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"MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS."

When I was but a verdant youth
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate,
And none my soul so sadly tried
Or spoke such bitter things
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.
But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron-strings.

Oh, happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you mid the fairest joys
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
Oh, keep your hearts forever tied
To mother's apron-strings.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

SUGAR OR SALT.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

It was an old-fashioned house, in the suburb of an old-fashioned town. Nancy Moore stood upon the porch and watched the carriage until it disappeared around the bend near the bridge; then, turning, danced gleefully into the pleasant kitchen. "Miss Nancy Moore, Missus' for the day, if you please," she said aloud with a sweeping courtesy, though her own bright self was the only being visible. Then dropping into an easy chair, placed invitingly near an open window through which the sweet morning air came in delightful little puffs, she proceeded to plan her day's work.

"Mamma and papa are off for the day, and I may work my own sweet will while they are away. There's a rhyme to begin with, you silly thing. They will be gone until near five, and Cousin Hal is coming home with them to tea. I am to prepare that tea, or rather dinner. Let me see, what shall we have? There's beautiful bread, butter and honey for a foundation. I'll make some of those mock mince pies papa loves so dearly. Then a white cake and a cream layer, a mold of variegated apple jelly to please mamma, some lemon jelly to please Hal" (with a flush at mention of that name); "then there's potato salad, creamed potatoes, fried chicken—there—that will do, Nancy, you must remember the darling old papa is not rich."

Springing up, the happy girl took down a huge gingham apron from a convenient nail, and after donning it, rolled her sleeves above her dimpled elbows. The fire was rebuilt in the cookstove and the dampers were regulated. Then seizing a pan she ran lightly down the cellar stairs to the potato bin.

"Two cupfuls and a half of grated potato," she said, as she selected tubers, "and if I have any over I shan't put it in as I did last time. Strange how easy it is to spoil a nice dish by not following the directions implicitly."

Nancy sang merrily as she pared, washed and dried the potatoes. Then she proceeded to grate them coarsely, but unfortunately rubbed her thumb over the grater, thereby interrupting her song for a minute. But she was too happy to care for a wounded thumb and was soon warbling away in rivalry with the birds who were singing their October melodies preparatory to a fitting.

"Two cupfuls and a half of grated potato, two cupfuls of boiling water poured over them, one cupful of vinegar, one of molasses, one and a half of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one of cloves. Butter size of an egg and a cupful of raisins," she repeated aloud, as she added each ingredient in turn. "There, that's all. Now for my crust and papa's mince pies are made."

In a very short time she had four dainty-looking pies in the oven, and the savory odor they emitted when she presently opened the oven door was a wonderful imitation of the original to say the least.

While her pies were baking, she prepared her mold of variegated apple jelly by peeling and cutting up a pound of sour apples and putting them to cook in a steppan with three ounces of sugar, a cupful of water and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. When they were cooked to a pulp, she put them through a strainer and added an ounce of gelatine, which she had dissolved in a gill of water. Half of the apples she colored with a teaspoonful of cochineal, and then she filled her mold with alternate layers of the colored and uncolored fruit. When it was cold, she turned it out upon a glass dish, and it was to be served with a pint of whipped cream piled high on the center. This done, she made the cream for her layer cake. By that time the pies were done and the cake making followed.

Everybody has a favorite recipe for white cake, but perhaps Nancy's simple formula for layer cake may fill the need of some one whose papa like hers is "not rich." "One cupful of white sugar," said she aloud—somebody had talked to herself all day—"one egg, half a cupful of saleratus and one of lemon. Now just four enough for a running batter, and into the three tins you go."

Everything turned out splendidly, and Nancy felt a thrill of pardonable

pride as she surveyed her finished pies, cakes and apple jelly.

"Now for my lemon jelly," she said, after a short rest in the easy chair by the window, and a few breaths of the pure fresh air that had a hint of frost in it. "I shall be all done by twelve and can climb the hill for those autumn leaves this afternoon."

Half an hour later a row of fancy molds of golden jelly stood upon one of the wide old-fashioned window sills. A brisk and energetic war was then waged with the various articles used in baking. Of course they were speedily vanquished; and when they were all put in their places in shining cleanliness, the tired yet happy girl hung up her gingham apron and rolled down her sleeves with a sigh of relief. The chicken was in the cool cellar all ready for the frying pan, the potato salad must be prepared later on, for it could not stand too long, while it would only take a few minutes to cream the potatoes while the chicken fried.

Nancy thought of all this while setting the table. The wide kitchen was also the dining-room, but it was built before people began cutting their houses up into so many rooms. The east end with its matting covered floor, windows full of sweet smelling plants, and daintily set table with its snowy linen and shining glass, formed so pretty and inviting a picture, no one need look further.

