

# Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers.  
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Mr. Balfour never reads newspapers. Well, well, that is discouraging.

Solomon's temple has been found, but the plumbing is reported to be in bad condition.

A revolver is such a useful thing to carry around with you! No fool should be without one.

The moose burglar on earth has been found. He robbed a child's bank of its few pennies.

Mr. Schwab is overworked. Well, it must keep him pretty busy shoveling the money back from the spout.

The Santo Stefano tower in Venice is threatening to tumble. It seems to be high time for Venice to brace up.

The more money a man saves when young the more he will have to spend on patent medicines when he gets old.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, but the majority do not trouble themselves very much about it.

It is hard to satisfy the western farmer. He grumbles when his corn is burned up, and he grumbles when it is drowned out.

Carnegie is now giving libraries to individuals. If he intends to go all around there is little danger that the field will soon be covered.

"America has the best guns," says a German annual. It is lucky for the editor of the annual that Herr Krupp is not empowered to punish people for lese majesty.

Russell Sage fell from the platform of a New York street car and narrowly escaped being run over. He wasn't hurt, but will probably insist on having his nickel returned anyway.

The doctor who attended Christopher L. Moore, during his last illness, has been awarded a fee of \$20,000. He wanted \$200,000, but the jury evidently took into consideration the fact that Mr. Moore died.

A Missouri paper tells of a man who was cured of a case of rheumatism of sixteen years' standing by being thrown from a horse. The physician who signed the death certificate pronounced the cure permanent.

The recent session of Congress may be remembered in history as the "Ditch Congress." The national system of irrigation which Congress authorized will be a network of ditches, and the canal across the isthmus will certainly be facetiously described as "the great ditch" between the two "big ponds."

No place is exempt from the advertising sign nuisance. It would seem. He has invaded the cemeteries in some towns and tacked his disfiguring signs on the trees there. Why don't advertisers stick to the newspapers, where they get some returns for their money and avoid disfiguring the landscape and violating the proprieties, as in this case.

A visitor from Scotland to the Termini conference said a great many people in his country regarded Canada as "the thing on the American plum-cake." Less poetic than the characterization, "Our Lady of Sorrows," the description of the Dominion yet appeals to the imagination of the epicure. The visitor added the significant remark that he believed Canadians themselves had a great share of the cake.

One of the most sensible moves in connection with the army is the proposed change in uniform. Kahl has been found by British experience in South Africa to be too light, so the proposition is to dress our soldiers in a working garb of olive-drab that is hard to distinguish at a distance from their environment of trees, haze and earth. The change proposed is practical and businesslike, but, alas! what becomes of "the boys in blue?"

The art of retracting without taking anything back—if the ball may be allowed—seems to be understood in Japan. A young orator at a political meeting called a public official a thief. A policeman on duty gravely rose and addressed a remark in a low tone to the speaker, who thereupon said: "The chief of police requests me to retract the word which I have just spoken. Although the word of a sage should never be retracted, let us make a concession; let us take back the word and keep the idea." Great applause and cries of "Bravo!" greeted the orator's escape from his dilemma.

Women of the present generation have not lost all the characteristics of their grandmothers. No colonial housewife could have done better in an emergency than the New Jersey woman who fell into a well the other day. As there was no one within call, she had to save herself or drown, so she climbed up the rope. When she got out she discovered that the kitchen had caught fire from an overheated stove. She instantly pulled a bucket of water up from the well, and rushed to the house with it and put out the fire. Then she got some dry clothes on and went about her work as usual.

In spite of all that can be done to eradicate the sectional issue, it persists in obtruding itself. Its latest manifestation appears in the disagreement between the Eastern and Western managers of the Pennsylvania Railway. The Eastern manager has issued an order forbidding passengers to exchange kisses with their friends in the Jersey City station. They must give such greetings and farewells where they will not obstruct traffic. The Western manager says this order will not be enforced on his side of the Allegheny Mountains. And there you have it—the broad, expansive oscillatory free-

dom of the West pitted against the exclusiveness of the East. If this issue should get into politics, no man could tell what the outcome would be.

The life of the tramp in the West is full of horrible possibilities. One was about to receive sentence for drunkenness the other day when the farmer, who had him arrested said: "Don't send him to jail, judge; let me have him." "All right," said the judge; "I will sentence him to you for thirty days." The farmer had to sit on his prisoner all the way home to keep him in the wagon, but his neighbors envied him because he had secured a harvest band. On a freight train which was wrecked in Kansas fifty or sixty tramps were making their way to Colorado "for their health." The farmers promptly offered them two dollars a day and good food and lodging, but they declined, thinking to "bum" their living. The farmers thought otherwise. They "rounded up" the hoboes with shotguns and set them at work in the fields, where the women, armed with guns, guarded them. Some amateur photographers who thought the chance too good to miss are said to have had difficulty in getting their subjects to look pleasant.

