

Bohemia Nugget

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If there is only one unpardonable sin it must be indolence.

In one way a bad habit is like a mill collector. It is hard to get away from.

The best way to punish the brigands is to cut off their missionary supply.

He is a wise father who knows his own child was as much at fault as the other man's.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

It is probably a safe saying that no titled European will be able to marry Hetty Green for her money.

In order to be at her silver wedding anniversary a woman is willing to admit that she isn't as young as she used to be.

"Piling me only with thine eyes, and I will come with mine." That's the way they are playing the game over in Lunnon.

An esteemed contemporary says that any attempt to run down Niagara Falls is less majestic in this country. More often it's suicide.

An editor wants to know what would happen if Prince Henry and Admiral Evans should ever meet in battle. We give it up. What's the answer?

"Is the press degenerating?" asks the Literary Digest. We think not. The reputable press seems to be holding its own, and the yellows cannot degenerate.

All the pulp and platform eloquence in the world doesn't make as much for good government as a little wholesome activity before and at the primaries.

Under The Hague treaty prisoners of war may be employed by the state capturing them. History may contain the thrilling deed. The old guard dies, but never works!

Sir Henry Irving has launched the keenest criticism against the Baconian theory and it can be put in a sentence. He says that it took an actor to write Shakespeare's plays and that no mere poet or philosopher could have done it.

The indications are that Uncle Sam's door will not "swing forward" on its hinges as readily in the future as it has in the past. In order to be admitted the immigrant will have to give the password, "Fitted for good citizenship."

President Eliot of Harvard in his address conferring the degree of doctor of laws on Prince Henry spoke of the "venerable American nation" and the "young German empire," and thus wisely called attention to a fact hitherto unrecognized in Europe, that the American republic is not on trial, but has proven itself worthy to live by 125 years of glorious history in war and peace.

A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This means, literally, "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-a-d. Why choke a puny fact with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Paraday could so write as to be "understanded" of the people, and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and ineffect thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.

Bishop Potter says that when he has been traveling in Europe or visiting public places he has never heard a loud or harsh voice raised above the tone of others around him without turning with a shudder of apprehension to find if the voice were that of a fellow countryman. Are Americans in so much haste that they do not take time to modulate their voices? That conclusion is more probable than that the air of freedom is not favorable to an agreeable utterance. A man is known by the voice he keeps. Identification is just as practicable when a woman speaks. In the cultivation of good manners the vocal chords must not be forgotten.

What's the use of crowding, anyway? There's no need of anyone being roomed off the map. There's plenty of room. When the crowd begins to push and shove and the struggle for standing room grows strenuous and the strife for dollars becomes too fierce just step over into Labrador. This is an act of expansion. If there isn't room enough for you to expand in our new insular possessions Labrador with its vast expanse of unoccupied territory, holds out its icy arms to you and says, "Come." The census returns for 1901 show a total population for Labrador of 472 from the returns of the preceding census. As Labrador has an area of 290,000 square miles it will be seen that there is plenty of room for the ambitious young man to grow up and expand with the country. In fact, there is more room in Labrador than there was in 1891, for 472 persons have moved out. It is difficult to account for this decline in population. Labrador has plenty of space and a bracing atmosphere. Its cold storage facilities are unsurpassed except in Greenland and in the office of Russell Sage. The people who are cramped and crowded and who clamor for more room should cast their eye toward Labrador.

Again comes the old question, "What is the good of money if it will not buy the things that one desires?" A wealthy lady of Chicago has more money than she can possibly use. She can draw a big check as easily as most

WHY THEY DID NOT GO

REASONS MEN GAVE FOR STAYING AWAY FROM CHURCH.

One Had a Grievance Against a Member and the Other Was Surprised When He Was Young Observations of a Country Minister.

He was a young minister whose charge is in the country, and he was talking about the decline in church attendance.

"If he were preachers in the rural districts," said he, "who have a chance to get at the real reasons why people stay away. Of course, we have no data that would help solve the problem as it presents itself in the cities, but being privileged in the country to talk to one and all, we get reasons at first hand. Some of them are interesting and when analyzed they are more likely than not to resolve themselves into personal dislike to church-going or to some one in the church."