The girl gave a sigh of satisfaction as she surveyed her finished task, then covered all with a length of netting. An hour's rest, a lunch for which she brought a good appetite, and then she set out on her search for October treasures.

She was back long before the hour of her parents' return, and when they arrived she stood at the gate to receive them. Hal Dinsley was with them, as she had expected, and he thought he had never seen so fair a picture as she presented in her soft brown dress, a spray of belated goldenrod at her throat and another in her hair.

There was a happy look in her dark eyes, and a deep flush stained her cheek as he held her hand in greeting. But somehow he did not like the "Cousin Hal," so freely bestowed. A nearer and dearer title would have been far more to his liking.

They were a little late, so made haste to prepare for the meal which Nancy said was waiting for them.

How everybody did enjoy that tea! It was not considered ill-mannered in that section, if anything was particularly good, to say so, and Nancy found herself loaded with compliments.

"Now, here's a pie a man can eat without a haunting fear of indigestion or nightmare," said Mr. Moore, as he deposited a generous triangle of the mock mince upon his plate. "You have excelled yourself, dear, they are splendid." Thus it was, with everything until the cakes were passed.

Nancy sat with downcast eyes, blushing under Hal's admiring glances, when a sudden and complete silence on the part of all caused her to look up. Mr. Moore was evidently on the verge of a fit, or making a heroic attempt to suppress a laugh. She glanced at Hal. He, too, was smiling, despite all efforts to the contrary. "My dear," said her mother in a queer voice, "where did you get the sugar for your cake?"

Nancy looked surprised. "Why, after I used what was in the bucket, I opened that paper papa brought yesterday."

"Oh, by George, I thought so," and Mr. Moore burst into a ringing peal of laughter.

Mrs. Moore could not speak, but motioned for Nancy to taste her piece of cake.

She obeyed, but the expression of disgusted amazement on her face which followed was too much for Hal, and he joined the chorus. Nancy sat a moment the picture of mortification. Her beautiful cake, which rivaled the snow in whiteness, and her cream layer of which she had been so proud, were both made of salt!

But really, it was too comical, and a moment later she was laughing as heartily as any of them.

Well, the supper was a great success, notwithstanding her awful blunder; and ere she laid her head upon her pillow that night, Cousin Hal, who really was no cousin after all, had asked her to sweeten his cakes for all his life. And she had promised to do so, provided he furnished nothing but salt.

Nancy is now mistress of a home of her own, and has become a notable housewife. But she never uses the contents of a package without being sure whether it is sugar or salt.—Good Housekeeping.

Just Like Monkeys.
The Bebozy, who occupy a densely wooded country among the hills of Bamaraha, jump from tree to tree just like monkeys, and are not easily followed, inasmuch as their territory is exceedingly rocky. They are very timid, and it is said they die of fright when captured.—N. Y. Sun.

Soleilous.
"You are late this morning," said the floor walker to the bookkeeper.
"Yes," replied the latter. "I was out last night."
"How much?" asked the floor walker, sympathetically.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The petunia takes its name from a Brazilian word signifying tobacco. This flower is allied to the tobacco family.

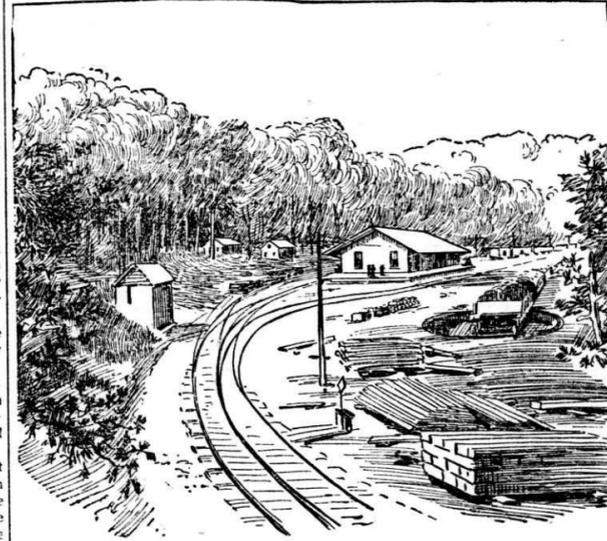
AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

What It Is Doing for the Development of Foreign Trade.

The Americanization of the West Indian Islands—Railroad Building in Jamaica—Yankee Colonists as Coffee and Fruit Planters.

