

Bohemia Nugget

LEE W. HENRY, Editor and Prop'r.
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Senator Platt's maxim, "It is better to be wise than eloquent," sounds like a back-handed slap at several statesmen.

Russel Sage thinks Rockefeller was foolish to go to so much trouble for more hair, as he will now have to patronize the barber again.

A Connecticut man who had been smoking fifty cigarettes a day dropped dead. He will be most sadly missed by the cigarette dealers.

Gates is in a new deal, but he says it is only a little flyer on the side, as he doesn't expect to make more than \$100,000,000 or \$150,000,000 out of it.

After all, the Civil War veterans should not object to the change in army uniforms. It gives them a monopoly of the glorious "boys in blue" distinction.

Rudyard Kipling seems to have trouble with his neighbors everywhere he goes. Some people are beginning to suspect that the neighbors may not be wholly to blame.

Lord Pauncefoot left only about \$40,000. In the opinions of such people as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Gates the English diplomat couldn't have been much of a man.

It would be better for this country and the civilized world in general if 80 per cent of the persons who are dabbling in literature were employed in wholesome and useful manual labor. Not one in ten of the books that are printed has any excuse for existence, and most of them are worse than useless. If not positively vicious they are lame.

Not often does a man outside of royalty receive even at second hand the honors intended for those of kingly blood, but that happened to Lord Kitchener on his return to London on July 13. The unusual coronation arches were decorated in his honor, and the people who had been denied the spectacle of the coronation procession crowded the streets to cheer and to see the returning South African hero.

One of their own countrymen tells the Norwegians that by abstaining from many sports such as prevail in England they develop a rotundity of body which is positively unsightly. The relation of athletics to personal attractiveness is thus suggested in a practical manner. It is always to be borne in mind, however, that outdoor sports sometimes leave the participants less handsome but more wise than they were before entering games. Nevertheless a hard ketcher or runner ought not to deter Norwegians or any one else from athletic diversions.

A writer in a current magazine declares very truthfully that our millionaires show a conspicuous lack of originality when it comes to disposing of the dollars that they have piled up. They seem incapable of devising any benefaction beyond the hackneyed founding of libraries or endowing of universities. Even this, however, is better than no benefaction at all. In the course of time, perhaps, evolution will produce a class of industry or a class of finance who will realize Napoleon of finance who will realize that the truest philanthropy, after all, is that which gives the laborer the hire of which he is worthy instead of keeping him on inadequate wages and then making an ostentatious show of altruism with the money unjustly withheld from him.

Each generation has its own so-called scientific explanation of natural phenomena. Many that have been advanced to explain the volcanoes in the West Indies challenge comparison with Rev. Thomas Prince's sermon in the Old South Church in Boston one hundred and fifty years ago. He preached that the frequency of earthquakes might be due to "the erection of iron points invented by the sanguinary Mr. Franklin." The offending lightning rods were objected to by old Dr. Arbutnot for a different reason. "He talked of attempting to control the artillery of heaven," wrote President John Adams; "he railed and foamed against the points and the presumption that erected them."

A stranger driving through the streets of a small city in the Middle West suggested to his hostess that it must be pig-feeding day. He replied to her astonished glance by inquiring: "What else could a visitor think all this fermenting carriages for the streets can mean?" The woman said: "Pig-feeding day" as a slogan, federated a dozen literary clubs into a town improvement society, and to-day beholds a tidy and beautiful city as the outcome of their efforts. Wealth has sought the region, and every dollar expended for beauty has brought hundreds back. More and more it is coming to be understood that civic beauty and prosperity are convertible terms.

Women already married and young women contemplating matrimony, will be greatly uplifted by the rule of the St. Louis judge who has ruled that a wife has the privilege of going through her husband's pockets if he is miserably parsimonious. More than this, he declares that when a husband strikes the wife on the right cheek instead of turning to him the other also she is justified in tackling him with a rolling pin or any other weapon that naturally suggests itself to the feminine mind. This completely vindicates Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch's assumption and gives to downtrodden womanhood the authority of the bench. Still we venture to hope that the average wife will not lay hands on the conjugal pocketbook save in the way of kindness, just as we contend that the husband should be moderate and gentlemanly in his own laying on of hands. How to be happy though married may be a problem

which everybody solves before marriage, but which with the aid of the judiciary and the best conversational feminine talent is not rapidly becoming an easy lesson for young beginners.

Thirty years ago President Grant, in private conversation, remarked that there was only one war clearly in sight for the United States—a war with Spain over Cuba, which was regarded as inevitable. He added that, after that contest should be decided, the future of the American countries bordering on the Atlantic would have been determined, and the attention of the world would be absorbed in a commercial struggle in the Pacific. President Grant's far-sightedness has been vindicated. The war with Spain has been fought, and now the energies of the nations are engaged in various problems of the Pacific. The United States itself is dealing with one of the most difficult of these problems, the government of the Philippines. It has much to stake in another of them, the maintenance of the integrity of China. The possession of Hawaii and the new assured Panama canal add to its interest in Pacific questions. Japan has become a nation of the first rank, whose power may some time decide Asiatic questions. Korea, no longer a "hermit kingdom," is being exploited, commercially and politically. Already the occasion of one war, she may yet be the pretext for another. Alliances between Japan and Great Britain and between Russia and France suggest a grouping of powers for emergencies. China is harassed by two rebellions, and by "a war of concessions" at Peking, in which Germany, Great Britain and other powers are taking part. Altogether, there is no part of the world which is more interesting, and no region where history is making more rapidly, than in the countries and islands washed by the Pacific.

