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**From Brute
 To Man**

(Original.)
 The mutineers had killed the captain, two mates and won the Alida. The third mate, Edward Webster, had given them so much trouble, killing two of their number, that he was reserved for a death by some prolonged torture. They were trying to devise something unique. When passing an island one of them said:

"I tell you, mates, what we'll do. Let's take him ashore and when the tide's out bury him up to his neck in the sand. Then when it turns he'll get the slowest drowning man ever had."

There was a shout of approval to this, and several of the men went forward to drop the anchor while others lowered a boat from the davits. When all was ready Webster was put into the boat and rowed ashore. The tide had just passed the flood, and it would be eleven hours before another high water. The mutineers dug a hole at the highest line of foam and put their captive in it, leaving his head free, his arms pinned close to his sides. Filling in the sand, they stamped it down about him so that it was impossible for him to move. Then they took to their boat, gazing him as they pulled away.

So long as Webster had them and the ship to look at his mind did not wholly rest upon his condition. He watched them till they went aboard, saw them raise the anchor and sail away, keeping his mind upon them till the last ray of sunlight faded from the ship's sails.

Above the horizon where the bark had disappeared hung a dark cloud like a sea gull with outstretched wings. Then there was a faint flash of lightning. "There'll be a storm," thought the captive, "and it will shorten this agony, driving the tide in earlier and higher. May it come quickly."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening when Webster was buried, and till midnight a three-quarter moon sailed between black, ragged clouds, while occasionally a flash of lightning added to the terrible splendor of the scene. It was the ocean—the black, heaving, tumbling ocean—its merciless waves falling heavily on the beach with monotonous regularity, that was the chief horror. The captive watched the receding tide, saw it turn and then crawl slowly upon him. No stealthy jungle beast could be half so terrible.

And what was his chief thought for the world which he was about to leave? Alas for humanity, the instinct of the brute creation predominated. With his sufferings was mingled a hatred for the men who had caused it. At such intervals as his mind reverted to aught but his situation it fell upon methods of revenge he would delight to inflict on his murderers.

Slowly the relentless ocean advanced. Had it life it would not have been so awful. Its unreasoning, inevitable purpose was its greatest horror. He knew that he was helpless, but could not refrain from an effort to free himself. Had he been able to move even infinitesimally he might in time loosen the sand about him. It was his inability to stir at all that pinioned him.

Soon after midnight the storm burst. As the tide rolled in the breakers increased in size and strength. Then came the dawn of day. By this time the extreme line of foam encircled the captive's neck.

And now came a ray of hope. Webster noticed that when the first wave to reach him receded it took with it sand from under his chin and left sand at the back of his neck. Another wave came and took more from in front, leaving more behind. Then as the seething foam passed over him he held his breath, regaining it when the water had withdrawn. Each receding wave piled sand behind and scooped sand in front. He bent forward; his arms were loosened; he dragged himself from his hole.

He went to the crest of a dune and, throwing himself down, slept. When he awoke the tempest had lulled, but the ocean was chafing more fiercely than before. From his elevated position he saw a mile to his left a stranded ship and knew from her rigging that she was the Alida. He ran down to a point opposite her and saw men putting off on a raft. It tumbled for a moment on the curl of a comb, then capsized, leaving its crew in the water. Webster saw a man being driven toward a protruding rock. Rushing to its outermost edge, he caught the helpless creature, saved him from being dashed to death and drew him away.

from the turmoil of brine. Another was thrown senseless on the beach and Webster dashed in and saved him. A third was swimming on the breakers. At the risk of his life Webster went out beyond a foothold and dragged him in. There were ten men on the raft, and these three were all that came ashore alive.

Then the three men who were saved stood before their rescuer, whom they had intended to barbarously murder.

"Men," Webster said, "last night when I saw the black fiend coming to drown me I longed to torture you to death. That, I suppose, is the brute in me. Then when I saw you struggling for life I felt something more me to pull you out. That, I suppose, is the man in me. At all events we're all living who should have been dead."

There is a sequel to this story, a volume of incidents, but it may be stated in a few words. Three brutes became men. For many a year they sailed with their captain, Edward Webster, and many a time their watchfulness saved him from some impending calamity. One of them died under a blow that was intended for him.

F. A. MITCHEL.

**A LABOR DAY
 ROMANCE**

(Original.)
 Reginald Atwater was what the girls call a catch. Thirty years old, strong and hearty, fairly good looking, he possessed \$400,000 in his own right. The nearest girl to the prize was Marian Wyman. Marian and her mother possessed just enough income to enable them to move in the best society, to belong to the country club and to return their invitations by an occasional afternoon tea.

Atwater, during July and August, had been flitting about very much to his own liking and very much to the distress of Marian Wyman, who looked upon his freedom as she would upon that of an escaped canary, thinking that he might at any time be snared by some impecunious fortune hunter. She breathed more freely when he returned to his home and spent his time with her either on her piazza or on that of the club. This it must be admitted was because most of those with whom he was intimate were still in the country.

