

**THIS SPACE TAKEN!
TO KEEP POSTED, WATCH PRICES.
THEY WILL BE FOUND HERE.**

**CAUGHT WITH GOLD.
BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK \$45,000 OF THE BAIT.**

The Ex-Diver's Story of an Adventure in the "Great Days"—Silence Smearred Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gault of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed ten. I say that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep-sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days. The boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our shipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 20 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stored in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been heaped and placed in the hold, being hidden as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidty arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was sent in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could by my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling behind the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the swimming currents there was a splash and I have thought it was a part of me, for he snatched his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I threw into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his furry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smearred itself all over the veranda. The pale moon shined behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gault sadly.—Buffalo Express.

The Lowell Family.
The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton spinning into the United States, and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819 at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all American poets, James Russell Lowell, by Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

**A POLAR NIGHT.
Graphic Description of This Time of Gloom and Desolation.**

Mr. Constantin Nossloff, reporting in Le Tour du Monde his scientific researches in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night, which began Nov. 3 and ended Jan. 20.

September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest.
On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days to gather the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.
If any one went out, he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the arctic "orealis" did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.
"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity."

When there came a lull in the storm, the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil.
Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.—Youth's Companion.

A Bird's Revenge.
A lady who was one day watching a pair of robins as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, vrens scolded and the robins shouted "Quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore Oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the squirrel at upon its prey and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business as usual. The oriole had not said a word so far, and beyond the commencing the hubbub by his presence had had no part in it.
The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat at a far away way looking on and doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp pointed beak, and then turning instantly struck the other eye in a like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—Chicago Record.

Chameleon Spiders.
An interesting instance of color mimicry in spiders has been observed in the south of France. The spiders of that region when in search of prey hide in the convolvulus flowers. It has been noticed that a white variety of spiders frequent the white flowers, a greenish colored variety made the green flowers his home, and a pink one lived principally in the pink flowers. The colors of the three varieties were at first supposed to be permanent, but it has recently been discovered that the color of any one of these spiders changes within a few days if the insect he placed in the convolvulus of a different colored flower from that which he has been using as his home. Four spiders—pink, white, green and yellow in color—were all put in a box together, and within three days all were white.

She Controls a Newspaper.
Under the able management of Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick the American Times-Recorder continues doing magnificent work. It is a fact not generally known to the public that last January Captain Myrick turned over to his wife the editorial management of the Times-Recorder, devoting his time to the business of the paper. Since that time she has managed the editorial department, superintending the local, and, in fact, had absolute editorial control. The Times-Recorder is unquestionably one of the brightest and best of Georgia's dailies and is always found on the side of the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

Art Thou in Misery, Brother? Then I pray be comforted. Thy grief shall pass away. Art thou elated? Ah, be not too gay. Temper thy joy. This, too, shall pass away.—Paul H. Hayne.

It is stated that of every 12 coins dropped in automatic machines two are lost.

**SACRED RUNNING OXEN.
They Are the Greatest Curiosities Among Ceylon's Domesticated Animals.**

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 20 inches, or 2 1/2 feet in height. Omenant to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, and which is still living and believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high and weighs but 100 1/2 pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two wheeled cart and a 200 pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 to 70 miles a day. They keep as constant swiftness of foot as any horse has been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either feed or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhist countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; that a Buddhist priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used for a cattle stable. During the night he managed to discharge one of the stones in his prison wall. The stone in question was exactly 2 1/2 feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the oxen's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30 inch square opening and miraculously passed through it.
The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grows so tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first of the famous dwarfed oxen.—St. Louis Republic.

Recollections of Bismarck's Wartime.
In the columns of the Kreuzzeitung Herr Andrae, a well known Conservative politician and friend of Prince Bismarck, gives some interesting recollections of the period of the war of 1870. He says: "Bismarck read out the 9th of Grammont on the 6th. He was at dinner and handed the newspaper to his wife, with the words: 'The Duke of Grammont must have soon got tired of his office. I shall, of course, have to ask for his resignation.' Later in the evening, while walking in the park at Vaux and thinking of the matter, the idea suddenly came to him, 'Napoleon wants war, and Grammont's speech was dictated by him.'

