

Race Declared Off

(Continued from First Page.)

Previous to the start there was considerable jockeying, and Shamrock found it impossible to shake the Reliance off her weather quarter because the breeze was inadequate. Reliance seemed to pick up a capfull of air which narrowed the gap between the yachts perceptibly.

At 11:20 an extremely heavy down-pour of rain almost obscured the yachts from view. The rain seemed to beat the wind out, and at 11:45 the breeze had died out almost entirely and the boats were merely drifting.

At 12:13 the boats were seen in misty outline heading toward Seabright close together. At 12:30 the yachts were displaying equal drifting ability, with hardly a capful of wind. At 12:45 it could be seen that Reliance was leading by nearly a minute. It was intensely hazy. Shamrock went about on the starboard tack. At 12:46 Reliance tacked. At 1:05 both brought about on the port tack.

Reliance was slowly but surely pulling away from Shamrock and footing a little higher. As the boats stood away the first real idea of their ability to point into the wind was obtained. It was Lipton's weather and water conditions. Reliance was certainly pointing higher into the wind.

At 1:30 both yachts brought about on the starboard tack and headed down shore, the Reliance about a quarter of a mile to windward of the challenger. Reliance made a slight increase in her gain, but in weather like today, a slight stunt of wind may turn the tables.

At 1:40 Reliance is increasing her lead and is within five miles of the outer mark with the wind hauling westward.

At 2 p. m. the wind is dead flat off shore and the yachts are making slow time. A smart northwestern breeze is blowing off Highlands beach, and may reach the racers in a short time.

At 2:10 haze shut thick to the southward making it impossible to see the yachts from Highlands. When last seen Reliance had comfortable lead and the only fight she now has to make is against the time limit. The wind suddenly springing headed the Shamrock off her course, giving Reliance still greater lead. Reliance is two miles from the outer mark.

At 2:25 the yachts are again visible on the starboard tack, making little headway and continually slatting the wind out of their sails in the pitch of the sea. Reliance is making the best headway in the doldrums. At 2:45 conditions are the same.

At 3 Reliance came about on tack. Both have taken in their baby jib topsails and are now carrying small balloon topsails, and are getting a southwest breeze. Reliance is a mile and a half in the lead, with an hour and a half to finish the race, the outer mark not turned.

At 3:37:45 Reliance rounded the outer mark. At 3:46 the race was called off for no wind.

Calculations show the Reliance was leading by 10 minutes when the race was declared off by mutual consent of the owners. Shamrock had not reached the outer mark.

The race will be sailed Saturday.

HISTORY OF AMERICA CUP

1751—America won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup in the regatta around Isle of Wight. Cup afterward called America's cup. Cup presented July 8 to the

New York Yacht club by the owners of America.

1870—James Ashbury made the first attempt to lift the cup with his Cambria. He was required to sail against a fleet, as in the race in which the cup was won. Of the yachts participating, the Cambria was beaten by all except the Idler. The winner of the first race was the Magic. America also was entered.

1871—For the first time two representative boats only were raced. Mr. Ashbury, challenging for the Royal Harwich Yacht club, had his Livonia beaten by the Columbia.

1876—Canada attempted to lift the cup by the Countess of Dufferin, which was beaten by the Madeline.

1881—Second attempt on the part of Canada also unsuccessful. Atlanta beaten by Mischief.

1885—Royal Yacht Squadron challenged with Genesta, owned by Sir Richard Sutton, builder Beaver Webb. Puritan, built by Edward Burgess, beat her.

1886—Northern Yacht club challenged. Lieutenant W. Henn's Galatia sent over. Beaten by Mayflower.

1887—Royal Yacht Club of Scotland challenged with Thistle, owned by James Ball. Beaten by Volunteer.

1893—Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie beaten by the Vigilant.

1895—Second attempt on the part of Lord Dunraven to lift the cup. His Valkyrie III beaten by Defender.

1899—Royal Ulster Yacht club of Ireland challenged. Sir Thomas Lipton made the attempt with Shamrock I. Beaten by Columbia.

1901—Second attempt by Sir Thomas Lipton with Shamrock II. Again beaten by Columbia.

1903—Third attempt of Sir Thomas Lipton, with Shamrock III. Cup defended by Reliance.

Profitable Session

(Continued from First Page.)

from Portland to San Francisco, up and down the coast, and another from Salt Lake to Portland, tapping South eastern Oregon. The speaker said he had traveled much over Oregon, but thought this section possessed more natural advantages than any place he ever was in.

