The Santiam News.

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The Santiam News.

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By IRA A. PHELPS.

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No. 3, For Detroit:
Leaves Albany ..... 1.00 P. M.
Arrives Detroit ..... 5.45 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit ..... 8.30 A. M.
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Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train for Portland.

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Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany 12.30 p. m., 10.30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12.33 a. m., 11.30 a. m.
" Sacramento 5 p. m., 4.35 a. m.
" San Francisco 7.45 p. m., 8.15 a. m.
" Ogden 5.45 a. m., 11.45 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7.25 a. m., 9.30 a. m
" Chicago 7.45 a. m., 9.30 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1.20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m., 6 p. m.
" Fort Worth 6.30 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
" City of Mexico 9.55 a. m., 9.55 a. m
" Houston 4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans 6.25 p. m., 6.25 a m
" Washington 6.42 a. m., 6.42 a. m
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First to arrive with the telegraphic news—The Weekly Oregonian.

WON FROM THE FLAMES

BY T. S. BREEN.

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Great forest fires had been numerous that spring in the mountainous districts of northern Arizona. There had been two dry years in succession, leaving the country a veritable tinder box. Added to this were the heavy and persistent spring winds that would fan a small spark into a raging hell in a few hours.

The government officers and lineriders were kept on a constant move to save the country from conflagration. The country was sparsely settled. Here and there, miles apart, where a small seep or spring furnished them water, a settler would sometimes be found, deep in the woods. A rougher and more rocky country never lay outdoors. Canyons split it up in all directions; mesas were covered with pine timber and on the rocky, seamy sides of the hills were thick cedars and chaparral, making a tangled jungle that even the old pioneers would occasionally get lost in.

It was late in the spring when the biggest fire of a decade broke out, and at a time when the wind was blowing a terrific gale. It marked as high as 60 miles an hour, falling at sunset, seemingly to rest for the coming day when it would break out again with renewed force.

A small camp fire left unattended started the sea of flame on its journey of destruction. A heavy wind was behind it, driving it due north toward the highest peaks of the mountains. The government rider in charge of the district fought it for two days with what help he could get from the ranchers, but on the third day it broke away from him. He rode to the nearest telegraph station and wired his superior officer for help. Help which was 70 miles away, and soon a force of 20 men was on its way as fast as horses could run. The driver rolled and swayed in his seat, bracing now and then against his seat-mate as the four-horse team swung around the sharp curves and over the rough road.

Smoke covered the whole country for miles around; valleys were filled with it, and great black clouds hung over and hid the mountain peaks. As far as the eye could reach there was a leaping, twisting, roaring sea of flame. As the night wore on, the smoke settled more closely to the ground and shut out the moonlight, adding more to the awful beauty of the wild scene; giant trees blazing from root to the topmost branches gave out their spectral, shimmering light, which seemed to gain in size until they appeared many times their actual size and height.

Above the din and roar came the occasional boom of a distant tree as it crashed down into the canyon below upon the rocks; up steep mountain sides the flames rolled and crackled, darting here and there, licking up everything in its reach; the wind whirled it here and there; boiling smoke rolled close to the ground, covering the men and choking them until they were nearly strangled; now and then they would come stumbling out of the black smoke and stagger away to get their breath. Then after a few gasps of fresh air got by lying close to the ground, back they would go again, black and begrimed, beating the fire out here, chopping and cutting away logs, fighting like fiends to stop the spread.

Along toward morning, Charlie Lewis, one of the regular range riders of the district, came up to the officer in charge of the reserve, with an anxious look on his begrimed and sweaty face.

"Captain," if I ain't mistaken, there's a ranch over there in that draw about a mile to the left. I hadn't thought of it before, but old man Williams lives there. He moved back there about a month ago with his daughter. I think something oughter be done to see if he ain't got out of there before the fire runs onto him."

"Good God, man, no one could get through this living hell for a mile and come out alive. Unless," he added, half to himself, "unless there happened to be a break in the fire line somewhere that split it around a canyon."

