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Feed Yard.

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BEST OF CARE TAKEN OF
TEAMS OVER NIGHT

GIVE US A CALL.

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, 1902.
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.
W. B. RIDGELY,
Comptroller of the Currency.

ON THE BRINK OF THE..... BIG SPRING

By Thomas P. Montfort

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In the Ozark mountains there is a spring that could tell some startling tales and explain away the mystery surrounding the disappearance of more than one human being.

Jack Warner thought that he had made an important discovery, and the next minute he found that he had made two of them.

In the first place, he had discovered a "moonshine" distillery, which was important, but not interesting to him. In the next place, he was a prisoner in the hands of the "moonshiners" themselves, which was both important and interesting.

For two long hours in the stormiest of nights Jack had toiled wearily up a narrow ravine in the wildest of the



"THE CABIN IS SURROUNDED AND THEY'RE SEARCHING THE WOODS."

Ozark range. He was wet, cold, exhausted and, worse than all else, lost. So when at last a little speck of light suddenly shot out of the darkness he hailed it as a harbinger of shelter and rest and hurried forward with renewed hope.

He had taken less than a dozen steps, however, when he found himself face to face with a tall, determined looking man and a gun.

The two men scrutinized each other narrowly, while half a dozen ruffians gathered round. The man with the gun finally broke the silence by saying: "It's a bad business, your coming here, young fellow; but since you have come we'll have to attend to you, I guess."

With that he made a motion to the other men, and they speedily bound Jack hand and foot.

"What does this mean?" Warner demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," the man with the gun replied. "About all it means is that you will have to take a bath in the Big Spring, and anything that goes in there never comes out."

Warner comprehended the man's meaning now and, aghast with horror, cried:

"Great God! Do you mean to drown me?"

"We mean to put you where you won't never tell no tales," was the cool reply.

Warner tried to collect his reasoning faculties and speak calmly.

"Before going any further let's sit down and talk this matter over. There is a misunderstanding," he began.

The other slowly shook his head.

"I guess," he replied, "there ain't no misunderstanding—on our part, at least. You made the mistake when you came here to spy on us."

"Right there you are wrong," Warner said. "I did not come here to spy on you."

"Ah, come! You can't fool us. If you ain't one of them revenuers sneaking round to locate our still, what are you doing here at this time of night and in all this storm?"

"Well, in the first place I am the new schoolteacher in this district. I've been here a week, and you have probably heard of me. In the second place, this being Saturday, I spent the day fishing, remained too late, and with this rainstorm I lost my way. In the third place in my wanderings around this morning I accidentally stumbled on this spot. Now there's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me."

After a pause the man with the gun replied:

"That may be so, but still I don't see that it changes matters any. You'd be most sure to report on us for the sake of the reward."

"I'll pledge you my word of honor that I will never whisper to any living mortal a word of all this."

"Maybe you won't; but, you see, we

can't tell about that. Sometimes a man's word and honor don't amount to much, and we can't afford to take no great chances. There's no use of all this talk. We know our duty to ourselves, and we propose to do it. Boys, bring him on and let's settle it."

Two men advanced and took Warner by the arms to lead him away to the Big Spring. Pale with terror, he cried: "Great God! Would you murder me?"

"It is better for you to go that way than for us to go at the end of a rope. Loosen his feet, boys, so he can step along."

They cut the cord about Warner's legs and started forward into the woods. But a woman, her face white and anxious, her hair flying wildly in the wind, barred their way.

"For God's sake, Liz," the man with the gun cried, "what's up?"

"They're here!" she gasped. Then, clasping her hands and looking into his face appealingly, she added: "Go, quick, Jake! Fly before they get you."

"What are you talking about?" Jake demanded. "Who is it? Not the—"

"Yes, yes; the revenuers! The cabin's surrounded, and they're searching the woods. I slipped away, but most likely they seen me. Don't wait, Jake, but go quick!"

His face darkened, and a dangerous light came to his eyes.

"D—'em!" he said bitterly. "Let 'em come! I'll get some of 'em before they get me." Then, turning to his men, he added: "Stand back out of the light, boys, so that you can't be seen. Wait a minute! This man has been spying on us, and we'll fix him for it first."

With that he struck off into the woods, commanding two of his men to follow with Warner and the others, with Liz to hide.

After covering about thirty yards along the side of the mountain he stopped on the brink of a dark hole. It was the Big Spring, that greedily swallows up everything that falls a prey to it and gives nothing back.

A cold chill of horror went over Warner as he heard the water boiling and bubbling down there in the dark.

"Throw him in, boys," Jake said coolly.

The men began to push Warner forward. In his struggles the rope slipped from his arms. Finding his hands free, he wrenched himself from the grasp of one of the men and, striking him a quick blow, sent him reeling back toward the spring. There was a scream, a heavy splash in the water and then silence. Quickly following up his advantage, he struggled to free himself from the other man and had almost succeeded when Jake gave him a push that sent him flying over the brink of the spring and clear to the opposite side, where he struck against the bank.

As he began to sink down into the hole he clutched frantically in search of a support. When half his body was in the water, his fingers grasped a jutting stone that checked his fall. There he hung, his whole weight on his fingers and the waters tugging at him as if angrily determined to tear him away.

