

Nassau's Lake of Fire.
"I doubt if many persons realize the fascination to be derived from a winter spent in the Bahamas," said a visitor just returned from there the other day. "Down near Nassau, for example, there is a curious sheet of water known as the Lake of Fire that is worth going far to see. It is simply a phosphorescent lake, but its weird effects cling to one's recollection in an uncanny way. It is about three miles from the hotel. You drive through quaint and narrow streets, with only here and there a lamppost shedding a dim light, and past the open doors of huts whose occupants seem to fill every space in the abodes to overflowing."
"The gates of the old estate of Waterloo have long since disappeared, and the house is in ruins, but you drive between the posts which still mark the entrance down a grass grown roadway to the edge of this wonderful pond. The water is only a few feet deep, and the pond is scarcely a quarter of a mile long. We stepped into a rowboat by the dim light of a lantern, and in a moment, as the boat pushed off and the oars broke the water into ripples, we were surrounded by a sea of flame. The divers who swam about seemed literally merged in blue smoke, for the effect of this phosphorescence is more like smoke than water. It reminds one of the butterfly dance seen on the stage. The form of the diver is surrounded by a luminous glow, and the fishes take flight and dart away like little flames into the dark and quiet waters. It is a beautiful sight."—New York Sun.

An Early Georgia Monster.
In the fore part of August, 1812, a party of hunters found in a mountainous region now known as Rabun county, Ga., a being nearly eight feet high covered with bluish hair and having a human face adorned with immense ears resembling those of an ass. The creature was stone deaf and on that account seemed wholly unconscious of the approach of the men. This monster seems, from old accounts, to have been seen upon several occasions during the next four years.
In 1816 a number of adventurers from Virginia, most of them surveyors working up the unexplored portions of Georgia and the Carolinas, formed themselves into a party for the express purpose of capturing the uncanny being if possible. They scoured the hills and valleys for several days and at last returned unsuccessful to the starting point.
The many tales told of this extraordinary being seem to have created quite a stir all along the Atlantic coast. A printed circular issued by a land company in 1815 says, "The climate of Georgia is exceedingly mild, the soil productive, and the danger of attack from uncouth beasts which are represented as being half beast and half man are fairy tales not worthy of consideration."

Barrymore and Modjeska.
Maurice Barrymore earned a reputation as a wit and really deserved it. His style could be less successfully transferred to the stage, but his efforts at comic writing showed, but in his spontaneous phases its effect always told. One of the stories told was about his experiences with Mme. Modjeska, with whom he acted for several years. He had been as careless as he often was on the stage, and Mme. Modjeska, with all the conscientiousness of a great artist, protested that he had no right to take his calling so lightly and that if he did not owe it to his reputation to do his best he at least owed it to her, because she had done so much in his behalf and had put him before the public in a dignified and serious line of parts.
"Why, madam," he said, "it is not you who brought me before the public and made me known. People had heard of me all over the United States when they thought that Modjeska was only the name of a tooth wash."

A Crushed Lawyer.
Some time ago a well known San Francisco attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses, was defending a railway damage case. Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath were understood, etc., he began: "What is your name?" "Lee Lung." "You live in San Francisco?" "Yes." "You have a God?" "Mr. Attorney, if you mean 'Do I understand the entity of our Creator?' I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial association on the subject of the 'Divinity of Christ' and shall be pleased to have you attend."

Dosing an Elephant.
A difficult operation was performed the other day at the zoological gardens at Hanover. An elephant was suffering great pain from a growth on the lower part of one of his hind feet, and it was deemed necessary to cut this malformation away. In order to render the animal insensible a dose of 600 grains of morphia in six bottles of rum was administered. This dose took about an hour before any visible effect was produced. The elephant then fell over in a kind of sleep, and the operation was successfully carried out without any further ado. The operation lasted in all three days.—London Globe.

Of three wires of the same thickness one made of gold will sustain 150 pounds, one made of copper 302 pounds, one of iron 549 pounds.
The purest Chinese is spoken at Nankin and is called "the language of the mandarins."

BLUE RIVER MINE PROF. A. F. BECHDOLT

The Great Northern Bonded for \$30,000 to Wisconsin Men.
Selected as Superintendent of Eugene Public Schools.

A LUCKY ESCAPE FROM FIRE.

LUCKY BOY, Or, July 12—The Great Northern mine, on the Calapooia side of the Blue River camp, has been bonded to Wisconsin men for \$30,000. A good sum of cash was paid down. The Great Northern was discovered about a year ago.

