A SOLDIER'S SECRET

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"How's the arm today, Ellis?"

A month later and Holden has his wounded safely housed under the roof of the hospital at old Pawnee, many severely shattered or suffering great pain. Many will bear to their dying day mementos of that savage December battle. Some of the twoscore are doing very well; others perhaps have done better, and are sleeping under the flag. A busy man is Holden, and a very proud one, as he has the right to be, for one and all the troopers love to speak of him as their "fighting sawbones." He was in the thick of it all when the rush of the rearward mounted troops swept into and through those fire spitting lodges, and the Indians—warriors, squaws and children—were scattering, fighting fiercely all the way to the shelter of the ravines among the bluffs. Tireless as ever he and his assistants are constantly at the bedsides of the wounded. So is the chaplain, one of the church militant, whose "soul's in arms and eager for the fray," for his friends of the Twelfth are under two fires.

Gallantly and well have they withstood that which, with sudden treachery at the hands of their savage foes, flashed in their very faces. But they have no redress as against this—this civilized lashing at their very backs. The parson's sermon Sunday morning in answer to the driveling sentimentality of certain misguided ecclesiastics far from the scene of conflict almost lifted old Kenyon and his comrades out of their seats. The major hugged his chaplain after service and stopped to shake hands with him every time he met him during the afternoon. In many a pulpit east of the Missouri with tearful fervor was the picture drawn of those helpless, pleading Indian mothers, those shrieking, terrified little Indian babes, ruthlessly slaughtered by a brutal and infuriated soldiery. Nor were the clergy without warrant for their "bottom facts," since in some mysterious way the representatives of the press, hovering about that impersonal section of military anatomy known as headquarters, were flooding the columns of their journals with paragraphs about the wanton killing of women and children in the fight in front of the Twelfth.

"Holy Joe," as the parson had been termed, knew well the day when, in the seclusion and simplicity of his seminary life, he would have swallowed whole just such statements and turned up the whites of his eyes in sympathetic horror at the recital. But the man of God on the banks of the Merrimac and his brother in the cross on the upper Missouri see very different sides of the vexing Indian question. "Holy Joe" at Pawnee this sparkling month of January was mad clear through at the indignities and aspersions cast upon his blue-coated comrades. He wrestled with the brethren of his cloth and downed them. He even dared to establish a censorship of the press and to keep from the hands of his precious wounded those journals which had assailed the Twelfth.

He had had his hands full, poor fellow, long before the wounded came, for those were dire days and nights after the news was flashed to the post and the widowed and fatherless in their affliction were thrown upon his hands. Poor Mrs. Thorpe! Ah, she was only one of several. There was wailing among the wives and little ones down where once the soldiers' families were so thickly clustered. There were other households in dread anxiety. There were women broken down with grief and sleepless watching. There was one so ill she could not even now be told she would never look upon the face of her gallant soldier again. But draw the veil. It was on such bleeding hearts and on the men who bore the brunt of the fiercest fighting of the campaign that the lash of press and pulpit fell.

But old Kenyon was in his element. To the best and kindliest of men there is in being able to say "Didn't I tell you so?" a joy that surpasses the sweets of religious consolation. It was something to hear him declaiming among the artillery and infantry officers during the days that followed the announcement of official investigation at the expense of the Pawnee battalions. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have never ceased to thank God I didn't take the chance for promotion that came in the reorganization twenty years ago. I was one of the senior captains of infantry then. I could have got one of those cavalry vacancies just as well as not—been a yellow major ten years before the leaves dropped on my shoulders in the blue; but if by any chance I were ordered into the dragoons today I'd swap out or quit for good. From the time those Bloods and Piegans got their deserved thrashing at the hands of Tim Baker's battalion I've known enough to steer clear of it. You know those facts as well as I do. You know those Indians had been murdering, robbing, burning, pillaging, for two years. You know how all Montana begged and implored General Sheridan to put a stop to it. There was no catching them until winter, and then when he sent those Second cavalry fellows up there with orders to thrash sheol out of them, what was the result? Didn't the papers east and west turn to and damn him and them? Didn't they dub him 'Piegan Phil' from that time forth? No, sir, no cavalry service for me. There's only one thing harder than the knocks that they have been getting for the last twenty years on the frontier, and that's the knocks they've had to bear at home."