By a flash of lightning Jake saw him clinging to the wall and, with an oath, started around to that side of the spring. In another flash Warner saw Jake with his gun raised to strike him.

At the same instant there was a pistol report, and in the darkness Warner felt a heavy body plunge past him and heard a great splash in the water. Then, just as his fingers had begun to relax their hold, a pair of strong hands grasped his wrists and saved him from sinking. For the first time in his life he fainted.

When he returned to consciousness, he was lying before a fire in the shelter of the still with a dozen detectives. Three of the "moonshiners" were in irons.

The detectives, guided by the scream of the man who had first met his fate in the spring, had arrived just in time to give Jake to the spring, which no doubt hid much of his guilty past. Afterward they had captured the rest of the gang, killing one in the flight. The woman Liz had escaped.

Guided by himself.

The father of Thomas Jefferson died in 1757, and the son's situation was touchingly described by him years afterward in a letter written to his eldest grandson when he was sent from home to school for the first time. It is given in "The True Thomas Jefferson," by William E. Curtis. The letter was as follows:

"When I recollect that at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were."

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing and to feel the incessant wish that I could become as they were."

His father left instructions for his education and especially enjoined upon the widow not to permit him to neglect "the exercise requisite for his body's development." This strong man knew the value of strength and used to say that a person of weak body could not have an independent mind.

OUTDOOR GARMENTS.

Long Coats of Cloth and Silk Are Being Much Worn.

Long coats are much in favor at this time of the year and all through the early spring. Some striking new models are being shown in the shops. One of pearl gray cloth has a cape held in at the collar with pin tucks. The front



BLACK MOUSSELINE AND VELVET.

edge is held down by means of a stitched strap which fastens with a large pearl button. The flaring collar and revers are of fur. Another model formed of black silk is made with herring-boned tucks and a bolero ornamented with a conventional figure made of narrow black velvet ribbons applied flat. A winter long coat may be made suitable for spring by substituting for the fur collar and lapels shirred chiffon or embroidery.

Very smart short capes for evening wear or to throw about the shoulders at a dance are made of all over lace brocade and even of accordion plaited chiffon. These capes are made with a high standing collar and revers or a full ruching and rounded corners.

Fichu capes harmonizing in color with the gown will be one of the summer novelties.

A striking evening gown of black mousseline de soie over white is shown in the illustration. The waist is cut decollete and is outlined with a twist of pale blue panne. The waist is softly draped into a black velvet belt. There is a bolero effect of narrow black chantilly and velvet. The skirt is entirely trimmed with perpendicular bands of black velvet or crossed with wavy bands of the black chantilly. It is finished with three fluffy ruffles.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

THE REIGN OF THE TUCK.

Many Dresses Are All Stitched in Folds—Moire Trimmings.

Tucks are being more used than ever. A recent gown of pale green rough goods was tucked, both jacket and skirt, in pin tucks and trimmed with bands of pale green moire. Moire is taking the place of taffeta for bands and trimmings.

Nearly all the new coats are continued below the waist line, showing that the popularity of the Eton is on the wane. The blouse style is considered

the reign of the tuck.

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A thoroughly French costume is shown in the sketch. It is made of brown novelty goods. The waist is made to blouse over a deep corset band of the lace. There is a front of the lace, and both the wide and the standing up collars are made of it. The sleeves have full puffs reaching to the elbow over a tight fitting undersleeve of the lace. The skirt has five scalloped ruffles. The hat which goes with this is of ecru chiffon and tobacco brown velvet. JUDIC CHOLLET.

BALANCED RATIONS

We have often referred to the very satisfactory yield of dairy products from the herd at the Minnesota state farm and cited records as a justification for persuading farmers to give more heed to the balanced ration. Not only could we refer to that herd as strongly favoring the adoption of the methods of feeding there, but ample testimony from other herds could be cited with similar results. Now and then came reports from readers that no beneficial results followed the feeding of a balanced ration. To such it was always explained that improved methods of feeding must begin with a cow fresh in milk and that when she had shrunken in her flow she could not be made to increase its supply of protein unless she had access to succulent feed, like new pasture. If there is provided an ample amount of protein during the winter, the flow of milk would not materially increase, but when cows are turned to pasture in the spring the succulent, palatable and easily digested young grass invariably brings an increased yield of milk, writes Professor T. L. Haecker in Farm, Stock and Home.

Buckwheat Hulls.

C. H. G. Mauston, Wis., deferring to an article published in Hoard's Dairyman wherein we commented somewhat on buckwheat shorts and buckwheat bran and middlings, wants to know whether in our judgment the hulls of buckwheat are of any considerable feeding value. He says they are reported to contain from 4 to 4½ per cent crude protein, 40 to 44 per cent carbohydrates and 1 per cent ether extract, being in this respect equal to mixed hay. This may be true from the chemist's standpoint, but these pure buckwheat hulls are some like cottonseed hulls, very difficult to digest, and cases have been reported where animals, especially swine, have been very much injured by eating them because of their sharp edges and corners. For our part we should hesitate to feed them at all, much preferring to sift out the hulls from the middlings and use them for bedding.

A Clean Tail.

The simple device here illustrated can be used in nearly every cow stable to keep the tails clean and prevent the

device to hold cow's tail.

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THE COLUMBIA LODGING HOUSE

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