

Bohemia Nugget

LEE W. HENRY, Editor and Prop'r.

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

A little taffy now and then is relished by the wisest men.

No man can win success by doing something that has been done before.

If a trust would corner ping-pong balls the rest would cover a multitude of bad breaks.

When a man disgraces himself his first thought is not one of regret for his own shame, but of what the world will think.

A citizen is dead as the result of drinking horse liniment. Deceased is supposed to have taken the stuff in the hope of relieving hoarseness.

Any irritation caused by the announcement of the information of a witch-hazel trust will only be aggravated by the application of witch-hazel.

An editor says that "kissing is a pretty bad thing, when you come to think about it." Don't think about it. She who hesitates is lost—she who hesitates is a chump.

The gratifying spread of the crusade against child labor shows once more that such terrible conditions need but to be stated in order to arouse the American conscience.

The latest fad in trusts is a combination of manufacturers of candy with a capital of \$9,000,000. This is a case of sweetness long drawn out sure enough. But will it stick?

The Chinese Boxers continue to cause trouble. The only good Boxers seem to be the kind that the foreigners found lying around in the streets of Peking when the invasion was effected.

Active volcanoes is the latest addition to the delights of life in the Philippines. This, however, is only another indication that we can produce anything that any other people whatever, ancient or modern, have ever produced.

During his recent tour of the provinces the King of Spain admired the triumphal arch erected at Leon, and stopped the procession for ten minutes while he took photographs of it. Who wouldn't be a boy and a king if he could do as he pleased in this fashion?

Appendicitis is not a new disease. A history of the malady, prepared by a French specialist, records the testimony of a mummy to the antiquity of the affliction. The indication is that the death, thousands of years ago, was due to peritonitis that had its origin in a diseased appendix.

In 1900 the railways of the country carried eighty billion tons of freight one mile, and in 1906, according to the census report, they carried one hundred and forty billion tons. They charged a fraction more than nine-tenths of a cent for carrying each ton a mile in 1900, and only seven and a half tenths in 1906. They will charge still less in 1910 and carry much more, for the ingenuity of inventors and financiers is continually employed in reducing the cost of railway transportation.

We are not in favor of coddling convicts. In some prisons that policy has been carried too far. Prisoners should not be made to feel that they are martyrs. On the other hand, whatever of manhood they may possess—and many of them have much of it—should be encouraged and strengthened. It is probable that a large proportion of habitual criminals are little to blame for being so. But society is compelled to protect itself against evildoers regardless of those considerations. It should do that as thoroughly as possible, avoiding the two extremes of sentimentalism and brutality.

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COUNTRY BOYS RISE.

WHY THEY EXCEL LADS BROUGHT UP IN THE CITY.

Lack of Opportunity the Best Equipment for Serious Struggle of Life—The Town-Bred Boy is Likely to Early Become a Slave.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest disadvantages a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contrasts to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far, or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed, and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred racehorse has a fine flight of speed and carries with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work of the farm most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the armor of the big men of the town. After he has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasm. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"

Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays, indeed, our critical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their associations and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and to-day the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy, and a sense of duty developed while still the lap of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff, and endowed with such natural gifts, that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority; others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely, and in real life have proved the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places; though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed, in Branding Magazine.

YOUTH AND CRABBED OLD AGE.
Young Men Who Would Not Allow Themselves to Be Squeezed.

Our respect for age dwells in us side by side with enthusiasm for youth. Nothing gives one more of a glow than when a young man deservingly beats a man of an older generation. It is that glow which has made a familiar quotation of Pitt's famous retort to Walpole, that crushing sentence beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man."

A judge named Robinson was noted for his peevish, sneering manner. Hoare, the Irish lawyer, was once arguing in a case before him. The judge was unusually stern, and finally roared the young barrister by accusing him of intending to bring the king's commission into contempt.

"No, my lord," said Hoare; "I have read in a book that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles I., found the crown in a bush, he showed it all reverence. In like manner I shall respect the king's commission, though I find it on a bramble."

