

SHERMAN COUNTY

ONE OF THE MOST PRODUCTIVE COUNTIES IN THE STATE.

A County of varied resources and susceptible to an increase in productiveness to double what it is at present.

Sherman County is bounded on the north by the Columbia River, on the east by the John Day River, on the west by the Deschutes River, and on the south by Wasco County, and embraces in said boundaries a strip of country about 850 square miles.

The principal production of the County is wheat, although large quantities of oats and barley are raised annually. Sherman County, although one of the smallest in the State, can in production be placed alongside of the largest, as one sixth of the entire wheat crop annually exported from the State of Oregon is taken from this County.

Fruits of all kinds bear in abundance and are of the very best quality. Some of the best orchards in Eastern Oregon are to be found here.

A portion of the County is peculiarly adapted to stockraising, and thousands of sheep, horses and cattle of the best breeds and highest grades are to be found within her borders.

The assessed valuation placed upon property is very low, as well as the tax levy, as there is no need of either being high, the County being entirely out of debt with plenty of money in her treasury, to meet all her obligations.

The County has a fine two-story brick courthouse, surrounded by well kept grounds.

The principal business places in the County are Wasco, Grass Valley and Moro, all thriving towns.

CITY OF MORO.

Moro, the County Seat of Sherman County, is located near the center of the County. It has a population of some 500 inhabitants, each and every one of whom has the interests of the town at heart; and no difference how they may be divided on religious, political or other questions, when anything pertaining to the welfare of the town comes up, then they act as one man, working together in unity to accomplish the purposes in view; and in every instance success crowns their efforts.

Moro is about 1400 feet above the sea level, and is located upon rolling ground that slopes gradually to the northeast, making a beautiful picture to the traveler entering the city from any direction.

Moro has a fine system of waterworks, and in fact is the only town in the County which owns its own water plant, furnishing an abundance of water to its citizens, as well as having an unlimited supply in case of fire.

Moro has one of the best graded schools in the County, and no pains or expense are spared in building up the school, each year making it better than the preceding one.

Moro has banking facilities equal to any found in the State, as well as enormous business houses of all kinds that carry full lines of everything needed in the workshop, on the farm or in the home.

Moro has a bright future before it, and at no distant day its population will be more than doubled, as those seeking a pleasant and ideal place to live, with transportation facilities of the very best at its door, with several religious denominations represented, with the very best school, with one of the healthiest locations in the State, will come and build themselves a home with us and help enjoy the benefits that can only be derived from a town that has the many advantages that Moro possesses.

MORO CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR: W. H. Moore
TREASURER: J. M. Perry
MARSHAL: E. H. Hickson
COUNCILMEN: G. W. Brock, J. O. Elrod, W. J. Martin

FIRE DEPARTMENT: Chief J. M. Potts, Foreman Hose Co. L. Barnum, Asst. Foreman Hose Co. Wm. Henriets, Foreman Hook & Ladder Co. W. O. Hadley, Asst.

CHURCHES: M. E. Church, Rev. W. C. Smith, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Union prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Presbyterian church, Rev. C. S. Elder, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

LODGES: Moro Camp No. 351, Woodmen of the World. Meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. M. Fitzmaurice, C. G. Moro Circle No. 36, Women of Woodcraft. Meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Mrs. Daye Idemaun, Mrs. J. Dunahoo, Clerk. G. N. Moro Lodge No. 115, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night. G. W. Brock, M. A. Ball, Sec. Lapin Rebekah Lodge No. 116. Meets every Friday evening. Mrs. W. J. Martin, Chief. Mrs. May Barnum, Sec. G. N. Moro Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W. Meets every Tuesday evening. Robt. Brash, A. E. Conover, Recorder. K. W. Eureka Lodge—U. B. A. F. and A. M. Meets on first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. M. Perry, R. W. Logan, Sec. Heron Lodge No. 82, D. H. Meets second and fourth Monday evenings in each month. W. H. Moore, G. F. Higginbotham, Recorder. W. M. Moro Council No. 902, Knights and Ladies of Security. Meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Maggie Strahl, Dr. O. J. Goffin, Cor. Sec. Moro Camp No. 298, Modern Woodmen of America. Meets on first and third Thursday evenings in each month. W. H. Moore, G. F. Higginbotham, Consul. Order of Washington. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. Alta Poole, W. O. Hadley, Sec.