Miss Wyman had not discovered the art of pleasing a man. She made the fatal mistake of attempting to make herself pleasing, whereas she should have made the man pleasing, not to her, but to himself. She overran her slender income by buying articles of dress she could not afford; she sought to convince Atwater of her common sense, her prudence, her wit—in short, all the accomplishments that may be considered desirable in a wife.

At this fall end of the outing season—that is, for people of moderate incomes—during the short period prior to Atwater's departure for his hunting club, Miss Wyman was very much put out by the appearance of a country cousin, Miss Lucy Trimble. The Wyman's were under pecuniary obligations to Miss Trimble's father, Mrs. Wyman's brother, for a temporary loan which was now of five years' standing, and invited Lucy to be with them for a fortnight's annual visit in lieu of interest. She had been invited for the last two weeks in July, when no one was at home, but for some reason had deferred her visit till the 1st of September. Her coming halved the hours Miss Wyman could spend with Mr. Atwater because she knew he would not countenance her showing aside a guest.

What was deficient as an art in the one was present naturally in the other. Lucy Trimble had never met so grand a man as Atwater. She sat in his presence like the timid little mouse she was, her eyes fixed on him in admiration and wonder. He never made a remark but she fancied it must contain something of profundity. She did not talk to him, but listened with the deepest interest to what he said, her only remarks being sincere expressions of admiration for his learning, his versatility. Atwater had been looking all his life for some one to appreciate him as he appreciated himself. Here was a simple country girl who not only had discovered what others had failed to discover, but was sufficiently ingenious not to be able to conceal her appreciation for him.

"Oh, Mr. Atwater," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be content with society and hunting when you would so shine in any profession! Who knows but you might be president?"

Atwater laughed, but he was delighted. He had often thought of taking up politics, but refrained from doing so because the country gentlemen of America do not run for congress as those of Great Britain stand for parliament. He was delighted with Miss Trimble and considered how he could repay her for her appreciation.

"I love it," he said after a great deal of thought. "I'll invite Mrs. Wyman and Marian and this little chicken to go down to the seashore for over Labor day. I'll ask my chum, Bob Allison, to be of the party to make it even between us young ones, while Mrs. Wyman can be chaperon."

From Friday afternoon till Wednesday morning the party enjoyed bath-

ing, swimming on the beach, soap, and Lucy Trimble, who had never seen the sea, was simply delighted.

The outing was ended. The party were at the station waiting for the last train to go to the city that day or the party would have waited for a later one. Suddenly Lucy Trimble put her hand to her belt and announced that she had left her watch at the hotel. There remained fifteen minutes before train time, and Atwater offered to go and get the watch. Lucy declared that she alone could find it. The two went together. They found the watch and started to return to the station. The train came along and the others, seeing them within a short distance, got aboard. The train moved out and the party waited expecting to see the two missing ones come in from the last car. When some time had passed and they did not appear Miss Wyman suggested to Mr. Allison that he had better go back and see if they had got on. To this Mr. Allison demurred, stating that he did not propose to interrupt a tete-a-tete. When the train reached the city it was discovered that the missing ones were not aboard. Mrs. Wyman proposed to return, but there was no train to go on till morning.

Of course when Mr. Atwater and Lucy Trimble returned they were mad and wife. There could be no other result without the girl's disgrace. Mrs. Wyman always spoke of the matter as a deplorable accident. Mr. Allison is intentional with Atwater, while Marian Wyman said, "I must admit the little mix played it beautifully." Atwater says that he is rejoiced that an accident should have given him such an adorable wife.

JAQUELINE EASTWOOD.

A COLLEGE CHIT

(Original.)
 "Doctor, I'm used up. I have palpitation of the heart, no appetite, bad digestion—"

"In short, you are a healthy man who has been running in one groove so long that the mind is tired and works on the body. Go into the country, where you will see no rows of brick houses, no people on business, no gay society. These you are used to; seek the reverse."

The season of strangers in the country had passed and Pendleton found no difficulty in finding a farmhouse where he was the only boarder. For a few days he took great pleasure strolling about alone through the woods, over the meadows, by the streams, breathing the fresh country air. Starting out on one of his walks he met a young girl whose condition of life he could not quite make out. If she did not appear to be city bred she was certainly different from the ordinary farmer's daughter. Returning he met the same girl. She had evidently been to the post office, for she was reading a letter. Pendleton looked at his watch.

Why he did so should need no explanation to one who has ever been similarly situated. If his reasoning were analyzed it would be thus: "She goes for the mail at this hour. What hour is it? Four o'clock. Tomorrow at 4 o'clock I will pass over the same ground."

And he did. Before setting out he had framed a question to put to the girl, and when he met her, raising his hat, he asked deferentially:

"I beg your pardon, but can you direct me to the post office?"
 "Certainly. It is half a mile down this road."
 "And the mail—the eastern mail—comes in?"
 "At 4:15."

