



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.



A ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

Yet under more than one roof which covered a family of the best old stock, every heart beating in perfect unison with the struggling southrons, were received men and women who widely differed in every public matter, but were wholly congenial in every social one. And that tactful grace which has ever been the chief charm of Baltimore society deftly rounded dangerous and treacherous headlands of opinion, to glide safely into those neutral waters of simple social contact.

Exceptions there were, even in such households, where the fair Marylander had thought her ear profaned by courteous address from the Yankee, her hand polluted by his social touch: Such openly paraded their sympathies and sang aloud the praises of their dear ones, self-elected to do battle for the cause they knew to be right, even as the first crusaders battled for the sepulcher! And some of these defiant fair ones—fortunately, though, in rare exception—defied all orders and regulations, prayerfully imploring martyrdom by flaunting the confederate colors and—in at least two instances—wrapping themselves in the adored stars and bars, in full publicity.

As fearless as they were injudicious, some Baltimoreans not only brought suffering upon themselves, but willfully nullified their chances to relieve that of those absent ones whose cause they so defended and revered. But the quiet and more tactful set, while doing nothing to hurt their own consciences, yet kept on easy terms with those of differing political color. And who shall blame them if, at the same time, they kept eye and ear alert for every chance which might profit distant friends, by ready hand or open purse? For many of these, also, had their next of kin in the southern army—some as humble privates, some, again, high in rank and sending echoes of their names beyond the river for deeds of derring do.

Thus the social situation of the hour was one of exceeding delicacy, demanding for its solution not only tact and case in society usage, but courage, intelligence, and diplomacy as well.

Of old historic family on both sides, and with unstinted means, the Gilmor Grays were facile leaders in the gayest events of that eventful winter; and tonight's musicale—simply an informal one, almost impromptu, to which guests had been bidden only the previous day—was eclipsed, in quality at least, by no previous occasion.

Miss Westchester had finished a sparkling rendering of a Chopin waltz, when her sister was led to the piano by a cabinet minister. The deep hush wrapping all in the music-room through the notes of Gounod's "Jewel Song"—for "Faust" was then a novelty in Paris—broke into spontaneous rush of gloved hands together, demanding its encore.

The light of well-worn praise lit the girl's richly colored face, as she raised her dark eyes from fringing lashes. Suddenly they fell upon a newcomer in the doorway, and the light quickly changed to a deeper and more meaning one. But she quickly dropped her face, and her fingers idly touched the keys again.

"Handsome fellow, that! quite distinctive," the cabinet member said, following her glance, then letting his own rest admiringly on the face she did not raise to reply.

"An old friend of—mamma's. Did you never meet him before, judge?" "Scarcely possible, Miss Bessie," the dignitary answered. "Even among the thousands of new faces, I would not forget that one. But we are forgetting what is more important—the encore."

"It shall be a simple old ballad, then," she answered; and again she shot one swift glance into the dark eyes of Peyton Fitzhugh, elegantly languid in evening dress. He made no movement save to smooth, rather foppishly, the black hair brushed low on his broad brow. Next instant all the fire in that old rebel ditty: "Charlie Is My Darling!" The elegant traitor listened, to the very last note, leaning lightly against the door frame, but with no changed expression on his strong, quiet face. Nor did he respond to—even if he caught—the quick glance the singer's eyes again sent him, with the last note, but his gloved hand joined in the applause as the bachelor functionary at the piano, bending over the girl in evident admiration, said, softly:

"Enviably 'Charlie,' Miss Bessie. But you certainly do sing Scotch ballads with an amore."

"Thank you," she answered. "Simple, unscientific as they are, some of them are great favorites of mine. This, for instance."

She broke quickly into the lilting melody: "All the Blue Bonnets Are Over the Border." But the glance she sent to the doorway as its accompani-

ment was lost. Fitzhugh had been replaced by a blonde youth wearing perfect clothes, and his own particular smile upon his fair, chiseled features, undeniably aristocratic. His own particular knack, too, elevated his arched eyebrows wonderingly, yet never wrinkling his soft, boyish forehead. A character in his own patented way, hiding carefully any strength of char-



A CHARACTER IN HIS OWN PATENTED WAY.

acter he had, universally popular for plainly admirable traits and perfect manners, was Mr. William Howard McKee.

A noted "society man," spite of his unattained majority and almost girlish gentleness, he was descended from "a signer" on his mother's side, from wealthy ancestry on both. He was, too, a budding wit, whose good heart and unerring tact made him as popular with the club set as he was with the "german" by divine right of heels.

But peculiarly was Willie McKee facile princeps in all private theatricals and amateur performances, ever famous in Baltimore—his "lightning changes" being most famous.

