



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 Bessie Westchester, with the delicate tact of her race, forebore all question; nor did she ever hint for the finish of that broken-off warning about Fitzhugh, even while, woman-like, she was drawn by curiosity, which had, in this case at least, good basis of right to question. Yet, as her guest's lips remained sealed, and no allusion to him escaped them more, the younger woman remained silent, wondering sorely.

But this cold Sabbath morning brought McKee very early, and with him anxiety and activity to all the household. At breakfast when he came the family rose promptly from the unfinished meal at the table he brought, and rapidly all vials within reach, all contents of the ample pantry, that was Mrs. Gray's prideful boast, were parceled out and put in portable shape. Great tins of boiling coffee soon hissed in the kitchen; a passing baker's cart was captured by McKee and its entire contents quickly went beneath long knives in nimble hands.

For that morning was one of those dire days which made every sympathetic heart in Baltimore beat with heavier throbs—days which made firm lips tremble and strong hands clinch hard, while they forced tears to tender eyes of all true women, southern or union in their sentiment.

Rebel prisoners were to march through those streets, a spectacle and a warning, not wantonly, perhaps, "to make a Roman holiday," but because McHenry, the Old Capitol and other border prisons overflowed; and these men, unexchanged, must go to prison-pens farther from chance of escape or recapture by sudden raid.

In almost every residence along that fashionable street—nearest route of march to the northern depot—now showed activity and bustle unthought of such an hour or on such a day, and many window-shutters bowed, they closed, as eager-watching eyes saw no approaching column, and their owners went back to the work of love.

Then, after anxious waiting, the sad procession wheeled into view from a street below, the guard that encircled it moving slowly, as at a funeral, to fit the worn and painful step of many a one who followed. And a long, dreary line it was: pitiful to see, in its evidences of wrecked manhood, often; of broken spirit, sometimes; of wasted hopes and longings, everywhere.

Old and young, the graybeard next the fresh and fearless boy, hardy, lank mountaineer and tender darling from city fireside—all sorts and conditions of men of the south were there, marching side by side that doom more dreaded than sudden death—hopeless imprisonment! For the word had gone forth that the starving south, eager to exchange consuming captured mouths for useful fighting hands, was not to be recaptured in that way.

"Robbing the cradle and the grave" already—as the northern leader put it—to hold her wide border, she was not it!



CAROLYN CLAY SCANNED THE PRISONERS WITH BLAZING EYES.

be given back those men she had trained, through privation, peril and hope deferred, to suffer and be strong.

Piteous was the plight of many a prisoner, weak, already prison-worn and as sick in body as at heart. Here, one who might be a grand sire, toiling along the stones with stockingless feet, scarce held to shreds of shoes by bits of twine; there, a mere stripling, blue-faced in the blast and shivering in thin, buttonless jacket, blowing his numbed hands for warmth. Again, a bold, defiant figure—a never-capturo, doubtless—striding along with head erect and deep defiance smoldering in his eyes; and

close to him, the limping, shattered remnant of a man, hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and narrow chest, reeled with coughing under the bleak December wind.

In pairs, or fours, the prison-gang moved slowly forward, many scarce able to keep up even with the slow line, few were more than half clad, scarcely one with an overcoat, but some hugging the torn and filthy blanket, or the scrap of old carpet used in its stead, as a very luxury of prison lot!

Some men were hatless, or wholly barefoot, victims of prison wear, or, worse, of wanton theft, which not seldom escaped the vigilance of higher office and left those vile enough to prey upon the helpless creatures in their charge.

On almost every face, grayish pallor, familiar to all who watched the prisoner of that time, a sickly, leaden ghastliness, as of ashes, which accentuated more the pinched features and seemed to sink most fiery eyes deep back in their hollow sockets,—a hue not to be described, but born largely of bad fare and confinement, equally largely perhaps of despairing heart and of that scourge even of the busy camp, nostalgia.

On every porch and door-step along that dismal route, often lining the curb as well, stood grave-faced men and women, many with trembling lips or tear-blurred vision, eagerly scanning the pitiful passers for chance of one familiar face. Almost every hand held something,—packages of solid food, dainties long unknown to those men, famishing on prison fare, warm wraps, such clothing as haste collected, and sometimes even blankets.

And, as the line moved slowly on, grave men and dainty women—and bright-faced little children too, scarce comprehending, but thus love-laden also—left their homes, keeping abreast it, but ever repelled by bayonets of the guard, interwoven along the column. But suddenly, around the corner of the Gray residence, just beyond, rode an officer of rank, a sedate, kindly-faced veteran with stars upon his shoulder, and followed by a glittering staff.

"Halt!" rang out from the captain of the guard, a command gladly obeyed by the prisoners. Spite of the piercing wind sweeping down the broad street, many of them crunched down to rest, some lying prone upon the cold stones of the pavement, from sheer weakness. And it chanced the center of the line was directly opposite the residence.

