The Bossier Banner.

Established July 1, 1859. "A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns." Subscription, $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXXII. BENTON, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1893. NUMBER 36.

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

You won't find no man fonder much
Of music sweet than me,
The hummin' of the butterfly,
An' of the bumble-bee;
The laughter of young children,
The shout of schoolboy gay,
Is music sweet; each 'nough to chase
The blackest care away.
But there ain't no kind of music,
Quicker kin my ear unlock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock.

I love to hear the music of
The organ in the church;
An' the robin singin' sweetly
On his swayin' hazel perch;
An' the babble of the brooklet
As it ripples 'mong the trees;
'Tis sweet, angelic whispers
Of the scented evening breeze;
But, b'gosh! there ain't no music
Gives my ear a sweeter shock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock.

Oh, I tell you, when a man is
Nigh to three score years an' ten,
An' he's kept his shovel movin'
All the day 'gainst younger men;
When his poor old back is breakin',
An' his head a-whirlin' goes;
An' he feels his heart a-goin'
Downward, downward to his toes,
There's no sweeter kind of music
In all Mother Nature's stock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock.

—James Rowe, in Yankee Blade.

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IT was only the ground on which the hundred and fifty boys of Dr. Kellar's school disported themselves. But besides the boys present there were at least a hundred and fifty demons and angels of ambition, envy, loyalty, perfidy and truthfulness.

The doctor himself, in a new suit of tweed, seemed to the boys to be far more approachable here in the midst of their sports than when in academic cap and gown. He cast gloom through their ranks by stalking along with that searchlight eye of his well-turned on the discomfiture of evil doers. However, even at these gruesome times the boys admitted among themselves that Kellar was a gentleman, and that they'd rather take a hiding from him than punishment drill from a cad any day.

For they were all proud of Kellar's, loyal to the school, and ready to battle to the bitter end against any common foe who dared to asperse it in the highest degree.

A little lad of ten had just run lightheartedly on the ground when the aforesaid searchlight fell upon him, and simultaneously the head master shouted out:

"Colville two, I thought you had detention?"

Colville two, a red-headed, merry-faced boy, smiled cheerfully as if detention were a good joke to which he was well accustomed and replied with pleasant promptness:

"So I have, sir."

"Then what brings you out here?"

"I s'pose it's Satan—he's always doing it."

"Doing what?"

"Making me naughty," said Colville two with pathetically fearless frankness.

Then Kellar's little daughter went up and kissed him.

Twelve years later the battle of Tamai was being fought, and Colville two was in the thick of it. He had been slightly wounded in an attack that had been made upon McNeil's zareba a few days previously, and his colonel had mentioned him in dispatches and recommended him strongly for the "V. C." for personal gallantry.

On the strength of this Lieut. Colville had written to the girl he was engaged to, who was at Cairo with her mother, telling that he would not wait to marry her a day after he got his company.

"I've always been a lucky fellow, tho' I've been in no end of scrapes all my life," the boy wrote, "and now the crowning luck of all is that I shall win you and the Victoria cross at the same time. Heaps of fellows deserve it just as much as I do, only I happen to be in the front, you see, and was lucky enough to be able to make myself a target for the concealed enemy, who had been picking off our men like ninepins. The Arabs turned their fire on me, and our fellows were able to see where the beggars fired from. I must bear a charmed life, I think, for the ground was riddled all around me. Bob (Bob was her brother) and I fought shoulder to shoulder for hours, and we shall again many a day, I hope."

The girl who got this letter was worthy of the gallant, light-hearted boy who wrote it, and she sent him pages of such loving, proud, encouraging words as only a proud, loving woman can write.

"I wish I were your wife that I might go to the front and dress your wounds myself, my own love. Even as it is I am capable of dressing as a boy and going to the camp. I quite understand Constance de Beverley's bowing her pride and riding for three long years in Lord Marmion's train. Only, Jack, there would be no 'bowing of pride' in my case. I should be prouder than ever if I could only do something to show the whole camp, the whole world, how dearly I love my boy."