It is reported from Washington that General Crozier, chief of the ordnance department of the navy, has perfected a time fuse which is to revolutionize the fighting industry. Kapip a shell with this device, thick walls and a high explosive, and it may be made to penetrate fourteen inches of Krupp armor before the detonation. As the heaviest armor used on ships of war is only twelve inches thick the shell could reach the interior of any vessel without exploding, and then deal destruction in every direction. Exclusive possession of such a power would make a combatant irresistible under the present conditions of defense. Moreover, it is pointed out that there is a limit to the weight of armor which a ship can carry. If it is too heavily loaded a sacrifice of speed and carrying capacity would be necessary. Such inventions should be hailed with greater joy by the unswerving friends of peace than by the enthusiastic exponents of war. The certainty that they will increase the carnage of war is bound to act as a deterrent on military powers, and it may be said with confidence that they have had that effect already. There has not been a war between nations of the first class since the struggle between France and Germany, though international jealousy and hatred have been very pronounced upon occasion, and in Europe at the present time the disposition seems to be to wait for accessions of strength, both from alliances and from these new inventions. Meanwhile the progress of invention is so nearly even that no government maintains an advantage for any great length of time, and all governments count the probable cost of modern battles. The whole situation is summed up in the phrase, "one is afraid and the other daren't." It is only when provocation comes from weak and half-civilized people that martial ardor is encouraged to the fighting point by responsible statesmen. Undoubtedly another cause of restraint among civilized communities is a growing aversion for war, but the inventors have had their influence. They are unwittingly among the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Secretary Moody does not think overmuch about the importance of his position as head of the Navy Department. Unless the rigors of social life in Washington demanded it, Mr. Moody would probably not give a second thought to precedent. One Saturday afternoon not long ago he left the Navy Department before closing time, entered his carriage and told the driver to take him to the navy yard, where, with a party, of which Speaker Henderson and Representative Metcalf were members, Mr. Moody had planned to run down the Potomac over Sunday on the President's yacht, the Sybil.

Thoroughly appreciative of this chance for relaxation from the duties of his office, Secretary Moody was thinking of the restful pleasure of the morning. His mind was clear of the drivel of routine office work and unburdened of the frills of official etiquette. Then he woke up. The carriage passed under the sailport and into the navy yard. Realization of this fact was brought home to Mr. Moody by the clatter and snap with which the marine on sentry duty at the gate brought his rifle to a salute. As he whisked by Secretary Moody had hardly time to return the salute.

"La-ra-la-la-a-a-ta-ta-ra!" blared a bugle, and as Secretary Moody's eyes sought the cause of the sound he saw all the marines stationed at the yard—a whole battalion—draw up and all ready to salute him. Looking severely stiff and somewhat warm in their full-dress uniforms, Rear Admiral Terry, commandant of the yard, and all the members of his staff had turned out to pay the customary honors to the Secretary of the Navy.

The bugle sounded again, and this time it was "the Secretary's call." Mr. Moody was surprised. This was about the first official experience of this kind he had gone through since he entered the office he now holds, and the natural modesty he possesses did not lend enjoyment to the situation. Perhaps Mr. Moody was a bit confused, but he did his part all right.

The carriage went on. It brought up as near as the driver could get to the dock, where was moored the Sybil. Mr. Moody stepped out and tried to look unconcerned and was congratulating himself on the fact that in a minute he would be aboard, where already sat Speaker Henderson and several of his former colleagues in the House.

But he had reckoned without full knowledge of the "stunts" which naval etiquette requires when the Secretary of the Navy steps into a navy yard or goes aboard a ship. Secretary Moody had not reached the dock when a report from a gun boomie, the first of a salute. Taken by surprise, the Secretary almost fell off the gangplank. His friends aboard the Sybil saw the humor of the situation and made the incident the cause of hearty laughter, and of considerable chaff to the Secretary during the ensuing trip.

Secretary Moody says he has taken measures to see that it does not occur again. — Washington Correspondence New York Herald.

## In the Ruins of Old Jerusalem.

The Greek Catholic monks, who are in possession of the chief portions of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, are now going to build a bazaar opposite it, where pilgrims may purchase souvenirs of their visit to Jerusalem. During the process of clearing the site the foundations of an old medieval church, forty meters long and thirty wide, with three apses, were discovered. A number of fine capitals, fragments of basalt pillars and bas-reliefs, with symbolic animals, were found, all these remains having doubtless belonged to the choir of the church. Last year a valuable silver shrine containing a piece of the holy cross and relics of the Apostles Peter and Paul—according to legend—was discovered on them—was found at the same place.

The patriarch of Jerusalem, it is said, is keeping other discoveries secret, owing to his dislike of the Roman Catholic Church. Those mentioned above are all the more important as they can be ascertained to what church they belonged. According to the statement of a medieval traveler the hospice and the monastery which the citizens of Amalfi founded about the year 640, as a refuge for western pilgrims, were situated at the spot where the holy sepulcher, about a stone's throw from the first church was built in honor of St. Mary de Lattus and the second, the ruins of which have now been found, in honor of St. John, the Baptist. The French monk Bernard, who lived there in 870, highly praised the hospitality and the large library of the hospice. A Mohammedan historian says it was destroyed by the Khalif Hakim and rebuilt shortly afterward, while according to another account it prospered up to the time of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, from 1100 to 1118, when the two communities of St. Mary and St. John adopted the latter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St. John. The remains now discovered, therefore, are the ruins of the cradle of this order. It is most unfortunate that the preservation of these very interesting remains seems impossible, owing to the ill feeling which exists between the Greeks and Roman Catholics in Jerusalem.—London Standard.

