

Bohemia Nugget

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

Every man pities himself more or less, but few deserve half of it.

The death of Zola has served to remind the world that Dreyfus still lives.

A man suing for divorce calls his wife a cold-blooded proposition. Feet, probably.

Mr. Baer has not as yet expressed any fear of what may happen to a man who dies rich.

The lady who swallowed a bottle of furniture polish doubtless had that mahogany brown taste.

Russell Sage has almost arrived at a point from which he is able to see that money isn't everything.

The Yale woman and the Strong man have been married at last, and this is as good a time as any to forget them.

A French physician says education breeds insanity. The theory will enable us to account for the sanity of some people.

A watched pot never boils, and the chances are that those Venetian scorpions whose collapse is anticipated will never tumble.

The Sultan of Carmonese was killed by the Americans. The Sultan of Nulu was murdered some time ago by George Ade.

Lieut. Peary says that the arctic region is the place for consumptives. Most people would prefer less lung and more comfort.

Pa Zimmerman has given the Manchester baby \$250,000. The duke will now be able to work up quite a little popularity with chorus girls for a year or two.

The defender of one of the St. Louis hoodlums pleaded to bribery as a "conventional crime." What is needed now is some good, conventional punishment to fit it.

A New York man who died the other day left a collection of over 100 snuff boxes. So live, young man, that when you die the world will see you had a definite object and aim in life.

One of the curious inconsistencies of good people is their eager sympathy for the white-washed villain of romance, and their unwillingness to believe of a living man that he is not so bad as he is painted.

It is said that one American magazine has received within one year 40,000 unsolicited manuscripts, of which number only ninety were accepted. The young man or woman who has chosen literature as a profession has a hard road to travel.

A citizen has been cut open by the doctors to recover a set of false teeth which were afterward discovered in a mattress. It is to be suggested, therefore, that the next time baby swallows his rattle the skillful surgeons should cut open the mattress on the baby's crib.

"You could not hit a barn door!" cried a little boy of eleven to an older lad who held a rifle in his hand. "Is that so?" retorted the other, as he fired a bullet through the child's lung. "It was all my fault," gasped the little fellow before he died. Could the "barn" offered and accepted, the widespread lack of self-restraint, and the reckless use of firearms be more conclusively epitomized?

PIRATES OF LUZON.

Famous Malay Buccaneers Being Re-terminated by Uncle Sam.

As a result of the relentless warfare waged by Uncle Sam's policemen in the Philippines against piracy, there is imprisoned in the village of Legaspi, on the island of Luzon, a band of 34, which it is thought comprises the last of the famous old Malay pirates.

The particular charge against this band is an attempt to take possession of the steamer Dos Hermanos while it was at Virac. The attempt, however, was thwarted by the policemen on duty near that village and the pirates were captured after a fierce battle in which two of the buccaners were killed and three of the crew of the Dos Hermanos were also slain.

The punishment of these men will be the culmination of a crusade which Uncle Sam has carried on against these Malay pirates. Two days after the Dos Hermanos incident a gunboat was sent to Naptulan, with instructions to kill or capture every pirate found there. Naptulan is the last home of these buccaners. Here during the last century they have lived as fishermen and preyed upon the merchant vessels plying between ports in Laguna de Bay and Manila.

While the Spaniards controlled the Philippines no attempt was ever made to exterminate these buccaners. When complaints were made against them the Spanish officers would promise to investigate the affair, and then it would end.

When Uncle Sam arrived at Manila, however, things began to change. Vigorous warfare was waged against the pirates, who had been hiding away since the days of Magellan. The freebooters at Naptulan found themselves harassed so that they began to separate and change their modes of attack.

Harder than the insurrectionists themselves to capture are the Malay pirates. They will ally themselves with anyone who is willing to take a portion of their booty and who is strong enough to protect them in return. Much to their dismay they have found that Uncle Sam's agents will not accept any of their plunder. Hounded constantly by the constabulary, they are beginning to seek other fields.

Some of them have gone to Samar, Mindanao, and Negros, while others are plying their trade on the Sulu archipelago. Long before civilization found its way to the Philippines, piracy was actively practiced there. It undoubtedly had its beginning among the Moslems living on the Sulu archipelago, who levied tribute upon neighboring islands and robbed Chinese merchantmen. When Magellan started out to find a passage connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean, his first landing near the Philippines was at a group of islands where the natives proved themselves to be the most artful of artful dodgers.

Several of them stole a small boat from Magellan's ship, and the great navigator gave the name of Ladrones (the Spanish word for thief) to the islands. After the Spaniards had settled in the Philippines a practical alliance was effected between the Sulu and Mindanao potentates, and piracy was prosecuted with great vigor by organized forces equaling those of the Spaniards. For over two centuries and a half Musulman junks ravaged every coast. Not a single people island was spared. Piracy became an incessant scourge and it cost the Spaniards rivers of blood and millions of dollars only to keep it in check.

A Musical Alphabet.

A for Andante, which means rather slow. B for Bar, we must count as we go. C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees. D for Duet, repeat if you please. E for the Exercise, played day by day. F stands for Forte, as loud as you may. G Graioso, in soft singing style. H the two Hands which we use all the while.

I is the instrument, skillfully made. J for our Joy when we hear it well played. K is for Keys, black and white as you know. L is for Largo, most solemn and slow. M is for Mithra, just two in a bar. N for the Notes, what a number there are.

O stands for Opera, a musical play. P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray. Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight.

R is a Rest, count one while you wait. S is a Semibreve, to it count four. T is a Trio, three voices, no more. U Una Corda, or played all in one. V for Vivace a time full of fun. W for War, whose music is fine. X for Xcell, which just means to outshine.

Y is a Youth who can play some nice things. Z is a Zither, with many sweet strings.—Chatterbox.

The Pen Paramount.

A Supreme Court Justice, a diplomat and a writer were talking of the extent of the influence wielded by each, and the New York Times justly credits the last laugh to the writer.

"I can govern by injunctions, as the Populists put it," said the Judge.

"I can involve nations in war," said the ambassador.

"And I could, if I would, make the world laugh at both of you," said the writer.

The Only Moisture.

Teas—I'm surprised that those stockings should have proved satisfactory. Jess—I just used them for bathing stockings, you know.

Teas—Yes, but I thought moisture would make the dye run.

Jess—But then, you know, I don't perspire at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Seeking Refuge in England.

Three properties in different parts of Hampshire have recently been sold to French religious communities who are taking refuge in England.

The first day that a girl gets her new pictures home from the photographer's she doesn't do anything but look at them, and wonder if they are "good."

In addition to his age, an old man becomes fearfully lousy.

LORD OF THE DESERT.

By PAUL DE LARLY.

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CHAPTER I.

THE OREGON "DESERT."

From the north boundary line to the south boundary line of the state, there lies in Eastern Oregon a strip of territory about 100 miles long and about 200 miles wide, which was once known as the Great Oregon Desert, and through which ran the old Oregon trail.

This desert, unlike most deserts, contains many oases. There are running streams of pure water, and numerous springs boil from the sides of the mountains and rise even from desert sands; and wherever this water touched the fertile soil, beautiful meadows of native grass greeted the eye of the occasional adventurer.

But these seemed few and far between in early days; and for lack of knowledge of their location many a weary traveler lost his way between them, and his bleached bones for many years afterward marked the lonely places where he laid himself down to rest.

Even in these days when much of the ground, accessible to water, is occupied by the pioneer homesteaders, one must travel a goodly mile or more without encountering a single human habitation, or living thing.

The Oregon desert is practically a succession of mountain plateaus. It reaches to from most any direction one may choose a great mountain range, and meander at intervals among snow-capped peaks and through rock-bound canyons and gulches; and to cross it, one must traverse wide stretches of barren plain from the sides of the mountains, except from the melting snows of winter, and must also encounter lava flows and walls of rock seemingly insurmountable. These plains remain one of a huge extinct volcano, although they cover thousands of acres, and it takes days of travel to cross many of them. They vary in size, however, from small plateaus of a few acres to the illimitable outstretched plains. But they all bear the same characteristics.

