

How I Was Warned.

Five years ago I was running the passenger locomotive, No. 89, on the through route between Pittston and Harrisville.

It was a cold night in December, with considerable frost and snow on the track, and a biting wind blowing a thin drizzle of sleet from the north. There was a clouded moon, but it gave sufficient light to make the track visible for a good distance behind us as well as ahead of us.

Hawkins was in the cab with me, and there is no better fireman in the country than Hawkins. We had passed Woodstock, fifteen miles back, and had whizzed by the express at West Maltby. We had before us a clean run of thirty miles to Harrisville, where I went off duty, and Carson came on.

We were drawing a half-dozen passenger coaches and a mail car, and expected to reach Harrisville at 12:30—on time.

"By Jove!" said Hawkins, wiping the dampness from his face with a grimy hand; "it is a nasty night, and I shan't be sorry when we get to Harrisville. Hope they'll have something hot for supper at old Barker's."

Just as he spoke, I thought I heard, faintly sounding through the distance behind us, three short, sharp whistles of a locomotive. I strained my ears, and caught the sound again distinctly, and nearer than at first.

"Good Lord!" cried Hawkins. "What was that? It's coming up behind us! It's a runaway engine; and if so, then God help us!"

There is nothing a railway engineer dreads more than a wild engine, for there is no way to control it, and nothing to do but outrun it.

Hawkins turned towards the coal box, and seized the shovel to put in more coal, but I stopped him.

"Wait a moment," I said; "possibly there may be a meaning in this thing."

We were just shooting on to the high trestle which crosses Goodrun's Meadows, from which the land slopes gradually down, for twenty rods or so, to the rocky bed of the Muskavoy river.

Leaning out of the window, I could command a view of the track for half a mile behind us. And, as I looked, I could see distinctly, coming on in our wake, a locomotive, with no cars attached, and a long, black cloud of smoke trailing out behind on the frosty air.

It was running at nearly the same speed we were going, and as I gazed I became satisfied that whoever had a hand on the throttle was timing the speed to ours. I waved my red lantern from the cab window, and was answered by a green light swung frantically from the cab of the pursuer, and borne faintly on the air came a single wild cry, which sounded to me like "Stop."

I slowed 89 up a bit, in spite of Hawkins' angry protestations, and our pursuer slowed also.

"There must be danger ahead, and they are come to warn us," I said, "and a green light is the signal at Woodstock."

"Why in thunder didn't they warn us at Woodstock, then?" growled Hawkins. I brought 89 to a standstill, and the locomotive which had followed us stopped not twenty feet away. I leaped to the ground and went back. A woman was climbing down from the cab of

the pursuer—a woman with a bare head, and light brown hair all around her sacred, white face.

"Oh, Mr. Malcolm," she cried in a voice hoarse with excitement, "the bridge over the Muskavoy is down and the track is in the river—"

It was Capwell's little Bess, and Capwell was the telegraph operator at Woodstock. Bess, whom I had taken into my engine many a time when she was a child and taught her all I knew about running old 89. And I had nearly lost my place by it too. Bess, who two weeks before had driven me nearly wild by going off bicycling with the superintendent of the road—Bess, with whom I had quarreled and parted forever!

"But," I said, "why did you not warn us at Woodstock?"

"The dispatch came a moment after you had pulled out. You left half a minute early, you know. You always hurry from Woodstock now," with a little upward glint in the eye that I knew full well.

"Why didn't your father or some man come?"

"Father is down with a broken leg, and I have been supplying for him. And 104 was all steamed up for old Dawson to take the freight up to Montville, and there was no one but me to come and try to save the passengers—and—Charley!"

For I had caught her to my breast, and though I knew that Hawkins was staring at us from the cab window, and the frightened passengers were crowding from the rear platform of the train, and glowering at us in amazement, I kissed her as I had never kissed any woman before.

"Bess," I cried, "you came to save me. Say it, or I will—"

"Yes," she broke in, softly. "You—and—the passengers."

Bessie is my wife now, and she signals me with her white hand every time my train flies past the little cottage which is our home. Superintendent Sanborn forgave her for taking 104 without orders, but I do not think he ever forgave her for stealing his heart and then returning it in the original package.—Clara Augusta Trask, in Boston Post.

DON'T READ THIS

Unless you want blacksmithing done in a skilled manner. I do not work for nothing but I am prepared to do work at living prices and guarantee satisfaction.

