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## ROUND THE YEAR.

Oh, beautiful world of green!  
When bluebirds carol clear,  
And hills outleap,  
And new buds peep,  
And the soft sky seems more near.  
With billowy green, and leaves, what then?  
How soon we greet the red again!

Oh, radiant world of red!  
When roses blush so fair,  
And winds blow sweet,  
And lambskins bleat,  
And the bees hum here and there,  
With trill of bobolinks—Ah, then,  
Before we know, the gold again!

Oh, beautiful world of gold!  
When waving grain is ripe,  
And apples beam,  
Through the hazy gleam,  
And quails on the fence-rails pipe,  
With pattering nuts, and winds, why then,  
How swiftly falls the white again!

Oh, wonderful world of white!  
When trees are hung with lace,  
And the rough winds chide,  
And snowflakes hide  
Each bleak, unsheltered place,  
When birds and brooks are dumb, what then?  
Oh, round we go to green again!  
—George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent.

## AMY'S WEDDING GIFT.



WHEN Bert Hammond was a boy of eighteen years old his mother died. But before her death she exacted from him a promise that he considered it his sacred duty to fulfill. He was a conscientious boy and had been a good son.

"Your father," the dying woman said, "took one thousand dollars from Seth Manning, of whom you have often heard me speak. He is a hard man, treating those less fortunate than himself coldly and superciliously. But that was not the slightest excuse for your father's dishonesty. Mr. Manning never even suspected his guilt. I have tried during all the years of my widowhood to earn the stolen money and restore it. I found it utterly impossible to do so, for it took all I could earn to support myself and you in even the humblest way. But you are young and strong and brave. Bert, dear, if you want me to rest quietly in my grave, you will strive to return that money."

He made the promise without any misgivings, too young to realize how severe the task might be. He was naturally gay and happy, and what upon some shoulders would have been a very heavy burden rested lightly and easily on his. He expected to work hard and was determined to spend no more money upon himself than was absolutely necessary. He tried to find a better situation, and after a few months his perseverance was rewarded. He lived quite as simply as before, managing to save one hundred and fifty dollars or more every year.

When Bert was about twenty-one years old he was walking one day in the street, carrying a valuable vase home to its purchaser. Suddenly he heard a coarse noise and outcry, and as he turned a corner he saw a dog, his mouth covered with foam, just ready to spring upon a young girl, who stood as if paralyzed with fear. The vase was large and heavy, and without a moment's hesitation Bert threw it at the dog's head. It stunned the creature for a few moments, and before he could spring up again two policemen attacked him with their clubs and soon all danger was over. When Bert picked up his vase he saw with a sinking heart that the handle was broken. He sighed, involuntarily.

"Will you have to pay for that?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I think so," he replied, gravely.

"How much will it be?"

"Twenty-five dollars, at the very least."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed.

"You did it for me—and I am not worth it."

"You must not say that," he answered, approvingly. "What is this thing compared with the life of a human being? Think of your mother."

"I have no mother."

"Your sister, then, or brother?"

"I have neither—nor relative of any kind."

"No one?"

"No. So you see my life cannot be of much consequence, although I thank you for saving it."

"I am all alone, too," Bert said.

"We ought to be friends."

"How can we be?" she asked, sadly.

"Do I look like a rascal?" he demanded, in his brusque, impetuous way.

"No," she replied, gazing straight into the big, honest eyes. "I wish you were my brother. If you will let me help you to pay for that vase, broken on my account, I shall be very glad. I can give you ten dollars now, that I have saved."

"What were you saving it for?"

"To buy a winter cloak; but I can wear my old one."

"No, you cannot. Do you think I would deprive you of a garment you really need? Nice brother I should be!"

The acquaintance did not end here. Amy Billings painted little pictures

for an art store. They showed no great taste or talent, yet they sold, as such things do sell, in a way that seems unaccountable. Doing fancy work besides, she managed to supply her simple daily wants. The poor woman with whom she boarded took a great interest in the desolate child, befriending her in many ways.

Very soon Bert did what young men who are in no position to marry are almost certain to do. He fell in love, and with little Amy. It must have been from pure pity in the first place, for the girl was neither pretty nor especially attractive. Constant care and anxiety had taken the color from her cheek and the glad brightness from her eyes. But the expression of her face was sweet and gentle, and her smile was like sunshine, the more charming, perhaps, on account of its purity, for she was usually grave, even to sadness. Bert was always delighted if he succeeded in bringing a merry look into her face for even a moment.

"You poor little thing," he exclaimed one day. "I would like to take you in my arms and carry you off where you would always dress in satin and live on nightingale's tongues."

