East Oregonian.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1902.

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 WHELP'S REVENGE

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

It was the Rev. George Gasket who first nicknamed Tommy "The Whelp."

The Rev. George began fairly enough with the lads of his new parish. He got them together within a fortnight of his arrival and talked football and baseball to them until they were as wax in his hands. Tommy, who was fifteen and overgrown to hulkiness, hung upon his words and thought it would be fine to die for him. And then the very next week, when Tommy stumbled over his own feet and fell down with the ball, thereby letting the minister's side get a whitewash, that gentleman said irritably, "I knew The Whelp would beat us, but really it didn't seem fair to shunt him off on the other eleven."

The field rang with laughter as later the school and playground rang with it when somebody called: "Whelp! Whelp-ee! Are you goin' to eat us all when you grow up?"

Children reflect wonderfully the social color of their homes. For awhile all the parish was entranced with the new pastor—so much so indeed that a whisper against him would have been received as something between high treason and the unpardonable sin. The Rev. George was youngish, fair looking, quick and deft in phrasemaking, suave. He admitted in his private talks a temper, but said, with eyes upcast, that he kept it under by help of strength beyond his own. He was single. That of course set all the mothers in the church to work mating him suitably. He saved them the trouble of choosing for him by devoting himself to Alison Prior from the day she came home.

If only she had been home from the first, Tommy would never have been The Whelp. Tommy was Alison's brother and in many ways her chum, yet she only smiled when he explained the minister's sin and said at last:

"Really, Tommy, I don't know just what a whelp is like, but you do look very much what I fancy it is—all legs and arms, so much too big that they are in their own way and everybody else's."

When Tommy had gone away, however, trying to stand very stiff and keep his elbows primly beside him, Alison looked after him lovingly, then turned and shook her fist at the rectory, which was visible across half a mile of fields.

If only Tommy had known that; but how should he? He was a very human boy. He loved Alison so well he would have grudged her to any fellow. It was unbearable to think of her marrying that preacher and sitting perked up in the front pews, never daring to smile or whisper. Besides, there was his affront. Tommy flung himself upon the grass out in the pasture, dug his heels in the turf and thought very hard, tears resting upon his freckled cheeks.

All at once something came with a rush, struck him a sounding thwack on the back and sent him rolling over and over. As he got up he felt a harder thwack and tumbled all in a heap. When at last he scrambled up, leaping nimbly aside, to shin up a convenient apple tree, Blinky, the big Cotswold ram, stood at the tree foot, shaking his head up and down, evidently inviting Tommy to try conclusions again.

Tommy had no mind for that. Instead he sat up among the laden boughs and thought harder than ever. After a little he whistled joyfully, filled his hands with red apples and climbed down to the lowest fork of the tree. Blinky was at him in a minute, but stopped short as Tommy tossed him an apple. As soon as he had devoured it he looked inquiringly at Tommy, who tossed him another, redder and juicier than the first.

Twenty minutes after Tommy passed unscathed from the pasture, with Blinky trotting behind, a pattern of content. Every day for the next fortnight Tommy gave Blinky apples, tufts of sweet late grass, nubbins of corn and pungent dashes of salt and red oak bark. Blinky followed him like a dog, never trying to butt or chase him, though toward the rest of the human race he preserved an unregenerate mind.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. The Rev. George's particular madness that autumn was golf. Golf was but an idle name in the parish until he came to it. Fancy his delight, muscular, masculine and missionary, in laying out links and teaching his parishioners the game. Alison was one of his earliest and most promising pupils. They spent hours deliciously together, yet apart, upon the course. Alison was certainly devoted to the game. As to whether she was also devoted to her teacher she herself did not quite know.

Love may be slain with a laugh. Tommy was not enough of a psychologist to know that, but he did know Alison, and he laid his plans accordingly.

