

# Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers.  
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Uncle Samuel—Well, goodbye, Cuby. Take keer o' yourself.

Never do anything gratis to-day that some one is likely to pay you to do to-morrow.

"Make room for the kicker." It isn't necessary; he generally makes room for himself.

Albany, N. Y., has refused to accept a Carnegie library. Alas, poor Andrew! He may have to die rich after all.

Readers of the Bible will remember that Ezekiel long ago sounded a warning to "them that dwell carelessly in the isles."

A man got ninety days for stealing an umbrella. The man whose shade is lost usually gets as if the crime merited ninety years.

"Pull Tight" postoffice in Shannon County, Missouri, has been discontinued and mail for that point will in future go to Ink.

We don't wish anybody any harm, but isn't Denmark running a pretty big risk in deciding to hold on to her stock of West Indian islands until fall?

A Chicago man went crazy because he inherited \$4,000. It is evident that he would never have been a Morgan even if he could have had Pierp's chance.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil thinks this thing of Cornelius Vanderbilt introducing the fashion of wearing gold buttons for evening dress suits is carrying the gold standard too far.

That man and woman, aged 77 and 75 respectively, who were forced to elope for the purpose of getting married, may well say: "And, oh Lord, save us from the wrath of our children and our children's children."

The opinion of a clergyman that the earthquakes are the death throes of Satan is encouraging. It is to be regretted, however, that the old rebel has been so long dying. Earthquakes have been known for thousands of years.

Another woman killer has had the grace to blow the top off his own head after shooting his victim. The action is, of course, no amends for the murder, but it at least saves decent people the trouble and expense of laughing at the assassin. The example is commended to gentlemen who contemplate murdering their wives.

A sociological expert is inclined to believe that society should facilitate the process of evolution by killing off people who are unfit to live. The professor, of course, means only the physically unfit. If he included people too mean to live the undertakers would have to work eight-hour shifts in order to keep up with the public executioner.

Of all the thousands living in St. Pierre but a moment before the destruction of the city, only one person lived after the temple of flame had passed. When searchers went into the midst of that appalling scene of death and desolation, they found in a stone cell of the jail, alive and unharmed, a negro murderer, chained to the wall, where he awaited the execution of the death sentence of the law. When released he rose and fled. Let the righteous man, was saved out of Sodom. A murderer was saved out of St. Pierre.

During a fire in a large apartment house in Chicago recently, a child of 9 years old was seen emerging from the burning building, holding a caged canary in one hand and the family cat and her skirt in the other. The crowd outside took in the situation and cheered her lustily. The girl had been carefully drilled by her father, with repeated practice, what to do in case of fire. On hearing the alarm she had jumped out of bed, calmly picked out her best clothes, put them on, and made her exit decently and in good order, bearing her own particular treasures with her. A better than Cassandra is here!

The cry of frenzied and panic-stricken inhabitants of the island of Martinique to be taken away is met by the determination of the French Government to evacuate the island entirely. Nature has triumphed over man. In the long fight between the two the former has been put under contribution to the latter. It has been held down, repressed, made a slave. As if in revenge, it appears to claim one region for its own. Thus far shall thou go and no farther, says recalcitrant nature, and man, terrorized, submits. But if this land is given up, may not the people of other islands in the volcanic belt also give up the struggle and evacuate. Every island in the Windward group is subject to a like visitation and throughout the West Indies a similar doom impends. Is nature going to claim one district for its own where it may mutter and spit upon the earth to its content? And will the day ever come when man shall control its subterranean wrath even in those beautiful but stricken islands of the sea?