From the closed lattice of her attic, Carolyn Clay scanned the prisoners, with blazing eyes, her hands clinching and a hot sigh coming, but never a tear, as some poor wretch tottered and sought the inhospitable couch of the roadway. But her pale lips quivered as they sent fervent supplication for those sufferers—strangers, yet brothers in their woe—up to the Throne's foot of the All-Father.

More than one face seemed familiar to her eyes, running swiftly down the line; some she had seen in camp, with more than one she had spoken, in the merry days of early war. Suddenly, as she looked, the woman gave a great gasp, the blood rushing to her great face, burning on either cheek in great red disks. And her long taper hands clutched the shutters fiercely, as though to fling them wide.

For there—countless under the chilling wind, his prized thigh boots of camp dandyism replaced by ragged shoes, yet frank, defiant and with clear eyes flashing out of his cold-blued face—stood Evan Fauntleroy.

"Merciful God! Why am I so helpless? Oh, if I but dared!" Miss Clay cried aloud, as her hands dropped listless from the lattice. "Oh, if Bessie were but here! Father, aid me now!"

As though in answer to her prayer the door opened hastily, and the girl she longed for, running in panting, passed her arm about the other as she followed her gaze below.

"I thought of you, Caro, so helpless up here!" she gasped. "There might be some one you knew; some friend—"

"There! Evan, my cousin!" Carolyn Clay cried, trembling in her eagerness. "Thank God!—no, not that—the countless one! Bessie, he is Evan—the one captured that night for me! You must—"

"All right! I know," the other answered, rapidly; and the warm kiss she passed to press on her friend's cheek told her that she was understood.

Down to the street at breakneck speed went the young girl, calling to a negro with coffee can as she snatched some bundles from the hall table and ran hatless into the cold air. For by this time the surging crowd—and in it some of the best and most noted blood of Maryland—was pressing close upon the guard, but still kept back by the barrier of rifles at "port."

Passing rapidly down the line, Bessie Westchester paused opposite Evan,

working her way through the crowd, close up to the barrier of steel. Then, watching eagerly, she managed to catch his eye, and—the natural gallantry of the Virginian aided by the evident interest in her expressive face—held it fixed upon her. A puzzled look stole across the young scout's features, as he wondered whether her intent regard meant that they had met before. Evidently he had been singled out; for though a deeper or tint dyed her soft cheeks, that gaze never left him, and to the query his eyebrows sent over the guard's shoulder came a scarce perceptible movement of her own, followed by the bare suspicion of a nodded assent. Not one bit a fop, Evan knew then that the girl had a message for him, or had possibly seen him before; and, standing motionless there under the biting wind, his elastic spirit carried him back to all scenes of his frequent absences from home, and admiration for the pretty, graceful woman, so plainly interested in him, mingled with his wonderment sufficiently to make him forget his sorry plight and singular costume for the time.

"Can we not give the prisoners some coffee?" Bessie asked of the trim young lieutenant passing down the line. And she threw all the witchery of voice and face into the query.

"Very sorry, miss," the officer answered, courteously, pausing to raise his cap, then halting in evident admiration. "But our orders are very strict. It is positively forbidden to allow any intercourse—Fall back, there; Clear the roadway!" he interrupted himself suddenly.

The old general was riding, slowly and alone, down the line, looking on the captives with eyes that held more of pity than of curiosity. At the lieutenant's tone the people instinctively fell back to the sidewalk, long inured to authority and well taught the necessity of obedience to its behests. Only Bessie Westchester stood her ground, now left entirely alone by rapid retreat of her friends, but perfectly quiet and at ease.

"I beg pardon, miss," again the young lieutenant's hand went to his cap, the general now close upon them, but with face turned aside, "but I fear you did not hear."

"Oh, yes, I heard, thank you," she answered, with a smile and another glance into the young man's face that brought the color to it. Then, calmly and gracefully, as though waiting to receive a guest, the little figure remained perfectly still in the very path of the slow moving horse, until his muzzle almost touched her hair. Then the little hand was raised to stroke his face; but the ungallant brute shied impatiently as though resenting caress from a stranger.

CHAPTER IX. A BOON AND ITS RESEL.

The movement quickly turned the old general's eyes from the guarded line to the obstacle in his path, surprise now replacing the thoughtful pity in them. But before he could speak the girl was at his stirrup, her own eyes downcast, her voice quiet but beseeching, as she said:

"Pardon such boldness in a lady, and a stranger to you, Gen. Baldwin. I am Miss Bessie Westchester—"

"Relation of Howard Westchester, formerly of the artillery?" the old soldier asked, quietly.

"Yes, sir; his youngest child," Miss Bessie replied, with meekness of a budding saint.

"We were tent-mates in Mexico, my child," the veteran returned, warmly. "We rode into the Belen gate side by side."

"That emboldens me; though your un-failing courtesy and kindness are too well known to prevent any Baltimore girl asking a favor at your hands."