But toward the end of January the old post was beginning to pluck up heart again, and to the keen delight of Mrs. Berrien and Winifred their particular major was able to drive with them, bundled up in his furs, and lolling back in the cushions of Berengaria's barouche, as he termed his wife's comfortable carriage, with that rejoicing matron by his side distributing smiles and sunshine and joyous nods of recognition wherever she went, everybody waving hand or hat or handkerchief as they bowled along, and Winifred—bonny Winifred—beaming upon her father from the front seat. Very, very sweet Miss Berrien was looking just now, said all who saw her; yet there was a shade of wistfulness in her face, a constant expression about those deep, dark eyes that seemed to tell they were ever on watch for one who never came. Shattered as was his saber arm, Curly Brewster had scoffed at the idea of being sent back to Pawnee.

"What's the use?" he said. "I would be utterly alone there, while here I have all the fellows about me. What better care do I need?"

In the midst of all their trials and annoyances, in the thick of the whirl of events that followed their sharp and sudden fight, the officers and men of the Twelfth found themselves more closely drawn together even than before. Very little was said when outsiders were by as to the depth of feeling aroused in their ranks by the unaccountable criticism of the press. Very little had to be said in the official investigation of the affair to clear them, one and all, of the array of allegations lodged at their doors. But that every man, from the colonel down, bore away from the field of their winter's travail a sense of injury beyond the scar of savage missile, who could doubt, who could blame? It did not prevent their having some quiet fun of their own, however. Gray haired Farquhar was whimsical in his sympathy with Rolfe, whose scalp had been saved by the man of all others he had most reviled—Sergeant Ellis. Randolph from the recesses of the hospital tent poked no end of gibes at Ridgeway, who had lost his eyeglasses in the morning fight and had been nearly run off with by the Sioux. As for Rolfe's plight, "he lost all the skin from the side instead of the top of his head," laughed Gorham.

It was pitiable enough to make the boys forget the austerity of his past, for to his dying day Rolfe would carry the marks of his involuntary "scrap with a squaw," as Randolph termed it. "Rolfe's scars have come to the surface," chimed in Warren, who never could get along with him. They all hoped that he would go back to Pawnee with the wounded train, and he did. So, too, did Ellis, wearing on the arm in a sling the new chevrons of a first sergeant, won, as said his colonel in presenting them, "together with the heartiest recommendation for a medal of honor I could write, for bravery on the field of battle." Rolfe turned his bandaged head away when Holden gave him all the story. He knew not what to think, much less what to say. Ellis had leaped through the swarm of fighting braves and with the butt of his carbine dashed aside the unsexed fiend whose clutching claws were in the captain's hair, and then had fought like a tiger over the prostrate body and saved the life of the man who had maligned him.

"One half second more and you were gone, Rolfe," said Holden gravely.

"I never said he wasn't a fine soldier," answered Rolfe faintly. "Perhaps I didn't know him aright."

"That isn't all there is to it, Rolfe," was the doctor's reply. "He is more than a soldier. He is a gentleman, and I know it."

Yet when Rolfe expressed a desire to see and speak with Ellis later he calmly begged the doctor to excuse him.

But just why Brewster would not go home with the wounded the boys could not quite understand. He would be off duty for months. He might not swing saber again for a year. Miss Berrien was there, all readiness, no doubt, to thank him warmly for all he had done to save her and her mother from the blizzard, from the Indians, and heaven knows what all—to bless him for his rescue of papa—to beam upon him with those wondrous dark eyes, thought poor Ridgeway, who felt somehow that, after all, his cake was all dough. And yet Curly wouldn't go. What was more, he had never so much as exchanged one word with Winifred Berrien from the moment of the discovery of the ambulance. It was "B throop," as Murphy said, that had the honor of conveying the ladies on to camp and the bedside of the astonished major. It was a blow to Winifred to learn that within twelve hours after their arrival the old battalion had ridden away, Brewster with it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pardon, Monsieur.

M. Ernest Guiraud, the clever French musician, was renowned for his deferential courtesy. It is said of him that he was once overheard, on leaving his house, apologizing to himself for going first.—London Globe.

The Philadelphia Farm Journal tells that a good thing for a cheap paint and one that is durable is to mix yellow ocher with coal tar. The color is green, and it does well for coarse woodwork or iron.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Summary of the Deeds Filed in the County Recorder's Office.

