"Somewhere in France" with Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "OVER THE TOP"

(Continued)

"'Under a strong guard, which concealed itself in the hedge, the farmer was made to use two grays for two afternoons. The scheme worked. For weeks afterward that road was only occasionally shelled, and our troops and supply trains used it at will. The spy at the other end was rounded up and both were taken to the base and shot.

"'We reported back to Old Pepper, expecting to be highly commended for our work, and we were—I don't think. All the blooming blighter said was:

"'"Well, you certainly took long enough to do it. I have a damn good mind to send you back to your units for incompetency and inefficiency."

"'We saluted and left.

"'You see, we didn't deserve any great credit, because it was only through a lucky chance that we stumbled over the clue, so I guess "Old Pepper" was right after all.'"

After finishing his story, Curly turned to us and asked:

"Don't you think it was pretty nifty work?"

We agreed that it was.

After a few minutes more the party broke up and turned in.

The Lone Tree Sentinel; or, Ghosts on the Firing Line

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

o-o-o

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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One sunny afternoon our gun's crew was sitting on the fire step of a front-line trench, just in front of Gommecourt wood.

Happy Houghton was busily engaged in rigging up a flash screen to hide the flare of our gun, which we were to mount on the parapet that night.

Sailor Bill was sewing a piece of khaki cloth over his tin hat, because the night previous, while on sentry go, standing in the moonlight, with his head over the top the rays from the moon had reflected from his steel helmet and a couple of German bullets had knocked up the dirt within a few feet of his head.

As was usual with him, Hungry Foxcraft was wrestling with a tin of bully-beef, while "Curly" Wallace was hunting for cooties.

Ikey Honney, with our mascot, Jim, was sitting on the fire-step, his back

Bending Double Under the Weight of the Ammunition.

leaning against the traverse of the firebay, picking mud out of his harmonica with a sliver of wood. Jim seemed happy and contented, not knowing the fate in store for him. Two days later poor Jim was killed by a German bullet and we buried him behind the lines, placing a little wooden cross at the head of his grave. After working a few minutes at the harmonica, Ikey would pause, put it to his lips and blow into it; a squeaky, rattly noise resulting. Then, with a deep sigh, he would resume the picking process.

I had just finished a letter home and was sighing for the time to come when once again I would be able to say "hello" to the old girl with the lamp in her right hand guarding New York harbor.

Although it was warm and sunny, the floor of the trench was about three inches deep in soft, sticky mud.

On my right I heard a low muttering and a splashing in the mud, and around the traverse, into our firebay, carrying a box of ammunition on his shoulder, came the most weird-looking soldier I had ever seen. As he passed in front of me he turned his gaze in my direction and a cold shiver seemed to run up and down my spine as I looked into his eyes. They were uncanny; a sort of vacant stare, as if the owner of them was looking into the Great Beyond. As this soldier staggered through the fire-bay, almost bending double under the weight of the ammunition and passed from view around the traverse, it seemed to me as if the Grim Reaper had stalked through.

Shuddering a little, I instinctively turned my eyes in the direction of the rest of the crew. They were also staring at the traverse around which the gloomy-looking soldier had disappeared.

My heart sank to zero and I had a sinking sensation in the region of my stomach, and on the parados in front of me, like a moving picture on a screen, flashed a cemetery, dotted all over with little wooden crosses. I felt queer and uneasy.

Curly Wallace, in a low, half-frightened voice, exclaimed:

"Blime me, that was 'Aunted Jerry's brother, the one who clicked it by the old lone tree. If you blokes want to get the creeps you ought to 'ear 'im talk. Some o' the fellows claim that it's unlucky to get 'im started. They sye that one o' 'is 'earers is sure to click in within a few days' time, but if you fellows want to tyke the chance, I'll go over to 'is section, which is occupying the second firebay on our left, and see if I can get 'im to tell us about 'is brother. But, now mind, this fellow is a little balmy in 'is napper, so don't myke fun of 'im."

