

Bohemia Nugget

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COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

It was a case of "ready money" with his knife.

The doctor with an automobile is bound to get something somewhere, somehow.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die; yet they all have to do it.

When a man says he has forgotten all about that little loan you just returned he is a liar.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-inch cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

If a woman is unable to tell when a man is going to propose she has no business with a husband.

On an average a woman can jump 62 per cent as far as a man, but with a mouse to help her she can raise the percentage to 80.

Almost every day some far-seeing person succeeds in getting his name in the papers by predicting a war between Russia and Japan.

Mr. Carnegie has at last discovered the right way to escape the "disgrace of dying rich." He thinks of going into the newspaper business.

In at least one respect General Fred D. Grant seems to take after his father. He is doing his work without making much noise about it.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announces that "riches is no bar to heaven." Perhaps the young man has seen a camel go through the eye of a needle.

A spinster was scared into hysterics by an Angora goat that strayed into her parlor. That is at least a change from the old one about the man under the bed.

The heroine of a new prize play recently staged in London is a stenographer afflicted with "heart hunger." We have known stenographers afflicted with "candy hunger."

Many people who have loved Sol Smith Russell across the footlights hope and believe that he has only "just dropped in on mother" and will enjoy a long rest with the old folks now "at home."

The story that Kermit Roosevelt stalked on stilts into the room where a session of the cabinet was being held was not given out by the President to the correspondents with the other cabinet news.

King Edward's cook is said to draw a salary about equal to that of a lieutenant general in the British army, or an admiral of the fleet. Too many such cooks would spoil the financial broth, even were there the treasury of a mighty kingdom to draw upon.

The railroads also are planting trees, although it cannot be said that they do so with any special reference to Arbor Day. A New England company is setting out ten thousand catalpas and some chestnut and black walnut saplings upon its vacant lands. A Western company is about to plant more than a hundred thousand catalpas. Years hence these trees will supply timber for ties, posts and other purposes, and the railroads are taking the long look ahead. The country would be richer in the future if the rest of us would exercise some such foresight, even if we were to plant only one tree for every hundred trees that we cut down.

The recent utterances of Lord Kelvin regarding the difficulties in the way of navigating the air and his prediction that flying machines that will "fly" are a long way off have evoked wide discussion as to the accuracy of his statements. It will be admitted that Lord Kelvin's high standing as a scientist gives the weight of authority to any opinion that he may express regarding actual scientific attainments. But it is argued that when the distinguished scientist gets into the domain of prophecy he lacks enthusiasm in the matter of navigating the air. Lord Kelvin is reported as saying in a recent interview that no system of ballooning with dirigible air ships can ever be of practical use. Many other scientific men who have given study to the problem of aerial navigation share this opinion. But whether the flying machine that will fly without a balloon is "a long way off" or not depends largely upon the interest and activity that may be aroused among inventors and scientific men. This country, which is usually in the lead in mechanical development of this character, seems to be behind England, France and Germany in experimentation upon flying machines. The efforts of Santos-Dumont to navigate the air, without accomplishing anything practical in this line, have already given a stimulus to inventive genius in the direction of evolving a practical motor device light enough and strong enough for this purpose. A correspondent of a New York paper suggests that as a means of arousing interest among inventors in this question, "aerial clubs" should be formed that will offer prizes large enough to enable them to go ahead with the necessary experiments.

When the ancient teacher charged the people to "despise not the day of small things," he meant much that is not ordinarily grasped by readers of his maxims. Many persons think that it is the things themselves that are not to be scorned, which is, in a sense, very true, for natural science as well as abstract philosophy teaches that there can be nothing, however infinitesimal, that has not its function and its proper place. The small things, however, which the sage probably had most in view are not concrete at all, or, if concrete, are not those which in their best uses are complete in themselves. A different definition would circumscribe too greatly the profound lesson that he

WHICH ONE PROPOSED

PRETTY ROMANCE OF A MAN AND A MAID.

He Addressed Her Publicly as if She Were His Wife or Sister, and She Rather Liked It—The End of a Peculiar Courtship.

Her maiden aunt had all day been sounding in her ears the praises of a certain modest young man and her maiden heart had rebelled, because it is very hard on a girl to listen patiently to what others take for granted and she is no way uncertain about it.

She had no way of knowing that he cared more than other men for her. He called her a jolly good fellow, full of fun, entertaining and good to look at. He had never even hinted at anything other than a warm friendship for her. Of course she was fond of him; so were the other girls, but he had a way of dancing more with them and of sitting out on the steps with them between dances, and when she had first dared to favor him at the cotillon he had grown so white and silent that she never did it again.

She had been shopping downtown, and it was after her hour for getting home. The car was crowded. An old gentleman, a friend of her father, had given her a seat. A few blocks beyond he had said good night and left her alone. She was a good deal frightened in the crush, when the young man appeared, helping a very drunken man, bearing a baby in his arms, onto the car. She saw him step on the toes of a big fat man who was taking too much room, until he, being afraid to fight, got off the car. Then she saw him force the drunken man into the seat, where, maudlin and pathetic, he crept to his baby.