The real estate transfers involving more than $1 each filed in the recorder's office last week were as follows:

Myra Henerson and Minnie Boylan and their husbands to G W Mayfield their interest to the e½ of the nw¼ and the w½ of the ne¼ of s 28, t 4 s, r 4 e, containing 160 acres	100
U S to Walter Pomeroy southern part of lot 6 in blk 3 in Oregon City	
O & C R R to Frederick Lehman the s½ of the nw¼ of s 27, t 2 s, r 5 e, 80 acres	240
Se K Stansbery to L A Foster lots 1 and 3 and se¼ of the ne¼ and the ne¼ of the se¼ of s 18 in t 2 s of r 5 e, 157½ acres	3000
John Foster and wife to S K Stansbery lots 1 and 8 and the se¼ of the ne¼ and the ne¼ of the se¼ of s 18 in t 2 s, r 5 e, 157½ acres	2500
O & C R R to James Hodges the nw¼ of the se¼ of s 23, t 4 s, r 1 e, 40 acres	440
Ellen Walsh and husband to A W Cheney lots 7 and 8 blk 113, Oregon City	1500
David Nelson and wife to Thos Church lots 6, 7 and 8 blk 113 Oregon City	600
John B Hoffman and wife to R O Holmes pt of D L C of James McNary 38 in secs 7, 8, 17 and 18, t 2 s, r 2 e, 20 acres	2200
Geo R Dedman and wife to M E Ambler a part of the Caleb Richey D L C in secs 29 and 30 t 1 s, r 5 e, 33 acres	1600
Antoinette Lewis to O C Cutting lots 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 in sec 16, r 3 e, 65.40 acres	400
U S to John e Embree patent to sw¼ of s 8, t 2 s, r 6 e, 160 acres	
A E Janssen and wife to Allen H Wheeler the se¼ of the sw¼ of s 17, t 3 s, r 5 e, also sw¼ of the se¼ of s 17, t 3 s, r 5 e, and the n½ of the ne¼ of s 20 in t 3 s, r 5 e, 160 acres	50
Wm Harris to Peter Anderson the se¼ of the nw¼ and lot 2 in s 30 in t 5 s, r 3 e, 62.57 acres	350
James W Roots to J F Ethridge l 1 to 6, blk 22, Roots ad to Marshfield	425
Isaac Farr to J H Kellogg l 4 blk 60, Oregon City	350
I B Lee to J H Howland 32 as of J S Howland claim	400
Mary A Shank to Anton Malar, and Christian M A Malar, se¼ of sw¼, sw¼ of se¼, e½ of se¼ s 20; also ne¼ of nw¼, s 29, all in t 2 s, r 5 e, 200 acres	1650
David Harris to Elizabeth Thomas 150 as in s 26, t 3 s, r 2 e	1500
Ferd Zimmer to Barnard Egan, l 7, 8, blk 27, Oswego 1st add	500
A R Shipley to A R Shipldy 130 acres in s 21, t 2 s, r 1 e	2000
A R Shipley to M R Shipley 2 71 acres in s 21, t 2 s, r 1 e	100
Wm Zetke to Gustav Oldenberg lots 7, 8, blk 37, county add to Oregon City	1600
H P McNary quit-claim to Oregon Land Co lots 13, 14, blk 72, Minthorn add	216
Wm Barlow and wife to Geo Schnilker 6.12 acres in Barlow	375
U S to Wm W Davis lot 1, s 10, t 2 s, r 2 e, 16.59 acres	
J A Talbert and wife to F M Robertson l 4, b 20, Talbert's ad to Clackamas	125
O & C R R Co to R Schubel the nw¼ of sec 1, t 4 s, r 2 e, 40 17 acres	120
Also sw¼ of nw¼, s 1, t 4 s, r 2 e, 40 acres	120