Recently two attempts were made to kill the chief of police of Moscow. Three shots were fired at the governor-general of Warsaw, and the minister of the interior was assassinated at St. Petersburg. All these crimes were committed by students or by their friends, and may be interpreted as a response to the severe measures recently taken by the government against student agitators. How severe these measures are is indicated by the fact that in Moscow alone six hundred students have been condemned either to exile or imprisonment. The process is that known as "administrative order," in which the person accused has small

chance to vindicate himself. The minister of education, General Yanovskii, the one Russian official of high rank who has shown sympathy with reform, has resigned in despair because the reactionary elements are too strong for him. At the other social extreme there have been riots of working men, partly on their own account, as an incident of the student agitation. In the southern provinces there have been outbreaks of peasants, aimless and unorganized, the expression, apparently of a blind revolt against the misery of their lot. In Finland there is determined resistance to recent edicts for the Russification of the army. The communal governments have refused to obey the edicts, the conscripts summoned have not responded, and at Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, there has been street fighting between the people and the Cossacks. Russia is a vast empire, and is ruled so autocratically that a revolutionary propaganda encounters peculiar difficulties. The press is censored, and there is no opportunity for public assembly. But these simultaneous demonstrations of unrest among the different classes of people and in widely separated parts of the empire tell a story of revolt which is the more pathetic for being seemingly hopeless.

The drift of young men toward the engineering professions is one of the marked developments of an industrial era in which inventive genius is harnessing the forces of nature to every possible form of productive energy. The electrical field is particularly alluring, this department in the technical schools being crowded beyond the facilities provided for instruction. In order to prepare students to enter upon successful careers in the various departments of engineering these technical schools have arranged their curricula with reference to teaching the largest amount of science and engineering that can be compressed into the time at the student's disposal. The schools have found it necessary to omit from their courses many studies which were formerly regarded as essential to a liberal education. Chief among these are the languages and English composition. That this is a serious defect in technical school training is now becoming manifest in all branches of modern engineering, and, singularly enough, the technical journals are the first to recognize it and to call attention to it. The benefits to be derived from a study of modern languages by those who are preparing for a profession, much of the literature of which is written in other languages than that spoken by the student, would seem to be plainly obvious. But if instruction in foreign languages must be dispensed with, the acquirement of ability to speak and write the English language clearly, concisely and logically would seem to be of the first importance to engineers. A man may be an expert in some department of engineering and may have a most complete knowledge of his subject, but without the ability to impart his ideas to others in good English he suffers a severe handicap. Says the Electrical Review: "The value of an engineering education does not depend so much upon the erudition and the familiarity with the subject exhibited by the engineer making it as it does upon his ability to make clear and explicit his reasons, to show logically the origin of his deductions, and to impress others with his conclusions. It is precisely this art which has been neglected. Facility in the use of language is a tool in the hands of a competent man with which he can accomplish much. Mere knowledge without this facility is practically useless." The technical school, however, is not alone in the matter of deficient training in English. A similar complaint is lodged against the high schools and colleges. It is gratifying to note, however, that the engineering journals are joining vigorously in the general appeal for a more thorough and exact training in English expression.

**In Washington.**  
"Sir," cried the disorderly individual who had refused to pay his fare, "do you know who I am?"  
"Send me your name and address by mail," said the husky conductor as he hustled the struggling man down the aisle of the car.  
"I'm a United States Senator, sir," shrieked the disorderly one. "You are insulting and assaulting the majesty of the government, follow!"  
The conductor grimly smiled as he balanced his victim on the lower step of the platform.  
"You're the twenty-third Senator I've had to eject to-day," he said as he let the stranger gently slide onto the pavement. "And it strikes me that the old gag is a little overworked."  
Then with one hand on the bell rope he poked his head into the car.  
"Any more Senators to get off here?" he politely inquired.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**An Ingenious Excuse.**  
General William T. Sherman was fond of relating the following story: "When I was with the army in Georgia, a slave-owner about Christmas-time missed a fine fat turkey. He suspected a good-looking mulatto, and ordered the man to be brought before him. 'You have stolen my turkey and eaten it,' said the white planter. 'I see not why you say I didn't when you says I did, massa.' 'I ought to have you flogged. What have you to say why I should not punish you?' 'Well, massa, you hain't lost anything particular. You see, you has a little less turkey and a good deal more nigger!' And the master was compelled to acknowledge the philosophy of the slave and let him go unwhipped."