The traveler, whether passing through a small basin or a great plateau, is struck with some impression. A wall surrounds each of these basins or plateaus and separates them from the great mountain range, and the walls consist of rocks piled upon one another with masonic care, the joints being broken as perfectly and smoothly as if done by skilled human hands, and they rise perpendicularly from ten to two thousand feet, yet, with seldom an exception, nature has come to the rescue, and by the same process through which the great upheavals were caused these mountains of lava rocks and plains of volcanic sand and drif have formed serpentine-shaped canyons and gulches had rent the walls, and through these the traveler may find his way from one basin to another.

The smaller plains were the scenes of many conflicts, and were often places of great slaughter in early days. Bands of deer and antelope often wandered into them, and the watchful Indians came upon them, and guarding the one place of exit which separate them, they would ensnare and slaughter a whole band. And these animals were not the only victims to Indian cunning and bloodthirstiness. Many an immigrant train, whose members were becoming exhausted and careless from want of proper food and water, together with the care of their jaded animals, reduced to mere skeletons from plodding through the burning sands and drinking heavy loads over and over again, without food or water, while passing through these canyons and beneath the rimrocks, came under a shower of poisoned arrows that left death along the trail.

The heaps of rocks in the gulches and along the trails, and the little mounds scattered over the plains, are yet indexes to many of these sad stories.

Captain Jack had his territory, and had some principle, although he died of the gallows, and the roadside chiefs, Egan and Paulina, knew no bounds of territory and knew no limit for crime and bloodshed. The peaks, buttes, streams and canyons still bear their names from one end of the desert to the other, and there is no landmark that guides the traveler through the plains that does not recall some memory of the terrible crimes of these two chiefs and their bloodthirsty warriors, and many of these were committed in the presence of the bold and determined General Crook.

But in early days wherever there was water and natural meadows, animals of all kinds roamed. Horses and cattle were plentiful, and wild game, even the monarch prairie to the common jackrabbit, including elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain lions, cougar, coyote, wildcat and martens roamed at will, and were seldom ever disturbed by the hand of man. The flesh of the game animals was the tenderest and best, while the furs produced in this section were considered the best in the market.

It was the paradise of the hunter and trapper.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORD OF THE DESERT.

In the center of one of these plateaus containing hundreds of thousands of acres of land, is a low rocky mound, from the summit it looks like a mountain peak, and is called Mount Juniper, but from its base to its summit it is only about one thousand feet. Its south side is covered with rusty evergreens of the Juniper species, which the mountain takes its name, while the summit and east and north and west sides are barren, and huge boulders lie piled upon one another, and deep canyons cut their way down its sides.

Teas—Yes, but I thought moisture would make the dye run.

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lishan," he muttered, with an anxious look upon his face, and then in almost inaudible tones, "What will be the result if she reaches this place in safety? But she will never do it!" and he took a quaff from the goblet to relieve the terrors of his soul, which were depicted in his face.

CHAPTER III.

A Midnight Surprise.

"And how did you leave dear uncle?" inquired a young woman in a voice of innocence.

"Oh, in the very best of spirits," replied a rugged frontiersman, covered with the dust of the plains.

"And how long shall it be before we reach his place?" inquired the same female voice.

"Within about two days—that is if nothing happens to prevent it," replied the man.

"But nothing can happen to prevent it, except an extraordinary event, can it?" inquired the girl assuringly, and continuing as if to remove all doubt, "You look fresh, your men are all fresh and your horses look as if they were anxious to start on the return journey."

"That is all true, Madam, but in this country we never count on anything until it's accomplished, and the 'extraordinary' is likely to happen any time."

"Oh, then are we to pass through a dangerous section?" inquired the maiden with some alarm.

"No, not particularly, but when the snakes are skulking among the rocks they are likely to strike at any time," replied the frontiersman.

"What kind of snakes are they," inquired the young woman. "I have read of your American snakes," she continued, "and I don't think they must be very many varieties, and that they must be dangerous but never read of them biting people on horseback."

"But these snakes bite at any time and at any place," replied the man with a smile. "They prefer the dark, however, and more often strike from ambush. To be plain with you, Madam, and you must be a very girl to have crossed the ocean and come this far alone, the snakes I speak of are Indians, belonging to the tribe of Putes called Snakes for the very reason that they strike from ambush."

"Then are we in imminent peril?" inquired the girl with self-possession.

