



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.

And now Bessie Westchester, her becoming ball-dress changed for a loose, but equally becoming wrapper, again nestled on the floor, close to Carolyn Clay, who waited, calm and resolute, as the minutes sped on with feet that seemed leaden-shod to her anxious suspense. And below, her mother and sister moved noiselessly about the pictures, packing, as compactly as deft hands might, an ample luncheon into the flat tin case.

"She will probably get wet, poor child!" the matron said, removing a layer of thin sandwiches to wedge in slices of fruit cake. "The tin is the safest; but, dear me, how little it holds!"

"But these must go in, mamma," answered Miss Westchester. "Dear Caro! No telling when she'll see fruit cake again! How dreadful it all is, mamma! Only think what she tells us about sorghum and corn-bread! Wait! press on the sandwiches while I wedge in these sardines."

"Really, wife," interposed the late bachelor club man, "you must expect her to realize that green colonel's orders issued to his men, to 'cook and eat five days' rations immediately!'"

"I wish they all could over there!" the wife retorted, her wanting logic condoned by a deep sigh. "Just think of your poor brother Louwides, Gilmor, starving on bacon and hard tack!"

"It is good for his liver, my dear," Mr. Gray replied, with a lightness belied by his eyes. "My brother Louwides has so far in his life eaten pate and terrapin enough to bring camp-fare for the next ten years up to a pretty luxurious average."

But away up in the attic hiding-place no badinage was spoken. Carolyn Clay had several times gone over the details of her perilous trip across. Each time she had spoken with naive freedom of her fears, her suspense and her joy at rescue—all without reserve. But one thing she had never told—approaching it with ready purpose, only to find her lips close and a throbbing something just beneath her throat which she could not control.

She had never explained that the man who had saved her, at risk of instant traitor's doom, was himself a renegade doubly a traitor to the cause that made him so, by that very act. Far less had she been able to frame the two words of his name, once sweetly familiar to her lips, now bitter as Dead Sea fruit upon them.

Often—after Bessie had listened with sighs and tears of sympathy, then left her—Carolyn Clay would upbraid her conscience for this half-confidence to friends so tender and so loyal, even now risking so much for her. And then her conscience would argue, not without a quibble, that it was so unnecessary—that it could but disgrace his name for those true ones who bore it so well—that this one exposure could do no good. So the girl—reassuring herself, in woman's way, that no lingering thought of his past, no pity for herself, mixed with the resolve—accepted her duty, and Bessie Westchester had accepted as true her own brain-built little romance that the self-sacrifice and grave peril had been incurred by some federal officer for sake of her friend's helplessness in danger—perhaps, she told herself, for sake of her fair face.

And now the dark eyes of the listener stood wide, and her gentle bosom heaved

followed the night escape through the driving snow, welcomed the slow-coming dawn, and thrilled at the first sight of Rosser's advance.

"What a noble, selfless hero!" the younger girl cried, after a long-drawn sigh of relief. "And not even to know his name! I would have had more curiosity, even then. But he must be a gentleman, Caro! Base blood would never have risked so much—been so tender and true—even for your eyes!"

Miss Clay's eyes were studying the pictures in the fire. A half sigh trembled to her lips; but she stifled it as she answered, sadly:

"He was a gentleman—before he joined Virginia's enemies."

"But, Caro, they were not his enemies."

"No, seemingly not; only Virginia's," the other answered, with sudden fierceness.

"But it is odd he never told you his name. It would have taken but an instant; and if you two ever meet again—"

"God forbid that!" Carolyn Clay rose to her feet, towering taller in the flickering firelight. "I hope never to look upon his face again!"

"How uncomplaising you are!" her friend persisted. "Yet you owe him so deep a debt—your life, perhaps."

"Yes, I owe him that—God help me!" She turned away abruptly, as a deep surge of color swept her pale face. "Yes, I owe him a debt I can never pay—never! I owe him escape from a spy's death! I owe him—oh, Bess, I never realized half how much until I rode in sight of those dear gray jackets, St. Andrew's cross fluttering so gayly over them!" She gazed absently into the fire a moment, the color still warm on her face. "And, Bess, when I told Col. Radcliff every word the tr—the man had said, he called me a 'little hero,' said I had put Rosser under deepest obligation, that he could strike the Yankees in the rear and the road to the river was open to me."

"I wish I knew who he was," the younger girl whispered, looking intently into the coals at a dimly sketched procession with background of white lace and orange blossoms.

"Caro, after all these dreadful days are over, when peace comes again, you two will meet again. Maybe this may bring you closer—"

"Never! I will never look upon his face again!" The words were low and slowly spoken, but they had the solemn cadence of a dirge.

