

Bohemia Nugget

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Perhaps the salt trust was salted.

If procrastination is the thief of time, what does he do with the stolen goods?

If our returning Arctic explorers will kindly cut out the lecture sequel all will be forgiven.

"Would You for Five Million" is the name of one of the new plays. Is it necessary to ask?

The Isthmus of Panama is the veritable appendix of North America. An operation for appendicitis might help matters.

Those ministers who are using moving pictures, professional whistlers and other devices to attract congregations should try the gospel occasionally.

Word comes from South America that a new volcano has been discovered in Peru. It really was not needed. There were centers enough and to spare already.

Who can blame King Alfonso for getting mad when his mother goes and gets married to her Master of Horse—a sort of lively stable fellow, as we understand it?

A Chicago advertiser wants "young men with rising qualities for mercantile establishment." Probably a euphemistic way of saying that the youth will be required to run the elevator.

"Books do not make men," declares President Hadley of Yale, and that is true. Most men are making books, however, if we may judge from the publishers' advertisements of new novels.

One of Mr. Carnegie's employes is charged with the theft of about \$100,000 from his employer. It speaks well for Mr. Carnegie's Scotch thrift that he missed so insignificant an amount from the cash drawer.

The official figures of Canadian immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show a total of about 70,000 immigrants for the year, of whom 22,000 were from the United States. It is noteworthy that this movement of our people into Canada is increasing rather than diminishing.

A few years ago we were all wearing stiff, flat-brimmed straw hats. Then came an era of flexible ones, later narrow-brimmed, thick and rough ones appeared. Last spring there was a sudden appearance of imitation Panama hats as sudden and unaccountable as the coming of seventeen-year-old girls. Whence did these hats come? What was the ultimate cause of their being and why did so many people buy them? These are questions which no social philosophy can fathom. They constitute part of the deep mystery of life.

An English wit made an epigram to describe the climate of London: "In a fine day, looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Quite as clever was the remark of a London "cabby," when informed by a brother driver that he had as a passenger "a pal of the Shah's"—what they call a minor-worshiper. "I suppose he's come over for a holiday," the conversation days had their humorous side, as the cabmen could testify, and even the Oriental, hunting for the sun in a London fog, might forget his defeated desire to worship if he heard himself called a "pal."

Americaners are plunging ahead in business channels with amazing energy and rapidly and are restless unless engaged in stupendous enterprises which monopolize all their time, brains and money. This extraordinary activity is rapidly developing the resources of the country, but it certainly is not conducive to long life among the people. Conscientious physicians are becoming tired of warning business men that they are exhausting their vital energies too early in life and are calmly pocketing the fees which are given to keep wrecked constitutions working a little longer.

A student of the Chinese in New York City notes the fact that when a Chinese sees an American he must perform the case into the regular civil courts, but that when one Chinese sees another the general public hears nothing of the litigation. It is settled by Chinatown's own mayors, who, although he has no legal means of enforcing his judgments, is so backed up by Chinese public sentiment that any man who fails to abide by his decision is ostracized. This seems an odd situation in an American city, but it is, after all, but an application of the doctrine of "extraterritoriality" by which Americans or other foreigners in China may settle their disputes before their own consular courts.

A memorial bell is to hang in the belfry of the Congregational Church in Harpawell, Me., where the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg ministered for half a century. The young people who read his stories or declaim his "Spartacus" have their own way of remembering him. Those who heard his striking sermons or profited by his helpful pastorate will welcome the sound of the bell—a call to prayer and praise—whether the tones reach the natural ear, or only charm the inner sense born of the imagination. The sea and shore lines of his parish, the lovely environment of a typical parsonage, did not limit his ministry; and the bell which is to send forth its message of bidding and benediction from its home on Casco Bay will have its mission for dwellers in far distant parts of the country.

"The corn crop," remarked the other day an old employe of the Treasury, who has been dealing all his life with the great movements of currency throughout the country, "has more to do with the finances than any other American product. To see how things

GIVES LIFE TO THE DEAD.

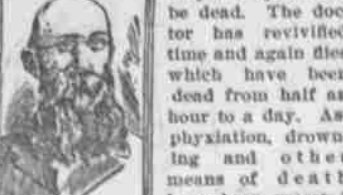
Dr. C. W. Littlefield, of Alexandria, La., has discovered the principle of life and is capable of restoring life to animals which ordinary tests proved to be dead. The doctor has revived time and again flies which have been dead from half an hour to a day. Asphyxiation, drowning and other means of death have been resorted to in his experiments, and so long as the organism of the insect or animal was unbroken or not destroyed by heat, his method was successful in every instance. Beginning with the lower organisms, such as flies and bumblebees, he has ascended with his experiments until he has succeeded in bringing to life mice, rats and cats which were to all ordinary tests dead.