Don't let that fence go any longer. I can sell you posts at 10c by the carload. M. Fitzmaurice.

Parties take notice that I have charge of E. Peoples' agricultural implements. These things must be sold. If you want a plow, harrow, wagon, seeder, header, or anything in that line, see me first.—M. Fitzmaurice, Moro.

Parties looking for farms will do well to go to Moore Bros. before purchasing elsewhere. They have several fine farms in the county that they wish to sell on easy terms.

R. E. HOSKINSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Abstracting, Collections and Real Estate a Specialty.
MORO, OR.

J. B. HOSFORD,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
Practices in all the Courts of this State.
MORO, OREGON.

C. J. BRIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Will practice in any Court of the State.
Office over Krause's Harness Shop.
WASCO, OR.

CEDAR FENCE POSTS—bright, new, clean cuts for sale by M. Fitzmaurice, City Hotel, Moro, Ore.

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DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN,
Women and Children a Specialty.
Office in Anderson Bldg. Moro, Oregon.

R. W. LOGAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
Rooms 1, 2 and 5, Ginn Brick.
MORO, OR.

Dr. Lloyd D. Idleman
DENTIST.
Does All Kinds of High Class Dental Work.
Office hours: 9:20 a. m. to 12 m.; 1:30 to 5 p. m. Office over the Bank.
MORO, OREGON.



A ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

"As-st! coo," called the scout, in strident whisper at the shadowy shape in the haze opposite. "There's only one of him. If he's a Yank, leave him to me. Don't you shoot! Mamma's a widow; and you might make her an orphan, too!"

"All right, you goose," Miss Clay whispered back, as quietly as though consenting to give him a turn in the german. "When we get back to headquarters I'll make you shoot a match with me, before the staff."

"Listen! He's calling,—yes, calling me!" Evan broke in. "I wonder what's up! It's the lieutenant's voice; and he drew into the road, as the hoofbeats came clearer, and the legion officer galloped up.

"I thought I'd visit my advance picket," he said to Evan, Carolyn Clay fancied a trifle anxiously. "So I spurred up to overtake you. You're both better mounted than I; and a voice carries so I feared to yell. They may have advanced since."

He stopped abruptly, but not before the girl's quick perception caught the idea.

"So you are expecting Averill?" she said, quietly. "Let me see; he would have to cross at Washington, or above. If he be out for a raid, he would not force-march his horses over such roads; so we should make 'the Ferry' long before his scouts could meet us. Besides, he would take the lower road. It is better than this trail."

"You are a good soldier, Miss Clay," the Carolinian replied, gazing through the gloom at the cool speaker, in some wonderment. "But I have never mentioned Gen. Averill's name; nor do I really know anything beyond my own orders at last dawn. Your idea is not an impossible one, for I do not suppose the general would have sent us on a picnic; but whom, or what, he expects I have no knowledge."

"Averill!" the girl answered confidently. "Hunter and Kilpatrick are watching West Virginia—we know that at Stuart's headquarters; also that Averill was closeted with the secretary of war at Washington last Wednesday, and cavalry was massing at Harper's Ferry and above on Thursday even—"

"The scout, who had fallen to the rear as the officer joined the lady, drew closer up, as she continued—"did Capers say that the cavalry at Harper's was Averill's?"

"Mostly Averill's; some raw recruits and a Pennsylvania Dutch regiment," the scout answered, formally. "But Gen. Jeb doesn't believe they mean to move over such roads. Neither do I," he added, with delightful assurance. "It's only a feint."

The legion trooper looked from girl to scout in profound amazement. Then he said, bluntly:

"You certainly seem to keep well posted at Stuart's headquarters."

"We certainly do, sir," Evan replied, as he reappeared.

"This ends my line," he said to Fauntleroy. "But I'll ride a bit further with you, Miss Clay, and take a look up the road."

On again in silence for one mile—two—three. Then the Carolinian, with evident reluctance, drew rein.