Robinson was reported to have risen to his rank by the publication of some slavish and scurrilous pamphlets. Once in the days when Curran was poor and unknown, struggling against great adversity, he appeared before Robinson. The judge tried to extinguish him. When Curran declared that he had consulted all his law books, and could not find a case that did not support his position, Robinson answered:

"A STUDY IN SCARLET"

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter V—Continued.

In his eagerness he had wandered far past the ravine which were known to him, and it was no easy matter to pick out the path which he had taken.

The valley in which he found himself divided and subdivided into many gorges, which were so like one another that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He followed on for a mile or more until he came to a mountain torrent which he was sure that he had never seen before.

Night was coming on rapidly, and it was almost dark before he at last found himself in a dellie which was familiar to him.

Even then it was no easy matter to keep to the right track, for the moon had not yet risen, and the high cliffs on either side made the obscurity more profound.

He paused and listened for an answer, none came save his own cry, which clattered up the dreary, silent ravine, and he came back to his ears in countless repetitions.

Again he stouted, even louder than before, and again no whisper came back from the friends whom he had left such a short time ago.

A vague, nameless dread came over him, and he hurried onward frantically, dropping the precious food in his agitation.

When he turned the corner, he came full in sight of the spot where the first party of mounted men had been still a glowing pile of wood ashes, but it had evidently not been touched since his departure.

The same dead silence still reigned all round. With his fears all changed to conviction, he hurried on. There was no living creature near the remains of the fire; animals, man, maiden, all were gone.

Bewildered and stunned by this blow, Jefferson Hope felt his head spin round as he leaned upon his rifle to save himself from falling, and he was essentially a man of action, however, and speedily recovered from his temporary impotence.

Seizing a half consumed piece of wood from the smoldering fire, he blew it into flame, and proceeded with its help to examine the little camp.

The ground was all stamped down by the feet of horses, showing that a large party of mounted men had overtaken the fugitives and the direction of their tracks proved that they had afterward turned back to Salt Lake City.

Had they carried both of his companions away with them? Jefferson Hope had almost persuaded himself that they must have done so, when his eye fell upon an object which made every nerve in his body tingle within him.

A little way on one side of the camp was a low-lying heap of reddish soil, which had assuredly not been there before.

There was no mistaking it for anything but a newly dug grave. As the young hunter approached it, he perceived that a stick had been planted on it, with a sheet of paper stuck in the cleft fork of it.

The inscription upon the paper was brief, but to the point:
JOHN FERRIER,
FORMERLY OF SALT LAKE CITY,
Died August 4, 1860.

The sturdy old man, whom he had left so short a time before, was gone, then, and this was all his epitaph. Jefferson Hope looked wildly round to see if there was a second grave, but there was no sign of one.

Lucy had been carried back by her terrible pursuers to fulfill her original destiny by becoming one of the harem of the sultan's son.

As he stood by the desolate fire he felt that the only one thing which could assuage his grief would be thorough and complete retribution brought by his own hand upon his enemies.

His strong will and untiring energy showed, he determined, he devoted to that end. With a grim white face he retraced his steps to where he had dropped the food, and having commenced his supper, he cooked enough to last him for a few days.

For five days he toiled, footsore and weary, through the defiles which he had already traversed on horseback. At night he staked himself down among the rocks and snatched a few hours of sleep; but before day-break he was always on his way.

On the sixth day he reached the Eagle Ravine, from which they had commenced their ill-fated flight. Thence he could look down upon the home of the Saints.

Worn and exhausted, he leaned upon his rifle and shook his gaunt hand fiercely at the silent, wide-spread city beneath him.

As he looked at it he observed that there were flags in some of the principal streets and other signs of festivity.

The Tradition of St. Swithin's Day.

Somebody at Boston has taken the trouble to expose Saint Swithin, who is shown to be a pious old fraud, and incidentally some rather interesting figures are collected showing the number of rainy days in various summers since 1872.