Upon a perfect Indian summer afternoon all the golf crowd of their parish met all the golf crowd of another parish upon the home links to settle various foursomes and other things. Alison and the Rev. George were the mainstay of the home crowd. Tommy meekly asked to be his sister's caddie and blustered a good bit when he was transferred to Mr. Gasket. But there was a twinkle in his eye as he paced soberly from hole to hazard, from hazard to tee, from tee again to bunker. It was going to be close—very much too close to be comfortable, said Mr. Gasket. He himself played a brilliant game when he did his best. But what with coaching one, managing another, welcoming everybody, home folks and visitors alike, it is not strange that he could not give his whole attention to the game.

It was a fine course, with a water hazard in the shape of a spring branch, excellent putting greens and beautifully close turf. It was by Tommy's suggestion that the turf on the Prior share of the course had been grazed down with the flock of sheep only two days before. Tommy indeed had been wonderfully active in all manner of good works for the match. Mr. Gasket knew hazily how his nickname had stuck and stung and repented having given it, but was unwise enough to think he could smooth over matters by particular complacence to the lad.

"We shall beat them by a scratch. We shall certainly beat them, Master Thomas," he said, watching a particularly clean drive by Alison. Tommy looked bored. "Don't strike me your game's as good as those other people's," he said, nodding toward the opposing players.

Mr. Gasket tried to look pained. "Why don't you say our game, Tommy?" he asked reproachfully. "We must pull together, every soul of us, if we are to win."

"Oh, you've got all those other fellows to root for you!" Tommy said sarcastically. "I couldn't do a thing but roar. I ain't nothing but a whelp, you know."

This time Mr. Gasket really did look pained, though he tried to mask it as blank innocence. It was his turn to play, and the game was so even that the fate of it hung most likely upon his next three strokes. His ball lay both well and ill—in a place that if he could successfully loft it would mean almost certain victory, but said lofting required a position neither ministerial nor dignified. It was in a little cuppy turf hollow not far off the boundary. A low fence marked the bounds. Across it sheep hustled and rummaged peacefully through weed grown stubble. The minister took no note of them nor of anything indeed save the little white ball lying so snug in the faded grass. Half stooping, half crouching, he grasped his mashie firmly in his hand.

The rest was chaos plus earthquake—at least to the Gasket inner consciousness. Friends and foes in watch saw a woolly, horny headed streak assail the stooping figure, send said figure over upon its head, then, with vigorous thumps, roll it over and over across six yards of turf. Nobody knew just what might not have happened had not Tommy bravely rushed to the minister's rescue, caught Blinky by the horns and forced him, struggling and bleating, back over the fence he had leaped like a flash of lightning.

In spite of doing all that Tommy was the first to assist Gasket to his feet. "I hope you're not hurt too bad, sir," he said politely.

Gasket was a sorry sight. His trousers were torn, his face scratched, the eye upon which Blinky had landed his last thump rapidly going out of business. The rest, hurrying up, could not help laughing, Alison clearest, merriest of them all. As Gasket caught the sound he said, backing away, "The match is off."

It was all he could say. Tommy went home with him, a faithful caddie in spite of everything, but as he left the rectory door he rubbed his hands and softly hugged himself, repeating with infinite gusto: "Yes, the match is off. You bet it is. I know my sister all right!"

Easily a Good Thing.

"Did you say that hair restorer is a good thing?" asked the patron.

"Yes," answered the barber, with some slight hesitation; "it's a good thing. We sell several bottles a week at a dollar a bottle."

"But how do you know it's a good thing?"

"Because the profit on every bottle is 75 cents."—Washington Star.

His Fortune.

"Who is that handsome young man standing over there?" inquired an old gentleman of a rich old lady at a party.

"That's my son-in-law. He's a very brilliant young man; made a large fortune by the law."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman. How's that?"

"The law made him my daughter's husband."—London Answers.

Her Pet Pig.

