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The Iowa Supreme Court has decided that stockholders of a corporation have a right to examine the records at any time.

The Bishop of Coventry, England, who recently got married, made everybody laugh on his return from his honeymoon by preaching a sermon on the topic "The Penitent's Return."

Concerning the influence of the bicycle on the muscular system, Dr. Roosevelt says in Scribner's: "Observations by experts show that it is not only the legs which are developed by wheeling. In previously sedentary persons a considerable increase in the circumference of the chest takes place, the increase often amounting to one, two, and sometimes even three inches. The arms and forearms also grow firmer, and it is said that in them also quite a marked increase in size has been seen. The muscular system everywhere in the body also improves in tone."

The islanders of Cuba and Madagascar are better defended by their epidemic maladies than by their armed forces, maintains the New York Tribune. The former are always on guard, requiring no commissariat and running up no burdensome bill of expenses. In her campaign against the Hovas, France loses five times as many soldiers by the coast fever as she loses in combat, and Spain fares similarly in her operations against the Cubans. The dragon protecting the garden of Hesperus was not so potent a defender as the islands finds in the pestilences which ride their torrid airs, raining contagion on their invaders. Both armies call for reinforcements; neither has had much success thus far, and their most potent enemy is beyond the reach of their bullets or bayonets.

The student of the world's political history will do well to keep close watch of Russia, suggests the Pathfinder. From an obscure, semi-civilized Nation she has pushed herself forward among the first-rate Powers of Europe. Within, she is undergoing an industrial transformation that few outsiders realize. Her petroleum, her wheat—these products are making her prominent in the markets of the world, and her people are on the point of waking up to their destiny. Without, she is fast taking a dominant position among the Powers of Europe and Asia. She owns all of North Asia, has under construction the greatest transcontinental railway ever attempted, has nudged China off border territory, bullied Japan out of a little well earned slice of Chinese mainland, is racing with England for the control of those keystone tablelands of Central Asia, and now wants her say in the Suez Canal. Surely, Russia has ambitions, and with cool heads to lead her she has good chances of making a broad impression on the future of Europe and of the world.

If the coming woman is not enough of an athlete, it will not be the fault of Cornell University. The trustees of that institution have just appropriated \$50,000 for an addition to the present gymnasium for women students; workmen are already laying the foundations. The work will be carried on so rapidly that when the college opens next fall Cornell will possess the largest and best equipped gymnasium exclusively for women in the world. There will be rowing machines, flying rings and trapezes, chest weights and springboards, and a huge swimming tank. When Cornell was made a co-educational institution, upon the highest portion of the campus was erected an immense building called Sage College. It was in this building the young women of Cornell were supposed to live and study, although they recited in the regular college recitation rooms with the young men students. At that time, however, there were only seventy-five or a hundred women in the university. Now there are over two hundred women in it, and nearly one-half of them live either with parents or friends in the city, or in quarters in some of the professors' houses. The new gymnasium will be for the use of the women students, although those living outside will probably not be required to take part in the prescribed exercise. The new building is 100 by fifty feet long.

HOW SHORT THE SPACE!

How short the space, how much to do,
How few and brief the days of man!
So much to learn of false and true—
And only threescore years and ten!
So little time to do things well,
So much—so very much to know;
And while we labor in our cell
The years do not forget to go.
So many things that we might learn
If only Time would stay its tide,
And once again our youth return
To keep the shadow from our side.
But, ah! what cannot be cannot,
We'll do the little that we may,
And in some Time-ignoring spot
Perhaps find what we leave to-day.
—Frank H. Sweet, in New York Observer.

HOW POLLY AND I MADE UP

POLLY and I had been quarrelling and we were both feeling rather blue and sorry about it, although both were equally determined not to make the first advances towards "making up," and as I was saying, we were both regretting the quarrel not a little.

