The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....JUNE 8, 1906

Personal Talk With You.

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A SOLDIER'S NAME

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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IN our town there was a mysterious soldier, asleep, with a stone cross above his head, and on the stone were some good words of Scripture and the date of the man's death. There had been a name also, and one might still see the marks of the chisel which had cut off the raised letters. A small plot was set apart for him and was always well kept. Upon Memorial day it would be plentifully bedecked with flowers.

In the years after the removal of the name from the cross the stranger was not omitted from the roll of honor, wherein he figured by his rank alone.

"Lieutenant," the venerable Pastor Congreve would say, with a glance toward the grave and after a moment's pause—"our guest, whose name unhappily we do not know."

On an afternoon in the middle of April a card was brought to me in my office in New York, and I supposed that it foreshadowed a newspaper interview, for the sender was a reporter named Henry Drummond, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He was an agreeable young man, of a remarkably engaging appearance, and I was able to tell him honestly that I was glad to see him. His errand, as he informed me immediately, had nothing to do with "copy." He had come to avail himself of my legal advice.

"I have recently inherited a lawsuit," said he, "and I want to know what to do with it. You've heard of the muddle about the division of the Merrill estate?"

"Yes," said I. "There's a part of it in my native town. As a result of this long drawn controversy one of the finest old residences on the Maine coast has been without a tenant for more than ten years and a great piece of shore front property has had no proper care."

"Aside from your exalted talents," said he, with a smile; "that's the chief reason why I came to you. There seems to be a chance for me to take this property in Kingsford for my share of the loot and escape from the lawsuit? Shall I do it?"

It was not a question to be decided offhand, for I must first learn the value of Drummond's interest in the suit. The details of the matter are unimportant here. Suffice it to say that I was led to advise Drummond to make this settlement, and he did so. In the last week in May we went to Kingsford in connection with this business, and Drummond was a guest with me in my father's house. Thus it happened that he witnessed the rites of Memorial day in the cemetery of Kingsford and heard the roll call of our squadron of the dead.

"Isn't it very unusual," he said to me, "that there should be a nameless soldier in a burial ground so far north? Was this body sent here by mistake?"

Thereupon I told him all that I could remember of the story. The soldier had come to Kingsford on the steamer from Portland. He was found wandering the streets in a dazed condition and was taken into a house, where he lay ill and crazed with fever for some days and then died.

"DO YOU SEE THE GRAY HAIRED WOMAN OVER THERE?"

"Do you see the gray haired woman over there," I added, "under the crooked pine tree with the girl in white? It was that woman—in those days as beautiful as her niece is now, no doubt—who found the soldier and led him to her mother's home."

"And he spoiled the romance by dying," said Drummond.

"She had her own romance," I replied. "She was engaged to one of the Merrill boys. There were two cousins, one of whom inherited the property which has now come to you by the devious ways of destiny. It was not the heir to whom Miss Stanbury was engaged; otherwise she wouldn't be so confoundedly poor today. Her fiance left her all he possessed, which was mighty little. Both the Merrill boys went to the war, both gave their lives, and both are now at rest in the plot that is shaded by the twisted pine. The woman with the gray hair was the belle of the region in those days, but she is still Miss Stanbury; so there's the romance, all right. The girl with her is her brother's daughter, an orphan. In fact, that's the whole Stanbury family over there, so far as I know."

"A beautiful girl," said Drummond. And he turned his mind again to the story of the nameless soldier, with an obvious effort as if constrained by some impulse of his nature, an inborn love of the curiosities of life.

"Couldn't the man tell who he was?" he asked.

"I believe there was some slight paralysis of the muscles of the jaw, resulting from a wound," said I. "My father could tell you. They understood him to say that he was William Pendulum, and his gravestone bore that name for many years. But nothing could be learned about him. He was never traced back beyond Portland. And ten years or more ago, when the war department records were overhauled and saved from chaos and decay, the local G. A. R. investigated this case and came to the conclusion that no such man as William Pendulum was ever in the army. So the name was erased from the stone. There's no doubt, however, that this man was a soldier, with the rank of second lieutenant. His uniform gave no clew to his regiment, however. There was no number on it; it had seen too much service, and he had not a scrap of paper in his pockets."

"Nobody ever knew why he came here, eh?" said Drummond. "Could he have got off the boat by mistake?"

"I wasn't born till some years afterward," I rejoined. "My information is all secondhand and in a very misty condition. If you're really interested I'll introduce you to Miss Stanbury, the elder"—

"Both, if you please," said Drummond, with a smile. And we strolled across to the spot where they stood, my friend muttering to himself: "Pendulum, Pendulum. Never heard of a man named Pendulum before."

In spite of Drummond's expressed desire to meet pretty Margaret Stanbury, he devoted himself to the maiden aunt while we remained in the burial ground and during our walk to the little old house where they lived. Moreover, he was enthusiastic in praise of Aunt Jane afterward.

"A fine mind and a true heart," he declared. "A thoroughly cultivated woman and not the least imbittered. She could shine in the most exalted circles of society except for the very trivial matter of clothes. Is she very hard up?"