J. W. Bennett expressed the opinion that the plans suggested by Mr. Myers and the proposition's made were extremely liberal on the part of the Commission. So far as the people were concerned there would be no difficulty in obtaining what was wanted. The great difficulty always lay in finding some one with the time to go about and ask the people for what was wanted. He was confident that since the Chamber of Commerce was organized on its present lines there would be no trouble in this regard. He thought any specimens of myrtle sent should be finished here, where workmen understood how to handle it for the best results. We could not only give myrtle but white cedar and other woods. We could furnish something in the way of grains and grasses that would astonish people used to living on the high grounds. We needed more people here; then railroads and conveniences for travel would follow. Mr. Bennett referred to the surveyors now working in from Drain, and said he had heard in San Francisco that the buying up of the California coast road by the Southern Pacific was in pursuance of a plan to get a coast road ahead of the Santa Fe. This proposition of the Fair Commission furnished an opportunity to help themselves by putting what they had before the people of the outside world. If one man was interested by the display to the point of coming here and starting a manufacturing enterprise with a payroll, it would more than pay for all the expense.

Dr. Hayden suggested in regard to an exhibit of woods that he had seen it

made in this way: Two planks were prepared. One was rough on one side and finished on the other. The second bore on one side a picture of the tree and on the other, under glass, specimens of the foliage.

Mr. Myers said that pictures would be an important part of the exhibit, and urged that a good display of photographs be made.

John S. Coke said that the Chamber of Commerce would not hesitate to take this matter up. Mr. Myers was here for our benefit, and an exceptionally fine opportunity was offered. This country was isolated and needed advertising.

Mr. Myers said that he had had a conversation with Governor Chamberlain just before starting on this trip and the governor had requested him to assure the people here that he would do anything he could for this section. The governor was greatly interested in Coos Bay, and Portland business men were more so than we perhaps imagined.

He suggested that a cube of coal one yard square should be made a part of our exhibit, Manager Chandler of the Beaver Hill mine and Manager Jones of the Crescent mine had each expressed his willingness to get out any specimens required.

The Commission would like to have authority to donate the exhibit to some permanent exhibit in the East, or to divide it among different exhibits, and in that way it could be made a perpetual advertisement for this section. This would be better, in the case of most articles in the exhibit, than to bring them back to Oregon for the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

I. S. Kaufman suggested that in advertising this section the bay be made and kept a prominent feature. Spokane had made a telling point of her water power and had made herself the railroad center against the wishes of the railroads themselves.

Mr. Myers said that the commission would be getting out little cards and souvenirs advertising the Lewis and Clark fair and wanted personal addresses in the East to which to send them. If we would send in the names and addresses of our Eastern friends these would be sent them as issued. It was not proposed to do much advertising of the Lewis and Clark fair in the East until the St. Louis fair was over, for the reason that we would be entirely overshadowed by the latter.

The regulations in regard to distributing advertising matter from the booths at the St. Louis fair were very stringent, but the Commission had obtained a concession allowing the distribution of matter advertising the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Other states had applied for permission to advertise the Lewis and Clark fair on their folders, to bring them under this rule. Our Chamber of Commerce folders should bear a small ad for the Lewis and Clark, to allow of their distribution from the Oregon building at St. Louis.

President J. H. Flanagan said that Mr. Myers' talk had been very instructive. The Chamber of Commerce would not be backward about taking the matter up.

All present seemed highly pleased with the conference, and it is certain that one of the results will be a much better feeling toward Portland, and toward the Lewis and Clark fair.

From Saturday's Daily.

Good Show.

J. W. Cooks moving picture and illustrated song exhibition drew a big house last night, and everyone seemed pleased with the entertainment.

Another will be given tonight.

Officers Elected

At the annual reunion of the Coos and Curry county pioneers, held at Myrtle Point, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: C. Eckhoff, president; J. Henry Schroeder, 1st vice-president; S. E. Catheart, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Ada Dungan, secretary; B. F. Ross, treasurer; Mrs. Dora Catheart,

historian; Herbert Lockhart, marshal. Those in attendance from the Bay were Mr. and Mrs. C. Eckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hibern and A. G. Aiken.

The next reunion will be held at North Bend.

Copper Queen will be Saved

The gasoline schooner, Copper Queen, which recently went ashore off Point Reyes, will be saved, so it is learned from Captain Burns. The Copper Queen was driven well up on the sands by the heavy winds, and Captain Burns and the crew were saved only after much hard work on the part of the near by life-saving crew. At first it was believed that the Queen was lost hopelessly, but Captain Burns is now of the opinion that she can be bailed off the beach.

