



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.

"Yes, it's a grand lark, Mary," McKee said, naturally, "a fancy ball, where I cannot use a mask. Do you think they'll recognize me?"

"Sorra a wan o' 'em!" Mrs. Clonan started at her double self reflected in the glass. "Shure 'twould bother th' mither av ye to know her child. A ball, is it, Mistor Willie?"

"Very likely; perhaps several," McKee replied, lightly. "There, that line across turns up the end of the nose. Anyway, Mary, it will be a regular surprise party. Think I'll do?"

"I do be thinkin' they've better eyes than common, ef it don't," the woman answered, adding, with a menacing look: "Sorra a bit o' my finger ye have, tho'. An' in th' night they'll look more at th' finger than th' face. Shure, it's no nade addin' to th' risk, bad luck to 'em!"

She spoke gravely; and the earnest gleam of her eyes into his own told the man that she more than suspected his excuse for the disguise. "So you think it is not a ball, Mary?" he asked her, abruptly.

"Shure it's not to be thinkin' I'm paid, sor," the woman answered. "Me sune use to say thot th' shet mought caught no flies. But, whither it do be a fight, a frolic or a foot race, ye'd best kape the finger up to th' face. Wait a bit, Mistor Willie."

She left McKee to polish his complexion with a hare's-foot, standing in a most composite attire. A heavy, low-necked hunting shirt terminated in three pairs of dark tights, drawn on for warmth; and over these depended an ample skeleton skirt of the day draped with a dark balmaral and a massive panier of stiff erinoline. Selecting a heavy gray wig of woman's hair, he quickly adjusted it, combing the bands low over his forehead and twisting the ends in a tight knot.

As he stepped back for final view, the woman reentered with her ample Sunday gown, and a poke bonnet of unusual depth and fragrant in decoration of green and yellow flowers. Besides, she carried a ponderous pair of corsets, with ample waist.

"Mither of love! but ye do be a fine copy!" she cried, admiringly. "Yer hid's a darlin' knot an' all; but them ligs an' that waist spoils the simithery! There," she added, adjusting the corset, "shlip under a few towels to fill out th' waist, sor! Look at him, now!"

McKee, selecting a massive pair of pads, was deftly fixing them in place with safety pins.

"Now shlip th' driss over yer hid."

"Wait a bit. I must secure my figure first," he answered, struggling into a tight net shirt, and pulling it down snugly so as to round his artificial amplitude into natural curves. Then—the dress slipped on, the hooks fastened and the poke bonnet in place—the masquerader strode heavily into the sitting room.

"An' I'm afther thinkin' it do be time for bid, Mather Carroll," he said, with a deep but laborious courtesy.

"Great!" cried Meredith, glancing from counterfeited reality. "Mary's very self! Willie, that would be a triumph for burlesque."

"Bodad, Mary shmelts a rat; and I'm thinkin' it do be safe to thrust th' sapat av her!—Mary,"—he turned gravely to her—"if I'm going to a ball or a funeral it makes no difference; but I want you to keep closely in the house until I return your clothes. I know I can trust you, and I am truly grateful for your trouble and willing help."

He extended his hand, and Mrs. Clonan shook it warmly, but with deprecating shake of her head. When her own was withdrawn a new gold piece glittered in it, at which she stared enviously.

"Is it to kape this fur ye I am, sor?" she asked, innocently.

"No, for yourself," McKee answered, quickly changing the subject. "Be sune and keep well out of sight till I come."

"But I do be thinkin' ye're a bit errin', sor," the woman answered, quietly. "Them clothes ben't fur riat; an' shure I'm not kappin' a bhinnk." She laid the eagle on the table quietly, as she added: "I'm always ridly to hip th' mather an' his frinds; most ways whin they're shpillin' some dirty jib o' thim blue coats! But it doesn't nade payin' Mary Clonan, sor, to kape her face hid an' bey mouth shet. May th' Holy Mither bliss an' speed yer thriek, Mistor Will; but I kin niver tech—that!"

"Certainly you can't! Forgive my awkwardness, Mary," McKee cried, with a deep blush, invisible under his pigment. "But it was not intended for 'pay'; only a little present. Anyway, I shall remember your help and trust your loyalty always."

He shook hands again with the woman, who paused in the doorway to say: "Them pockits be dape, Mather Carroll; an' th' night's cowl'd. Ye'd better

be puttin' a flask o' summat in 'em. It won't be the first, perhaps; an' it'll be naded, beyant."

"Darned if she hasn't longer head and truer heart than most men!" Meredith exclaimed, as the door closed. "Mix for yourself, Willie. There are flasks and demijohns galore in the sideboard; but yours truly has not even peeped into it since he broke his word,

horse was pulled up short. "Who goes there?" the challenger repeated, gruffly. "An' who wad ye shuppose?" was the answer, to Miss Clay's great dread. "An', by th' same token, it's not goin' I am, but comin'."

