

The Bossier Banner.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

WHAT to buy for Christmas is an important question just now, but where to get the money to buy it with is still more so.

"I like cures like," quoth Bibulus athirst, "Each second glass must surely cure the first."

Alas, he placed his count, and, sad to see, The drinks came out uneven—so did he!

PROCTOR, the astronomer, who is only 39 years old, already has 11 children with a very promising future yet to hear from. It is hardly surprising that he should take such an interest in "Other Worlds than Ours." The earth is a little planet, and there's such a thing as crowding it.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A LADY in Connecticut not long since visited her brother who resides in a distant city, taking her little daughter with her. Fatigued with the long ride, the child was impatient to retire in the early evening. "You must wait till your uncle prays." "I didn't know that uncle prayed; I thought he was a plumber."

WHILE a woman was getting off of a Madison Street car yesterday her foot slipped and she, her baby, and her shopping basket precipitated to the ground beneath the very hoofs of two "bus-horses." The spectators were thrilled with horror for a moment, but the woman scrambled to her feet unhurt ere they could dart to her assistance, and shrieked in an agonizing tone: "O, mercy me, my dress! Where's my other brown paper parcel? Is the baby hurt?"

In the office of one of the hotels the other day a man spit a great deal of tobacco juice around and had a great deal to say about his voyage to Europe last year. He used many oaths, made himself disagreeably familiar to all, and finally stepped on a little man's corns and bluntly asked: "Did you ever go to Europe?" "No, sir, I never did," was the reply. "I have had all I could do to stay at home and learn manners!"

There was lots of silence around there after that.—*Delroit Free Press.*

UNCLE DICK, a Vicksburg negro 50 years old, with three marriageable daughters kicking their heels under the dinner table, leaned over his gate last night, and remarked: "You see, Mister Cosgrove, doze ar' gurls hez had forty chances to marry, but de ole man hain't no fool. Lots o' young niggers cums spoonin' around heah, wid lard on dere wool an' new paper collars on, but dey hain't got no stamps. It would only be takin' anodder bo' der. Dere's heaps o' poor trash 'round, Mister Cosgrove, and doze gals hez got to be married by weddin' day hez."

On the slush, the beautiful slush, slipping about with an unctuous gush, yielding and soft to the hurrying feet that soggle about in it, out on the street—clumping and thumping about in the mud, and once in a while coming down with a thud. Splashing the people from ankle to crown, and frequently helping a man to sit down right on the sidewalk, before the whole town (there is no valid reason under the sun why people should think it such terrible fun to see a poor fellow go down with a run). Sticking to every thing, outdoor and in; quite oleaginous grey but thin. No other nuisance is half so pronounced, and if we don't swear to that, may we be bounced.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Prince of Wales at Cairo—Illumination of the Great Pyramid.

Writing of the Prince of Wales's visit to Cairo on his way to India, a correspondent of the London Times says: A sumptuous dinner was provided in the chhat or kiosque that was built for the convenience of the Empress of the French at the time of her visit. After dinner came the event of the evening—the illumination of the Great Pyramid.

It was a bold undertaking—the lighting up of a pyramidal mass 460 feet high, presenting two sides, each 730 feet long, and broken into constantly recurring shadows by over 200 courses of stone, each forming a ledge or platform round the pyramid. However, complete success rewarded the courage of the two Pashas. First Bengal fires were set at short intervals round the Pyramid were lighted, and each stone shone out as clear as day. Rockets, Roman candles, and other more complicated fireworks filled the air with many colors. Then lights of all imaginable colors, which had been placed on every course of stone and up each angle of the Pyramid, were so simultaneously that the blaze seemed to run up the vast mass and in a moment envelop it in one great blaze of variegated fire, while magnesian wire shone out bright and clear from the apex. Every sort of firework cracked and blazed and made cascades of colored lights in the heavens. The sight was marvelous. The Pashas and his suite expressed themselves as greatly pleased. But still more emphatic was the sum of approbation from hundreds of Bedouins who were squatted about like statues in white drapery on the sand.

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Soon all was gray and cold again, and the desert and Pyramids and the lonely sad-eyed Sphinx were left behind in the gloom, while the royal party galloped off to their palace to dress for a special representation at the opera house given by the French theatrical company lately arrived in Cairo for the winter season. The play was "Les Trente Millions de Gladiator." A bad plot was relieved by sparkling dialogue and excellent acting. A very pretty ballet followed, in which a great hit was made when the troop formed themselves in a pyramid at the front of the stage, and the two premieres danseuses crowned the pile, holding side by side two shields, bearing one the arms of England, the other the arms of Egypt. This brought down the house, which was crammed, and nobody applauded more than his Royal Highness himself.