"There was an old farmer in one district where I preached who had the reputation of never going to church. He was a peculiar old fellow who seldom had much to say, but one day I went to see him, and in the course of the conversation asked why he never came to hear my sermons.

"He was silent for a minute, and then said: 'I did go to church once, and I wasn't treated right, and I ain't been there since. It was when they was talking revival up in the white schoolhouse, and things were getting pretty warm. I went there one night and sat next the window. After awhile they got to the shoutin' part, and one old woman got to runnin' up and down the aisle, shoutin' and askin' everybody to come up and pray.

"I set there and looked on till I saw she was makin' for me, and then I looked for a way out. The window was open, and the first thing I knowed I was gone out of it. As I struck the ground I heard old Elder Abbotinsky that set right across the aisle from me, shout: 'There goes the devil out of the window.' Now I don't consider that a respectful way for one man to speak of another, and I never went back again, and I don't intend to till old Abbotinsky goes to glory."

"One day I went to see another man who was a very good man, but never went to church. He was a Scotchman and when I asked him why he did not attend he said: 'Young man, if you keep on going to church the way you do now all your life, and if you live to be 100 you will not have been to church as much as I have.'

"I asked what he meant.

"My father was a Scotch covenant-shaver," he said, "and when I was a little shaver we used to go to church in the morning and stay all day. I would sit on those hard benches and listen to sermons that I didn't understand. My legs would tingle over the floor till they ached.

"If I went to sleep there was always a deacon or some one else to poke me in the ribs and whispering inquire if I wanted to go straight to hell. That was on Sunday.

"Then there were prayer-meetings during the week and one or two extras of different sorts between. There was always more church and more sermons when I would have given my boots to be out hunting."

"That thing went on from the time I was big enough to remember until I was 21. I made up my mind long before I reached the latter age that when it came there would be no more church for me, and there wasn't. I haven't been since. Now, really, dominie, do you wonder at it?"

"And," concluded the dominie, according to the New York Times, "I can't say that I did."

PASSING OF THE CASCO.

Ancient Filipino Craft that Lighters Will Soon Supplant.

"The march of progress is undoubtedly going to be a great thing for the Filipino one of these days," said a man who got back from the islands not long ago, to a New York Sun reporter. "But one of the prices he's got to pay for it is the gradual wiping out of picturesque customs and traditions of many centuries' standing. A good example is the passing of the Filipino casco before the improved and wholly unadorned lighter of western commerce.

"The casco is a craft for coast and river commerce, and at the same time the permanent home of its crew, the commander, or patron, the former lying forward and the latter aft. It is a long, crude-looking structure, hooded or covered with bamboo, and under the manipulations of expert boatmen is capable of rather surprising agility. Manila is not a city of good wharves, nor is Manila bay a deepwater harbor, hence when big ships arrive their cargoes must be lightered ashore, and this has been the casco's work for ages.

"The larger cascos have a tonnage of from 20 to 100 tons and the smaller ones, or casquitos, of from 5 to 20 tons, and they range from 20 to 30 feet in length with a 12-foot extreme beam, and when loaded draw only 2½ feet of water. They are built of a light, tough wood grown in the province of Batan, which resembles oak and will last for centuries on land or water.

"Cascoes are usually propelled by a bamboo pole eighteen or twenty feet long, in the hands of the crew, Filipino river men. The poles are spiked and padded so the crews may place them against their shoulders to give force to their pushes. The crews number from five to ten men, and they and their families live almost wholly on rice, fish, oysters, clams and shrimps. Their pay is a peso a day, about 50 cents. At night the bow is cleared and the deck spread with palm mats, and on these mats, women and children lie down like sardines in a box."

"HOT WATER FOR HEATING.

House Kept at a Uniform Temperature During Cold Weather.

The supply of hot water for public heating systems from a central station is growing in favor in smaller towns and it would seem to be the ideal and most economical method of heating, even in large cities. The hot water is

FRIENDS THOUGH FOES.

During Lord Methuen's stay in the Boer camp Gen. Delarray was unrepentant in his courtesy, and personally expressed his great sympathy with his distinguished prisoner.