I confess that I was glad to be rid of him, but my curiosity overcame my fears, so I asked Curly to go ahead. The rest of the crew weakly assented, and Curly went after Jerry's brother. In about twenty minutes he returned with him. Jerry's brother came over and sat on the firestep next to me. He sat silent for a few minutes, and then, in a thick, piping, high-pitched voice spoke:

"So you want to 'ear about Jerry, do you? They called him "'Aunted Jerry,' but he weren't 'aunted; he could just see—'e could see into the future; could sort o' tell what was agoin' to 'appen. 'E could talk to the dead, and they told 'im. 'E always 'ad spirits around 'im—ghosts, you call 'em, but there ain't no such thing as ghosts — they're souls awanderin' around; they're about us now"—I slowly eased down the firestep away from him.

"Jerry used to talk to the dead; 'e would sit in a cemetery at night while in rest billets, and receive messages from them what can't speak no more.

"Sometimes, lyte at night, I can 'ear far aw'y, voices callin' to me, but as yet cawn't understand 'em, but I will —I will."

My blood began to curdle.

Curly Wallace, placing his hand on the speaker's knee, softly said:

"Righto, mate, we know you can see far beyond us, but tell us of 'Aunted Jerry and the pome 'e wrote the day before 'e clicked it at the lone tree."

Jerry's brother nodded in a comprehending way, and reaching into the pocket of his tunic drew out a creased and muddy piece of paper, which he opened out upon his knee, and then, in an unnatural, singsong voice, which sent shivers through us, recited the following poem:

Between the lines, in No Man's Land,
With foliage gone, and trunk that's torn,
A lonely sentry takes his stand,
Silently watching from morn to morn.

On starlit nights, when moon is bright,
And spreads its rays of ghostlike beams;
Against the sky, that tree of blight
A ghastly hangman's gibbet seems.

When night is black, and wind's faint sigh
Through its shelltorn branches moans,
A call to men, "To die, to die!"
They answer it with groans and groans,

But obey the call, for "more and more,"
And Death sits by and grins and grins,
And watches the fast-growing score,
The harvest of his sentry's whims.

There they lie huddled, friend and foe,
Ghastly heaps, English, Hun and French—
And still those piles forever grow,
They are fed by the "Men of the Trench."

No wooden cross to mark their fall,
No tombstone theirs, no carven rocks,
Just the Lone Tree with its grim call,
Which forever mocks and mocks.

When Jerry's brother had finished, a dead silence ensued. I nervously lighted a fag, and out of the corner of my eye noticed that Sailor Bill was uneasily squirming on the firestep.

Letting out a sigh, which seemed to whistle between his teeth, our "guest" carried on:

"Jerry weren't much at cheerful writing, because 'e 'ad a calling. Even back 'ome in Blighty, 'e weren't much for lights nor fun. 'E took after our mother. The neighbors called 'er 'aunted, too, but she weren't. She could see things, like Jerry.

"This 'ere lone tree sentinel Jerry writes about was an old tree in No Man's land, about a 'undred yards from our front-line trench. It was pretty well knocked about by bullets and shell fragments. It made a pretty good guide post, stickin' sort o' lonely like up gainst the skyline at night. Reconnoitering patrols and bombing parties used it to show 'em the w'ye back to their trenches, because, y' know, out there in the blackness it's easy to lose your w'ye, unless you 'ave spirits a-guidin' you.

"Lots of times English and German patrols would meet near the lone tree, and many a 'and-to-'and fight would tyke place around its roots.

"At that part o' the line it were pretty 'ot, what with the rifle and machine-gun firing. The only time there would be a lull in the firing was when a reconnoitering patrol was out in front, and then, as you know, you couldn't fire for fear of a 'itting your own blokes. All around the lone tree were scattered many bodies, mostly English and German. Some of 'em 'ad been a-lyin' there for weeks, and when the wind were a-blowin' from the German lines towards us it were sort of unpleasant in our front line.

"Every time the captain would call for soldiers for a reconnoitering patrol, 'Aunted Jerry, as you call 'im, always put 'is bloomin' nyme on the list. It got so that after a while 'e never asked if 'e wanted to go; the captain would just naturally put 'is nyme down as agoin'.

