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L. W. HUNTING, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1898.

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A PLEA FOR BETTER ROADS.

It is to be hoped that the "good roads movement" will strike this county, and strike it hard. While we now have better roads than a few years ago, and better than those in neighboring counties, there is still abundant need of improvement. The action of the county court last week in appropriating money to keep some of the main wheat-hauling roads in repair, is commendable, but it is only temporary in its effects. Another year the same thing will have to be done over again. What is needed, what will surely be done, is to begin to "build" roads, not just mark out places for roads with barbed wire lines, and now and then a few scratches with plow and scraper. It takes time and money to build roads, but it is time saved and money well spent. Nowhere in the State of Oregon is there so great a need of intelligent study and experimenting, more needed than in Sherman and Wasco counties in the matter of road improvement. The soil is peculiar, in that the continual travel of summer and early autumn, while there is practically no rainfall, gradually grinds the soil up into fine dust, and the wheel-tracks soon become full of "chuck holes," to the great inconvenience of those traveling the roads. What is needed is for some one to devise ways and means to overcome this gradual pulverization, or in lieu thereof, some quick and effective method of repair.

In course of time road-building will be carried on here scientifically, the same as is being done in some places in the east. In the meantime let us do all we can to make the rough places smooth for those noble servants of man, the horses.

May 1st and August 13th, Cavite and Manila—the Alpha and the Omega of the war, with Dewey commander at the beginning, admiral at the end and statesman at the time. The hero of this war, farthest from home and nearest the hearts of his countrymen, is George Dewey. Not less brilliant than his achievements as naval commander was his display of diplomatic tact and administrative abilities. Over Spanish forces, Philippine insurgents and foreign fleets the peerless victor of Cavite was master of the situation from the night his fleet passed Corregidor until Governor Merritt took up his residence in the palace at Manila. If, in reward for his distinguished services, the President should recommend the revival of the office of Vice-admiral, first honored by Farragut, congress will act and the people approve unanimously.—Farm and Fireside.

He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgment and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.—Ex.

The Dreyfus affair is just now creating a deal of excitement in France. One reason why Captain Dreyfus was found guilty, is to be found in the fact that the French system of laws and jurisprudence are quite different from English and American. Here the presumption of innocence is with the one charged with crime, or violation of law. The prosecution must establish the guilt of the prisoner. The defendant need do nothing but rebut; he may remain silent and go free unless his guilt is proven. In France, when one is charged with transgressing the law, he must establish his innocence. The mere fact that some one has charged him with an offense is, under French law, a presumption of his guilt, which it is unsafe for him to not contradict, no matter whether the prosecution furnishes proof of the charge or not.

Secretary Alger has been roasted by the press from Maine to Oregon, and from Minnesota to Texas. No doubt he has failed to do many things he should have done, and has done things he would better have left undone. No doubt also but he would now do differently had he the chance to. Nevertheless it is human to fail, and perhaps some of those who have so bitterly upbraided him, might have done no better. While we do not defend his actions, still we hesitate to impugn his motives. It cannot be as black at heart as he has been pictured, although his blunders are many and far reaching in effect.

The czar's peace proposal seems to be taken as many ways as there are nations invited to take part in the conference. But this is to be expected. No two nations have the same interests and ambitions, and cannot be expected to view the matter the same. Each is bound to look at Russia's present condition in the far east through glasses colored by self-interest, and all evidently are prone to impute selfish motives in a greater or less degree to the czar in the matter. But then such is human nature, and nations are but larger individuals.

"The anti-imperialist convention at Saratoga failed to pass any positive resolution opposing national expansion; but on the contrary, took decided action in favor of the United States meeting the full responsibilities the war has created."—Oregonian.

[This is encouraging. It is a good sign that in this country mugwumps, obstructionists, and mossbacks in general are fast losing their power to harm or to hinder.]

Pennyroy says there is no occasion for the continued existence of the populist party. He thinks that inasmuch as the democratic party has practically swallowed the populist party, principles and all, that there is no use for the populists to attempt to keep up a separate organization. Oh, Pennyroy, thou great annoyance to the populists.

The standard silver dollar is a full legal tender for all debts in unlimited quantities, so says the law. The sixteen-to-one or bust silverite says silver has been "stricken down," is demonetized. Either the law lies or the sixteen-to-one does, and as the sixteen-to-one can't lie, it must be that the law does.

Notwithstanding the heavy expense of the late war, Uncle Sam's coffers are so full of ready change that the interest on the 4 per cent. bonds, due Oct. 1st, will be paid from 10 to 20 days beforehand. Another nail in the coffin of calamity-howlers who said this country was going to the demnation bow-wows under Republican rule.

