

The General's Orders

By HOWARD FIELDING

FRANK CUSHING stood by the iron fence which surrounded the family plot in the cemetery of his native town. A brisk, warm wind caught up the fragrance from the flowers upon his father's grave and rustled in the folds of the flag that flew from a short staff placed before the headstone.



"THE REDDING BLOCK IS ON FIRE!" heaviest burden and the darkest mystery of Cushing's life.

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 said a year ago: "Frank, your attentions to Dorothy are becoming conspicuous. They must cease."

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."

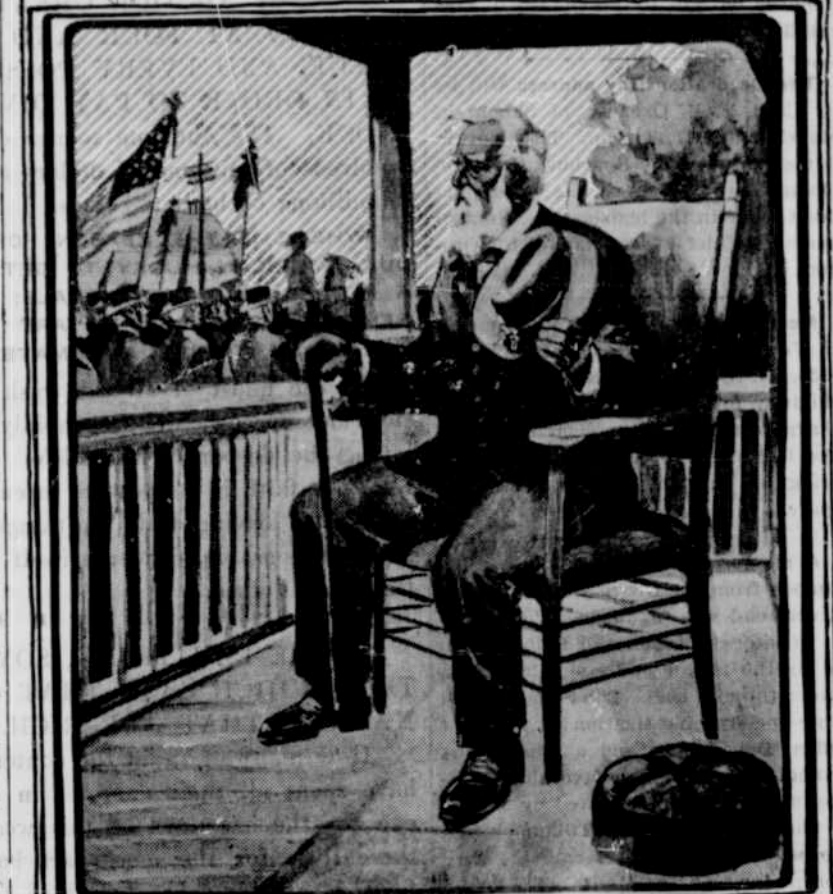
It takes a long time for 500 people to get through a space four feet wide, especially when they are in too much of a hurry. There was a terrible jam at the door, but the general and some of his old comrades maintained their positions against the wall between the door and the near corner and managed to accomplish something in straightening out the tangle.

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.

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.

The Veteran

ON 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.



HE can only wait and dream, In his sun's declining rays, Of the muster rolls that marked Other Decoration days. And adown 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 sits, In his threadbare suit of blue, Thinking of the hours ago, Hours when he was marching too, And his cane upon the floor To the drum beats makes reply: "Thump" and "thump" and "thump, thump, thump!" As "the boys" go marching by.

ber of people followed him. Nearly half of those remaining in the hall were deflected and took the stairs that led higher. The general overlooked Cushing in the loft above and led the way to the rear where there was a small window. Everybody else had forgotten it. It opened just over the flat roof of another building, and upon this occasion it furnished a very easy exit for about fifty people.

to be shot on the —th I don't mind being shot, so long as I'm not to be hanged. I've seen the picture planned to the wall, general?" 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 grown up, to be a soldier. I consider soldier's the noblest profession on the earth. I know it'll be a setback in the service to Billy, bearing the same name as his father—shot for desertion—but that can't nowise be helped. Least-ways he won't be disgraced by his father's having been hanged."

"You talk like a good soldier," said the general. "Why did you desert?" "Well, ye see, general, Billy was sick and ye wouldn't let me go home. I was afraid he would die callin' on his pop and no pop there to cuddle him up in his arms. Ye see, general, Billy has 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 nobow; then I come back."

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."



A BULLET FIERCED HIS HEAD, how he saw the president and returned just before the battle here. "You are little Billy?" "Yes, sir." "And I am the man who told him to 'light out!'" Then, assuming the position of a soldier, the officer called: "Attention! 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."

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

Robert McCracken, of Central, Iowa, has leased his Eastern farm and bought the Hickock farm, and is improving the property with a new house and barn.

ROLLAND W. PETERSON.

Peterson, P. U.'s crack sprinter, is a splendidly developed lad, the son of the senior member of the meat market firm. Graduating from the Franklin, 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.

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

Real Estate Bargain List

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.

The Case of Private Groat

ON the battle field of Seven Pines, near Richmond, Va., is a government cemetery where in are buried the bodies of Union soldiers exhumed since that bloody contest. One Memorial day some years ago an officer in charge of a detachment of United States regulars went up from Fort Monroe to place flowers 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.