The next morning (Tuesday) was spent quietly, without either ceremony or formal pleasure-making, and the Prince passed the morning at the palace. In the afternoon the Khedive called for his Royal Highness, and drove with him to the station, where the Egyptian princes and ministers and the leading members of the English colony were assembled to see the last of the royal party and wish them God-speed. The platform was guarded by a long double line of infantry, whose physique and drill would have pleased even an English recruiting sergeant. Their bayonets flashed in the sun and the band struck up "God Save the Queen" as the Khedive and his royal guests drove up to the station, followed by the English suite. Carpets were laid up to where the train stood. The train was composed of a large saloon carriage, consisting of two ordinary first-class saloon carriages, divided one from the other by an open, terracelike space, whereon were placed arm-chairs, so that the royal party might see the country, and two other carriages for the attendants and baggage. The Khedive brought the Prince to the train, and, shaking him by the hand, wished him a very happy journey. The Prince then shook hands with the ministers and Egyptian princes, with a pleasant word to each. The Khedive shook hands with all the suite. All were on board, including General Stanton and Nubar Pasha, who went as far as Suez with the Prince. The Prince stood, hat in hand, bowing to his host; the train whistled and moved on; and then the Khedive, giving to friendship more than etiquette demanded, ran forward, and while the train was in motion gave the Prince a last shake of the hand, and the royal party disappeared with an English cheer and the music of "God Save the Queen" ringing in their ears.

The Southern Californian says: W. W. Hudson, of Fort Tejon, tells a good story of the grizzlies that infest the mountains overlooking our valley.

Not long ago, while he had a large lot of mules in charge in the mountains, he had in his employ an Irishman who had never had an opportunity of staring at a bear, and whose anxiety lest he should be called upon to look one square in the face kept him whistling whenever he walked away from camp. One evening, near dusk, when they started to surround the mules, passing through a grove of low oaks, where the young cubs spent most of their time in the trees knocking off acorns, Hudson saw a large grizzly and immediately started for a tree. The Irishman, who was nearest the bear, did not see her so soon, but when she came up on her hind feet she looked to be sixteen feet high, and Pat's hair rose in proportion. He jumped about eight feet, which carried away his hat, and started with lightning speed for the nearest tree. As he caught hold of the low branches, down came a young bear plump on his haunches within a few feet of Pat. He dropped from the limb and started for the next tree, which he had no sooner reached than down came another cub with a thud on the ground, and away went Pat again, his hair on end, crying out, "Howly Moses, it's rainin' grizzlies!"

He went to the top of the tree before he stopped and as soon as he could get breath began to look around for his companion. Seeing nothing of him, he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, they've got him; just swallowed him like a huckleberry!"

The old she bear walked under the tree and cast a look of pity toward Pat. "Oh, Lord!" said he, "one is enough for ye to-night, and don't be looking up here. Go and take care of your family. I can't bear to have any thing to do with ye." To his great relief, the bear walked away, his companion descended cautiously to the ground and called to Pat, who crawled out of his tree and embraced his companion as if he had come out of his grave.

A WOMAN of Lansing, Iowa, has been sent to jail, in default of payment of a fine of \$25 and costs, on a charge of malicious mischief. Her peculiar vanity consisted in enveloping herself in a sheet and playing ghost.

Col. Stevens, an officer with much experience of savage life, was employed on the plains, as Government engineer, to build a number of stone houses for the Indian chiefs. These tenements are designed as baits to catch their tribes. In six months all his tenements were gone, sold to the white men for a few kegs of whisky. One big chief, Long Antelope, kept his house, and Stevens rode to see this chief, as being a man of higher hope than others of his race. He found Long Antelope smoking in a tent pitched near the window of his house. "Why living in a tent, Long Antelope, when you have a good house?" Long Antelope smiled. "House good for pony, no good for warrior—ugh." Stevens went in, and found Long Antelope's pony stalled in the dining-room. "A house," says Stevens, "is too much for a full-blood Indian's brain. The only notion you can get into such a fellow's head is that to settle down means to wrap his shoulders in a warm blanket instead of in a skin, to loaf about the agency instead of going out to hunt, and to spend his time in smoking and drinking instead of taking scalps."

