

**STRANGE RACE WITH FIRE.**  
 The engine was hauling an oil train. The time of year was October. We had had a long spell of dry weather, and we were beginning to break out in woods all over the country. That afternoon the air was hazy with smoke, and the sun went down like a ball of copper in the thick sky.  
 About three miles above Jonesville a line crosses a shallow little river, running through the heart of the town, supplies water power for two mills. The mills were at the lower end of the town, where the water falls thirty feet into a deep ravine. At the place where the railway crossed the river, the banks were steep, and the bridge was a piece of wooden trestle work.  
 As we thundered down the grade leading to the bridge—which was hidden from view by a curve—we noticed that the fires were getting close to the track on both sides.  
 "It'll be bad if the fire gets into the bridge," said Bob Macdonald, the driver, as I heaved a shovel of coal into the fire hole. It was dusk by this time. I looked out ahead before I answered.  
 "There doesn't seem to be much fire that direction. I reckon the bridge won't get scorched this time."  
 Three minutes later we were round the curve, and in full view of the bridge. To our horror, there were the odious little blue-and-orange tongues of the fire licking away hungrily at the trestles.  
 "Down brakes!" screamed the whistle wildly. But there was no stopping that rushing mass of loaded tank cars, with what seemed to us undiminished speed we slid down the burning bridge.  
 "Jump for it!" yelled Macdonald. We spring, almost together, and the brakes behind followed our example. The speed was, of course, slackened by this time.  
 "End over end I went down the embankment, and fetched up in a mossy pool not ten yards from the gulch. I staggered to my feet. The engine was not crashing through the bridge. Down the hill the oil cars on top of it, like so many sheep playing follow-my-leader over a fence. I remember noting how they kicked up behind, just as sheep do, as they went over the edge. The next minute the flames were roaring up like mad. The oil had caught.  
 "None of the fellows was much hurt, but Bob Macdonald; and he, though his arm was broken, was able to crawl up to the track, where we huddled to watch the dreadful sight. Then a strange and terrifying thing took place. The flames ran out swiftly from the burning ruins over the top of the water, just as if the river itself was on fire. "Great heavens!" wailed Macdonald, the whole of Jonesville will go, sure, in thirty minutes that will be a river of fire rushing through the town!"  
 "At these words a pang tightened around my heart. You'll smile when I tell you why. On the day before, when my train was running up the other way through Jonesville, I had chanced to catch a glimpse of a little lad, with curly yellow curls, on the balcony of a house right by the edge of the water. The little lad had smiled and waved his hand at me, and looked after me some way, as if he was lonely, and wanted to come. I carried his look with me all day. About that time I had a little lad of my own, with curls something like this one's, away East. My boy was a good deal bigger than this one; but maybe a streak of homesickness made me sort of sentimental, you know.  
 "Well, at these words of Macdonald's it wasn't the town I thought of, but the little lad at the window.  
 "I'll warn the town!" I shouted. Then I scrambled down the bank, on the side above the fire, got across the river by alternately swimming and wading, and started on the run down the track toward Jonesville.  
 "In those days I was a smart long-distance runner, and five miles was my best distance. But it was one thing running on a well-made racing ground and quite another on the irregularly placed sleepers of a railroad!"  
 "I should think so!" I interjected, feelingly. I had tried it more than once.  
 "But I tell you," continued Steeves. "I made good time. The river was swift, and those sliding flames had a head start; but in five minutes I was abreast of them. Soon I was well ahead; and then I lost them behind a turn of the banks.  
 "Before I reached the town my eyes felt full of blood, my heart seemed as if it would burst, but my legs could have gone on forever. The streets were lighting up. I began shouting as I ran, "Fire! Fire!" as vigorously as my dry throat and heaving lungs would permit. There was no sign of fire to be seen, but the wondering people caught up the cry, and by the time I reached the engine house everything was ready for a start, and the firemen were looking anxiously about them to see where they were wanted. I told my story; and before it was through the engine was tearing toward the waterside as fast as the horses could gallop."—St. Nicholas.

**USEFUL BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.**

**INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING ART AND FANCY WORK**  
 Mrs. Nella Daggert of Boston has recently written a book, "Fancy Work and Art Decorations," that gives practical instructions for making doilies, table covers, scarfs, tray cloths, pin cushions, etc., etc., with fifty illustrations. This book, together with "Successful Home Dyeing," will be sent free to any reader who forwards the attached coupon and a recent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.  
 The above liberal offer is made to advertise the reliable Dyeing into the hands of women who want to dress well by making their old clothing look like new.  
 The fact that Diamond Dyes have been the standard home dyes for nearly twenty years, and that their sale increases from year to year, is proof positive that they have never had an equal.

