

## "ORDERS ARE ORDERS."

BY JAMES BARNES.

Only once did I accompany an exhibition that was sent out to destroy a Boer farm from whence the troops of the advancing army under Lord Roberts had been fired upon. I shall never forget it as long as I live, and neither will a certain young officer, whose name, for reasons that are plain in the tale that is to follow, I cannot mention.

In military service, "orders are orders," and that is one of the reasons why men do things without reasoning and sometimes without reason. If they carry out instructions, they cannot go wrong, is the way they look at it. It is none of their responsibility; they are relieved of all consequences. I have heard men say, with a feeling of relief, although perceiving plainly the inevitable: "Here are my orders, I have got to do 'so and so.' I think it is all wrong, and I probably will get killed; in fact, it appears that most of us will be killed. But it's none of my doing. If I am killed, it's not my fault." And with this rather strange excuse for getting ready to die, as if devoid of fear, the man will go forward. It is a bit hard, and his mind may not be in an exalted state, but he actually seems to feel relief at being unburdened of the coming responsibility. If he carries out his orders to the letter and returns, well and good. If he does not, well and good again, so far as he is concerned. He has done his duty in accordance with military usage.

A good many miles south of the Vaal the army had been encamped for a day beside a river. The country was a country that one could call a rich farming district. There were a number of prosperous-looking homesteads within a few miles of one another, with acres of meadow-fields and plowed ground now lying fallow and unsown since the beginning of the war. It was scarcely the army of marching, but the army was up and stirring. There had been no fighting to speak of for two or three days and the three divisions under Generals Tuckey, Buller, and Hamilton had been moving on in parallel columns. But the evening before, directly in front of the Eleventh Division, there had been a sharp little rattle of rifle fire, and one Remington scout had been killed, and three or four mounted infantry wounded. I had been standing at dusk when this had occurred, and I had quite forgotten it. I was in the saddle early, and as I passed through the camp an officer standing up, with a cup of coffee in one hand, and a biscuit in the other, hailed me pleasantly, asking me to stop and partake of refreshments. As I had already breakfasted, I declined my friend's invitation and rode on. It had been my intention to stop at a little white farm-house that I could see standing in a garden with trees, some two miles away to the eastward.

"First come, first served," holds, good on the veldt. The place looked inhabited, and I thought that I might possibly bargain with the women folks for a fowl or two, or perhaps obtain those longed-for luxuries, soft bread, milk, or eggs. So I rode slowly on. When I got to the bank of the little stream, I could see that a white flag on a high pole was flying from the corner of the garden, and that another bit of white flag flapped from the gable end of the house. It was rather early for a call, and, as there was a fairly deep pool of water in the Spruit, I tied my horse to a tree and proceeded to take a long-deferred plunge. As I was dressing, I was surprised to see a number of infantry come down through the bushes, and heard my name called. Looking up, there was the young officer who had spoken to me an hour or so before.

In reply to my question as to what he was doing so far off the line of march, he frowned and shook his head.

"I've got a rotten job," he said, shortly. "I'm ordered to set fire to this farm-house yonder. Some of our mounted men were fired on from the walls and the buildings last night. I hope there are no women about. I don't believe much in this burning business."

"No more do I," I returned. "And I am glad there has been little of it."

As we came up the bank I perceived that it must have been here that the skirmish had taken place the evening before, for a dead horse, shot through the head and stripped of his saddle and accoutrements, lay just on the fringe of the trees. The house and garden were perhaps a thousand yards away.

As we approached, we saw that they had all the evidences of belonging to people who were plainly prosperous. The garden had been planted a long time, and the gum-trees rose to at least thirty or forty feet, throwing a shade over the low, stone-flagged stoep. There were some vegetables still growing on each side of a well-kept path, and a number

of flowering plants in tin pots stood on each side of the doorway. There were curtains at the windows, and signs of female occupation on the washline. A hammock was stretched from the corner of the house to one of the big gums. The outbuildings were in good repair, although the loft window of the stable stood gaping wide, and the ground about was littered with oat-straw. As we came round the corner a fat fox-terrier rushed out and barked at us, and at the sound a woman appeared on the threshold. She was well dressed and perhaps sixty years of age, with a kindly, pleasant face, although it bore traces of worry and suffering. The officer hesitated at the gate.

"Confound it!" said he beneath his breath, "just what I expected."

The old lady, perceiving that we had stopped there, called to us to enter, and as we came up the path a young girl of eighteen or thereabouts, a very pretty girl, appeared behind her. They did not look like Boers, and the old lady's speech showed that she had little Dutch about her.