Then she went on to tell how regularly she wrote to his mother, keeping her posted up in all that Jack was doing and suffering and winning. "She is my beloved mother, and only she can fully understand how dearly I have loved you ever since that day when I went and kissed you because you said you 'S'posed it was Satan made you naughty.'"

Violet Kellar had fought a hard fight before she had gained her father consent to become engaged to penniless Jack Colville. The girl's brilliantly good looks, attractive manners and general cleverness had brought numbers of far more eligible men to her feet. But she had been faithful to her first love through it all.

"I hate poverty, but I love Jack," she would say, when her father pointed out to her how far more sensible it would be of her to marry a man who could give her a good establishment in which he could stay at home in ease with her, than to link her lot with that of a mere subaltern in a marching regiment.

"Probably after they have settled this disturbance in Egypt his regiment will be sent off to India for three or four years, and as he can't marry on his pay you will be left behind to meditate on your folly in having engaged yourself."

"I shall marry him as soon as this affair is over in Egypt, papa, and if he can't give me bread and water enough to support me I'll beg it from some one who can. I don't want a good establishment or a husband who will stay at home in ease. I want Jack, and I mean to have him!"

"The boy always got what he wanted, confound him," her father grumbled, good temperedly, and when he said that, Violet knew that her case was won.

Her mother, after the manner of mothers, sympathized with the young people's romance, and hopefully assured her that Jack would win promotion in some miraculous way without seeing much dangerous service.

So when Violet said: "Mother, dear, I don't want a swell wedding, I don't even want a wedding-dress—Jack likes me in sailor serge better than anything; but I do want to go out and be as near him as I can. Take me to Cairo, and let the chaplain marry us as soon as the fighting over," Mrs. Kellar agreed to do so, and all their acquaintances declared that the mother was as great a fool as the daughter.

Violet's letter was keeping his heart warm this day at Tamai. He was feeling unaccountably happy and light-hearted, as after a sharp tussle with half-a-dozen Arabs, three of whom he killed with his revolver, he was allowed breathing time for a few minutes, during which he cut the word "Suakim" on the little black pipe that had been his inseparable companion during the whole of the campaign.

Suddenly just as he had lighted and returned smoking it, he heard a frantic

KELLAR DASHED FORWARD AND FIRED.

shout, and glancing up he saw young Kellar dash forward and fire at some one behind him (Jack). Simultaneously he felt a sharp agonizing pain in his back, and he knew that he was struck by a poisoned spear. An Arab, who had been concealed in a bush, had crept out and stabbed him before young Kellar could intervene.

He had staggered and then fallen on his face, and they thought he was dead for a minute. But when they lifted him and were carrying him away a faint flicker of the old fun came into his fading blue eyes as he said:

"I wanted Violet and the V. C. so much. S'pose 'twas Satan— —"

Before he could finish the sentence the fading light went out, and the blue eyes closed forever in this world.

Who shall tell her? The whole regiment knew the story of Jack's love, and not a man in it but felt heartsore for the girl who had loved and been so proud of her young hero.

"It will break her heart to go to Violet with such a tale," her brother moaned. "I'd rather take a revolver and blow my own brains out than have the task."

"You shall not have it," his colonel promised. "I'll go to her myself with as bitter tidings as I've ever had to convey."

Col. Brankshome's mouth twitched, and his steady, fearless, gray eyes filled with tears as he spoke. But this was more for the fine young soldierly life which had been cut short in its glory than for the desolate girl who was left to mourn it. However, he fulfilled his task so sympathetically that Violet soon found her greatest comfort in talking of her lost lover to his gallant chief.

"Time treads on the grave of affection!" Kind, merciful Time. Two years after Jack fell at Suakin, Col. Brankshome, who had been away on leave for a month, telegraphed to the second in command of the regiment:

"My wife and I will be back tonight."