"In our dugout, Jerry would tell me 'ow many dead were around the tree. 'Ow 'e could count 'em in the dark, I don't know, but 'e could see—'e could see.

"Sometimes in the daytime 'e would rig up a periscope on 'is own, and sit on the firestep for hours alookin' out in No Man's land at the lone tree, and the bodies around it. This sort o' got on our captain's nerves, and 'e gave Jerry orders not to use a periscope. After this order Jerry used to sit off by 'imself on the firestep a musin' and a musin'! The other blokes laughed at 'im, but I knew what he were adoin'—'e were atalkin' to the spirit of the lone tree.

"Then 'e got sort o' reckless, and because it were against orders for 'im to use a periscope, 'e used to, in the bloomin' daytime, stick 'is 'ead over the top and gaze in the direction of the lone tree. Bullets from German snipers would kick up the dirt and tear the sandbags all around 'im, but none of 'em ever 'it 'im. No bullet ever myde could kill 'Aunted Jerry, as you call 'im.

"The rest o' the blokes in the trench would pull 'im down off the firestep. They thought they were a-savin' his life, but Jerry weren't afraid from bullets. 'E knew, and so did I, that they couldn't 'arm 'im. Then our captain—'e 'ad brains, 'e 'ad—said that Jerry was balmy, and gave orders to the sergeant major to tyke 'im back to the doctors, to send 'im to Blighty. Jerry was told about this the night before 'e was to leave. 'E was greatly upset, and did nothin' but talk to the spirits —the air was full of 'em—I could 'ear their voices, too.

"That night about ten o'clock Jerry was missed. The next morning 'e was still a-missin'. For two days nothin' was 'eard of Jerry. Then the Royal Irish Rifles took over a sector of trench on our right. A lot of our blokes told 'em about Jerry bein' missin'. A few of 'em got around me, and I described Jerry to 'em, but I weren't afraid for Jerry—I knew where 'e was—'e were with 'is spirits.

"That night an Irish patrol went out and when they returned they brought a body with them; said they'd found it at the foot o' the lone tree. It were Jerry, all right, but 'e weren't 'it nowhere. Two bloomin' doctors examined 'im, lookin' for wounds. 'E was dead, all right, and that bloomin' captain—'e 'ad brains, 'e 'ad—was responsible for 'is death. 'E 'ad tried to tyke Jerry aw'y from 'is spirits, so Jerry crawled out to the lone tree to answer its call. 'E answered it, and now 'e's with the spirits 'e loved, and some time I'll be able to talk to 'im. 'E's with 'em, all right, I know—I know."

Just then Jim started to whimper; I guess if the truth were known, we all felt like whimpering.

Without another word, Jerry's brother got up, and, muttering to himself, passed out of sight around the traverse. As he disappeared from view, Sailor Bill exclaimed:

"Blawst my deadlights, but if a bloke like that ever slipped in the navy, in a fortnight's time 'e would bloomin' well be an admiral, because 'e would be the only one left in the blinkin' navy. Gives me the proper creeps. 'Ow in 'ell 'is company stands for 'im I don't know. 'Ow about it, Curly—why 'asn't 'e been sent to Blighty as balmy?"

"I'll tell you, Bill," answered Curly. "This bloke only gets these fits occasionally 'E's a d——d good soldier—always on the job, and next to Corporal French and his brother 'Aunted Jerry, 'e's the best scout for work in No Man's land that's ever put a foot in these blinkin' ditches. It's only lately that 'e's been 'aving these spells so often, and yesterday the sergeant major told me that 'e was under observation and that it would only be a short time before 'e was shipped back."

"Is it a fact, Curly," asked Happy, "that this 'Aunted Jerry crawled out there the way his brother says, and that he was found dead without a

Brought in the Bleeding Body of Jim.

wound on him? If it's so, he must have had a bloody poor heart and died that way."

Curly answered: "It sure is so, because I got it from a leftenant in 'Aunted Jerry's section."