Not that the mere fact of our quarrelling was at all surprising or unusual. We were always quarrelling. We quarrelled and differed with such frequency and ease that our wise friends were in the habit of advising us constantly and regularly to part before our wedding day made this course of action impossible or inconvenient. But this quarrel had been an exceptional one in several ways.

To begin with, I usually quarrelled with Polly. This time she had quarrelled with me. Next, I generally began by pulling some of Polly's admirers to pieces; to-day she began by scolding about an old flame of mine. And, as a culmination, I regularly got the better of even Polly's quick tongue and sharp wits and secured the last word for myself, but this time Polly had delivered the final blow with such crushing effect that I was completely silenced and could do nothing but sit baring my cane into the gravel path and biting my mustache.

We were at the park and Polly sat on one end of the painted iron seat, her head thrown back in the Gibson-girl fashion she never affects save when she is very angry, an unwanted color in her dainty oval cheek and a dangerous brightness in her large gray eyes, which were apparently studying the cloud formations in the blue sky above. Her little foot, clad in its dainty, narrow toed shoes, was tapping the ground impatiently, and she was humming a little tune all out of tune with the beating of her foot.

I knew that that tune was only being indulged in to keep herself from crying, and I was rather glad that she could not make her voice steady enough to hum "Comin' Through the Rye." I knew she wanted to do so, because that is the tune I especially dislike, but, as I said, she couldn't do it just then, and I was rather glad. So she went on humming a hymn tune, and her voice kept shaking more and more when she came to the high notes.

Now she had just told me that she hated me, and I argued the contrary from the fact that she was so near to tears, so I coughed apologetically and drew a shade nearer to her. After all, she was so clearly wrong that I could afford to be generous and speak first.

So presently I coughed again and moved up a little more. Then, as she did appear to be conscious of my existence, I coughed once more, cleared my throat and remarked: "Polly."

She made no answer, did not even turn her head, but I observed that her nostril was inflated dangerously, precisely like that of a well bred horse when much excited, and I knew that she was more angry and nearer to crying than ever. So my heart was glad and I said again: "Polly."

This time she tossed her head the least in the world, so I ventured to take her hand as I said: "Polly, won't you say you're sorry for what you said?"

She caught her hand away from mine with a pretty air of detestation and burst forth:

"Say I'm sorry that I said Maria Jones was setting her cap for you again? No, I won't; I'm glad I said it." (Terrible emphasis upon the "glad.")

Now, I hadn't meant what she said about Maria, but about hating me, but Maria is a good girl and my friend, so I took up the cudgels in her defence.

"That's a very unladylike remark," I said hotly, "and—"

"It is perfectly true," interrupted Polly, more angrily than before; "I don't care that," snapping her pretty gloved fingers, "about whether it's unladylike or not. I'll say it again. She is setting her cap at you."

She was white with anger now, and, seeing this, I grew cold, and thus had her at a disadvantage. Long experience of quarrels with Polly had taught me this, and I was base enough to be glad she was so angry. An angry woman can never argue to good effect. So now I whistled softly the tune she specially detested, and waited a moment before I spoke.

Then I said, quietly, but provokingly; "Poor Maria. It's no use her setting her cap at me now."

This shot had precisely the effect I expected. Polly's eyes fairly blazed as she turned to me, her previous remarks having been directed to the sky, and declared in an unsteady voice: "You needn't say that. I don't care whether she has you or not; I wouldn't marry you myself at any price. You're perfectly free from me."

She turned her head back again quickly, but not so quickly that I did not see the two tears which hung on her eyelashes. Polly has such long, pretty, curling eyelashes. She began to pull madly at her left glove. I knew she wanted to throw my ring at me, but her hand was warm and the glove well fitting, so she couldn't get it off before I had opened fire again.

"Maria," I said, meditatively, to the grass or the trees, or something equally impersonal, "Maria is proud. She would not allow a man to pay her attentions while people still connected his name with that of another girl."