ON FIRE.

The sawmill at the Lucky Boy was discovered on fire Wednesday, but the blaze was extinguished before any damage to speak of resulted.

THE SCALP FLIM-FLAM.

Big Business Has Been Done All Over the State

The Albany Democrat of yesterday has the following concerning the fellow, Eggerton, who was arrested here yesterday for flim-flaming the county on the scalp business:

A young man giving the name of Harry Ellison called at the county clerk's office yesterday afternoon and presented twenty-five coyote scalps for their bounty, claiming that he and his uncle had gotten them at Whitehouse in this county. Now twelve or fifteen coyotes are all that are killed in this county in a year, and County Clerk Hammer at once became suspicious and demanded such proof that the fellow left with his scalp. Sati fled that there was a big game going on, Mr. Hammer this forenoon telephoned to the county clerk at Corvallis, Salem and Eugene. At Salem a young man answering the description and giving the same name had sold twenty-five scalps there, at Corvallis a month ago another man had done so, and also at Salem, as well as to a deputy at Albany at this city, in the absence of the county clerk, getting rid of twenty-two scalps at \$2 a piece. Upon being answered at Eugene it was learned that the man had just left the office with the money for his scalps, and he was immediately placed under arrest. He had a partner who answered the description of the man who sold scalps last month.

Deputy County Clerk Montague went to Eugene this forenoon to identify him. There was a peculiar smell to the scalps and the man here had them wrapped in an Oregonian of the 9th. They undoubtedly are shipped in from a state with no bounty where there are lots of them and for at least two months a big business has been done. How many other counties have invested is not yet known.

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by W. L. DeLano, druggist.

Sheriff's Tax Sale Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that I will, on Monday the 12th day of August, 1901, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. to wit at 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, at the south west door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, all the lands to which Lane County or other public corporations has acquired title by virtue of sale for taxes.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1901.
W. W. WITHERS,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

Got the Lamps Free.

The lucky buyers of Crescent and Stearns bicycles who received Solar lamps free were: 100th wheel E. E. Wilson; 110 Abbie Allen; 130, Moody Nett; 13, Georgia Parker; 140, Edith Kerns; 150, Wm. Davis. Who will get the 160th wheel? The Crescent bicycle stand-up. See them at F. L. Chambers.

A recent reunion of the Ingram family at Monroe consisted of Grandma Ingram, aged 78, six children, 23 grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren; total 47. Also 14 relatives by marriage. It was also ascertained by actual count that there were 37 other persons not present with Ingram blood in their veins, making a grand total of 84 surviving members of the family.

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

Daily Guard, July 13
A dispatch received last evening from School Director S. B. Eakin, who is now in Seattle, brought the information that Prof. A. F. Bechdolt, of that city, has been chosen as superintendent of the Eugene public schools. Prof. Bechdolt, who has been a member of the faculty of the University of Oregon.

Among the forty or more applications for the position from all parts of the country, the school board picked out Prof. Bechdolt as most fitted to fill the place and suggested Mr. Eakin to engage him if upon personal interview he was satisfied. In his opinion he was what his recommendations represented him to be. The board will hold a meeting soon to ratify the action of Director Eakin.

Prof. Bechdolt is 34 years of age and is a Ph. D. He has a very good appearance and is splendidly recommended. He has held a position in the Seattle public schools for some time and came to that city from Minnesota where he was successfully engaged for many years in educational work. He will arrive in Eugene some time next month and take up his work at the beginning of the school year.

PENSION FOR LIFE.

Fillmore Will Get \$500 Per Month for Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—The Examiner says that J. A. Fillmore, who has just resigned the position of manager of the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific railroad, will be paid \$100 a month by that company until the end of the year, and after that \$500 a month as long as he lives. The corporation gives him a pension because of his long and meritorious service. Mr. Fillmore's plans for the future are not known, but should he decide to engage in active work, that will not affect his pension. It is quite possible he may undertake some important railroad work in the East.

Notice—Sale for Tax Certificates

Whereas, an act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, (H. B. No. 11) approved February 23, 1901, requires that all lands upon which this and all counties in the state hold certificates for taxes, issued more than two years ago, shall be sold at public auction; and

Whereas, there exists doubts in the minds of some, as to the validity of sales made under this act;

It is hereby ordered, that in case the title of title to any tract or parcel of land sold by the Sheriff of Lane county during this present year, A. D. 1901, and to which the title conveyed or attempted to be conveyed by the Sheriff's deed therefor shall be set aside and annulled by any court of competent jurisdiction, or whenever satisfactory evidence shall be produced to this Court that such Sheriff's deed is for any reason invalid and insufficient to pass the title to the lands therein described, there shall be refunded to the purchaser or his assigns the full amount of the purchase price paid therefor, without interest, less any sum received by such claimant from the redemption, and a warrant issued therefor.

