



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.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS. Mayor W. H. Moore, Recorder M. H. Barry, Treasurer E. H. Hickson, Marshal Wm. Hogard. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Chief J. M. Posa, Asst. Chief Adolph Herdt, Foreman Hose Co. L. Barnum, Asst. Foreman Hose Co. Wm. Henrichs, Foreman Hook & Ladder Co. W. G. Hadley, Asst. CHURCHES. M. E. Church, Rev. W. C. Smith, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 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 8 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, G. C. J. M. Posa, Clerk. Moro Circle No. 56, women of Woodcraft. Meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Mrs. Layne Lideman, Mrs. J. Dunahoo, Clerk. Moro Lodge No. 118, I. O. O. F. Meets every G. W. Brock, M. A. Hull, Sec. Lupin Rebekah Lodge No. 116. Meets every Friday evening. Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mrs. May Barnum, Sec. Moro Lodge No. 94, A. O. U. W. Meets every Tuesday evening. Robt. Brash, A. E. Cousins, Recorder. Moravia Lodge—U. D. A. F. and A. M. Meets on first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. M. Parry, G. W. Logan, Sec. Morris Lodge No. 82, B. of H. Meets second and fourth Monday evenings in each month. W. B. McCoy, Mrs. Geo. Brock, Recorder. Moro Council No. 982, Knights and Ladies of security. Meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Maagie Stahl, Dr. O. J. Goffin, Cor. Sec. Moro Camp No. 928, Modern Woodmen of America. Meets on first and third Thursday evenings in each month. W. H. Snook, G. P. Higginbotham, Clerk. Order of Washington. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. Alta Poole, W. O. Hadley, Prts. 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.

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

SLATER'S SHOE STORE. Wm. Slater, Prop. Boots and Shocs, Gents' Furnishings, and Notions. DRY GOODS, And a choice line of Stationery. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE



A ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

"Listen!" the man answered, in a hoarse whisper. "Think what you will, but for God's sake, hear me. I have just left the general. He is angered, vengeful. He knows all—your real name, your attachment to Stuart, your mission to the river—" "And you told him!" The scorn in her voice was infinite. "You?" "I come to save you," he answered, rapidly, the great effort to be calm only betrayed by heaving chest, and nails that dug into his clinched hands. "Vilify, despise me as you must in thought, but waste no time in words. You remember that night? Women like you forget no more than men like me. Then I swore to serve you to the death. Stop! I know what you would say: the gulf between us—the shame—the horror! Oh, God! Carolyn, do not stop for that! You life—your honor—my worthless life not counted—all rest on one single instant now! Come; you are free!"

"HYPOCRITE!" SHE ANSWERED TO THE LOOK, "I TOO, KNOW ALL—" "You are in our rear; and the general will not strike them at Beckley's Cross-Roads this morning as he expects. Now mount."

"Obstinate, relentless!" he said, rapidly, in hollow voice. "Will you prove selfish as well? Carolyn Clay, I have said what man dare say. Did I say one word more,—did I compromise you,—then I should despise myself as you despise me! I have solemnly sworn to save you, at risk of—of all that is left to me,—at risk of losing what a girl like you could never dream! A moment more, the relief comes, and all is lost; for I swear I will not leave this hut alone! No; do not answer; there is no time. If your own honor is risked,—if your mother's heart is broken,—if little Fairfax dies for want of remedies, his prideful sister might have won him,—then I call God to witness that the sin is on your head!"

The woman's bosom rose and fell; words rushing to her lips died upon them; she heard her own heart beating thunderous in her throat. "Come! For the sake of all dear to you,—cause, mother, brother,—come!" the man pleaded. "Vile, despicable as I am in your eyes, let me atone in part, by saving you—and Fairfax."

"God! girl, do not tempt me—even for sake of you!—to say what I should not—must not! Go, Carolyn! Go! War is uncertain—my life in unusual peril. If you hear I have died the spy's death, pray for the soul you believe false to everything, the soul that God in Heaven, looking on us now, knows true"—a half-sob bore the words—to you!"

The clank of arms came faintly on the wind. At his touch the horse moved softly on into the snowy road, the man standing still, with bared head and eyes upraised. Then, when the whirling eddies hid the rider from his sight, that bold rider, that reckless soldier, that traitor Virginian, fell upon his knees and dropped his face in his clasped hands.

Five minutes later the relief reached the extra post at the hut. No sentry challenged; and the lank New England sergeant, advancing warily, stumbled over the prostrate trooper, conscious, but sick and dizzy.

CHAPTER V. A BALTIMORE WAR PARTY.

A brilliant and representative gathering, but not a large one, had assembled in the handsomely-decorated parlors of Mrs. Gilmor Gray.

To both of these the Misses Westchester—for the fair matron had solved a something widowhood at the earnest pleading of Mr. Gilmor Gray, a noted club bachelier in supposed-to-be-impervious armor—added travel, accomplishment and high culture of rare musical gifts.

Indeed, during the war time, Baltimore society was unique beyond any in America; and a broad, deep stream of sentiment—picketed on one side by defiant, outspoken feeling, on the other by prudence, sagacity, tact and ceaseless watchfulness—flowed through the social city, as dangerous and difficult to pass as the near-dwelling Potomac.

For—stronghold of southern sympathizers, the "rebel nest," as Washington held her to be—most of Baltimore's leading people had tact sufficient to keep their tongues still, however active they may have been otherwise in aid to struggling friend or relative beyond the border, however much of disgust may, in many instances, have lurked beneath the smile. Never professing "loyalty" as the word was then mistranslated; these were wise enough to repress all blatant hint of its opposite, well realizing that no good could possibly result therefrom, while one chance word might mar all future possibility of usefulness, even while resulting in immediate hurt or danger.

To have given up would have meant death for Mrs. Lois Cragg, of Dorchester, Mass. For years she had endured untold misery from a severe lung trouble and obstinate cough. "Often," she writes, "I could scarcely breathe and sometimes could not speak. All doctors and remedies failed till I used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was completely cured."

Brock has at last a supply of screen doors. Buy one and show there are no flies on you.

Advertisement for Piano and Organ Miniatures. Includes text: 'PIANO AND ORGAN MINIATURES FREE', 'TO EVERY PERSON', 'CORNISH CO. WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY. ESTABLISHED 80 YEARS.'