Polly was fairly raging. At the time she and I had become engaged her people had a great deal to say about my "outrageous flirtation" with Maria Jones, and I had been obliged to do a great deal of persuading in order to convince Polly that I had meant nothing serious. Now, as I said, she was fairly raging at this mention of her tender point, and she hissed out, whirling around in her seat:

"Well, she can't allow you to pay her attentions for some time to come. Besides—"

But here I interrupted her in my turn; those tears were rolling down her cheeks now, and I thought this second quarrel had gone far enough; besides, I didn't want her to say anything more about having seen me walking with Maria while I waited for her, carrying the obnoxious parasol which had prevented Polly from recognizing us, and thus aroused her wrath.

So I broke in:

"I don't want to pay her attentions, you see. I'd rather pay them to you."

"Well, you will never have the chance to do so again," she snapped, pretending to wipe the dust from her face, but really stopping those tears from falling, "you shall never do the least thing for me again."

"Not even carry your parasol?" I asked, softly, and she grew angry again.

"Go and carry Maria's parasol!" she ejaculated, angrily; "she'll be glad enough to have you, and I can always find some one who wants to wait on me."

This was true enough, as we both knew. She had me there. Some one! Yes, indeed, plenty of them! This reflection sobered me a little (in the joy of getting the best of the quarrel I was rather losing my head), and I said again, softly:

"But I want to do things for you, Polly."

"Well, you never will again," she said, and now the tears were in her voice as well as her eyes. "You shall never do anything for me again."

She spoke more sadly than angrily now, and I felt a little sad myself.

"Never, Polly?" I remarked, gently, noticing meanwhile that she was no longer struggling with her glove.

"Never, Polly? Shall I never bring you flowers any more and never carry your gloves while you pin the flowers at your waist? Shall I never tie your veil for you after we have been at the lake together? Shall I never turn over the music while you sing me 'Sweetheart'?"

This was the song we both loved, and the mention affected Polly visibly. So I went on: "And shall I never lace your gloves for you when we are going to a party and wrap your lace scarf closer around your head and throat when we are coming back, and put on your rubbers—and—and kiss you, Polly?"

There were tears in my own eyes now, and Polly had given up all attempts at concealment and was sobbing miserably. I laid my hand on hers; she did not draw her own away. I gently squeezed her fingers; she did the same, more faintly, to mine. Then I took courage and leaned over to her, sliding along the seat in order to reach her, and put my arm around her.

"Polly," I said, possessing myself of her cobweb of a handkerchief, and wiping away the tears which were making her eyes red. "Polly, let's make up."

"And will you say you're sorry?" she whispered, burrowing her face into my coat-sleeve, and I answered very quickly:

"Yes," I said. "I'll say I'm sorry if you will, Polly."

So neither of us actually said it and ten minutes later, when we were sensible again, the young lady remarked in a breath of fervor: "Let's never quarrel any more. I'm sure," virtuously, "I never want to quarrel with you."

"Not even when you talk of poor Maria setting her cap for me?" I inquired innocently, and we very nearly quarrelled afresh.

"How unkind you are!" she said, nearly crying again, "to keep bringing that up when it's really the first time I ever started a quarrel!"

Then a bright idea came to me and I said softly: "Polly."

"Well," she said, a little ungraciously and without turning her head (we were walking now and she was a step or so in advance). "What is it?"

I stepped quickly up to her and caught her hand. "Polly," I said again, "there's only one way for us to keep from quarrelling and that's to get married right away. Then we couldn't twist one another about our old flames. Now, I personally don't care a fig about Maria Jones."

And then we came upon Maria face to face in the narrow path, and she must have heard what I said by the queer, triumphant gleam in her eyes. Polly greeted her effusively and after the greetings were over Maria remarked: "I thought I heard my name mentioned just as I turned the corner." And she looked searchingly from one to the other of us.