Since the birth of 1902 Earth has been convulsed. Guatemala, gripped by seismic shocks, has mourned thousands of dead; Martinique and St. Vincent, scorched by sheets of flame, billowing mud and lava, have become funeral pyres for inhabitants of an entire city and many villages; the mountains in Chile and Argentine have shaken and lives have been extinguished by falling boulders; Southern California has been twisted, the ground moving even as air currents during a tornado; the ocean in places has been dotted with mysterious lights; abnormal rainfall is recorded in the United States and life-giving showers have been denied India. What is happening? Something weird and uncanny? No. Electricity is responsible for it all. This statement made, explanation is in order. In the days of George Washington disturbances of a remarkable kind were occurring, but Peter Van Sturtevant, seated under his honey-suckle vine, did not hear of them, or if he did, it was only of the events of magnitude and then in a vague way, months after the happening. To-day Ralph Van Sturtevant, his descendant, surrounded by telephone, telegraph and 90-mile an hour express trains, learns of everything within a few minutes after it occurs. Chimborazo in Chile sports fire, he reads the news the next morning. A son of the Mikado falls downstairs, he is told of it by the types at evening-tide. Floods sweep the Balkan region; he sees the facts stated on a bulletin board as he goes to the club. Therefore electricity is responsible for great granddaddy Ralph is transported here and there over the earth, whereas Peter rested content, not bothered with all the happenings of the world, news of which came not at all or slowly by post chaise. Does electric work for the west or west of humanity? Are men and women better for this rush and hurry, which has become a part of their lives since Joyce's bolts were harnessed, or does the speed at which they live do injury? Men's nerves are at a sharp tension these days. Events are crowded into twenty-four hours which would not be in the life of history of their ancestors. Is it any wonder that nervous diseases are on the increase?

Little Hymn of the Republic.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-tower of a hundred circling battlements,
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damp;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and dawning lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel,
As you deal with your contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before our judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant in feast!
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In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men free, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Highland Mary.
Ye banks and braes, and streams around the castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble!
There summer first unfurled her robes,
And there the largest tarry!
For there I took the last farewell of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green hick,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life was my sweet Highland Mary.

WT' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fo' tender;
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We tore ourselves asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
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Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
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OLD FAVORITES

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one. It ill becomes English manufacturers and theoretical economists to charge upon trade unions a decline which is so obviously the result of antiquated industrial management. The trade union movement is almost as thoroughly established in the United States as in England, yet we are outstripping them at nearly every point. The trouble is in the failure of English manufacturers and industrial managers to keep up with the march of economic progress. No sympathy need be wasted on their complaints of trade-union hampering until British capitalists can do something better to justify their own economic function in the community.

HIS EYES WERE OPENED.

Persian Cleverly Outwitted by Occultist Who Had Saved His Eyesight.
Dr. C. G. Wills records in "The Land of the Lion and the Sun" an amusing instance of Persian duplicity and would-be smugness. The doctor had successfully treated a prosperous baker for cataract in both eyes, for which he received the sum of four pounds. It was his opinion that the baker was the obliged party. The man, however, regretted the four pounds.

A few days later a melancholy procession came to the dispensary. The baker, with a rag of a different color over each eye and a large white bandage around his head, was led into the apartment. His relatives then informed me that through my treatment he had gone totally blind, and he had come to get back his four pounds.

"Ah, sahib, hear sahib, I am now stone-blind," he said.
I had some difficulty in getting him to remove the bandages, but that done I saw that his eyes were all right. I was angry; for aside from the man's ingratitude, I did not like to be robbed of the credit of a cure in so public a manner. The room was full of patients. My course was quickly decided upon.

"Of course," I said, "if I have deprived you of sight, it is but fair that I should remunerate you and return you the four pounds."
"Ah, yes, doctor sahib," he said, "if you would give me back the four pounds, and say, forty pounds, besides, I should pray for you, I and my family; we should all pray for you."

"His family and supporters all chimed in with, 'Yes, yes, he spoken well.'"
"Very good," I said, "but he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery."
Nothing is known of the whereabouts of the man. We are glad to learn that Mr. Leastrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have done excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased.

A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acute eyes and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.
"I told you that, whatever happened, Leastrade and Gregson would be sure to see that the matter was cleared up."
"That depends on how it turns out," he said. "If the man is caught, it will be on account of their exertions. If he escapes, we will be quite satisfied. It's heads I win, tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. A fool always finds a bigger fool to admire him."

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment the patter of the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust on the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker-street division of the detective police force," said my companion, gravely, and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street Arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone and the six dirty scoundrels stood in a line like so many respectable statues. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and he will be in quite wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"
"No, sir, we hadn't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected that you would. You must keep on until you do. Here is your ticket. He handed each of them a shilling. 'Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time.'"

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many devils, and he heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little buggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official-looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization."
"Is it on the Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.
"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Hallo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance!"

"The right track? Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key!"
"And his name is?"
"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in her majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously, rubbing his fat hands and holding his chest.
Sherlock Holmes gave a sign of re-

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition.

There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case.

Here is a condensation of a few of them.
The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features.

The German name of the victim, the absence of all motive and the sinister inscription on the wall all pointed to its perpetration by political refugees and revolutionaries.

The Socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed upon their laws and been tracked down by them.

After alluding airily to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofana, Carbonate, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Ratcliff Highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration.

They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses and the consequent undermining of all authority.

The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding-house of Mrs. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Cambridge Road.

He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The two had arrived at their lodgings upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Boston station with the evening train for Liverpool.

Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebber's body was, as remarked, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston.

How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery.

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The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have done excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased.

A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acute eyes and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much, however, as you might think, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes gravely. "Let me hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the armchair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Leastrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughed till he choked.
"And how did you get your clue?"
"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves.