

MORO LEADER.

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M. FITZMAURICE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1899.

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MORO A SAFE WOOL MARKET.

High Water Expected—Contracts Signed for Several Thousand Pounds of Wool and Return Freight.

Owing to the vast accumulations of snow in the mountains, it is a foregone conclusion that a repetition of the floods of four years ago will be experienced again this summer.

During that time many of the barns in this vicinity were packed with wool waiting for the waters of the Columbia to subside before it could be sent to market.

A quantity of wool stored in the warehouses along the Columbia was seriously damaged and had to be removed in boats to places of safety.

Now it is a question, and a very serious one, whether the wool-grower wants to risk his year's wool clip in warehouses where there is every good chance of its being afloat in a couple of months, or store it high and dry in the warehouses in Moro, where it will be perfectly safe, and can be found by the owner in a saleable condition when he wishes to dispose of it.

The wool-grower cannot afford to take chances with his wool; it is the fruits of a twelve months' hard labor, on the proceeds of which he depends for a whole year's supplies. Why, therefore, will he be so blind to his interests as to store it where it is liable to be damaged or swept away without a moment's notice.

Already wool-growers are opening their eyes to these facts and finding out the advantages of hauling their wool to this city, Messrs. H. A. Moore and C. A. Sanford, Moro merchants, have just returned from a successful tour of the country south of this, where they have been interviewing wool-growers and taking contracts for the delivery of wool in this market.

Amongst others the Prineville Land and Stock Company have signed a contract to deliver 100,000 pounds of wool here, and take out some 90,000 pounds of freight to their ranches south of Antelope.

In preparation for the large volume of freighting to be expected the coming summer, the road from Cross Hollows to this city will be put in thorough repair, and steps taken to have a plentiful supply of water for teams on the line of travel.

Information has been received by the authorities that arms and ammunition have been sent from American manufacturers to the Philippine insurgents. Can it be possible that men can be found who, for the sordid purpose of gain, can place weapons in the hands of the enemy to be used against their countrymen.

Mataafa, the rebel chief in Samoa, has accepted an armistice, and the hope is expressed that he will submit and await the decision of the joint commission now on its way there.

Assistant Postmaster General Perry Heath, speaks in the highest terms of the Porto Ricans, and gives a glowing account of affairs in the island. New postoffices are being put up all over the country, with the flag of the Republic over the door in each case.

MAGERS' SECOND TRIAL. DALLAS, OR., May 2.—W. G. Magers, the murderer of Sink, seems much encouraged by the granting of a new trial. His attorneys will ask for a change of venue.

Sandy—Ye'er a queer mon that ye dinna like my garb. You would nae be cold wi' the kilt. Pat—No, but jabers I'd be kilt with the cold.

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COMPOSITION.

The Merchant of Venice. (Continued from last week.)

As they were discussing these subjects a messenger came with a letter from Antonio. While Bassanio had been at Belmont Antonio's bond had expired, and as his ships had not yet arrived he had not the money with which to pay it.

Shylock was very much disturbed by his daughter's elopement, and still more when Tubal returned and reported that he had not found her; whereupon he exclaimed, "Why! there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort, and other precious, precious jewels. The curse never fell upon our nation till now: I never felt it till now. I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ears; would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin. Why! thou loss upon loss. The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and I know not what's spent in the search. No news of them! Why so? No ill-luck stirring but what falls on my shoulders; no tears but of my shedding; no sighs but of my breathing." "Yes," said Tubal, "Other men have ill-luck too, Antonio, as I heard. 'What!' cried Shylock, 'ill-luck, ill-luck?'" "Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis," continued Tubal. "Good news, good news," cried Shylock; "is't true, is't true?" "I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck," answered Tubal. "I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news! Ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?" "Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night four score ducats," replied Tubal. "Thou stickest a dagger in me," cried Shylock; "I shall never see my gold again! Four score ducats at a sitting, four score ducats." "There came divers of Antonio's creditors that swear he cannot choose but break," said Tubal. "I am glad of it," answered Shylock; "I'll plague him, I'll torture him." "One of them showed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey," "Out upon her," exclaimed Shylock; "Thou tortur'st me, Tubal. It was my Turquois; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." "But Antonio is certainly undone." "I am glad of it; for if he forfeit I will have the heart of him. Go, good Tubal, meet me at our synagogue, at our synagogue, Tubal.