Saint Swithin's day, it will be remembered, is July 15, and the reputation of the saint is staked upon the tradition or adage which runs to the effect that if it rains on Saint Swithin's day it will rain on each of the forty days following. This did very well before the days of rain-gauges and weather bureau records, but now it does not go down. In point of fact, the tradition came nearer being true this year than for twenty years past, says the New York Evening Post. Out of the forty days this year it rained on twenty-two. This was nearly equalled in 1895, when it rained twenty-one out of the forty days. In 1880 and 1900 the record was nineteen days, in 1872 and 1891 fifteen, in 1889 seventeen, in 1892 eighteen, and so on. As to the amount of rain, 1872 was much the wettest at this particular season, nearly twice as much rain falling as in any of the years since. The next rainiest year was 1884, when St. Swithin's day was fair and clear, with not a drop of rain in Boston at least. There seems to be no relation between the amount of rain on St. Swithin's day and the amount of rainfall following. The best the saint could do of late years was in 1885, when 30 inches of rain fell, yet it was only an average wet season for the next forty days. This year's St. Swithin's day was rather wet, 30 inches falling at Boston, yet since August 1 the rainfall has been only about the average. The year 1884, when the saint's day was dry, had 13.05 inches of rain during July and August.

Brushing the Pews.
It was a rosy-checked but pale-eyed young man who applied to Mr. Powers for the vacant position of assistant gardener. The master of the place questioned him at some length as to his qualifications.

"Do you know much about the care of flowers? Have you had experience?" he asked.

"I've never been out to work," said the young man, "but I know all about 'em—flowers. Oh, yes, I can take care of 'em all right. Geraniums and nasturtiums and—all of 'em. Oh, you can trust me, sir."

"Then go down that path to your right," said Mr. Powers. "When you reach the flower garden you'll see that the sweet peas need brushing; let me see how well you can do it."

The would-be gardener went as he was bidden. In less than ten minutes he reappeared, to interrupt his employer, then deep in a book on the piazza.

"Excuse me, sir," said the young man, jauntily, "but if you'll come now, I think you'll find I've brushed those peas enough. There was hardly any dust on them, anyway. Of course if you want me to keep on I can, but it looks to me like a waste of time."

A Poor Consultant.
"People don't often insult you when they mean to be gracious," said an artist the other day. "Insults are the creations of ill nature, and not mere matters of words. But I had an experience to-day that made me laugh and yet irritated me."

"Somebody take one of your snow scenes for a spring landscape?" inquired an amiable friend.

"No," replied the artist, "this was not a matter of professional pride. A tradesman sent me a bill in which he unintentionally charged me only about a third of what I owed him."

"Thought he stood a better chance of getting it, I suppose," interrupted the facetious friend.

"Now hold on, Billy, and let me tell the story. Well, that was the second time he had sent a bill for less than I owed, and I wrote him a note calling his attention to the error. This morning I got a letter from him in which he 'thanked me for my honesty.' A man may thank you for your courtesy, or for your kindness, but when he thanks you for being honest, it is an insult. One might as well praise a man for not beating his wife."

Testing the Sermon.
The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points are considered of great importance says that his test of a satisfactory sermon is the opposite of that which is commonly applied.

"My clerical friends in the city tell me that so long as their congregations appear wide-awake and interested they feel encouraged," he said to a visitor, "but with me it's different."

"Of course I wish to interest the congregation, but if I look over to Deacon Drew's pew, and then to Deacon Snow's, and see them with their eyes closed and heads nodding, I feel that all is well. Just as surely as I discover them wide-awake and alert after I've been preaching for ten minutes I know that there's something wrong, to their minds, and that I shall hear what it is as soon as the service is over."

A Hot One.
The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise sixty-three pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.—London Answers.

Lots of women do foolish things so they can snub those who don't.

It's a great work of art to make art pay.

STORING COAL UNDER WATER.

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The dock managers, in writing their experience, say that when the docks are periodically dredged lumps of coal found which had fallen during the process of loading were covered with mud and coal dust, and had been from three to six months under water. This, when dried, burned well. A further test was made of immersing a quantity of coal for two months. Afterward its calorific power was compared with a quantity from the same block of typical Monmouthshire steam coal. The loss in the immersed coal was less than 1 per cent.

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