SHALL WE? WE SHALL.

The question of annexation of the Phillippines is now in the front rank of all questions. The press all over the country is taking sides. At first few indeed advocated the annexation of the islands, but now there is undoubtedly a marked change in the tone of the leading papers. A careful canvass reveals the fact that there are of the great newspapers, those that mold and reflect public opinion, that have been examined by the S. F. Argonaut, 38 in favor of and only 19 against, with 7 wavering, 1 for temporary occupation, and 1 for coaling station. The Evening Wisconsin has had a vote taken by its readers and finds them 5 to 1 in favor of annexation. While the majority of those favorable are Republican and independent, there are a few leading Democratic journals also advocating annexation, but few indeed of the Bryan organs are on this side. Another object lesson is in the fact that in Boston, the home of mugwumpery, we find greater opposition than anywhere else among professed Republican papers. Taken as a whole it may be safe to say that the Republican party, always on the alert to secure to our country every advantage possible, sees in the present situation the opportunity for a grand extension of our form of government and our commercial activities, and being a party of progress naturally are in favor of the annexation of the Phillippines.

HIS METHODS.

The LEADER has never said a word against farmers purchasing where, and of whom they please; in fact it believes that to be none of its business. Neither has it in any manner threatened the Observer, except in successfully competing for public patronage. But when the old man on the corner had the gall to copy an unjust and untruthful squib from the Pendleton East-Oregonian about this paper, we called him down in plain language. We asserted that only he could have been the author—that the portions relating to this paper are absolutely false, and we still say so. The dirty underhanded methods employed by said old man wil not win. We are content to let time show him in his true colors to those who do not yet know him as we do.

Prof. Vinter F. Cooper, the blind phrenologist, has been giving a course of lectures in the opera house. He is a good phrenologist, and handles the subject in a pleasing and able manner. His ability to judge of character by merely feeling the formation of the head was put to good tests each evening, he examining two subjects after each lecture in public. Many people patronized him at his tent during the days he was here, and we believe much good will result from his visit. There is no doubt but that phrenology has reached the stage now when it can be classed as one of the most important factors in the upbuilding of the human race. As its teachings are followed so will humanity improve.

Bismarck has passed away. His work is ended. Many will call him the greatest man of the century, others will not. To him more than to any other one man is due the present German Empire. To him also will be laid the blame of doing that which has bred socialism in Germany. It will be said he ignored private rights for public policy—in other words that he trampled upon individual rights to build empire. On the whole he will not occupy so permanent a place in the hearts of future liberty-loving generations as will such men as Gladstone and Lincoln.

In response to numerous "kicks" a postal inspector came into Sherman county the other day, and after examining into conditions relative to the mail service from Wasco south, it was decided to change the time of departure of the southern mail until the morning train reached Wasco from Biggs. This will give a much more satisfactory service than we have had lately.

The Observer took occasion last week to allude to "the ring-leader across the way," whoever that may be, as "performing the monkey-act last week." All we care to say is that the old goat on the corner does not need to climb at all, but just stay on terra firma, exhibiting his natural disposition to show his "——lack of decency."

The editor of the Wasco News paid the people of Moro a well-deserved compliment last week for their very successful efforts to build up the town by all pulling together. There is no mistake about the proposition that "in union there is strength," and our people almost without exception believe in it and practice it.

HIS "LECTURE?"

A person calling himself "Elder Orlando Osborn," advertised to give a lecture on Cuba Sunday evening. He was greeted by a good-sized audience, that was much smaller by the time his traitorious harangue was ended. He began by repeating a portion of an eminent U. S. senator's speech, and drifted from that to an outspoken harangue against the president. He said in substance that McKinley offered to settle with Spain for the loss of the Maine and her 266 gallant men for a cash indemnity. After depicting Weyler's cruelty in strong terms, he said that Weyler's record has never been equaled except by Cleveland and McKinley. But why repeat any more of his outrageous talk. Suffice it to say that he will not get a chance to hold forth again in this town and receive the same treatment at the hands of our citizens that he did Sunday evening. We hope he will not tempt our patriotic people again to cut short his talk, for one such "lecture" is all any sensible community can well stand without treating the "lecturer" to a good scare, or possibly worse.

The East Oregonian says one can hardly pass up and down Main street in Pendleton without having his ears filled with profane and indecent language. But then probably so soon as "Dad Ireland" reports the fact of our quoting that paper, it will, at its own expense, "send an experienced newspaper man through" Main street and prove it "a whole cloth lie."

Schley, one of the heroes at Santiago, has been before this noted for his bravery and cool daring. He it was who commanded the relief expedition in 1884 that rescued Lieut. A. W. Greeley, of Arctic fame, and the remnant of his noble band, not two days before it would have been everlastingly too late.

The Oregonian pertinently remarks, "Let the American nation be satisfied to demand only a coaling station in the Phillippines, and the greatest naval victory in history will shrivel down to a purely commercial conclusion."