The C. S. R. R. track is laid to near the McDonald Bridge, but just at present is being laid slowly because of the scarcity of hands. In a few days they will be past the most difficult portion, and will get along much faster.

The largest custom house receipts at San Francisco for any one month in the history of the office was in August, this year, nearly \$600,000, and this under the "abominable" Dingley law.

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safely on the opposite shore.—D. M. Clark.

"Where's Mother?"

When the tired father returns home at night from the office or shop, when the children come home from school, the first question is always—unless she stands in the very hall before their eyes—"Where's mother?" It is often said that the mother is the home. This question is one of the many proofs of the truth of this proverb. Unless the mother is in the house, the vital principle of the home seems to be lacking. She comes, and comfort, love, and joy seem to enter with her. She goes, and there is a sort of breathless and uneasy waiting time until she comes back again.

To the true mother, the knowledge that she is indispensable to the loved ones should be one of the choicest possessions. It is only by cherishing the spirit which prompts the question, "Where's mother?" that she can properly instill into the hearts of the children that "passion for home" which one of our great writers has called the "first characteristic of manly natures." And yet, not infrequently, a tired mother will exclaim impatiently: "I wish I could stir without having an outcry. 'Where's mother?' To one who sets true value upon life and its duties and pleasures, such words come with an awful shock. Pearls seem to have been cast wastefully before the feet of such a woman.

But even if a mother hold most dear this precious tribute of love, how many are there who take pains to be at home when the children come? Or, if she must be absent, to leave word for them, or to tell them before they go in the morning, or at noon, that she expects to be gone on their return, with the reasons and regrets? It is only by mutual thoughtfulness in these so-called trifles that the harmony of the home life can be preserved, and woe to her who does not appreciate them at their true value. It is impossible that the busy mother of a family, with shopping to do, calls to make, and meetings of various kinds to attend, should always be in when the children come from school. It would show an undue regard for sentiment if she were to shut herself away from the outside life which every woman needs especially for the benefit of her family. But by following this rule, to tell the children in the morning, whenever she can, just where she is to be, and how soon she will be at home, she may keep alive and still foster, though she is absent, the sacred flame which she so prizes.—Selected.

"She Wuz Kine To Evrybuddy."

"I saw a rude, roughly hewn stone above a grave on an Eastern Kentucky hillside a few weeks since," said a traveling insurance solicitor, to a reporter of the Louisville Evening Post, "that was placed there before monument-makers flourished in that part of Kentucky. There were two graves in the little, unfenced spot, and they were in the center of a sassafras thicket. This old stone, over which the ivy had crept, well nigh blotting out the inscription, bore these words, which seemed to have been chiseled by a trembling-fingered novice: 'Jane Laler, ded Agus, 1849. She wuz allus kine to evrybuddy.' I thought as I stood there by the weed-crested mound, 'what a world of meaning there was in those few simple words. 'She wuz allus kine to evrybuddy.' When I shall have composed my weary limbs for the last sleep I would ask no greater boon than that such a compliment might truthfully be placed on the tomb above my silent form. It was so different from many of the chiseled platitudes one sees in large cemeteries. I wondered what loving heart could have inspired it, and stopped to ask about the woman whose gentle life could merit so tender a tribute. Nobody on either the Kentucky or Virginia side of the mountains knew much of the Lawler family, but one old mountaineer said he had been told the woman was the wife of a woodsman who lived and hunted on Mount Elkhorn in the first half of the present century. The palsied hand of the loving husband doubtless traced the last testimonial of reverence."

It was at a late quarterly meeting of the Seventh-Day Baptist churches that two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having arisen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said:

"I think Brother B. ought to have the best place on the programme; he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is full of his subject."

When the audience remembered that Brother B's subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church. The brethren do so enjoy these little things!—Watcom (Wash.) Blade.

MORO LEADER. \$1.00 per year.

His View of Texas.

Here is a view of Texas by a citizen who "knew that ar country through and through."

"Texas," said he, "is the hottest and the coldest, the wettest and the driest, the richest and the poorest, the best and the meanest—has the best women and the meanest men, more pretty ladies with prettier little feet and no calves to suit, more sickness and less health, more streams and less navigable waters, more corn bread and less corn, more flour and less biscuit, more cows and less milk and butter, more hogs and less pork, more chickens and less eggs, more gold and silver and less money, more deer and less venison, more negroes and less labor, more bureaus and less furniture, than any other state in the Union, and where house flies live always and mosquitoes never die."

