

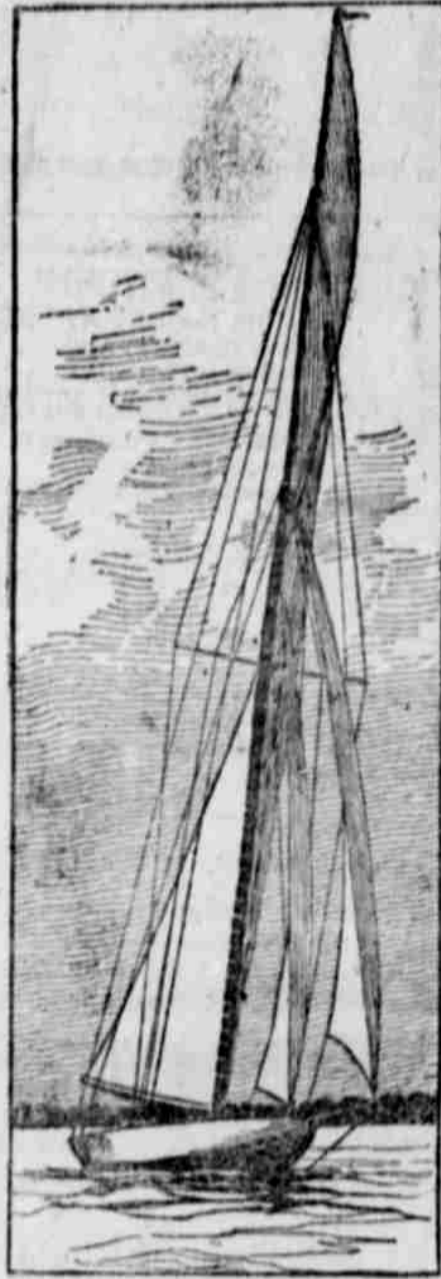
SHAMROCK NOWHERE

RELIANCE TAKES THE THIRD RACE EASILY

Gains Steadily Over Thirty Mile Course and Sweeps Home an Easy Victor

(Special to the Coast Mail.)

Highlands, Sept. 2—After waiting until almost the last minute granted by



THE RELIANCE.

the rules, Reliance and Shamrock started today in their race.

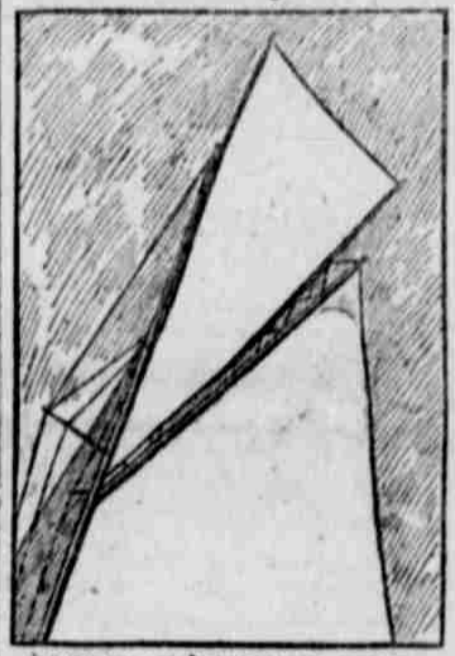
The racers went to the starting line at

the usual hour, the wind then blowing two knots. As the day wore on the wind increased very slowly. Shortly before starting, it had taken a velocity of about six knots, and the yachts hurriedly got on the thrash.

The course was laid out 15 miles windward return. A haze hung over the boats when the starting gun was fired.

The official time of the start was Reliance 1:01:56, Shamrock 1:00:29.

The wind freshened although it was a bit unsteady, Reliance continued to draw away from Shamrock and a half hour after the start was nearly an eighth of a mile in the lead. She managed sail not only to the windward but see forereached the English yacht and as



SHAMROCK III'S BIG CLUB TOPSAIL.

in previous races held her head higher and slipped along faster than the Challenger.



C. OLIVER ISELIN, MANAGING OWNER OF RELIANCE.

At 2 o'clock the wind is blowing eight knots.

2:25—Reliance has the windward position and is half a mile in the lead, out footing and outpointing Shamrock.

Reliance turned the outer mark at 3:01, Shamrock two minutes later.

3:14—Reliance is still increasing her lead.

3:50—Reliance is now flying home with all sails set, about a mile and a half lead.

4:04—Reliance is still outfooting Shamrock, and is nearly two miles in the lead.

4:26—Reliance is spinning along at a good clip about seven miles from the finish. 5:23—Reliance is two miles from the finish.

Reliance crossed the line at 4:23:30 Unofficial time.