"We'll give them a grand reception—have the band to meet them, take the horses out and drag the carriage along the parade," some of the more enthusiastic of the juniors declared. But when young Kellar said:

"Better not—the bride is my sister," the regiment felt that the less demonstration they made on the occasion of her joining it the better. Jack's memory was too green with them still for them to give her anything but a silent and rather sad welcome.

HOW HE WON HER.

The Story of Sir Surgius Cobbler and His Daughter.

Sir Surgius Cobbler was a humble knight of St. Crispin.

He put his whole soul into his work, though much of it may truly be said to have been no more than half-soled.

He was a believer in the good book, too, and was content with his humble lot, knowing that in time the last shall be first.

There was no one in the world near to him save his daughter, a beautiful girl of 18, just blooming into the glory of womanhood.

She was his all.

And she was beloved of Leather, the sturdy youth who had grown up by the side of Sir Surgius and had ever assisted him in his work.

"Sir Surgius," quoth Leather one day, "I love your daughter and fain would have her for my bride."

At first Sir Surgius waxed wroth, and then he waxed a thread, and pain came where anger had been.

"Would'st take my daughter from me, sirrah?" he said, tremblingly. "She—she, who is my all?"

The old man's heart sank at the thought of losing her.

"Aye, Sir Surgius," quoth the youth, laying his hand kindly on the old knight's shoulder, "that would I, and gladly, for then your all would be my all, and with that addition, Sir Knight, I would have skill enough to do for three, whereas I now do but for one."

Sir Surgius smiled as the girl came in and stood by her lover's side.

"Take her, my lad," he said, "the sight of you two heals my grief. I trow me no finer pair was ever seen beneath this roof."

So Leather won his bride.—Detroit Free Press.

Only That.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

Is it the mad gallop of a horse as he flies from some apprehended peril, reckless of the human lives he may endanger in his wild flight?

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

Has a conflagration cut off the escape of women and children from some tenement house, and are the firemen seeking to rescue them by battering through the walls?

"Whack! Whack! Whack!"

Men stand still to listen. Women grow pale as the ominous sounds reach their ears.

"Is it the coming of a storm?" whisperingly asks a strong man.

"Is some awful disaster at hand?" asks a woman with frightened face.

"Naw!" shouts a bootblack in tones which bring a glad relief. "It's only a woman on Duffield streat a-beaten de pesky moths out of her husband's winter overcoat—see!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Got a Dinner.

"I never give nothing to tramps," said Mrs. Dusenberry to a wayfaring son of rest.

"I am very glad to hear that, madam," replied the wanderer.

Mrs. Dusenbury looked surprised, and he proceeded:

"Of course, such a youthful lady as yourself must remember very well your college days and the rule you learned there, that two negatives make an affirmative. Equally, of course, you used the two negatives purposely, being well acquainted with the rule. If you don't mind I'll sit on the cool side of the porch here while I eat. I take sugar and cream in my coffee."

Whereat the good lady went in and prepared him a hearty meal.—Town Topics.

Anecdotes of Judge Grover.

On one occasion while sitting in the court of appeals a young man was arguing a case before that august tribunal. "There is a point that I wish to particularly impress upon the court." "Where do you get your law?" asked Judge Grover. "From the court of appeals. Permit me to read a decision handed down by Judge Martin Grover." "All right," said the sturdy judge, complacently. "That is good law. Keep right on, young man."

It was related of Judge Grover by an old lawyer of Lockport that when he held circuit there he used to convene court at eight o'clock in the morning, which was not too soon for him, as several attorneys testified that they had seen him chopping wood for his landlady as early as six o'clock in the morning.—Utica Observer.

—The main reason why the boy hates the farm is because he has to work with the dullest hoe.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Statistics gathered by the German Imperial commissioner on labor show that in many parts of the empire the duration of work exceeds fifteen hours daily. In northwest Germany the percentage of work people laboring thus long is 36.8 of the whole.