By order of the Court this 6th day of July, 1901.
E. U. LEE, Clerk.

It Dazzles the World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's newest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For coughs, colds, asthma, croup, hay fever, hoarseness and whooping cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by W. L. DeLano, who guarantees satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

NEARLY 100 YEARS.—Cottage Grove Leader: Mr. Geo. Kerr and family and his aged father spent the Fourth in the Grove. Mr. Kerr, 87, will be 100 years old the 15th of next month, yet he is sprightly as many men are at 70 and enjoyed the celebration as much as anybody.

MALARIA MAKES IMPURE BLOOD.
Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic cures malaria.

He Didn't Lost a Burglar.

"John," she said, suddenly shaking him, "there is a burglar in the house." "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Positive," she replied. "Don't you hear him?"

He got up and began to dress hastily, but quietly.

"What are you going to do, John?" she inquired.

"I am going to sneak out the back way and get a policeman," he answered.

"But if you go right down stairs now," she said, "you'll find him in the dining room."

"Oh, I'll find him, will I?" he retorted sarcastically. "Well, now you just look me over carefully."

"Yes, John, what of it?"

"Do I look like a man who has lost a burglar anywhere?"

"No; of course not, but—"

"Do I have the reputation of being an impertinent fellow who is always interfering with other people's business? Do I in any way resemble the lost and found department of a daily newspaper?"

"No."

"Then why should I get tangled up with other people's property?"

"Afraid nothing?" he retorted indignantly. "I am looking at it from an ethical point of view. This burglar undoubtedly has been lost by the police, and if I took charge of him they might make a lot of trouble for me. Besides, I'm no searching party. You women don't understand the ethics of business at all."—Chicago Post.

Testing the Schoolmaster.

In the town records of the city of Boston there is a curious passage which records how a schoolmaster was examined and what happened. The manner in which the visit of inspection is recorded makes one incline to the view that the unlucky schoolmaster may not have had fair play, although if he has been judged by his peers.

In the record for the 22nd of May, 1722, it is set forth that:

"Coll. Pen. Townsend, Jeremiah Allen Esq., and John Edwards together with the Select men, Visited the Wrighting School at the Southern End of Boston on Thursday the 24th April 1722, and Examined the Scholars under Mr. Ames Angers tuition as to their proficiency in Reading writing Scribing & the masters ability of teaching & instructing youth his rules & methods therefore And are of Opinion That it will be no Service to the Town to Continue, Mr. Anger in that Employ."

Whereupon it was voted that the said Mr. Ames Anger should not continue master of the "Said South School."

It is true that nothing is said of the methods of spelling inculcated at the "Wrighting School," and it is also possible that a clerk rather than the committee was responsible for the errors of the record, but there is certainly something absurd in the passage as it stands.

Maddened by Solitude.

The Canadian northwest is a probationary haven for wealthy young Englishmen of nomadic instincts. Numbers of them annually purchase hunting and camping outfits from the Hudson Bay company and strike into the barren lands to prospect for minerals or take up land on the prairies. But most often they return to the civilization of the towns with nothing but hard words for the wilderness.

The construction of the Temiscaming railroad induced the younger son of one wealthy English family to take a trip into that outlandish district. He returned to Ottawa a disappointed man.

"It's the most desolate country you can imagine," he said to his friends. "I have been out prospecting sometimes for a whole day without seeing a sign of animal life. Once the only living thing I came across was a bird, and it was so disgusted that it was trying to knock its brains out against a tree."

He had seen a woodpecker.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Old Gooseberry For New Ships.

It may be ungenerous to dispel a popular delusion, but there is no one among the thousands who witness a ship launch who does not believe that the beautifully garlanded bottle of champagne drawn from the admiral's cellar, whenever a ship is launched in a dockyard, the admiral generously allow \$40 as the cost of the publication, and included in this sum of \$40 is the item of 3 shillings for wine. Hence it follows that not only is the wine not drawn from the admiral's cellar, but it certainly is not champagne of foreign vintage.—English Navy and Military Record.

Understood at Last.
"Hello, Central. Give me one triple tonight South."
"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero South?"

"What?"

"South one double nought, nought."
"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand South—ten hundred South. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean South one ought, double ought. All right."—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Cautious.