"I'm so sorry for what occurred here yesterday," she said. "I begged the Boers not to fire from our garden, but they would do so despite me. I come from the Colony, and so did my husband." She spoke so quickly, in such a torrent of words, that the officer did not have time to interrupt. She explained that she had two nephews who had been on commando; she gave us their names and their ages. One had been killed months before at Modder River, and the other was "in the ambulance." She told us that they did not want to go to fight, but were compelled to. This was her farm, and her nephews took care of it for her. Her husband was dead, and this was her niece, her sister's child. "Search my house," she went on; "you will not find any arms or ammunition. We are really for the English. My husband, when he was alive, was against Steyn, although he became a Burgher of the Free State. I hope the war will soon be over; I hope and pray it will," she continued. "We have had enough suffering and destruction already." She finished her long speech by informing us that they were just getting breakfast ready, and asked us to come in the house and have some coffee. I was feeling so uncomfortable that I would have liked to run away, and a glance at my friend showed me that he was actually suffering. The half-company of men stood outside the wall leaning on their rifles, and looking longingly at a few chickens that were pecking about the oat-straw which lay about the farmyard.

"Won't you come in?" said the young girl, seconding her aunt's invitation; and, taking off his helmet, the young officer went into the house, and I followed him. I was surprised at the evidence of taste and comfort—almost luxury. A good-sized parlor with a rug stood in one corner. There were ornaments and knickknacks on the table, and a bookcase filled with books—all in English. Everything was neat as a pin. On the walls in the hall were horns of various kinds of antelope that had once been found in multitudes on the high veldt, and that now had disappeared almost entirely.

"Tell Sannah to bring some coffee," said the young woman to a diminutive Kaffir boy, who stood gorming at us with round black eyes.

The officer spoke at last.

"No, I don't think we will take any, thank you," he said, and then in a few words he explained his mission, the perspiration rolling down his face. I could not look at either one of the women, and wished for a hundred times that I had never come. "My orders are most explicit," continued the young officer. "Our men have been shot at so many times from houses flying the white flag, and one was killed here last night."

The young woman had begun to sob softly, but the older one stepped forward and spoke clearly.

"But it was not our fault," she said. "I begged them not to, and they robbed us of almost all our forage, and took our meales and vegetables. He was a brute, that Veldt Cornet; he would not listen! Surely those who gave you the orders did not expect you to burn a defenceless woman's house over her head. What am I to do if you burn my house?"

"My orders took care of that," said the young officer. "You are to be allowed to take supplies, and I will give you a pass for yourself and servants to Bloemfontein. There the authorities will take care of you, or you can stay here at a neighbor's if you like to."

He did not say anything in excuse of his position; he did not even tell how disagreeable it was to him. But his tones and attitude must have shown it plainly. The old lady did not break down.

"Well, I suppose you will have to do what you say," she said. "Oh, this war! why did they bring it upon us? We were contented

and happy." I almost wished that she had become abusive, but women have strange self-control at times. "Can we remove everything from the house?" she asked.

"My men will help you," answered the young officer. "Have you any method of conveyance, any wagon?"

"We have a cart and two old ponies, but they won't be able to carry much more than ourselves." She turned to the girl and told her to go out and get "Jan" and "Piet," and just as she did so the black girl appeared with some steaming coffee-cups on a tray. I could not have tasted it; it would have choked me. The woman spoke a few words in Dutch to the servant, and the latter put down the tray. Both women disappeared, leaving the officer and myself alone.

"Let's get out of this," he said. When we got out into the sunlight, I looked at him. "Surely," said I, "you are not going to."

He said nothing, but gave some orders to the men, and they began to remove things from the house. The two women did not stand by idly. It was pitiful to see them carrying out armfuls of clothing and other articles. The soldiers worked without a word. They appeared ashamed of the job also.

I began to have a fresh idea of the saying that "war is hell." I walked over where my horse was tied, and would have ridden away but the officer called me back:

"Don't go yet," he said; "please don't go."

So I stayed against my will. I suppose it was impossible to get everything out of the house, but soon the women appeared satisfied, and sat down on a settee, and the both began to weep. The men stood awkwardly about waiting for orders, and the Kaffir servants formed a whispering group a little way apart.

"My orders were to set fire to the house," said the officer. "They did not mention the outbuildings." And with that he told some men to follow him, and walked over toward the barn. In a few minutes four or five appeared, dragging a half-bale of chaff, and others with their arms full of broken bundles of straw and manna—a rough, coarse hay. The officer turned to the sergeant.

"Sergeant," said he, "take your men and march them over to the railway" (it is a mile or more distant to the west). "Let Judson stay with me" (Judson was the officer's soldier-servant.)

In a few minutes the company, in charge of the sergeant, had marched away over a little raise in the ground, and the officer, Judson, and myself alone were left.

