

Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & BROWN, Pubs.

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

My boy, can you bound Venezuela without once looking at the map?

Many a man is considered a hopeless fool on account of his hopefulness.

Watch for another outbreak of lawlessness if Virginia enacts an anti-killing law.

There are plenty of actors who act like actors, too few who act like real human beings.

A box train has been formed by California teams. This is the most stinging cut of all.

There are only a few who stick up out of the great common herd, but they usually bear the brunt of the battle.

A man who has four wives has been placed in jail. We should think he would prefer to remain there permanently.

There was a time when European nations didn't consider it necessary to come in bunches when they had a crow to pick with an American country.

In view of the quality and quantity of gratitude shown by Cuba we will not be in a hurry to go to the assistance of small nations that get into trouble.

New York is to have a thirty-story hotel. The hotel chambers should be located on the top floor in order to lead realism to the state of the loving couples who think they are in heaven.

Yosemite has had 104 wars in seventy years. The number would undoubtedly have been larger if it had not been for rain and darkness and other circumstances that were beyond human control.

"It seems a pity," said Archbishop Ryan, recently, in private conversation, "that religion, religion, should ever separate Protestants and Catholics in their works of great reforms or philanthropy." A pity, indeed, and quite unnecessary!

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who died in London recently, was one of the few preachers with an international fame. Those who seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth are usually more widely known than those who proclaim the gospel of peace.

The Orange Indians have invested \$5,000,000 in the States bank and own 1,500,000 acres of land. Each brave, squaw and papoose in the tribe possesses land to the value of \$4,000, and the interest on their money in the bank affords an annual income of \$300 to each member. That's great. Henceforth better call them O'Sageas.

Cable-makers have to apply practically the principle involved in the line, "The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb." They make a submarine telegraphic cable two or three times as large near the shore, where it is subject to wave-action, as the part which is to lie on the bottom of the deep sea. They have also learned from experience that the way to make a cable wear well is to give it the support of the ocean bed, instead of festooning it from peak to peak of the submarine mountains.

Americans will hardly be able to repress a smile at the mere comment of an English tailor—one of the men who came over with Alfred Mosely to study American labor conditions. "We did not find as much shoddy as we expected," he says. "The tailoring establishments in this country are up to date and the material is good, as is also the workmanship." All the best wools of certain kinds of cloth, Great Britain and Germany still lead; but as a whole, American wools of to-day are as attractive in design, as honestly made and as durable as those which are imported.

The Sufi-Adder of St. Augustine who stopped one ear with his tail and pressed the other into the dust might take note in tactics from his up-to-date namesake. Eleven men recently made a three hours' trip in the new submarine torpedo boat; they traveled fifteen miles an hour, eighteen feet under the water, without once coming to the surface. The captain steered by the compass and timed the turns of the boat by his watch. The Adder was deaf to all noise but its own electric motor, and blind to objects ten feet away in the green water. It could come to the surface, however, at any moment, to hear, see, and do deadly work with its arms. Two of the seven submarine torpedo boats, nearing completion, will probably be assigned for the defense of Washington, Annapolis, Baltimore and neighboring seaports.

The American farmer is known the world over. Our farm lands are the best and so are our farmers. For about a decade before the civil war, about three-quarters of the American people supported themselves directly by agriculture. Statistics show that now only one-half of the population of the United States earns its livelihood by this method. The Buffalo Times remarks further: Fifty years ago there were not a million wage-earners employed by American manufacturers. Today, six times that number are so employed, while the 18,000,000 farmers of 1850 have increased to 40,000,000. This is a great increase, but it is not in proportion with the increase in other callings. The increase in farm products in the last half century has about kept pace with the increase of farmers—less than three-fold. In 1850 the value of the farm products of the country was estimated at \$1,000,000,000, as against \$4,740,000,000 last year. The increase in manufacturing products has been far greater in proportion—frags one billion to thirteen billion dollars. For all that, it is the

American farmer who is the mainstay of the nation. While supporting one-half the people he supplies two-thirds of our exports, which, in the last four years, were valued at \$6,700,000,000, more than \$4,250,000,000 of which was contributed by the farms of the country. And yet there are hundreds and thousands of gaunt, idle men who continue to hang around the industrial centers, adding to the distress of the community, and deliberately ignoring the most healthy, the most prosperous and the most independent calling of all—that of the American farmer.