"She is indeed," I answered, "and Margaret, of course, has nothing. She has an eye on the typewriter, poor girl. But what did Aunt Jane tell you about the soldier?"

Drummond's manner instantly showed the reserve which characterizes a deep thinking man when his mind is halting among many opinions.

"She is sure about the name," said he after a pause. "It was Pendulum, sure enough. It seems that the unfortunate fellow repeated it over and over again. But Miss Stanbury says that his first name was not William. To her ear it sounded more like Willis. Willis N. Pendulum—that was the way she heard it—but the doctor was strong for William and carried his point. And I always thought that Yankees were smart!"

This exclamation hardly seemed to fit the context, and I asked Drummond what he meant.

"Either there are stupid folks in Kingsford or I am misled by a wild delusion," he replied, but declined to give me any clear view of his mind.

"This matter of speaking in riddles," he told me in answer to a protest, "is a reporter's habit. We go out on stories together, and every fellow is trying to beat the others. We keep our points to ourselves, and as it is very hard to refrain from speech entirely we learn to talk without saying anything. And that reminds me that I'm thinking of going back to the trade. I haven't much of a stake except this property down here."

"That's enough to save a lazy man from work," said I. "Cut it up into sites for summer cottages, and you can sell them to the elect of Boston. This place is getting fashionable. I tell you, it's a fortune."

"I believe you, my friend," said he. "And yet I'll bet that I go back to reporting."

"You have my permission," said I, somewhat annoyed, but more perplexed.

"By the way," he remarked a moment later, "I suppose you know where Miss Stanbury found Lieutenant Pendulum? No? Well, she found him in front of her own gate."

"What of it?" said I.

"Arthur Merrill, the man to whom she was engaged, was dead at that time, but the news had not reached Kingsford. The cousin, George Merrill, knew it, however, or had known it a few days before. He, too, was dead on the day when your wandering soldier arrived here. He had died in a hospital in Pennsylvania. I got these facts from Miss Stanbury, and your father verified them."

"But what bearing have they on this case?" I asked. "Do you mean that the lieutenant was carrying a last message from Arthur Merrill to Miss Stanbury?"

"No, sir; he was not," responded Drummond promptly. "Arthur had every opportunity to send messages, and he sent them, and they arrived all right, though some weeks delayed. Our friend Pendulum had nothing to do with them."

"Did George Merrill send news of his cousin's death by this man?"

"Certainly not. George had no reason to suppose that there had been any delay. He thought Miss Stanbury knew that Arthur was dead. Your father has seen a letter that proves it, a letter written or dictated by George the day before he died."

"If George had means of writing, of course he did not need to send a messenger," said I.

"There has never been a notion in Kingsford, so your father tells me," answered Drummond, "that Pendulum's coming here had anything to do with the Merrill boys or their affairs."

"Then what the deuce are you driving at?"

But Drummond was relapsing into the trance state again and would not give me a sensible reply. When we got home he had a talk with my father and another after supper, and then he hunted me up.

"Come," said he, "let's have a look at my estate."

I went with him, and he led me straight to the broad portal of the great dark house. I heard the key rattle in the lock.

So we came to a room on the second floor and to a shadowy corner of it where stood a tall old clock with a carved case of blackwood.

"Whew!" said Drummond. "Let me get my breath. This is a crisis in the lives of several people, my friend. However, there's another one downstairs."

"What in blazes do you mean?" I demanded. "Another what?"

"Another clock. But this was the uncle's room."

"Uncle? You mean old Sam Merrill?"

"Yes. The man who in his last years seemed so fond of Arthur, yet left all his property to George, in a will dated five years before."

"I don't understand!"

"William Pendulum," he answered—"Willis N. Pendulum. The will is in the pendulum. And now, by heaven, it is in my hand!"

While speaking he had swung open the door of the clock case, and now he turned toward me so suddenly that we crashed together.

"Light a match!" he cried. And I managed to do it.

I saw a yellow and stained paper in my friend's hand. Before the match burned out we knew the nature of the brief document. It was indeed a will, and the name signed to it was Samuel Merrill.

We did not wait for lamplight, but examined the will then and there by

I SAW A YELLOW AND STAINED PAPER.

the aid of matches. It seemed quite regular—it was dated 1863—and it made Arthur Merrill and not George the chief heir—sole heir indeed—to the property in Kingsford.

"Arthur left all he possessed to Jane Stanbury," said Drummond. "By this will he was made owner of this estate. It therefore passed to his fiancee. It was never properly at issue in the present litigation. No interest in it belonged to any of the contestants nor could have passed to me. I have signed away my share for nothing, because this estate is legally vested in Jane Stanbury, and I shall never contest her right to it.

"And now," he added as the last match burned out, "do you begin to understand what happened? George Merrill, who was at home on furlough when his uncle died, found this will here in this room. Doubtless he knew that the earlier will had not been destroyed. Upon an impulse he hid this document in the first place that he could think of and never had the moral strength to reveal its existence until the hand of death was on him. Then he told a comrade, one who was a sufferer with him in the same hospital, no doubt. He trusted this man to keep the secret, to disclose the right will, but preserve George's name from disgrace. Why this riddle wasn't read long ago is a mystery to me."