## CONFUSING TO NAVY'S CHIEF.

Honors Shown Him on Pleasure Trip Upset His Equanimity.

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listening. Then, with much bleating, the whole flock raced to the woods. Wondering at this strange freak on the part of the animals, the farmer went about his work. About an hour later the sheep returned, but it was soon discovered that one of the lambs was missing.

The next day the same thing occurred, and again a lamb failed to return. The children tried to keep the sheep in the fields, but when they could not do this followed them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance.

Then it dawned upon the farmer that the bell he had fastened to the neck of the wolf was the same which had been borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick-witted sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and, true to their instincts, had hastened to join last year's companion. They found not exactly a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf with a sheep's bell attached to him, and ready to dine on spring lamb.

The farmer will not release any more belted wolves.

In the Depths of the Jungle. The friend of the returned traveler looked at him with a smile.

"Well," he said, "we've got one new thing at least to show you."

"And what is that?" the traveler inquired.

"It's ping-pong," the traveler's son barked back.

"That reminds me of a little experience I had in Central Africa last winter," he said. "I had gone into the jungle looking for big game when I was surprised and delighted to see a white man approaching. He was equally delighted to see me. He explained that he was an English trader in ivory and was on his way back to the coast. 'By George,' he cried, 'I'm awfully glad to see you! Just hold on a minute. And with that he hastily drove four stakes in the ground and stretched a section of an elephant hide tightly across them. 'Now,' he cried, 'we'll have a game.' I looked at him in amazement. I fancied for a moment that he had the jungle fever in his blood. 'A game of what?' I asked. He kicked a square box that was lying at his feet. 'Ping-pong,' he cried.

"And did you play it?" inquired the friend.

## A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

Our Advertisement brings a Visitor.

Our morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I was tired out in the afternoon.

After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt.

My mind had been so much excited by all that had occurred and the strangest fancies and surmises crowded into it.

Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like countenance of the murdered man.

So sinister was the impression which that face produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world.

If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type they were certainly those of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland.

Still, I recognized that justice must be done, and that the gravity of the victim was no condemnation in the eyes of the law.

The more I thought of it the more extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis, that the man had been poisoned, appear.

I remembered how he had sniffed his lips and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea.

thought, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and stroiled down the street in an easy, lounging way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to a respectable paper hanger's litanies of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 13 I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper hanger named Kewitch, and that no one of the name of either Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there.

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old fellow was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either you or the driver seeing her?"

"Old woman he d—d!" said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. "We were the old women to be so taken in, it must be said, but he was followed by me, and I used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man has been a young man, and an active one, too, besides being an incomparable actor. The get-up was imitable, we are after it not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certainly feeling very weary, as I observed his injunction.

I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

## OBEYED ORDERS AND WON

Incident of the Civil War That Shows the Value of Unquestioning Discipline.

As an illustration of the idea of obedience and discipline inculcated in the West Point cadets, James Barnes tells a story full of significance, says the Chicago Chronicle. During the war in the sixties a young officer once reported to a volunteer brigadier that he had orders from division headquarters to take a battery that held the top of a sweeping slope on the front of the Confederate line, the shells from which were playing havoc with the Union infantry that were deploying through a wooded ravine.

"What!" exclaimed the volunteer brigadier, "are you going to try to take those guns with cavalry? Impossible! You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," was the reply; "I've got the orders in my pocket." This West Point officer did not doubt in the least what he was going to do, nor his capacity, and, strange to say, he did it, for, advancing at a charge suddenly from the wood across the open ground he took the battery in the flank before they could change effectually the position of the guns, and he brought them back with him.

LAND OF MANY WONDERS

Galapagos Islands Contain Seemingly No End of Minerals.

Captain Richard Nye, who was one of those on the steamer W. S. Phelps, tells of many wonders of the Galapagos islands, which he visited recently. In an interview at San Francisco he said: "The islands are as full of minerals as a shad is of bones. On Albemarle there is an extinct crater, miles in diameter, in which there is in sight 40,000 tons of pure sulphur. The crater is about ten miles inland and a tramway will be necessary for transportation to the coast, but this should be a small matter considering the possible profit."

"One of the queer things in Alameda is that it is overrun with wild dogs. The animals are a mongrel breed and were left on the island by whalers. The dogs have become wild and extremely vicious. They are wolflike in their habits and run in droves."

Captain Nye also tells of a remarkable lake on the island of Chatham at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. This lake, according to the captain, rises and falls with the tide, and no surrounding line has ever reached its bottom. Any relics of an ancient race were found.