"You cannot tell," Bessie urged. "We may all be one people again some day. No girl can read her own fate, dear; unless—they used to say, now I remember, that your willful heart had found its master—"

"Hush! Oh! if you only knew, Bess!" There was a world of self-pity, nearly as much of self-contempt, in the woman's low tone. "Dear child, living as

you live, seeing only what you see, it is hard indeed to understand us. Amid the privations, the suffering, the danger around me, I should be worse than base to think of such light things. Once, perhaps, I was very different—the red glow burned on her face once more, the firm lips trembled an instant, ere she went on gravely—"but, even then, those rumors were idle."

"Forgive me, dear, I believe—Oh! Caro, I forgot; serious things drove it out of my head; but who do you suppose was here to-night?"

"How should I guess? There was more of weariness than of interest in Miss Clay's reply; but inborn courtesy forced the addition: "I am such a stranger—an exile—now."

"An old friend of yours; and a very good one, too, they said. Frankly, I do not like him, though it may be 'Dr. Fell.' I think he should be in the army—our army! But otherwise he's just

splendid. 'Guess."

"It would be useless," Miss Clay answered, absently, glancing at the clock. "Thank Heaven, it is two o'clock."

"No, you could never guess," Bessie ran on, full of her romance. "It was Peyton—"

"Peyton Fitzhugh!" Carolyn Clay wheeled round upon the sitting girl, towering over her with eyes that blazed in equal anger and amazement. "Here! To-night? In this house?"

"Why not, dear? He is an old friend of mamma's, and very popular here with both sets."

"Why not? Do they not know that—Why, Bess, he was the—" With blazing eyes, clinched hands, and laboring bosom, Miss Clay stopped suddenly. What it was she herself could not have told; but again that inner something—stronger than her impulse and indignation, dominating her helpless will—whispered: "Peace; be still!" She stood silent, rooted to the spot, staring at her friend.

"I knew you would be surprised," the other went on. "And really, Caro, you do seem to recollect very well, considering your denial just now. If a mere name carries such talisman, I do not wonder so much at your unfeminine curiosity as to that unselfish hero who saved you at risk of a halter."

Over Carolyn Clay's face, now pale as death once more, swept thoughts too swift and complicated for translation by the inexperience that watched it. But, seeing them, the younger woman ceased badinage, and, rising quickly, passed loving arms about the tall form, nestling her head upon its tumult-tossed bosom.

"Forgive me, darling," she whispered, softly. "I was silly, thoughtless. I, too, know what it is to care for some one. Were I separated from Willie—"

Abruptly, almost roughly, Miss Clay ignored the caress and repudiated the suggestion.

"You are wrong—utterly wrong, child!" she cried. "I do not care for that—that man. On the contrary, I hate—despise him. He is not fit to let your feet spurn him—far less to touch your hand. Does not your mother know—suspect—"

"What?" Bessie's eyes grew wide with wonder, as the other paused suddenly. "Why, Caro! I never saw you so excited—so worked up. It must, indeed, be something terrible! Tell me, please!"

Miss Clay's face darkened, and her breath came hard and quick. She clinched her hands fiercely; but still she did not speak, only staring at the other. Then, with a great effort, she turned a dandy white face, lit by gleaming eyes, upon her:

"Bessie, that man is— He it was who—" Memory, gratitude—whatever stronger feeling it may have been—was too much for her. Again she bowed down, sinking in her chair and covering her face, with the piteous moan:

"Oh, God! I cannot—control!" Wondering more still, but still deeply sympathetic, Bessie Westchester watched this unvoiced weakness of the woman who had been her model of fearlessness and strength.

Only one instant, though. The next she was kneeling by her side, her arms close about the heaving bosom, her lips pressed upon the glorious, bowed head:

"Forgive me, dear! Please forgive me! I was silly even to mention him—worse than silly to press you so. I think I understand—"

Once more Miss Clay broke roughly from the circling arms. Once more she stood erect with raised head and blazing eyes; no weakness on her face now—only resolve so fixed as to make its lines seem hard and cruel.

"Bessie Westchester," she said, in cold, metallic tone, "you do not understand me, but—you shall! Not for base, selfish reason, not to protect myself from silly suspicion, but to protect you and yours, so good to me, I will speak! That man, whose name I have sworn shall never pass my lips—that man, who has my just contempt and scorn, is—"

The door opened quickly and Mrs. Gray stood in it, panting from hasty ascent and with troubled face.

"Caro, Willie is here."