Lord Methuen and Gen. Delarray.

the average one gramme each, fall on the earth daily, but in 100,000 of millions of years the length of day will not be increased a quarter of a second on this account. Taking everything together the day will shorten, not lengthen, but the process will go on with extreme slowness.

LITTLE THINGS YOU CAN'T DO.

Feats that seem easy that cannot be accomplished.

A man cannot lean from a chair without bending forward or putting his feet under the chair or outside of it. Many a man will back himself to give another a start of fifty yards in a race of 100, provided the man having the start hops all the way. But no runner, however swift, can give that amount of start to an ordinary man.

For the first five yards they go at practically the same pace.

Therefore, the runner, to go ninety-five yards, would run five more than twice as fast, and it would be a weak man who could not hop forty-five yards at a pace equal to twenty seconds for 100 yards, and that would mean that the runner, in order to win, would have to beat all previous records.

If a man boasts that his penknife is particularly sharp, ask him to cut with one stroke of the blade one of those yellow ribbons, mostly of silk, which are around bundles of cigars. In 999 cases out of 1,000 the knife is not sharp enough to do this. It will cut through all the ribbon except the last strand and that will pull out long and the more he tries to cut it the longer it will pull out.

No one except a blind man, says the New York Herald, can stand without support of any kind for five minutes at a stretch, if he is thoroughly blindfolded, without moving his feet. If he does not move his feet he is pretty sure to topple over in about a minute.

WAS ALMOST A HERO.

Didn't Rescue Anybody, but Nearly Broke His Neck.

"I know how it feels to be almost a hero," said a young man with a black eye, an arm in a sling and a patch of court plaster adorning his features. "I live near the Bay View residence at 40th and Pine streets, and was hanging out the other day when I saw a woman in bed, but I did not know that she had been quietly removed by the back way to a neighbor's house before I arrived on the scene.

"When I got there a colored servant girl who was in the street pointing frantically to the upper part of the house, shouting unintelligibly and generally acting like a crazy person. The interior of the house was already in flames and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that her mistress was in danger of losing her life. Without waiting to question the girl I rushed into the house and in groping my way through the smoke succeeded in pitching headlong into the back stairs. I had satisfied myself, however, that every one had gotten safely out of the house.

"When I reached the street again, choking for breath and pretty well battered up," continued the young man, according to the Philadelphia Record, "the servant girl was still wringing her hands and screaming at the top of her lungs. I asked her what she was carrying on that way for. Pointing to a window on the top floor she yelled:

"See dat room up dere? Dat's my room, my two week's wages is in my trunk up dere burnin' up."

DEATH CAME WITH THE SONG.

It is not often that a musical festival closes so pathetically as did an Elstreeffed at Colwyn Bay, Wales.

Wish choirs were competing melodiously, as usual, and when the time came for their choir to make its effort, Henry Hughes, a quarryman, mounted a chair to lead it. In a few moments he tottered and fell. Ready arms carried him into an anteroom, and the choir, led by E. T. Davies, a clerk, sang on, continuing their melody amid a round of admiring cheers.

No other choir executed the company of songsters whom Hughes had vainly attempted to lead, for they won the prize, and the sounding cheers broke out again.

It was these cheers of triumph that rang in the ears of the falling conductor as he lay in the anteroom, for he was dying. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain; and not the least sad accompaniment of this pathetic incident was the fact that the dying conductor's own son and daughter were singers in the victorious choir.

A gloom spread over the great audience as the sad news spread, and the Elstreeffed when the end was reached, closed with deep sorrow.

A SLOW PROCESS.

Cooling of the Earth as Relating to the Length of the Day.

Professor Woodward, in the Popular Science Monthly, has lately given an account of his researches on the progressive cooling of the earth and its relation to the length of the day. Does the length of the day vary? Was it formerly shorter than now? Will it, in the future, be lengthened? The answer depends upon the mass of the earth, which varies, since meteoric dust perpetually falls upon the surface and thus increases the quantity of matter; and on its volume, which becomes smaller as the mass is progressively cooled. Laplace concluded from the data at his disposal that there had been no sensible change in the length of the day for 2,000 years.

