The General's Orders

By HOWARD FIELDING

[Copyright, 1903, by C. W. Hooke.] RANK CUSHING stood by the of his native town. A brisk, into the hall? warm wind caught up the fragrance from the flowers upon his father's began. And at the sound of his resograve and rustled in the folds of the flag that flew from a short staff planted

before the headstone. The scene was impressive; its vitality came General Parker, Denham's war the old days. hero, and his little staff of veterans. They saluted the flag and passed on.

Instantly Cushing's mind, which had been the abode of thoughts appropriate to the bolt, but the general's words still to the occasion, was occupied by his rang in his ears. Frantically he held own personal concerns. General Parker had not looked at him.

The general's disfavor was not a new



THE REDDING BLOCK IS ON FIRE!"

heaviest burden and the darkest mys tery of Cushing's life. He was in love with the general's daughter, Dorothy. and he had claims to be favorably considered. In this mercenary world the fact that at thirty years of age he was president of the Denham bank and the Cushing whom he always spoke of as "a grand soldier, sir; the ideal of a soldier," though he had been only Sergeant Cushing at the close of the war.

It was well known that General Parker judged men by their fitness or unfitness for a military life. As to the general's disfavor, it could hardly rest upon the absence of soldierly virtues in a civilian, but all that Cushing knew about it was that the general had sald a year ago: "Frank, your attentions to Dorothy are becoming conspicuous. They must cease."

They had not ceased, but Cushing vainly imagined that they had not been conspicuous. He would have liked to ask Dorothy whether the fact that he had gone walking with her for about half an hour on the previous evening could account for her father's added displeasure, but Dorothy stood with the girls who were to sing, and to speak with her then would have been conspicuous indeed, for Cushing was not only a personage in Denham; he was also very tall, and Dorothy was above the average height, and her blond beauty was not of a quiet type. A conversation between them then would have attracted the eyes of the whole town.

It was probable that no opportunity would occur during the day, but one might be made in the course of an entertainment which was to be given in the evening, and to that Cushing looked forward. Accordingly, about half past 8 o'clock he tolled up the narrow and crooked stairs leading to old Armory hall, where the entertainment was to be held. The stairs led from a side entrance to a vestibule, which was on the front of the third story of the big wooden building. Cushing, pausing at the door, beheld the ball extraordinarily crowded. He caught a glimpse of Dorothy's golden crown in the far distance and instantly afterward met the cold. gray eyes of the general, who stood just within the portal.

Cushing turned away and looked out of the window in the end of the vestibule. Directly across the narrow street was the Redding block, an old wooden structure much like Armory hall. In the second story windows of this building he saw a strange light that wavered, flashed and brightened.

He gazed at it, terror stricken. With his mind's eye Cushing beheld every incident of the wild stampede from this crowded hall that must foitow the inevitable cry of "Fire!" He staggered the length of the vestibule and came face to face with General

Parker. "General, the Redding block is on "ire!" he whispered.

The old officer straightened up until be was as erect as a youth. He march-

ed to the window, glanced out and then returned to his former position.

A double door separated the vestibule from the hall. Only half of it was open; the other half was fastened by movable bolts running up into the casing and down into the floor. Cushing stooped to loosen the lower bolt.

"Don't do that," said the general calmly in his ear. "Pretend that it's stuck and stand by it. Don't let anybody get it open."

Cushing put his foot on the bolt and iron fence which surrounded stared at the general. Did he intend to the family plot in the cemetery quell a panic by shutting the people

> "Ladies and gentlemen," the general nant and commanding voice the hall became quiet.

Then in that very moment of silence crose the wild cry of fire in the street. gave the lie to death. On rising ground. The rush was instantaneous. Cushing opposite Cushing's position, a great felt the shock as the crowd struck the choir of girls and young women were closed part of the door. He thought it taking their places. Along the path must break; but men built honestly in

> "Open this door! Open this door!" screamed fifty voices.

