



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 State, 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.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS: Mayor W. H. Moore, Recorder M. Fitzmaurice, Treasurer E. B. Holston, Marshal Wm. Haggard. COUNCILMEN: R. J. Gibb, M. Fitzmaurice, G. W. Brock, H. A. Moore, J. O. Goffin, W. J. Martin. FIRE DEPARTMENT: J. M. Foss, Chief; Adolph Heydt, Asst. Chief; Geo. Johnson, Foreman Hose Co. L. Barnum, Asst. Foreman Hose Co. Wm. Harbich, Foreman Hook & Ladder Co. W. O. Hadley, Asst.

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.

DR. O. J. GOFFIN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. 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.

"The Ferry," then, if they pass us," the man replied, adding, quietly: "Put up that thing." He noted the motion of her hand, testing the chamber of a pistol, and by the gleam of white skin he dimly saw, too, that she had drawn the graminet from her pistol hand. "Put that up, I say. If they be Yankees, this is a case of run, not fight. Listen; for time is short!" The hoofs were plainly heard now, a dozen horses trotting slowly towards them, a dozen sabers jingling merrily against their flanks. "Listen, and remember. If they see us, cut straight through these woods for the trail they're on now. Follow it straight south, till you strike a rock fence; jump that, and you're in an old field, where Blazer can distance any cavalry horse any Yankee owns. If I lose you in the dark woods, ride to the nigger's hut across the field and turn Blazer loose. Tell Isham, the old nigger, Marse Evan said to hide you all day and be sure to get you to 'the Ferry' at night. You understand?"

"I do—perfectly," the girl replied, still quietly. "You mean to fight them off while I run." All this was quickly spoken, in whispers, but clearly distinct on either side. The approaching horses had turned into the sandy road, trotting east towards them, not one hundred yards away. For an instant Evan was silent. He had combated Carolyn Clay's will before, and knew its strength. Then he whispered: "They're on us! Promise me, Caro! Remember your mother! Remember Fairfax! It is the only chance. Promise!"

There was a choke in the whisper that came back to him: "I promise!" The stillness of death hung over that little belt of woods. Side by side the southern soldier and the southern girl sat like statues, each with eye and ear alert and with firm hand upon the rein. Like statues the horses stood, their sides scarce heaving now, but with forward-pricked ears, as equinants of some danger that might come. And in that stillness the rattle of snow-flake upon crisp leaf was sharp and clear.

Hoof-muffled by damp sand of the little ascent, the stranger horseman trotted nearer still. Ghost-like and silent they moved into view, a solitary rider in advance, the moony vapor rolling round him—

"Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it." On the troopers moved—two—two more—two again, until the practised eye of the scout counted twelve; taking in, through night and mist, the outline of spears, the differing seat, the precise gait of federal cavalry.

If Evan Fauntleroy knew what fear meant, he certainly had never obeyed the divine injunction sufficiently to know himself in that respect. In the front of the charge, in long and lonely scout, in still more trying task of lying inactive for hours under heavy fire, the boy had ever been utterly oblivious of danger—had ever carried a just upon his lips. But now bends stood upon his brow, spite of the piercing cold, and he could hear his heart thumping audibly close under his chin. For never had greater responsibility than his own life—not counted by him—or a missing report, because of a bullet, faced him. Now, a woman's safety and freedom—perhaps her life, for he knew his comrade would fight, or fly, but never yield—were dependent upon his tact and coolness.

Slowly—taking ages, it seemed, to the aching brain of the confederate—the officer trotted by; slowly one pair of riders—another—another—until his nervous tension could scarce refrain from giving one red-hot "rebel yell" and dashing out upon them.

Then the seeming endless agony was over; the last riders had passed, disappeared, and were ascending the hill beyond the hidden waters; and not a suspicion had that outcried of a scout-captain that his prey had been so near and—missed!

Then the southern woman—like all her sisters, fearful of danger, of self, of all save her love's labor—whispered: "Thank God! we can make 'the Ferry' now." And in answer, clear and shrill and loud from the road beyond cubbed the neigh of a horse; and ere Evan's quick hand could clinch his reared mazzie the roan had answered full and strong. No time to lose now! One chance, and only one! "Quick! the woods road! Remember: south—the stone fence,—old Isham! Quick! for yourself!—for little Fairfax!" And in echo came from the road: "Halt! Right about! Forward!—Trot! March!" Instantly the girl wheeled her horse, trotting rapidly between trees for the narrow road—the reversed scouting-party moving fast towards them,

guided by the neigh. Once she turned, crying: "Come! Evan, you promised!" And the boy answered, cheerily: "Go on! Faster—for Fairfax's sake! I'm coming,"—adding through his clinched teeth: "when I've held them back long enough to save you!" The thunder of close hoofs was opposite the scout; the federal, now at a charge, strung out as skirmishers along the road, to him in their unseen foe. Without even a glance he knew that their carbines were unslung, and the least sound would bring a volley to drop him out of saddle. From the vantage darkness of his covert, he saw the first four dash by, straight for the little trail for which the girl was making, too.



"PULL UP!" THE OFFICER CRIED, SUDDENLY.