"You are a dear, good Bert," she said, "but I would rather have muslins to wear sometimes, and I should prefer a generous slice of roast beef to the nightingales' tongues." And it made his heart fairly dance to hear a genuine laugh ripple from her lips.

A short time after this Bert made a sudden declaration of his love, with all his natural impetuosity and eagerness. But Amy looked so astonished and startled that his conscience smote him and he cried:

"I am a brute, Amy dear, to frighten you so. You need not marry me if you do not want to. I take it all back, every bit of it."

Then, womanlike, she looked so sadly disappointed that he commenced delightedly at the very beginning and said each word over again, even more earnestly and impetuously than before. But by this time Amy had become quite reconciled to the impassioned phrases, and was neither surprised nor frightened. Indeed, she seemed to consider them very satisfactory. Of course they were engaged, and gradually the pretty color returned to the young girl's cheek and the light to her eyes. The kind widow rejoiced in these evidences of happiness, and in the prospect of a brighter future for her gentle favorite.

Yet Bert, although at times he could not resist buying a pretty, inexpensive

trinket for the girl he loved, still put aside money every year toward the debt he had solemnly promised to pay.

When he and Amy became engaged he had six hundred dollars in the bank; and soon afterward his weekly salary was raised from twelve to fifteen dollars. Amy clapped her hands in delight when she heard the welcome news, but she would not listen to Bert's proposal that they should be married right away.

"No, no!" she said. "You must pay that debt before we can think of marriage. Your mother would not smile upon me from above if I consented to add another burden to the one you already have to bear."

"You would not be a burden, Amy," he cried. "You are the dearest, sweetest—"

He finished the sentence in the way that is usually very convincing. It did not convince little Amy, however, for she could be very firm at times.

It took more than a year to make up the necessary amount, but oh, how happy they were when it was accomplished!

"Now your mother will smile in heaven," Amy said, tenderly, to her lover.

"And I have taught you, my darling," he replied, "to smile on earth."

That was, indeed, the truth, for she looked very little like the pale, sad Amy he had first seen. Her face was round, her cheeks brightly tinted and her eyes sparkled with health and happiness. No medicine in the world could ever have effected what love had so easily and naturally done.

When Robert was shown one morning into Mr. Manning's office, the grim lawyer's greeting was an encouraging one.

"Well, young man," he demanded, "do you want anything? Speak quick, as my time is valuable."

"Perhaps you remember Evans Hammond," Bert said.

"Yes, what of him? Speak—why don't you speak?" he asked impatiently, as the young fellow hesitated.

"You never knew, I believe," Bert said at last, "that my father, sorely

tempted, took a thousand dollars from you."

"I always thought him a fool, but I never suspected that he was a knave also."

"My mother did not betray him, but she made me promise to return the whole sum, and there it is," Bert said, as he placed a roll of bills on the lawyer's desk.

The old man raised his head slowly and scrutinized his visitor's face for some time.

"Where did you get that money?" he finally asked.

"I have been saving it ever since I was eighteen years old, and I am now twenty-five."

"Then all I have to say is that you are a fine fellow—worth a dozen of your father. I should be glad to shake hands with you, for I can appreciate perseverance and honesty if I am an old skinflint—that is what they call me. Are you married, young man?"

"No, sir, but—"

"You want to be, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I shall not have to wait any longer now that I am relieved of this debt. Amy would not listen to anything of the kind until the money was paid. She is the best girl in the world."

Bert wondered afterward at his temerity in talking thus freely to the stern old man. But Mr. Manning's sternness seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and he listened to the lover's honest confessions with almost a smile upon his face.

When Bert was turning in order to leave, the lawyer seized the roll of bills, evidently intending at first to return the whole sum. But the innate spirit of greed was too strong for him and he hesitated. Then he nervously divided the money and thrust one-half deep into Bert's pocket, quite conscious that if he kept it one-half second longer he would make another division.

"Your Amy," he said, "deserves to be happy. Tell her that money is a wedding present; and if either of you ever want a friend, come to old Seth Manning."

Bert fairly ran to Amy with his good news.

"The old fellow is not half as bad as people say," he said to her.

"I call him munificent," she declared emphatically, as she looked at the bills in her lap.

They were soon quietly married, and no happier, merrier wife than Amy Hammond was ever seen or dreamed of.

No Course Dinner for Him.