All these things helped to make Shylock very angry; he therefore seized Antonio, cast him into jail, and appointed a day when he was to be tried and pay the forfeit named in the bond. Since in paying the forfeit it was impossible for Antonio to live he wished to see Bassanio before he died, and to this end he had sent the letter to him.

As Bassanio read the letter and thought of the danger his friend was in, his face became so white that Portia said she knew the letter contained some very unpleasant tidings, and asked him if he was informed of the death of some dear friend.

"O, sweet Portia," said Bassanio, "Here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper." He then told Portia about Antonio, ending by reading his letter to her. Portia said that she should go at once to his friend's relief, and that she would give him money to pay the petty debt ten times over, before so dear a friend should lose one hair through Bassanio's fault. "But first," said she, "Go to the church and call me wife and then haste away."

While they were planning for their marriage and Bassanio's and Gratiano's departure, Lorenzo and Jessica arrived, and were told the news concerning Shylock and Antonio. Jessica said that when she was with her father, he had often declared that he would rather have a pound of flesh from Antonio's

body, than to have three thousand ducats.

Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano and Nerissa were married soon after; and in a short time Bassanio and Gratiano set out toward Venice with the money to pay for Antonio's release. They had not been gone long when Portia began wondering if she could not do something to help Antonio. She finally decided upon her course and sent to one of her friends named Bellario, who was a learned doctor, for information concerning the case, and for dresses in which to disguise herself, and, having confided her plans to Nerissa, whom she took with her as her clerk, she left Lorenzo and Jessica in charge of her house and followed her husband to Venice.

Bassanio and Gratiano arrived at Venice in due time, where they found their friend Antonio in jail. The day for paying the debt having past, Shylock would not accept the money, but insisted upon having the forfeit named in the bond.

On the day of the trial Antonio, Bassanio and Gratiano assembled in the court room, together with the Duke of Venice, and numerous lawyers and attendants, where the following conversation took place:

Duke—"What is Antonio here?" Antonio—"Ready, so please your grace."

Duke—"I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer a stony adversary, an inhuman wretch, incapable of pity, void and empty of any dram of mercy."

Antonio—"I have heard your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify his rigorous course, but, since he stands obdurate, I do oppose the patience of my spirit to the very rage and tyranny of his."

Shylock soon arrived and was brought to turn from his course, the Duke saying that he thought, and the world thought too, that he would not pursue his course and take the pound of flesh, but when the final hour came he would be moved to pity, and not only allow him his life but "forgive a moiety of the principle; casting an eye of pity on his losses that have of late so huddled on his back enough to press a royal merchant down, and pluck commiseration from his state from brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, from stubborn Turks and Tartars never trained to offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew."

But Shylock would not yield saying, "You will perhaps ask me why I would rather have a pound of carrion flesh than to receive three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that; but say it is my will. Some there be cannot abide a gaping gape, some are mad when they behold a cat, but as he can give no reason why he cannot abide a gaping gape, why he a harmless, necessary cat so can I nor will I, more than a lodged hate and a certain loathing I bear Antonio. What! are you answered yet?" "This is no reason, thou unfeeling man, to excuse the current of thy cruelty." "I am not bound to please thee with my answers," replied Shylock. After some discussion the Duke said that by his order he might dismiss the court "unless Bellario, a learned doctor, whom I have sent for to determine this, come here to-day." A servant entered at this moment with a letter, and said that there was a young doctor at the door, who had come in Bellario's stead, and was waiting to know if they would admit him. The Duke ordered him to be brought in immediately, and while the servant was gone read the letter from Bellario, which said: "Your grace shall understand that at the present time I am very ill. When I received your letter there was with me, in loving visitation, a young doctor named Balthazar. We turned over many books together, and he is furnished with my opinion. Let his lack of years be no impediment to your accepting him, for I never saw so young a person with so old a head."