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will sell at public auction at J. D. Laird's ranch in Brewster Valley on Monday, October 5, 1903, the following described animal to satisfy an agister's lien for feed, viz: one bay mare, five years old, weighing 1050 pounds. Dated Sitka, Or. Sept. 4, 1903. W. M. LAIRD.

State and General

The hop harvest is now fully on.

Seattle teamsters are on a strike.

The Astoria Regatta was a success financially.

Paul Cuvilier, a farmer near Roseburg, was nearly gored to death Sunday by a bull.

In order to overcome the shortage in hay in the neighborhood of Eugene farmers are saving all their straw.

The Capital Journal is offering another big house-keeping outfit as a prize for the young couple who will marry at the State Fair. The outfit is worth \$200.

Marian McDonnells of Kist, Oregon, was over come with carbonic acid gas while cleaning out a well, dying from the effects before he could be gotten out.

Governor Chamberlain has issued a requisition upon the Governor of Washington for the rendition of Jack Purdue who is wanted to answer an indictment at Roseburg Perdue, is under arrest at Wenatchee.

W. Tinkle, a resident and property-owner of Woodburn, is missing. The last seen of him was at about 10 o'clock Friday morning, when he drew \$85 from the Woodburn bank. He is 62 years of age, and came here with his wife from Colorado about two months ago. Searching parties are out.

Klamath Indians will, at a council on September 1, elect delegates to Washington, empowered to represent the tribe in the pending measures before Congress, which, if passed, will give them \$800,000 for lands of which, it is alleged, they have been deprived by alleged erroneous surveys.

Much interest centered on a very large bone which was brought from Aisen, to Eugene, where it was recently found. It resembles the thigh bone of a mastodon and is over three feet long. The interesting point is that it does not appear to be of great age, the marrow not yet being thoroughly dried. It will be taken to Professor Condon for examination.

LOOKING FOR RARE Piano Values ?

When call and see GRISSEN MUSIC CO Quality, style & prices are right

My Pauper Aristocrat

(Original.)

I am an artist, and, though a woman, have never feared to sketch in lonely places. One spring morning I was in the country seated before my easel laying on the first light tints of spring green when a young man, a few years my senior, emerged from a wood nearby and came toward me. He was dressed in a crossbar suit, a straw hat with a brown ribbon and tan shoes. I mention these details because they are important to my story. His clothes were rather the worse for wear, but there was a refined look about him. He approached me, lifted his hat politely and asked permission to look over my work.

He first made a few pleasant remarks about what I had done, then began to talk about pictures in general, artists, schools, values—in short, such matters as are usually known only to artists. I asked him if he were of the profession, and he replied that he was not, nor had he ever touched a brush. From art he began to talk of literature, and I was astonished at the variety and scope of his reading. By this time he had thrown himself on the grass, lighted a cigarette (first asking my permission) and began to flit from one subject to another like a bird on the crest of successive waves, for he seemed to have the faculty of gathering the culminating principles from every subject he touched.

"You say you are not an artist?" I remarked.

"No."

"Nor a literary man?"

"No."

"You certainly can't be in business."

"Oh, no. I would be like a fish in air in business."

"Then, will you kindly tell me what you are?"

He smiled, and, turning on me a pair of handsome eyes in which a twinkle was set in melancholy, he replied:

"I am a pauper aristocrat."

"How would you like to make a sketch of me?" he said abruptly. "I mean take me for a model. If you will lend me your shawl and a few bits of your finery I will pose for you as an Italian bandit. You may make a sketch by which to turn an honest penny."

"I prefer you as yourself," I said, "in that indolent position."

I sketched for half an hour, then let him change his position for rest, then worked another half hour.

"Can you give me another sitting tomorrow?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "my time is not valuable."

He gave me several sittings on different mornings, then one morning when he had promised to come failed to do so. This was the last of him. He passed away from me as though spirited into another realm. It seemed as if the green on the young trapes had suddenly browned, as if the landscape had lost its freshness, the water its sparkle. The portrait was unfinished, though nearly complete, and I left it as it was.

When I returned to the city late in the autumn I had not forgotten my pauper aristocrat. I do not approve of people useless to the world and to themselves, but this man was so frank, so engaging, so utterly devoid of pretense. He had without leave walked right into my heart and made himself at home.

One day during the winter while scanning a newspaper I came upon a personal:

Information wanted of Reginald Wallace Chandler, who was last seen near Liberty, Sullivan county, N. Y., during the previous spring. He then wore a crossbar suit, a straw hat with a blue band and tan shoes.

My heart stood still. This was my pauper aristocrat. For what could he be wanted? Was it for crime, for return to confinement? I thought over every possible contingency, dreading to give information of him for fear of injuring him. At last I took the picture I had made of him and, going to the address given in the advertisement, told of my meeting with him. I was informed that his uncle, worth many millions, had gone down, with his whole family, in a terrible marine disaster that had occurred during the past summer and Reginald Wallace Chandler was sole heir at law to the property.