Scarcely perceptible query of his brows brought lightest reply from the girl's drooped lashes; and Mr. McKee sauntered down upon the cabinet minister, like "the Assyrian"—reversed.

"You are the priestess of simplicity to-night, Cousin Bessie," he said, easily. "I really believe you have discovered that the judge's grandmother was Scotch; though he has dropped the Mc, which clings to me."

"You are mistaken, sir," the dignitary answered, rather frigidly, at interruption of his tete-a-tete.

"Beg pardon, really?" the young man retorted, blandly. "I thought I had read that about you in something somewhere; but we're making history so fast, nowadays, that really a fellow can't pretend to keep accurately to it."

"Where do you come from, Willie?" Miss Bessie asked, her quick tact catching the boy's pert tone. "You are dreadfully late, sir."

"Not a bit of it, coz. Been here an hour—in the conservatory with la belle Nina, from Philadelphia. Was routed out by your mamma's Roman regard as she strolled in on the arm of Peyton Fitzhugh. Handsome dog, that fellow; and deep, too."

"That swarthy, handsome man just now at the door?" the secretary queried quickly, as he caught the flush deepening on the girl's cheek.

"Yes," she replied. "A friend of yours, Miss Bessie?" "I know Mr. Fitzhugh," she answered, quietly; but she shot a quick, meaning glance at her cousin, as she added, "but we have seen very little of him of late."

"From the name he should be a Virginian," the judge said. "Or Scotch, like me," Willie McKee added, innocently, coming to the rescue.

The minister only smiled at the persistent badinage of the youth; the wife of another great man—herself a brilliant musician—approached the piano, surrounded by an admiring group, and as the secretary joined it Bessie Westchester slipped her arm into her cousin's and passed into the deep bay window.

"Anything more?" she asked, eagerly, as the shadow of heavy curtains veiled them from the buzzing through without.

"Yes; everything is ready," the boy answered low. "Carroll Meredith got back from Prince George's this evening. Old Pete recessed last night; the river is clear, and I am going down ducking at two o'clock in the morning."

"I am so glad!" the girl murmured, feelingly. "She is so wretched at the delay."

"There is no moon; and no picket, that I know of," McKee went on. "Still, I thought it safer to get passes for myself and boy." I had that dapper Yankee, Maj. Bond, for supper, to get them. That is the reason I was late."

"You dear, good boy!" The girl held out her hand warmly. "But what a risk for you!"

The clear face of the boy grew grave, but he retained the little hand gently, as he answered, with earnestness:

"Risk for me! Bess, you forget the grave peril for her. You forget, too, that I would risk something really serious—ten times this—for you!" His other hand covered the little one he held.

Her face was turned away, and she withdrew her hand—but very gently—as she answered, in a half sigh:

"Hush, Willie. We are not speaking of that now. But I do thank you, with all my heart. Tell me,—she interrupted herself suddenly,—was mamma really talking seriously with Peyton Fitzhugh?"

"Semiingly in deep earnest," McKee answered. "Coming suddenly on Miss Nina and me, she stopped, but not before I had heard her say: 'But you are Virginian; your place is there' and had caught his reply: 'Perhaps; but nothing is doing this weather. I may go across, and—' Then he caught sight of us and stopped to shake hands with me."

"You're welcome!" the girl said, with a toss of her head. "I am glad he did not, with me! I mistrust that man, Willie. His name and trace should make him a southern soldier; yet he stayed abroad long, and now dawdles about Washington and Baltimore as a 'society man,' while his brothers are sleeping in snow and eating mule flesh!"

"Well, scarcely that bad," the youth retorted, with a smile. "A letter old Pete brought Carroll from Gilmore Howard is full of 'muffin worries' and starvation dances in Richmond—Lord! I nearly forgot! This is for her, the runner said it was for your mother; but I could not catch her alone." He drew a tiny folded slip from his pocket, glancing warily out to see if prying eyes noted its transfer to Miss Bessie's fair hand and its quicker disappearance in her bosom.

"I don't like Fitzhugh's course, myself," he went on; "and I hope your mother's lecture may wake him up."

"Not if his own self-respect sleeps," the girl retorted, bitterly. "He doesn't look like a dastard in war—"

"Nor a laggard in love, neither, if I can judge a man," McKee urged. "A face like his must have the soul of a man behind it. Then he's so lately from Europe—"

"Three months," she broke in. "Campaigns are planned and won in less time! It had been more graceful to stay abroad than to return only to lounge about union clubs and toady Yankee officials."

"Perhaps he came here to-night on their account," McKee answered, with one of his quizzical lifts of his eyebrows. "But wasn't he soft on her once? It seems to me that at Capon, her first summer out—"

A quick, warning gesture cut off his speech and wheeled him to the light, as Mrs. Gray approached, leaning on Fitzhugh's arm.