**SWINDLING ADVERTISERS.**

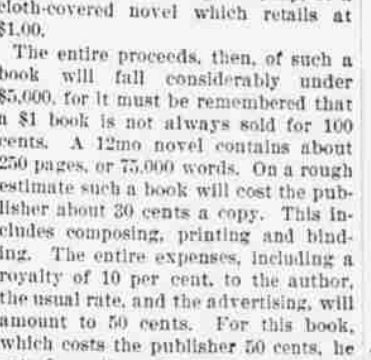
**Scotland Yard Detectives Keen an Eye Upon Dangerous Swindlers.**  
 There is one official at Scotland Yard who is but little known to the public, but who all the same works very hard and successfully for the public good by closely scanning, day in and day out, the advertisements appearing in every London newspaper.  
 This official's primary duty is to keep a bright lookout for the very numerous swindling class which advertises for managers and so on prepared to invest money; but, quite beyond this, he, in the most careful manner, notes all advertisements as strike him in any way as being suspicious, handing them over to the heads of different departments. He is himself an expert in all matters that deal with cipher writing, and part of his duty is to translate every cipher that may appear, handing over a copy of the translation to active members of the staff when anything is revealed that justifies such a course.  
 The writer had the privilege the other day of a short chat with this official—a bright young fellow, speaking several languages, who said:  
 "I am afraid that I am not allowed to tell you much, but I may say that no day ever passes without my handing over some advertisement for inquiry. Our scrutiny in this way has become very keen recently, for it is an open secret that certain foreign catch advertisement swindlers are expected here ere long.  
 "Besides, there have been exposed in court many cases of swindling recently which have depended solely on alluring advertisements. In two of them I gave warning long ago, but no prosecutor would come forward. Were I allowed to do so, I could show you hundreds of most mysterious cipher advertisements in the book over there, the bulk of these, of course, being between lovers, but many of them containing warnings from one educated swindler to another  
 "Austrian police must know how to swim and how to use a boat. They are also required to understand telegraphy.  
**PHYSICIANS WISE IN THEIR GENERATION.**  
 The above class of scientists recognize, and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and inferior conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the enlightened now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.  
 The multitude is like the sea; it either bears you up or swallows you, according to the wind.  
**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**  
 By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.  
 We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.  
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
 Sold by druggists, 75c.  
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.  
 Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patience and wisely directed study.  
**CLERKS AND SALESMEN—MALE AND FEMALE**—Employed and unemployed; send stamped self-addressed envelope at once for registration application blank to Employees Industrial Association, Home office, 246 Washington street, Portland, Oregon.  
 We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Pico Co., Warren, Pa.

**Profits of Authors.**  
 The fond delusion that successful authors roll in wealth is fostered by such items as "Mrs. Burnett has been offered \$15,000 to write a story for the Lippincott's," or that "Mark Twain cleared \$100,000 from the sale of General Grant's Memoirs." A few authors, and you can count them upon the fingers of one hand, do make big money out of literature, but let us see what the ordinarily successful one makes. In the first place the answer to the question above is that a sale of 5,000 copies is considered a very successful one, and that a sale of 2,000 copies pays. We are speaking now, say, of a cloth-covered novel which retails at \$1.00.  
 The entire proceeds, then, of such a book will fall considerably under \$5,000, for it must be remembered that a \$1 book is not always sold for 100 cents. A 12mo novel contains about 250 pages, or 75,000 words. On a rough estimate such a book will cost the publisher about 30 cents a copy. This includes composing, printing and binding. The entire expenses, including a royalty of 10 per cent. to the author, the usual rate, and the advertising, will amount to 50 cents. For this book, which costs the publisher 50 cents, he gets from 60 to 65 cents, leaving him a profit of from 10 to 15 cents.  
 This profit is generally increased somewhat by the retail sales of the publishing house. Publishers are bound—and this is for the protection of the book stores—to sell a \$1 book for \$1. Enough books are sold by them at this price to bring up the average profit, say, to 15 cents. Thus a publisher who sells 5,000 copies of a novel will make about \$750 out of the transaction—not a very large profit for the capital invested and the risk involved. The profits of the author at 10 per cent. will amount to \$500, that is to say, his labor of writing and revising and his time for which he is not certain of any return, not to mention the mental wear and tear, about seven mills a word. Magnificent pay, and yet he is a successful author.  
 Of course there are some books, but they are very few, which make phenomenal success, and these are the ones which are read about from one end of the country to another. Most publishers say that it hardly pays in this present era of cheap paper-covered novels to publish the more expensive cloth-covered editions.  
**What Animals Shy At.**  
 Young horses can be led up to a sack lying on the ground and induced to pass it by letting them smell it and find out that it really is a sack and not the Protean thing, whatever it may be, which illusion conjures up for them. Once the writer saw a very quick and pretty instance of experiment by touch made by a frightened pony. It was being driven as leader in a pony tandem and stopped short in front of where the rails of a steam tramway crossed the road. It first smelled the near rail and then quickly gave it two taps with its hoof. After this it was satisfied and crossed the line. On the other hand, a donkey always tried to jump the shadows of tree trunks in the road, though a similar experiment of touch would have shown that these were as unreal as the tram rail was substantial. Lastly, no horse which has once knocked its head against the top of a stable doorway seems quite able to get rid of the illusion that there sits up in the top of all doorways an invisible something which will hit him again next time he goes through; hence the troublesome and sometimes incurable habit of horses "jibbing" when taken out of the stable.—London Spectator.