G A Harding, trustee, to Wm H Smith lots 1 and 27, b 1, Edgewood	180
G R Dedman and wife to Eveline Everest 5 acres in tract K, Riverside	625
J J Kelly to Thos Allison, lots 5 and 6 blk 45 Co ad to Oregon City	2500
Oregon Land Co to J W Keen lots 21 and 22, blk 14, in Minthorn	320
Same to Magdalene Keen lots 23 and 24, blk 14, Minthorn	400
Jno N Nelson to Chas Prufer 10 acres in s 10 and 11, t 2 s, r 2 e	800
J Surad et al to M Shank 25 a in s 6, t 3 e, r 3 e	396
O & C R R to Mike Jordan e½ of nw¼ of s 11, t 4 s, r 4 e, 80 a	300
O W Taylor and wife to F Hog l 10 blk 31, Park Place	250
Geo Oglesby to A Mather 40 acres in s 14, t 3 s, r 4 e	150
E Cora and wife to H Beebe the n½ of s 25, t 2 s, r 5 e, 1 acre excepted	850
Wm Barlow and wife to O W Quint l 1, blk 1, Barlows	500
W W H Samson and wife to A O Hickman sw¼ of sw¼, sec 2, t 5 s, r 1 e	775
O & C R R to E Cox s½ of nw¼ and n½ of sw¼, s 25, t 2 s, r 5 e	320
Same to H Hoffmeister sw¼ of se¼ and se¼ of sw¼ of s 23, t 2 s, r 4 e	240
U S to Cornelius Carter patent to n½ of nw¼ and n½ of ne¼ of s 34, t 1 s, r 4 e	
F H Brown to Eva Mall 239 63 acres in the N J Lamb D L C in t 2, r 3 e	$ 5000
C O T Williams et al to E Nuttall l 3, b 25, Falls View	100
Cyrus Jones and wife to E E Judd quit claim to s ½ of sw ¼ and 10 acres of the s½ of se ¼ of sec 22, t 5 s, r 1 e	715
R W Alden and wife to G Bluhm l 4, b 143, Oregon City	250
D W Cummins and wife to Kate Olson pt of sec 31 t 3 s, r 1 w, 10 acres	525
J D Lee and wife to Phosa Abrams l 1 in b 18 South Oswego	50
Same to Wm Simpson b 6 in South Oswego	350
Abner Porter to Ella Whipple tract of land adjoining Canby depot grounds containing 13,200 feet	350
O I & S Co to C DeBaum l 3 in b 28, first ad to Oswego	198
O & C R R to John Carlson se ¼ of nw¼ of s 29, t 5 s, r 3 e, also sw ¼ of nw ¼ of sec 29, t 5 s r 3 e	260
Mary E Stranahan and husband to Clara E Bruce e½ of ne¼, w½ of se¼ s 2, t 5 s, r 2 e	4,000
Henry Hughes and wife to Thos Hartwein se¼ of se¼, sec 22, t 4 s, r 3 e	280
Chas Turflich to John Hugley, l 3 in sec 11, t 3 s, r 2 e 38 acres	132
United States to George Wills and wife patent to D L C No 42, 640 acres	
R F King to George W Gordon undivided ½ of se¼, sw¼ of nw¼; sw¼ of se¼ of nw¼ of sec 16, t 6 s, r 2 e 20 acres	500
Martin McMahon and wife to I LeMahieu 80 acres in the I S Howland D L C	2000
H Z Goetzman and wife to J W Sanghey, ne¼, sec 14, t 6 s, r 3 e 160 acres	10
O & C R R to Alfred Smith se¼ sw¼ of sec 31, t 3 s, r 2 e, 40 acres	200
Geo Lazelle and wife to R J Bental ½ acre pt of D L C No 39 in t 3 s r 1 e	40
Van B DeLashmutt et al to I Meyer of 3 acres in the ne¼ of sec 29, t 1 s, r 2 e	600
	$46,143
Previously reported	$1,106,065
Total	$152,214