At Norwich, Conn., the other day, a tramp was given an old vest. He soon returned with a five-dollar bill he said he found in one of the pockets. The gentleman of the house was so well pleased with his honesty that he gave him a dollar, and the next day discovered that the bill was a wretchedly executed counterfeit.

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HOME INTERESTS.

TO STUFF A FILLET OF VEAL.—Take a slice or two of the fillet and a few slices of pork, chop these very fine, add sweet herbs, pepper and salt; if the pork does not make it soft enough, moisten it with an egg.

CHICKEN CELERY.—Boil 2 chickens; when cold, take the meat from the bones, chop it fine with the yolks of nine eggs boiled hard, two heads of celery chopped, add sweet oil, mustard, cayenne, a little salt; mix it well together.

CHOCOLATE FOR THE SICK.—When an invalid uses chocolate it should be made in the ordinary way and then suffered to stand until cold. The oily part collected on the surface should be taken off. Then boil the liquid again, and sugar and milk as usual.

GOOD ROLLS.—2 quarts of flour, and of sugar, lard and yeast half a cup each. A pint of boiled milk. In winter make up at night; in summer, in the morning. At noon roll it out, cut with a goblet and roll up; let them rise till tea time. Put a good many in the pan so they will not spread.

BOILED CABBAGE SALAD.—Boil a Savoy cabbage until tender; then drain and chop it. Serve with a salad dressing made out of 2 hard-boiled eggs mashed very fine, 3 teaspoonfuls of thick, sour cream, 1 teaspoonful of mixed mustard, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir till perfectly smooth and turn over the cabbage.

POTTED MEATS.—It sometimes happens to the ladies, from some unforeseen circumstances, that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps, remain on hand, which are measureably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone and chop fine, and season high with salt and pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider and Worcestershire sauce; or melted butter, according to the kind of meat or to suit your own taste. Then pack it tight into a stone jar, and cover with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep months and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the table.

THE QUEEN OF ALL PUDDINGS.—Soak a teacup of tapioca and a teaspoonful of salt in 3 tumblerfuls of warm (not hot) water for an hour or two, till softened. Take away the skin and cores of apples without dividing them, put them in the dish with sugar in the holes, and spice if the apples are without flavor, not otherwise. Add a cup of water, and bake till the apples are softened, turning them to prevent drying, and then pour over the tapioca, and bake a long time, till all looks a brownish yellow. Eat with a hard sauce. Do not fail to bake a long time. This can be extensively varied by mixing chopped apples, or quinces, or oranges, or peaches, or any kind of berries, with the tapioca; and then sugar must be added according to the acid of the fruit, though some would prefer it omitted when the sauce is used. The beauty may be increased by a cover of sugar beaten into the white of eggs, and then turned to a yellow in the oven. Several such puddings can be made at once, kept in a cool place, and, when wanted, warmed over; many relish it better when very cold. Sago can be used instead of tapioca.

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is talk of building an opera-house in Paris with a seating capacity of 15,000, admission to which is to be only two francs.

A NEWSPAPER letter-writer comments upon the skill and popularity of the men milliners in Boston. That city, he says, is also well supplied with men dressmakers.

REV. MR. CHANDLER, who has just returned from India, says the women of that country build all the railroads, and carry the dirt from the grades and to the hills in baskets on their heads.

A PLUCKY lady in Burlington, Iowa, compelled three loafers, who insulted her on the street, the other evening, to beg for mercy at the muzzle of a revolver. The revolver was a door-key.

EX-GOV. CLIFFORD, President of the Boston and Providence Railroad Company, has requested the Directors to cut down his salary one-half rather than reduce the pay of the employees.

SALLY WETHERBEE, who recently died at Harvard, Mass., on the edge of 100 years of age, passed the last two years of her life in knitting a pair of white stockings for each of her living descendants, who were more than fifty in number.

At Moulton, Appanoose County, Iowa, lives a man named Singly, 104 years old, healthy and strong, walking easily three to five miles at a stretch. Last week he married Widow McLaughlin, 80 years of age, and the twain are renewing their youth.

A FIRE broke out in the school at Holland, Mich., the other day, during school-hours. About 90 scholars were in the building at the time, but owing to the presence of mind of Miss Allen, the teacher, they were dismissed without accident.

THE oldest lady in California, probably, is Dona Lulalie Guillen, who is now supposed to be 140 years of age, who recently removed to the San Jose Valley, near Pomona, for her health. It is thought that the Pomona climate will enable her to live to a good old age.