Wederly—The doctor says I must take more exercise. Do you think I ought to begin with dumbbells?

Mrs. Wederly—Suppose for a starter you come out with me this afternoon and wheel the baby carriage?

Wederly—I—er—really. Mary, I couldn't think of it. I don't want to overdo the thing the first day.—Chicago News.

The Song of the Grouse.

Certain birds when the period of courtship comes round repair to particular trysting places and announce their presence there by well known calls or signals.

The ruffed grouse, as every one knows, seeks an old log or other convenient perch and drums with his wings, a hint to any lady grouse within hearing that "Barkis is willin'."

The performance of the grouse is one frequently heard, but comparatively seldom seen, and for many years there were numerous conflicting theories concerning the means by which the drumming was produced. Some said that the sound was vocal, and others declared that the grouse struck the log with its wings. Even today the precise cause of the sound is not known, for although the bird has been closely watched, its wing movements are so rapid that it is next to impossible to tell exactly what takes place.

This much, however, is known: During the performance the grouse stands upon the leg or other perch and strikes the air in front of his body somewhat after the manner of an elated barnyard cock. The first few strokes are measured, but they become faster and faster until the individual thumps are lost, as in the rolling of a drum. Whether the sound is due entirely to beating of the air or whether it is increased by the striking together of the wing tips is a question yet to be settled.—Hartford Times.

Why Dinah Wept.
Not long ago a lieutenant in the navy was ordered away on a three years' cruise. The order had been dreaded for weeks, and when it came the young wife, who was to be left in a Brooklyn flat with a baby and a colored servant, was in despair.

She controlled her sorrow very well, however, until the actual moment of parting came, and then she wept as though her heart would break. The cruiser was to leave the navy yard early next morning, and the lieutenant had gone to report for duty.

In the midst of a sniffling and sobbing wife heard a sniffling and sobbing in the dining room, and upon glancing through the door she saw Dinah, the colored maid, rocking her body to and fro in a chair and weeping violently.

"Why, D-D Dinah, what's the matter?" cried the mistress. "You seem to t-t-take Mr. Blank's departure as much to heart as I do."

"Deed I doesn't, Miss Blank; deed I doesn't!" sobbed Dinah. "What am I boderin' dis chile am de fac' dat a culd'n gummam friend o' mine am gwine sail hisse'f on dat same ole cruizah!"

New York Herald.

Some Exploded Food Fallacies.

Fish as a food of the brain worker must be assigned to the limbo of vanities, though certain forms of fish are the cheapest of all foods, notably the bloaters. Oysters and turtle soup are frauds. It would take 14 oysters to equal the nourishment of one egg and 223 to provide the same amount of nutriment contained in a pound of beef.

Salt fish, especially salt fat fish, is the most valuable food for the poorer classes, and whole races in the south of Europe live on the Newfoundlanders of canned salmon we see at 15¢ a pound is no more expensive than cod at sixpence. Millions of people live on it, and the North American settler who is not well provided with cash finds it a good substitute and change from flesh meat at times.

Frogs' legs are not of high nutritive value, which need not surprise us. Turtle soup from the chemist's point of view is not worth a tenth of the price paid for it.—Exchange.

Too Classic For Them.

A resident in a small suburban town had a visit from a German friend who knew little English, but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbors gave a "musical," and of course he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and when his turn came he played one of his best pieces from one of the great masters.

When he had finished, there was an awkward silence and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German, who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful.

Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

"Can't you get him to?" she whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something?"—London Tit-Bits.

His Late Hours.

"You never think of staying out late," said the convivial and ill bred person.

"Sometimes I think of it," answered Mr. Meekton distantly.

"But you don't care for that sort of thing."

"Not in the least."

"Perhaps you never had any experience?"

"Oh, yes, I have. It was only last night that I was out at half past 2 a. m. Henrietta sent me out to see if I couldn't keep the back gate from slamming."—Washington Star.

A Well-Timed Boast.

Neil—She used to boast that she was one of the charter members of the Woman's Suffrage club. She doesn't appear to be as proud of it now.

Belle—Oh, she's just as proud, but, you know, the club was organized 15 years ago, and she must have been at least 20 when she joined.—Philadelphia Record.

The geographical divisions of the United States are the north Atlantic group, the south Atlantic group, the north central group, the south central group and the western group.

PYTHIAN FIELD MEET

Charles Griffin Was Easily the Star Performer.