Stim up all there is in the world, and among it all can be found nothing that bespeaks better for a boy than the kiss he gives his mother. A Chicago judge is somewhat of this same opinion. He judged two boys less from the evidence given by witnesses than from the evidence presented by themselves in their treatment of their mothers in court. One boy whom the judge decided must go to the reformatory, tenderly kissed his mother goodbye, slinking his own misfortune in sympathy with the sorrow of his mother. The judge looked on and instantly decided that there was enough good in that boy to enable him and his mother to work out his salvation. At the same moment, another boy, whom the same judge had announced would probably go free, glanced meanly at his mother, who sat weeping, and started to walk out. That boy will go to the reformatory.

We hear much of the redemption by chance at crucial moments. It was then that all the elements in one's character become stimulated to the highest tension and the resultant act indicates the real character. The kiss of his mother had become one of the most important things in that boy's life. When the crisis came he turned to him as his last refuge. Memories of lullabies, of midnight vigils, of toil and worry and sacrifice and unwavering devotion came upon that boy's mind and heart and soul in a flood. He could no more resist that inclination to kiss his hand and succeed so signally, have also lived a long life. The great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score.

The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the actively and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health of both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

PROGRESS OF A CENTURY IN THIS COUNTRY.

A correspondent of the New York Sun presents a graphic picture in figures of the country's progress during the century, which reads almost like a fairy tale.

Foreign commerce, exports and imports	
1800	100,000,000
1802	22,000,000,000
Internal commerce of the United States	
1800	\$ 2,000,000,000
1802	23,000,000,000
Exports of the United States	
1800	\$ 70,000,000
1802	1,840,000,000
Imports of the United States	
1800	\$ 91,000,000
1802	\$850,000,000
Value of things in the United States	
1850	\$ 7,135,000,000
1862	\$100,000,000,000
Steam railways, miles, of the United States	
1850	23
1862	2,200,000
Newspapers and periodicals of the United States	
1810	259
1862	22,000
Factories of the United States	
1850	123,025
1862	525,000
Immigration to the United States	
1820	8,285
1862	509,000
Factory wage earners of the United States	
1850	957,000
1862	6,750,000
Factory wages paid in the United States	
1850	\$ 230,000,000
1862	2,750,000,000
Factory product in the United States	
1850	\$ 1,019,000,000
1862	14,000,000,000
Individual deposits in national banks	
1870	\$ 507,000,000
1892	3,000,000,000
Value of farms and farm property	
1850	\$ 3,967,000,000
1892	21,600,000,000
Pensions paid by the United States	
1890	\$ 64,131
1902	138,000,000
Public school teachers' salaries	
1870	\$ 88,000,000
1902	137,000,000
Commercial failures in the United States	
1890	3,676
1902	11,600

These show only threefold increase, while population shows a sixteenfold increase, and the total business increase, direct and indirect, is beyond computation. This shows American commercial honesty as well as American commercial prosperity.

Seeing Through a Telephone. A French inventor has communicated to the Academie des Sciences a process by which, he asserts, the features of a person telephoning can be conveyed through the instrument to the person with whom he is communicating.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Snobs of Washington.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the snobs to the population varies directly with the youth and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of these men have started the destiny-shaping by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to make honorable living with her own hands. On Earl Fitzsimons, the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,900,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "dogged does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large.

But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that those men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. The great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score.

How to Become Rich.

AN analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over \$100,000 each. Among them figure the \$2,900,000 of Earl Fitzsimons; the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,900,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the actively and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health of both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

Do Not Talk Too Much.

BALTTNESS of speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without lying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience.

The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. Pit a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

nent in possession of all he knows and gets nothing in exchange. The talker proceeds in the dark while the silent man finds his way made clear. The talker is forever making trouble for himself and others. He cannot keep a secret and he seldom can tell the exact truth.