There is at Winston, Ala., an aged couple, Buckner Walker and his wife Selva, the former being 104 and the latter 103 years old. The man runs a flour mill and the wife does her own cooking. They have 102 living descendants; 12 children, 62 grand-children and 28 great-grand-children.

MARSHALL COUNTY, Iowa, is defendant in an action brought in the name of Samuel Strickler, 1 year old, by his next friend, for damages sustained in ventre sa mere (before birth), by his mother falling through a broken bridge, the result of which was scrotal hernia—a permanent disability.

THE Farmers' Union Road of Iowa is now completed five miles out from Liscomb, and is laid with wooden rails made of hard maple set into the ties, which are notched to receive them, and made fast by wooden keys. The rails are about four by six inches, and are spliced with a lap joint, held fast by two bolts.

THE West-End Passenger Railway Company is making a circuit of the Centennial buildings and grounds with a double narrow-gauge railroad track, which already extends along Belmont Avenue for half a mile, and upon which it is expected several dummies will be kept busy drawing car-loads of visitors from building to building.

WOMEN are beginning to obtain new privileges in Minnesota. At the late election, a large majority was given for a constitutional amendment, providing that any woman of twenty-one years of age and older may vote at any election for officers of schools, or on any measures relating to schools, or may be eligible to any office, pertaining to the management of schools.

THE Mayor of New York City has a salary of \$12,000 per year; which is more than the combined salaries of the Governors of nine States, namely: Connecticut, \$2,000; Delaware, \$1,333; Illinois, \$1,500; Michigan, \$1,500; Nebraska, 1,000; New Hampshire, \$1,000; Oregon, \$1,500; Rhode Island, \$1,000; Vermont, \$1,000; total of nine States, \$11,833. This is \$2,000 a year more than is paid to the Governor of New York.

FEMALE members of the histrionic profession in Germany will hereafter be compelled to curb their propensity for low-necks, pull-backs, striped stockings, and other extravagances of dress on the stage. The Berlin critics, wholly insensible to the value of these adjuncts to high art, and having, it may be supposed, an intense antipathy to gorgeous millinery, have succeeded in procuring an order from the Government directed against both the dry-goods and the no-goods drama in Berlin.

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tezuma Mexico has not enjoyed such general quiet and prosperity. Railroads have been constructed, highways repaired, marshes and lakes drained, canals dug, and manufactures encouraged. A railroad is opening rapid transit between the city of Mexico and some of the most populous towns and districts of the valley. It is purely a Mexican affair, and built with the proceeds of a lottery, combined with the contributions of stockholders. The street car lines of the city of Mexico are also in a prosperous condition, and the visitor can ride on a tramway to the famed tree of the "Noche Triste," where Cortez three hundred years ago wept as the remnant of his defeated forces filed sorrowfully before him.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS at one time thought himself near enough to the Presidency to promise his friends offices. A correspondent of the Chicago Times gives an account of a dinner where there was a generous distribution of this kind. When the list had been nearly exhausted Mr. Douglas noticed that one of the guests, Beverly Tucker, had not asked for an office. Turning to him he requested him to state what position he desired. The man replied he had no wish for office, but only a request to make, which he disclosed as follows: "It is simple. I have a Christian name. My mother baptized me Beverly. Some call me 'Rev.' Now, when you are elected President, I want you upon every occasion when we meet in public to say: 'Halloa, Bev., is that you? How are you, old fellow?' I want you to slap me on the shoulder, and talk with me confidentially. If you will always treat me like that when we meet, I will ask no more."

Tax stupidity of the old colonial who went to the mill with his bag of wheat on one side of his horse, and a large stone on the other to balance it, is only equaled by the prevalent absurdity known as the wheelbarrow. It is balanced so as to bring the load on the shoulders, but, nevertheless, the whole civilized world as patiently submits to it as though it were a necessary tooth-ache. It is a good deal worse than tax on tea. The Chinese have out-Yankeeed the Yankee on wheelbarrows. There is but one wheel, like Leonardo's, but it is large and is placed in the center of the load so that gravity furnishes its own shoulders. In Shanghai, thousands of these are seen on the streets—sort of wheelbarrow express-wagons or hacks, the usual load being two persons resting one arm on a frame that covers the wheel and sitting on a platform on either side. A stalwart coolie will take four men on his barrow without unusual effort. It is enough to make the Yankee pull his thin whiskers half out to see a Chinese farmer rolling along a live fat hog to the slaughter-house, without the everlasting draw on his patience, ingenuity and classic vocabulary.

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