"Have you the countersign, woman?" "Have I th' chaat? Bui I'm not to be stopp'd by iny wan! Gin'ril Bond, beyant in th' town, sid I'd take me doeth'er home free an' op'disturbed, sor."

"Hate you the countersign?" again came gruffly from the darkness. "Shure I've some av it," was the reply, and the driver nudged Miss Clay, as the fur glove went deep into the ample pocket and drew forth a goodly flask. To the girl's wonderment, it went straight to the owner's mouth, a gurgling swallow, a resounding smack and a strong odor of brandy filling the cold air on its withdrawal.

"Cor'ral—ga-ad! Post number one!" called the impatient sentry, as his musket rattled to a "charge."

There was sound of feet approaching at a run; then the thick voice growled: "Vot far vos you yelling, Shones? Haf you found somedings, an' id' id'?"

"Challenged, and no countersign!" the sentry replied.

"Dismount, vrend, und geeft der gounderzine," the corporal ordered, throwing his lantern above his head and dimly showing the two women on the trap.

"Wudn't ye come an' git it, Mistor Krant?" was the unmilitary rejoinder. "Th' likes o' ye, be thrastin' ladies wid shmall consid'rayshin, shure! Whad wad the gin'ril beyant, as gin no th' pass, be sayin' av sich thrautement?"

"Coom dot vagron down und geeft der gounderzine!" the German recruit growled back. "Coom down like der deffel so fast!"

"Dismount, if you have the word," Carolyn Clay whispered low.

"Divvil a fut!" was the return whisper, with the addition aloud: "Here it be, Mistor Dutchy, writ by the gin'ril all over th' paper!"

Hesitant between newly-offered discipline and the glamour of oft-repeated title, the green non-commission, advanced cautiously towards the wagon, peering keenly under his uplifter, he read it laboriously with one eye, while trying to fix the other on the two women.

"Dot vos all ride," he said at length, handing back the paper. "You may proceed."

The sentry stepped aside, facing and coming to a "carry," but the cart did not move; and Miss Clay trembled, lest the gulp from the flask had done its work.

"Well, what for vos vaiding?" the corporal asked, impatiently, slapping his arms for warmth.

"By me sowl, ye're a darlin'!" was the retort. "Didn't ye ask fur it—fur some av th' country sign?" And the driver extended the flask, in full light of the lantern, adding: "Ye naden't refuse. It do be the reale craythur."

With puckering lips and a quick glance towards his inferior, the new levy lowered his light, seized the flask and took one huge gulp, wiping his mouth on his overcoat cape as he handed it back.

"Ye're not afther bein' mane eno' to leave out yer partiner?" the owner of the liquid asked. "It do be cowl'd eno', I'm thinkin', to make 'm nade a drop."

Again, in the struggle between discipline and natural good-nature, discipline went down, and the German stepped off into darkness. A quick grounding of arms, a pause; then he reappeared, again wiping his own mouth, as he returned the flask.

"Dot vos foine, foine!" he said, in friendly confidence. "Now you vos vree to bass on."

"Shure an' I will, darlin'! It's none too warrum here," was the answer. "An', be th' same token, I'll shupare a

drop av th' country sign till th' next wan av yez as shtops me."

"Dere vos bud cine, more beikid," the man replied. "Dey vill shtander Nord road on, der mill close by."

"I'll shpake to 'im beyant. Plisint dhrame, darlin'!"

The horse trotted merrily by the dimly-outlined sentry, and the deep sigh of relieved suspense burst from the lips of Carolyn Clay, as they sped onward through the gloom.

"Why did you delay so?" she asked, at last. "It was very risky."

"Simply to ascertain which fork of

the road to take, Miss Clay."

"Willie McKee?" The girl's amazement even then did not raise her voice, in the exclamation.

"At your service," he answered, cheerily. "The adjutant general led to me; I did not expect to meet any pickets. But we have struck the south fork now; it's not picketed, evidently; and you will be safe at old Pete's cabin before sunrise."

CHAPTER XIII. A MESSYER SURPRISE.

Bright, despiteful glints of sunrise slanted low from the crisp east over the low shore line, touching yet only the tall, tree tops; and old Pete emerged from his dingy cabin on the creek and looked like a statue in ebony, listening intently.

"Stalwart and tall, Mr. Ann's son," the long, bony limbs of the black, over which the corded muscles played with every motion, denoted unusual strength, even for one of his race and calling. And the grim strength of his hand, seamed like scathed inner strength, well suited to his heavy, Gleason cut and finer than any with the negro, Pete's features were grave and stern, the thin, blue set, as though used to sullen penit and his were the motto of the Douglas: "Ready, eye ready!"

The clatter of hoof and wheels grew clearer; then Meredith's familiar trap appeared and drew up at the cabin.

"Here we are, Pete," McKee cried, merrily, dismounting as fast as skirts permitted, and assisting Miss Clay's light descent from her cold perch.