—Photographing the depths of the sea has been accomplished by a French scientist, M. Boutan. Being a practiced diver, M. Boutan managed to take photographs of his surroundings when standing on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyulis-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border.

—Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

—The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which fall rapidly away, thus removing with them any particle of dust or other foreign matter which may have found entrance to the ear.

—The whaling industry has fallen off so much as to play but a small part in the world's commerce. The latest figures obtainable show the production to average between 15,000 and 20,000 tons of 252 gallons each per year. There are two kinds of whale oil, the sperm, taken from the head of the cacholot or sperm whale, and train oil, which is derived from the common whale, or as it is more commonly known, the right whale. Sperm oil is worth from $450 to $500 per ton and the ordinary train oil about $200.—Chicago Herald.

—It is reported that a large industry is being built up at Barrow, England, in the production of steel barrels for the conveyance of petroleum. The barrels are made in halves by means of compression in a mold when hot. Afterward they are welded together by means of electricity. The barrels are intended for use by the large oil carrying companies engaged in the oil trade in the east, where the temperature has a great effect on wooden casks and results in so much leakage.

—Six thousand salmon were taken in nets from the wharves at Port Angeles, Wash., by amateur and casual fishermen during one day recently. The run of salmon up the smaller streams entering the lower part of Puget Sound has been greater than ever before known. On some days the streams were quite choked, and the barbarous practice of fishing with giant powder was resorted to, until the straits became filled with dead salmon, and the attention of the state fish commission was called to the outrage, when it was promptly stopped.

—Curious resemblances in nature start with the cocoanut, in many respects like the human skull and almost a fac-simile of the monkey's. The meat of the English walnut is almost a copy of the human brain; plums and black cherries like the human eye, almonds like the human nose, and an opened oyster and shell a perfect likeness of the human ear. The shape of a man's body may be traced in the mammoth squash, the open hand in growing scrub willows and celery, the human heart in German turnips and egg plant, and dozens of the mechanical inventions of the present day to patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow, the butterfly the door hinge, the frog stool the umbrella, the duck the ship, and the fungus growth on trees the bracket.

—Among reptiles the eggs exhibit great variety. The eggs of alligators are elongated and almost cylindrical, evenly rounded at both ends, and about the size of an ordinary duck's egg. The eggs of the sea turtle are as large as a small apple, rounded, and have a flexible shell. Those of the snapping turtle are much smaller, but also rounded. Those of the terrapins and other genera are oblong, as also are those of lizards. In the common black and yellow-dotted American fresh-water terrapins, and in the painted terrapin, the eggs require four years of growth before they are laid. Take a seven-year-old turtle of this kind. It will contain only very small eggs, all of uniform size. An eight-year-old tortoise of the same kind will have two sets of eggs, one larger and one smaller. One of nine years will have three sets, the oldest set being the size of a small pea. A tortoise of ten years will have four sets of eggs, and in that year she will lay for the first time, and give birth to the most mature set.

They Were Not Voting.

Foreign Visitor—Ah, you have a beautiful country and a noble system of government—every man a freeman and all equal. What is that great crowd about that hotel? Are they voting for and against some new law?

American Citizen—N-o—ahem—a princess is stopping there.—N. Y. Weekly.

What Hurt Him.

"I don't mind de sentence dat de judge give me," said the man who was going out of the court room; "it's what he said to me."

"What was it?"

"He said dat if I kep' on I'd get ter be as tough as de p'leceeman dat 'rested me."—Washington Star.

EMERSON DEER HUNTING.

How the Great Philosopher Grew Into the Camp Life.

"The Philosophers' Camp" was a gathering of congenial spirits in the Adirondacks in 1858, among whom were Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Judge Hoar, Amos Binney and myself. It was interesting to see how Emerson grew into the camp life.