Cushing, faint with panic, bent down the boit down, as if it could have jumped out of the socket without assistance. Nobody within could reach affliction. For a year it had been the it, and those that came out had something else to think about. A few men turned back, but Cushing pushed them

> It takes a long time for 500 people to get through a space four feet wide, especially when they are in too much of a hurry. There was a terrible jam at the door, but the general and some of his old comrades maintained their positions against the wall between the door and the near corner and managed to accomplish something in straightening out the tangle. Occasionally one of the old soldiers would be caught in the vortex and would come through, gasping with such breath as remained in his body: "Steady, steady, boys! Plenty of time." Then he would be swept on down the stairs.

The building opposite was flaring like a giant torch. Suddenly a gust of wind caught the flame and thrashed it across the street as if it had been a whip of fire. It struck the side of Armory hall with a crash, bursting the glass in the window of the vestibule and letting in a torrent of heat.

The people at the head of the stairs screamed and rushed down faster. A man turned to Cushing, crying, "For heaven's sake, pull that bolt!"

"It won't come," stammered Cushing. "I'm a coward," he was saying to himself. "I'm afraid right now. I want to run, though blast me if I know why. That's what the general has seen in me all along."

It was constantly in Cushing's mind that he ought to be at Dorothy's side. Of course it was utterly impossible for him to enter the hall against the tide of humanity. He must simply wait for her, but he resolved to desert his post when she appeared and protect her down the stairs.

Suddenly he was aware of her. She had tried to stop by her father's side. richest man in those parts should count | The struggle to extricate herself had for something. Moreover, the general turned her about, and she was thrust had been a warm friend of the elder through the doorway backward. As soon as it was passed the pressure the crowd relaxed, owing to the width of the vestibule. Relieved of this support, the girl fell helpless at the foot of the stairway that led upward to the

> Cushing forced his way across to where she had fallen and raised her in his arms. Instantly he was aware of the general just boyond the door. His voice was clear above the noise of the crowd the roar of the fire and the incessant beating of the water which an engine was now throwing upon the face of the building.

"Carry her upstairs!" he cried. Upstairs? The word came to Cushing as in a dream. He knew that the building was already aftre, and to go higher up in it was to invite death.



CUSHING CLASPED DOROTHY IN HIS ARMS AND FLED UPSTAIRS.

Yet under this feeling was his conviction that the general meant what he said; that he was cool in the midst of this excitement, with a tried soldier's courage. Cushing was not cool, and he knew it. His judgment at the moment was not worth a penny, and he had the sense to perceive this fact. He clasped Dorothy in his arms and fled up the stairs.

To his great surprise, a great num-

he Veteran BY EDWIN L. SABIN O'N the porch he proudly sits, In his straight backed wicker chair; Buttons bright and coat well brushed, Slouch hat over silvered hair; Listening with eager ear, Peering out with kindling eye, For the fife and drum and flag When "the boys" go marching by. FEW years a-back, and he In the ranks was keeping step! Now it is his heart alone Follows to the warning "hep:" Follows through the dusty streets. Banners drooping overhead. To the oak embowered slope. To the bivouac of the dead.

HE can only wait and dream. In his sun's deciming rays, Of the muster rolls that marked Other Decoration days. And adoten the aisles of Time He reviews, with subtle thrill, Camp and foray, song and cheer, And that charge at Malvern Hill? ON the porch he proudly sit

In his threadbare suit of blue Thinking of the hours agone, or Hours when he was marching too. And his cane upon the floor To the drum beats makes reply: "Thump" and "thump" and "thump, thump! As "the boys" go marching by Coppedite. 1905. by E. L. Sales

ber of people followed him. Nearly half of those remaining in the hall were deflected and took the stairs that led higher. The general overtook Cushing in the loft above and led the way to the rear where there was a small window. Ev-

ed just over the flat roof of another building, and upon this occasion it furnished a very easy exit for about fifty people Dorothy revived even before Cushshe descended through the other build-

erybody else had forgotten it. It open-

ing without assistance. She and her father and Cushing were the last to emerge. No sooner had Cushing's feet touched

the sidewalk than he was recognized and surrounded. It seemed that dozens of hands were extended toward "By George, sir." cried some one

"that was magnificent! Talk about presence of mind! If you had open ed the other half of that doer and let loose that flood of people on that narrow, crooked stairway, there'd have been a hundred killed. And as it is, there's nobody hurt."