General Miles' progress into the interior of Porto Rico, if as his reception on the coast is reported, will be along flower-garlanded roads and amid cheers of the populace for him as a deliverer from Spanish cruelty.

It seems that the reported surrender of Manila, which reached Moro Saturday, was a mistake.

This is the Perfect Man.

The right kind of man from Beersheba to Dan I sought with an infinite zest; from the end of the East my search never ceased till I came to the end of the West.

He's gentle and quiet and plain in his diet, and never gets mad in a crowd; he's a tireless searcher for all kinds of "vicher," and never is boastful and loud.

He's modest and sweet, and he gives up his seat if a washerwoman enters the car. If he smokes out of doors, then the smoke he outpours always comes from a ten-cent cigar.

On the great Wilson bill he will ever talk till you wish he would languish and die. He's in love with his wife, and stays so all his life, and praises her pudding and pie.

I sought for this man from Beersheba to Dan, I sought from the West to the East; but I'm sorry to say that he didn't come to stay, and he's long since defunct and deceased.—N. Y. World.

Wanted to be Sure.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the bank to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good looking young woman was approaching. The winsomely bland smile which flowed across the countenance of the clerk at the window conveyed the information swiftly and conclusively.

"Excuse me," she said, as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard?"

"There isn't any use of trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is very serious."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded, and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything especial. I just wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard. I don't really wish to annoy my husband with my expenses, and I thought the best thing to do was to come and find out for certain whether times are hard or whether it is merely the same story that he has been telling me every year when the fall styles come in."—Washington Star.

CLIPPINGS.

"How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

"By the teeth."

"But a turkey hasn't teeth."

"No, but I have."

Boston man—"Is St. Louis really as slow as people say it is?"

Chicago man—"Worse; some of the residents actually die of old age."—The Northwest.

Bacon—"Is that man Crimsonbeak in favor of war?"

Egbert—"No, indeed! Every night he's out late he takes home oysters or something to his wife. I think he's for peace at any price."—Yonkers Statesman.

Old farmer—"That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?"

Amateur—"Why, corn of course."

Old farmer—"In the ear?"

Amateur—"Certainly not; in the mouth."—Chicago News.

Envy bites its keeper.

If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.

The man who thinks leads the crowd.

Every heart has a thorn and a throne.—Ram's Horn.

Mrs. Longwed (yawning)—"Oh, dear! I wonder if angels ever get sleepy?"

Mr. Longwed—"You never did when I was courting you, darling?"

Then the old rascal kissed his wife and went to the club without a struggle.—Vanity Fair.

Abraham—"Vere vos you all dis day?"

Ikey—"Fadder, I vos in de woods, an' I saw a nestful of young burts, an' dey did nothin' but sing 'cheep! cheep!'"

Abraham—"Mine gracious, Ikey, get all dem burts you can. I'll hang dem in der front window an' let dem holler 'bout de goots."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Willie Smith was playing with the Jones boys. His mother called him, and said, "Willie, don't you know those Jones boys are bad boys for you to play with?"

"Yes, mama," replied Willie, "I know that; but don't you know I am a good boy for them to play with?"

Mexican—"Big earthquake today."

American tourist—"Was there one?" I didn't notice it?"

Mexican—"Not you see ze people rush out from the churches?"

Tourist—"Oh yes, I saw that; but I thought maybe the contribution box was going around."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Talk about patriots. I never saw a more ardent one than Brown."

"Yes, Brown goes to the limit. He licked his boy last night for insisting that it was Spanish money behind Columbus when he discovered America."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Photographer—"That woman who just went out was very hard to please. She selected the first proof I gave her—"

Friend—"Call that hard to please."

Photographer—"Yes; she sat seven more before she made up her mind."—Puck.

He was gloomy and depressed, and ever and anon he clenched his hands and gritted his teeth, as if he would enjoy encompassing the death of some one.

"If I could only find him!" he exclaimed.

"Who?" they asked.

"The man who invented the jumping-rope," he replied.

"What's the matter with him?" they persisted.

"Matter with him!" he cried. "You evidently don't know that I am the father of a family of four girls."

"Well?"

"Well, I am rapidly going broke buying shoes and getting them resoled."—Chicago Post.

Running a Blockade.

General Lew Wallace, of Indiana, relates an interesting story of how an English vessel ran the blockade at Galveston, Texas, during the late war. He witnessed the feat, and could not understand how the vessel got past the American ships, bombarded as it was by shot and shell. Afterward General Wallace met a Confederate who was familiar with the incident. "Do you mean to say," asked the general of the Confederate, "that the blockade runner passed in without losing a man?" "Oh, no," said the Confederate; "five men were killed at the wheel." "There is something else I should like to know," said Genral Wallace, "and that is the nationality of the man who ran that blockade." "I'll tell you that," laughed the Confederate, slapping his leg; "that man was a Yankee from the State of Massachusetts."—St. Louis Republic.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.—Religious Telescope.