"He went to his room, his first thought being to telegraph to the king, at Ems, as follows: 'It would be best to mobilize at once, declare war and attack before France is prepared.' His nerves were strung to the highest tension, and he passed a sleepless night. Lying awake, thinking, there crossed his mind the text, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' 'So that won't do,' he said to himself. Then all the possibilities of the consequences of his contemplated action became clear to him, and he ended by casting the first message aside and telegraphing to King William simply not to pledge himself to anything with Benedetti, who, if he became pressing, was to be told, 'My minister of foreign affairs is at Vauxin.'"
—London News.

A Triumph of Elementary Education.
The following little incident happened in a London suburb: A bootmaker's apprentice, a lad of about 14, delivered a pair of boots at a tradesman's house. The tradesman's wife, accustomed to orderly business ways, asked the lad, after handing him the money for the boots, to receipt the bill. At this request the lad showed the greatest confusion, so that the woman, to reassure him, said, "Just receipt it, as a matter of business. Whereupon he wrote liberally something on the paper. In the evening, when the tradesman examined the papers on the spike, he came upon a bootmaker's bill, at the foot of which was written in large letters in a schoolboy hand, "As a matter of business." It was the youthful apprentice's literal interpretation of the demand for a receipt as a matter of business.—Westminster Review.

How Tompison Asked For an Apple.
Mr. Sherman adds that his father used to tell him that when he was a boy he once met Tompison at a dining party, and that he was very frightened at his appearance. "Tompison was at that time very yellow—almost yellow—and had long black hair. At dessert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom was placed a dish of fruit, and said, 'Evolve me an apple.' 'I did not know what he wanted me to do,' said my father."—Westminster Gazette.

A Good Afternoon.
"I'm going now. Yes, I'm going, going," murmured Stelger.
"What an excellent afternoon you'd make," said the hostess, but tired Miss Nyeegirl.—Boston Courier.

Sweet In Comparison.
"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you with his horn?"
"Not half as much as the piano peddler next door."—Detroit Free Press.

**LINCOLN'S LOVE-MAKING.
Abe Encountered His Political Rival While Addressing Miss Todd.**

In 1839 Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky arrived in Springfield to visit a married sister, Mrs. Edwards. At the instance of his friend Speed, who was also a Kentuckian, Lincoln became a visitor at the Edwards', and before long it was apparent to the observant among those in Springfield that the lively young lady held him captive. Engagements a that time and in that neighborhood were not announced as soon as they were made, and it is not at all impossible that Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln were betrothed many months before any other than Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Speed knew of it.

At this time, as was the case till Lincoln was elected to the presidency his one special rival in Illinois was Stephen A. Douglas. Mr. Douglas had more of the social graces than Mr. Lincoln, and it appeared to him that nothing would be more interesting than to cut out his political rival in the affections of the entertaining and lively Miss Todd, and so he paid her court. A spirited young lady from Kentucky at that time in Illinois would have been almost less than human if she had refused to accept the attentions of the two leading men of the locality. There fore Miss Todd, being quite human, encouraged Douglas, and again there was what nowadays would have been called a flirtation. This course of action did not spur Lincoln on in his devotion, but made him less ardent, and he concluded after much self-woe, to break off the engagement, which he did, but at the same interview there were a reconciliation and a renewal of the engagement.

THE REGENT DIAMOND.
The One Precious Stone That Comes Near to Being Flawless.

The Regent diamond, while surpassing in size by the Great Mogul and several other well known stones, is really the finest of all, being nearly flawless in form and purity and the most brilliant diamond in the world today.

Its French history dates back to 1717. In that year it was purchased from its English owner, for the French regalia, by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, whence its present name.

It had previously been known by a name almost as famous.