[Special Kingston (Jamaica) Letter.]
So vast is the extent of the United States, so seething the vortex of home activities that claim the immediate attention of the people, that it is not to be wondered at if not only comparatively but actually few know anything at all of what is being accomplished for the spread of the country's trade abroad by those enterprising citizens who strike out in new foreign fields. And yet it is always interesting to note the progress of such enterprises.

How many people in the United States, for instance, have any conception of the extent of the American enterprise which is not only surely but swiftly converting the magnificent but neglected English island of Jamaica into a lively and thriving American colony—or at least a center of American enterprise? Nevertheless, with the single exception perhaps of the Hawaiian island, there is not another foreign country in which there are centered more important American interests. This being the case, it has occurred to me that a brief account of the



OPENING UP THE WILDERNESS.

work of Americans in Jamaica cannot but prove entertaining to readers at home.

Years ago Jamaica was a flourishing country. Two centuries ago the city of Port Royal was described as "the richest spot in the world." But time has wrought its changes. On the ruins of buccannering opulence rose the throne of the sugar king, and again, but in another way, Jamaica was prosperous. But European beet deposed the monarch of West Indian industry and Jamaica was rapidly falling into the chaos of bankruptcy.

But there were untouched resources that, hitherto unthought of, were quite able to place the island on a third and far more enduring industrial basis. The trouble was that these resources lay far away in the interior, beyond the reach of local enterprise. And it is here that the American influence came in. It would be a long story to repeat in detail—suffice it to say that some six years ago an American syndicate, incorporated in New York under the name of the West India Improvement company, with Mr. Frank Wesson at its head, took hold of the island and set about developing its latent resources.

A little local railroad about 20 miles long existed. The syndicate bought this out and set to work, as a first necessity, to extend it. The story of Mr. Wesson's enterprise would fill a large volume. The sequel is told in a few words. A month ago he had the satisfaction of completing the last section of a railroad system, some 200 miles all told, which traverses the island from side to side and end to end, centering at Kingston and tapping all of the most fertile districts. And it may be truly said that nowhere in the world can a more remarkable instance of railroad triumph be found. For the lines scale mountains, tunnel through them, traverse forests opening up the wilderness, and span torrents in a manner that is simply marvelous. And hey, presto! Jamaica is open to enterprise.

The next step will be to introduce American capitalists. This would have been already done but for the conduct of the English governor, who appears to have conceived a strong prejudice against everything American in general and Mr. Wesson's enterprise in particular. But that is merely an incident. The people of the island are all enthusiastically in favor of the introduction of American capital and enterprise, and whilst governors come and go the resources of the island and the hearts of its people remain forever.

It is the purpose of Mr. Wesson to induce colonies of American agriculturists to come down and settle in the

island, now that he has provided the means of bringing the rich and varied tropical and sub-tropical products of the interior within easy reach of the coast. And it is but a truth to say that no more promising field for such colonization could be found. However true it may be that the natural advantages of Central America are equal to those of Jamaica, it is also true that in those regions there is practically no assurance of security for vested rights or even life; whilst in Jamaica, under the British government, of course even the suggestion of any drawbacks of that sort would be the most ridiculous exhibition of ignorance. Everybody who knows anything about it knows that, in this respect, to invest and settle in Jamaica is just the same thing as to do it in the United States.

The openings for agricultural industries are sufficiently varied to offer inducements to every one, although there can be no doubt that the future of Jamaica lies in her becoming the fruit and kitchen garden of the United States. Already has American enterprise shown what can be done in the line of fruit. The Boston Fruit company has created a city at Port Antonio which was formerly but a coast hamlet, and turned the wilderness of three parishes into flourishing banana and orange walks. Twenty steamers a month cannot now handle the trade that used to be carried by six or eight steamers a year before the B. F. C. came into existence through the enterprise

of Capt. L. D. Baker. And yet the fruit industry is only in its infancy—scarcely beyond the experimental stage. It may thus be conceived what the future will bring forth when Mr. Wesson introduces his projected colonies of orange growers from Florida and California, and other agriculturists from other parts of the United States.

Whilst fruit and vegetables offer greater immediate inducements, however, it is coffee that gives the first promise of permanent investment. There are already many Americans here who have embarked in coffee culture, and their experience is most satisfactory. Coffee begins to bear at three years, and goes on bearing continuously for from 60 to 70 years. To clear the land and plant it out costs about \$45 per acre. A settler with some little capital to begin with, and keep him going for three or four years, could soon become independent by following this line of agriculture. The Americans now embarked in it began some years ago when the railroad extension commenced. Now the railroad is completed so are their first crops.

Next to coffee come tobacco, cocoa, pimento, nutmegs, ginger, and so forth, all of which are practically awaiting development. And labor is plentiful and cheap, the average price paid for a day's work being 36 cents.