"I can go no further," he said. "Good-by, Miss Clay; and God speed your mission! I only hope I may be again on picket when you come back with the medicines and—" he paused an instant, adding, significantly—"the news. Good-by, Mr. Fauntleroy, and good luck to you!" Then, with a parting grasp of the hand to each, the officer wheeled his horse and galloped back, as the venturesome consins sped away, far beyond the confederate lines.

"Pull up!" the officer cried, suddenly; and as the other horses fell into slow center at the command, he touched his own with the spur and turned from the open road into a clump of trees on the hilltop. The quick cars behind him caught the ring of arms brought to a "ready," then quickly back to a "carry," as he reappeared.

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"What is that glow over by the river, to the right? No, there? Miss Clay broke in, pointing impatiently.

A faint, pinkish haze showed dimly through the whirling snowflakes—a steamy glow, rather than a light. The scout gazed steadily in the direction awhile, then answered, placidly:

"Northern lights, maybe; but I do not do an astronomy. Seems queer, though. Perhaps there's a brush fire in that bottom."

"It is a fire," the girl replied. "Soft! it expands and falls. Evan, can it be a campfire?"

"Not much," he answered lightly. "We're way beyond our lines; and surely no Yanks could camp so near them without our scouts' knowledge. By Jove, Cousin Caro, I really believe the legion man has made you nervous."

"Caution and nervousness are not akin, as an older soldier would know," Miss Clay retorted, rather coolly. "I have too much at stake to be any danger I can avoid. Oh, Evan, I must get to Baltimore to-morrow!"

"And so you shall, my brave girl!" the boy answered brightly. "See that open hillside beyond? From that vantage the best site of this trail—good road and a safe one—leads down hill to 'the Ferry.' If you can reach it past midnight, and old Pat's men are to wait till the very last minute, be daren, before dawn. Hang up, and you've been over this same trail three times."

"And never felt a shadow of doubt before," she interrupted, smiling, with a sigh that would come. "It is because I have so much more at stake than ever before. But it is nearly over, thank God!"

The steaming horses breasted the hill bravely and reached the open road. An easy slope led away into a broad, white road, now well carpeted with winter's wool. Just at its foot a narrow belt of trees stretched away to the left, leaving the black river plainly visible from the bold bluffs to the right, and through those trees cut a narrow road, dark and dismal through the broader gloom of the snow haze, now scarce less light than day.

"There! Staff ford—just one mile to the landing!" cried the scout, as they raced at speed down the snowy slope, and nearly up to the bleeding trail, the hoofbeats ringing no longer, but thudding dull on the dampened sand.

Suddenly with one impulse both riders wrenched their horses' mouths so fiercely as to bring them almost to their haunches. Then both sat like statues, their necks strained forward, ears bent eagerly towards the woods road, just ahead. In the dead stillness, the deep breathing of the steaming horses was the only sound, save, to them, the quick beating of their own hearts.

So, for seconds that seemed ages. Then the scout whispered low, as though in answer to a question:

"Yes, hoofs! 'S-sh—'—clank of sabers! Quick! Into the trees! Quick! Go softly!"

Both horses were turned simultaneously into the screen of trees, well back from the gleam of the open road; and Evan Fauntleroy, placing himself between the girl and the approaching sounds, leaned from his saddle, straightened her bridle, felt the roan's bit, and gently stroked his great neck. Then he rose in his stirrups, stretching the odd-creamp out of his legs, braced himself afresh in the saddle, and tested the chamber of the big revolver drawn from his holster.

The tramp of hoofs was now plainly heard, cut by the clank of sabers—perhaps five or six—perhaps a score. "Cavalry!" the scout whispered to the girl. "Probably our scouts, possibly."

He hesitated only a second; but she calmly finished for him:

"Averill's. If so, which way?"

"If they're Yanks, they are feeling for our pickets," Evan whispered back. "They'll go east, over the road we came. We can cut through the woods road and dodge them in the bottom."

"No! If they pass us, straight for 'the Ferry'!" the girl's whisper was calm, but its clear, bell-like ring carried command not to be gaisaid.

(To be Continued.)

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The Moro Improvement Company beg to state to the public that they have a number one plumber who works in connection with their hardware store. They are prepared to make estimates on all kinds of plumbing and tin work.

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