The latter's quick eye rested but an instant on the young man, flashed back to the girl, and then his face—raised from the low bow—was as vacuous as the average beau's when he said:

"It is so long since we met, Miss Bessie, that I told your mother, though I leave on the midnight train for Washington, that I must stop to felicitate you on time's perfected process of changing the little girl into the woman."

He extended his ungloved hand; and the girl, putting her own into it with as much of frost as her sunny nature could condense, noticed, woman-like, how brown and firm it was.

"You were too good," she answered, quietly. "And perhaps, in time's name, I should thank you for the implied compliment to him."

"Indubitably, no!" the Virginian exclaimed, courteously. "It was but his bounden duty; and, sometimes a little slow, time ever fulfills that."

"You compliment him again," she replied, more coldly. "So few do their bounden duty nowadays."

"I have asked Mr. Fitzhugh to join our little party to Philadelphia for 'Faust,'" Miss Nina broke in, joining the group.

"I hope he will," McKee said, courteously, intuitively feeling that the frost was growing more crisp.

"But he tells me," the Philadelphia beauty answered, with a pretty pout, "that he is pledged to join a large hunting party in western Virginia next week."

"What will you go to hunt, Fitzhugh?" Willie McKee asked, naively.

Another quick glance shot in the questioner's eyes, as the Virginian answered, calmly:

"Anything that may be trapped or killed. But I am risking the Washington express. Good night. You ladies may possibly conjecture part of my regret in missing the Philadelphia trip." And the polished traitor strode through the room and disappeared, as he turned at the front door, muttering:

"Bah! They cannot suspect—'Tis that very vacancy beats me. But I must find out the hour—and the route."

A group of gilded youth and nicked-plated age had approached the girls. McKee glanced at his watch.

"Pardon what stupidity of society calls rudeness," he said; "but really it is compulsion; for I fear such distraction



"SHE IS SO WRETCHED AT THE DELAY."

will make me late. I am booked for a duck hunt at dawn, so must leave myself away now."

A moment later Bessie Westchester, with unusual awkwardness for her, caught her founce upon a carved chair and fled upstairs to repair damages. Passing her cousin in the hall, she whispered:

"Ready at two, sharp!" The ladies' dressing-room showed no occupant to the girl's glance through its door; and, passing up the dark stairway beyond, to the third story, she tapped softly at a closed door, entering without pausing for reply.

A bowed female form before the fire raised suddenly at the sound, from the hands that covered it a pale face crowned with glossy coils of ruddy hair; and the eager eyes of Carolyn Clay questioned hungrily those of her friend.

"Oh, Bess! I thought you would never come! Has he succeeded? Can I get off?"

"Yes, Caro; all is ready."

"Thank God! Thank God!" Miss Clay murmured, with a choking sob. "Oh, Bess! had anything stopped me again I should have despaired—broken down! Never before have I been so nervous—so oppressed! If anything has happened over there—if Fairfax—"

For answer Bessie Westchester drew from her bosom the crumpled note. The other girl clutched it eagerly, rushed to the table lamp, and, dewed with burning eyes, she hastily scribbled words, without address or signature:

"Only a moment to write. Am almost wild with doubt. She should be back, but has not even been heard from. Fairfax no worse; his fever perhaps lighter. Messenger waits. God guard you—and her!"

Miss Clay reread the words, twice, three, and pressed them to her trembling lips ere they formed the words:

"Poor, dear mother! How anxious she must be! But our baby is better, thank God! How did it come?"

"Willie McKee brought it to mamma. Carroll Meredith met old Pete at the Ferry."

Again the older woman read the letter; then, with a deep sigh, she stood erect, thinking. And a fair contrast were the women, seen thus: Bessie Westchester plump, fresh, petite, her low ball dress showing the perfect neck and bust and softly-rounded arms of lately-budded womanhood, her bright face grave and soft in sympathy, and its dark eyes tender through unshed tears; Carolyn Clay tall, majestic, defiant, her grand head thrown back, the apple curves of her form well relieved by the rough riding-habit, its skirt turned in and served lightly, to be used at need.

At length, with a sigh—more of decision than of discontent,—she dropped into her low chair again, with the quiet query:

"At what hour, dear?"

"At two this morning," the other answered, promptly. "Willie is supposed to be going ducking; he has passes, if needed. You will reach 'the Ferry' by dawn; the moon will be late to-morrow, and the river is clear."

Again Miss Clay's lips moved, but only the half-audible sound came: "Merciful God! I thank Thee!"

(To be Continued.)

Saves a Woman's Life.

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. Sufferers from coughs, colds, throat and lung trouble need this grand remedy, for it never disappoints. Cure is guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

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