Since I could give no information of him, a number of photographs were made of my picture and sent to detective bureaus in different cities. The picture itself was placed in a window on Fifth avenue in New York, and the dealer directed to send any one making inquiries about it to me. One day I was told that a young man desired to see me in the drawing room. I went there and found my pauper aristocrat. He wore the suit he had worn in the summer, though he had procured a derby hat.

"Pardon me," he said, "for coming here, and for leaving you so unceremoniously. I felt that I was drifting where I had no right to drift. When I saw that picture in the window yesterday and knew that by it I could find you I tried to resist the temptation. All the acts of my life have been failures. How could they be otherwise?"

"Reginald Wallace Chandler," I said. "You are a millionaire."

This is how I, an artist, became rich without talent. My husband procured a small government appointment in South America, and during a revolution conducted some government business so skillfully that he was appointed to a diplomatic post in Europe, where wealth was required in lieu of the small salary. It has been lately rumored that he is to be brought home for still more important work in Washington. Without his wealth he would never have been anything but a pauper aristocrat. GRACE HERSEY.

The Lines in One's Palm.

Square or spatulated fingers in the science of palmistry denote the philosophical and practical temperament, taper fingers signify an artistic temperament and very pointed digits are a sure sign of the dreamy, psychical nature. Much is learned by the general quality and configuration of the lines which cross the latter. The life line running around the base of the thumb denotes long or short life, good or ill health, according as it is long or short, clear and unbroken or otherwise. The heart line, running across the palm nearest the base of the fingers, signifies the quality of the possessor's emotional nature, also the kind of love she will give and receive. This will be enduring or temporary according to whether the line be long and clear, forked or crossed and chained. Below this is the head line, which indicates the mental and moral qualities and achievements and deficiencies.

The line of fate runs perpendicularly across the middle of the palm and is a very important factor in the happiness or unhappiness of its owner. It should be clear and narrow, unchained and uncrossed by the fine wrinkles which score so many palms, and it should never come to an end on the line of the heart, since this signifies disappointment in love. A cross on the "mount of Mercury," which is just at the base of the fore or index finger, is an unfailing sign of a happy marriage.

The First Wedding Ring.

The wedding ring, according to Henry Swinburne of the seventeenth century, was first designed by Prometheus and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubal Cain. He says that it was "given by Adam to his son to this end—that therewith he should espouse a wife." Men were, as all women know, deceivers ever, and some of these unscrupulous creatures were wont to wear rings made of rushes, imagining them to be less binding than a strong and valuable ring. The bishop of Salisbury, however, stepped in and forbade this practice in 1217.

Silver was more frequently used than gold for wedding rings, and they were made in all kinds of shapes, some twisted, like two joined hands, or a pair of hearts stuck together with an arrow. Often they were adorned with precious stones and had "posies"—that is, scraps of verse—inside, such as: Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill. This plain gold ring to wed you to your will.

A Hot Drink.

Dyspepsia was returned as the cause of death of a negro who had gained a living by "drinking boiling lead and putting a hot poker down his throat."

Foreigners in Slam.

The Portuguese were the pioneer foreign settlers in Slam. They first visited the country early in the sixteenth century and enjoyed exclusive commercial privileges for 100 years. The Dutch came next, and after them the French.

Pickpockets' Warning.

A detective says that lifting the hat and touching the ear is a signal among London pickpockets that a constable in plain clothes is near.

Street Improvement Plan.

A Massachusetts improvement association has a novel plan for awakening the public to the need of better streets in the town. They have offered prizes for collections of photographs of bad streets taken during the summer, which will be put on slides by the association and exhibited in public next fall.

Smollett's Wisdom.

Smollett, when he wrote "Humphrey Clinker" in 1770, was aware that consumption is infectious and that blankets and mattresses are a source of danger.

Turkish Military Service.
For Turkish subjects military service is obligatory from the age of twenty to forty, and it is divided as follows: Six years with the nizam, or active army; eight years with the redif, or reserve army, and six years with the mustafiz or landsturm.

Snakes in Morocco.

Tame snakes are used in Morocco to clear houses of rats and mice. The sight of a snake seems to terrify the rodents.

Foods.

Animal foods, judged by bulk and weight, are more expensive, pound for pound, than vegetable foods. But, as a whole, vegetable foods are not more economical. Animal foods furnish more than six-tenths of the protein and nine-tenths of the fat of the total food consumed.

Maine's Seacoast.

Maine's seacoast in a straight line is 225 miles, while following the inns and out it is 2,480 miles. Between Kittery point and Quoddy head there are fifty-four lighthouses.

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