"Well, I'll tell you, cap, if you'll jest let me try I may be able to do something fer 'em. I ain't worth a dam, nohow, and it won't hurt much if I don't make it. I know most of the country like a faro layout, so does my bronc. If I don't get through, cap—why, it'll be the right kind of a start fer me in the next world, ennyhow," he said, with a little depreeating laugh.

The cap, as he called him, grasped him by the hand, mumbled something under his breath that sounded like "d—d fool," wiped something out of his eyes, and said:

"Well, go ahead if you are bound to."

In a short time Charlie had secured his little sure-footed beast, and soaking his clothes with what water could be spared from the drinking water in the canteens he was ready for the journey. As he spurred his horse down into the fire, the men gave him a cheer. He waved his big hat at them and was gone amidst the smoke and falling logs. Trees and undergrowth were not thick and there were patches left here and there unburned owing to the ledges of rock and huge piles of bowlders.

He dug his spurs into the little beast and down they went, into gullies, up over steep rocks, with Charlie laying close to his horse's neck—running, stumbling, all but falling at times in the treacherous lights and shadows of the blazing wood. Once a great pine came crashing down a few feet in front of his horse and both were covered with burning sparks. With a scream of pain the little horse gathered himself up again and passed in safety. By strange good luck, or by instinct of the horse, he struck a trail that led him into a road to the old man's cabin in the draw. Here he dug his spurs viciously into the horse's sides and forced him to the top of his speed. Straight to the cabin he went, where he half fell from his horse, burst to the door, yelling as he did so to arouse the sleeping occupants.

Williams and his daughter had gone to bed, thinking themselves safe from the fire owing to the wind driving it to the north and east away from their home. Half asleep Williams aroused his daughter, and while she hastily dressed he broke into the corral and secured horses. It was but the work of a moment before they were on the return trip, Charlie leading the horse with the girl, followed by the old man. Down the road they went as fast as the horses would carry them through the smoke. Charlie had thoughtfully wrapped the girl in a blanket before the start.

The flames swept so close to the ground that it was impossible to follow the road. Williams was lost from the two ahead a short time after leaving the cabin. Lewis turned and yelled, but his voice was drowned in the roar. To hesitate meant death. The horse behind stumbled and fell. In a moment Lewis was down beside the girl and raised her in a half unconscious condition onto the saddle with him and continued his heroic ride.

Almost hopelessly he spurred his staggering horse on; it seemed hours to him. Then wrapping the blanket tightly around the girl, for one more desperate effort, he jabbed the cruel spurs into both sides of his lunging bronco and plunged up a steep hillside and through the roaring flames. He was nearly swept from his horse by burning brands and partially blinded as they struck him across the face. As he reached the brow of the hill his horse stumbled and fell. In a second he was on his feet, and with the girl in his arms started again for the outer edge of the fire.

At last hope gone, blinded, weak from his gallant fight, scarred in a hundred places, his face and hands burned almost to a crisp, he fell exhausted with his burden. He had reached the limit of human endurance. He had hardly fallen when he heard a familiar voice near at hand yelling to his men:

"Cut away that log, men! Heave it into the canyon below."

"Help, cap; help, quick," he managed to scream, and in less time than the telling takes Lewis and the girl were whisked from the sea of flames with willing hands. In a short time the girl recovered sufficient to tell the story of the wild ride, but Lewis remained unconscious for days.

A search was instituted for the missing Williams as soon as it was possible to do so, but it was weeks afterward that his charred remains were found beside the bones of his faithful horse. He had wandered around in the fire until both were suffocated.

Except for the effects of the smoke, Mabel Williams suffered no ill effects from the ride. Charlie's forethought in wrapping her in the blanket had saved her from burns.

The man seemed remarkably well content with his nurse during the time his burns were healing. One day he said to her:

"I think I'd ought to have to pay for that horse and saddle, Mabel—mighty good horse and double cinch saddle, too."

"I don't think you should have more than you can carry, Charlie—on a warm day, anyhow."

"Ouch, May, that's my sore arm that I got foolin' round in the fire; you'll have to hug me on the other side."

And pay for that horse and saddle is a standing joke between them yet.

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

The Prisoner Hoped for a Reprieve to the Last Moment and What He Received.

