

WON FROM THE FLAMES
BY T. S. BRENN

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 fire-fighters were kept on a constant move to save the country from conflagration. The country was sparsely settled. Here and there, miles apart, were a small group of spring furnished steam water, a settler would sometimes be found, deep in the woods. A rancher and more rocky country were his outdoors. Canyon split it up in all directions, mesas were covered with pine timber and on the rocky, sandy side 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 officer 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 20 miles away and was a force of 30 men was on its way as fast as horses could run. The driver rolled and swayed in his seat, leading now and then against his seat as 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 near 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 gaze in size until they appeared many times their actual size and height.

Above the din and roar came the occasional boom of a Zeppelin (as it crashed down into the canyon below upon the rocks) up steep mountain sides the flames rolled and crackled, darting here and there, leaping up everything in its path; the wind whirled it here and there, rolling smoke rollers 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 the flames, fighting like fiends to stop the spread.

Along toward morning, Charlie Lewis, one of the regular fire fighters in charge of the reserve, with an anxious look on his begrimed and sooty face, "captain" if it isn'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 ought to be done to see if he isn'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 just let me try I may be able to do something for 'em. I ain't worth a darn, 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 for me in the next world, anyhow," he said, with a little deprecating 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."

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 boulders.

He dug his spurs into the little beast and down they went, into gulches, 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 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 in 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 not the work of a moment before Charlie had thoughtfully wrapped the leading 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-conscious condition onto the saddle with him and continued his heroic ride.

Almost hopelessly he spurred his staggering horse on, it seeped hours to him. Then wrapping the blanket tightly around the girl, for one more desperate effort, he jolted the great spurs into both sides of his lagging 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, seared 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 him:

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

"Help, cap! help, quick," he managed to cry, and in less than time the yelling 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 was wrecked afterward that his charred remains were found beside the bones of his faithful horse. He had wandered around in the fire until both were scorched.

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 harm.

The man seemed remarkably well content with his horse during the time his horse was 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 foalin' round in the fire; you'll have to lug me on the other side."

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

The Santiam News.

D. C. HUMPHREY, Publisher.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, APRIL 24, 1903

EDITORIAL.

The editor of a backwoods news paper when requested to print a two column article on woman suffrage irreverently declined and offered this poor excuse in defense of his action: "The average country news paper is published to give the community the local news, and incidentally to endeavor to raise money enough to make the 'spirit move' on Saturday night. If there are any of our subscribers that are pining to know what some 'suff-rin' sister in New Hampshire said on a recent occasion or what the society for the prevention of wars on old maid's day did at Kalamazoo, or the woman's effort to assist the poor down trodden ladies of Patagonia, we will save up our volunteer copy and send it to them. At present we want sheriff sale notices, bank statements, board proceedings and standing advertisements. We are soiled, worldly, greedy, covetous, avaricious. We are ferocious, blood-thirsty, savage; it takes money to pay tiler, and we won't use a column or two every week to gratify the whim of some ancient social problem renovator of the female persuasion just for the fun of the thing. It used to be fun to act as assistant a justant renovator of the universe, but the glamor has worn off—cash, stuff, scums, rinks, spoons, hats, hats, similes, collaterals, that's what makes the wheels of progress turn in this emporium of thought."

The contestants are started in the congressional race which will finish on the first of June. The campaign promises to be a lively one. Neither of the contestants is a log-fitter or likely to lose by loss of energy. Naturally the republican candidate has considerable lead in the district, 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.

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Circuit Court.

Judge Rose reconvened circuit court Tuesday afternoon.

In the divorce case of Mrs J Hall vs. her husband a motion for \$50 for expenses for the defendant was granted and May 4 at 1 p m was set for the trial of the case.

D H James vs. Mary E Richardson. May 4 set for the trial of the case.

E J Bumbaugh vs. F M Bumbaugh. Divorce. The plaintiff testified to the defendant being sentenced to jail at Ketchikan for 15 months and sent to McNeil's Island and the correspondent Myrtle Berry for six months and sent to Sitka. Divorce was granted, and the plaintiff to have the custody of the children and the personal property at Sweet Home.

W S Foster vs. O C Williams. To quiet title. Judgment for plaintiff, Laura Ella Froman vs. Thos Froman. Divorce. Grounds charged adultery. The court room was filled with a large audience of Albany people and neighbors in the country and no doubt their expectations were met. Messrs Murphy, Bulte and Weatherford & Wyatt for the defendant. The details are not printable.

Court House News.

1898 tax receipts have been issued by the sheriff and the amount collected is in excess of \$132,000, of which all but about \$2,000 has been placed in the hands of the county treasurer, leaving a balance to be collected of about \$25,000.

Deaths Recorded: J L Hill to G O Young, lot 4 1/4, E A \$ 500 J S Hardisty to J I Green and W F 8 7/8 acres 800 Francis Farwell vs. sheriff, to Edward Allen, wharf lot, 13, Albany 1,000 Edward Walden to Anna S Byson, wharf lot 13, Albany 1

Mortgage for \$150.

