



My little girl's hair did not grow. It was harsh and dry, and would break off, and her scalp was full of dry dandruff that I could not comb out. A place around the back of her head was bald, and on the top of her head the hair was only two or three inches long. I used CUTICURA SOAP and some CUTICURA Ointment, and her hair has come in thick and as soft as silk. Mrs. A. DOWNEY, Alfred, O.

Warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP and light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients, will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothe irritated and itching surfaces.

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New Confectionery Store, Ice Cream Parlors and Soda Fountain.....

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C. W. IRVIN, Proprietor

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C. C. SHARP

Opera House block



The Columbia Lodging House

NEWLY FURNISHED BAR IN CONNECTION IN CENTER OF BLOCK BET. ALTA & WEBB STS

F. X. SCHEMP, Prop.

El Principe Degales

Henry The Fourth

La Flor Stanford

Sanches & Haya

El Telegrapho

La Mia

Charles The Great

2 for 25 cents

Maloy.

HOW NO. 5 WAS SAVED

BY A. P. PAYSON

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The enginemen had struck. They had gone out in a body, and they had gone out to stay, but in spite of their unity the road was by no means tied up. True, the crews were forced to double, and some of them came from the offices, but nevertheless traffic was not greatly interfered with.

No. 5, the westbound mail, was scheduled to leave at 8 p. m. and to run the 101 miles in two hours and three minutes. The engineer selected to take her out was one who had been employed for that day only, but he had shown, even in that short time, a willingness to do things "square."

At 7:20 he went down to the roundhouse. His fireman, John McDonald, had just put the finest engine in the service, No. 950, on the turntable, and she was swinging slowly around to her track.

As the engineer stepped near she gave a slight "phut" and moved slowly off to the solid ground. She looked faultless. Her headlight shone with dazzling brilliancy, she was polished from pilot to tender, and the high light on her great boiler shone in the electric light which flashed before the dispatcher's office.

The new engineer climbed aboard, and when the fireman came back from the office he was standing in the cab, silently looking her over. He reached for the throttle and pinched it gently. Not for the world would he abuse this steed.

In mute obedience the racer started forward noiselessly, for her exhaust was muffled, and she was not being forced. Slowly she glided over the switches until the station shed was reached. Then, dropping into the main line, she crept ahead to the edge of the depot and waited for her burden.

At 7:45 the yardmaster climbed aboard and introduced the enginemen, who up to this time had scarcely spoken a word. "John," he said, addressing the fireman, "this is Will Donohue. You two have a nasty run before you. No. 5 is twenty minutes late because of rains over toward Chicago. Think you can make it up?"

He was looking at Donohue, who nodded curtly. "I don't know anything about her capacity, but she responds quickly and runs smoothly. I'll test her tonight."

The yardmaster looked serious. "Don't be too daring. This locomotive has one bad fault. She can't stop quickly. She needs plenty of room. See that she has it." And he jumped from the locomotive.

At 8:23 the Limited slid, rattling off to the roundhouse, and No. 950 glided down the track and gently posed in the siding. No. 5 was composed of seven cars, five vestibuled mailmans and two heavily loaded mail cars. The superintendent, who had come over the Illinois division with her, hurried forward.

"The storm's following you, with a gale blowing from the east. If you run fast, you may keep ahead of it till the time's made up."

He ran back to the train and climbed aboard as Donohue slid his window shut and opened the throttle.

The stars were fading, the sky was clouded, and a brisk wind started up, advance guards of the storm. In a moment they were clear of the yards, and the great engine buckled down to her work. Every second the speed went up. It was fifty miles an hour, fifty-two, fifty-four. Another touch on the throttle.

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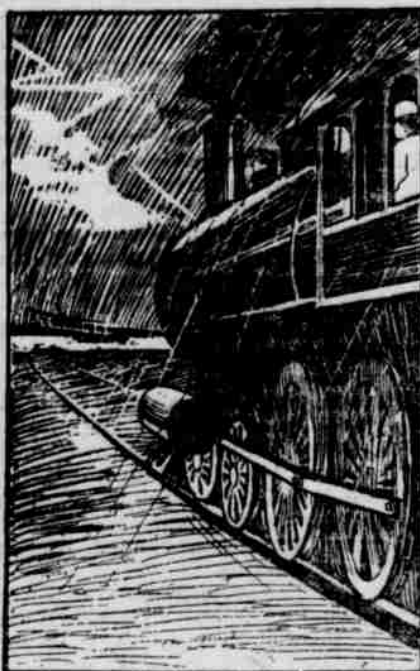
Endanger Your Health

VAN ORSDALL & ROSS

and she was wide open. The engineer put the reverse next to the center and dropped a few hodfuls of sand. He played with her, humored her, urged her on, and as the speed increased he sat down to watch her and the rails ahead.

