



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.

The girl stared at him, surprised, a hot flush stealing to her face and hot words to her lips. But she held them back, saying, as gently as gravely: "And I have not seen you for four days."

"I saw you," was his quick reply—"at the prisoners'."

"Then why did you not come to me? I never saw you once."

"I presume not!" This was at zero mark. "You were much better employed."

"Perhaps I was; but I always have time to welcome you—Willie, what is the matter? What have I done, that you should be so ill?"

"Nothing," he interrupted, stiffly. "Can I not see Miss Clay? It is very important."

"Walk into the parlor," the girl replied, coldly. "I will see if any servants are about." And, without even a glance at him, she ran lightly upstairs.

"She didn't seem to mind it a great deal," Mr. McKee said to himself, turning into the empty parlor. "But I was right. She talks one way and acts another. If it had been one of the prisoners—any man! But that fellow!" And he stared at his angry-faced reflection in the mirror, with the pat me-on-the-back expression of a man who convinces himself against his will. Then he took out the mysterious note again, reading it very slowly and very carefully; but, somehow, the characters would change to familiar English penmanship, the short, mystical sentences would twist themselves into those meaningful nothings so well remembered in many a differing missive, on theme less important, perhaps, but fateful to his peace of mind.

"The coast is clear; you can come," Bessie Westchester said, quietly, as she tripped lightly down the stairs.

The youth started towards the door, hesitated, then halted.

"She may leave to-night," he said. "Is everything ready?"

"Of course it is. Mamma has kept things ready for immediate call," Miss Bessie responded, in business-like tone. Her voice was low and gentle, but her eyes never met his. "Come; you said you were in great haste."

"It is terribly cold outside," was the rather irrelevant reply.

"Is it? I thought the wind had died down." There was peculiar attempt at interest in the weather showing through her tone.

"Yes, it has; but that only makes it colder."

"Does it? How odd!"

"Yes; I think it will freeze to-night," he said, vaguely.

"I shouldn't wonder. But you'd better go up to Caro, now," she answered from the doorway.

"Oh, yes! no time to lose," Mr. McKee replied, with a start of half-awakening. He took two brisk steps towards her, then stopped short again: "It will be an awfully cold ride, if we go."

"I am afraid it will. Poor Caro!" she answered, with eyes still downcast.

"I'm rather glad the wind has gone down—Bessie!"

"Why? so that it may freeze—Willie?"

"No; because there'll be less breeze, driving fast, you—silly child!"

"Am I? I did not think that I was silly." This very demurely.

"Oh! perhaps you thought"—the talk of a freeze prevented his thawing too fast, "perhaps I am?"

"Perhaps, Willie."

"About what, Bessie?"

"I do not know; but certainly about something. Willie, why did you not come to me at the prisoners' that morning?"

"You seemed better employed!" Zero once more.

accuse me of impropriety?"

"The girl's flush was now only of indignation; and her black eyes met his defiantly.

"Very well, Miss Bessie. You asked me to speak. I did not volunteer my reason—"

"It was not reason—only absurdity!" Her eyes did not drop, and the good old blood of the Westchesters, whose men had ever replied to calumny by a blow, glowed upon either cheek. "I am ignorant of all cause for your allusion; but it is untrue and absurd."

"Is it untrue if I repeat that I saw him, busy as you were, whisper over your shoulder? Is it absurd that you paused to whisper back and smile at—Peyton Fitzhugh?"

The girl's lips quivered, but no longer with anger; the flush on her face took softer glow, and the light of battle in her eyes quickly changed to merriment, as a little laugh gurgled softly out.

"Willie McKee," she said, with monitory voice, but advancing softly to him, "I would not have believed any other living man had told me that you were a gasser! No, sir! You shall not stop me until you hear. See, Willie, how much further I trust you than you trust me! The man who has so senselessly excited you—" she paused an instant—"your suzer gave me a coat for a naked prisoner—Caro's brave boy-cousin! More; he risked his life, perhaps, to whisper to me that it had a treasonable paper sewed in its lining."

"STOP WILLIE!" THE LITTLE FORM BEFORE HIM ROSE ERECT, COMMANDFUL.

The young man's eyes fell, and a flush of shame swept his face. Next instant he raised both bravely, looking into hers as he whispered:

"Bessie, my darling! Can you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, frankly holding out her little hand. "You were right to speak out, Willie, if—if you suspected me. But, dear, Peyton Fitzhugh may not be a soldier, but he is a gentleman and a man!"