Recently a cat was chloroformed and afterward immersed in water for twenty minutes, after which it was covered with the magnetic powder which Dr. Littlefield says contains the properties of the atmosphere which sustain life—magnetism. Within eight minutes the cat was snoring and getting away and as lively as it was before chloroformed and "drowned." The theory was severely tried during the winter months, when a boy under the lee for forty-five minutes, and then without treatment for almost the remainder of the hour. A slight attempt at artificial respiration comically used in such cases was resorted to. Then Dr. Littlefield and his discovery were called into requisition. Within an hour the boy revived and is to-day living.

According to the doctor's theory the principle which we call life exists everywhere. It will not enter into chemical action and combination with other elements and form new compounds, nor is it the result of chemical action or the union of any definite number or kinds of compounds. It can neither be created nor destroyed. It can be excluded from the organic body and then be coaxed to return in all its fullness and completeness. This life principle is abundantly diffused throughout space and needs only the proper media to cause it to objectively manifest itself. It is, as he believes, the underlying first cause of all things physical and manifests itself as a volatile magnetism. "This leads me," he says, "to believe that this life principle exists at all times and is co-existent with creation. Therefore when the Bible tells us that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life it states a more profound fact than we have heretofore been able to appreciate."

OHIO WAR VETERAN.

Was a Target for the First Shot Fired at the Siege of Vicksburg.



B. J. WILLIAMS.

B. J. Williams, cashier of the First National Bank in Shelby, Ohio, enjoys the distinction of having the first shot fired at the siege of Vicksburg in 1863 aimed at him personally.

Mr. Williams was born in Marion, Ohio, in 1842. In 1861 he enlisted in Major Ink's battalion in Missouri, and served for eighteen months. He re-enlisted in the Sixty-ninth Ohio, and held the office of quartermaster sergeant. At the siege of Vicksburg he was on the staff of General Burbridge, of Kentucky, and as the army marched up on the hills surrounding the city he was ordered to go over and take possession of a farmhouse as a hospital. He rode away with a few men, and as they passed up the lane to the house two Confederates opened fire on them from the place. None of the men were hit.

Another curious coincidence in connection with this is that when General Pemberton sent a flag of truce into the Union lines with a proposal of surrender the men were taken to Mr. Williams' tent and kept while General Grant went over their message.

Mr. Williams has been cashier of the First National Bank of Shelby continuously since the day of its opening, April 9, 1872. He is, therefore, serving his thirty-first year as cashier.

Ingenious if Incorrect.

The Spaniards visited the country now known as Canada before the French, and made careful searches for gold and silver, and finding none they often said, "There is nothing here." The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who did not want their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that they were wasting their time by stopping in that country, and so they incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, sea nada. The French supposed that this constantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and so they called it Canada, a name it has borne ever since. Sea non e vero e ben trovato!

Spoke from Experience.

A man who tries to uphold all his statements with the prop of personal experience is pretty sure sooner or later to find himself in difficulties.

"What kind of posts should you say I'd better have for my piazza?" asked a summer resident of the oracle of Bushville. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply; "not less you want to pay for poor stuff. Get pine. Pine will last ye a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" asked the summer resident, dubiously.

"Sure," echoed the oracle. "I never state a thing without I can prove it. I've tried 'em both. Tried 'em twice on my south porch. I tell ye!"

A girl raves over the beauty of an apple tree in bloom, but a boy waits until the blossoms are apples.

An expert linen man whose ignorance overshadows that of ordinary men, to

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter VI—Continued.

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me.

"I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me.

"You dog!" I said, "I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see tomorrow's sun rise."

"He shrank still further away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was for the time. The pulses in my temples beat like sledgehammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some sort if the blood had not gushed from my nose and relieved me.

"He staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight, I leaned my back against the door and laughed loud and long.

"What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?" I cried, locking the door behind me. "Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last."

"I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke. He would have begged for his life, but he knew well that it was useless.

"Would you murder me?" he stammered.

"There is no murder," I answered. "Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling when you dragged him from his bed at last year's Christmas, and bore him away to your accursed and shameless harem?"