"I!" gasped Cushing. "Presence of mind! I was seared silly. I baven't found out yet what I was about. It was the general's orders." He turned toward Parker, who ex-

tended his hand. "Frank," said he, "T've misjudged you. You're your father's son. You have the making of a fine soldier in

you." "Soldier!" echoed Cushing, with a bitter and choking laugh. "I guess not! I've found out tonight what I am."

"The first requisite of a soldier," said the general, "and the most important element of human character is obedience. If you had obeyed my order a year ago-but never mind that. Tonight has made all right. When you discovered the fire, you reported it, and from that moment you carried out every order to the letter. If you were

nervous, sir, it only makes your con duct more honorable. I could have done little without you. I could not have held that door myself. Nobody but you would obey my order to go up stairs. I had bawled myself hoarse But when you led, the others followed. and pressure on the lower stairs was relieved at the most critical moment." "I may have deserved a little credit," Cushing began, "for grabbing Dorothy up from under all those feet"-

"That showed intelligence," responding had carried her to the window, and , ed the general, smiling. "It is a minor consideration. Many men have intelligence, but few have the instinct of discipline. He who has it is a safe man, a man to be trusted. And now I must see if I can be of any assistance with this fire. You will take Dorothy

"Yes, sir," said Cushing promptly.

The Case of Private Groat

N the battle field of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Va., is a government cemetery wherein are buried the bodies of Uuion soldiers exhumed since that bloody contest. One Memorial day some years ago an other in charge of a detachment of United States regulars went up from Fort Monroe to place flowers Just before the battle here." over the dead in this cemetery. While they are standing before a grave, let us go back to a certain day in 1862 when the Army of the Potomac was at Yorktown.

One morning a general on a tour of inspection stopped at a shot riddled house in which a man was confined under sentence of death.

"What are you here for, my man?" asked the general.

"Desertion." "Have you been tried?" "Yes, gineral, and sentenced. I'm

to be shot on the -th I don't mind bein' shot, so long 's I'm not to be hanged. D'ye see the pictur' pinned to the wall, gineral?" pointing to a card photograph of a boy about two years old. "Well, that's my son Billy. I've always wanted the little chap, when he's grow'd up, to be a sojer, I consider sojerin' the nobles' perfeshun on the service to Billy, bearin' the same name 's his father-shot for desertion-but that can't nowise be helped. Least. and barn. aways he won't be disgraced by his tather's havin' been hanged."

"You talk like a good soldier," said the general. "Why did you desert?"

"Well, ye see, gineral, Billy was sick and ye wouldn't let me go home. I always been used to goin' to sleep on his pop's shoulder. So I jist went home for awhile till I found he wasn't goin' to die nohow; then I come back.' The next day the command was moved forward and at evening a young aid-de-camp rode up to the field in which Private Groat was held and said to the officer of the guard:

"The general wants to know whether the enemy is occupying that wood over there. Take your men, go in and find I'll take care of your prisoner while you are gone."

The guard marched away, and as soon as the aid was alone with Private Groat he said to him:

"Light out!" When Groat understood that he was free to go, he said:

'Couldn't do that honorable. Besides, ef they'd ketch me, next time they'd like enough hang me, and the disgrace restin' on my Billy 'd be trrrible." "Well, then," said the aid impatient-

ly, "you'll have to be shot. President Lincoln alone can pardon you.' Groat scratched his head thoughtful-

ly, then suddenly took to his heels. A few weeks later the general who had connived at Private Groat's escape was superintending the hurried throwing up of an earthwork in his front at a point where seven pine trees grew together when Private Groat stepped up to him and, saluting, stood at attention. An astonished, troubled look crossed the general's face.