"Polly looked at me, so I began lamely: 'You—er—you did. You see, my dear Maria' (Polly flashed a lightning glance at me and I hastily corrected myself, 'my dear Miss Jones, Polly was just saying how much she wanted to see you again.'")

Maria evidently did not believe a word of my speech, but she said sweetly: "Oh, how nice you, Polly! I'm sure I'm glad to see you, too. What's the matter with your eyes, dear? They're so red, have you been crying? I hope," with a stern, sharp glance at me and a smile flickering about the corners of her mouth, "that you have not been vexing her."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Polly quickly and mendaciously. "I—I got a grain in my right eye and it hurt so that the other one got red out of sympathy, I suppose."

She blushed as she said this and looked so pretty that I forgave her the fib on the spot, although I hate falsity in a woman and have often told Polly so when she has told pretty little "white lies" and defended them on the ground that they are necessary to the good of society; in fact, we have quarrelled about that very point several times.

"Oh, really," said Maria, "how peculiar! And I suppose your nose is red out of sympathy, too? Well, good-by, dear, I really must go. I promised to meet Arthur Sternbrook here an hour ago and then I met you, with a pretty glance at me and a malicious one for Polly, "and I forgot all about it. You have no idea," looking full at Polly now, "what a pleasant time we had talking over our old friendship before you came into the park."

"I know," said poor Polly, bravely, although her dear little lips were quivering, "I saw you long before you saw me."

"Oh, no, dear," answered that hateful girl Maria, sweetly but positively, "that couldn't have been, for we saw you come through the gates and your face said—Well, I really must go. Good-by, good-by," and she walked off towards Arthur Sternbrook, who was just dawdling lazily towards us.

"So she really was going to meet him," said Polly, incredulously, "and she didn't just make that an excuse for her flirtation with you?"

"Flirtation, dear," I began, "can you really think that I would flirt with such a girl as Maria Jones"—(I was really angry with Maria for having behaved so meanly)—"after knowing you, darling?"

Polly smiled and I had a bad quarter of an hour with her. You see, I had so little to say, there was so little I could say after Maria had taken the wind out of my sails in that unfeeling fashion.

But presently we came upon Maria and Arthur, and they were walking very far apart and Arthur looked extremely angry about something.

Then Polly smiled wickedly and related a little, but when, an hour or so later, I left her at her own door, she said, decidedly: "I'm so glad I said that about Maria Jones, dear; she was setting her cap for you!"

And this time I made no answer whatever.—Chicago News.

A Fishing Schooner's Odd Experience.

A Maine fishing schooner had the odd and unpleasant experience last week of continually filling its nets with a kind of fish that the fishermen didn't want. They were after mackerel and ran into a school of whiting, a useless fish about two feet long. The schooner had twenty-eight drag nets out, and every one was filled almost to breaking with the thousands of whiting. It was a whole night's work to clear the nets after each haul. After getting clear of the whiting the boat caught, in the course of a whole day's fishing, twenty-five mackerel in its twenty-eight nets.—New York Sun.

Discovered the Art of Diamond Cutting

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was unknown until 1456, when it was discovered by Louis Berquet, of Bruges. In speaking of the size of diamonds the term carat is used. This is the name of a bean which was used in its drier state by the natives of Africa in weighing gold, and in India in weighing diamonds. Though the bean is not used for this purpose now, the name is retained, and the carat is nearly four grains Troy.—New York Mercury.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE WRITES A CHAPTER ON WANTON CRUELTY.

Sorry That He Once Fired Upon His Neighbor's Cow.

