



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.

"Inside pocket—warn him—dangerous paper—extreme caution!" With brain whirling from excitement and conjecture, with no time to think, the girl took the coat. And ere she could form one word of query—not direct enough for exposure if overheard—Fitzhugh had moved rapidly away.

A moment later, matron and maid, rebel sympathizer and union loyalist alike, were close at the long line of captives, eager for warm drink and food—more eager still for kindly word and touch of gentle hand; and bring back—home!

Strong food and steaming coffee, delicacies and warm wraps, were urged upon the needy men, their guards standing grim but not unsympathetic, as they warned back those pressing too far beyond their line.

"Thank you, miss, from my heart!" Evan Fauntleroy said, cheerily, as he drained his second cup of coffee and munched rapidly on a third buttermilk biscuit. "I'll never forget your face—your goodness to a stranger."

"Flattering, that! I owe you one, Mr. Evan Fauntleroy! 'Tis not often that gentlemen who have danced with Bessie Westchester forget her completely," the girl retorted with a bright smile and a mock courtesy that brought a grin to the stolid



"INSIDE POCKET—WARN HIM—DANGEROUS PAPER."

face of the sentry at her elbow. But the meaning in the eyes she fixed on the youth's belied her levity; and again the dark arched eyebrows spoke almost as plainly as words had done a quick caution to his sense trained in peril of the border. He knew some meaning would underlie her words, and his brain grew alert to unravel it.

"Your pretty cousin Carolyn is so close a friend to me, Mr. Fauntleroy, that she shall send you a message to mend your memory," Bessie ran on, glibly enough, but with heart in her very throat, lest she might say too much. "We were talking of you, only this morning. She is looking so well—so contented—now. I would not let her come out; there was too much risk from the cold. But, had she dressed you were here, she would have sent—indeed, you may really accept—her messages of love and cheer through me. She leaves for the north, very soon, to visit her mother and brother. He has been very sick, but is better now. I know that you are glad that she took no risk from the weather—even if you miss seeing her. Perhaps—again the girl's glance emphasized her words strongly and her brows moved slightly—"she may be looking at you from some window, now."

Fauntleroy's glance answered that he fully understood her. His heart fluttered under his rough shirt; but he kept his face calm, though the pleasant surprise would send the color to his frost-nipped cheek.

"I am so grateful to you," he answered, jauntily enough, though the feeling in his voice made it vibrant. "Tell her, please, that I thank her and cannot be too glad that she did not risk—the cold."

"How thoughtful I have been! Here, put this on, quickly," the girl suddenly cried, handing him the ulster. It is for you, from—a friend."

"Stand back, there! Only women allowed," the sentry called, gruffly, turning from Bessie's side and advancing a step.

Peyton Fitzhugh had lounged away from the sidewalk and was approaching the line.

Like a flash, she seized the opportunity, never pausing to note its cause, and the rapid whisper went straight to Evan's brain:

"She's well—safe! If you escape, come to us! Be very cautious; breast pocket—a paper—"

The sentry was beside her again; and she was saying aloud:

"So glad you remember me at last! Yes, I am the same little Bessie Westchester. Oh! yes, we live at the same old brown house yonder"—she pointed him to it—"and the old number is unchanged—432 Saint —'s street. You remember mamma married again—Mr. Gilmor Gray. Everybody in Baltimore—yes, anywhere in Maryland—knows Gilmor Gray." With an effort she again gulped down the rebellious heart, thumping so loud in her throat, adding, saucily:

"Sorry you can't stop and call now, Mr. Reb; but some day—when you are paroled, or when we've whipped you all back to the union again, mamma will perhaps open her doors to Carolyn's cousin. Be sure and remember the house if you did forget me when—"

"Fall in, there! Tention, pris'ners! Fall in!"

The gruff command rang along the line.

With final hand shake, low-breathed blessings on either side, and tearful eyes on that of the women, the pitiful column and its grim escort formed, moving slowly up the street. And, watching them with wet lashes so long as they could see, some of those women stood in mid street, unmindful of wind and cold, but with their baskets and coffee cans alike emptied by the effort

"To do for that dear ones what woman Alone in her pity can do!"

Just then the chime of bells broke out sweetly on the frosty air, calling sinful ones to early church. But that goodly throng of gentle women had already offered up the incense of good deed at the highest Altar's foot, had already partaken of the Blessed Sacrament of love and pitying charity.

Bessie Westchester had fled to her home—to the attic—into her friend's arms.