This schooner seems to be destined to an untimely end, as it was but a few weeks ago that she ran ashore at the mouth of Rogue river, while attempting to bring in the schooner Berwick over the Rogue river bar. She was successfully hauled off the sand at high tide by tug Columbia, from Marshfield. This tug or one from San Francisco will again attempt the rescue of the unfortunate schooner.

Portland Telegram—Say there is considerable excitement on Marquam Hill over the discovery of rich silver ore at Portland. A chunk was found near Judge Marquam's old house and J. H. Fisk, the assayer, testing it, the rock was found to go 75 ounces to the ton. Another piece was dug up, lower down, which assays equally well. The land belongs to Mr. Elwert, who has 22 acres which formerly belonged to Judge Marquam. Mr. Fisk says the indications are favorable to the existence of an extensive ledge on this hill, which overlooks the whole City of Portland.

FIERCE OREGON SALMON

Thrilling Adventure of a Late Arrival From the East

A new comer from the East, lately arrived in Grant's Pass experienced a novel adventure while taking in the sights a few days ago, according to the story of one who was there, says the Grant's Pass Courier. The Easterner in question was out on the dam watching the salmon which were jumping in a lively manner. Suddenly one huge fish made a tremendous leap, precipitating itself with violence against his legs. In consternation at the unexpected fault the Easterner kicked the scaly monster viciously, declaring that he would kill it in self defense. He had fished in many waters, he said, but this was the first time he had ever been attacked by a fish. Many wonderful tales have been written concerning the fierceness of the Oregon salmon, but this incident is about as near a demonstration of such tales as has ever been seen.

The other day a salmon missed the fishway in a wild leap and impaled itself upon a spike several inches in length, where it hung flopping and "kicking" vigorously. A boy who was near disentangled the fish and threw it back into the river. He was asked why he did not keep the fish and replied that he would "get arrested" if he did.

LONDON WANTS OREGON APPLES

Their Superiority is Acknowledged in the English Markets

It is stated that California now ships about 850,000 boxes of apples a year to Great Britain, and that with more care in packing the sale would increase very largely. A number of Oregon packers, who engage in the business with the determination to perfect packing, regularly outsell any California apples by about \$1 a box. This is not because the apples are better, but because the packing is better; but the result is that since but a few Oregon packers are in the business, all of whom do good packing, Oregon apples have come to be regarded in the British markets as "bet-

ter" than California apples. Prestige earned in this way is well deserved, and we respectfully take off our hats to Oregon; but it is disgraceful that our California shipper should compel us to do so.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A SEXTON'S HABIT

(Original.)

Old Pollock, sexton of St. James' church, and his wife were childless. Mrs. Pollock pined because she had not a girl to keep her company and Pollock shared in her wish.

Pollock had a habit of stepping to his door every night before going to bed to take a look at his church, not that he expected to see anything unusual—it was a mere matter of habit. His wife told him that it was a habit and begged him to break it up. He gathered his resolution for an effort to do so.

This effort took place one night in November. At 10 o'clock Pollock put out the lights in the house and went to bed. This was only the beginning of it. No sleep came to him, and he tossed about struggling with a desire to get up, go to the door and look at the church, after which he knew he would go back to bed and to sleep. It was near 2 o'clock in the morning before he gave way; then, rising, he went to the door, opened it, looked at the church and was about to turn when he saw or thought he saw a flash of light at one of the windows.

Putting on his clothes and taking his lantern and the key to a door opening into the vestry, he hurried over to the gloomy pile, now dark within, though lighted dimly without by a waning moon. Opening the door, he entered and, passing through an arch, stood on the chance steps with his lantern behind him, that it might not interfere with his vision, and peered at the pews, aisles, nave—indeed, at those things with peculiar names that go to make up the interior of a church.

Seen at that hour, by the faintest glimmer of moonlight shining through the windows, nothing could have been more uninviting. Even a sexton may have feeling, and old Pollock, although he had seen the sight many times before, remarked to himself that he would rather be opening a grave by daylight than standing there gazing over a sea of emptiness. But not seeing anything unusual, he was about to take his departure when he heard a fumbling at the great front door lock. Not wishing to be seen, he blew out his light and got into one of the choir pews, where he could watch any one entering the church.

