

The Bossier Banner.

Established July 2, 1859.]

W. H. SCANLAND, Proprietor.

\$2.00 per Annum.

VOLUME 17.

BELLEVUE, LA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1878.

NUMBER 21.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember a long day past,
When we roamed alone through a wind-
filled wood,
And came to a ledge of rock at last,
Where with hands clasped close we silent
stood?
We heard the murmur of shining streams,
The whisper of leaves that swayed above,
And over our souls swept the golden dreams,
That came with the dawn of love.

Do you remember the sigh that stirred
The bending grass in the rising breeze,
That sprang us the note of a distant bird,
And wild, weird murmurs from far off seas?
The bird's call came like a happy song,
And we gave no heed to the sea's sad tone,
For fear is forgotten, and hope is strong,
With love's great gladness known.

Do you remember? Will you forget?
These words are common and quickly said;
But they will be treasured when eyes are
wet

With the tears of those who mourn us dead,
Not dead, but sleeping; we can not die;
Our souls are deathless by love's sweet
grace;
And wherever God's glorious kingdoms lie,
There I shall see your face.
—Thomas S. Collier, in *Sunday Afternoon for July*.

THAT BOY.

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tip—well, at midnight, I'm tempted to say—
Anyway, hours before break of day;
Waking the house with the fearsome "dong-
yong"

Ho can evolve from that old Chinese gong.
"Oh day most unmerciful!" frantic, I cry,
"Th' 'tis that boy! And it's Fourth of July!"

Fliz! zipp! Che-bang!! ere one catches one's
breath—
"Good senses! Must I be frightened to
death?"

Tip—rat-at-tat-rat-a-plan-plan!!
Three packs of "pop crackers" under a pan—
"What will the neighbors think?" wildly I
cry.

"Think it's that boy keeping Fourth of July."
Mercy upon us! There goes that old life.
Never did see such a boy in my life.

"Yankee Doodle!" him! Hark to those
cheers!
Bless me! a body can't hear her own ears.
"Harry! come here to me," shrilly I cry,
"I'll teach you how to keep Fourth of July."

Where is my slipper? I'll stop this, some-
thing!

Think I'll put up with such a row-de-dow-
dow?
There he goes, roaring "The Red, White and
Blue."

My! if I only could find that old shoe!
Crack! crack! Ker pop!! Faint with terror
Ten!

"There! I am killed with this Fourth of July."
"Just a torpedo I've crushed with my heel?"
"No need to stamp so hard?" Much you can
feel

For a weak woman's nerves harrowed up in
this way.

I do suppose you'll enjoy this all day.
A-a-h! what a smell! I shall stifle and die
yet, with that boy and his Fourth of July.

All the long day goes with clatter and bang;
Night falls, but only to treble the clang.
Somewhere, towards midnight, that boy bed-
ward comes.

Blistered and burned as to fingers and
thumbs!
Yet, ere he "drops off," perversely he cries,
"Wish all the days could be Fourth of July!"
—Mary E. C. Wypell, in *Youth's Companion*.

WIDDER PLIN'.

A Yankee Character Sketch.

When Pliny Fowler departed from
"this here world o' mis'ry and wicked-
ness," as he called it, he left behind
him two—treasures shall we say? Cer-
tainly one was such, while the other—
his own words shall tell the tale: "The
pesky critter's a reg'lar drive." But the
pride of his heart was a magnificent
piece of meadow-land averaging three
tons of grass to the acre. He regretted
that he could not take it with him to
that bourne from which no traveler re-
turns, and sorely begrudged it to the
"pesky critter" into whose hands it
would surely fall, there being no one
else to whom he could leave it. But
there was no help for it, so one day, af-
ter a few weeks of sickness, he dreamily
watched the flies buzzing about the
room for an hour or two, and then
stopped breathing, his wife meanwhile
doing up the "front room" lace curtains,
which were the pride of her heart, that
they might be "spic-span clean fur the
funeral, seein' they'd hev ter be one."