**Long Postponed.**  
Helen of Troy was admiring a new girdle given by her lover.  
"You don't think that horrid thing becoming?" asked one of her maids; "it's not at all the style."  
"Oh, you're very much mistaken," replied the beautiful princess, "this is the latest thing from Paris!"  
So obtuse, however, was the Trojan mind that it failed to see the point, and the straight-front corset did not come into vogue for 3,000 years.—New York Sun.

**Prosperous throat specialists naturally look down on the mouth at times.**

# NOW A KING IN FACT.

BUT THERE IS NO GOOD REASON TO ENVY ALFONSO.

Threatening Political Situation Confronts Spain's Young Ruler—His Mother's Struggle in His Behalf—He Is Neither Petted Nor Spoiled.

The scepter to which he was born, but which has been withheld from him, has passed into the hands of Alfonso XIII of Spain. The lad whom the world has pitied, and into whose future it may well look with deep concern, who was fatherless from birth, and whose courageous mother's regency has been full of troubles within and without, who has himself seen his country lose 100,000 square miles of territory and 12,000,000 of population—this boy is now a full-fledged monarch. He has been described as a physical weakling, with corresponding mental ineffectuality. Those familiar with his training say this is not true—that he is strong. For his own and his country's sake, it is to be hoped that this is true. No weakling can master the political situation which confronts Alfonso. The country is barely recovering from the recent war with the United States. Discontent and trouble are rampant in every direction. Political strife of vari-

ous sorts threatens the public peace. In certain provinces socialism rears its head, menacing the kingdom with disintegration. In practically all of them, labor and social difficulties have reached a degree of intensity bordering on revolution. Socialists, anarchists, republicans and Carlists are ready to seize the first opportunity to overthrow the reigning dynasty. Darker and more threatening than this has been in over a century is the political atmosphere in Spain to-day.

To fit the youth for his royal duties has been the work of the Queen Regent during the past sixteen years. It has been a gloomy epoch. During the time that Maria Christina has reigned on behalf of her son Spain has lost the last shreds of her once world-wide empire. Spanish military prestige has been destroyed and the burden of defeat weighs heavily upon the proud spirit of the nation. Yet in the midst of all these adverse circumstances the Queen has never for a moment lost sight of the great duty of educating her son for the grave responsibilities of kingship. Through sorrow and uncertainty and in the midst of cruel vicissitudes, she has never flinched. She has rightfully earned the respect and admiration of the whole world. During the years of early childhood all sorts of rumors of the infant King's weakness were current. He was hardly expected to live, yet constant watchfulness pulled him through the dangerous years and unavoidable illnesses to which children are subject. Little by little the people began to see that, in the struggle, the mother was bound to be triumphant. The boy grew daily stronger, and the fears, and to many the hopes, of his early death began to disappear.

Though born to the purple, King Alfonso XIII was brought up as the child of middle class parents, mindful of his physical development, and surrounded by all the healthful influences of home life. He was kept in the open air and made to exercise his body as much as his years and his strength would permit. His teachers, as such, had over him the authority that teachers have over the son of any gentleman, and his kindly prerogative did not allow him to neglect his work or his studies. Born to command, he was taught to obey, and this system has been followed.

The King, besides Spanish, speaks French, English and German fluently.

He has had teachers of military science, and in all departments of human knowledge is as proficient as a boy of his years, subject to a most careful training and gifted with a clear intelligence, may be expected to be. His mother has neither petted nor spoiled him.

There is no coronation in Spain, such a custom being foreign to the institutions of the country. The swearing-in ceremony took place in the Chamber of Deputies, where the young King stood on a throne and altar and took the oath. This simple ceremony was followed by a reception at the palace, and in the evening there was a grand ball.

**Embarrassing Accuracy.**  
A certain Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, who had a grown-up daughter, went to live in California, where they rented a small furnished house and engaged a Chinese man-of-all-work. The house was well situated and tastefully furnished, and Wang Lee proved to be a good cook, clean and respectful. As soon as the Andersons were settled the neighbors began to call, and it was then that the fact was discovered that Wang Lee was absolutely devoid of any ideas as to the ushering in or out of guests. So one morning Mrs. Anderson and her daughter determined to instruct him. Providing him with a tray, Miss Anderson went out, rang the bell, was shown into the sitting-room, and waited while



KING ALFONSO AND HIS MOTHER.