Although this was largely conjecture, it has stood every test of subsequent investigation, and the title of Miss Stanbury to the property has been confirmed by the usual legal means. Whether this has made my friend poorer in all that counts for real value in this world I will not venture to assert. Indeed he has lost the estate only temporarily, for it will no doubt pass to Margaret Stanbury at her aunt's death, and Margaret and Drummond are to be married early next month. Some men's luck is invincible; they cannot suffer loss even by being honest.

As for the soldier beneath the stone cross, he is now designated by his rightful name. The clew furnished by his association with George Merrill and by the presumption of his having been an inmate of the same hospital close upon the date of Merrill's death sufficed for his identification after a patient search of records, and his name proved to be Albert Stevens.

Where the large dent varieties of corn are grown it quite often happens that the cribs will be empty along in August, when a supply of corn is needed to finish off a lot of hogs. We have a friend who cleverly provides against this contingency. He plants a few acres of the early Yankee corn as early in the spring as he can and has this crop all ripe by the fore part of August, just when he needs it, nearly two months in advance of the maturing of his field crop. This plan is well worth trying.

The raising of 100 bushels of corn on one acre of land is by no means so difficult a proposition as many men think. Of some twenty or more boys, mere lads, who formed a corn club to see what they could do in raising each one-fourth of an acre of corn none of them raised less than at the rate of 100 bushels per acre and many went much above this figure, one raising as much as 137 bushels per acre. The lesson afforded by this experiment is that men who raise but thirty or thirty-five bushels per acre can easily double their yields if they will put more work on less land.

There should be two days sacredly set apart on every farm for special work. One day should be devoted to tree planting, the planting of trees in waste nooks and corners all over the farm, evergreens on the knolls too barren or too rough for cultivation, willows along the runs and draws, shade trees at intervals along the highway, and then another day should be devoted to a general clearing, picking up day around the homestead. These two days properly used would do more to improve the looks of the average farm than any other one thing we know.

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Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent, Colman building, Seattle.

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Cheap Fare East.

The passenger department of the OR & N has issued a circular announcing special excursion rates for the coming summer season. One limited first class fare, plus $10, is the rate for round trip tickets to all the principal points of the east and middle west. Tickets on this basis may be purchased for Chicago, St Louis, St Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas city, St Joseph, Atchison, Omaha, Leavenworth, Council Bluffs and Sioux city. The dates on which these rates will obtain are July 2d and 3d, August 7th, 8th and 9th, September 8th and 10th. The time limit is placed at 90 days. The same rate will be made to Milwaukee, Wis., August 7th, 8th, and 9th, only.

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Moro Lodge, No. 113, I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially invited. Members are expected to be present. Wm. Henrichs N. G. R. M. Brash, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge No. 114, I. O. O. F. Meet regularly every Friday evening. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. Home members are expected to be present. By order of the Lodge. Mrs. Jennie Foss, N. G. Miss Ora Lewellen, Secretary.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F. & A. M., Moro, Or. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings of each month Visiting members cordially invited to meet with us. By order of the W. M. J. M. Parry, Secretary.

Bethlehem Chapter. No 78 O.E.S. Regular communication each 2d and 4th Thursday evenings monthly. By order W.M. Ella Hayes, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
Land Office. The Dalles, Or., May 26th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Francis M. Burnison, of Ajax, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9281 made April 29, 1901, for the S½SE¼, SE¼SW¼ Section 33, Tp. 1 S, R 19 East and lot 4 Section 3, Township 2 S, Range 19 E, W M, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on July 19th, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: E C Maley, George Crum George Smith, and Walter Smith, all of Ajax Oregon.

6tje1jy6—222] MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of The Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Or., May 26, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Alida A. Francis, formerly Alida A. Hermans, of Monkland, Or., has filed notice of her intention to make final five-year proof in support of her claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 8696, made Oct. 25, 1900, for the W½ of the NW¼ Section 35, Township 1 S, range 18 E, W M, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon on July 17th, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of the said land, viz: Hugh Morton and T Hathaway, of Monkland, Oregon, James Stewart of Rutledge, Oregon, H M Shull, of Kent, Oregon.

6jeljy6 *2217 Michael T. Nolan, Register

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South-bound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 11 May 20, 1906 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.20 pm	.0	....Biggs.....	11.50 arve
1.40	5.4	....Gibsons....	11.19
1.44	7.0	....Sinks....	11.10
2.04	9.8	....Wasco....	11.00
2.17	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.45
2.23	16.1	...Summit...	10.40
2.40	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	10.24
2.41	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.53	23.9	....De Moss...	10.05
3.04	27.0	.....Moro.....	9.55
3.13	30.4	..Erskinville..	9.37
3.44	38.5	..Grass Valley..	9.20
4.00	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.55
4.16	52.5	.....Kent.....	8.40
4.26	57.3	....Wilcox....	8.30
5.00 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	8.00 a m

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