"Elliotson, farewell!"

With trembling lips the Boston maiden spake these words.

"On the morrow," she continued, "you will leave these hallowed scenes to enter the service of your country—perhaps to encounter the enemy on the field of strife. It may be years before we meet again. Who can fathom the mysteries of the future? Emerson could, perhaps"—a tear-drop, exquisitely cold and beautiful, glistened through her spectacles—"but he is no longer here. Elliotson, in the hour of peril, of loneliness, of despair, when your spirit droops and existence itself seems a dreary, hopeless blank, let this be your consolation!"

She handed him her cherished volume of Ibsen, and the face of the young Boston recruit shone with joy ineffable.

"There's been another engagement," said Young Mr. Dolley, who had been reading the last war news."

"Oh, dear," sighed Miss Frocks, "I wish I could be in an engagement."

And in a few minutes she was right in one.—Harper's Bazar.

"Let me kiss your Dewey lips," urged the youth in the parlor. "Young man," roared a voice from above, "the bombardment will open as soon as I get down stairs." Then the hapless youngster organized himself into a flying squadron and made a fleet disappearance.

If farmers will bring in their machines now, such as headers, mowers, reapers, rakes, threshers, horse-powers and engines, we will be able to do the work better and cheaper than we can if you all wait until the rush of harvest. Pile them in here and give us a chance. MORO MANF. CO.

Richardson Farm for Sale.

I have for sale on easy terms the J. A. Richardson place, about six miles west of Wasco, containing 640 acres; over 500 acres in crop this year. Will sell with or without his interest to it, one-fourth delivered at Biggs, as purchaser may prefer. $2000 payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1899, balance to suit convenience of purchaser, to be secured by mortgage on the land.

C. J. BRIGHT, Wasco, Oregon.

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R. E. HOSKINSON,
ap13tf Moro, Oregon.

Two of the best papers in the State of Oregon—the Weekly Oregonian and LEADER—for the small sum of $1.75 per year.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.
Eastern Oregon Land Company, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. William Krusow, defendant.
To William Krusow, defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within this county; or if served within any other county of this state, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; or if served upon you by publication thereof, then on or before the first day of the next regular term of this court next following such publication; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in its complaint herein, to-wit: That the patent issued to defendant for the northwest quarter of Sec. 3, Tp. 3 South, Range 16 East, W. M., be canceled and annulled; that plaintiff be decreed to be the owner in fee simple of the lands described in said patent and entitled to the immediate possession thereof and have the process of this court to put it into possession thereof; or, if it be determined that said defendant has acquired by said patent or otherwise any legal right or title to the property described therein, that he be declared the trustee of said legal right or title for plaintiff, and be ordered and decreed to convey said lands to it; and that plaintiff have such other and further relief as may seem meet with equity, and that it recover its costs and disbursements herein.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof by order of the Hon. W. L. Bradshaw, dated at chambers, The Dalles, Oregon, this 22d day of June, 1898. HUNTINGTON & WILSON,
jne29t7 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

LAND NOTICES.

Timber Culture, Final Proof—Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND-OFFICE,
The Dalles, Oregon, July 11, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that Jason M. Wakefield has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Register and Receiver, at his office in The Dalles, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 24th day of August, 1898, on timber culture application No. 3012, for the N ½ N W ¼, S W ¼ N W ¼ and N W ¼ S W ¼ of Section No. 24, in Township No. 1, S of Range No. 15 E, W. M.

He names as witnesses: W. E. Gilhousen, S. Smith, Lee Smith and W. Smith, all of The Dalles, Oregon.

jy13t6 JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

The cradle is fast becoming a curio, especially in its earlier hooded form. The modern American baby is not cradled and not carried, but taught to content itself with a mattress like any one else, so that the phrase "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" refers to a custom almost obsolete.—Ex.

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BUSINESS LOTS CAN BE BOUGHT from $125 to $300, while **RESIDENCE LOTS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM** $40 to $150,

.....According to desirability of location.

Residence property is in great demand, and a paying investment would be the erection of a

NUMBER OF COTTAGES FOR RENT.

Church and school facilities are unrivaled. The evil effects of the saloon are unknown. Why not come to the county that in 1897

RAISED ONE-SEVENTH OF ALL THE WHEAT IN OREGON,

And more wheat per capita than any country in the world.

☞The climate is so delightful to the senses that one feels a constant buoyancy of the heart, and experiences in the consciousness of mere existence an undefinable and delicious joy. The atmosphere, generally free from moisture, is so transparent that distant objects lose one-half their distance to the eye.

☞The Columbia Southern Railroad will be completed to this place by the 1st of September. The population in the past twelve months has increased from 150 to 350. Business opportunities are unexcelled. For information concerning business investments, or the purchase of property, address

R. E. HOSKINSON,
Moro, Oregon.

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