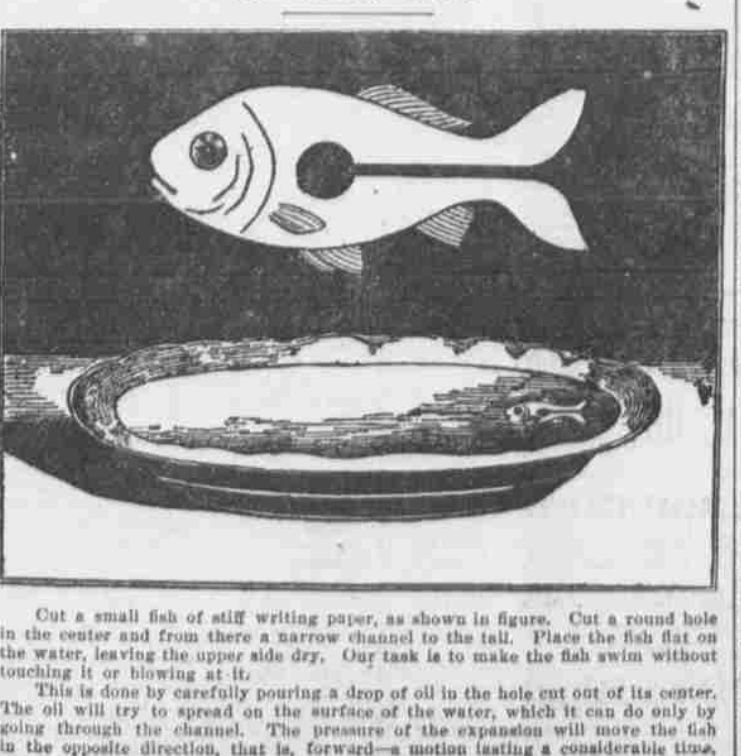
the Chinaman carried her card to Mrs. Anderson. This was repeated several times until they were quite satisfied that Wang Lee was perfect in his role. That evening at half past 8 the bell rang. Wang stalked majestically to the door, while mother and daughter leaned over the banisters to watch the result of their teaching. They heard a gentleman's voice ask if the ladies were at home. They saw Wang present his tray and receive a card with an air which made them mutually pat each other on the back, and then they saw him draw a card from his sleeve. "Mine?" gasped the daughter. "The one we used for the lesson?" Wang compared the two carefully, and returning the one which the caller had just handed him, he remarked blandly: "Take no good. No can come," and calmly shut the door in the face of the astonished guest!

**St. Lucia's Sulphur Mountain.**  
The island of St. Lucia, not far from Martinique, has a volcano, until lately supposed to be extinct, that is known as the Sulphur Mountain. It has an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea level, while the crater covers about four acres of surface. The sides of this volcano are barren of trees and herbs, and covered by thick deposits of sulphur. Formerly it belonged to France, and Louis XIV. built, at great expense, an immense sanitarium around the boiling springs on its northern slope, the ruins of which are still standing. It was at the time believed that the waters had certain curative and medicinal qualities, but afterward this was found to be untrue, and the sanitarium remained untenanted, and a monument to misplacéd and mistaken judgment.

**Minnesota Miners.**  
About 40 per cent of the men employed in the Minnesota mines are Finlanders, another 40 per cent Hungarians, about 8 per cent Italians, and the rest are divided among Americans, Germans, French, Scotch, Welsh and Cornish.

**Watchdogs in Louvre.**  
Watchdogs are to be placed on night duty with the watchmen in the Louvre Museum, Paris.  
"I dream my sorries," said Hicks, the author. "How you may dream going to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—Tit-Bits.