"Brave, good Bess!" Miss Clay cried, stroking the dark hair with hand that trembled strangely. "I saw you speak to him—give him a coat; almost fancied you whispered something."

"I did! Oh, Caro, it was so lucky! The Yankee turned away; I had a second to tell him about you—to warn him about the paper—"

"What paper, child?" Miss Clay's eyes opened wide.

"The one left in the coat-pocket—the one he cautioned me was dangerous—"

"He? Of whom are you speaking, Bess?"

"Carolyn, that coat—that warning—was given me by—"

She paused a moment, drawing back gently from her friend's arms and dropping her eyes. But quickly she raised them again, looking steadily in the other's face, as she said, slowly: "I cannot ask for what you left unfinished. I will not surmise, even against your wish, why you considered him unworthy for my feet to spurn. But that coat, the paper, and the warning, were given by—"

Miss Clay stood rooted to the spot by surprise, staring at the earnest speaker. But a deep red flush rose over cheek and neck and brow, as she cried:

"That man? They were given by—"

"By him you swore never to name," Bessie Westchester broke in, gravely. "You must have reason; keep your word. It was Peyton Fitzhugh."

CHAPTER X. BETWEEN THE LINES.

Mr. Willie McKee walked restlessly up and down the bachelor rooms, special pride of his friend Carroll Meredith. Unique they were in decoration: antlers of ten, hung with varied guns, fishing-tackle and game bags; rare stuffed specimens on brackets and stands; while the walls showed best reproductions of the sporting triumphs of American and foreign art.

But the younger man was alone, as night fell rapidly over the cold quietude of the city, four days after that Sabbath when the prisoners had passed through Baltimore streets; and with it fell the

north wind, that had howled all day, leaving the outer air piercing cold, and presaging a sharp, hard freeze.

Raising the sash, McKee peered out anxiously into the fast-growing gloom, then shutting the window with a bang, and shivering, as he muttered:

"Growing devilish cold! Why don't he come? His dispatch said five o'clock."

He poked the fire nervously, lit a fresh cigar, and threw himself into a great leather chair, thinking, half aloud:

"I'm! If Pete has come over, I'll risk it to-night, without waiting for that nameless adviser she trusts so implicitly. If this calm holds, the river will freeze; and then—"

Irish clatter of boots on the stones without brought the thinker to his feet, with the exclamation:

"At last, thank heaven!"

But as he waited expectant for Carroll Meredith's entrance, the door banged, a slow, heavy step crossed the hall, and a stout, ruddy-faced Irish woman, with neat band of grizzled hair low over her forehead, entered the room.

"Where is he, Mary?" he queried, impatiently.

"He's rid off, sor," the woman answered, "after lavin' this note for the master."

"Was that not he?"

"At th' door? Shure it was wan av thim blue-coats, bad luck to 'em! He fetched this: 'Wid dispatch from hid-quarters,' he sid. I'd like to crack his hid-quarters, be th' same token!"

With an angry toss of her head, she laid the note on the table. It was an official envelope, printed in the corner, "Headquarters department of Maryland, adjutant general's office. Official business," and directed to Carroll Meredith, Esq., in prim, clerical hand.

McKee stared hard at the missive, his curiosity would force him to open it. Could it be an arrest? he wondered. His friend made frequent trips to "the Ferry," but his ordinary huntsman's life left them presumably without suspicion. Besides, were it an arrest, it would come in very different manner. A warning, perhaps? Yet Meredith had no friends among the federals—had avoided the officers, and even lectured McKee roundly for his courtesies to Maj. Bond for sake of passes. Anyway, no warning could come from that office. What could it mean? Again he took up the envelope, handling it as though it burned him, then holding it close to the ruddy blaze, only to find it densely opaque.

"Who brought it, Mary?" he asked of the servant, still lingering by the table.

"An orderly?"

"Virry, sor! A dacent-shpoken lad eno, barrin' th' blue," she answered, in an accent that long residence nor long devotion to the Meredith family had been potent to conquer. "He sid it was immayt; and I sid I'd hand ut to th' master in three winks av a pig's eye! I wadn't be afther lettin' th' likes o' thim know whither he wor in or no."

"You are right, Mary. Prudence can do no harm these days. Of course Carroll only goes hunting, but—"

"Is that? Shure it's th' had shot he's grown, thin, fur whin he takes th' longest thrip th' bag ednes in th' imptiest. But where he goes, an' whin, is his own business, an' none av th' blue devil's matter." The woman spoke hotly and honestly, though there was keen twinkle in her eye as she finished.