When she went into the bedroom to see
if he wanted any thing, and found him
dead, she started a little, muttering:
"Well, I snumb for 't, ef he ain't gone!"

Then she went to the pantry, and took
two large old-fashioned coppers from the
tea-cup kept for "emptins pennies,"
and remarking to herself that she'd
"ben a savin' on 'em fur a week back
a purpose," she carried them to the
bed and placed them on her husband's
eyelids. When that had been accom-
plished to her liking, she straightened
the limbs, smoothed the bed-clothes,
looked carefully under the bed and the
"bawler" to see that the cat was not
there, shut the doors quietly, and went
for some of the neighbors to help "lay
out the corpse."

After the funeral was over, Widder
Plin', as she began to be called, lived
tranquilly for a time undisturbed except
by the calls of the village gossips. She
vigorously superintended the harvesting
of the customary grass crop, and was
much pleased to see that it was even
larger than usual. Her "garden sass"
thrived under her treatment, and the
potato crop was by far the best of any
one's in the neighborhood.

"Good reason for 't, too," sneered her
next door neighbor, "P'tater-bugs
kinder saour on hers' you might say.
Won't stay nigh her."

Widder Plin' wasn't a vixen, if she

did have the credit of it. She had a
"dredful fac'ly fur drivin'" as her hus-
band had been wont to say. He was a
weak, shiftless sort of man, and shift-
lessness was unpardonable in her eyes.
From the first she had taken the man-
aging of things into her own hands,
and had tossed him—at least so it
seemed to his eventually addled brain—
"from pillar to post," till he died from
sheer inability to keep up with her Yan-
kee quickstep. It did not make much
difference with her after six weeks or so.
Indeed, she seemed to feel it a relief that
she had not "thet weak critter to yank
'round 'n time to git the farm work
done same time other folks done
their'n." But she still "drove" from
force of habit, and it was well that she
did, for there was a good deal of land
to look after; and she not only kept it
going, but perceptibly improved it in
two years' time. Then people began to
forget their pity for her depressed-look-
ing husband, and "Widder Plin's fac'ly-
ty," and "Widder Plin's gret medder,"
were the frequent topics of conversa-
tion for miles around.

Let us not omit one item. Widder
Plin' and all her neighbors were a
fish-eating community. They lived
near a river which supplied them with
shad, the year round. In the fishing
season, scores of barrels of salted shad
were stored in the cellars of the villag-
ers, and came again into daylight, noth-
ing but bones. It was rumored that the
curious accent of the people was caused
by talking while eating fish. It was
customary to put the piece of fish in at
the right side of the mouth, while from
the left side issued a stream of well
cleaned bones. Certain it is, that un-
less one closes the right corner of the
mouth when talking, he can not suc-
cessfully imitate their peculiar pronun-
ciation.

The fame of Widder Plin' spread far
and wide, and suitors, with speculative
glances toward the "gret medder," at-
tempted an awkward wooing. She treat-
ed them to fried shad, which specula-
tors from hill towns unsuccessfully tried
to dispose of as rapidly as their hostess,
and to rhubarb pies, which one discom-
fited wooer declared tasted "more like
slabs of slippery el-lum and cinnamon
bark than it did like rewbub." After a
while it came to be a saying that Wid-
der Plin' tested her wooers with fried
shad, and played "with them according
to the time they spent 'a-gormin'." If
they choked with the bones, they were
summarily dismissed, the widow saying
to her bosom friend, the dressmaker,
that she "didn't want no 't shad throw-
ed up over her floor."

The country store for men, and the
village dressmaker's for women, have
equal attractions. At the store the men
smoke and drool political opinions; and
at the dressmaker's, the women ascer-
tain who is having new dresses, and
why they have them, and give their
opinion as to whether Mrs. So-and-so
has any business to get a brand new "al-
packy" when she has two calicoes a year
beside the "bumbazeen" her mother-in-
law left.