H. D. HEMENWAY.

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftless fellow will wait until necessity compels it and then ruin his best horse going for a doctor and have a big doctor bill to pay, besides; one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer. For sale by BENSON DRUG CO., Cottage Grove, JOE LYONS, Drain Drug ist.

TO TAX PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the Tax Rolls for the year 1898, will be closed on the 15th day of June 1899. All persons who desire to avoid costs and expenses, should pay before that date.

Dated at Eugene, Ore., May 29th 1899.
W. W. WITHERS, Sheriff and Tax-Collector of Lane County, Oregon.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages half tone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a life time. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

THE COMING FARMER.

The following is an essay written and read by Miss Lillie Taylor, daughter of Joe Taylor, of Cottage Grove precinct, before the Farmers institute held at Grange Hall May 12 and 13:

Air castles cost no money and poor men may have as fine ones as any. Therefore many are built and much grief is the result. Drifting is not as hard work as rowing. Therefore many boats go drifting down the stream of time and the result is wrecked lives. It will not do, in the game of life, to live in the future and neglect the present, nor will it be enough to look out for the present alone.

Many parents living under limited circumstances are viewing with anxiety the question of their children's future. And the success of that future depends very much on the preparation made for it now.

It is a very good thing for boys and girls to decide what they are going to be. It indicates that they have ambition if it amounts to nothing more. A definite fixed purpose amounts to a great deal.

If a boy knows something about farming and carpentry and similar things, and declares that he will follow one of these, it is more encouraging to my mind, than if he should pick for himself some occupation of which he knows nothing. It seems to me that in such a case he is following his real tastes and natural aptitudes rather than a pleasant vision.

It does not speak well for a community, either its past or its future, when a majority of the young people show a dislike to farming. It shows that the ideal of farming has not been kept high.

Some of our dear, hard-working people are too optimistic. If they were not they would die. The pen of a Tolstoi would be well employed in picturing the lives of brave, over-worked ambitious women who are both hopeful and in despair. They are not wise, yet they are noble. They do not know that hard work is of less value nowadays than up-to-date business methods. The

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
May 12, 1899.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on June 29, 1899, viz: Theophile F. Ross on H. E. No. 7359 for the E 1/4 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Lot 2, Sec. 26, T. 19 S., R. 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Isaac N. Doak, Henry Coleman, John L. Bailey, Ivan McQueen, of Siuslaw, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
May 5, 1899.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on June 17, 1899, viz: James H. Sharp on H. E. No. 9348 for the E 1/4 SW 1/4, W 1/2 S E 1/4, Sec. 26, T. 22 S., R. 1 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Frank A. Rankin, William T. Bailey, of Eugene, Oregon, Baker Stewart, Robert M. Veatch, of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
May 22, 1899.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on July 10, 1899, viz: George Layton on H. E. No. 7499 for the S 1/2 N W 1/4, Lots 3 & 4, sec. 36, T. 21 S., R. 1 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Q. Doud, Joseph S. Burnett, James T. Hunt, of Wildwood, Oregon, George Downens, of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES,
Register.

Adminstrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that George M. Hawley has been appointed administrator of the estate of George W. Ozment, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to said administrator, at Cottage Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 26th day of April, 1899.
GEORGE M. HAWLEY,
Administrator.
JOHN M. WILLIAMS,
Attorney for Estate.

boys and girls of today are not the boys and girls of yesterday and if their parents help them to succeed, they must do it by letting go of the past and taking hold of the present.

Do not fall into contentment with your children because they can do many things well. The day of doing many things has gone by, and the day of specialties has come in. It is a disgrace to be a Jack of all-trades and master of none. Professional excellence is worth more than money making power, for it is happiness and usefulness combined, and security against want besides.

The farmer of today is not the farmer of yesterday. We must expect many of our young people to become farmers. But we mustn't let them think that a farmer is merely a tiller of the soil.

Let them have a good definition of the word, Farmer—an enlightened and progressive son of America. The ruling class of that country. One who does manual labor but takes recreation. The person whom an education pays better than any other because he needs it more and has better opportunities of adding to it after he gets it. One who loves to study the wonders of nature as he is brought in contact with them through his work. One who possesses those active, well-developed faculties of mind, body and soul without which life is not worth living.

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