WE WARE 41 POINTS

Daily Guard July 13
C. W. Griffin won the medal at the Pythian field meet yesterday afternoon. He won first place in almost every event he entered and made a score of 41 points. Judge Winter-toll exactly what takes place. This much, however, is known: During the performance the grouse stands upon the leg or other perch and strikes the air in front of his body somewhat after the manner of an elated barnyard cock. The first few strokes are measured, but they become faster and faster until the individual thumps are lost, as in the rolling of a drum. Whether the sound is due entirely to beating of the air or whether it is increased by the striking together of the wing tips is a question yet to be settled.—Hartford Times.

The following is the list of winners of the different events:

100-yd dash—C. W. Griffin, 1st; Otto Gilstrap, 2nd; C. A. Wintermeier, 3rd. Time 12 seconds.

Shot put—A. I. Holden, 1st; Otto Gilstrap, 2nd; C. W. Griffin, 3rd. Distance 26 ft 2 in.

High jump—C. W. Griffin, 1st; C. A. Wintermeier, 2nd; O. E. Roberts, 3rd. 4 ft 9 in.

120-yd hurdle—C. W. Griffin, 1st; F. E. Taylor, 2nd; D. E. Yorau, 3rd. 17 seconds.

Hammer throw—C. W. Griffin, 1st; Otto Gilstrap, 2nd; Wm. Waddle, 3rd. 61 ft, 3 in.

220-yd dash—C. W. Griffin, 1st; C. A. Wintermeier, 2nd; Otto Gilstrap, 3rd. 27 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—C. W. Griffin, 1st; C. A. Wintermeier, 2nd; D. E. Yorau, 3rd. 7 ft 6 in.

Golf driving contest—C. A. Hardy, 1st; Otto Gilstrap, 2nd; G. W. Griffin, 3rd.

440-yd dash—C. W. Griffin, 1st; C. A. Wintermeier, 2nd; Otto Gilstrap, 3rd. 61 1-5 seconds.

Fat man's handicap 50-yd dash—Fred Fisk, 1st; G. W. Griffin, 2nd; H. A. Vincent and Wm. Waddle tie for third place.

5-mile relay bicycle race—E. R. Davis and Horace Burnett chose sides, seven men on each side, and Burnett's side won.

Broad jump—C. W. Griffin, 1st; C. A. Wintermeier, 2nd; Drew Griffin, 3rd. 17 feet.

NOTES.

Counting five points for first place, three for second and one for third, the individual scores were as follows: Chas. Griffin, 41; C. A. Wintermeier, 16; Otto Gilstrap, 14; A. I. Holden, 5; C. A. Hardy, 5; Fred Fisk, 5; G. W. Griffin, 4; W. Waddle, 1; O. E. Roberts, 1; F. E. Taylor, 3; D. E. Yorau, 2; Drew Griffin, 1; H. A. Vincent, 1.

Fred Fisk, winner of the fat man's race, was presented a large leather medal, with appropriate inscription.

Judge Wintermeier is the "champion of Long Tom," so a placard on his back yesterday announced. The judge also wore several splendid leather medals, trophies of other contests.

The racing suits worn by some of the Knights displayed great muscular development.

The Rathbone Sisters served a lunch to the athletic heroes after the contest.

The dance in the pavilion in the evening was well attended, and until 11 o'clock the time was very enjoyably spent in the Terpsichorean amusement.

OIL OPERATIONS.

Southern Oregon Oil Co Boring at Ashland.

The Ashland Tidings has the following about the operations of the Southern Oregon Oil Co, in which several Eugene people hold stock:

Operations at the site of the Southern Oregon Oil Co's new oil boring plant have been steadily pushed along during the past week, and some minor troubles incident to the starting of new machinery have been experienced. The drill pounded along in blue clay until about 40 feet down when a formation was reached which is thought to be an old river bed. It was a gravel drift which closed over the opening made by the drill as it went down. It was found necessary to ease through this quicksand, which has been done and good progress is now confidently expected. Water has been encountered and colors of gold are frequent. Just as soon as things are in steady working order, Manager Whitney intends to put on a night shift and push the work as fast as possible. Expert J. B. Treadwell, who accompanied Messrs. Guggenheim and Mack on their visit here, gave it as his opinion that oil would be struck at a depth of 1500 feet.

Big Price for Hops.

PORTLAND, Or, July 11.—The price of hops is expected to amount to record-breaking figures this fall. Offers of 12 cents for hops on contracts are already recorded and the growers feel confident of receiving 15 cents by picking time, which will be about September 1. The highest price hitherto recorded is 11 1/2 cents.