East Oregonian.

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BEST OF CARE TAKEN OF TEAMS OVER NIGHT

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Treasury Department, Office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., January 16, 1902. Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Pendleton, in the city of Pendleton, in the county of Umatilla and state of Oregon, has complied with all of the provisions of the "Act of Congress to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12, 1882,

Now, therefore, I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Pendleton," in the City of Pendleton, in the county of Umatilla and state of Oregon, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association, namely, until close of business on January 16, 1922.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and Seal of office this sixteenth day of January, 1902.

WM. B. RIDGELY,
Comptroller of the Currency.

THE MAN WHO WAS MUSTERED OUT....

BY LEO CRANE

Copyright, 1901, by Leo Crane.

The small column of rough looking men that wound in single file through the tangled jungle was all that remained of the once mighty Twelfth. It had dwindled to this handful in the space of nine months, and no doubt when the wet season began even the skeleton would have room for fresh recruits, providing always the rebels, who lay hidden in the wild grasses, would allow the fever time enough. A rebel in the wild grass is as certain as the fever, and much quicker.

Nine months before the Twelfth had landed from the rusty red transport Southern Queen and had marched with a swinging step over the wet sand. The straggly line of palms skirting the beach swallowed them, and from that moment the decimation began.

For a time they idled in the hot sun at Qualmas, where they ate fruit, sickened, a few died and the rest recovered to curse the heat and to wonder why they didn't go up country. Then they went up country and the rebels amused them grimly. This for nine months. The Twelfth was thoroughly tired out.

"Don't you wish you were goin' home, Connelly?" asked a man trudging behind a great tall chap.

"Home! Do you ever expect to get home? Bosh!"

"Do you mean San Pedro or do you mean the real home?" asked another.

"Why, I meant home, across the water, where the people are of the white brand, and where there's hot biscuits, and a bed, and clean water and girls. Oh! I meant home!"

Harrison looked at the man and shook his head strangely.

"Don't git that way often, Parsons; it affects the head so."

"But I had a dream last night and we were all goin' home."

"Funny dream, that," said Martin. "What you want is a good stiff dose of quinine—somethin' like twenty-five grains."

"No doubt the poor lad's nerves are gone," said another, "all jangled and out of tune."

"Wish I could dream, though," growled Connelly. "There's lots of things I'd dream about—there's"— But Connelly broke off with a murmur in his throat. The things he would dream about were evidently not for the ears of the regiment.

"You'd dream about what?" asked a man.

But his question went unanswered.

The straggly line of men emerged from the shadow and came to where they could see the white huts of San Pedro glaring in the tropical sun.

"Seems to me there's somethin' a-goin' on down there," said Martin.

"There just is that," replied Harrison, shading his eyes from the sun and gazing at the town's gate.

"Derned if I don't believe it's the reserve that's come up."

"Too good to be true, and, besides, Parsons, you're always believin', and dreamin' things."

"But if it is maybe we'll go to some place farther down the coast. Maybe we'll see somethin' new. Maybe"—

"Well, ain't you done with maybein'?"

The tall man looked at the questioner and replied slowly:

"And maybe we'll go home!"

It seemed to stun the lot of them. One gasped and turned pale. Home! They had never given that a thought. Home? While the rebels were yet hiding in the bush and the war in progress? Then a fellow who never did anything of note before began to sing to a wonderful tune of his own:

> "We're goin' home! We're goin' home!
> Our ship is at the shore,
> And you can pack your haversack,
> Fur we won't come back no more.
> Oh, we won't come back no more, my boys,
> We won't come back no more!"

and the whole rank took up the burden of the chorus:

> "Oh, we won't come back no more, my boys,
> We won't come back no more!"

With a quickened step, born of the swinging meter of the song, the Twelfth marched to the town's little gate. The hot sun, the tropical smell, the petty ills and the quinine were all forgotten in their curiosity to learn why a strange sentry paced forward and back before the place. Like so many statues they waited for the lieutenant to reappear from the commander's hut. He came out with a smile on his face.

"The Twelfth is mustered out!"