It isn't pretty to be over inquisitive but there are occasions when human nature gets the better. The writer had a vis-a-vis at table in a Maine hotel a few days ago who in a quiet way could attract more attention than a train of cars or a circus parade. He was a thin, peevish, I'm-all-right-tend-to-your-own-business sort of a man, and this is what he did: He called for soup and ordered the rest of his dinner brought right along. Then he turned into the soup his mashed potato and other vegetables, cut up a piece of roast beef and put that in also. Finally he placed a piece of apple pie on top of the whole and thoughtfully mashed the mess together. As we looked at his moody face we concluded that he had taken umbrage at the fare and would send the curious gallantry back to the kitchen. But no, he ate it—or, at least we suppose he did. We left when he commenced.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Slight Difference.

"Now, Mrs. Husheroff," said the attorney, as the witness took the stand, "please remember that you are under oath and that what you tell must be the exact truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Yes, sir."

"You keep boarders, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"What's that? I certainly understood that you kept a boarding-house."

"That is, different, Mr. Smart. I remember that I am under oath and must speak only the exact truth. I do not keep boarders. The boarders keep me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rescue—Marriage.

"Help!"

The girl who was drowning shrieked wildly. Her voice was borne across the waves to the man on the beach.

He shook his head.

"Impossible," he answered, using his hand for a speaking trumpet. "Consider the disparity in our ages, and, besides, what would your folks say?"

Presently all was still save the murmur of the water as it rippled against the strand.—Detroit Tribune.

Gluck was the rainiest man of his time. He was once about to take a journey from Paris to a provincial town in a stage coach, but learning that the conveyance would be all night on the journey, and being fearful of taking cold, he refused to go, saying he had no right to expose the life of so great a composer to any peril whatever.

Lullu died of mortification in the foot, caused by striking his toe with a cane he was using as a baton. Very impetuous in all his actions, he could not restrain himself, even when royalty was honoring his performances, but would direct his orchestra by hand and tongue, frequently shouting to one or another member of the band.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.—J. S. Mill.

—"Er man kin run inter debt," said Uncle Eben, "but when it comes ter gittin' out he's got ter crawl."—Washington Star.

—Ethel—"He is connected with you in some way by marriage, isn't he?"

Robert—"Yes. He married my fiancée."

—Tit-Bits.

—Judge—"Can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?" Mrs. Mulcahy—"No, yer anner; not happily."—Tit-Bits.

—She—"What a lovely rose! What would you say if I asked you to give it to me?" He—"I would say—it was like your cheek!"—Tit-Bits.

—Maud—"Do you know young Go-lightly is awfully rich? Why, they say he has money to burn." Clara—"Has he? O, how I wish he'd take me for a match!"—Boston Beacon.

—"I'm married, but I think marriage is a failure." "I'm married, but I don't. Difference of opinion, eh?" "No; difference of wives, I fancy."—Raymond's Monthly.

—Landlord—"When a poor fellow without money asks for a night's lodging, I invariably take him in." Me-Caustick—"Then you treat him like a regular guest."—Raymond's Monthly.

—Mr. De Verse wrote a poem last night on "The Last Loaf of Bread" that was just beautiful. "He did? Well, he's different from the average poet. Most of them would have eaten it."—Atlanta Constitution.

—"Banks' wife is a mighty smart woman." "Remarkably intelligent." "Intelligent—why, that ain't any word for it. That woman knows almost as much as Bunkins thinks he knows."—Washington Star.

—A Natural Conclusion.—Miss Pinkerly—"If you belong to ten clubs, Mr. Tutter, I don't see how you have much time to study." Young Tutter—"What made you think that I was a student?" Miss Pinkerly—"Mr. Dashaway said you were one of the best posted men he knows."—Brooklyn Life.

—Wife—"How do you suppose the ostrich can be so silly as to stick his head in the sand and imagine that nobody could see him?" Husband—"I suppose he does not reckon on any woman being around to catch sight of the natural millinery he carries with him."—Harlem Life.

—"Great Scott! What are they applauding that fellow for? He's got a voice like a saw mill and he sings out of the side of his mouth." "Sh! They're trying to keep him on the platform till the boy they've sent after the cabbages and tin horns comes back."—Chicago Tribune.

—Not Caught.—The blithe girl laughed. "Yes," she prattled, "I met him on the street." The languid being sighed. "Did you catch his eye?" she asked. "I'll see." The laugh had died upon her lips. "—see." Hastening from the room she closely examined the prongs of her parasol.—Truth.

—"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonamore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of the lip, "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor." "What are those circumstances, Miss Merigold?" fiercely demanded the young man. "Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonamore."—Tit-Bits.