"Sir, some people don't like Texas; but we who are, as the poet says, to the manor born, are as perfectly content with our lot as my old friend Nathan James, of the Alamo, always was with whatever overtook him. He once owned a large merino ewe which he valued highly. His son informed him one morning that his favorite ewe had twins. Mr. James said he was glad; she could bring up two as well as one. Soon after the son reported one of the twins dead. The father said the one left would be worth more in the autumn than both. In the afternoon the boy told him the other lamb was dead. 'Glad of it,' said the father; 'I can now fatten the old sheep for mutton.' In the morning the boy reported the old ewe dead. 'That is just what I wanted,' said the old farmer; 'now I am rid of the breed.'"—Farm and Fireside.

Come To See Papa.

If he who wrote "We are Seven" were alive and should happen to see this pathetic incident, told in the Detroit Free Press, what a touching ballad he would write:

I was walking down one of Detroit's beautiful avenues on a lovely afternoon. In front of an ivy-wreathed doorway sat an old lady knitting.

A sunny-haired little girl ran through the hall and down the steps into the street carrying her doll. Her curls had fallen over her eyes, and she stumbled and fell.

I had her in my arms in an instant. The smile that revealed her pretty dimples and snow-white teeth told me that she was neither hurt nor frightened.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Aunt told me."

"Haven't any name? Is that aunt on the porch?"

"No, 'at's dan'ma."

"Well, what does grandma call you?"

"'E calls me Puss, but 'e calls 'e tat puss, too."

"But what does mamma call you?"

"'Se doesn't call me nuffin'—'e done 'ay off."

"Gone away off where?"

"To see papa."

"And where is papa?"

"Up dere."

And she pointed to the sky rosy with the sunset's glow.

"When did mamma go?"

"'E snow was on 'e dround and 'e went in a sleigh w'tout any bells on 'e horses, and dan'ma cied."

I am not ashamed to own that tears filled my eyes as I kissed the child and turned away, for I, too, had graves in childhood.

Some Samples of Spelling.

A Jersey City druggist is making a collection of the queer orders he receives from the people who send children to the store for things they need. Here are a few samples of them:

"This child is my little girl. I sent you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sick."

Another reads:

"Dear Dochter, ples gif barer five sense worse of Antie Toxyn for to gargle babi's throte and oblige."

An anxious mother writes:

"You will please give the little boy five cents worth of ipecac for to throw up in a five months old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

This one puzzled the druggist:

"I have a cute pane in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed little girl."

The write of this one was evidently in pain:

"I had a hot time in my insides, and wif I woud like to be extinguish it? The good for to extinguish it? The good for to extinguish it? The good for to extinguish it?—N. Y. Sun."

Human nature is very much like a torch—the more it is shaken the more it shines.

CLIPPINGS.

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?"

"Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."—Truth.

Hewitt—Cruet says you're getting deaf.

Jewett—I'm not.

Hewitt—He said he spoke to you last night and couldn't make you hear.

Jewett—He asked me for \$5.

A man named Moon was presented with a daughter by his wife. That was a new moon. The old man was so overcome that he went off and got drunk. That was a full moon. And when he got sober he had but twenty-five cents left. That was the last quarter. But when the old lady met him with a rolling-pin there was a total eclipse, with a comet in the distance.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean; tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather in the eyes in looking on the happy autumn fields and thinking of the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

Subscribe now for the LEADER.

The following are some funny definitions given by school boys:

Back-biter—a flea.

Fan—a thing to brush the warm off with.

Fins—a fish's wings.

Ice—water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.

Nest-egg—the egg the old hen measures by to make new ones.

Pig—hog's little boy.

Snoring—letting off sleep.

Snow—rain all popped out white.

Old Party—Is the editor in?

Office Boy—Nope.

Old Party—Where is he?

Office Boy—Dunno; committed suicide last night.

Old Party—Heavens! Is it possible? What for?

Office Boy—Took a tombstone on advertising and couldn't see any other way to get the benefit of it.—Truth.

"When I look at my congregation I ask, Where are the poor? and when I count the collection I ask, Where are the rich?" is an epigram a preacher in Missouri indulged in.

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Wasco	10 a. m.	Antelope	3 a. m.
Moro	1:30 p. m.	Kent	7 a. m.
Grass Valley	4 p. m.	Grass Valley	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.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	ARRIVE.
5:00 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	Wasco.	8:15 a. m.
5:40 a. m.	4:40 p. m.	Biggs.	7:30 a. m.
Arrive.	Arrive.	Leave.	Leave.
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Both Separate	\$2.50

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