"It was not I who killed her father," he cried.

"But it was you who broke her innocent heart," I shouted, thrusting the box before him. "Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance."

"I was only a poor, wretched, blind man, and I pray for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me.

"Then I swallowed the other, and we stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die.

"I shall never forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pang told him that the poison was in his system." I laughed as I held it, and Lucy's marriage ring in front of his eyes.

"It was but for a moment, for the action of the alkaloid is rapid. A spasm of pain contorted his features; he threw his hands out in front of him, staggered, and then, with hoarse cries, fell heavily upon the floor.

"I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!

"The blood had been streaming from my nose, but I had taken no notice of it. I don't know what it was that put it into my head to write upon the wall with it.

"Perhaps it was some mischievous idea of putting the police upon a wrong track, for I felt light-hearted and cheerful. I remembered a German being found in New York with 'rache' written up above him, and it was argued at the time in the newspapers that the secret societies must have done it.

"I was so confident that what puzzled the New Yorkers would puzzle the Londoners, so I dipped my finger in my own blood and printed it on a convenient place on the wall.

"Then I walked down to my cab and found that there was nobody about, and that the night was still very wild. I had driven some distance, when I put my hand into the pocket in which I usually kept Lucy's ring, and found that it was not there.

"I was thunderstruck at this, for it was the only memento that I had of her. Thinking that I might have dropped it when I stooped over Drebber's body, I drove back, and leaving my cab in a side street, I went boldly up to the house—for I was ready to do anything rather than lose the ring.

"When I arrived there I walked right into the arms of a police officer who was coming out, and only managed to disarm his suspicions by pretending to be hopelessly drunk.

"That was how Enock Drebber came to his end. All I had to do then was to do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's debt.

"I knew that he was staying at Halliday's private hotel, and I hung about all day but he never came out. I saw that he suspected something when Drebber failed to put in an appearance.

"He was cunning, was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he thought he could keep me off by staying in doors he was never caught. I found out that he was in the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel, and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn.

"I woke him up and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebber's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of death as I had taken. Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never have allowed his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison.

"I had little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up. I went on cabling it for a day or so, intending to keep it until I could save enough to take me back to America.

"I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a caddy there called Jefferson Hope, and said that his cab was wanted by a gentleman at 221B Baker Street.

"I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life.

"That's the whole of my story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be

cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features.

"Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slight, pungent smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again I argued that it had been forced upon him, from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face.

"By the method of exclusion I arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would suit the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very un-learned idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The cases of Dolansky, in Odessa, and of Carrier, in Montpellier, will occur at once to any toxicologist.

"And how came the great question as to the reason why? Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman?

"That was the question which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition. Political assassinations are only too glad to do their work and to fly.

"It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion.

"The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murderer has used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman.

"I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement.

"I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I judged correctly.

"Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gregson had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enock Drebber. The answer was conclusive.

"It told me that Drebber had applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clue to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer.

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab.

"The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it.

"Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him.

"Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could be adopted than to turn cab driver? All these considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jarveys of the metropolis.

"If he had been one there was no reason to believe that he had ceased to be. On the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself.

"He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name.

"Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I therefore organized my street arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted.

"How well they succeeded, and how quickly I took advantage of it are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerson was an incident which was entirely unexpected, and which could hardly in any case have been prevented.

"Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the evidence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole thing is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw."

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you want, I will for you."

"You may do what you like, doctor," he answered. "See here!" he continued, handing a paper over to me; "look at this!"

It was the Echo for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question.

"The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Enock Drebber and of Mr. Joseph Stangerson."

"The details of the case will probably never be known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part.

"It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter-Day Saints, and Hope, the deceased prisoner, had also from Salt Lake City. If the case had had no other effect, it at least brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do well to act in their tents at home, and not to carry them to British soil.

"It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard officials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gregson. The man who approached, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in his detective line, and who, with such structures, may hope in time to attain some degree of skill."

"It is expected that a testimonial of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

"Didn't I tell you so when we started?" cried Sherlock Holmes, with a laugh. "That's the result of all our Study in Scarlet—to get them a testimonial!"

"Never mind," I answered; "I have all the facts in my journal, and the public shall know them. In the meantime you must make yourself contented by the consciousness of success, like the Roman miser—"

"Populus me stibbat, at nihil plaudo. Ipse domi simul ac nummos con-

LASHES OF FUN

She—He declares he loves the very ground I tread upon. He—Ah! I thought he had his eyes on the estate.—Harvard Lampoon.