## A FAMOUS OLD CANNON.

The Remarkable Gun Once Presented to Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Bess' "Pocket Pistol," the formidable piece of brass ordnance which for generations has overlooked the channel from Dover cliffs, was lately removed from its place of honor in order to make room for a battery of modern guns, and now rests in honorable retirement in a less conspicuous part of the castle. This remarkable gun is twenty-four feet long, requires a charge of fifteen pounds of powder, and has a range, it is said, of seven or eight miles. The verity of this assertion has, however, never been ascertained. Around the tube are carved figures representing Victory and Liberty. The gun was a gift from the low countries to Queen Elizabeth in recognition of her efforts to protect them and their religion. On it is an inscription in Flemish which is popularly supposed to mean:

"Load me well and keep me clean, and I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

On which refrain was founded the common idea that the gun was able to sweep the French port which lay in front of it. This translation is, however, completely erroneous, as the words really mean:

"Or hilt and dale I can throw my ball, my name is Breaker of Mound and Wall."

The "Pocket Pistol" has long ceased to act up to its reputation, but will still be regarded as a worthy memento of the "spacious time" of Queen Elizabeth.—London Daily Telegraph.

Always on Duty.

"My boys," said a German sergeant to a squad of United States regulars, "I wish you to understand dot I am von of de pest hearted vellers in de world. Don't you pleeve dot?"

"O, yes, sir," answered the members of the squad.

"Dot's all right. I'm von of de pest hearted vellers in de world except ven I'm on duty, and ven I'm on duty I'm a beast. Isn't dot so, boys?"

"Yes," faintly replied the squad.

"Dot's all right, too. Und, now, shust remember, boys, I'm always on dutv."—Texas Siftings.

## NEITHER SEA NOR LAND.

The Wonderful Region in the Atlantic Which No Man Has Penetrated.

The surface of it seems, says the writer, like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama islands by the force of the Gulf stream. It is then swept around by the same agency into the Sargasso sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in mid-ocean. And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt at the inner parts extends to a considerable depth below the surface.

Nor is this all, for at least two-thirds of all the infinite flotam and jettam which the Gulf stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting place in the Sargasso sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon and floated down far out to sea until they were caught and swept along by the current; log-wood from Honduras, orange trees from Florida, canoes and boats from the islands, staved in, broken and bottom upward; wrecks and remains of all sorts gathered from the rich harvest of the Atlantic; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so covered with barnacles, shells and weeds that the original outline is entirely lost to view; and here and there a derelict ship transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.

It is only natural that ships should carefully avoid this marine rubbish heap, where the Atlantic shoots its refuse. It seems doubtful whether a sailing vessel would be able to cut its way into the thick network of weed even with a strong wind behind it. Besides, if the effort were rewarded with a first delusive success there would be the almost certain danger that in the calm regions of the Sargasso sea the wind would suddenly fail it altogether, leaving it locked helplessly amid the weed and the drift and wreckage, without hope of escape or rescue. With regard to a steamer, no prudent skipper is ever likely to make the attempt, for it would certainly not be long before the tangling weed would altogether choke up his screw and render it useless.

The most energetic explorer of land or sea will find himself baffled with regard to the Sargasso sea by the fact that it is neither one nor the other. It is neither solid enough to walk upon nor liquid enough to afford a passage to a boat. At the same time any one who fell into it would certainly be drowned without being able to swim for his life. Of course, it is quite conceivable that a very determined party of pioneers might cut a passage for a small boat even to the center. The work would take an immense time, however, and the channel would certainly close up behind them as they proceeded. They would have to take with them provisions for the whole voyage, and a journey over a space equaling the continent of Europe would probably require larger supplies than could be conveniently stowed away in a small boat. Besides there is no reason to suppose that the expedition would be worth the making, or that the inner recesses of the Sargasso sea would exhibit any marked differences from the outer margin. The accumulation of weed would be thicker and more entangled, and the drift and wreckage would lie more closely pressed together, but that would be all. There is no possibility of the existence of any but marine life in this strange morass, unless the sea birds have built their nests in the masts of the hall of some derelict vessel.—Chambers' Journal.

## BICYCLE BUNCOMBE.

The Machine's Various Parts Engage in a Little Repartee.

A bicycle had collided with a coal peddler's cart and lay a tangled mass of ruins upon the pavement. The various parts of the machine soon began an animated discussion as to what particular part was to blame for the disaster.

"You lost your bearings," grumbled the handle bar to the wheel.

"And you are not fit to be pedaled," retorted the wheel.

"I'm sorry I spoke," was the courteous reply.

"You two tire me to death," put in the chain.

"Well, the handle bar was trying to saddle the affair onto me," remarked the wheel, with a trifle of resentment in its tone.

"Be quiet, you rubberneck," chirped in the handle bar.

"Was your headlight?" responded the wheel, viciously.

"It may have been, but there are no wheels in it."