Widder Plin' and the village dress-
maker were bosom cronies. Whatever
happened in town was known there, till
finally the men folks began to drop in
now and then for a talk, especially those
of the villagers who had an eye for the
widow, who frequently ran in for a chat.
"Mornin', Lois," said the widow one
day, as she walked unceremoniously in-
to the dressmaker's sitting-room.

"Mornin', widder. Set down."

"Thought I'd run in a few minutes.
Jes' give me a thread an' needle an' I'll
baste while I talk. That's right. Well!
Sent Hosy Noble a kittin' las' night."

Miss Lois laughed. "You be the
beatinest! Why didn't you take up with
him? He's good's any on 'em."

"So he is. But I didn't want ter hev
ter be a gee-havin' on him f'rever, a
gittin' on him ter do any thing. I kin
do well enough alone. I kin hoe my
row with any man."

"So I've heered ye say. But you'll
git took up one o' these days, mos' like-
ly."

"He'll git his match, I guess. But
I've ben a thinkin' o' suthin'. The next
stranger that comes I'm goin' ter tell
him he's mistook the name, an' sen' him
over here. You're thrifty 'nuff to suit
any man, an' got a snug little piece o'
prop'ty."

"I don't want 'em, widder. Keep
'em ter yerself. I seen a man years ago
that I stick by yet, though he's dead an'
gone. I don't want any pokin' 'round
my house, old's I be neow. Here comes
Calup Button. He was in yesterday a
lookin' for ye."

"Sneakin' critter! He knows he
dessent set foot onter my premises," she
muttered, as he entered. He was the
first admirer to whom she had given the
mittin, after her husband's death.

"Heow be ye, widder? Heow d'ye
dew, Miss Frisbee?" remarked Caleb,
lumbering into the room, without the
ceremony of knocking. "Don't git up.
I kin wait on myself. Still workin' on
Miss Gaylord's gownd, I see. Be yew a
'prenticing tew Miss Frisbee, widder?
'Pears t'me yew know enough neow,
'thout takin' up a new trade."

"Oh yis, I know enough!" nodding
her head sagaciously.

"That medder land o' yourn's look-
in' putty good," he remarked, some-
what at a loss for a subject.

"Must a ben out o' yer road to find
that out."

Caleb's few acres were at some dis-
tance from the widow's farm.

"Oh, I'm sayin' what other folks say."

"Pears to me, I'd try to hev an idee
o' my own, sometimes," returned the
widow, sharply.

"Pears to me yer kinder spunky to-
day, aint ye?" inquired Caleb, blandly.

"But I've got some news fur ye. They's
a minister from Ballville a comin'
to see ye. He's heered on ye, an' yer
faculty fur pushin' things, an' he thinks
ye'll drive things in that parish; so he's
a comin'." Caleb had no objections to
any one "courtin'" the woman he had
courted himself. He understood that she
would not take him, so that was the end
of it. But he was anxious to see her safely
married to somebody, for he had no faith
in women being able to manage their own
affairs without the aid of a man.

"A minister?" snuffed the widow.

"Um! Well! I guess he won't tarry
long. Ef I be a church member, ef there
is one thing that I despise, it's a minis-
ter fur week days. They don't know
no more 'bout feedin' stock than they
dew 'bout feedin' cannibals. Ez fur
gittin' in crops, they're generally so
nigh-sighted they can't tell a wheelbar-
rer from a hay-rick, though I think
more'n likely, it's nuthin' but ignorance
ails 'em. So he thinks I'll drive things
in his parish, does he? Well! I will!
I'll drive him in 't, an' my dog efter him.
I guess he won't want me in long w'the
dog."

"He's a widderer," went on Caleb,
when he had stopped laughin' at Wid-
der Plin's threat.

"Oh! he is! I want ter know ef he
is!"

"Yes. An' he's got a growed up son,
an' some little prop'ty uv his own."

