

MORO LEADER.

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plication.

L. W. HUNTINGTON, EDITOR.
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24, 1898.

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J. W. Kerns, Surveyor.
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District No. 3—Geo. Meader, Justice;
E. B. Wheat, Constable.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

The expenditure of from 10 to 15 thousand dollars in an electric power and light plant, and the erection of a hundred barrel flouring mill right here in Moro, would be as good an investment as can be found to-day in the State of Oregon. We are surrounded by the best wheat-growing section of the county, and the county is the best in the United States, having raised last year about 820 bushels of wheat for each inhabitant. And the quality of flour made from our wheat is as good as any for all purposes, and the best in the world for making crackers. Every year, without exception, an abundance of a 1 milling wheat is produced here. This cannot be said of many places. We are in position to supply the vast stock country to the south of us with flour quicker, and with cheaper freight rates, than any other point. The C. S. R. R. is now nearly completed to this place, and will be running trains on or before Oct. 1st into Moro. This makes a saving of from 4 to 6 days time over very rough and hilly roads for freighters from Antelope, Mitchell, Prineville and all other points south. We have only one mill in the county at present. Thousands of barrels of flour are annually shipped into the county, and many thousands more go on by to supply the southern trade. There are several industries in operation and contemplated that would make use of electric power, and be glad to do so. Besides the city would use light from the same source. The cost, as before stated, would be for a plant such as would be of the proper size for this point, according to estimates made on the ground by competent judges, from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. The DesChutes river would furnish the power by a short ditch, and the line of transmission would be from five to seven miles, according to the point of departure from the dynamo at the river.

That the project is possible and profitable, no one will question, who knows anything of the results of the something over 200 different plants of the same nature now in successful operation throughout the United States. All these various plants transmit from 100 to 12,000 horse power for distances ranging from 1 to 35 miles. The transmission of electric power, generated by water power for long distances from the source, has passed from the experimental stage to that of well-recognized success and profit. Right here in Moro is a chance for some one to get in on the ground floor; but the chance will not likely remain open very long, for the plant is needed, and will surely be put in by some one.

D. C. Ireland returned from the coast suddenly last Thursday evening.

In an interview with D. C. O'Reilly, general manager of the C. S. R. R., a few days ago, in response to leading questions, we gleaned the following facts: He said they now expect to have the road completed into Moro somewhere between Sept. 15 and Oct. 1; also there will be warehouses ready to receive wheat before that time. When asked as to what rates would be on wheat from Moro, he answered, "we don't know just what to do, but will give as low rates as we can." When reminded of the fact that it is only about 16 miles from Moro to Biggs by wagon road, as against 27 by the C. S. R., he said, "we realize that fact, and I will say that we could have reached Moro in less distance, and at much less cost of construction, but to do so would have had to keep out of Grass Valley canyon, and that would have caused all of the farmers from Hay canyon and south of there to haul their wheat across Grass Valley canyon. So to accommodate them, we went to the expense of building down into the canyon several miles farther down than we would have done otherwise."

From our interview with Mr. O'Reilly it is evident that they fully realize that farmers expect them to give as low rates as they can from Moro because of the fact that the distance by wagon road to Biggs is so much less than by the C. S. R. R., and that they will do so is also evident, for, as he admitted to me, they are after all the tonnage to be had, because they need it. There is no doubt but they are trying to please the people, for on the people they depend, and will do all they can to get and keep their patronage. But, of course, it cannot be expected of them that they will operate the road at a loss, as that would not be business, and no farmer would like to be asked to run his at a loss either.

DINGLEY TARIFF FIGURES.

From Jan. 1 to July 31, this year, under the operations of the Dingley tariff, imports of merchandise fell as compared with same time under Wilson bill \$129,585,399, while the exports of merchandise increased in our favor of \$261,321,498. So much for merchandise sold by us. Now look at the way gold is going to pay interest on the debt held by the horrible "British Octopus." The gold exports during the same time decreased \$22,835,868, and the imports increased \$88,043,441, or a total change in our favor for the last 7 months of \$110,879,307, or a grand total of increase in our favor from the two sources of \$372,200,805.

Wages of school teachers in Oregon is too low altogether, if we are to judge by the rate prevalent in California. We of Oregon pay our teachers only a trifle more than one-half as much as teachers in the "golden" state receive. We have a law tending to raise the efficiency of our teacher by placing certain restrictions upon their obtaining a low grade of certificate, time after time requiring them to advance to a higher grade or quit the business. But so long as we pay them so little as now just so long will the standard of efficiency be low. As fast as they reach the mark where they are qualified to be of most benefit, they quit teaching for something more remunerative.

