



men that wound in single file through old newspaper. 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 guicker.

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

For a time they idled in the hot sun at Qual.as, 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 going 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 an-

"Why, I mean home, across th 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, Parons; it affects the head so." "But I had a dream last night and

we were all goin' home.' "Funny dream, that," said Mar-

tin. "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, rowled Connelly. "There's lots of hings.I'd dream about-there's" -But Connelly broke off with a murmur in his throat. The things h 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 emerg im the shadow and came to wh y could see the white huts of San Pedro glaring in the tropical sun.

ems to me there's somethin' oin' on down there," said Martin "There just is that," replied Harrison, shading his eyes from the sun and gazing at the town's gate.

and clothes, and a work-t Are you gettin for the par Oh. don't you was invited.' stly, almost party of just las

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"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 believen' and dreamin', things."

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

well, ain't you done with may The tall

an looked at the qu plied slowly : oner and a MAnd maybe we'll go home !"

It seemed to stun the lot of the The seemed to stun the bir of tome! 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 heve did anything of note before begin to sing to a wonderful tune of his own: gen to "We're goin' home! We're goin' home !"

Oor ship is at the shore, And you can pack your haversack, Far 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 burlen 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 winging meter of the song, the Pwelfth 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 !" hig Connelly bawled : "Hurrah ! Hurrah ! We're goin'

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