"I thought you had escaped," he said. "1 did." "Well, now that you have returned, it is my duty to order you shot."

"I have been to the president," said Groat. "He give me that," handing the general a slip of paper. It was a pardon written in President Lincoln's handwriting and signed by him.

The whirl of battle came on and the general dashed away. Private Groat fell in with a battery behind the breastwork, and when every man at his gun was shot down worked the piece alone; but only for a moment, for a bullet pierced his brain and a storm cloud of gray passed over his

When the army came to a rest after that campaign, the following order was issued:

Special Order No. —

(1) Private Willam Groat, —th regiment — vols., killed in battle, having been pardoned by the president, is hereby released from arrest and restored to duty.

(2) Honorable mention is hereby made of Private William Groat,—th regiment—vols., for gallant and meritorious services in working a deserted gun, at

Let us now return to the party of United States regulars standing before a grave in the government cemetery The officer in command, approaching the headstone, read the name:

PRIVATE WILLIAM GROAT.

"Groat?" he said. "It seems to me that I am familiar with that name." "We have a William Groat with us, sir," said a sergeant, saluting-"that man over there."

"Tell him to come here." A young soldier approached, and the

officer said to him: "Are you the son of William Groat, who was pardoned"-

"Yes, sir; my mother has often told me how he was ordered to 'light out;'



A BULLET PIERCED HIS HEAD, ow he saw the president and returned "You are little Billy?"

"Yes, sir.' "And I am the man who told him to "light out."

Then, assuming the position of a sol dier, the officer called:
"Attendon! This grave will be decorated by Private William Groat, the son of the man whose death was one of the most heroic of the thousands at the battle of Seven Pines."

Private Groat advanced and laid the flowers on the rounded heap. F. A. MITCHEL

Vote for Binger Hermann, the Re publican nominee for Congressman. Seeds, timothy and clover, at W. B Hicks.

Robert McCracken, of Central, Iowa has leased his Eastern farm and earth. I know it'll be a backset in the bought the Hickock farm, and is improving the property with a new house

ROLLAND W. PETERSON.

Peterson, P. U.'s crack sprinter, is a splendidly developed lad, the son of was afeard he would die callin' on his the senior member of the meat market pop and no pop there to cuddle him up firm. Graduating from the Franklin, in his arms. Ye see, gineral, Billy has Nebraska, High school, when his family came to Oregon he entered Pacific University, and has been one of its



ROLLAND W. PETERSON.

leaders in athletics. He tied the record of the Northwest champion in the 220-yard dash before the last meet. 220-yard dash before the last meet, and by his victory over Payne now holds the state championship.

Washington County is in honor bound to give her best majority to the Republican party at this time. Election is Monday, June 1.

We give below a few descriptions of the various kinds of property which we have for sale, with prices. Other descriptions will be given on application. Correspondence solicited.

440 acres timber land, 13 miles from Forest Grove. Price \$2,500, if taken before July 1st.

40 acres, all under fence, 15 acres under good cultivation, good orchard, 10 acres slashed, burned and seeded. 15 acres timber. Water piped to dwelling from spring. Running water for stock. Good dwelling, 21-2 miles from Forest Grove. Price, \$850. Easy terms.

76 acres, 30 acres under cultivation. balance best of timber. Orchard, dwelling, barn, etc., all level, smooth land, 4 miles from Forest Grove. Price \$2700.

74 acres, 11/2 miles from Gaston. Good new dwelling, large barn, orchara and running water. Fences in good repair. With growing crop. Price, \$3000, if taken before July 1, 1903.

58 acres, 4 miles from Forest Grove 50 acres under good cultivation. Dwelling cost \$1500, large new barn, 2 large orchards of the best select fruit. Ail level land, the best improved and nicest small farm in Washington county. Price \$4000. Terms to suit purchaser.

If you do not find in the above something which you think you would like, write to us stating what sort of property you wish and we will try to suit

WAGNER BUILDING FOREST GROVE

S. T. CROW

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Forest Grove.