"O! I want ter know! An' so he
sent word aroun' beforehand' that he was
a-comin'! Well! we'll see!"

The next night the minister put in
an appearance and Widder Plin' was prin-
cipally gracious to him in spite of herself,
for in her early days she had been taught
that unbought respect and awe was
due to a minister. But it was a stiff, un-
comfortable visit, nevertheless. It was
over at last, and after saying the cus-
tomary "Call again!" she slammed the
door together and bolted it, muttering
"Miserable hypocrite thet I be! I wish
to the land he'd break his pesky neck
'fore he gets home. To come a jedgin'
on me ez ef I was a beef critter!"

The next call was in the forenoon, and
when the time came to prepare the dinner
for the hired man, she said, "Yew kin
either set by yerself here, or yew kin go
out an' look at the critters, till dinner's
ready."

The latter was an opportunity of
which he gladly availed himself, and al-
though the widow called ministers
"nigh-sighted" and "ignerant" concern-
ing farm matters, this specimen
was an exception to the rule. He was
so pleased with his survey that he men-
tally rehearsed the "soft sauder" cal-
culated to win the widow, with her encum-
brance—though, perhaps he thought of
it as the *farm* and its encumbrance.

Meantime, as the widow was getting
the dinner, she nodded her head with a
snap now and then and sometimes mut-
tered: "S'pose he's seein' how he'll
like it." "Come this time o' day to see
how I cook!" or "I will gin him fish;
see ef thet'll fetch him."

The minister had a good deal to say
at the dinner-table about the widow's lot
being cast in pleasant places, and her
"goodly heritage," and he could dis-
tance her in eating fish, both in rapidity
and quantity. Widder Plin' began to
lose her respect for ministers.

The next call was just before supper
time, and he brought a "bunch o' po-
sies"—a peony and a spray of "matri-
mony" blossoms. He also had matri-
mony in his buttonhole.

"The land sakes!" exclaimed the
widow as she watched him hitch his
horse. "I dew believe they ain't no fule
like an old one."

He was very lover-like that evening,
and kept hitching his chair closer to
hers till, as she told Miss Frisbee the
next day, she could almost scratch his
face, putting the yarn over the needle of
her knitting.

When on the way to her house for the
fourth visit, Parson Ludlow resolved to
put the final question that night. She
was just what he wanted—thrifty and
economical, a good worker, and a good
cook, tidy, a small feeder, and rich.
Again he wore matrimony in his button-
hole, and this time it meant business.

The evening wore away, and the wid-
ow, who was vigorously mending meal-
sacks, had foiled every attempt of his
to allure the conversation into the by-
paths of tenderness. He had gradually
hitched his chair so near that at last
she burst out: "For land sakes, don't
set so close! I'll jab ye in the face with
this here needle, fust thing ye know."
He seized her admission of his posi-

tion with the agility of a lawyer, and
said, drawing still closer: "Widow, it
is a pleasant place. I've been coming
here off and on for quite a spell, and it's
about time we should come to an under-
standing."

"Well!" said the widow, slowly bit-
ting off her thread and folding her work.
"I think it's 'bout time we come to an
understandin', too. I've been a think-
in' so ever sense ye began ter come."

This is the account she gave Miss
Frisbee the next morning:—

"Then that there fule Ludelow want-
ed me ter go ter Ballville an' keep his
house for nothin'! Ter go ter Ballville
an' not get a cent fur workin' all the
rest o' my life! An' I sez to him, sez I
'Ballville be darned! I won't do it!'
sez I, 'Mr. Ludelow, yew kin go hum
ter Ballville an' stay ter Ballville, till ye
kin find some fule woman ter keep yer
house fur nuthin', I won't.' He want-
ed me not only ter dew his work, but
take care o' that son o' hisn that want's
a slice o' my prop'ty. No! An' the
son's older than I be. Then I pinted
tew his hat an' told him he'd better git
back ter Ballville 'fore 'twas time ter un-
chain my dog fur the night, ur he'd hev
ter spend suthin' gittin' his trouzies
mended, seein' he hedn't no woman
'bout his house to work for nothin'.
An' he went! The idee o' these here
men thinkin' wimmin'll jump at the
chance ter catch hold o' their coat-tails
an' be drug home across lots! While I
hev my senses I'll take care o' myself,
an' when I lose 'em I kin go to the
poor-house. But I won't hev no man."
—Springfield Republican.

