

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

Nita, with outstretched arms, throws herself forward to meet him.

A great city is draped in mourning. On every side, at half staff, the national flag hangs limp and lifeless in the moist and misty air, as though of its own volitoin drooping in honor of the soldier dead. Under the sodden skies, through thronged yet silent streets, in long, long column chosen detachments of soldiery are leading to its final resting place the shrouded clay of him who to such glorious purpose had led the Union blue in every field from the Mississippi to the sea, and who through long years of honored service ranked foremost on the rolls of the army-foremost perhaps in the great heart of the people. For days, as though in sympathy with the widespread grief, the heavens have poured their floods upon the brown and leafless slopes. All nature seems plunged in wintry gloom. The black smoke from a host of stacks and chimneys has settled down upon the silent city, covering it like a pall. From north and south, from east and west, battalions and batteries, national and state, have been concentrat-ing to take part in the last honors to the illustrious chief, and dripping, yet dissiplined, without the stir of martial usic, the men have marched from the trains to the rendervous assigned them about the town.

At last the hour has come. The weeping skies have checked their tears. The streets and sidewalks along the line of march swarm with citizens, whose hush-ed voices and reverent mien speak eloquently of their sense of the national loss. From many a stately mansion and modest homestead out beyond the business section festoons of black are fluttering in the rising breeze, the fing i twined with crape, the windows, balconies and steps are alive with spectators. And, far out on the westward avenue, on a sheltered portico that projects from a solid, old fashioned resence of cut stone and almost overhangs the street, there is gathered a litthe bevy of fair forms and faces which we saw together for the first time that

close of the investigation at the agency bidding them, bring his horse and equipy ments, for even though he cannot draw saber he means to ride with "the black troop" on this day of days. She has not What the ENTERPRISE has to Offer --- The Best on him since that wonderful morning when, like a young snow king, he burst through the fleecy barriers about them and stood before her rejoicing eyes their escuer, her father's preserver, her lover, her hero; and ever since in his pride he has held aloof from her and all she holds dear. She can hardly hush the finttering of her heart as now, near at hand, sho hears the familiar strains of the trampets of the Twelfth, still sound- 15, 1893, for 25 cents, ing the mournful dead march. Other ladies of the Twelfth are here-Mrs.

Hazlett, Mrs. Gorham and Mrs. Warthe brief and bloody campaign the sad, solemn tones have been their daily music. The crape is not yet rusting on the sword hilts of their lords, worn in honor of poor Thorpe and Rand and Barrows, when it is renewed for the general in chief.

And now the crowds have drifted back from the asphalt. The platoon of mounted police has slowly clattered by. Then in long rank, boot to boot, muffled in their blue overcoats, the yellow lined capes turned back, led by their veteran chief and guiding their spirited grays with hardly a touch of rein, the trumpeters of the Twelfth cover the street from curb to curb, the brazen bells up-

lifted and pouring forth their mournful strains. A little space, and then, mounted on mettlesome bay in the rich housings of a general officer, there rides the marshal of the parade, followed by rank after rank of staff officers, all in the somber dark blue of the service. The antumn frosts of a vigorous life have tion unless other wise ordered. silvered the strands at his temple and tinged with ruddy glow the cheeks of that firm and soldierly face, but the eyes gleam clear and clean as ever they ahone a quarter century ago, when he and Farquhar spurred through the misty forest aisles about Dinwiddie and led the cheering troopers to the charge on Pickett's crouching line at the Forks. He knows the fair party on the Guthrie as though stricken by a bolt from heaven, balcoay at a single glance, and touches It is by these loving arms the limp and the visor of his forage cap as he moves slowly by, then summons an aid, gives him a low toned order, and the officer reins aside to let his comrades pass, then jogs back down the avenue to meet the column. And now necks are craning on every side, and a murmur runs along the crowded banquette,