"No, no, not that, Miss, we might make the trip a dozen times without being molested, but the snakes are capable of holding their own with most of them. As it is getting late and we wish an early start in the morning, I would advise you to retire and get a good rest, for a couple of hundred miles on the back of a cayuse will prove a task for a tender young lady like you," and as the young woman walked away to her tent, Dan "rolled" muttered to himself, "It isn't pretty fair to be plucked by the Putes!"

(To be continued.)

Egyptian Girls at Play.

In her "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess" the author describes a little game at rumps in the garden of the palace which discloses a very close touch of nature. The princess was seated near a little lake, which had been constructed in a serpentine shape, winding about under rustic bridges.

She was laughingly scolding one of her attendants, when the girl broke away, crying out, "My mistress is angry with me! I'll drown myself!" and rushed into the water.

The princess called out, "Oh, stop her! Stop her!" and three or four followed immediately. But the first knew well enough that the water was not more than three feet deep, so she had done it for a joke, and she turned round and threw water in the faces of her pursuers.

OLD FAVORITES.

My Ain Country.

I am far from my home, an' I'm weary afeenwiles,
For the langel-fors bringin' an' my father's welcome smiles
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een do see
The golden gates o' heaven, an' my ain country.

The earth is flecked w' flowers, many-tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdsie warble libbly, for my father made them see;
But these sights an' these sounds will be naething to me
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain country.

I've His gude word o' promise, that some gladmornin' day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished man will bring
Wi' 'em an' w' hearts rinnin' o'er, we shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain country.

My ains ha' been moony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er remembered mair,
Mie bluid had made me white, His hand shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me home at last to my ain country.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest;
I wad fain be gangin' noo to my father's house at last,
For he gath'ers in His bosom wileless, worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them himself to His ain country.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll surely come again;
He'll keep his trust w' me, at what hour I duna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready ay to be
To gang at any moment to my ain country.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my home as I wait,
For the sonnin' o' His footie's this side the golden gate;
God gie His love to like an' wha' listens noo to me,
That we may gang in gladness to our ain country.

—Mary Lee Demarest.

Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tale that to us were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have rovd,
Let me believe that you love as you lov'd,
Long long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long long ago, long long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long long ago, long long ago.

Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praise I heard,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long long ago, long long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long long ago, long long ago;
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still as I was accents I listen with pride,
Long long ago, long ago.

The "Lounge Game."

The "lounge game" has been played at least once in Brooklyn and twice in New York; perhaps oftener, but these are the only cases the police have heard of. The mode of operation is like this: A wagon drives up to a house, and one of the two men in charge rings the door bell and says:

"We have a sofa here bought by Mr. A., who ordered it sent up."

"But Mr. A. has ordered no sofa," the lady of the house responds. "There is some mistake."

"Not a bit of it; he bought it and paid for it, and all we can do is to leave it."

The lady is not convinced, but she is asked to pay nothing, can make no reasonable demand, so in comes the lounge, that is usually taken to a second floor. In a couple of hours, back come the men. All a mistake; was meant for another man of the same name at the other end of the town. The furniture is placed again in the wagon, and carried away. Some time later the lady of the house misses her jewelry and other small valuables. She cannot imagine where they have gone to. The men with the wagon know. There was a hollow place in the lounge, large enough to hold a small man, and store away a lot of clothing, knick-knacks and jewelry. The goods had gone away with the lounge.

Overreached.

"Yes, Merchant's scheme was to display his goods in his window with a lot of mirrors back of them, so that all the women passing would be sure to stop and look in."

"Pretty foxy idea, eh?"

"Yes, but it failed. None of the women looked at anything but the mirrors."—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Fruit Trees in Germany.

A census has recently been taken of Germany's fruit trees. There are 800 fruit trees to every square mile of territory in the German Empire, in the following proportions: Apples, 352; pears, 251; pear, 119; and cherry, 104. There are about three trees to every inhabitant.

Grass Houses in Oklahoma.

Among the most interesting features of Southern Oklahoma are the remains of the grass houses formerly built by the Wichita Indians, who, to a certain extent, keep their novel mode of architecture to the present day.

Gossip never dies; people are still gossiping about Lord Byron and his wife, although they never lived in this country, and have been dead a great many years.