A yell went skyward that made the vines rustle and above all the rest big Connelly bawled:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We're goin' home."

* * * * * * *

Five men surrounded a pair of the new guard and begged from them an old newspaper.

"Look here, Connelly"—

"What? Newspapers? Gimme one! What a find! A newspaper!"

"S'pose you almost forgot there was such a thing."

"Perhaps. See if there's anything from home."

"Home? Where d'you live anyway, Connelly?"

"Gloucester."

"Why, that's in Massachusetts."

"Of course, dummyhouse! Look fer the news, will you?"

"What's the date? Five months old, this paper! Gloucester—Gloucester—here 'tis—Gloucester:

"'Man killed at the town hall last night'—now that's what I call an interesting piece of news, seein' as we don't know what a killin' is. 'George Hall convicted of stealin' from Nathan Forrest'—that sounds like home—'Bill 'Marriage'—that's very homelike—'Bill Thompson dead; leaves forty thousand dollars.' That's all, Connelly, from Gloucester."

"Humph! Who's married?"

"Lemme see—'Miss Bessie Williams and'"—

"You lie! Let me see that!"

"What in the name of nation is the matter with you, Connelly?"

"You're right, Parsons, that's all! That's all!"

And big Connelly, the man with an intense longing for home, bent down his head and walked with a swagger to the far end of the town.

* * * * * * *

The next morning, when the bugle called the men of the Twelfth from the dingy white huts, they sprang forth with alacrity.

"We're a mighty slim crowd compared to all that came up, ain't we?"

"Well, I should say! There was Sam Johnson and Jerry Patterson, Bill Williams, Harry Carter—but what's the use in countin' 'em?—all gone, and good boys, too, all good boys. But, then, that's what we 'listed fur."

"And we're the lucky dogs! I wouldn't be one of them fellers what's come to relieve us—no, not for a cool million. Would you, Connelly?"

"I don't know," replied Connelly wearily.

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't know."

Then the bugle blared again. The tall man turned and walked to the lieutenant and saluted:

"Well, Connelly?"

"I—I think I'd like to stay and enlist with the other regiment sir—and—and stay out the war. You see"—

The face of the lieutenant became as a stone mask and for a moment he stared fixedly. Then, remembering his rank, he said kindly:

"If you think so, Connelly, you may report to Major Southern."

The Twelfth marched out and the last man, looking back from a distant hill, saw a forlorn figure watching by the old gate. He waved a last farewell to the man in the sun painted landscape. A fellow by his side started to hum again the song of the swinging meter:

> "Oh, we're goin' home! We're goin' home!
> Our ship is at"—

"Oh, shut up!" growled out the man. The skeleton of the Twelfth, minus one of the larger bones, marched on in silence.

Turquoises and the Mongols.

Turquoises are the favorite stones of all the Mongol races and are generally worn in their original state, except by the Chinese women, who have them roughly cut and wear them mixed with pearls and coral. Both the Tibetan men and women ornament themselves with lump turquoises, the men wearing them attached to their single gold ear rings, which are worn in the right ear only.

The women of Ladakh carry their fortunes on their heads, in the shape of a broad strip of red cloth studded with huge turquoises, which, starting from the forehead, is carried over the head and hangs nearly to the waist. These peraks, as they are called, sometimes cost as much as £20. By the Ladakhis those turquoises are preferred that have little black specks on them, which show their genuineness, for even in the wilds of central Asia the spotless blue composition emanating from Europe is offered for sale, the bazaar at Darjeeling being flooded with it.

The Bhutia women in the Darjeeling district wear quaint brass ornaments covered with chip turquoises, which are cheap, but the Mongolians have the embossed silver plates which form such a becoming headgear, studded with really fine turquoises, for which the owners have to give valuable furs in exchange.—Cornhill.

The Betel Nut.

Betel nuts, the produce of the areca palm, are chiefly used as a masticatory by the natives of the east. They are too small to be applied to many ornamental uses, but are occasionally employed by the turner and wrought into beads for bracelets, small rosary cases and other little fancy articles. In the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew there is a walking stick made of these nuts, sliced, mounted or supported on an iron center.