Oregon Gleanings.

The novel sight of herding wild geese through the streets of The Dalles was witnessed this morning. Capt. F. Johns procured the birds when very young, and spent considerable time in training them. They are domesticated and are perfectly docile and tractable. He was en route to the river, to permit them to enjoy themselves in the water.

Farmers around Albany are framing a petition to be sent to the legislature, asking that action be taken by that body looking to the improvement of county roads.

Oregon's horticultural exhibit for the world's fair at Chicago in 1893, which has been prepared under the supervision of the committee appointed by the State Horticultural society, is now nearly complete. It took nearly a carload of jars to hold the exhibit and it is certainly an attractive collection and cannot fail to receive a great deal of attention when arranged for public inspection at Chicago next year.

Twenty-four west-bound freight trains, loaded with wheat, passed through The Dalles in one day last week. Every effort is being made to get this season's crops to tide water.

Instructions have been received at Arlington from Boston wool men to the effect that they will not make any more advances on fleeces. The prospect of free wool has knocked the bottom out of the market, and those who have made advances will be happy when they see their coin again.

The Indian school on the Umatilla reservation has been destroyed by fire. The building was a handsome structure and cost considerable money. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Astoria Budget is responsible for the statement that about a week ago a number of enterprising individuals were going to locate Morrison street, Portland as swamp land. It has been decided recently to have it declared a navigable stream and thus finally secure its improvements by the general government.

The latest rumor regarding the murderer, Burdette Wolfe, is that he made his way to California. Another credits him with being in hiding in the Blue Mountains which he reached by traveling afoot as far east as Grant's, Sherman county, and there took a train. His trail was followed to that point, and his identity fully established. The horse he stole from a rancher living on Juniper Flat he abandoned in a little while, probably fearing the animal might lead to his capture.

Beautiful Suburban Home.

One mile and a quarter from town, good board walk past the land. Acre tracts to suit purchaser, term easy, the finest suburban property offered for sale, yet on the market. New proposed motor line from Portland. High and sightly. See L. R. JANNEY with W. Carey Johnson. tf

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Special attention is called to the beautiful, sightly and healthy locations for homes on reasonable terms to purchasers wishing to locate in Oregon City. Splendid water and other attractions in Central Addition. Fine suburban property in tracts of five acres or more, one mile and a quarter from town. Several small but valuable farms for sale cheap and on easy terms. Apply to L. R. JANNEY With W. Cary Johnson.

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BACK-ACHE, DIABETES, INFLAMMATION OF BLADDER, YELLOW WATER, AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE, YIELD QUICKLY TO ITS POWER.

TRY IT.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1892, duly appointed administrator of the estate of John B. Heller, deceased, by the county court of Clackamas county, state of Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to me at the law office of G. E. Hayes at Oregon City, in aforesaid county and state, within six months from the date hereof.

ROBT. G. MORROW,
Adm'r of the estate of John B. Heller, dec'd.
Dated Dec 8, 1892. 12:9-1:6

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NO DELAY AFTER TITLES ARE EXAMINED.

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ALL WORK ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

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Appel's Skin Bleach, Eradicates all blemishes, and discolorations of the skin such as Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Swarthy and greasy appearance of the face.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Nov 15, 1892.

Notice is hereby given, that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 28, 1892, viz: Jesse Hammer.

Homestead entry No. 6683, for the S. W. ¼ of S. E. ¼ and S. ½ S. W. ¼ Sec. 30, T. 2 S., R. 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: C. E. Beatty, J. W. Beatty, D. W. Parker, Charles Shanks, all of Cherryville, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. ATKINSON, Register.

11-18-12-23]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, Nov 15, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 28, 1892, viz: Joseph Paschal.

Homestead entry No. 6270, for the S. W. ¼ Sec. 34, T. 2 S., R. 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Joseph Linhart, M. W. Griffith, Thomas McKabe, Henry Koch, all of Sandy, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. ATKINSON, Register.

11-18-12-23]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sofa Ann Scouce, deceased, by virtue of an order issued by the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1892, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1892, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises of the above estate, the following described property, to-wit: the N. E. ¼ of the N. E. ¼ of section 10 in township 5 s., range 1 E. of the Willamette meridian, containing 40 acres more or less, being a part of the donation land claim of Robert H. Scouce and wife; said land situated in Clackamas county, Oregon.

Terms of sale—One-half cash in hand on day of sale, and one-half in six months with interest at the rate of 8 per cent. Last payment to be secured by mortgage.

his
S. W. X HARDESTY,
mark.
Adm'r of the estate of Sofa Scouce, dec'd.

Witness: E. Hardesty.
Dated November 26, 1892. 12:2-12:30

BIDS FOR FISHING RIGHTS.

Sealed proposals for exclusive right to fish in the Willamette river adjacent to the property of this company (except the Robert Moore claim) for the calendar year of 1893, will be received by this company up to December 17th, 1892, at 12 o'clock noon. All bids to be directed to "Portland General Electric Company, No. 66 Third street, Portland, Oregon," and to have endorsed on envelope the words: "Proposal for Fishing Right." The right to reject any or all bids is hereby reserved.

PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY.
Dec. 2, 1892. 12:9-2t

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Elyville, - Oregon,

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J. W. Ganong,	Captain.
F. S Kelley,	First Lieutenant.
L. L. Pickens,	Second Lieutenant.

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