**A Strange Coincidence.**  
 A certain peasant and his wife, in Germany were married on the same day as the Emperor and Empress, the peasant's Christian name being William. Their first child, a boy, was born on the same day as the crown prince, after which they had five other sons, each of whom was born at the same time as the five younger boys of the Emperor. The royal couple were informed of this, and were exceedingly interested in the very strange coincidence, but this interest was intensified when, on the last occasion of a royal birth, viz., the little daughter of the Kaiser, it was learned that the peasant's wife in question had also given birth to a daughter on the same day. So astonished were the Emperor and Empress that they stood as godfather and godmother to this little girl, and have well provided for her future.—Philadelphia Ledger.  
**Women and Headaches.**  
 The woman with the headache is a creature to be pitied. Generally she could help it if she would, or rather prevent. A headache is simply nature's revenge for some crime against it. It comes usually from overeating, under-eating, or irregular eating, which causes indigestion, and gases on the stomach cause pressure on the brain, and that causes the very worst of headaches. The next commonest ailment is weak eyes and necessity for glasses.  
 People acquire a little more pride as they grow older, but they are as weak as ever.  
 If you can't play on the piano don't be modest about saying so; boast about it.

**We want your tea-trade for the rest of your life.**  
 Do you see now how we can afford to say: "Get every sort of Schilling's Best of your grocer, and get your money back on what you don't like?"  
 A Schilling & Company  
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**Get Your Christmas Gifts Free**  
 Many thousand dollars worth of valuable articles suitable for Christmas gifts for the young and old, are to be given to smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.



**Cheapest Power....**  
**Rebuilt Gas and Gasoline Engines.**  
 IN GUARANTEED ORDER..... FOR SALE CHEAP  
 405-7 Sansome Street  
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**Cancer Of the Breast.**  
 Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.  
 Someone then recommended S.S.S., and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.  
**A Real Blood Remedy.**  
 S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease.  
 Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.  
**MAILED FREE** To any address, our Special Price List of HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

**WHEAT.**  
 Make money by successful speculation in wheat. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the local market. Investors, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, and Spokane, Wash.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE**  
 BEST IN THE WORLD.  
 Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from animal oils. G-T THE GENUINE.  
 FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.  
**FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS**  
 "are the One Thing to Use."  
 Only One for a Dose.  
 Sold by Druggists at 25c. a Box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Gunn's Med. Co., Phila. Pa.  
**A Hissy Service.**  
 The African Lakes Company has become so careful that it compels its agents to pay their own funeral expenses; so many agents died that the order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.  
 Governesses in families of the nobility seldom, if ever, dine with the heads of the establishment. They take their meals alone or with the younger members of the family.

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 MME A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.  
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 MME A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of the ladies of the United States that would like to try my World Renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$1 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together \$3, in order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will mail free a sample bottle, safely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of 25 cents. FRACKLES, pimples, moths, sallowness, black heads, acne, eczema, ulcers, or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but it is a cure.  
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**SURE CURE FOR PILES**  
 DR. HANSEN'S PILE REMEDY, cures all hemorrhoids, internal and external. Price 50c. Sold by Dr. HANSEN & PHARMACY, 206 Market St., San Francisco.  
**WASH YOUR FACE FOR**  
 SORE THROAT, BRUISES, TANNED SKIN, ETC., WITH  
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**Blackwell's Genuine DURHAM Tobacco**

**Hercules Gas Engine Works**

**We will Pay the Postage,**  
 THIS SET OF HOUSEHOLD KNIVES  
 Consisting of a 14-inch bread knife, 12-inch cake knife and a paring knife.  
 AT 21 CENTS for the Three.....  
 These knives cut bread and cake without crumbling, and if hot as well as if cold. Also  
 Rogers Bros' Genuine Triple Plated Knives and Forks  
 AT \$3.65 For the set of 6 knives and 6 forks, as shown above.  
 Or same style, only single plated, AT \$1.00 for the set. Postage paid by us. To each customer who has not received our new Fall Catalogue we will send it free.

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