A young woman in London took a pig in infancy and brought it up, as she says, "like a Christian." Complaint was made to the authorities the other day, and the sanitary officers who went to investigate found the pig in bed between two white sheets, with its head on a pillow and its body covered with a white lace counterpane.

WHEN the DERBY WAS RUN

By .... Curran Richard Greenley

"Yassir, dey hain't nuthin' his ekal fis side ob greased lightnin' ef he want ter go, but"—Jim leaned over confidentially—"he's de debbil's own foh temper, en I'm mighty feared he gwine ter bolt, what wid all dem brass ban's en shoutin's, en ef he do dey hain't nobody kin hol' him, lessen it be Miss Jess, en she hain't in dat game nowise."

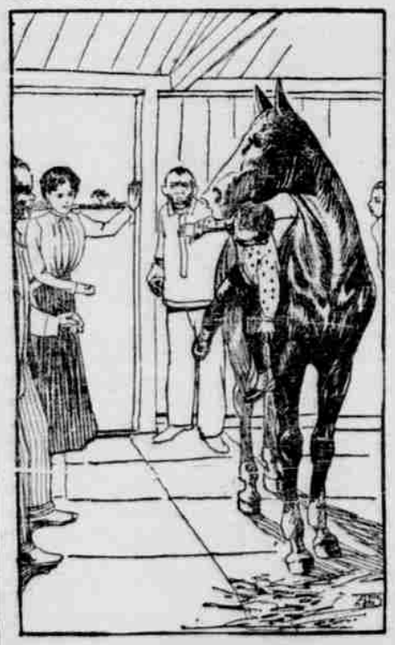
Jim sighed apprehensively as he rubbed down the satin coat of the favorite—clean limbed, dark bay, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, breeding in every line of the arching neck, deep chest and mighty limbs, true son of the great Hindoo. The eyes showed a wicked little rim of white.

"See dem eyes, Mas' Charley? He been a-showin' dem whites all day, en it's Gawd's truf dat hain't no peace flag. Lawd he'p de niggah what's gwine ter ride him!"

I left the stalls and started up toward the judges' stand, considerably worried. It was only "niggah talk," true, but Jim knew the Bay Prince better than any one on the place. He did not know that on this race depended the old squire's home, and if lost it would mean beggary.

I shut my eyes, and it all came before me—the rolling, golden splendor of the wheatfields, the cool shadows of the beechen boughs across the long avenue that led up to the quaint old home, with its colonial pillared verandas, and the graystone walls where the guelder roses climbed and the thrushes sang through the summer days; the old squire, white haired and stately, and the little figure that always hovered close to his side, my Jess, my wife to be, somewhere in the future.

Losses, debts, mortgages, one by one had accumulated, until the hour had come when the flower of Bel Air stables must either prove their salvation or their ruin. He had always been a wicked colt, vouchsafing his friendship to none but Jess, whom he would follow like a dog. It has passed into tradition how one sultry afternoon, when the temper of man and beast



HIS FINE EARS ALERT, STILL AS CARVED BRONZE.

climbed with the mercury, the devil in Bay Prince broke out rampant. The stall flew into bits as those mighty heels thrashed to the right and left; down came the door, and he was free to work his will.

The men scrambled wildly to places of safety, each shouting orders to the other. Little Pete, the satellite of Jim, had been stealing a nap in the corner of the barn, and when the alarm came no one thought of him until the raging beast swept toward the spot where he lay. A prolonged cry went up from the negroes as, powerless to reach the child, they saw him seized by the shoulder and swung upward, and then, from somewhere, came a clear, low whistle, sweet as a thrush's note. The horse paused, his fine ears alert, still as carved bronze. Again it came, and the horrified negroes saw the little mistress standing in the doorway.

"Prince, Prince, drop him and come here, sir." And to the astonishment of Pete, whom terror had stricken to silence, he was dropped to the floor with a dull thud, and Bay Prince walked, gently nickering, to where Jess stood, with her hands full of sugar.