And the sports killed a thousand pigeons in Macon the other day. That is awful. I did not know there were such unfeeling people in this civilized country. There is nothing more harmless, nothing so happy and so beautiful as the pigeons that domesticate around our homes and seek the protecting care of mankind. I thought that this cruel sport had been abandoned and that clay pigeons were substitutes and were thrown from a trap by a spring. No wonder the good people of Macon refused to witness the unfeeling sport. It is an honor to them and it seems to me they might have found some law to prevent it. Where did they get so many pigeons? Is it possible that any gentleman who had them on his place would let his boys sell them for such a sacrifice? Just think of it! A thousand happy, innocent birds torn and mangled by shot and shell, legs broken or wings, and then dying a lingering death of pain. This thing could not have been done in Cartersville. The other day two young bucks, who are proud of their muscle, planned a boxing match to come off at the city hall and our mayor and council rose up in arms and called out the militia and beat the long roll and issued a proclamation and scared the young bucks so bad they left the town for three days. Their boxing gloves were seized as contrabands of war and have been filed away among the trophies. One of the bucks is from England and the affair may yet get up another Venezuelan complication with the Monroe doctrine attached. What right has Johnny Bull to be knocking out an American born citizen? No, we don't believe in sports that are cruel or dangerous. A man went up in a balloon here today and hung from it by his toes on a trapeze and then cut loose and came down with a parachute and everybody gazed and wondered, for it was a free show, but he ought not to have been allowed to do it, for they get killed sooner or later, and it excites a thirst for dangerous risks and an indifference to death. A man who will wantonly and foolishly put his life in hazard is a fool for want of sense and will never get to heaven, in my opinion. Many years ago I saw Blondin, a little Frenchman, who was brought over by Niblo to dance the rope at his garden show in New York. The garden wasn't big enough for his ambition and he got to walking ropes from steeples of high buildings and next over waterfalls, and last over the great chasm below Niagara falls. The last time I saw him he was walking over that chasm on a rope that was 1,300 feet long and was 150 feet above the surging waters and he had a man on his shoulders. Well, of course that was very wonderful and very perilous, but it accomplished no good to anybody and nobody would have cared if he had fallen and killed himself. "Just another fool gone," the spectators would have said. And I have known my father tell about Sam Patch, who astonished the country by jumping from top masts of vessels and from high bridges. He jumped the falls of Paterson, N. J., about 100 feet, and then the falls of Niagara and Rochester, and finally the Genesee falls, 125 feet. His body was found four months afterwards and he was pronounced a first-class fool. But still I have more respect for Blondin and Sam Patch than for any set of men who will wantonly kill a thousand pigeons just to show off their skill in shooting. It is a bad sign in a boy to be cruel. We have pigeons at our home and they give us pleasure every day and sometimes the bad boys slip around in the back alley with their sling shots and shoot them from their hiding places and we find the dead birds lying around, and it distresses my wife sorely. What makes boys do so? Why do they love to shoot the English sparrows? The girls have no such desire. They would rather caress them and nestle them in their bosoms. Man is harder hearted than woman and maybe the maternal instinct has something to do with it—the love of little helpless creatures. Maybe it is because she was the last and best of God's creations. One day I took down my gun in anger to shoot a cow that was in my cornfield. She had broken down the fence several times, but old John Allen was a good neighbor and had promised to fix his fence and didn't do it, and he was away from home a good deal, for he was a millwright. My wife begged me not to shoot his cow, but I did it, and put out one of her eyes and tore her up pretty bad. I didn't see John for some time and didn't want to. One morning he stopped at the gate and asked how we all were and talked about the rain and the weather, and after awhile remarked that he had been right busy repairing his part of that old fence, and it was all right now. "My crows will not trouble you any more, I 'ope," he said in his English brogue. Then, of course, I had

to apologize for shooting his cow and to explain how much damage she had done. "Well," said he, thoughtfully, "when I came 'ome I was very sorry for you and for the corn, but more sorry for my caw. Hit was my fault and not 'ers. I wouldn't av shot your caw, major, but hi am not complainin'." You 'av been a good nabor to me and your children 'av been kind to mine. Good mornin'. Hive broke my hooze and 'av' to get a new one."