As at first he had refused to carry a rifle, and decided to take one only for uniformity, so in the early days of our forest residence he declined to take any part in the hunting or fishing; but we had not been long in the camp before he caught the temper of the occasion, and began to desire to kill his deer. Luck failed him in the drives in which he took part, the deer always coming in to some other watcher, and we decided to try night-hunting; i. e., stealing up to the deer as they browse in the pads along the shallow water, carrying in the bow of the boat a light which blinds the animal, the lantern throwing all its light forward and the hunter sitting invisible in the shadow. We took the best guide at the paddle, Emerson taking the firing-seat behind the lamp, and I in the middle with my rifle, ready in case he missed his shot.

There is something weird in silently gliding along a spectral diorama of irrecognizable landscape, with rocks and trees slipping by like phantasms; for the motion of the boat is not distinguishable, and the only sound is the occasional grating of the rushes on the bottom of the boat. It is, in fact, the most exciting form of deer hunting for certain temperaments, and the poet was strongly impressed. The practised ear of the guide soon caught the sound of the footfall of a deer making his way down to the shore, and he turned the glare of the lamp on the beach, moving directly on him till he was within twenty yards. The signal to fire was given and repeated, but Emerson could distinguish nothing. "Shoot!" finally whispered the guide in the faintest breath "Shoot!" I repeated nearer. But the deer was invisible to him, and we drifted to a boat's length from him before the animal took fright, and bolted for the woods, undisturbed by a hasty shot I sent after him, and we heard his triumphant whistle and gallop dying away in the forest depths. Emerson was stupefied. We rounded the next point and found a deer already on the feeding ground, to repeat the experience. The deer stood broadside to him, in full view, in the shallow water; but, straining his vision to the utmost, he could distinguish nothing like a deer, and when we had got so near that the same result was imminent, I fired, and the buck fell dead. "Well," said Emerson, "if that was a deer, I shall fire at the first square I see," but we saw no more that night.

Each disappointment, however, plunged him more deeply into the excitement of the chase, and he was most anxious to kill his deer before he went home, unable to resist the contagion of the passion for it. He said to me one day: "I must kill a deer before we go home, even if the guide has to hold him by the tail." At that season of the year, when the deer are in their short coat, the body sinks at once if shot in the deep water; and on overtaking the quarry in the lake, if the deerslayer was not sure of his shot, the guide used to run the boat alongside of it, and catch it by the tail, when the shot became a sure one. As we hunted only when we needed the meat, we did not risk the loss of the deer, and when a poor shot held the gun, the quarry was caught by the tail and killed in this unsportsmanlike way. That survival of the earliest passion of the primitive man, the passion of the chase, overcame even the philosophic mind of Emerson, once exposed to the original influences, and he recognized his ancestral bent. Few of us who live an active life fail to be attracted by this first of all occupations of the yet uncivilized man. Emerson never had the gratification of his desire; the deer never came to him on the drive, and his repetition of the night hunt was no more successful.—W. J. Stillman, in Century.

London's Poor Mail Facilities.

It is scarcely credible that people can be living within about forty miles of London, and yet be entirely outside the range of postal delivery. This, however, is the condition of the inhabitants of a hamlet of the town of Coggeshall, Essex, known by the inappropriate name of Blest-end. Although they are living within half a mile of three different postal districts, letters are never delivered to them, but frequently lie at the post office a week or more before they are called for. Within the last few weeks a relative of one of the inhabitants died, and information of the event was sent him by post. It did not reach its destination, however, until after the funeral. Mr. Cyril Dodd has had his attention called to the matter, and as a result of his action Sir Arthur Blackwood has promised to see whether the circumstances are such as to justify the department in establishing a postal delivery.—London Daily News.

—Too Severe a Test.—"Do you love me?" he murmured as they sat by the shore of the lake. "Passionately!" came the soft whisper as she nestled more closely to him. "Then, darling, we will be married this fall and live in an apartment in Brook—," but before he had finished, with a wild shriek the lovely girl had vanished beneath the sparkling waters.—Brooklyn Life.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Do you see any change in Little's case. He seems——" Doctor—"Can't tell yet; I only presented my bill this morning."—Inter Ocean.