Subbubs—Why are you sneaking into the house so quietly? Consume—Oh—The cook has company, and I do not wish to disturb them.

"I can safely say that no gentleman ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen." "Don't be down-hearted, old chap; your luck may change."

Citizen—I see you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite—No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.—Life.

The Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions. His Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a 6-year-old son.

He—I fancy men believe in friendship rather more than women do. She—Possibly, but the great trouble is it's generally their own friendship they believe in.

Wisacum—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college? Graduate—Um-m—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

"Is your family fond of cereals, Mr. Jumpup?" "Oh, yes! We're reading several in the Parlor Portfolio now, and can't hardly wait from week to week."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Casely—Sitop klicks about yer hard luck, man! Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yersef famous. Casey—Falth, O'll be ye whin that mornin' comes 'till me luck to oversleep meself!

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I hope you washed the fish thoroughly before you put in on the broiler, Della. Della—Shure, what would be the use of that, ma'am? Hain't it been livin' in the water all its life?—Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, well, my dear," observed he to his wife, "you will find that there are a great many worse men in the world than I am." "How can you be so cynical, John?" replied his wife reproachfully.—Syracuse Herald.

Bliss—So Zeke won't have anything but first-class literature? Cyrus—No. Why, he wouldn't even subscribe to a magazine because he saw "Entered as second-class matter" on the front page."

Superintendent—It is our usual custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now, what is your trade? Shoemaker, blacksmith or— "Please, sir, I was a traveling salesman."

Constance—I am going out in Algy's launch, Penelope—But naphtha launches are very dangerous. Constance—I know it. But Algy gave me the choice of either going out with him on his naphtha launch or his sailboat.

"I see a crank out West announces his intention of a 'heater hat for ladies that will shut up when the curtain rises.'" "If he'd only invent a box party that would do that he'd deserve a medal."—Philadelphia Press.

"Here's a letter from Mirandy at college. She says she's in love with Ping Pong." "She is, hey? Well, she'd better get him. We ain't goin' to stand for no Chinaman marrying into this family."—Woman's Home Companion.

Mr. Skinner—You'll have to wait a while for your wages this week. I can't pay you to-day. Clerk—See here, now, that won't do, sir. I've got to live, you know. Mr. Skinner—Non-sense! What put that idea into your head.—Chicago Tribune.

Lady to furniture clerk—I like the Louis XIV. and the Louis XVI. designs equally well. It wouldn't do, I suppose, to have both chairs in the parlor? Clerk—Oh, yes, madam; they would harmonize well—only two years' difference, you see.—Judge.

Teacher to class in geography—And who knows what the people who live in Turkey are called? Class (unanimously)—Turks! Teacher—Right. Now, who can tell me what those living in Austria are called. Little Boy—Please, maw, I know. Ostriches.—Judge.

Hasty Harry—W'at youse fishin' here without any bait for? Don't youse know dat fish won't eat a bare hook? Stronuous Stove (scornfully)—W'at! Don't youse see dat if de fish don't bite I ain't got to go to de trouble of takin' 'em off de hook. Where's yose professional instinct?

"Oh, maw," said the 10-year-old hopeful, "do you see how wet my clothes are?" "Yes, young man," spoke mamma, sternly, "and you have been in swimming." "No, maw," "How did you get wet?" "Why, some boys wanted me to go in swimming, and I ran away so fast I perspired."

"Young man," said the Irish magistrate as a youthful prisoner was brought before him. "I would advise you to make a full confession if you want to get off with a light sentence." "And if I don't confess, then what?" asked the young man. "Oh, in that event," replied the magistrate, "I shall probably have to acquit you for want of evidence."

The First-Born: "Yes, it took my wife and me and my mother and my wife's mother and two sisters and an old aunt of mine and half a dozen of our cousins to pull our first baby through till it was 2 years old." "And did the little one become stronger by that time?" "No, we had another by that time, and came out of the dream."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Room for More Improvement. Prison Director—What, you here again for burglary? When you left here three weeks ago you said that you had become a much better man.

Prisoner—Yes, sir, but I want to become better still.—Helter Welt.

Locusts. Convisser—I would like to see the lady of the house.

Mistress—Certainly. She is working back in the kitchen.

Fishing cultivates patience. Ladies will please take notice.

THE END.