"Any favor, my dear young lady," the general began, warmly, checking himself suddenly, to add: "that is, any in reason."

The girl raised to his large, lustrous eyes, humid with piteous observation as she said:

"Not in reason, but in common humanity, I ask this one, Gen. Baldwin! Never before had the petted belle striven to throw so much of glamour into her glance on favored partner in the dance, or best part at watering-place, as now was given that gray-haired old soldier."

"Well, miss, I think you may safely ask," he answered, with kindly smile and lifting his plumed hat. "You do not look as if you could ask anything very dreadful."

"Then can we not have permission to give these poor fellows bread and coffee during their halt?" Spite of her trained tact, the woman's lips trembled with anxiety as they formed the plea.

"Oh! There should be no communication between prisoners and citizens," the oldier answered, gravely. "Leniency has been so often abused of late, that I issued very strict orders."

"But you can stretch them a little, just this once," she pleaded, eagerly.

"My dear young lady," the answer came seriously, almost sternly—"who can tell but the simple kindness might be abused again? I fear I must—"

"But were I your daughter, instead of your old comrade's," she urged, quickly. "If you had a son—"

"I had one son," the veteran said, slowly, but his lips trembled—"a gallant boy, who sleeps at Cemetery Hill."

He turned his face aside; but the chance shot had gone to his heart, turning calmly to the girl, he added, gently:

"For his memory—for that of Mexico—I will grant your request. Lieutenant, order the captain of the guard—"

"He is here, sir." The junior passed to the rear as the captain halted, saluting grimly, with a scowl with anything but kindness in it towards his charges, as the general said:

"Captain, instruct your guard detail to permit the ladies—only the ladies—to serve food to the prisoners during the halt."

"My orders are very strict, general," the officer demurred, "from my colonel, in writing."

"Let me see them, sir." Very different was the tone from that the veteran had used to the girl. "Which is your regiment, sir?"

"Hundred and —th Indiana, sir—Col. Funnitt," the captain answered, extending a paper drawn from his belt. Casting his eye over it, the general muttered to himself:

"Ah! I thought so; never been to the front—Um! my own orders." Then he hastily penciled across the paper: "Abrogated for thirty minutes, at Baltimore only, at 9 a. m., December 5, 1862.—Baldwin, major general, commanding."

Handing it back without a word to the guard commander, he turned again to the girl, with lifted hat:

"I grant your request, Miss Westchester—for memory's sake and your own. Thirty minutes will be allowed, to the ladies only."

"Oh, thank you! thank you so much, general!" the girl cried; and the little hand went up warmly to the tall soldier's. He tore off his right gauntlet and took it gently in his own, as he stooped from the saddle, and added, lower:

"It is scarcely discipline, Miss Bessie; but it can do no harm; and your own honest face, your father's name, guarantee me that it will not be abused."

A scarlet flood dyed the girl's face, and her eyes fell beneath the grave, fatherly regard of the old soldier, as he released her hand and moved slowly on. Then she flew to the sidewalk to give the joyous tidings to mother and friends, not omitting another meaning glance at Evan Fauntleroy.

As Gen. Baldwin's eyes turned to that group of waiting men and women, they encountered a glowing pair of black ones fixed steadily upon him, their owner standing directly behind Mrs. Gilman Gray, and wrapped in a heavy, dark ulster. A light of recognition passed over the general's face, and he made movement to check his horse, seeming about to speak. But the other man, with very slightest shake of his head, put his finger carelessly upon his lip, and the federal commander—the look of recognition on his face changing to one of contempt—turned his eyes toward the prisoners once more, riding slowly onward. As he passed out of view, his mate interlocutor raised his hat gracefully, saying over that lady's shoulder:

"A very sad spectacle, my dear Mrs. Gray!"

"Turning quickly at the words, the matron started as her glance encountered the placid one of Peyton Fitzhugh.

"A piteous spectacle, indeed," she began, earnestly; but her younger daughter, coming up at the instant, looked full at the spy as she finished for her:

"And some of them are—Virginians!"

"Yes; that tall, careless young look like one," he replied, unperturbed, but with a meaning glance that brought the blood to her cheek.

"Come, mamma, sister, we are waiting time." Bessie turned her back abruptly on her handsome "Dr. Fell," covering her wonder if he had caught her signals to Evan by directions to the bearers of the coffee-tins.

There was general movement by the women, as news of the merciful order spread. Mrs. Gray and Miss Westchester already near the line.

"Poor young devil," he looks so deuced cold," he said, distinctly. "Stop, Miss Bessie. Here, give him this."

As she turned in surprise, Bessie Westchester saw his tall figure clad in a light walking-suit, his hand extending to her the warm ulster, as he added, meaningly: "Not from me, of course; from yourself. He will prize it more, that way, and be more careful of it—than of his life and liberty."

Strangely enough, the graceful man was so awkward that he dropped the heavy coat, as the girl hesitated; but when he raised it her quick ear caught, from lips that scarce moved, the hurried whisper:

(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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