A Strange Death from Apparent Hydro-
phobia.

The Paris correspondent of the Lon-
don *News* says: A frightful death, at-
tributed, and prima facie rightly, to hy-
drophobia, has befallen a young, amia-
ble and accomplished gentleman, who
seemed entering on life with the world
at his feet. M. Cheri Montigny, son
of M. Montigny, manager of the Gym-
nase Theater, and the incomparable
actress, Rose Cheri, who, 21
years ago, sacrificed her own life and
saved that of her infant by sucking his
neck when he was attacked with croup,
has died in terrible agony after the bite
of a dog. He lived with his father in a
handsome villa with a large garden, at
No. 75 Rue de la Pompe, Passy. A play
of his, "Une Innocente," was in the
bills for performance this week. M.
Montigny, 70 years old, was about to
make over the theater to him. A fort-
night ago M. Cheri Montigny, coming
home late, received, as usual, a deep-
mouthed welcome from two pet dogs in
the coach-yard, one a Danish coach-
dog, the other a large terrier. He was
wont to encourage them to bark and
jump upon him. On this occasion the
terrier, pushing his caresses only a lit-
tle farther than usual, slightly bit his
nose. He perceived a little blood, and,
on going to bed, wiped his face, and
thought no more of it. Next morning
it was ascertained that the dog had bit-
ten several other dogs, and he was
taken to a veterinary surgeon, who did not
suspect hydrophobia, but reported his
death, which took place in three days,
from internal inflammation. M. Cheri
Montigny became uneasy. He conceal-
ed the matter from his father, but
bought several medical books, and
awaited with anxiety the fifteenth day,
when he read that hydrophobia would
declare itself. Last Wednesday he
dined with Mme. Judie, looked well and
gay, spoke of the dog biting him, but
showed no uneasiness. On Thursday
he went to the review, and returned with
headache and fever. Next day he was
treated for sunstroke, but on Saturday
he said he knew that he was going mad,
asked an old servant to kiss him for the
last time, begged to have a straight
waistcoat put on, that he might harm
no one, and died soon after in terrible
contortions. It is very remarkable that
he had no symptom of illness before the
review, and the question arises whether
his imagination, acting on a brain dis-
ordered by sunstroke, did not make him
fancy he had the hydrophobia. There
is no report of mad dogs at Passy, and
nothing is said about the Danish com-
panion of the terrier. The *France*, in-
deed, reports that a groom, who was
also bitten, is at death's door, but this
is not confirmed by the latest papers.

THE Duke of St. Albans, hereditary
grand falconer of England, is a great
goose-breeder and employs a large num-
ber of goshers to tend the birds on his
estates. He recently presided at the
payment of his laborers, and when
Simon Bluff, a boy of 10 years, was
called up to receive his week's wages of
18 pence as gosherd, he refused to take
the money. On being asked the reason
for refusing, he replied, "Why, 'cause
all the geese on Monday morning fied
away, and how could I take money for
looking arter birds when there was no
birds to look arter?" This reply so im-
pressed the Duke that he at once sent in
his resignation as a sinecurist falconer,
even refusing to take the current quar-
ter's salary.

PITH AND POINT.

THE hen was the first to set the ex-
ample of laying up something for a
rainy day.

If Noah counted all the animals that
went into the ark, weren't they certain-
ly of Noah count.

If heat is a mode of motion, why
doesn't Mr. Edison invent a machine to
utilize this heat by turning it into about
a thousand million quintillian horse-
power?"—*Graphic*.