No Lumber in Portland.

Portland, April 20.—Three hundred carpenters are out of work. One-half of all construction is delayed on a count of scarcity of lumber.

It is reported on good authority that mills will refuse to sell lumber to any contractor favoring labor unions.

The Building Trades' Council last night passed a resolution charging the Master Builders' Association and saw mill men with forming a combine to injure the building industry.

Sixth Victim.

Bakersfield, Cal., April 20.—City Marshal Packard died this morning at 4:30 from the effects of wounds inflicted by Outlaw McKinney and his companion, Al Hulser, making the sixth victim of the former's murderous career. Packard was president of the local series of Eagles and a prominent member of the Elks and other societies.

W. P. Lang, who was sent to the penitentiary from Douglas County, escaped Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. He is described as follows: Has good teeth, smooth shaven, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 154 pounds, complexion brown, hair black and eyes brown. At the time of his escape he wore the sixth victim of the former's murderous career. Packard was president of the local series of Eagles and a prominent member of the Elks and other societies.

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REMOVAL SALE!

We must move into another building on account of the property we are now in being been and in order to reduce our stock as much as possible we are making a great sacrifice

Below we quote a few prices and all the rest of our goods are comparatively as low.

Calicoes	4 and 5c	All \$4.00 shoes reduced 1/3	\$3.00
Muslins	5c up	Med's long leg snag proof boots	\$4.00
Worsted Dress Goods reduced to 13 & 10		" " " gum " "	\$3.50
Ladies Vests from	81 up	" short snag boots	\$3.00
Comfortables reduced from \$1.25 to 1.00		8 bars soap	25c
Childrens shoes	25c up	Men's Undershirts	45c up
Ladies Shoes	90c up	Men's Dress Hats	40c up
Men's Shoes	\$1.10 up		

BICKNER BROS.

There is a man in Russia who has papers to show that he is 234 years old. His age isn't as remarkable, however, as the fact that he doesn't claim to have smoked cigarettes and guzzled whiskey all his life.

When in Albany don't fail to get prices on your bill at Sanders cash store. We can save you money on your wants.

Just now spring lines are demanding your attention. Waistings, suitings, skirtings, summer underwear and hosiery, shirt waists, skirts and in fact every thing that you will need for yourself and family for the coming warm season.

While London has 47 telephones per 10,000 inhabitants, Paris, 71; New York, 150; and San Francisco, 706, Stockholm reaches the figure of 990.

Belin has its first female barbers—the wife and daughter of a hair-dresser. In Bohemia, Hungary and Scandinavia there are many women barbers.

In the year ending April 1, 1900, Berlin imported from Italy 50 car loads of cherries, 357 of table grapes, 245 of summer fruits, etc. In the following 12 months the business doubled.

A Leipzig physician expresses the opinion that on account of their acute sense of touch blind persons are specially qualified for practicing massage. In Japan this is done very largely.

In the clear atmosphere the other day Bostonians could see from Boston two mountains, Wachusett and Monadnock—that is those Bostonians who took the trouble to climb Mount Roxbury, West Roxbury, could.

If all the reports that have reached the police within the past few days are true, diamond stealing by servants has reached the proportion of a man in New York. Three young women employed in a many fashionable homes in the uptown section are now under arrest on this charge.

Slightly Off on Pronunciation. A very estimable woman of Milwaukee is an earnest member of a local German club, but her method of pronouncing some of the words at least in one particular instance, around the birth of her companion. At a recent meeting of the club, one of the questions on the agenda was: "Are you not glad that you are able to learn German?"

This query was in the foreign language, and the answer was: "Ja, gewiss," meaning: "Yes, certainly."

It is supposed that this particular woman goes some up to read the question and answer. She got through the question all right, but convulsed the class by reading the answer this way: "Yes, certainly—Milwaukee Sentinel."

Somewhat Different. His—Wouldn't you be a nice man who hides his light under a bushel? His—You bet he is! On the contrary, he considers himself the whole electric power house and imagines the town would be in total darkness if he happened to break down.—Chicago Daily News.

SCIO MEAT MARKET
FRANK REHOR, Proprietor

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Store News

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See Friday and Saturday Specials	Store News	You are Welcome to look us up to Buy
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Friday and Saturday Specials.

Men's Overalls 90c, 35 cts. Men's Work Shirts 48 cts. Ladies Wrappers 60 cts, 88 cts, \$1.00. Men's Dress Shirts 70 cts. Ladies Skirts \$1.50. Men's Gingham Jumpers 25 cts.

Best Calicoes 5 cts. French Gingham 10 cts. Mercerized Gingham 12 1/2 cts.

Men's Dry Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Trunks, Valises, Clothing, Gloves, Etc.

SANDERS' CASH STORE 1000 First Street, Albany, Oregon.

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G. W. PHILLIPS, Prop. Choice Roller flour and Mill Feed. The highest market price paid at all times for wheat



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