But the habit of keeping one's counsel is sometimes carried to ridiculous extremes. There are men so reticent that they will not tell anything at all and will give an evasive reply if one asks them the time of day. Men of this class think themselves shy, whereas in reality they are mere fools. There is a time to speak as well as a time to hold one's peace.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Courtesy in Business.

COURTESY in business has been called the "oil on the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy loads of trade." But it is more than those. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage.

It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these only related expressions of the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

The Span of Life.

IT seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something more while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing the long-lived, indolent, beautifully relaxed, nervous country African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.8. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "an other thing coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

High Prices.

IT is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so significant, it would be to read that high prices are good for some of the people. It would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in those are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed incomes come from their property. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—such as beef and coal and milk and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equitable increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

His Test of the Artist.

Would-be Purchaser Made Suggestions Concerning a Painting. There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederic Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—when, in fact, the artist was pretty hard up—that a man wearing a great fur-lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a West-erner, and a man of wealth.

"Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions, and I think I would like to own one."

Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?" "Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead."

"Well," said the would-be purchaser, "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting. Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days.

Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape, it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work.

About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost to his door, and there stood the stranger in the fur-lined overcoat. Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there.

A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

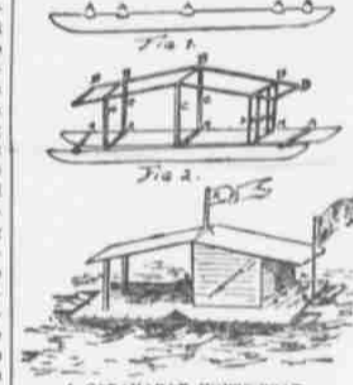
It Will Afford Much Pleasure to the Average Youth.

Boys love the water, and if such a thing is possible they will spend many of their happiest hours upon its shores or riding upon its surface.

What boy has not built himself a raft? Here is something that should afford much pleasure to the average youth, whether or not he is able to possess a boat. It is called the catamaran house-boat, and is intended to serve a manifold purpose, it being adaptable alike as a craft almost as rapid as a row-boat, a raft, a floating camp, summer fishing house and many other things that will at once present themselves to a bright-minded boy.

Among its many advantages are the facts that it is perfectly safe from overturning, that it will not crush in when struck over so violently by anything found upon the water, that it may be propelled much more easily than a raft; indeed, with almost as little effort as a boat, and that it is an ideal attraction for boys, whether used stationary, propelled about lakes, ponds and rivers, used as an aquatic playhouse, a summer camp, a rainy day fishing house or any other pleasant use to which it may be put. Another of its advantages is that its cost need not be great, although it may be made very expensive. Having possessed the proud privilege once of being a boy himself, the writer is aware that the average boy is never overstocked with money. Hence the question of cost is a momentous one.

To build one of these houseboats it is first necessary to secure two logs. Logs being round should be used in preference to square beams, although the latter will answer. They should be fifteen or more feet in length and quite round, otherwise they will water-rot. First round and point each end, as in



A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

Fig. 1, then with a saw, hammer and chisel, which are about all the tools needed, cut out resting places for the cross pieces, as indicated at A in Fig. 1. When this is done, make your cross pieces, which will be five in number, four feet in length. The cross pieces and frame pieces should be two by two or two by four-inch lumber. If possible, make the cross pieces of two by four and the framework of two by two. As the roof and floor of your craft is to be more than four feet in width, much care should be exercised in putting up the framework. The general idea of this may be secured from Fig. 2. The pieces marked with the letter A are the cross pieces already referred to, and should be four feet in length. The pieces marked "B" should be six feet in length. Those marked "C" should be eight feet, while those pieces marked "D" should be six feet. The length of the side roof pieces should be designated, as they depend upon the length of the logs, but if the logs were fifteen feet long the side pieces of the roof should be about seven feet. As timbers "B" are two feet longer than timbers "A," it will be seen that timbers "C" and "D" will not join timbers "B" at the ends, but will be a foot from them upon each side. Board over the logs, as in Fig. 3. Let the flooring boards protrude a foot on each side over the logs, and your floor will then be, like your roof, six feet wide. After you have put in the floor, which greatly strengthens your craft, you should, if you have not already done so, float your catamaran, as it will soon be far too heavy to move.