Now, the house was a stone, one, and on one side, the gable end, it had but one window high in the peak. The women had stopped weeping and were watching us. The officer, with the soldier's assistance (for, of course, I would not bear a hand), dragged the inflammable bale of chaff to the side of the house. He pitched the loose bundles of hay on top of it; but before he had done this, he had taken out his little red order-book and scribbled a few lines on a page and torn it out. The elder woman had taken it.

"My orders were to set fire to the house," he said to me, as if I had expostulated with him. "Orders are orders," and he repeated it, "to set fire to the house."

Then he took out a silver match-safe and struck a match, quickly applying it to the loose end of the bale. A little crackling flame leapt forth.

"Now come," said the officer; "we'll go." And, leaping my horse by the bridle, the officer, Judson, and myself walked over the hill after the company. Not one of us looked back over his shoulder, and not a word did I say of the occurrence to my friends again, not a word did I say to any one in connection with the army, and this is the first time the story has been written. But I kept thinking to myself: "If those two able-bodied Kaffirs cannot put out that fire before it has eaten through the foot of solid stone or completely ignited the window-casing above it, they are not worth much!"

And there is just another ending. When I came down on the railway some five months later, I stood at the window of the coach, waiting, glass in hand, to pass this very spot, and I am rejoiced to say that there stood the white farm-house nestled among its trees, and I could see a woman's figure hanging out some things on the clothes-line. Apparently the Kaffirs were worth something.

What report the officer made I do not know, for I never asked him; but if a General wants a house burned down, he had better say so. The limitations of an order are in its wording. The burning of inhabited farms I believe to have been bad policy.

## Some Won't Believe It.

Many people who have suffered the acute misery of itching or bleeding piles for years in spite of medicines and operations won't believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is an actual cure. There has never yet been a person to doubt the efficacy of this great preparation after using one box. It acts like magic in stopping the pain and itching, and is positively guaranteed to cure any case of bleeding or protruding piles. Ask your neighbors about it. Your dealer has it.

"That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night."

"Yes father; I suppose he thinks that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

A bottle of Liniment for 10c. is what you want. That's Bentley's!

## Literary Notes.

The leading article in McClure's MAGAZINE for March will be a character study of Edward the Seventh, written by George W. Smalley, the American correspondent of the London Times, and illustrated by a remarkable collection of photographs.

"Life Portraits of Queen Victoria will be a feature in the MAGAZINE. The series is made up of reproductions from photographs and paintings, and it is of notable historical value. They cover the life of the queen from infancy to old age, and are accompanied by descriptive text.

Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States, will contribute an article entitled "Reform Through Social Work."

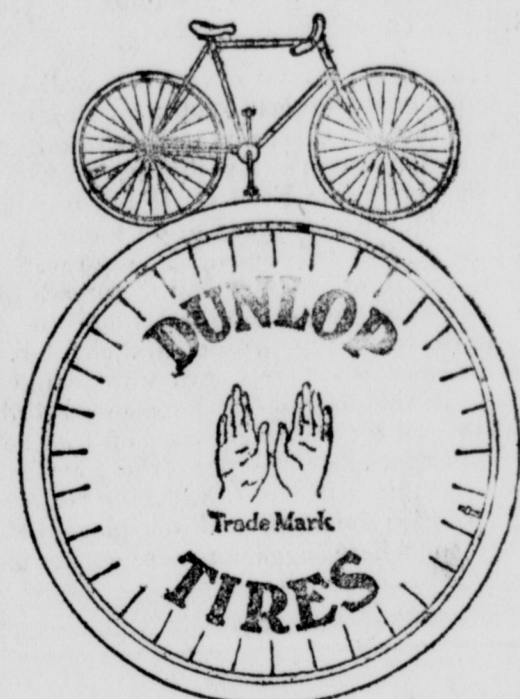
"Disbanding the Union Army" is the title of an article by Ida M. Tarbell, which will appear in the March number of McClure's MAGAZINE. This will fully describe the extraordinary feat accomplished by the Federal Government at the close of the Civil War, when, without any disaster, a million soldiers were returned to quiet pursuits. The article is elaborately illustrated.

THE S. S. MCCLURE CO.  
141-155 East 25th St., New York City.

Prizes for the Helpless.—"Elith, this last china plate you painted is awful—awful." "Now, never mind about that, Edgar; I'll give a whisky party one of these days!" [Detroit Free Press.]

Make your living in your own home easily—at your leisure! We have a new and profitable plan. Write us. Send your address on post card and we will send you particulars. PEOPLE'S SYNDICATE, Dept. C, 130 Yonge St., Toronto.

First Inference.—First Politician.—"Did you see that Weissker has been announced to discuss a few public questions on a moral plane?" "Surely, and I wonder who the moral philosopher is?" [Indianapolis Press.]