"Very well, Mary," the man answered, looking keenly at her. "I'll give him the letter as soon as he returns." And, as the servant closed the door, McKee resumed his restless walk, with many a glance at the suspicious missive.

It was a full hour after nightfall when Carroll Meredith clattered up, dismounted and entered his own cozy apartment.

"Hello, Willie! U-ugh! but it is bitter cold!" was his greeting, as he threw off coat and gloves and stood with his back to the fire.

"I should have thought you would ride faster," was the reply. "Here's a letter for you."

"Faster? Solim and I did the thirty miles in an hour less than usual," Meredith answered, taking the letter eagerly. "It was broad day before old Pete paddled into the creek; said the river was full of transports passing up. Wonder if they can be massing for a move this weather."

"Were the creeks freezing?" the other asked, anxiously. "Carroll, if the river freezes, how can we ever get her across?"

"Upper route—Harper's—and cross on the ice," Meredith returned, promptly.

"Not if they're massing above Washington. Besides, hang it, she's obstinate as a burro about that cursed anonymous meddling. But for him I'd have had her across that night."

"His information was strictly correct," his friend replied.

"Read your letter," McKee retorted, abruptly; and the host read, slowly:

"Maj. Bond begs to hand Mr. Carroll Meredith the inclosed, just received from Wheeling, with request for immediate delivery. Um! polite enough; but I'm getting into good company fast! Notes from—headquarters!"

"Read the inclosed, Carroll; it may be important."

"Beyond doubt," the other chaffed back, as he slowly slipped the inclosure from its unsealed envelope. It bore only his name and number, covering a large, stiff sheet of plain paper—scrawled over in careless writing, wide-lined and ragged. "Doubtless, Willie, Gen. Baldwin presents his compliments to Mr. Carroll Meredith, and requests his views

upon prison discipline. You know he is off on an inspection. Darned if this isn't a puzzler. It might be written in Chinese. Here, see if you can translate it. I don't remember the writing, even."

Meredith tossed the sheet to his friend, reaching for his slippers, and drawing off one boot, as McKee read aloud:

"Called off suddenly. Don't delay the hunt for me. Creeks may freeze and ducks fly too high; so go ahead—alone. Regrets to the ladies, especially Miss C. Let her read this, but be careful the heat (from her angry eyes) does not burn it up before she reads my grief

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"Who in thunder is 'Harry'? I had no engagement to hunt with any fellow—far less any woman," Meredith growled, pulling on one slipper.

"Who is 'Miss C.'? Do you recognize her?" McKee queried in turn.

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"That's it! He is the man!" McKee started to his feet.

"Darned if you don't read Chinese after all," Meredith replied, staring. "Well, his name?"

"I have no idea; but there's far more than any joke in this. Carroll, its writer is the same who sent the warning."

"By George!" the other cried, springing to feet as in one slipper and one riding-boot. "Are you sure? Why, man, he would have written to you. No one knows that I ever saw Carolyn Clay."

"There may be good reason," McKee persisted. "See: 'Don't delay the hunt.' Go ahead alone. Why, Carroll, it is plain warning to cut and run. And that 'Pray for my soul' is his signature."

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"It is no joke," was the confident reply. "The words are too exact for coincidence. She must see it, anyway. It will fix her determination to go; and we must get her to the river before the freeze. Wait till I come back."

Hastily pocketing the letter, McKee seized hat and overcoat, sallied into the street, and rased for the Gray mansion. Bessie opened the door for him, her eye—more acute from long and wondering waiting—recognizing his step before his hand touched the bell.

"Well, you are here at last, Willie," was her eager greeting. "I've looked for you four whole days. Where are you been?"

"I have been quite busy," he answered, formally. "I have sent daily notes for Miss Clay, inclosed to you."

"And without one word for me," the girl replied, with a little pout. "But, Willie, I have watched for you all day—ran down from Caro dozens of times to see if you had not come."

"I have come now," he answered, with what aimed at dignity but struck pettishness only. "And I must see Miss Clay at once."

(To be Continued.)

All Were Saved.

"For years I suffered such untold misery from bronchitis," writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from asthma till it cured her, and all our experience goes to show it is the best croup medicine in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivalled for throat and lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at all druggists.

Did you see the carload of buggies for sale at Moore & Pike's? Cheapest, strongest and most durable vehicles ever offered for sale in the county.

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