"A new railroad station called Klondike was established in Sherman county a few days ago when the mercury in that country was soaring above 100 in the shade—and yet some deny to Oregonians a sense of humor."—Oregonian.

The name Klondike was given to the place nearly a year ago, when the immense output of golden wheat was just beginning to be placed on the market, and was getting the people far more than the gold of the then newly-discovered heralded Klondike of the frozen north. The name already in use was given the railroad station.

Moro business men are rustlers for trade. They are wide awake and grasp every opportunity to extend business. They are liberal advertisers, not only in the LEADER, but in papers in other towns. They have found by actual test that it pays to advertise thoroughly, and thus gain the ears of people all over the county, and even in other counties. Moro is forging to the front, and her live business men are helping her along by their energetic reaching out after business.

During the last few months several men have been placed where heroes are made, and have shown themselves to be of proper stuff for heroes. The result is the United States has a new crop of heroes, and they are a goodly lot, a lot to be proud of, and we are proud of them.

The campaign political is just now coming to the front over in Washington. The Agriculturist, published at Goldendale, comes out plain and flat-footed for the Republican party and its principles, though heretofore only nominally Republican. There will evidently be a strong fight put up by both sides, and we shall watch it with interest. Take courage, Bro. Story, of the example set by Oregon, and especially by Sherman, your sister county "across the creek," and rest assured that right will prevail, even though time may intervene, and hard work be needed. Republicans can go before the voters this year with clean hands and a record to be proud of.

A business that is not worth advertising is not worth the time required to attend to it, and the less it is advertised the less time is required to attend to it, and the less it pays to attend to it. The LEADER can point out several new enterprises in Moro that have, in a few months of liberal advertising, built up larger business than was figured on when starting. The LEADER advertises its business, and is rapidly building the finest newspaper and job office in the county. But to be a successful advertiser one must live up to what he claims, and do as he advertises.

The war with Spain has been of short duration, but fruitful in results, not the least of which is the thorough testing of modern war ships and naval tactics. The lessons of the war will be heeded, and our future fighting machines that float the seas will be principally battle-ships with greater speed, and perhaps a few dynamite cruisers something after the idea of the Vesuvius.

Were press censorship exercised in this country as in Spain, for example, what would the average people know of the world's history, as it is being written to-day, to say nothing of our own.

SHIPWRECKED.

Experience of a Former Resident of Moro, but Now in the Embrace of the A. T. & T. Co. in a Behring Sea Shipwreck.

From a letter to John Parry, written by his brother Harry, we take the following extracts: NUNYAK ISLAND, Alaska, July 21, 1898.—DEAR BRO. JOHN: We have just about a day and a half run from here to St. Michaels, the goal we have been straining our eyes to for nearly two months—if the weather would only clear up, or would ease up for just about 30 hours. They say that the "Behring Sea is as smooth as glass in the summer time, can sail right across it in a saucer," etc, but we have failed to find any of that charming weather as yet. We had so far 20 days of actual running, and something like 40 days of lying still. Since we left Juneau we have had very little smooth water. From Seattle to Juneau it was only an "outing." Since it has been something entirely different.

On the 28th and 29th of June we were in a fearful storm for 36 hours. We were tossed about like so many corks. I thought for a time that we were done for. That was at Katmai, just north of Cook's Inlet. In that storm we lost one steamer, the "Western Star." She went in over a large reef of rocks onto the beach, a total wreck. * * * The steamers Robert Kerr and Pilgrim came near wrecking also that night, but they managed to strike sandy beaches. The Pilgrim was a wreck, sinking in about two fathoms of water, but she was raised and is now being repaired. She will follow later. The Pilgrim was the flagship, and the one I was on. That night aboard of her I'll never forget. In my sleep now I sometimes hear her groan and crack. When a hog-chain would snap (2-inch chain) it would make a report like a gun. About 2 o'clock a. m. of the 29th the engine and steam pipes commenced to go to pieces, the engine room and entire lower deck was flooded with steam, and its escaping noise was something fearful. But those two engineers stood by their posts until the fires were drawn, just as though they were nailed there. Our anchor would not hold us. Twice the tug "Resolute" got hold of us and tried to tow us into shelter, and twice her big six inch hawser snapped like a thread. The third time we went into shallow water before she could get to us. The work that tug did that night was something wonderful—waves would roll mountain high clear over her, yet her old captain never faltered for a moment, but kept her continually on the go. One good thing to relate of that night's adventure, and that is, no lives were lost. The 4th of July I spent with a gang of Indians trying to get them to carry our supplies across the sand spit, a distance of about 3 miles from where we went on the beach to where we had towed the Pilgrim for repairs