At this moment Portia entered attired in a lawyer's clothes, followed by Nerissa, dressed as her clerk. "Come thou from Padua from Bellario?" asked the Duke as he advanced to meet Portia. "I did from both, my lord," replied she. The Duke having asked her if she knew the cause of the discussion then before the court, she replied that she was acquainted with the nature of it, and asked, "Which is the merchant here, and which is the Jew?" "Antonio and old Shylock both stand forth," commanded the Duke. "Is your name Shylock?" asked Portia, addressing Shylock. "Shylock is my name," he replied. She then asked Antonio if he did not stand in the Jew's power, according to the laws of Venice. He replied that he did. She then said that a decree once established could never be altered; but she also told Shylock that he should be merciful; that what he prayed for mercy, and that some prayer should teach us to render

the deeds of mercy, saying that they dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; that it was twice blessed; blessing him that giveth and him that receiveth. But Shylock turned a deaf ear to their pleadings, saying that he would have his bond. Bassanio then said, "For thy three thousand ducats here are six." But still Shylock would not yield, and when Portia said, "O, wise young judge! how I do honor thee." "Have by some surgeon, Shylock, to stop his wounds lest he bleed to death," said Portia. But Shylock intended that he should bleed to death, so he said it was not named in the bond.

Portia then told Antonio that according to the laws of Venice he would have to forfeit his life, and to prepare for the knife. Shylock upon this exclaimed, "O, wise young judge! how I do honor thee." "Have by some surgeon, Shylock, to stop his wounds lest he bleed to death," said Portia. But Shylock intended that he should bleed to death, so he said it was not named in the bond.

Portia then told him to take his pound of flesh; but if in taking it he shed one drop of Christian blood he should lose his life: for no blood was allowed him in the bond. Of course Shylock was defeated; and, furthermore, Portia said that when any one should contrive directly or indirectly against the life of any citizen, his life should be at the mercy of the Duke, and that one-half his money should be given to the person against whom he doth so contrive, and the other should be confiscated unto the state of Venice. The Duke then said that he would grant him his life, and Antonio also said that he should have the part of the money which fell to him, if he would will it into his daughter and presently become a Christian. Shylock, pretending to be sick, left the room, and told them to send the deed to him and he would sign it. The court, amid great rejoicing, now adjourned; and Bassanio and Antonio thanked Portia for the favor that she had done them, and begged her to take something as a keepsake. Portia said that she would take Antonio's gloves and wear them for his sake, and then she begged Bassanio for his ring, which he at last gave her, although he was afraid his wife would not like it. Gratiano, not wishing to be outdone in generosity by his lord, gave his ring, which his wife had presented him, to Nerissa, Portia's clerk.

Portia and Nerissa now set out to return to Belmont before their husbands arrived, and had not been there very long when Bassanio, Gratiano and Antonio came. Bassanio introduced Antonio to Portia, who welcomed him warmly, and while they were engaged in a pleasant conversation, they noticed that Gratiano and Nerissa were quarreling in another part of the room. Portia asked the cause of their dispute, and Gratiano said it was about a paltry ring that Nerissa had given him, with the inscription, "Love me, and leave me not," on it. Nerissa said that it was not the ring that she cared for, but he had promised never to part with it. Portia then said that he should not have given his wife's first gift away, and that she gave her lord a ring which she knew he would not part with. Gratiano, to defend himself, then said that Bassanio gave his ring to the lawyer which had freed Antonio, and he had given his to his clerk. Portia pretended to be very angry, and Antonio asked her to forgive him that time, saying that he knew he would never break his word again. Portia consented, and gave Antonio a

ring, telling him to present it to Bassanio and bid him keep it better than the other. Bassanio was very much surprised when he saw that it was the very ring he gave away. Portia then explained that she was the young doctor and Nerissa was her clerk, ending by giving Antonio some letters which had fallen into her hands, saying that several of his ships had arrived safely in harbor. So the story ends with all enjoying themselves at Belmont and in Antonio's rejoicing over his release, and his gratitude to Portia for what she had done for him.

MAUD PATTEE.

LOST.

One bay horse, white legs to the knee; blaze face; branded open A, with half circle over. One black mare, brand U C on left hip. Please notify this office.

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Time Schedule No. 3.—Effective Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1899.

12:01 A. M. Pacific Time.

SOUTH BOUND. No. 1.

Leave... 6:45 p. m. Biggs.

Leave... 7:25 p. m. Wasco.

Arrive... 9:30 p. m. Moro.

E. E. LITTLE, President.

NORTH BOUND. No. 2.

Arrive... 2:30 p. m.

Leave... 12:50 p. m.

Leave... 11:30 a. m.

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