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RISE AND FALL OF SAWBILL. The End Came With a Rush When the Gold Vein Vanished. Far from the railroad and more than forty miles away from the nearest white resident, hidden in the wilds of one of the most picturesque parts of the province of Ontario, Canada, a speculator like, stands the deserted village of Sawbill, once a bustling mining camp where several hundred men were employed. The end came suddenly. Tools were dropped where workmen were installing a dynamo; dishes and furniture and household goods were left as they were when the word came that the mine had closed. The books end on July 21, 1901. The store was left with its stock of goods on the shelves, the hotel closed its doors, its contents intact, and the postoffice ceased to be. Only a watchman was left. Sawbill grew out of a gold strike. The ledge, reported fabulously rich, quickly gave out when real mining was attempted. A road was built through the wilderness, a power house was erected, a forty stamp mill went up along with a hotel, store, postoffice and many buildings for the employees. On Aug. 15, 1899, the electric lights were turned on. The telephone line was opened. The water rushed through the huge flume across the lake, the giant turbine revolved, the dynamo hummed, and the power for operating the mine's machinery was at hand. But the \$200 per ton output of the little mill first installed proved to be only a deceptive lure for all the dollars that were poured into the enterprise. When the big mill did run the greatest amount of gold obtained per ton was said never to have exceeded \$1.87. The shafts were sunk deeper, new ones were opened, but the wide veins of ore which showed on or near the surface narrowed to thin ribbons or to nothing at all. The gold obtained could not begin to pay the operating expenses. The mill and its machinery, the power plant and its equipment, stand as a warning for the future. The whistle announcing the beginning of a day's work, though the last evidences of the half million spent at Sawbill are disappearing before inevitable decay and the encroaching and encroaching forest—Robert E. Pinkerton in Ontario Globe.

A CITY IN A GORGE. The First View of La Paz is Startling to the Tourist. James Bryce in his book "South America" gives a picturesque description of the approach to La Paz, Bolivia. He tells how the traveler who nears La Paz has a surprise in front of him if he is coming from Lake Titicaca, the usual route from the coast. At a point 13,000 feet above sea level the railway from Guayaquil meets the railway from Antofagasta, 400 miles away to the south. "From this point, called Vacha, the route turns eastward to ward the Cordillera, the line climbing slowly in wide sweeps over the dusty and shrubbed plateau on whose thin grass sheep are browsing. There is not a house visible, and the smooth slope seems to run right up against the mountain wall beyond. Where can La Paz be? asks the traveler. "Presently, however, he perceives strings of llamas and donkeys and wayfarers on foot moving along the slope toward a point where they all suddenly vanish and are no more seen. Then a spot is reached where the railway itself seems to end between a few sheds. He gets out and walks a few yards to the east and then suddenly pulls up, with a start, on the edge of a yawning abyss. "Right beneath him, 1,500 feet below, a gray, red roofed city fills the bottom of the gorge and climbs up its sides on both banks of the torrent that foams through it. Every street and square, every yard and garden, is laid out under the eye as if on a map, and one almost seems to hear the rattle of vehicles over stony pavements coming faintly up through the thin air."

Scotchman's Sad Loss. "As the waiter laid down my five-pence change," writes C. M. in the Glasgow News, "I noticed that the top most coin was not of British currency. It was, in fact, a French penny. I attracted his attention, therefore, with a motion of my forefinger and indicated the pile of coins with a wave of my hand, which was meant to say 'What is this you have given me?' The waiter bent gracefully forward, scooped up my change with a practiced hand and with a polite 'I thank you, sir,' moved swiftly away. Next time I'll give the language of signs a miss."

Sympathetic. "Don't you ever find it hard to be a frank?" asked the stoutish, tightly laced woman who had stopped to converse with the fat lady. "No, not a bit," was the reply. "I often feel sorry for some of you people who seem to find it so hard not to be frank."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mixed Up. A woman stated at a recent inquest that her husband's Christian names were James Jonathan or Jonathan James, she did not know for sure which. "You see," she explained, "he was one of twins and they got mixed up a bit."—London Standard.

A Trade Union. Ella (affectionately)—Their marriage was nothing but a trade union. Sophie—A trade union? Ella—Yes; she traded her money for his title.—London Telegraph.

Worry, whatever may be its source, weakens, takes away courage and shortens life.

Many graduating exercises would be far more enjoyable if the performers were not so nervous.