MAN spends about half his time in
searching for the road to happiness, and
when he finds it it proves to be of the
corduroy variety, and terribly out of re-
pair.

THERE may be nothing in a name, but
initials are ominous. The initials of
Mr. Dodd, of Iowa, are D. A. D., and
his wife has just presented him with a
twenty-second little Dodd.

A FARMER in Warren County writes
to us inquiring what he should get for
kicking cows. You ought to get five
years in the Penitentiary if you kick
them every milking time.—*Saturday
Night*.

WHEN a bridegroom finds all the
clothes he owns in the world hung one
over the other on a hook behind the
pantry-door, he realizes for the first time
that the honeymoon is over.—*And-
reus's Bazar*.

WHEN young people play croquet in
the dark it is hard to tell whether it is
a light tap of the mallet or a heavy con-
cussion of the lips that comes hurting on
the evening stillness.—*Rochester Ex-
press*.

"WHY," asks a housewife, "does
pork shrink in the cooking?" Woman,
avaunt! We are too busy trying to find
out why it shrinks in the smoke-house
to answer such a trivial question.—*Keo-
kuk Constitution*.

"PA, did you ever see the axis of the
earth?" "No, my son." "Why, pa,
ain't the axes we chop wood with the
axes of the earth?" "Smart boy! Did
you hatchet out of your own head?"—
Breakfast Table.

"WERE you ever shot?" asked the
old lady, dusting her glasses and taking
a good look at the soldier. "No, I
never was exactly," said the boozey war-
rior, "but I've been half shot a good
many times."—*Breakfast Table*.

An editor is described as a man who
is liable to errors in grammar, tooth-
ache, typographical errors and lapses
of memory, and has several thousand
people watching to catch him tripping—
a man of sorrow and acquainted with
grief, poorly clad, poorly estimated,
yet envied by some of the great men he
has made.

A BASE-BALL nine made up of Chi-
nese lads who are getting their educa-
tion in this country played a match at
Hartford, Conn., last Thursday. The
following were the names of the players,
with their positions: Chung, catcher;
Kee Yung, short stop; Tsai, first base;
Siang, pitcher; Wong, right field;
Kwang, left field; Chin, third base;
Cheong, second base; Woo, center field.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* proves
that death by hanging is painless. That
would be well enough if the hanging
could strike a man like lightning, be-
fore he knew it was coming. It is stand-
ing there waiting for the thing to come
to a focus that makes it unpleasant.
That is, we suppose so. Ours has been
a very quiet, uneventful life; we were
never hanged, and in fact haven't had
much exciting experience of any kind.
—*Hawkeye*.

A Successful Ruse.

A "malingerer" in the British ser-
vice is one who pretends to be sick to
escape duty or punishment, and a very
good specimen was developed recently
in the Wiltshire assizes. Charles Neale
had stolen a horse, and a long term of
penal servitude was in prospect. The
next morning after his arrest, Neale was
found on the floor unable to move, and
he said that he had injured his spine by
a fall. Nine weeks on the savory and
nutritious diet of the infirmary made
him fat and rosy, but still his spinal
paralysis continued. The helpless crim-
inal was carried into court on a pallet
and pleaded guilty, the sympathy for the
sufferer being so great that even the
Judge was moved by it to sentence him
to but 12 months' imprisonment. It
happened, after sentence had been pass-
ed, that the Deputy Governor of the
Gloucester jail, whose testimony had
been made unnecessary by the prisoner's
plea of guilty, was taken over the pris-
on by his brother officer. He saw
Neale and recognized him as an old
malingerer, but as the prison officials
would not believe that he was sham-
ing, an electric battery was called into
play. Neale bore his pain as long as he
could, but finally his leg began to twitch,
and when its full strength was turned
on he jumped up as agile as an acrobat
and walked across the prison yard to
get his clothes. His adroitness, how-
ever, had already secured him a lenient
sentence.