A Bicycle fitted with Dunlop Tires is held in higher estimation because its maker put a perfect finish on it. You can have Dunlop Tires with "the thickened tread" on any wheel you buy—no extra charge.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

To Michael Mulhern of the Parish of Simonds in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J. Mulhern his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the sixteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "J" No. 3 on page 648, 649 and 650 and made between the said Michael Mulhern and Mary J. his wife, of the one part, and Richard Maxted of the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, Caretaker, now deceased, of the other part: There will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the law office of Louis E. Young on Main street in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton on SATURDAY the NINTH DAY of MARCH next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon all the mortgaged lands and premises in the said mortgage described as follows:

"All the three following described tracts, pieces and parcels of lands and premises, First a tract, piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Simonds, County and Province first written and bounded as follows:—To wit, on the East by the highway road leading from the main St. John North by the said highway running through the McCafferty settlement, on the West by the road running North and South through the McCafferty settlement said land being forty rods in width along said North and South road, on the South by lands owned and occupied by Patrick Mulhern and John Christian until it strikes the highway road leading from the main St. John highway or place of beginning containing by estimation thirty seven acres more or less and also all that certain piece of land being in the Parish of Simonds aforesaid and known and described as follows:—Name-ly, commencing at the North East corner of lands granted to James Lipssett thence running South East to the McCafferty road so called thence running North along the said McCafferty road to place of beginning and containing twelve acres more or less and also all that certain piece or parcel of land in the Parish of Simonds, County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, known and described as follows:—Viz., beginning at the East side of a reserved road at the South East corner of land owned by Dennis McCafferty thence East forty-two and two-third rods, thence North thirty rods, thence West forty-two and two-third rods to aforesaid reserved road, thence South to place of beginning and containing eight acres more or less. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements and the appurtenances thereunto belonging."

Dated this nineteenth day of January, A. D., 1901.

NEWTON R. COLTER,  
MARY H. THORNTONWAITE,  
formerly MARY H. MAXTED,  
Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of RICHARD MAXTED.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,  
Solicitor for Executors of Mortgages.

## EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the NINTH DAY of MARCH next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday the eighteenth day of December A. D. 1900, in a certain cause therein pending, between Eliza J. Tibbits, Plaintiff, and Allen W. Tibbits and Fanny Tibbits his wife and George W. Boyer, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly nominated and selected by the Clerk in Equity as the Referee under the said Decretal Order, the lands and premises mentioned and directed to be sold by the said Decretal Order, and therein described as follows:—

All that certain tract of land situate in the Parish of Peel in the County of Carleton, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post standing at the north-western angle of lot number two hundred and fifty one purchased by David N. Raymond in Block A. west of Coldstream, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, south eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east one hundred chains to a post, thence north eighteen degrees east ten chains and forty-two links to another post, thence north eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes west one hundred and four chains to another post and thence south three degrees and fifteen minutes west ten chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number two hundred and fifty-two in the year of granted lands fronting on Coldstream, and being the same land granted by the Crown to one Charles Tibbits on the eighteenth day of January A. D. 1869.

Dated the twenty-ninth day of December A. D. 1900.

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,  
D. MCLEOD VINCE, Referee in Equity,  
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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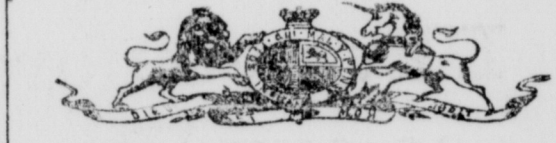
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No. 6 Main Street.

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SEED SUPPLY CO., TORONTO, CAN.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Wharf at Coles Point, N. B." will be received at this office until Friday, the 8th day of March, 1901, for the construction of a wharf at Coles Point, Westmorland County, N. B., according to a plan and a specification, to be seen at the office of J. T. F. Shaw, Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., C. E. W. Dodwell, Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for four thousand dollars (\$4,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
JOS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 13th February, 1901.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.



## MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 15th March next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way between Meductic and Woodstock from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Meductic and Woodstock, and at this office.

N. R. COLTER,  
Post Office Inspector.  
St. John, N. B., Feb. 18th, 1901.

## FOR SALE.

A farm free from stones, having a young orchard, well fenced, under good cultivation cutting yearly fifty tons of hay, situated on Connell Road 13 miles from Main street. Formerly Gilman farm. Comfortable house with ell, woodshed, and two barns. A good bargain. Apply to HARTLEY & CARVELL, or COLIN CAMPBELL.  
January 8th 1901.

Restored Nine Years for Tetter.—Mr. James Gates, caretaker, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been afflicted with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured."—25¢ Sold by Garden Bros.

"Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself." This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinched" the advice by prescribing Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder-worker in all phases of stomach disorders from the little "ferment" after eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 25 cents.—25¢ Sold by Garden Bros.