A murmur that fain would break forth in a

but for the solemn occasion of their coming. Eyes gleam and brighten; lips stir with inarticulate greeting; hands kerchiefs and hats are waved in voicess acclaim. Any other time and all the great city would burst into tuninltuous cheer, for here rides gray haired Farquhar at the head of his staff, and behind them, commanding the just Twelfth, still pallid from his wounds, but erect and soldierly as ever, the senior major, dear old Berrien, lowers his saber in acknowledgment of the salute of the aid, bends his ear to listen to the message, glances quickly at the balcony into the smiling face of his wife, meeting Winifred's dark and glowing eyes, but shakes his head, motions to Dr. Holden, who is at his left rear, and ambles on. Holden nods appreciatively on receipt of what seems to be a similar message, reins out of column, followed by his orderly, dismounts at the side street, and presently is standing by his wife's side, welcomed most cordially by Miss Guthrie to the

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But Mrs. Holden, too, has turned, and does not heed. Her watchful eyes, her attentive ears, have other work to do. ATION Obedient to her husband's touch, she has drawn close to his side. It is into her arms and his that, with one quick, gasp-ing, stifled cry, Nita Guthrie has fallen STIP prostrate form is quickly borne within and laid upon the sofa, and Holden whispers to his devoted wife, "It is all CON clear now.

That night, the long ceremonies of the day concluded, a throng of fair women and brave men are gathered in the par-lors and corridor of the great hotel.

Down in the marbled court below some Italian musicians are playing soft, sweet music. Out in the street, under the if Taken as Directed, we linarantee Satis-slare of the electric light a fine regi- faction or Refund Your Money. ment of state troops has drawn up in long extended line and is standing at ease while its officers are bidding farewell to a host of friends upon the walks below. Here and above are soldiers of all branches of the service, who with the morning's sun will be scattering to their stations again. Some are clustered in the broad vestibules and on the office floor. Others, the juniors mainly, are paying their respects to the wife of the mmanding general and to the ladies of the Twelfth, for on the morrow they, too, with the regiment, take flight for their prairie home.

The hour is late, and several of those esent have just come in from a somewhat subdued and quiet entertainment given in their honor at one of the beantiful homes of the city. The solemn nature of the duty that has called them hither precludes the possibility of any general gathering, but the dinner to which the Berriens and others were hidden has lasted so long that Winifred he



For Beut.

A desirable implated room, close

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Notice is hereby riven, that the underlined was, on the 2th day of Jane, A. D. 1991 dory impointed administrator of the estate of John H. Heller, deceased, by the control control of Lack smass county saits of Oregoo. All persons hav-ing claims against said setate are hereby out field to present the same with proper vonching to use at the law office of O. E. Hayes at oregon (ity, in advessed county and saits, within atta months from the data hered. Roor, O. Monaow. Adm'r of the estate of John B. Heller, derlie, Dated Dec 0, 1992 Arrivelto

COTICE OF PROPINE (LEARNER, OF PROPINE) (LEARNER) Notices is hereby given that the control of control of the propise is classing the grade of the propine of classing the grade of the propine of the propine of the control of the the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the propine of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the control of the control of the control of the propine of the control of the

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.



At the Lowest Rates Interest.

Indian summery afternoon of the reception at Pawnee.

The rapid trot of orderlies and mounted police, sont ahead to warn the populace off the street and back to the sidewalk, and the distant wailing of cavalry trumpets far down the avenue. have told that now the funeral column is approaching: and from the warmth of the cozy parlor, well wrapped in mantles and furs, the ladies have come forth into the chilly February day-Mrs. Berrien, Mrs. Holden and her children: Winifred, whose soft cheeks are aglow and whose dark eyes turn instant-ly, eagerly toward the head of the advancing escort: Nita Guthrie, pallid, languid when unobserved by her guests, yet brightening instantly, bravely, when addressed, and striving to be her old gracious, radiant self for the sake of ese and other visitors from Pawneefor the Twelfth has been detailed especially to lead the escort of the great commander, and all the way from the frontier and only a few days home from the stirring scenes of its fierce campaign the regiment has been brought hither by the orders of a general who knows their worth as well he knows their wrongs

in all their trials.

