

Out of the Fire

By JOSEPHINE R. MARTIN.

Day after day the forest fires had swept nearer and nearer the little clearing where Bunt Dobie's cabin stood, away back toward Cat Mountain. The sky was lit each night by the sickening glare, the air was full of smoke, and terrified and strange birds flew wildly about.

Sometimes the smoke stifled them, then as the wind shifted, for a little while they breathed easier, but still the great army of flames marched steadily onward, while overhead blazed a relentless sun in a cloudless sky, with no promise of rain to end the dreadful destruction.

"Pears like we ain't goin' for any more rain. I guess it's the end of all things a comin' slowly," remarked Bunt Dobie, and Lora wearily assented. To Lora it did not seem to matter much, she looked out on life with beautiful, tired eyes. Forced into an early and unwilling marriage with Bunt Dobie, by her French Canadian father who owed Bunt money, and thought that was the best way of paying his debt, she rebelled against fate with all the strength of her beautiful young womanhood. She hated the little clearing, thick set with tangled scrub-oaks, she hated the thick forest, and the mountains farther away that seemed to shut out all that was great and good in the big world beyond; she hated more than all Bunt Dobie, gaunt and gray, with an ugly leer in his green eyes, and a fierce set of his lean jaw, and sometimes she even hated herself, her own beautiful face and perfectly formed womanhood.

Bunt Dobie, outland, and the terror of all game warden the country through, was certainly no fit mate for the beautiful wild creature who was bound to him for life, and Lora was afraid of him, so afraid that she pulled before the leer in his eyes and the firm set of his hateful mouth.

All this day they had fought the fire, with their few bits of household goods—packed in readiness for flight, but at night the wind had shifted and the gentle patter of rain on the leaves brought the belief that the worst was over. Bunt wearily beyond endurance drank deeply, and threw himself down in stupid sleep, but Lora crept out to the edge of the clearing to cool her hot face in the water of the brook. As she plunged her wrists deep in the coolness, a whisper started her, and a dark, handsome face peered out of the bushes. "It's only Peter, Lora," he whispered. Peter Carson, the young guide, who had loved Lora long and helplessly and Lora loved him, too, but would not acknowledge it, for she was not bound to Bunt.

"If only wanted to make sure you was all right, Lora; that brute will kill you yet, and I'm always fearful. I wish I could take you away, Lora," Peter's voice was full of feeling. "Don't, Peter," she half sobbed. "It's his wife, you know and I'd ought not to be here talking with you, but oh, Peter, I wish I could die." She sobbed softly and Peter watched her, his face full of misery. "If you want me, Lora, I'll be near," he said gently. "You can call; I'm never far away; I guess the worst is over, but come to me if you want me. I must go, and with a reassuring grasp of her hand he went silently away. It was after midnight when Lora awoke with the sensation of smothering. She sprang up and rushed out of the cabin, fighting her way through the smoke; the wind had shifted again and the fire was creeping up closer, the cracking of the boughs sounded like the firing of musketry, the heat was unbearable, the smoke stifling, there was no time to lose, already the brands, glowing red, were falling in to the clearing.

Lora rushed back to the cabin, "Bunt," she cried, "wake up, the fire is upon us, but Bunt doop in drunken slumber was not so easily aroused. A feeling of irony arose in her heart, "Lora," she cried, "Lie there and burn, it'll be the best night's work the fire has yet done." Hastily snatching a few things she rushed out and plunged into the thicket toward the road leading to Peter's cabin. But even as she flew toward, remorse flew more quickly and overtook her; with a groan she stopped and wrung her hands. "I can't do it," she moaned. "I know he's a brute, but I'd feel like a murderer. I must not leave him so."

Back through the underbrush she plunged again, her eyes smoke blinded; the trees were falling over, where with crash and roar, while overhead the stars shone mockingly in the clear rainless sky.