"Sarvant, Mistor Krant! How yo mane?" the negro answered, with a grave bow, but showing no surprise at the familiar voice coming in such questionable shape. Had Original Sin come in that trap and spoken in that voice, Pete had accepted them as countersign and parole.

"And here I am again, Pete," the girl said, as she threw back her veil. "Can we get across now?"

"Sarvant, missy," the negro repeated. "Glad yo'r cum, sholy. I has inspected yo' de fo' last trips."

"Thank you. Can we get across tonight?" she again asked, anxiously.

"Reck'n," the black replied, as gravely as briefly. "De creek is swammed wid ice, but ef's light, an' I kin walk out onto de flats, sholy. Den, ef de ribber cut close—"

"But ef it be?" she interrupted, impatiently. "How do you know?"

"De marder knows," Pete answered, gravely as a Conventer. "Haint sent in Pete no marder; so de ole nigger's knowlebe-shed don't go no fudder dan de present. But I reck'n."

"And we reckon on some hot coffee, Pete," McKee said. "Come in, Miss Clay. You need it, after that freezing ride."

"Sarvant, Mars' Kee," the negro said, removing his worn cap, as they entered. "De coffee's dar an', wid de lady's permission, I'll go 'tend ter Mars' Carl's boss."

While the worn horse was led into a sheltered glade, well back from the road, and rubbed briskly from muzzle to heel by the brawny black, McKee poured steaming coffee. Then Carolyn Clay produced Mrs. Gray's much-prized tin.

"No, not that," the youth cried. "Those are your marching rations. Here's our breakfast—Maryland chicken cookery."

He dived deep into Mrs. Clonan's pocket, coming up with a package wrapped in oil-silk and packed with the best of cold substantial; and the adventurous pair breakfasted with appetite natural to frosty morning, largely aided by danger passed and hope renewed. Then, as the negro again loomed gigantic in the low doorway, the girl asked:

"Any patrol boats in the river, Pete?"

"Plenty, missy; but dem don't count. Nos o' dey knows Pete, an' leff him fish onquash'shonable."

"But Mars' Carl's said transports were passing up, night before last," McKee said.

(To be Continued.)



HE EXTENDED HIS HAND, AND MRS. CLONAN SHOOK IT WARMLY.

for old times, with Peyton Fitzhugh. By the way, have you seen him since?"

"Sunday morning, at the prisoners' line, but not later," McKee answered.

"I suppose he's loafing about the club, when he should be in Virginia, fighting," Meredith growled.

"No; he hasn't showed at the club since that night. But don't abuse him, Carroll. He'll turn up all right, I guess. Something I heard to-night makes me think Fitzhugh is game."

"I hope so," the other retorted. "But Mosby and Stuart need men all the same."

Then for two hours the men talked earnestly over roads, routes and out-looks in the country, McKee never once dropping into natural speech, but using Mary Clonan's brogue and manner, eliciting his friend's frequent praise on his capital acting.

And just as the clock struck three, Mr. Carroll Meredith's shooting trap, drawn by his best horse, trotted slowly into Mr. Gray's large yard, the host himself—again swinging the key that imprisoned the sleeping servants—opening the gate. He stared with equal surprise and doubt at the buxom woman handling the reins so like an expert.

"Aisy, darlin'. Ye've no nade to look out. Th' shtrate's all clear," the driver said, making an easy turn to face the gate. "Be me sowl, I do be forgetthin'! Here's a note fur th' young miss Mistor McKay's soft on."

Then dead silence reigned, as the master of the house took the note in, soon reappearing with two shadowy figures, one heavily muffled.

There was a long, clinging embrace, and then Carolyn Clay whispered:

"Words cannot say what I love you, Bess—and him! Think of it, dear, with God's blessing, within three days I shall kiss mamma and my poor little Fairfax!"

"Good-by, darling Caro. May He watch over and take you safely to them. Willie says you can trust the woman implicitly."

"I do, dear; tell him so! Good-by! God bless you and him! God bless you all!"

Another straining of the girl to her heart, a long, sisterly kiss, and Carolyn Clay was on the seat by her strange guide, and Mr. Gray tucking in the heavy robes, careful that freezing night. Then out quietly into the still street, slowly over echoing stones, through moonless, bitter cold, the hunting-trap rattled lightly, the pace mending as they neared the outskirts and the impatient horse, given his head, broke into his swinging trot.

Carolyn Clay, wrapped in close-clinging thought and once more joyous in her sense of freedom gained, was as silent for awhile as was the careful driver; but, as they left houses far behind and bowled to her the country road, she turned to her mute companion:

"You seem to be a good driver."

"Shure; I've drav him afore. Th' beastie knows the hand o' me," was the quiet reply.

"Is there any chance of meeting patrols on this road?" the girl again queried, after a pause.

"Devil a guard," was the response. "Th' addijittint-gineril towld me—by th' same token, Mistor McKay—thot th' road was clear."



"I HAS INSPECTED YO' DE FO' LAST TRIPS."

drop av th' country sign till th' next wan av yez as shtops me."

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