Jim was still whimpering. This got on Ikey's nerves; he gave him a sharp

(Continued Next Week)

STAFFORD

The little rain we had did no damage to the hay and farmers are busy now securing it. It is a heavy crop in most places, and the weather is ideal.

A large concourse of friends and relatives followed Albert Ellegsen to his last resting place on Tuesday afternoon. He passed away Sunday evening quietly, as he had lived. In the latter part of the winter he had the influenza and never entirely recovered from it, and it finally terminated in tuberculosis. He leaves a young wife and little son, besides his afflicted father and mother and four sisters. Six young cousins were the pall-bearers and Rev. Hoffman, of the Lutheran church, preached a very impressive sermon from a text selected by the mother. The beautiful ceremony of the Grange was read at the grave.

On last Wednesday all good Grangers from here attended Pomona Grange at the Frog Pond hall, and enjoyed the day and evening. Sixteen were given the fifth degree.

On the Fourth there seems to be an inclination for the grove of Wilsonville. The speaker of the day is to be young Mr. Moulton, we hear.

The Oswego Grange gave Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Davidson a surprise party last Sunday and with their children and other friends helped them to celebrate their golden wedding. The Grange presented them with a beautiful set of dishes, white and gold, and their children, two $10 gold pieces, Mrs. Gage making the presentation of the dishes, and Mrs. Weathered of the gold pieces. A bountiful picnic dinner was served on long tables on the lawn. There were three brides present, namely: Mrs. Lucien Davidson, 50 years; Mrs. Leonard Davidson, 35 years, and Mrs. Orin Davidson, a bride of a day. Songs, speeches and friendly talk and reminiscenses were indulged in, also old time recitations, of which the groom of 50 years furnished a number. John Gage, of St. Helens, was master of ceremonies. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, and Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson gave old time selections. Ice cream in abundance was on hand.

A Grateful Woman's Story

Mrs. Robert Blair, 461 S. 20th St., Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "I suffered two years with kidney and bladder trouble. After taking Foley Kidney Pills a few short weeks I found my trouble gradually disappearing. The backaches stopped and I am also free from those tired spells and headaches, and my vision is no longer blurred." Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys keep the blood clean and eliminate the impurities that cause backache, rheumatic pains sore, stiff and swollen joints and muscles.—Sold Everywhere.

LOCAL BRANCH OF LEGION HOLDS MEETING WEDNESDAY

Willamette Falls Post, local branch of the American Legion, held an important meeting Wednesday evening in the Willamette hall for the purpose of adopting by-laws and a constitution for the order. At the meeting, business and other matters of the branch were discussed. The president of the county organization, S. McDonald, has seen hard service with the U. S. army in France and England, and other officers of the organization are: M. R. Cooper, vice-president; Percy Wilson, secretary. The W. O. W. lodge of this city, has arranged to admit all members of the Legion to the lodge free of charge, including physical examination. A large number of the members of the W. O. W. are already enrolled in the Post.

Dangers of Hot Weather

Anyone is doubly liable to ill effects from the hot sun when the stomach and bowels are clogged with a mass of undigested food. If you suffer from sick headache, biliousness, bloating, coated tongue, "heaviness" or any ill caused by indigestion take a Foley Cathartic Tablet and you will feel better in the morning. J. L. Horton, 505 W. Fair St., Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I found myself feeling like a new man. Foley Cathartic Tablets are the best ever." —Sold Everywhere.

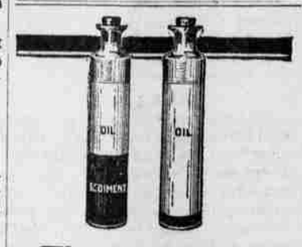
C. J. HOOD WILL BUILD ADDITION TO BUSINESS

C. J. Hood, proprietor of the Hood Lumber company of this city, has purchased a tract of land back of the Oregon City Ice plant, and will build a large platform for the storing of lumber and wood for his firm. The land covers an area of 150x200 feet, and the platform in construction covers an area of 24x36 feet, the balance of the land to be used for wood. Mr. Hood expects to take possession of the new quarters about August 1 this year.