"Ah, thank you very much." And, pulling out his watch, he took a glance at its face. "It's just 4," he added.

"I'm going to the post office. I'll show you where it is. You have to turn into a bypath just before reaching it and might not find it."
 "How kind of you, and how fortunate that I met you!"

Three weeks later Pendleton and the girl were sitting on a log beside a stream. They had sat on the same log nearly every day about 4 o'clock in the afternoon since he had come to the place, and their letters had remained in the post office till the next morning. Pendleton heaved a deep sigh.

"What is it?" she said.
 "My stay here ends tomorrow. I came for a change, a two weeks' rest, and I have taken an extra week." He sighed again.

Now, there are different kinds of sighs—at any rate sighs that express different things. Pendleton's sighs appeared to indicate his unwillingness to leave his companion. Really they were sighs of repentance. He was burdened with the thought that he had yielded to temptation and had won a heart that it would never do for him to possess. He cast a side glance at the girl. She was stirring up the dead leaves with the end of her parasol.

"I suppose we must say goodbye here," he said. "My train goes in the morning, and since you have never permitted me to call upon you (for the want of an introduction) I can't go to your house this evening."

They were not to part immediately, for they had just met, but Pendleton put his arm around her waist and

**TAPE
 WORMS**

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...to begin the cure. She drew away.

Pendleton did not ask her why she refused the kiss she had so often granted. Useless question. Had he not made love to her and had she not a right to expect that he would make good his advances and ask her to be his wife? He felt like a whipped cur.

"I've something to say to you before you go," said the girl. "I hope you will not be angry with me. You have certainly been very sweet to me, and I shall never forgive myself if you blame me. Of course that first kiss was not my fault; it was yours, but it was no excuse for my letting you kiss me again."

"Yes," said Pendleton gloomily. "The first was my fault, but the first step is always the fatal step. Besides, there is no fault in you in the matter, for you had a right to what my heart prompted me to say and what—"

She stopped him with a gesture. "Say no more," she said, "or you will be adding to my sin. I cannot let you go on or go away in ignorance of— Well, to confess, the afternoon you first met me I was going for a letter from—"

"My lover," she paused, then blurted.

"Your lover?"
 "Yes. Think of me as you will. Depulse me. I have a lover, and till you came I never missed going for his letter as soon as it arrived. Since then—well, I've sent a boy for it and got it on my return from my walks with you. Don't be angry with me. I know I have done wrong, but you must remember I'm only a girl, a mere college chit. And now I'll explain further that I go back to college tomorrow. I've been rusticiating here, having to pass a condition. But next June I'll be through with the horrid studies, and Frank and I are to be married the day after 'commencement.' You'll come to our wedding, won't you?"

Her conscience was sufficiently seared for one parting kiss and they separated. Pendleton heaved a sigh, but whether of relief or regret he could scarcely himself tell.

"A mere college chit," he repeated to himself, "and I—I supposed I was a man of the world. Well, she has cleared my conscience, and as for her own—after all, as she says, she's only a girl!"

WESTCOTT ATWELL.
 First American Steel.

The first steel manufacturer in the United States was Cornelius Atwater. Born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1763, he went into the iron business early and made his first successful experiments in the manufacture of steel in 1769. He died at South Bainbridge, N. Y. (now Afton), in 1869.

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 With the exception of a few hundred inaccessible heathen on the east coast, Greenland, with its 10,000 population, is now under a uniform Christian influence.

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 According to a German patent the toughness and durability of aluminum can be much increased by the addition of phosphorus. The addition of 7 to 15 per cent makes the metal extremely hard and tough and well adapted for forgings. Three per cent produces a good horseshoe metal, and with a 2 per cent addition it can be easily rolled.

Great Letter Writers.
 The United States postal department handles 7,250,000,000 letters and cards a year, a number about equal to that of Great Britain, Germany and France taken together.

Kimballs in the Seattle Schools

Following an order placed several months ago for five Kimball upright pianos to be placed in the public schools of Seattle, Wash., the Board of Education has again this fall given orders to supply nine schools with Kimball instruments including a Kimball grand to be used in the assembly hall of the new high school. This recognition of the merit of the Kimball is of special significance.

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The Ashland Normal

The Southern Oregon State Normal School begins this year's work September 16th. A large working library has been added; the physical and chemical laboratory has been fully equipped; a new symposium building is being erected, and a large and handsome school building is nearing completion. The school grounds are beautiful and picturesque. The health conditions are of the best; and the social environment is pure and stimulating; the course of study has been strengthened and made more practical. The faculty has been increased in numbers and the school is now equipped to do work of the highest order. This school belongs to Southern Oregon. It desires and merits the patronage of the people of this great section, for catalogue address,
 BENJAMIN F. MULKEY, Pres.
 C. H. THOMAS, Sec'y.

A Good Excuse Lacking.
 "I wish I had a rich father."
 "Why?"
 "Then I'd have some excuse for being so worthless."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fortune has often been blamed for blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are.—Samuel Smiles.