into the Katmai river. But the Indians were "a corker." When they started in they were so starved and weak they could do nothing, so I had our cook feed them up. Well, the cook overdid the thing, and ruined the Indian packing business for me. He went to work and boiled up a lot of stuff—beans, onions, meat, rinds, bones, potato peelings, spoiled carrots and soured pie fruit into one mess and set it before them. It was a Xmas dinner for those poor things, I can tell you, but they (and the cook) over-estimated their capacity, and in a little while the tale was told—sick Indians lying about in all directions; no more work for the "Injuns." So that night the poor fellow who was helping me, (for we had to stand watch over the stuff) discovered that the tide running in from the river backed water—quite deep—up to within a few yards of our camp ("camp Pilgrim" or "Desolation Hole" was my name.) So the following day we went to work and gathered up all the wreckage on the beach in the shape of lumber and carried it over to this breakwater and made a raft, a good one and a big one. Onto this we piled everything. Then I managed to get two Indians that were movable, and at high tide—midnight—the raft floated. With the Indians we jumped aboard. We had to work lively, for we knew that the tide was a short run in—being the change of the moon—that as soon as it was through coming in, or "flooding," it commenced to "ebb"—run out. We soon discovered that the back-water ran like a mill-race. With the Indians we poled like beavers, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the view broaden out before us. In the cold damp foggy morning we worked our way down to the fleet lying at the mouth of the river. About 3 a. m. we made our precious raft fast to the Pilgrim and stood around and shivered until the cook got breakfast, at 6 a. m. * * * It is wonderful how one can sleep in this climate. Every one on board has to have his nap during the day and then get in as many hours during the night as he can. Seems to me like I could sleep 20 hours out of the 24. We expected to be able to move out of here this morning, but the wind still keeps up. * * * Yesterday a native came alongside in his "bidorka" or skin canoe. "Bidorka" is the Russian name, kialek is the native name. However the Russian name prevails, and I have even heard the natives use the name. When one speaks it they understand easily enough. This fellow that came alongside had a dandy. We tried to trade him out of it, but 'twas no use; he wouldn't part with it. I bought a spear from him for 25 cts; it has a stone head and an ivory point. Mr. Morgan got a gaff hook with a fine large piece of ivory on it; he also got a spear like mine. I have a number of curios so far, viz: a walrus bladder rain coat, for which I traded an old pair of pants, a grandmother's skin cap, and on Amaik island I found an old rookery; there I picked up several pieces of ivory, such as seal teeth, walrus tusks, etc. I found four of the tusks; the shortest one is 18 inches and the longest 30. I gave two of them to Moran. He is going to have the large one polished and the names of the steamers and the crews of the fleet engraved on it. These tusks take on a fine polish. Down on the point of the island I discovered a deserted sod hut, and in it found a small Russian cross of the Greek church. It is 11 inches long. I wish more than anything else that I had a kodak or snap-shot camera. * * * Write me at St. Michaels, please. Let's see; wasn't there an election in Oregon last June? I have not heard a word as to candidates, who was elected, or anything else. We have a Seattle P. I. (Post Intelligence) of June 1st on board. It is some dirty, begrimed and torn, yet some one is continually looking it over. I have read all the "ads" and everything in it time and again. We heard some news two weeks ago from Dutch Harbor, viz: that 14 river steamers had been lost on their way to St. Michaels; that there was a big jam of freight at St. Michaels, and that the American-Spanish war was going on. Best wishes to all. HARRY.

The Heppner Times is evidently doing well. It gives notice that it will soon move into its own building, just purchased. E. M. Shutt, the editor, is well known to many here, having been connected with the Observer at one time, and his friends here will learn with pleasure of his success in his new venture.

According to the Times-Mountaineer F. M. Chrisman's steam freight outfit bids fair to be a failure, he having made only three or four miles in three days.

CLIPPINGS.

"Papa," said little Bennie Bloomer, "what is an encyclopedia?" "An encyclopedia, Benny," replied that small boy's intelligent papa, "is a set of books, any volume of which will tell you to seek elsewhere for the information you want."

"What is meant by the saying that speech is silver and silence is golden?" "It costs more to make a man keep still than to make him talk.—Life.

One of the strangest things about the female character is the tendency which the prettiest girls always have to fall in love with our inferiors.—Puck.

"But, Fred, are you really running behind so much?" "Well, I keep my clothes in the drawer of my desk, and my unpaid bills in the wardrobe."—Life.

Dr. Thirdly—"Now, for example, take the life of your neighbor," Smith—"I wish I could. He's learning to play the cornet."