In 1717 French finances were in a desperate strait. The people were starving, the treasury was nearly exhausted, credit even was just under the persecutions of the French financier Law and the French Duke of St. Simon, the regent of France, beseeching every monarch of Europe had refused, finally agreed to the price of \$675,000.

Greatly to the relief of the duke, his act appealed to the pride of the French people, and instead of condemnation for his extravagance he received their applause. In the light of subsequent events their approval has a touch of the prophetic.

The first prominent appearance of the diamond in the French regalia was in the coronation of the boy Louis XV, in 1722. After half a century it was again the center of a new crown, that which in 1775 weighed heavy on the head of the young Louis XVI till he cried out in discontent, "It hurts me!"

Then came 1789 and the fire and blood and fury of the French revolution. —Charles Stuart Pratt in Lippincott's.

The Army of Tramps.
There can be no doubt that the tramp is in a certain sense the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wide and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young.

Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or worse of all, in jail, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.—How Men Become Tramps, by Josiah Flynt, in Century.

Hospitality.
A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph.

Margaret.
Wife of David Gregory,
Died Aug. 12, 1821,
Aged 69 years.

Here lies the woman, the first cave one, That settled on the Miami above Fort Miami.

Her table was spread, and that of the best, And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.

—Youth's Companion.

Living on One Food.
We hold that a well devised dietary system does not need frequent change. All do not require to eat the same in amount or kind. Uncooked fruits and nuts suit some. Others live almost entirely on bread and oatmeal, but when the correct diet has been found it is not necessary to change. Animals in a state of nature live on one food throughout their lives.—Vegetarian.

GRAND MIDSUMMER SALE!

S. H. FRIENDLY'S

IS NOW

IN FULL BLAST!

**Dress Goods.
Table Linen and Crash.
Wash Silks and Trimmings.
Sateens and Cheviots.
Laces and Embroidery.
Sheetings and Muslins.
Kid Gloves.
Carpets and Oil Cloths.
Summer Clothing.
Tan Shoes.
Hosiery.**

BARGAINS!

Opening a sale at this period gives you an opportunity to select goods from practically unbroken lines. Our stock yet contains many of the season's latest novelties which will close out at unprecedented low prices. A fact which is plainly illustrated by the many quotations herewith submitted. Read every line, if one thing does not interest you another may. We reserve no department from this great slaughter of prices. If you call at our store during this sale you will undoubtedly leave well pleased with your purchases.

EVERY ARTICLE MUST BE SOLD

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

DURING THIS GREAT SALE!

Dress Goods
Our extra line of imported dress patterns—ranging in price from \$8 to \$15 will be sold at a reduction of 33 1/2 per cent. You can only judge this offer by seeing it. Ask to be shown through this department.

Carpets and Oil Cloths
We cannot intelligently quote prices for this department. If you want any goods in this line we suggest that you call during this sale and be benefited by the prices we have arranged in this department. We will sell carpets at cost this month.

Clothing—Mens' & Boys
We offer Cheviot Suits for \$6 good value at \$10. \$10 suits at \$7.50. If you want a summer suit buy it now.

Kid Gloves
We can make a specialty of this line and can give you the best value on carlin for \$1.50 per pair. We have kid gloves ranging in prices from \$1 to \$2.50 per pair. Every pair guaranteed.

Special Inducements
Offered on our handkerchiefs.

Our line of Ladies' and Gents' Tan Shoes will be closed out during this sale.

Wash Silks
In this line we claim the superiority and will give special inducements to close out the immense line we have on hand. 20-inch Jap. silks at 35c per yard. This grade always sold for 50c per yard. Taffeta Silks for Waists at from 85c to \$1.50 per yard.

Ladies' Underwear
This line is somewhat depleted and we hope to close out every garment. We will make prices that will do it.

We will only maintain the prices quoted here during the sale.

Napkins and Towels at 25 per cent. reduction.

READ THE ABOVE PRICES.

**S. H. FRIENDLY,
EUGENE, OREGON.**