—Not—"What makes Grimes shaped so like a corkscrew?" Dot—"His wife's constant twisting him around her little finger."—Vogue.

—What makes you think your son ought to go into the sugar business?" "He has a sandy complexion."—Rochester Post-Express.

—"Did you see Bill Jones in Chicago?" "No; saw a bigger Bill than him." "And who was it?" "Hotel bill."—Atlanta Constitution.

—A Harsh Sound.—Little Sister—"You are twenty-four years old, aren't you, sister?" Elder Sister—"Don't say old, Carrie. Say, of age."—Yankee Blade.

—First Fair One—"So Fred and Arthur both proposed to her! Which was the lucky one?" The Other Fair One—"I don't know yet. Fred married her."—Demorest's.

—The malleability of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as the slice of ham in a world's fair sandwich.—Kansas City Journal.

—"How much is Bloomfield worth?" "I can tell his fortune in round figures." "What are the figures?" "All ciphers."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—After the Honeymoon.—He—"Everybody says you married me for my money." She—"And everybody says that I paid an exorbitant price for it."—Boston Transcript.

—"I think baby is like mamma, don't you, George?" said the proud mother. "No; why, we've had him six weeks now, and he hasn't contradicted me once," returned George.—Harper's Bazar.

—All He Desired.—"My dear sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?" "Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero.—Detroit Free Press.

—Mrs. Kindlie—"I presume you have have rather a hard time of it?" Tramp—"Yes, mum; but every cloud has a silver lining, mum. I'm not worried to death by autograph hunters."—N. Y. Weekly.

—She (slightly tinctured with woman's rights notions)—"Do you believe in the equality of woman?" He (emphatically)—"I do not." She (drawing away from him)—"What!" He—"I believe woman to be eminently superior to man."—N. Y. Press.

—The Pitfalls of Politeness.—Mr. Phizzidore Tarara (after his song)—"I must beg of you to excuse my voice, Lady Jasmine, but I really ought not to be singing at all. Indeed, I have a doctor's certificate with me to say that I cannot sing." Hostess (gushing over with sweetness)—"I'm sure a doctor's certificate was not in the least necessary, Mr. Tarara!"—Judy.

—Wicks—"By the way, what has become of Bjackson? I haven't seen him for a good many years." Hicks—"Bjackson? Why, don't you know? He went west fifteen years ago to make a name for himself." Wick—"A name for himself, eh? And did he make it?" Hicks—"O, yes." Wicks—"what was it?" Hicks—"Dennis."—Somerville Journal.

QUESTIONS OF AMMUNITION.

Similarity Between the Wise Commander and the Provident Housewife.

It is clearly merely a truism to assert that guns, unless they have shells and powder, are of no more value to an army than market carts. To feed the voracious appetite of a great line of batteries belching forth shell and shrapnel is almost as arduous a task as to insure their accuracy of aim or their correctness of movement into position. To find them in projectiles is a part of the science of war as necessary and as difficult as to obtain food for the men or fodder for the horses.

A carefully planned and accurately-working scheme of supply has to be arranged behind the fighting line, the closest connection between consumer and producer has to be established, and the caterer of bullets is every whit as indispensable as the caterer of bread. To keep the stream of plenty flowing without check through the various channels it is necessary that officers should be familiar with their size, extent and construction, that each should have ocular demonstration of the accidents and obstacles that are sure to intervene, and practical experience of the best means of obviating or overcoming them.

The commander who directs and encourages the hot fire in front must keep a watchful eye on the ammunition columns behind, like the provident housewife who, while pressing hospitality on her guest in the dining room, does not leave the state of the larder out of her calculations.—Saturday Review.

Antiquity of Butter.

Butter, which is almost indispensable to the meal nowadays, was formerly used solely as an ointment. Herodotus, a Greek historian, is the first writer who mentions butter, B. C. 500. The Spartans treated it very much the same as we do cold cream or vaseline, and Plutarch tells how a hostess was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food. They, like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.—N. Y. Sun.