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

"Brother Haicede," said the minister. "I am surprised to hear that you whipped your son for saying that he didn't believe in the weather predictions of the almanac." "By the time you have lived as long as I have," responded Mr. Haicede, "you'll know that the time to nip infidelity is in the bud."

Flick—"Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony."

Flack—"You don't mean it?" And they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask: "By the way, what is the difference?"—Boston Transcript.

"You are advertising quite early in the year," said the summer-resort landlord's friend.

"Yes, I always fix up my announcements at this time of year. You see, I am a thoroughly conscientious man, and I wish to be able to state that there are no mosquitoes."—Washington Star.

"When I hear my neighbors playing 'The Star Spangled Banner' on the piano at seven o'clock in the morning," said a citizen, "I can't have any doubt about the prevalence of patriotic feeling."

FARMERS!!!

When you are ready to haul Your Wheat and Barley, See us.

CHEAP STORAGE, and the Tip-top of the market When you are ready to sell.

N. P. FLOUR MILLS CO. WASCO, OREGON.

ELLIS NEECE. W. J. ASHBY

NEECE & ASHBY,

Proprietors of the popular Mail, Passenger and Express Stage line from Wasco to Antelope via Moro, Grass Valley and Kent.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. THROUGH TRIP IN ONE DAY. Fare, one way \$4.50.

Shortest line from Portland and way points by 12 hours.

GOING SOUTH. 10 a. m. Antelope. 3 a. m. Moro. 1:30 p. m. Kent. 7 a. m. Grass Valley. 4 p. m. Moro. 9 a. m. Kent. 7 p. m. Moro. 1:30 p. m. Arrives at Antelope. 10 p. m. Arrives at Wasco. 4 p. m.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

Time Schedule No. 3.—To Take Effect Friday, July 1st, 1898. 12:01 A. M. Pacific Time.

No. 3.	*No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.
LEAVE. 5:00 a. m.	LEAVE. 4:00 p. m.	ARRIVE. 7:00 p. m.	ARRIVE. 8:15 a. m.
5:40 a. m.	4:40 p. m.	Biggs. 6:15 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
Arrive.	Arrive.	Leave.	Leave.

E. E. LYTLE, President. D. C. O'REILLY, Gen. Manager.

STOP WHERE THE PEOPLE STOP,

UMATILLA HOUSE,

(RATES SAME AS OTHER HOTELS.) AND YOU WILL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND CALL BELLS. The Dalles, Or. SINNOTT & FISH, PROPS.

M'COY & HULSE,

Proprietors of the ALTAMONT JR. LIVERY, FEED, AND SALE STABLES.

Having enlarged and refitted the above stables, we are now prepared to conduct the business in a first-class manner.

GOOD CARE AND PLENTY OF FEED, AT LIVE AND LET LIVE PRICES, WILL BE OUR MOTTO. BEST RIGS IN TOWN.

Main St., opposite Bank. Moro, Oregon.

RED BARN

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

GOOD RIGS, GOOD FEED. Good care given stock. Terms Reasonable.

Call and see me. S. MONAHAN, Prop. Moro, Oregon.

OUR LEADER

Is our own hand-sewed harness. We also carry a fine line of SADDLES, CHAPS, BRIDLES, WHIPS.

and everything in a fully-equipped harness shop. REPAIRING--ALL KINDS. Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

HEYDT & CO., Moro, Or.

MORO MAN'F. CO.,

The best equipped Machine Shop and Foundry in Eastern Oregon.

WE ARE READY NOW TO DO ALL KINDS OF WORK.

We can cast anything in our Foundry from a stove hook up.

We have as good an iron lathe, planer and drill as made. We do all kinds of work: Wood work, repairing, new work of all kinds. Call and give us a trial.

MORO MAN'F. CO.

MORO,

Pleasantly situated, near the Center of Sherman County, and being the County Seat, is the leading business town of the County.

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.

LOOK HERE!

THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

AND THE BEST SHERMAN COUNTY PAPER FOR A WHOLE YEAR FOR \$1.75.

JUST SEE:

Weekly Oregonian	\$1.50
Moro Leader	1.00
Both Separate	\$2.50

OUR OFFER.

WE WILL GIVE YOU Both a Full Year for \$1.75 (in advance.)

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE, WHILE THIS OFFER STANDS.

Address all orders to LEADER, Moro, Oregon.

LESLIE & FROEBE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

WE HAVE LISTED FOR SALE 30,000 ACRES of the best lands in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam and Morrow counties.

Improved farm and fruit lands at prices and terms to suit. Call and get prices. Office in Booth Building, Wasco, Oregon.