Lora had almost reached the clearing when she stumbled over the body of a man. "Get up, Bunt," she cried, scolding her as if by habit, but when she saw it was Bunt, she was overcome by heat and smoke. "Get up or you'll burn. I'll help you." She helped him struggle to his feet, her eyes so blinded she could not open them; roused by her words the man staggered blindly on, dragging on her helplessly, but fear gave her strength and half leading, half dragging him she plunged on until they reached the clearing, then summoning all her courage she half carried him in her arms across the foot log, and dropping her burden sank beside him. Dipping her hands in the cool water she bathed her smoke blinded

TEMPLE TO LI HUNG CHANG

To Afford Opportunity for Adoration of Statesman's Spirit.

A singular incident has happened at the city of Lu Chou Fu, a famous spot 140 miles up the Yangtze from Nanking, China. This important city was the home of the celebrated Li Hung Chang whose visit to Europe and then to America created such great interest a few years since.

Li Hung Chang was a great statesman, a great soldier, a great diplomat, and a great patriot. He was born in 1823 in a small village in the province of Chekiang. He was educated in the traditional Chinese manner, and became a member of the highest ranks of the civil service. He served in various capacities, and was eventually appointed Viceroy of the province of Chekiang. He was a man of great ability and energy, and his administration was marked by reforms and improvements. He was a patriot who loved his country, and he was a man of great courage and determination.

Some Facts About Sugar. The free use of sugar as we know it is a modern phenomenon. Apparently the ancients were unfamiliar with it in the form in which we use it and later it was merely an expensive luxury. Some interesting data about the manufacture, use and cost of sugar are given in Cosmos (Paris, May 2) as follows:

Sugar was made by the Chinese at a very remote epoch. In the West it was known much later. Pliny, Varro and Lucan among the Romans, at the beginning of our era just make mention of it, and it was then known under the names of Indian sugar, Arabian sugar, and Arabic or Indian juice. In 1090 the Crusaders, on their arrival in Syria found cane sugar there for the first time, and it became part of the soldiers' ration. In the following centuries sugar cane was introduced into the island of Cyprus, into the Nile Delta, on the north shore of Africa as far as Gibraltar, into Sicily and into the Kingdom of Naples, then into Spain in the 15th century and thence into Mexico, the West Indies, and the continent of America.

Paris Invented Cologne. The Philadelphia Bulletin says: The inventor of eau de cologne was an Italian Giovanni Maria Farina, who lived in the city of Cologne, Germany, in 1688, and a few years ago it was sold by his heirs for \$200,000. The liqueur of the Carthusian monks, was the invention of an aged baker. On the expulsion of the Carthusian fathers from France the Carthusian recipe was sold at auction for \$1,750,000. The French buyers undertook, however, a losing business, for the monks are now making their liqueur in Spain, and opticians prefer it to that of the French. The thin paper on which the Oxford Press is printed is made after a secret process by the Oxford University Press. The secret is valued at \$1,250,000. Absinthe's secret once belonged to a French chemist. He sold it to a distiller for \$5. The distiller sold it for \$50,000. It is now worth its original \$75, having "leaked" out.

Many kinds of Bees. There are about 2,000 species of the wild bees, all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable Amazons and carry more and better weapons than the males. These are the cuckoo bees, which deposit their eggs in the nest of others, the progeny of both living peacefully together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with its scissor-like jaws and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into its cave-shaped nest.

Slow Rate of Travel. A snail's rate of travel was ascertained by experiments in Florence. Half a dozen snails were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Exact time was kept from the start to the finish, and thus the average pace was learned. The figures were then put into tables of feet per second, and it was found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to travel a mile.

Many Look Without Seeing. Many meet the lovely unappreciated and look without seeing. The heart must be in the eyes to catch a glint and one should see that his heart is free when it approaches the good. —Austin Bierbover.

Camphor Ice. Two ounces of lard or nice mutton tallow, the same of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one-half ounce of camphor gum, one-quarter ounce of glycerine. Melt all together with a little heat as possible.

Window Glass at Pompeii. Recent discoveries in the ruins of Pompeii prove that the ancient Romans used window glass; but for centuries houses in England were without window glass, the place of which was frequently supplied with waxed linen or oiled paper. At the end of the eighteenth century there were men living whose occupation it was to paste oiled paper into window-sashes.