It was in his power to give this honor to others, but though his own old regiment is within easy call, he means that who, though bravely smiling like the the people shall see for themselves what rest, is clutching with trembling hands manner of men are these whom press the back of her mother's chair and and pulpit have assailed, and against whose fair fame the shafts of slander is impossible for him not to see the fluthave been hurled, only to fall blunted and broken or, like boomerangs, come hurling back about the ears of the the light leaps to his eyes, a flush to his thrower. Vindicated by the verdict of his peers, doubly vindicated by the highest powers of the land, gray haired Farquhar is chosen to command the escort, and, though the flower of the nntion's soldiery marches in the funeral train this day, the eves of all the gathered throng are strained to see and hail and honor the standard and the guidons of the men who bore the brunt of battle only two short months gone by.

And with the squadrons and the guns from Pawnee came such of the wounded officers as were well enough to be transported hither, and with them half a dozen of the ladies of the garrison. To the huge delight of the old battalion, two of whose troops are cruelly thinned in numbers now, the jovial major is permitted by Dr. Holden to mount "Old Glory" and take his position in front of the line. To the tremulous joy of Wini-tred perrien, Mr. prewster has tengraphed from Washington, whither he was summoned immediately after the

now crowded balcony. In column of platoons stretching from

walk to walk, clear across the street, leading troops of the Twelfth are now clinking steadily by. Hazlett has glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the lovely picture on the gallery, but, riding at attention as they are, and on duty, he makes no sign. Randolph and Ridgeway, heading their platoons, strive to do two things at once-look as though they saw and appreciated the fluttering greetings of hand and handkerchief and smiling eyes to their right, and still look as though they did not see it at all. The sorrels, the grays have gone by, the bay troop is passing, and now yonder comes street, the nearest he can get to his reguof his leading platoon, and out from the sheltering screen of tree branches and in front of the center of the first subdivision of the blacks, his saber arm still in its sling, his face pale with confinement and suffering, but tall and stalwart rides Curly

"Oh, there's Mr. Brewster! Mr. Brewster! Oh. why doesn't he look?' cries and whose soldier heart has felt for them Miss Guthrie, as the handkerchiefs begin waving furiously, and fair, eager faces press forward in the effort to at-tract his attention-all but Winifred, shrinking behind her mother's form. It tering signals. He half glances toward that thronging gallery, and in a second pallid cheek. Instinctively his arm Call and examine samples of their trees ance, several sheep, hogs, cows, two twitches in the effort of the hand to and get prices at F. T. Barlow's store young horses. Everything in first. reach the cap visor, and the instant twinge of shooting pain brings him to

his senses. He has one brief, fleeting look, however, at the beaming face he loves, and he has just time for a half gesture with the bridle hand, a little nod, and then, as on he rides, he feels rather than sees that one sweet face that beamed upon him has suddenly paled, that one graceful form is now staggering back into Holden's waiting and expectant arms. Only two platoons in the black troop today, for the others platoons. Brewster heads the first; a all parts of the city tall, dark eyed, dark mustached ser-

Berrien, in her pride and pleasure. goods, clothing, boots and shoes, mil- stock "And he's shaved off his beard. Did linery and choice family groceries in letter you ever see him look so young and Clackamas county at prices that tell."

gan to believe it would never end, and Mrs. Berrien has seen all too plainly ranks carefully aligned, every man's that, though she strove to appear joyous head and eyes straight to the front, the and appreciative, her daughter longed to leave the scene and return to the hotel, where, as was well known, many of the officers were to spend the evening. Not until nightfall had the Twelfth passed by on its return from the march to the distant cemetery, and as they jogged along at ease one or two of the troop or platoon commanders, in answer to joyous hall from the sidewalk, had reined out of column by old Berrien's permission and dismounted under the portico, but Brewster, amiling, had shaken his head and gone on with his blacks to the muddy cantonment far Gorham over on the other side of the down at the southern verge. Winifred was already dressed for dinner. She lation position of four yards to the left had hastened to her room as soon as they returned from the Guthries', and Mrs. Berrien made no comment. She well understood that the girl's one thought was to be ready to welcome if he should come. There was no telling at what minute he might be announced. And though they were not to leave the hotel until nearly seven, Winifred was ready at four. The mother heart yearned over her child as she saw how the shadows deepened in her dark eyes when the col umn went on out of sight in the wintry gloaming. Brewster with it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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