He wondered whether, if the superintendent had his head out of the car window, he would now think the wind came from the east. He would wager anything that they were not twenty-three minutes late now.

A star suddenly hove in sight on the horizon. It twinkled and grew steadily larger. It was followed by a trail of weaker light. A meteor? Nearer and nearer it tore along the eastbound tracks. For a brief moment it shone, dazzling, on 950, then shot past. Will Donohue caught a glimpse of a figure in the cab, the faint gleam of the Pintsch burners in the sleepers, the sharper lights on the rear end. It was



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING SHOWED THE TRETTLE HANGING IN MIDAIR.

the eastbound flier. They were scheduled to pass at Woodvale, five miles ahead. The Limited was five minutes late. She would be on time in a short while.

But the sky was black with threatening clouds. Even then, as the engineer thrust his hand out in the night, he felt the big raindrops that presage a heavy storm. He must watch sharp now, for in a moment the tracks would be soaked and the wheels would be slipping.

As the train swept round a curve, leaning heavily to the left, a streak of lightning flashed vividly. There was a roar and crash of thunder, and the gale was upon them, driving restlessly, steadily, from the east. They were on time now and soon would be ahead of the schedule.

Donohue, remembering the words of the yardmaster, rose to shut off some steam. They skimmed over a bridge, and Will felt it sway beneath them. By the lightning he had caught a glimpse of swirling waters and realized that in another five minutes that bridge would be down. Were there others like it? His fireman touched his arm.

"For God's sake," he shouted, "shut off, Bill! Waverly trestle's just a mile ahead, and heaven knows whether she's there yet!"

Donohue nodded and turned to shove the throttle in. It would not budge! He took both hands to the task and failed. Again and again he threw his whole weight on it. Suddenly it went home, and he fell to the floor of the cab. In an instant he was on his feet, and a flash of lightning showed the trestle hanging in midair some distance ahead. They were running ninety miles an hour, with a gale to push them forward, slippery rails and wet wheels for the brakes and an engine which needed plenty of room in which to stop!

On the instant that Donohue rose from his fall the brakes flew to the wheels and sand poured on the steel. A stream of fire fell from the drivers and from every wheel on the train. With a struggle the engineer reversed the engine. She shuddered as if in the clutch of death; she reared and shook; she seemed trying to tear herself to pieces, but her speed went lower and lower. The brakes gripped the burning wheel treads with a grasp of iron. As she ground along her flanges somehow mounted the steel, and with a struggle, a last terrible leap, she tore herself loose from the rest of the train and plunged over the embankment.

McDonald had jumped long ago, but—Will?

With a cry he felt the engine that had won his heart from the start, his love of a single night, crash off the ties. He reached for the throttle and grasped it. When they found him, buried beneath the ruins of his engine, he still clutched the choker in his cold, lifeless hands. He had gone down to his death with 950, but the train was saved.

Be Sure About the Dust.

See that a good dust bath is provided for the fowls. Take two pieces of boards 4 inches wide and 3 feet long and nail them at right angles in the corner of the house so as to form a box. In this place clean road dust. The fowls will appreciate it and give better results.

AN AWKWARD QUESTION.



"Is it true we're made of dust, auntie?"
"Yes, dear."
"Then why don't we turn muddy when we drink?"

TOMMY'S SELF CONCEIT.



"Who is the smartest boy in your class at school, Tommy?"
"Well, Johnny Brown says he is."
"But who do you think is?"
"I'd rather not say. You see, I'm not as conceited as Johnny Brown is."

ANYTHING TO OBLICE.



"How many times have I to tell you I don't want a cab? I want to walk."
"All right, sir. Put yer bag inside and run behind."



A GOOD FRONT

brings many a deserving man who, ill-clad, might fail. Our in making your apparel what it is to be consists in keeping your lines other wearables in fine shape, so washing and ironing them is essential. Ever tried our work, our style, prices?

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