Didn't Get the Credit.

"I was sorry I sent Ellen such an expensive wedding present."

"Why were you?"

"Why, she went and placed them on exhibition without the donor's cards."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ON THE REBOUND

By GARFIELD MACNEAL

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Lillian Treadwell awoke on the morning of her thirtieth birthday to the sickening consciousness that she was an old maid. She parted the cretonne curtains of her bed, curtains covered with red roses, suggestive of summer sunshine, and turned her eyes toward the window. Rain beating against the panes and dull gray sky proclaimed a cheerless November day. She sighed. Then, stretching out a shapely arm, she took a silver hand mirror from the nearby dressing table and carefully studied her features. In the language of Shakespeare she saw "no deeper wrinkles yet," face long and oval, patrician in outline and expression, skin rather olive, eyes brown, deep and luminous, a mouth generously molded, and a wealth of brown hair. On the whole it was a notable face and one of character.

Dropping the mirror on the bed, she called, "Lois!" A French maid, neat, trim and smiling, appeared with the breakfast tray.

"Ah, ma'm'selle! A thousand congratulations on your birthday."

"My thirtieth, Lois! But thank you just the same."

"Ma'm'selle is still young, and already fame has come to you. And when your novel is published the world will be at your feet," said Lois with a comprehensive sweep indicating the world.

"Oh, yes, the novel," murmured her mistress, sitting up and starting in on her coffee and rolls, while the maid laid a bundle of letters and manuscripts on the bed.

Miss Treadwell opened the one bulky package and looked at the accompanying letter. It was from a great publishing house, formally expressing regret that they were unable to accept her novel.

She gulped down something in her throat. Her novel declined! Her first really original work, to which she had given the leisure hours of six years! Truly, this was a most delightful birthday gift.

"Lois," she said—and her voice trembled—"Lois, my novel has been declined."

"Ah, ma'm'selle, I am too sorry"—with quick sympathy—"but some other publisher will accept it."

Her mistress shook her head. "I shall not send it out again. I shall stick to hack work. I can at least make a living at that." Then she added reflectively, "my life has been a failure."

Lois protested. She worshiped her mistress. "Ma'm'selle has been successful. You have a pretty apartment and everything you want."

"Other women, too, have pretty apartments and everything they want."

"Ah, yes, but they did not work for them," said Lois with a worldly shrug as she went in response to the electric bell, which at this moment buzzed loudly in the hall.

She reappeared with a huge white box. "Flowers, ma'm'selle, and a note," she said gayly.

Miss Treadwell cut the ribbon that held the box and disclosed a mass of violets. They seemed to look up at her tenderly yet shrinkingly as she bent over them. With a sigh of pleasure she took the note and studied the bold handwriting of the superscription. Her heart jumped. Surely it was Jack's! Dear old Jack had remembered her!

She slit across the end of the envelope while her fingers trembled and eagerly unfolded the paper.

"Dear Lillian," she read, "may I hope that this remembrance of your birthday will prove that I have not forgotten you? I have been in town two days. I secured your address from C.'s Magazine and send these flowers to warn you that I am coming to invade your sanctum sanctorum and talk over old times. Always your friend, Jack Ainsworth."

She started up, scattering letters and manuscripts on the floor. "Lois," she said decidedly, "I want you to lay out my new morning gown, the sea green one with the train."

Sitting down at her dressing table, she began a careful toilet. Her thoughts were busy with the past. Jack had been her girlhood friend in the little inland town where they were both born and bred. Again she was twenty-four and he was twenty-six. Why had he never spoken? She knew he loved her, and, perhaps, she had loved him, too, then. But when her mother's death left her alone in the world, she was seized with the desire to come to New York to try her fortune. Jack had advised against it, but a strange perversity made her deaf to his warnings.

At first they had kept up a correspondence. Soon even that link was broken as she was drawn more and more into the absorbing whirl of newspaper and magazine work. For five years no letters had passed between them. To be sure she had heard of him indirectly, how he gradually forged ahead from clerk in the railroad office to manager of the whole system, and she had been glad for his sake.