Then came the officer, in full career; and Evan, quickly wheeling his horse, turned in the saddle and fired at the flying shadows without—once, twice—as they came into view. Then came a halt, a rush of quick-changed hoofs, and the crisp twigs of the trees about him hurtled around his ears, as six carbines simultaneously spoke that their covet was flushed. Through the snow-dimmed woods he saw them crash, he sitting motionless, half turned in saddle, his left hand firmly feeling the bit. His ruse had told. He had drawn off pursuit from the girl; and even then his trained ear caught the beat of Blazer's hoofs upon the hard road behind. She had gained the trail and a quarter of a mile start! Now for himself; for the foremost federal was within twenty yards of his still unseen foe.

A flash of the heavy pistol, a sound betwixt a groan and a roar, and the Yankee's horse plunged forward to his knees, rolling his rider in the snow. A touch of the spur, a shake of the bit, and Evan's black—well trained to that kind of work—was dashing southward at half-speed, skimming tree-trunks desperately close, but choosing safest way wholly unguided, while urged ever by spur and voice.

On came the pursuers, strung out through the dim woods, handicapped by heavier mounts and ignorance of the way, yet gallantly pressing after the flying enemy—not knowing if he were one or a dozen.

Now and again the carbines rang, more than one clip of bark flying near the scout's head, and one bullet whistling close by his ear. But it was racing aim, and the wood was darker than without; so Evan stuck to the shelter as long as he might, before striking out into the woods trail. He was gaining on the federals, too; and fainter beat of hoofs in front, and fainter still, told him that Carolyn Clay was past pursuit—was safe at last!

Into the road he dashed; into the road soon strung the pursuit; and with a yell and touch of both spurs the scout gave the black his head and raced for freedom.

Then, straight ahead rang out a distant shot—a pistol, his trained ear told Evan; and his heart grew as lead, for he knew the federal had used the carbine. The girl had met some check—was fighting her way through! Climbing his teeth and bending far over the neck of his foaming steed, Fauntleroy drove both spurs cruelly home, racing ahead heedless of bullets whistling by, every fibre of his brain strained to listen. No more shots—no sound of hoofs; only death's stillness ahead. But from behind the thud of hoofs drew nearer, spite of his increased speed—nearer still! Then, wrenching himself round, the flying rebel saw a single horseman, far in lead, charging down on him; and the great stride of the horse warned him that his own underfed beast must lose in that overmatch. More carefully than before he braced himself by his knees, taking steady aim at the on-rushing shadow behind, just as a red flash gleamed out from it. His turning had saved the scout, for he felt the wind of the bullet whizzing by; but he heard, too, that rasping, inde-

scribable sound of lead crashing into flesh! One lurch, and the black was on his knees, rolling over so quickly as to pin his rider's leg beneath him. On sped the pursuer, followed close by others; and the reb—with teeth set from pain and rage—reared his pistol on his bridle arm and waited to make his last shot sure telling.

"Cease firing!" rang out in clear command; and the trained troopers fell into twos, as they rode up behind their officer.

Covered by Evan's pistol, the latter rode on alone to certain death, his own revolver silent in his hand. For, with his brutal fire of battle hot in his blood, the scout steadied his aim, and pressed



BUT FROM BEHIND THE THUD OF HOOF'S GREW NEARER.

his finger slowly on the trigger—when suddenly he grew dizzy from pain, and fell back helpless. The next instant the pursuit was on him and he was covered by the officer's pistol.

"Dismount and secure him, sergeant," the federal ordered, quietly: "Do you surrender?" "I can do nothing else," Evan answered, sullenly, quickly adding, in his own vein: "And if you want a live capture, let some of your blue-coated gentlemen lift this good friend of mine off my leg."

The sergeant and another were already beside him, the former deftly wrenching the pistol from his grasp. Brief time it took to raise the quivering horse from his rider's leg and lift the boy, pale with pain, to his feet.

"Easy, boy! Wait a bit! I think that left leg's gone!" he said, with a catch in his breath. "U-gh! Ah-h! That's better, Mister Yankee." And he put his foot gingerly on the ground, and tried to rest upon it, then leaned heavily on the stalwart sergeant. "Who are you?" the officer asked. "A confederate soldier," Evan replied. "Sounding?" "No; on leave," the other answered, quickly, his shrewdness returning as pain decreased. "What command?" "Private, B Troop,—th Virginia Cavalry," was the answer. "I was riding to a farm below, with a lady,—had no notion any Yankee were across the river." "You fired on us," the officer said, sternly.

"But I didn't—hit you!" the boy retorted, with a grin half of pain and half of fun, trying to gain time for Carolyn Clay and listening eagerly for any sound southward.

"Dismounted Corporal Riley, sir," the sergeant reported to his officer, hand to cap. "That's even, major." Evan retorted, quickly: "You dismounted me. May I ask one favor, sir? My horse and I are old comrades," he added, with a little tremor in the voice. "Will you let the sergeant put him out of pain?—Not that!" He quickly threw up the carbine the sergeant leveled at signal from the major. "There's one ball left in my pistol; and I think poor old Jeb would rather go that way."

The stout-hearted scout turned his face aside, and the rough sleeve passed swiftly across his eyelids, as the federal trooper sent the last confederate bullet into the black's brain.

(To be continued.)

Virulent Cancer Cures.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to expel bilious, kidney and microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless healing power, blood diseases, skin eruption, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, salve 25c, at all druggists.

The Moro Implement 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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