An Awkward Fix. "What! You say that old Doan, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I've got a bill on the man which is made out payable at sight!"

"OURS" NOT "MINE"

Merely a Change of Words Will Solve Earth's Problems.

"It is mine!" "I tell you, you are mistaken; it is mine!" Divorce court. Which is a terse way of putting the sad history of many a marriage disagreement over the things mine and mine and the domestic misery that ensues.

The way to settle such a disagreement is for both parties to say, "It is ours." Because of the struggle for mine and mine the records of history are sad in blood, nations have fallen, armies of hatred have been raised, cities have been burnt, brother has slain brother, and division have come because men have contended for that which is not theirs, but ours. Organized selfishness in our day has manifested itself in the great corporation which have spread their web far and wide, controlling the avenues of approach, watching for victims with their many faceted eyes, gathering to themselves what is not theirs, but ours. The world is ours. Sky and earth ours. Sunshine and shade ours. Flowers and birds ours. Fruits and fertile fields ours. And the Master of us all taught us to pray "Our Father."

Ladies and gentlemen! Every where is needed this doctrine of "ours" in the family, in the school, in the world. The solution of all earth's problems, is wrapped up in the one saying— "Everything is ours."

Models of British Ships. Paraffine wax models of all proposed British battleships are used by the Admiralty for tests before the keels of the ships are laid down. The models are used in a great tank. The models are from twelve to twenty four feet long, the tank being four hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. The models are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so that alterations can be made up and used again. The American naval authorities have made models of their hulls constructed, but these are much more elaborate than the British being formed of white pine and fitted with rudders, false keels, propeller shafts and all other details.

A Gunpowder Magazine. More than a quarter of a century has passed since Ned Kelly the "iron clad bushranger of Australia," to quote the title of a popular penny dreadful, was hanged in the Melbourne jail. The northeastern district of Victoria, which he once terrorized, and which a humorist of the period called "Kellifornia," is now largely opened up and occupied by farmers, according to The Indianapolis News. "One of them received a shock the other day. He was burning off some of the cane brush on his land, when suddenly there was a tremendous explosion, and a giant gum tree, nearly three hundred feet high, was scattered into space. The Kelly gang had hollowed out a portion of the trunk and used it as one of their secret receptacles for the storage of gunpowder."

Human Life Sacrificed. In ancient times the great engineering works were costly in human lives. The making of the Red Sea canal is said to have involved the loss of no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand Egyptian lives. Buckle's examination made him believe the number to have been somewhat exaggerated, but he gives it as still a guide to the enormous waste of human life in those days. The men who kept two thousand slaves engaged for three years bringing a single stone from Elephantine to the Pyramids did not care a great deal so long as in the twenty years in which one of the pyramids was building there were forthcoming the 360,000 men required for the work.

The Finest Wood. French walnut is the finest wood that comes to this country. It comes from Persia, but is prepared in France. Its price has been as high as \$8 a pound and as low as \$2 a pound. It is used principally for veneering, for only the very wealthy could afford to have chairs and tables of solid French walnut. Materially wonderful as it is, rarely brings such high prices. From \$2 to \$3 a pound is a very good price for it. Ebony, if it is in a particularly large piece, so that it will cut well, will often bring \$5 a pound in the wood market.

Lighthouse Moved. The feat of moving a lighthouse without taking it apart or dismantling it in any way has recently been accomplished at Ashtabula. The range-light, weighing sixty-five tons, and standing sixty-five feet high, was placed on a lighter and towed along the river, a distance of 750 feet, and then successfully placed on a new site. It was raised by the use of jacks and moved on rollers to and from the lighter. Guy ropes held it in position while moving.

Old Custom Survives. In olden times, when a knight entered a company of ladies, he removed his helmet, to indicate that he considered himself among friends, and that there was no need to protect himself. This practice has survived in the custom of raising the hat when saluting a lady.

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