"I was almost as unjust to him as I was to you," the youth said, gently, as he took the little hand in his. "And, Bess, dear, Willie McKee may not be a gentleman and a man, but he certainly is a grand donkey!"

"Hush, sir! No one shall speak so about anyone I—like!"

They were very close to the parlor door and to each other. He bent over her bright face, his eyes glowing softly through suspicious moisture, and—Well, it was perhaps fortunate that Miss Bessie had been correct in her statement: "The coast is clear."

Carolyn Clay was pacing her self-imposed prison very restlessly when the pair entered.

"I thought you would never come," she cried, impatiently, to the man.

"Well, are we ready at last? Can I go to-night?"

"Yes," he replied, promptly; "to-night."

"Then you have heard from—him?" She dropped her eyes and her color heightened at the question, but she eagerly grasped the paper he held out for answer.

Swiftly her eye ran over it once and again. Then she seized the large shovel, thrusting it between the grate bars far into the glowing coals. And once more she fell to studying the letter, her companions looking on in some wonderment.

"You understand?" she asked McKee, abruptly.

"Vaguely, only, Carroll and I are both at sea for the full meaning—for the reason of writing to him."

For answer Miss Clay drew the shovel from the coals, striking the dust from it and folding a newspaper smoothly over it. Then she pressed the letter firmly

down upon the hot surface.

"Come," she said, briefly. "Read between the lines."

And all three watched eagerly as the wide blank spaces began to fill with faint red characters, rapidly changing to dark brown as they read.

"The river is patrolled, but both banks are clear. Lose no time. A freeze might delay you for days. Pete will re-cross Friday night. Your escort is watched—half suspected. Too many passes asked. Get another driver—one less familiar. God speed and guard you!"

There was dead silence as Miss Clay slowly removed the paper, the mystic characters gradually fading out as it cooled. Then she said, calmly:

"If you are suspected, the risk is too great. Who else, that you trust, knows the road?"

"I must drive you, Miss Clay," the youth answered, with chivalric modesty contrasting strangely with his boyish pettishness shown below. "It is my right and pledged privilege. Old Pete will do more for me than for any man; and I fear no risk."

"It is a double risk," she replied, decisively—"equally for me as for yourself. Some other must go. Can you trust no one?"

"Carroll Meredith, perhaps. No, he is well known; those suspecting me would shadow him also," he began, thoughtfully. He pondered a moment deeply, a smile, strange at such a moment, passing once or twice across his lips before he asked, suddenly:

"You will go, unquestioning, with anyone I send, no matter how singular my choice?"

"With any you can trust," she answered, calmly.

"I trust this one, as I would myself," he replied. "Be ready at three o'clock; the moon is down then. Dawn to-morrow will see you well on the way to liberty and home."

"You are a true, good friend, Mr. McKee," the woman answered, feelingly. "God knows—though I cannot say—how I thank you! I will be ready at three."

She held out her hand. "Is this goodbye?"

"No; only au revoir, I think. I will see you again, most probably."

He was at the front door again. But, had the debt of obligation been ten times as heavy, McKee would have felt it paid in full by the tone in which another voice whispered, after a hurried conference in the hall:

"Such a novel idea! And so good of you to trust me, Willie! God speed and prosper you, brave—dear boy!"

CHAPTER XI
A NIGHT'S MASQUERADE.

With equally rapid step, but far lighter heart, Willie McKee strode through the bitter night towards his own home. The streets were quite deserted, the weather keeping indoors all not forced to be out; and, as he sped along, the youth hummed snatches of operabouffes.

Suddenly a broad glare of light fell upon him from the hall of the Union club. As its door opened a slight man, in a military uniform, ran down the steps. Facing the moonlight, the men recognized each other.

"Good evening, Maj. Bond."

"Good evening, Mr. McKee. Walking towards home? I'll join you." And, dropping into step, the federal officer went on, in seeming innocence: "Have not seen you for several days. Been ducking again?"

"No; not since I saw you last. My mother has been rather sick," McKee answered, readily. "Splendid weather for ducks, too. The shooting will be splendid to-morrow."