Sure enough, the big door opened and some one came in. Then came the scratch and flash of a match and the lighting of a candle. By its faint flame Pollock saw a man enter the church, leading a shrinking girl up the center aisle, who shuddered at every step. The pair came nearly to the chancel, where the man waited, listening for a sound, while the girl sat in a front pew, her face buried in her hands. They were evidently expecting to meet some one.

Then the clock in the tower struck 2. A moment later Pollock saw a light moving in the guild room, and presently a man dressed in the vestments of a clergyman came in, holding in his hand a small lamp. The man before the chancel met him at the rail and whispered something to him. Then he turned to the girl.

"Grace, dear," he said, "this is the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne, rector of this church. He will marry us."

From this moment Pollock saw through what was on foot as well as if he were intimately acquainted with the parties. He had served as sexton with Dr. Hartshorne for twenty years and knew full well that the man before him was not Dr. Hartshorne. A young girl was about to be ruined by a mock marriage.

But what was he to do? He was an old man incapable of overcoming these two rascals and did not think that to appear and accuse them would be of any avail. At any rate he did not dare try it for fear of bodily injury. The girl was almost dragged to the altar. There was light enough for Pollock to see that the man was well dressed

and the girl was in the garb of the poorer classes. The mock clergyman began the service and had reached the words, "Grace, will you have this man"—when Pollock gave a groan that echoed through the church with all the despair of one suffering from melancholia insanity.

The groom and the mock clergyman looked at each other with startled faces. The bride had to be supported.

"Go on," said the groom under his teeth with an oath, and, after considerable urging, the service proceeded.

"Do you, Grace, have this man?" There was another groan, this time down in the body of the church, for Pollock had slipped around by a side passage and got in among the pews. The pretended clergyman dropped his book.

"You'll burn for this!" came a voice from a still different direction.

By this time the groom had lost his nerve as well as the clergyman and, picking up the bride, who had fainted, hurried down the aisle with her.

"Drop her!" roared a sepulchral voice. The girl was dropped in the aisle and the men frantically made for the door. Pollock, fearing they might gather courage to return, picked up the girl and carried her out of the vestry door and to his house.

Lena Bruce remained with the old couple till they died, they believing that Providence had caused the sexton to take his resolution on that very night and break it after midnight for the purpose of saving the girl and giving them a daughter. Lena, who was a good Christian, only yielded to the villain's solicitation to a clandestine marriage on his promise to take her to a church. No church was available except at an hour when all the world was asleep. But how they got the keys old Pollock never knew. He did not again think of going to bed without his last look at his charge and often got up in the night to do so.

BELLE ATWOOD.

Wasted Effort.

"Have you ever made any effort to get work?"
"Yes, indeed," answered Menander Mike. "I once got work for three different members of my family, but none of 'em would take it."—Washington Star.

The Mathematics of It.

She had fifteen million dollars
Placed in bonds and shares and rents;
He had fifteen million dollars,
So they merged their sentiments,
Now they've raised a son who's valued
At exactly thirty cents.
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Mean Slip.

Tess—George didn't call to see me at all last week, but he's going to take me to the dance tonight, so I'll make up for it.
Jess—Yes, dear, you usually do make up for that sort of thing.—Buffalo News.

Wild Waves.

Bill—It seems strange, but heat comes in waves, does it not?
Jill—It certainly does.
"And yet a man wants to get into the waves to get out of the heat."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Summer Fall.

He fell asleep upon the sill;
The window sill was deep.
How deep the area below
Alas, slack, he did not know
Until he fell—asleep.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Up to Date.

Mrs. Odun—All you young girls nowadays seem to be muscular athletes.
Miss Strong—Yes, indeed. In the proud lexicon of feminine youth there is no such word as "frail."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Last Chance.

"That man, my dear, who courts Miss Sere
Is rather fast, they say."
"He'll have to be quite fast or she
Won't let him get away."
—Philadelphia Press.

Bright Boy.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, you know it is impossible to be in two places at once.
Tommy—Two places? Why, pop is at Thousand Islands now.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Souls Of Flowers

Mingle in happy union in the exquisite perfumes we carry. Scents are as difficult to blend into harmony as sounds. It takes almost as high an order of ability to make true perfumes as is required to write good music. No wonder so much of the perfume offered is rank, flat and unsatisfactory. If not wholly pleased with the orders you are now using, we would like to have you try some of the delightful ones we handle. Cost you no more than the poorer kinds.

SENGSTACKEN'S PHARMACY, MARSHFIELD, OREGON