Then he saw her and flushed crimson, for she did not bow. She was too angry to believe that he might be playing the part of the good Samaritan. She looked him straight in the eyes without a sign of recognition. Then he was white as he was that night at the cotillon when she favored him and he did not seem to understand. And he was handsome as he was that night. The seat next to the drunken man was vacant. His broad shoulders kept a too eager occupant from the seat.

"Nora," he said, speaking to her, just as if she had been his sister or his wife, "sit here and take the baby. I am afraid to do it myself, for I might break its back. I don't know how to hold them."

She changed her seat and took the baby. It stopped its crying and snuggled up to her fell asleep. It had been good to hear him call her Nora, even if he was in the company of a hopelessly drunken man. They got off her from her home and from his. He led the drunkard and she carried the baby. They had not spoken since his coming, though she had several times soothed the little one in a way that made it desperation for him not to tell her what was in his heart; the hope he had scarcely dared to dream, he might even think of daring to tell.

They climbed two flights to a cozy little flat, where the door was opened by an old woman. The drunkard was somewhat revived by his nap and the walk from the car. Thanking his new friends for their kindness, he stumbled into the kitchen to, as he said, get dinner for all.

The old woman explained that a year ago her son had lost his wife. He had insisted on taking the baby to visit a sister. She was to have met him at the Brooklyn bridge. Evidently they had not met.

The young people left behind them the good wishes of the neighbor. Without asking him where he had found the unfortunate, and forgetful of any preliminary remarks, she said: "That was good in you, Jack."

He did not seem to hear the last word, says the New York Times. He had lost all his commanding air and was crestfallen and fearful. "But I called you Nora," "And I called you Jack," "Did he propose, or did she?"

Great Camera Constructed to Take Pictures for a Railroad.

A camera almost large enough to serve as a living-room has lately been constructed and put to practical use. It is indeed a giant among cameras, and requires a corps of able-bodied men for its operation. A massive framework is substituted for a tripod when it is set up, and the negative which it takes measures eight feet by four and one-half feet. The Metropolitan Magazine describes it as follows:

This marvelous camera owes its location to the enterprise of the general passenger agent of a Western railroad. It was desired to make a picture of the company's "limited flyer" for exhibition purposes, and also to take some of the picturesque scenes along the road on a very large scale, but the general passenger agent could not find a suitable camera anywhere.

Englisting an expert to aid him in the project, the railroad man bent his energies to the task of reproducing every detail of the most approved type of camera on a scale so entirely beyond the ordinary that the optical company which received the contract for the lenses had to set up special machinery for their production.

The best lumber was secured for the walls of the huge box which forms the dark chamber of the camera, and first-class carpenters, rubber-workers and painters were employed to build and put it up, together with the great rollers to be used in securing a focus.

The cloth for the bellows was selected with the utmost care. In every part of the work every possible provision was made to secure that degree of strength which should be a guarantee of maintained shape and adjustment, such as metal corner-braces and connecting rods. Water-proof and light-proof conditions were obtained by the use of forty gallons or more of superior cement.

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HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XII.

I was so taken aback I could for the moment neither stir nor speak, while a new feeling, a feeling of shame, arose in me for appearing in that woman's presence as Steinhardt's representative.

After her outburst of surprise she looked at the letter again, and at me. I rose, uncertain.

"Fraulein," I said, "I do not know what to say. I did not seek to come this journey myself; Herr Steinhardt asked me to undertake it. He thought, and I thought, too, that your advertisement, in which, of course, you could not use many words, signified that you were very ill, and alone perhaps, and that you needed—(I did not quite know how to put it, I added hurriedly)—a friendly hand."

"He did not think that I could wish to see him for his own sake,—I mean for the sake of his own peace?"

Her German was becoming too rapid for me to follow without an effort; I was not sure I understood her.

"He has business," I said, "which prevented him from coming himself."

"I suppose," said she, with some touch of bitterness, I thought, "he is still always very busy making more and more money in your rich England."

"It is now," I answered, "a lawsuit that keeps him in England."

"A lawsuit? A trial?" she exclaimed, with a strange anxiety. "Is he in danger?"

"Indeed, Fraulein, I do not know. The other party to the trial thinks himself in danger from Herr Steinhardt; he accuses Herr Steinhardt of using his power for chemical dyes."

"I think," said she, simply, "you are not Emmanuel's friend."

To this I had nothing to say for a moment. I took refuge in an evasion.

"Herr Steinhardt," I said, "has sent me to act as his representative. But it appears there is nothing for me to do." (I was standing uncertain, but ready to go.) "What shall I say to him when I return?"

"I wonder," said she, more than half to herself, "if you are the person I have seen lately?"

I was startled; I stared in blank bewilderment. Was the woman a maniac? The pupils of her keen eyes seemed to rapidly dilate and contract, while she gazed into vacancy, and at the same time kept a referring glance on me.

"A man," she continued, "who goes about and about, and evidently causes Emmanuel great anxiety about something."

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