Woodward has repeated his calculation with new data, and concludes that the duration of the day has not changed as much as half a second during the first 10,000,000 years after the beginning of solidification of the earth's material. When the cooling of the earth finally reaches its term the Woodward's result is that the ratio of the change of the day to its initial length is two-thirds of the product of the loss of temperature multiplied by its cubical contraction. For example, if the primitive temperature of the earth was 3,000 deg. C. and if its cubical contraction was that of iron, the day will be finally reduced about 6 per cent—that is to say, by about an hour and a half. The lapse of time necessary to bring this about is enormous. Three hundred thousand millions of years are required, according to Woodward, for 95 per cent of the total contraction to take place. The length of the day will not be sensibly affected, on the other hand, after the expiration of 1,000,000 or millions of years. The fall of meteoric dust tends to increase the mass of the earth, and thus to change the length of the day, but the effect due to this cause is not above one-two-hundred-thousandth of the effect of secular cooling. Twenty millions of small meteors, weighing on

BURE TRICK TO CATCH BASS.

Minnesota Guide's Theory that Seems to Work Well in Practice.

William Humes, a Minnesota boatman, who pulls a skiff for fishermen at \$2.50 a day, advances the theory that not only are deep water minnows, unresisted croppies, and such fry curious, but the big bass which feed on them know that they are curious, and take advantage of their falling.



LORD METHUEN AND GEN. DELARRAY. During Lord Methuen's stay in the Boer camp Gen. Delarray was unrepentant in his courtesy, and personally expressed his great sympathy with his distinguished prisoner.

BRAKE ON THE STEAMER.

Many a serious accident on the water might be avoided if vessels were fitted with a device for bringing them to a stop as quickly as possible when the danger appears. Louis Lacoste of Montreal, Que., has designed an apparatus for this special purpose, which is illustrated herewith, the picture showing the central part of a steamship with the brake mechanism attached in operating position.

The brake proper consists of a hinged gate of considerable width, attached to the side of the ship to extend vertically.

The carriage which was in 1802 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day—the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the saleroom of Thomas H. Young's carriage house in that city.

The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two liveried footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a hearse of the present day.

The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy blue satin, while the handles and door latches are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the saleroom, never allowing for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year.

Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofts the seaward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

HIS EXPLANATION.

A group of men were sitting in the smoking room when the talk turned upon the war in South Africa. Several of the men had seen service, and, although some of them were strangers, conversation was brisk and entertaining.

"Well," began a soldierly looking fellow, "I've been in South Africa myself, and had a very interesting time. 'Ever get very close to the Boers?' someone asked. 'Rather! I once took two of their officers.' 'Unaided?' 'Certainly. And the very next day I took eight men with their horses.' 'All wounded, I expect?' remarked a listener, with a suspicion of a sneer. 'You didn't get hurt, of course?' 'Just a scratch, that's all! And the day after I took a lot of transport wagons, and followed that up by taking a Boer kraal and a big gun.' 'Mister,' said the disagreeable man of the audience, 'I have seen some of the finest specimens of anything you can call to mind, but frankly you are the only legitimate successor of Baron Münchhausen that I've ever met.' 'Oh, no, I'm not that,' said the story-teller modestly with a good-natured smile. 'I'm only a photographer!'

AGED DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

"There's old Tige; he's 15 years old, really blind, and a nuisance," said the proprietor of the hotel at Alford, Pa., the other day. "I haven't the heart to kill him, but if some fellow will shoot him and bury him up on the hill, I will give him a dollar."

A barroom lounge immediately accepted the offer, and left for his home to get a gun. Old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine, and went out of doors. In half an hour the man returned with a gun, but the dog was nowhere to be found. A persistent search all the afternoon failed to reveal his presence, and the barroom crowd gave up the chase at nightfall.

Next morning the milkman discovered the mangled body of old Tige on the railroad tracks. He had committed suicide to escape being shot to death.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some men think twice before marrying—then regret that they didn't get a third think.

MINNESOTA GUIDE'S THEORY THAT SEEMS TO WORK WELL IN PRACTICE.

William Humes, a Minnesota boatman, who pulls a skiff for fishermen at \$2.50 a day, advances the theory that not only are deep water minnows, unresisted croppies, and such fry curious, but the big bass which feed on them know that they are curious, and take advantage of their falling.

Crabbing minnows, or croppies, seeing any solitary object that is not a fish in the water, are irresistibly moved to go toward it and flud out about it; the bass congregate near such an object, and snap up the investigators as they come.

With this idea in his head, Humes rows his employer past many lily beds and other likely places, and will keep on rowing in the teeth of reconstructions until he can find a single fry out from his fellows. He approaches this pad cautiously, moving the boat at the rate of a foot a second, and when he is ten yards from it he stops and whispers:

"Cast from here and land within three feet of that pad; let your bait sink deep before you begin to reel in, and reel slow."

Obedient instructions to the syllable, the angler will in eight cases out of ten get a savage strike before he has taken in two yards of line, and will have a light lasting from five to fifteen minutes. Cast after cast will have the same result until sometimes a half a dozen black bass have been taken, and in no case will the bait have struck more than six feet from the solitary pad.

Then Humes rows on in search of another place of the kind. Whether the theory is worthy or worthless, his patrons get the bass. Upon this fact he has erected his reputation; he guards his secret jealousy from other guides, and always requests his employer to keep mum.

Humes says that bass may be taken near the roots of a single pad when they will not attack a lure in any other part of a lake; that they may be taken there with certainty until such time as they are seized with one of their universal fits of contrariness, and will not strike at anything anywhere.

In casting toward a solitary pad he insists always that the angler shall use a weedless hook, upon which a small frog, green preferred, has been impaled. His reason for this is stated shortly.

"The bass have been hanging around these gobbling foot minnows and croppies until they are tired of them, and want frog. Take off that minnow, put on a frog, be sure he's alive, and let him sink deep."

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS.

Reports of the year's output of books show that an average of three books of fiction a day have been published. The sales of "David Harum" were greater than any book last year. "The Ordeal," in spite of criticism, heads the list.

It looks as though people's curiosity as to the authorship of "An English Woman's Love Letters" will soon be gratified. The Bookman says the secret of the authorship will shortly be made public. There is a story in Harper's by this unknown lady—if it be a lady—called "The Story of Amabel and Amoria."

The Bookman says of the twenty-five different books which appeared in its monthly list of best selling books during 1901, twenty-one are the work of men and six of women, while the author of "An English Woman's Love Letters" and of "Truth Dexter" have not been identified. Sidney McCall is thought by many to be a woman.

The query was asked in the National Magazine: Who is the world's foremost living author? The replies came from every State and Territory of the United States, and even from Porto Rico. The majority have accorded their belief that Herbert Spencer occupies that high position. It would be interesting to know how many ordinary readers have read Spencer.

The Englishwoman's Year Book gives the names of over 250 new novels published by women writers during 1901. Two of the most notable are listed as "The Secrets Wobbling" by John Oliver Hobbs, and "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet. Among the most prolific writers of the year were Mrs. Amelia Barr, Mrs. Katharine Tyan Hinkson, Miss Florence Warden and John Strange Winter.

Critics have discovered, speaking of Richard Carvel, that the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was not composed in time to have been sung by Mrs. Carvel. Objection is also made to having a band play "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," during the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport in 1858. This song was the product of war times, several years after. Well, the publishers are not fretting—"The Ordeal" is still having a big run.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Many diffident persons find the beginning of a conversation awkward, especially on ceremonious occasions and with strangers. Sometimes, however, the beginning is not half so awkward as what comes afterward.

A bashful young man on being introduced to a lady at a dinner party said:

"I've got to take you in to dinner, Miss Travers, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know. Every one tells me you're very clever."

The young lady was naturally amused by this display of simplicity. "How absurd!" she exclaimed. "I'm not a bit clever."

The young man heaved a sigh of relief, and answered:

"Well, do you know, I thought you weren't!"—New Yorker.

Ignorance is punished almost as much as meanness.