I looked toward the grand stand, but could not see Jess anywhere. It was almost time for the race, and the excitement was rising to fever heat. Up in the judges' stand a little knot of men were holding an animated discussion, judging from their gestures. I strolled up to them.

"I say it is against all precedent!" a short man in a checked suit was vociferating.

"It makes no difference about his name. How do you know if any of them own the names they carry?" said another, and old Colonel Sylvester clinched the subject.

"It is merely a matter of pounds. We know the horse and the owner. Let him ride!"

"What is it all about?" I questioned, and the colonel replied.

"Squire Montgomery's jockey has disappeared. He was to have ridden Bay Prince in this race. There is a boy down there that claims he knows the horse, but he will not give his name. There has been some little objection therefore to allowing him the mount." He turned to the others. "Have I your consent, gentlemen?"

At the word he waved his hand, and the boy at the weighing block picked up his saddle and stepped on the scales.

Ten minutes later they were in line below the stand—sorrel and bay, chestnut and gray; but, peerless among them all, the son of Hindoo fretted and pawed, rolling his eyes, that now showed the "battleflag" more than ever. His foes were worthy of his best stride—Zingara, the red mare, queen of the Blackman stables; Fleur-de-lis of Bannockburn, with the honors of the Tennessee Derby still fresh; Black Rover, Walpurgis, The Thunderer, Malcontent and His Highness, a great red brute from the famous Chanton stud.

Quivering, electric, with the scent of battle in their flaring nostrils, as the tense muscles rose and fell in great cords in the mighty flanks! The gorgeous little figures sitting low down in the saddles settled themselves as the red flag fell. "Go!" and away down the stretch flew a prism of red, yellow, green and purple, blending in the Kentucky sunlight, around the white ribbon of track. The first quarter passed, and the bunch closed up, neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder. Another quarter and one fell behind. Black Rover was in the lead. Around the turn and down the home stretch and Bay Prince had crept to Black Rover's shoulder. Now it was neck and neck, and a wild yell went up from 5,000 throats as black and bay were nose and nose. Twenty yards, and the red jacket lay down in the saddle. They were near enough for the judges to see the flash of the great bay's eyes as he gathered himself and with a mighty effort landed under the wire just a nose length ahead of the black. And then pandemonium broke loose. Men clambered down from everywhere. Up went the numbers—Bay Prince first, Black Rover second and Zingara third. It was all over, and the Derby had gone down into history. In the midst of it a little figure all in its gay scarlet satins dropped from the saddle and was half carried by Jim to the weighing block.

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"You go way, Mas' Charley. Dis heah boy ain't nowise fitten ter talk."

Jim had for once forgotten his "raisin'" in his anxiety to bar me out, but I brushed him aside and saw my Jess in her close tailor suit standing just inside the door. The scarlet jacket and cap lay upon Jim's cot, and my darling's pretty face rivaled them in color. There was one shamefaced moment, and then the little head went proudly up.

"I did it for papa and Bel Air!" And Jim went off chuckling to himself as I drew the door close behind me.

Old Age.

Professor Jowett, the great master of Baliol college, had wise words to speak on the crucial topic of growing old. He wrote to a friend:

"The later years of life appear to me, from a certain point of view, to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world. We begin to understand that things really never did matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor overanxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while to remember his hints for old age, full as they are of a practical wisdom:

Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

A man cannot become young by overexerting himself.

A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open air life.

He should collect the young about him.

He should set other men to work.

He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best and every year as better than the last if he knows how to use it.

Fine China.

Fine china needs care in washing and drying and should never be placed in nervous or indifferent hands. Treated lovingly, china will last for years and even generations. Only a piece should be put in the tub at one time, the soap should be made into suds before putting anything in, and the water must be very warm, not hot. Finally rinse in water that's just the same—warm. A good supply of fine, soft towels is a necessity, and, thus equipped, the washing of china is not a hard task. China will shine beautifully if wiped out of clear warm water.