"Thank God! I am ready!" The light of battle on her face melted into tender longing; hope to be realized swept away thought of right and justice as the words brought plainly before her the wide, dark river, the yearning loved ones far beyond.

"Stop, dear," the matron said, stopping with a gesture the quick grasp for hat and gloves, the careful, instinctive touch for precious packages sewed into the skirt. "Willie must see you first. Some difficulty has—"

"Disappointment! Oh, do not say he comes to disappoint me!" The color hope had driven to the girl's face dropped out, leaving it ashen, her lips quivering soundlessly.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," Mrs. Gray answered, gently, "and, stepping to the door, she called softly, and Willie McKee tiptoed into the room."

His face was grave and troubled, his manner wholly changed from the boyish exquisite who had lounged from that house two hours before. Those were days that made many men play strange parts; and Willie McKee was a natural actor.

"It disappoints me, Miss Clay, almost as much as yourself," he said, quietly. "I had set my heart on getting you across to-night; and I believe you know that to do so I would risk anything, save one—your capture."

"I must always risk that," the girl cried, impatiently. "I have no fear,

Come, let us start!"

"Not until you know all," the man answered, firmly. "Ordinary danger would not deter me, of course. Everything is ready—medicines packed, passes-secured. But, remember, this time your capture would be more serious than ever before. You are under gravest suspicion. You are under gravest suspicion."

"Yes, I know. But, oh, I have been so careful—seen no one. None could dream I was here."

"Your presence in Baltimore is known," McKee answered, gently. "How, or by whom, God only knows." "Known!" Only the one word from her white lips.

"Yes; and more than that," he went on, calmly. "Some one knows that you leave to-night, by what route, and that I go with you."

The girl's face grew whiter still; her lips moved without sound, but her eyes flashed into Bessie's with a blaze of accusing query in them. Then, still staring at her, the firm will mastered emotion so far that she whispered, hoarsely:

"Are you sure? You saw—him?"

"Saw whom? Bessie, what do you know?" Mrs. Gray cried.

But Carolyn Clay stopped her with a gesture imperious beyond question, and, turning to McKee, said, hoarsely:

"Go on. Tell me all."

"I know no more," he answered. "Only this note was left for me by unknown hand ten minutes since."

The woman seized the crumpled note eagerly, bending over the firelight and reading rapidly. Then, pressing her hand hard over her eyes, she stood an instant still and cold, only heaving bosom and deep breath telling of her struggle to be calm. Again she bent down, scanning the paper closely, her eyes burning each word into her brain. Then, leaning her head upon the low mantel, covered by one hand, she held the note to Bessie with the other; and she, understanding the command, read in tremulous voice the fateful message:

"Do not start to-night. South bank swarms with stragglers. Rosser struck. Show her this and wait advice. She should obey warning from one who prayed her to pray for his soul."

Dead silence was on the little group. No one spoke, nor moved, and the stillness grew almost unbearable as the disappointed woman struggled fiercely with herself for the mastery.

At length she raised her head, turning faint to them a face pale and declined, but firm and hard as the hollow voice that said:

"I will obey. He were wiler than Satan did—he lie now—to me—"

The effort of the soul was too great for the tried flesh. Suddenly she swayed, staggered forward a step, and would have fallen had not Willie McKee caught her, dead fainting, in his arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN. The Sabbath morning broke clear, but piercing cold, the garish sunlight giving little warmth in the teeth of the fierce east wind.

Two days had passed, heavy, leaden-footed days to all inmates of the Gray mansion; and to one of them expectancy became almost torture, as no word came from Carolyn Clay's unnamed watcher on the shore. Willie McKee stopped daily, to talk with his cousin; but he only shook his head gloomily in answer to eager queries, and avoided all suspicious mounting to the hidden visitor above. And she, cheered by the sympathy and love of trusted, tender women, recovered from the shock of surprise and disappointment. She seemed almost her old self again—quiet, patient, almost hopeful outwardly, even if well-nigh despairing at heart.

Of the cause of her fainting fit she spoke little, calling it mere reaction from too high hope; but not even to Bessie—her special pet and favorite—did she once allude to the mysterious writer of the warning, save to say, finally:

"I can say nothing, dear. In these days, when a man's life may pay forfeit for one chance word, I dare not speak." And the strong woman shuddered, as she added: "Besides, God only knows! I may be wrong. Later news has proved the truth of that warning. It was surely well meant and—timely. But by this time the Virginia bank must be clear." She finished with almost a groan: "Oh, when will I get away?"

(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 and was completely cured." 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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MISS CLAY'S EYES WERE STUDYING THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE.