

# Out of the Fire

By JOSEPHINE E. 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 gona get no 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, she 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 wrist 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 crackling 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 dozed in drunken slumber was not so easily aroused. A feeling of frenzy arose in her heart. "Lora," she cried, "Lie there and burn, it'll be the best light's work the fire has yet done." Hastily snatching a few things she rushed out and plunged into the blizzard toward the road leading to Peter's cabin. But even as she flew toward the clearing, she saw the flames and overtook her; with a gasp she stopped and wrung her hands. "I can't do it," she moaned. "I know she's burnt, 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, 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 him as was her wont 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 helplessness but fear gave her strength and half leading, half dragging him she dragged 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

eyes until the smarting ceased, and then in the darkness she filled her hands with water and dashed it into the face of the unconscious man.

"I've saved you, God help me," she murmured.

The dash of cold water aroused the man and he staggered to his feet, and as the glare of the fire fell upon his face Lora gave a startled cry, for it was not Bunt who stood before her, but Peter, brave, handsome Peter, who had started to save her and had been overcome in the clearing.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" she cried. "He's back there in the cabin! I thought you were him, and I tried to save him! Oh, Peter, what can we do?" Peter lifted the terrified girl to her feet, the realization of what she had done sweeping over him. Suffering as she had from the brutality of the man, she had risked her life to save his so worthless.

"Lora, you are an angel," he said reverently. "God knows you did your best to save him, and he knows, too, that you have borne your burden long enough. So, it is too late to go back now," and even as he spoke a great tree blazing fiercely fell across the little cabin, blotting out the worthless life within. Praying softly, Lora covered her eyes from the dreadful sight, and then Peter's arm was about her, and he drew her hands gently down and turned her face toward him. "Lora, you are his wife no longer. I have waited long; will you come to me now?"

Lora gave him her lips for his answer and regardless of the destruction sweeping down upon them, Peter gathered her in his arms and kissed not only her lips, but her eyes and face and dusky hair as well, and then with his strong arm about her, they turned their backs on the scene of death and desolation, and plunged down the trail leading them away from the forest which had held her for them little besides misery and sorrow, out into God's country, under the silent stars, leaving the old life behind them and going forward into the new, a better and cleaner life, purified by fire. — Boston Post

**Rain Poor Substitute for Irrigation.**

Irrigation is better than rain, but a paradox. But instead it is almost a truism. What is better to give a plant just as much and no more water than it needs, and just when it needs it, or to parch it or drown it according to the whim of the clouds? The rain falls upon the land upon the unjust after, upon your straw-berries that cry for it and upon your sugar-beets that want uninterrupted sunshine. Rain is all right in its place, but it is a very poor substitute for irrigation. Otherwise why would the laws of our cities be sprinkled or irrigated, instead of leaving them to the tender mercy of the clouds? No. Arid lands are more fertile than ordinary lands, and irrigation is better than rain.

**A Bridge of Coffins.**

When the British forces were marching to Peking in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quagmire a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally bury their dead in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly afloat, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

**A Spiritual Carrot.**

The lay preacher has his rewards, but he has also many discouragements. A veteran brother once, at a conference of lay preachers, gave them some cheer. He said: "When I was a lad I used to drive a donkey-cart. Sometimes the donkey would not go, but I tied a carrot on the end of my whip and dangled it in front of his nose, and then he went. My brothers, let me dangle a spiritual carrot before you. Be not weary in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

**Where Great Writers Lived.**

Cratigeputtuck, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Miss Mary Carlyle of Cratigeputtuck, a grand-daughter of Thomas Carlyle, and the bridegroom James Carlyle, a farmer of Pingle, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew, Pingle, the fourth of his five children. Carlyle is the original of the Eustuph of "Sartor Resartus."

**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-cashes.

**An Awkward Fix.**

"What! You say that old Doemall, 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!"

## 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. Within its walls is a fine school, to which is attached a great hospital, both built with funds left by him for a purpose. On the side of these two establishments a new and splendid temple, one of the finest ever erected in China.

It has been built in accordance with an universal custom of ancient warfare, further to order to afford opportunity for the adoration of the spirit of the great statesman, not only of his own relative but by the public generally. Li Hung Chang has been added to the countless gods in the Chinese pantheon.

This temple is 100 feet long and 75 feet wide. A series of open courts, surrounded by columns lead back to the sanctuary. The cost of the structure was \$700,000. But the temple of Li Hung Chang is not here, for he was buried five miles away from the city and close by the sea. Here is a shrine to his ancestral temple. A few miles still further on is yet another shrine temple belonging to another branch of the same immense, wealthy family.

It is said that the several branches of the family have at least a quarter of a million sterling invested in lands of the land twenty-five miles east of the city.

**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:

Cane sugar was made by the Chinese at a very remote epoch. In the West it was known much later. Pliny, Varro and Lucian 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, Arab sugar and Arabian or Indian juice. In 1099 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 and the Canaries. In 1644 the French took it to Guadaloupe and shortly afterward to Martinique and Louisiana. The Portuguese introduced it into Brazil, and the English into Jamaica.