"May I axle little question?" meekly inquired the chain.

"I'll cog-itate upon the matter," replied the handle bar, and the stillness of the night was broken only by the wind as it whistled through the pneumatic tube.—Louisville Post.

## Unnecessary.

May Missot—Have you ever thought what you would do if you were to fall heir to a million dollars?

Doolittle Goodie—Never! If I were to fall heir to a million dollars I should engage a capable thinker.—Puck.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Work has begun under the new firman permitting the Palestine exploration fund to dig for two years at Jerusalem. Mr. Bliss starts on Zion, and will proceed toward Ophel, exploring the tract lying between the south wall of the city and the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat.

—Tobacco culture is increasing rapidly in Queensland, Australia. The crop has been found to be the most profitable one raised in the colony, the local demand from the tobacco factories sustaining good prices for the leaf. Coffee is also receiving increased attention in the colony, and many trees have been planted in the northern districts.

—According to the Glasgow Evening News it appears that the latest statistics issued by the German imperial health department give to Berlin the honor of being the healthiest city in the world. The death rate is given as only 16.3 per 1,000. The unhealthiest city is Alexandria, which, despite its unvarying fine weather, its three hundred fountains and its soft sea breezes, has a death rate of no less than 52.9 per 1,000.

—The talk about the danger of catching disease from the wine vessels used in the Protestant communion service has led a microscopist to institute an inquiry whether there is not a like danger from the use of common drinking glasses and mugs in the liquor shops. It is not at all probable that this microscopist will find what he is looking for, as the barkeepers wash every glass or mug after it has been used.

—Miss Mary Westfall, of California, during the past eight years has been gathering, classifying, and exhibiting Pacific sea mosses and algae. Here is probably the best and most beautiful collection in the world. She has made a special study of marine botany, and has arranged with exquisite skill her superb collection of more than three thousand specimens. Scientists who saw a portion of Miss Westfall's collection in the Woman's building at Chicago were enthusiastic in their praise of her work.

—Peanuts—or as they are called there, ground nuts—are largely cultivated in India, the area devoted to the crop in the presidency of Madras alone, ranging from 200,000 to 280,000 acres. The methods of cultivation are very rude and primitive. When the crop is ready for harvest from forty to eighty women are employed per acre for gathering the nuts, which they do by grubbing them out of the soil. The average crop on unirrigated land is fifty bushels per acre, on irrigated land about twice that.

—One of the latest uses of electricity is in pulling teeth. To the battery are attached three wires. Two of them have handles at the end, while a third is attached to the forceps. The patient grasps the handles, the current is turned on suddenly, and the dentist instantaneously applies the forceps to the tooth. The instant the tooth is touched, it, as well as the surrounding parts, becomes insensible to pain. A quick jerk and the patient is relieved of his tooth without pain.

—The bumblebees which were introduced into New Zealand a few years ago have become acclimatized and are spreading into neighboring colonies. They are almost the only insects that are capable of fertilizing the scarlet clover which, being of annual duration, must be fertilized every year, or else the fields must be resown with imported seed. This beautiful and valuable variety of clover gives a great quantity of nutritious fodder, and for this reason great efforts have been made to introduce the bumblebee, so that the fields may be naturally resown from plants grown upon the field.

—In his recent work, "The Great Barrier Reef of Australia," W. S. Kent states that the average annual value of the pearl-mussel fishery in that region is \$296,000. The profits of the fishery are made out of the pearl shell only; for the pearls, and often very valuable ones, too, are frequent; they are appropriated by the natives. M. Kent distinguishes two pieces of pearl shell, the large white shell, Melegrina margaritifera, and a smaller black-edged form which he names M. nigro-marginata. Mr. Kent has proved that it is possible to transplant living pearl shells. Under favorable conditions the shell is supposed to attain in three years the marketable size of eight or nine inches in diameter, and that in five years a pair of shells may weigh five or six pounds.

## The First Soda.

The good, old-fashioned drink, so la water, is said to have first been made by a man named Austin Thwaites, of Dublin, in 1800, but it has been vastly improved upon during the last thirty or forty years. In few other departments of inventive taste and skill have greater strides been made toward perfection. American ingenuity seems to lead the van in this march of improvement, for even the French, with all their skill in matters bibulous, learned something new when an enterprising Yankee set up an American "soda fountain" at the great exposition in 1867, which was a decided novelty to the Parisians and their guests, and met with a hearty welcome from all. As many as four thousand glasses were sold in one day, and the crowd that collected around the fountain was so great that they had to be formed into line by the police, and after first receiving checks, went up and took their drinks by turns.—St. Louis Republic.