"The most disappointed man I ever saw," said William J. Casey, a Baltimore financier, to a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, "was a poor wretch who was about to be hanged in one of the northeastern counties of Maryland. I happened to be there about the time and accepted an invitation to witness the execution.

"The fellow's lawyers had been working hard to save his neck, and there seemed to be some possibility that he might be reprieved. The time set for the execution arrived, however, and the sheriff made plans to carry out the execution. The march to the scaffold had begun and the prisoner was about to mount the steps when a messenger arrived, banged frantically at the gate of the jail yard, and was admitted, waving a telegram in his hand.

"The procession was at once stopped and the sheriff took the telegram, but saw that it was addressed to the condemned man. He handed it to the fellow, who, trembling with hope, tore open the envelope. He cast his eager glance at the message, paled, and let it drop from his hand. The sheriff picked up the paper, read it, and the march to the scaffold was resumed. In a few minutes the man who had hoped for a reprieve was in eternity.

"The message was from some outsider who had become interested in his case. It told him to trust in the Lord and he would be saved!"

Loss of Vessels.

Nearly 1,000 vessels are lost annually.

THE BOASTFUL VETERAN.

Talks Too Much and Is Quietly Called Down by One Who Knew His Kind.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles is remarkable for more than his war record, his photographs and his diplomatic manner. One of his most winning traits is his disinclination to listen to boastful speeches or to hear some one condemned while the object of the adverse criticism is not present, says the Chicago Tribune.

Not so long ago that the other man in this little story has forgotten it a man in Washington who had once been in the army and had served in Cuba was present at a reception at which Gen. Miles was one of the guests. The general was surrounded by friends, and was enjoying himself immensely until the civilian and former army officer, who, for want of a better name, shall be called Mr. Blank, came into the conversation.

He attracted notice at once by severely criticising several prominent officers, none of whom was at the reception. Gen. Miles did not feel called upon to say anything at first, but in a few minutes Mr. Blank, profiting by the general's silence and interpreting it to mean that the general shared his views, became harsher than ever in his strictures upon the men who were absent. After one particularly severe outbreak Gen. Miles said, softly:

"I wouldn't, if I were you. If some of the men you have been talking about should happen to come into this room what would you do?"

Blank was not taken aback. In a loud voice and with every indication of strong-mindedness, he said:

"O, I don't know. I don't think I would be frightened."

"No?" asked Gen. Miles, tentatively.

By this time the circle around the men had increased, and the interest in the dialogue was deep, especially as many were present who were friends of Gen. Miles, the other man, and the men who had been unfortunate enough to incur Mr. Blank's resentment.

"I don't think I would be frightened," Mr. Blank went on in his loud voice. "You know, general, that we soldiers are not easily scared by the approach of the enemy."

"Ah, you were a soldier?" asked Gen. Miles.

"Yes, I was a soldier. I was in Cuba with my regiment, and I believe that a search through the official reports will fail to show that the appearance of the enemy ever made me lose my mind. Why, general, there was one time that we lay within 200 yards of the Spanish army before Santiago, and it became necessary for us to communicate with them. Of course, there were many men who would have been willing to go into their ranks under a flag of truce, but even that would have been dangerous. I myself offered to carry the message and to hold the consultation with the officers to be selected by the Spanish commander and sent out by him to a place between the two lines. I offered myself and was accepted. I talked with the enemy, sir, there, during a lull in the firing."

This uncontradicted evidence of the bravery of Mr. Blank moved the men in the group to admiration for him, and Gen. Miles, knowing that so long as the orator talked about himself the absent officers were safe, said nothing. Mr. Blank could not keep off the subject of the absent ones long, and soon was at it again.

This time Gen. Miles interrupted him. It was hard work, because the speaker possessed an unusually loud voice, upon which he never put the soft pedal.

"Ah, you talked with the enemy?" asked the general.

"I have said that I did," answered Mr. Blank, proudly.

"May I ask," queried Gen. Miles, politely, "if you used a megaphone?"

While Mr. Blank was pondering upon this Gen. Miles moved away. The others laughed and afterwards Mr. Blank said to the general that he had not intended all he had said.

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For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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