W. O. W. LODGE SECURES MANY NEW MEMBERS

Twelve initiations and forty applications have been secured by the Willamette Falls Camp, No. 148, W. O. W., which campaign has been on in this city for the past week. One of the features of the campaign of the lodge is that no entrance fee or initiation expense is charged to soldiers, sailors or marines. It is expected that on July 25, a class of over 100 new members will be taken into the order. The Uniform Degree Team of Multnomah will put on the work at that time.

Clyde Montgomery, 22, and Louva Bell, 17, both of Oregon City, were granted a marriage license at Vancouver Friday.



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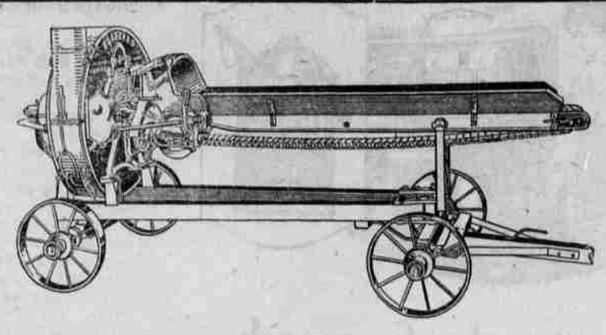

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LUMBER MAN ASKS FOR RECEIVER FOR COMPANY

T. W. Linn entered suit against his partner, O. S. C. Gerber Monday, to dissolve the partnership. Linn alleges that the property should be sold to satisfy the indebtedness against the firm, and further alleges that Gerber was bookkeeper for the firm, and that he made collections which he did not enter on the book or account for. The partners operate a sawmill in the Molalla country.

Courier and Farmer—$1.00 year.

The Test That Tells

There is only one real test for a cough remedy, and that is its use. S. M. Oliver, Box 192, R. F. D. 5, Greensboro, S. C., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is just fine. I keep it all the time in my family and do not expect to be without it as long as I can get it." It relieves hay fever, asthma, coughs, colds, croup and bronchial affections by covering the inflamed, irritated surfaces with a soothing, healing combination of time-tried, reliable, pure, harmless medicines. Contains no opiates. Children like it.

Vedder Re-elected

At a meeting of the County Educational board held in this city last Saturday, Brenton Vedder, for the past several years county school supervisor of Clackamas county, was re-elected to the office for another term. His salary will be $1200 per year and $50 per month was allowed to him for traveling expenses. Members on the board who attended the meeting were J. E. Calavan, E. E. Brodie, John R. Cole and Adam H. Knight.

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A fine lot of Zion Laces in French, round thread, Filet, etc.—both sets and edges in narrow widths.

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Dainty, well-made Embroideries with firm edges; blind and openwork patterns; widths to 6 inches.

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Beautiful patterns on Swiss and Cambric Corset Cover and Flouncing Embroideries—also 9 to 12-inch skirtings.

FILET LACES 15c TO 25c YARD

A new shipment of the much wanted imitation Crochet Filet Laces in white and ecru—both edges and bands—widths from 1 to 4 inches.

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An extensive assortment of Embroideries in Longcloth, Cambric and Swiss —from 6 to 12-inch widths.

CLUNY LACES 10c YARD

These pretty cotton Cluny Laces are shown in white and ecru in a variety of patterns. Especially suitable for fancy work, curtains, etc.

FILET LACES AT 95c YARD

Handsome patterns in fine Filet Laces—both edges and bands—also beading top Camisole Laces—4 to 6-inch widths.

FLOUNCINGS AT 75c

Dainty Ruffled Baby Flouncings and Batiste Flouncings in 27-inch width.

FLOUNCINGS 98c YARD

Beautiful Voile Flouncings in 45-inch width—embroidered in white and colors.

FLOUNCINGS AT $1 YARD

A large assortment of patterns to choose from in this lot of 36-inch Batiste Flouncing.