**Farina Invented Cologne.**

The Philadelphia Bulletin says: The inventor of eau de cologne was an Italian Giovanni Farina. Farina lived in Cologne and he is supposed to have sold his first bottle of cologne in 1680, but a few years ago it was sold by his heirs for \$200,000. The liquor 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 liquor in Spain, and opticians prefer it to that of the French. The thin paper on which the Oxford Bible 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 not 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 peaceably together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the talloring bee, which utters leaves with its scissorlike 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, yards and furlongs, 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 civilization 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.

## "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 ad 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 used in blood, nations are fallen, armies of hatred have been raised, cities have sought brotherly love, division 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 spheres that have spread their webs 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 are ours. Sunshine and shade are ours. Flowers and birds are ours. Fruits and fertile fields are 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 miniature models are tested 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 waste 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 vases, for only the very wealthy could afford to have chairs and tables of solid French walnut. Many are 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.

**THE NAME**



**Snyder's**

**ON A PACKAGE OF**

**CANDY, BONBONS, COCOA AND CHOCOLATES**

**Is a Guarantee of Unequalled**

**PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR**

**Knows and sold the world over**

44 and 46 Main St. East

3 POINTS Standard Goods—Fresh Goods Popular Prices

**A. W. PALMER**

**Grocer**

141 MAIN STREET WEST Bell Phone 1302

Rochester Phone 672

**E. C. SYKES**

Electrical Contractor and Locksmith

Incandescent Gas Mantles and Supplies Gas and Electric Fixtures

12 Front St. Rochester, N. Y.

**Handy "Shur-Ons"**



Shur-On

We handle everything

**Optical**

Including the best Eye Glass mounting the handy SHUR-ONS An expert Optometrist in attendance Optical Dept.

**McCurdy & Norwell Co.**

Choice Cut Flowers and Plants

Artistic Floral Designs a Specialty Rochester's New Florist

Store 3 Clinton Avenue South. Rochester, N. Y.

**Paul Thomann**

Whitcomb Hotel Bldg. Opp. Lyceum Theatre

BOTH PHONES

**Mrs. L.M. Wackerman**

**Costumer**

Masks, Wigs and Beards

All kinds of Stages Make up Particular Attention Paid to Costuming Amateur Theatricals

Consuming in all its branches.

Rochester Phone 4326 Bell Phone 1377 Main

Last house on Spring Street cor. Ford Street

**Mechanics Savings Bank**

18 Exchange Street

Pays 4 per cent. on Deposits

Money to Loan on Mortgages

Open Saturday Evenings from 6.30 to 8.30

The Best Remedy

**Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c**

**Geo. Hahn**

Prescription Druggist

561 State Street

Particular People Prefer

**J.G. Davis Co's.**

**Granite Flour**

It makes better Bread, Biscuit and Rolls than the other kinds.

**BURNS AND COMPANY**

**COAL**

Office—Court & South Clinton Bell phone 3057

**THOMAS COGGER**

**THE CUT RATE FLORIST OF ROCHESTER**

Carnations, Roses, Violets and all choice flowers in season

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY

280 Main E. cor. North

Residence 431 Howard Ave. BOTH PHONES

Thirty-seventh

**Catholic Pilgrimage-Cruise**

to the

**Holy Land**

under the auspices of

**The Fabre Line**

from New York per S.S. "Madonna," Feb. 26, '09 S.S. "Germania," Mar. 6, '09 connecting with the superb Mediterranean Steam Yacht "Etoile"

For further information apply

**Amsden's Steamship and Tourist Office**

4 Main Street West Powers Block Rochester, N. Y.

Thos. A. Shannon John J. Coughlin

**Shannon & Coughlin**

Plumbing, Heating and Tinsmithing

Agents for Red Cross Stoves and Ranges

602 Lake Avenue Home 2505 PHONES Bell 1259 E

PHOTOGRAPHS

made at

**LEHNKERING'S**

are the best that can be produced and prices are moderate

**A.L. Lehnkering**

24 State St. over White Kitchen

Try Our Special 20c Coffee Also 25c and 32c

**TEAS, SPICES & EXTRACTS**

They are every fine

Chas. J. McCarthy 98 Field St.

**Schwartz's Loan Office**

Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Musical Instruments, Boots & Shoes, Trunks, Suit Cases, Revolvers, Etc.

Don't be misled—look for the name and number on window

**LOUIS SCHWARTZ**

30 FRONT STREET

**R. D. Morphy**

Dealer in

**Coal and Wood**

Home Phone 1255 Bell Phone Main 1695

641 Clinton Avenue North

Established 1900

**Hendrick Commercial Training School**

338 Granite Building

Permin Columbian Gold Medal Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, Bookkeeping, etc.

**Thos. B. Mooney**

**Funeral Director**

REMOVED

To 23 Edinburgh Street, Temporary Office, 323 Plymouth Ave. Lady Attendant.

Both Phone 9418 Bell Phone 137 A

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS ETC.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive a free estimate of the probability of success. Our Patent Office is in the city of Washington, D. C. We are in constant communication with the Patent Office at Washington, D. C. We secure patents for all countries without charge to our clients.

Handwritten illustrations weekly. Patent applications for all countries. Free estimates sent to all countries. Send for a list of our patents. No. 323 Broadway, New York. Phone 347. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.