# THE PAPER FISH.



Cut a small fish of stiff writing paper, as shown in figure. Cut a round hole in the center and from there a narrow channel to the tail. Place the fish flat on the water, leaving the upper side dry. Our task is to make the fish swim without touching it or blowing at it.  
This is done by carefully pouring a drop of oil in the hole cut out of its center. The oil will try to spread on the surface of the water, which it can do only by going through the channel. The pressure of the expansion will move the fish in the opposite direction, that is, forward—a motion lasting a considerable time.

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had much ado to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine. "I'll be coming back!"  
That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave your side again."  
On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but kept it and she let it stay.  
"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"  
"Yes," said she, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."  
"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that he had loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think I'll said that, it would be true because I expected she would be rich one day?"  
"Oh, I do not think that at all! But," she said, looking up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning)—"so ravishing!" "but I am not an heiress."  
"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"  
She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart) but I still held her hand.

"I did not guess," she murmured, "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had been so very good to me, and I—"  
"What, Louise? What, dear?" I urged.  
"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—do not make me say it!"  
"To love me a little?" I asked.  
"Do, do say it."  
"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—"but not little—very much!"  
It was some moments before either of us spoke again.  
"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that we should have said these things at such a time?—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"  
"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have clung to, I know, in secret, that you might after all live. I am sure now—indeed I may say I am as good as know where he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope to do, then, darling, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall get away out of this terrible region of money grubbing, of horrible toiling and mulling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature unobscured—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass'?"  
"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "dear Uncle Birley" came in. He probably suspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing then.  
"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, lad, I've just walked down to the lodgings to tell 'th' old woman she may go to bed, for 'tho'rt to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here myself!"  
A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose into his throat; but after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared.  
We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.  
In the course of an intimate talk with Louise which I had that Sunday I learned how near I had been to losing her while she was at Blackpool, where her vigilant duenna had been a hard, faithful old German servant of Steinhardt's. It was only gradually that I got to know all the anxiety, and even horror of those days of detention and surveillance, but that day I heard to my horror that the poor girl had been so wrought upon by Steinhardt's representations of her duty to her father, of the heinousness of refusing to fulfill what (Steinhardt declared) had been his frequently expressed wish, that she was on the point of accepting Frank for a husband, when he and his father were called away, the one home and the other to London.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the arch-villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of, Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which I think of even now makes me tremble. It was a daring experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it

seemed he possessed as he reclined huddled in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gestures he pointed with outstretched arm to the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when it made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go, 'Manuel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open.

Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon right in death.

**CHAPTER XVI.**  
Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for one moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a peckaxe.  
"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

I hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a heavy pikeman, naked to the waist, was hewing at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.  
"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.  
"You know summat about this, do not you, parson?" asked one.  
"Something," said I.  
"I'm thinking, Mr. Unwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you've shown tonight in 'th' pictures is 'th' same business as my lad raved about."  
So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, panning now and then to let a coarse-throw the debris aside. Soon a space was cleared, and he began carefully to pick into and loosen the soil. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old ventilating coil overhead kept grinding stiffly and slowly about, with painful, long-drawn moans, as if it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene.  
"I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whisper.  
Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it.  
"I feel a clout," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.  
"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"  
"Yes, parson," said the man, "but we must. We must see which on us it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

**England's Mint.**  
Some striking details of the operations of the mint are given in the estimate for the coming financial year. The profit on silver and bronze coinage is estimated to be the same as last year, namely, 800,000 pounds, while the loss on worn coins withdrawn from circulation, is expected to amount to 52,000 pounds, as against 60,000 pounds last year. The gold coinage represents a loss of 5,000 pounds. The costs of preparing and engraving the king's seal is put at 2,000 pounds.—London Daily News.

**Where Bronze is Weak.**  
An astonishing decrease in the tensile strength and ductility of bronze at temperatures above 400 degrees Fahrenheit has been reported by Prof. C. Bach of Stuttgart. With an alloy of 91 per cent copper, 4 of zinc and 5 of tin, these properties were reduced about 50 per cent at 400 degrees, but about 50 per cent at 600 degrees. This discovery suggests caution in the use of bronze for engine parts in contact with superheated steam.

**Spread of Civilization.**  
The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stoppel of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.