Good old John Allan. He died the other day and Dr. Felton preached his funeral. He was a good nabor and an honest man. I am sorry that I shot his cow. He loved to talk to me about "hold h'England" and once I hurt his feelings because I seemed to doubt his word when he told me that his father used to raise eighty bushels of wheat to the acre. "Sow wheat in dust and rye in mortar," he used to say, "hand you will 'av' a good crop." He was never weaned from his love of the fatherland and was a good, loving citizen of both countries. What a beautiful trait is patriotism. An unreconstructed rebel friend told me in Florida that nothing had harmonized him since the war until he visited Europe last summer and saw the stars and stripes flying to the breeze in every foreign port, and then his old love for that banner came back again and he felt like he could shake hands and be at peace with the whole Yankee nation. I wish that I and my wife could travel abroad.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

MAST-HAULING.

People who have lived in the real country, in forest regions, know the excitement connected with "masting" and mast-hauling. All goes well for the hauling if the road be level or slightly descending, but there is "hard driving" when toiling up the steep ascent. Poor oxen! how they pant for breath when they are allowed to rest! At the highest point the master-carter calls a halt, and men are sent forward to reinspect the road.

Here danger is imminent. If it is winter heavy chains are thrown over the sled-runners, as "bridles," to arrest velocity in going down; in summer the wheels are chained to an axle-tree for the same purpose. As an additional precaution, two yoke of oxen are detached from the chain forward and connected with the rear end of the mast, to "hold back."

With great care the descent is begun, and with almost breathless interest the men watch the movements of team and mast. It success attends the effort, and the level land is reached without accident, a long pause is taken at the bottom of the hill, sometimes with refreshment for man and beast. Then the master-carter bestirs himself, and orders an advance.

"Every man to his team! Every ox to his bow!"

Now follow the robust shout of drivers, the jingling of chains, the rattle of horns. The master-carter mounts the mast and shouts:

"Are you all ready, men?"
"All ready," respond the teamsters.
"Move e-e-e!"

There came the shout of teamsters, the creak of wheels, and the caravan moves slowly forward like a conquering tyrant, crushing everything beneath its heel. For half a mile comparatively level ground is passed over, and good progress is made. The beginning of the end is reached.

"Whoa!"
Goals at rest. Oxen pant. Teamsters talk. Obstructions are dragged away. The coast is clear.
"All ready!"
"Ready!"
"Then move e-e!"
"Back, Swan! Here, Duke!"
"Ge, Buck! Here, Line!"
"Whoa! A good pull, men! Let your cattle breathe!"
"Drive on! Drive on! Hard! Hard! Har-rah!"

The air is rent with the shout of teamsters and the command of the master-carter. The great wheels groan and creak under the enormous load. The steaming oxen crinkle their tails, snort, moan and hug the bows. The crisis is passed, the hilltop reached; there are no broken chains, no person injured. All is well.

"Another strong pull coming, men. Let the critters rest a while."

"Back! Hish! Hish!"

With protruding tongues the great, meek-eyed oxen pant and heave. And so the hauling goes on, up hill and down, over bridges and gullies; a few weeks past, and the noble's mast stick, handsomely dressed, is crossing the Atlantic, to be admired by the English shipbuilders, who will gather about it with eyes strained wide and mouths ajar, at so wonderful a sight.

KIND-HEARTED PRESIDENT FAURE.

Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, has made the hearts of many of the little girls of his country beat with joy. It is one of his practical acts to devote at least two mornings a week to visiting hospitals. His visits are not of the hasty order, but much the other way, as he spends time passing through the different wards, especially among the sick children. One of his favorite questions is to ask the little unfortunates what he can do for them, and in the case of little girls the answer is invariably *une poupee* (a doll). Then with a kind-hearted smile President Faure takes out his pad and pencil and writes down the child's desire. The next morning usually finds several boxes of dolls at the hospital, all of them very handsome. It is said that his generosity has already cost him over one thousand dolls since he has occupied the Presidential chair.

JUDAS committed no greater sin than the compromising church member.