For the roof you may use boards running lengthwise. If you cannot secure such long boards, fasten them on crosswise, and cover the whole with tarred or builders' paper, secured with laths. Of course, it may be shingled, or good canvas may be used for a covering. Cover to one-half of your framework, as in Fig. 3. The middle end of your little cabin may be left open, with heavy draperies or curtains, or it may be boarded up and a door put in, as in the rear end in Fig. 3. The builder may put in windows in the sides if he desires. Make a rudder for the stern. Nearly in the center of this now nearly completed catamaran houseboat place blocks for your oarlocks. Have them about two feet above the floor. Being so wide apart, two may row to advantage. Make a rack upon each side of your little house for your oars and secure a long pole, which you may keep upon the roof or upon the floor, as one often prefers to "pole" his craft. A short staff for a pennant or flag may be added. Upon the prominent timbers, as a name may be inscribed, as the catamaran in the pictures carries the initials "A. B." A little trapdoor in the center of the floor will be found convenient for hand line fishing, to shield one from the sun in the day, or to keep off the dampness at night if pout fishing.

The boy who owns one of these crafts may add to its furnishings as he is able from time to time. A little stove, some folding bunk, a folding table, cupboards and shelves will be the first thought of. The open covered space will also be thought large enough for a hammock, and small seats may be built wherever convenient.

If good-sized logs are used the craft should support four boys conveniently, and with the resources generally available to the average boy, nearly all the lumber may be procured without cost. If you cannot at first afford oars, a pole may be used, and good substitutes for oars may be made from boards. The labor of building is really very small, compared with the good results, and it will be found cheaper and better for pure enjoyment than any of the boats of which plans have so often been published.—Montreal Star.

OLD FAVORITES

Seven Times One. There's no dew left on the daisies and clover.

There's no rain left in heaven; I've said my "seven times" over and over— Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter; My birthday losses are done; The lambs play always—they know no better; They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing, And shining so round and low, You are bright 'ah, bright! but your light is fading; You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven, That God has hidden your face? I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven, And shine again in your place.

O velvet heel! you're a dusty fellow— You've powdered your legs with gold. O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper, When I take you to my dear old home; O Cuckoo-pit! tell me the purple clapper That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it, I will not steal them away; I am old you may trust me, I am old you may trust me, I am old you may trust me, I am old you may trust me.

Nearer Home. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me as I sit here; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night, Is the silent, unknown stream, That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps, Come to the dread abyss; Closer Death to my lips, Presses the awful chiasm.

O, if my mortal fate, Have almost gained the brink; If it be I am nearer home, Even today than I think!

Father, perfect my trust, Let my spirit feel death That her feet are firmly set! On the rock of a living faith!—Phoebe Cary.

TWO SECRETS.

Heartbreaking Little Story of Two Devoted Old People. "How's business, Eben?"

"The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work. "Fine, Martha, fine!"

"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment; when he did his voice shook a bit. "The store's never been the same since you left, Martha."

A faint little flush came into Martha's withered cheek. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store; then Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong—never be partner in their happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one forenoon. "If I take it real care, I can get down there; that's so, Eben! I'd scold, but he'll be tickled none so to death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins, and shoe-laces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Martha clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian man fluttered on the awning. Then Martha understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shouldn't know that I know." "That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked, cheerfully, the old question: "How's business?" "Better'n ever, Martha!" answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.

Ethics of a Kiss. A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it and the old man has to buy it. The lady's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope, and to an old maid, charity.—Baltimore American.

Omnia Responsibility in China. Chinese officials are held to be guilty before the Son of Heaven for floods, droughts, famines, fires and other natural calamities.

A bonfer is never able to realize that a busy man has anything to do.