And now, after all this time, they were to meet. She wondered what he would be like. Doubtless he had lost the fresh, boyish beauty she so well remembered. He was past thirty now, she reflected with a sigh. Doubtless, too, his career as a man of affairs had made him brusque and cold. She had visions of bearded cheek and chin, and perhaps—glasses! Horrors! Had it really come to that? Well, she would live in the old days, and pay no attention to externals.

When at last Lois announced that Mr. Ainsworth was in the drawing room, she swept to her mirror and surveyed the graceful figure reflected there. Her gown of sea green fell in shimmering folds. Her hair was done beautifully, and some of the violets were clasped in the silver girdle at her waist. She could not fail to be satisfied.

This consciousness helped her to enter the drawing room with the perfect self possession of a woman of the world. With outstretched hand she greeted him as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Jack! How good of you to come to see me on my birthday—and to send me these lovely flowers," turning to a center table where the violets were displayed.

Jack Ainsworth gasped. Could this elegant woman with her perfect hair and silvery voice be his old friend?

"Lillian," he said, still grasping her hand, "is it really you?"

She smiled, and it was her old smile.

"Yes, Jack, it is I. You see, I am going the way of the world."

"Nonsense! You are perfect!" he cried vehemently.

She was no less charmed. There was no evidence of beard or glasses, though the boy had grown into the man—tall, athletic, clean shaven, with strong jaw and deep voice. His honest gray eyes feasted on her beauty. She flushed.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years, Jack," she said finally.

"Oh, working hard—and following your career."

"Yes," she said, "you have done well for yourself and I am proud of you. As for my career, it has not amounted to much."

"Lillian," Ainsworth said, leaning forward eagerly, "do you know that you have not written a line I have not read. You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

Miss Treadwell had forgotten the rain and the unfeeling publisher.

"Tell me, Jack, what brings you to New York?" she asked.

"I have been elected vice president of the road and must live here," he replied.

"Then I suppose you will marry and keep up an establishment?" with a pretense of lightness.

"I don't know," he said dubiously. "There never was but one girl for me, and she—she has achieved fame. She would not think of giving up glory to become the wife of a railroad man."

A feeling long dead woke in the woman. "But she might be willing, Jack, if you asked her," she said almost wistfully. "She might gladly give up all her false glory to find real happiness."

"If I thought that," said Ainsworth breathlessly, "I'd ask her in a minute."

She thought of the novel, of the hack work, of the loneliness of her life which this friend of the past brought sharply before her.

"Jack," she said, "I've decided"—She paused, then went on rapidly, fingering the violets in her belt, "to give up literature for good."

Ainsworth started forward. "Do you really mean it, Lillian?"

"Yes, I do," she replied bravely.

"But why?" he inquired, doubting, puzzled.

She looked up at him, and he read it in her shining eyes.

He leaped forward and folded her in his arms, crushing the violets in his eagerness. "My darling!" was all he could say in trembling tones.

As for Miss Treadwell, with that embrace came the realization that woman was not made to live on mind alone.

"Lois," she called, after a little, "bring me the manuscript of my novel." She took it from the wondering maid and turned to Jack with a radiant smile. "Come," she cried gayly—"come to my study fire and help me make dust and ashes of my literary pretensions."

A Boston Translation.

Little Emerson—Mamma, I find no marginal note in elucidation of this expression, which I observe frequently to occur in my volume of "Fairy Tale Classics," "With bated breath." What is the proper interpretation of the phrase?

Mamma—"With bated breath," my son, commonly occurs in fairy tales. Your father often returns from piscatorial excursions with bated breath. The phrase in such instances, however, has no significance as applying to the bait employed to allure the fish, but is merely an elastic term of dubious meaning and suspicious origin, utilized, as I have already intimated, simply because of the sanction which it has gained by customary usage in fairy tales generally. Do you comprehend, Emerson?

Little Emerson—Perfectly, mamma.—Judge.

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