"Are you going to try them? I'll give you a permit," the major replied, rather quickly, it seemed, to the already-warmed Baltimorean. But he answered, naturally:

"Well, I shall be glad to furnish you permits," the other said, courteously, "at any time. Really, they are scarcely necessary now, but may be at any moment. Call on me without hesitation. I am something of a huntsman myself."

"Indeed? Wish I had known that before," McKee answered, promptly. "I shall be glad to have you join our very next trip. Here's my door."

"Thanks. Good night," the federal said, muttering, as he turned away: "No harm in him. Fitzhugh was right; he's as big a fool as he looks. They were mistaken; he needs no watching."

Suddenly he turned, stepping rapidly back to McKee, strangely delayed by the familiar night-latch.

"By the way, Mr. McKee, who is Mr. Carroll Meredith?"

"Carroll? Why, major, he's the club bachelorette of the town; our Maryland's 'Maj. Pendennis.' Don't you know him?"

"No; only heard his name. Is he a hunter, too?"

"A very Nimrod," McKee answered, lightly—"the best shot and surest east of a fly in all Maryland. As you're a hunter, you must meet him. But come in and have a nip before you turn in."

He threw the door wide, turned up the hall gas, and, for the first time, a unionist foot had passed over Mrs. McKee's jealous threshold.

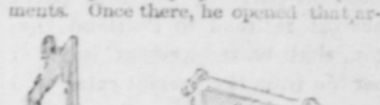
sigh of satisfaction. "I drink to her judgment; cognac like that is not to be found often."

"Miss Clonan is a reliable grandmother of about sixty," the other returned, with a laugh. "She is the servant whose daughter's illness keeps me from the ducks. By the way, she leaves at dawn; and, as you said the passes might be needed, would you mind giving her one?" he asked, naturally, as he refilled the major's glass.

"She may need it," the latter answered, courteously. "I'll write her one, anyway, for her presence of mind, in leaving that cognac out." He took out a pass-book and began to write.

"Better make it for herself and daughter, eh? She may wish to move the girl, later."

The pass given, the major returned, with courteous pressure to get again, but the door again by looked behind him. McKee sped softly up to his apartment. Once there, he opened that ar-



"YES, IT'S A GRAND LARK, MARY," MCKEE SAID.

canum—that holy of holies—containing his theatrical outfit. Costumes, tights of every hue, cloaks, wigs, beards, swords, and numberless pots, pans and bottles of unguents and colors for "make-up," stood revealed in well-ordered confusion. Quickly his practiced eye ran over the whole, selecting two wigs, several pairs of heavy tights, a lot of pads and female busts, and numerous pots of paint—chosen with most care. Packing them into a valise, he passed noiselessly into the street and regained Meredith's house. He entered without ringing, and softly opened the door of the sitting-room. The old bachelorette was stretched at ease in his leather chair, a warm smoking-jacket enveloping his sturdy frame, and his slippers' feet stretched out to the fire, his huge meerschaum filling the room with fragrant, dream-inducing clouds. From any visitors he was aroused by the quiet query:

"Was you be after makin' a cup o' tay, now, wid a bite o' shupper? Or was ye rather wait fur that airship, Willie McKee, to come?"

"Why, Mary, how dare you—The devil is that you, Willie?" Carroll cried, as he turned. "Why man, what is the matter? You look as grave as a ghost, for all your nonsense."

"It was not nonsense; only serious practice," the younger man returned. "If I can fool you, I think I may risk the blue-eyes. Carroll, you can trust Mary implicitly?"

"As I can myself, with a secret, or a treasure," was the reply. "But what do you mean?"

"Only to play the Dromios with her, for one night only," McKee answered, looking at his watch. "By Jove nearly twelve. Ring for her, before she goes to bed."

Fifteen minutes later, the leader of the german stood before the great mirror in Meredith's bedroom, side by side with the Irish serving woman, peering keenly into his deplorable face, while his left hand applied unguent, pigment and paint to his own. Perfect master in the art of "make-up," the youth's fair round face rapidly took on the complexion of ruddy age. His features, too, quickly changed shape, apparently, as quick touch of the pencil set lines and deepened shadows in a second for which time's slower, but sorer, hand demanded years and the aid of troubles, thought and experience. Meanwhile, a lively running dialogue did not impede the work in hand.

(To Be Continued.)

All Were Saved.

"For years I suffered with the old misery from bronchitis," writes I. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Va., "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 remedy in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivalled for the most lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at all druggists.

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