Besides the work of Americans in thus carrying their enterprise into Jamaica and the other southern lands, there is, of course, the impetus that their presence gives to the export trade of the United States, the value of which cannot be overestimated. For example, whilst eight years ago Jamaica bought only some five per cent. of her imports from the United States, at the present time it is something like 35—and is steadily increasing year by year. And the same thing, on a smaller scale, is going on in the smaller islands, the commerce between which and the United States now requires to be handled by regular direct lines of steamers, whereas ten years ago three or four regular sailing vessels easily handled all the Carribean trade of the United States outside of Jamaica.

And thus does it come about that these somewhat neglected and withal much neglected islands of the Carribean, English in so far as nationality is concerned are fast becoming Americanized and awakening to the prospect of a future still more glorious because more permanent prosperity than they ever enjoyed during the centuries.

T. P. PORTER.

He Lost His All.
"Did he get the drop on you, Mike?"
"Yes, and it was the last drop in the bottle at that!"—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A handsome granite monument to Hugh Brown, the late Highland attendant of the queen, has been erected over his grave in Crathie churchyard.

—A naval cadet from Missouri has been dismissed from the naval academy because it is alleged he misrepresented his age to a Presbyterian minister of Baltimore and secretly married an Annapolis girl.

—Theodore de Banville is represented in the statue sculptured by Coulon—which is to be erected in the delightful square opposite the railway station at Moulins, birthplace of the poet of Les Cariatides—seated in an armchair in his dressing gown and wearing the black silk cap which made him look like Pierrot.

—Grant Allen is a noted naturalist as well as a novelist, and has lately been elected president of the Microscopic and Natural History society at Haslemere, in Surrey. There was strong opposition to his election on account of the moral views expressed in his novel, "The Woman Who Did," and when it was found that he had been elected by a majority of two votes, several members expressed their determination to resign.

—Prof. Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, often said that he saw visions of people in whom he was interested, and Mrs. Field recalls an instance of this in the Review of Reviews. On one occasion Mrs. Stowe was in her room when it was supposed she was out of town. Prof. Stowe came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange, and amused herself watching him; at last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions."

WOES OF THE PLAYWRIGHT.

Haunted by a Constant Fear His Genius May Be Pirated.

When a man writes a play, no sooner does the manuscript leave his hands than he is haunted by the fearful fear that some one wants to steal it. The poorer the play, as a rule, the more terrible his anxiety.

After it is printed and copyrighted and has been presented at a theater the life of the author is a continual torment lest his pearls of thought be filched by some vandal and sprung upon the public in a new dress. The author haunts the theater looking for shorthand writers, as if his dialogue was the only one that ever happened.

The amusing point about all this is that the most exercised and worried men are those who write the fearful melodramas presented at outlying theaters, and they act as if there really was a new idea in one of them. Why any sane man should try to steal the gibberish which masquerades as "a picture of life in the metropolis," or some similar alluring title, is clear to no one save a playwright. A man who would dare to concoct one of the awful kaleidoscopes could keep on grinding them out as long as they had stationery, for no brains are required. But still the managers and playwrights affect to be fearful that a literary pirate wants to steal the monstrosities.

Most of the melodramas could not be given away with a ton of ice. There seems no reason why anyone should steal such horrible shows, when their counterparts could be procured at the detention hospital from any inmate at low cost. But there is a play dealer in Chicago whose business it is to draft copies of the cheap melodramas as soon as they appear and sell them to the fly-by-night aggregations, which are so well suited to the needs of these "Liver of Minneapolis" productions. Anyone with a talent for coarse, rough dialogue and 125 wit could write a dozen such shows after seeing one, and it is the business of this enterprising playwright to draw up imitations of successful melodramas, writing in the parts as closely as the copyright law will allow. As soon as a play seems to make a hit the manager of a snap barnstorming company applies to this enterprising dealer for a show like it, and in a few days he has his piece and the company is rehearsing. And that brings on panics, woe and desolation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lace and Leaf Prints on Iron.

It is a curious fact which has often been proven by actual experiment, that a delicate fern or other leaf may be placed between two smooth blocks of iron, and have a plain impression of every rib and fiber of itself left on the hard surface of the iron plates after they have been driven suddenly together by the explosion of a stick of dynamite. Another experiment in this line, and one equally curious, is made with a smooth block of iron or steel and a cake of compressed gunpowder. A delicate piece of lace is placed on the metal surface and the disk of powder is laid on top of the fabric. When the powder is detonated the lace will be utterly annihilated, but its impression will be clearly left on the metal.—St. Louis Republic.

Old Noble Families.

As a result of recent investigations it has been shown that the foundation of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British house of lords dates back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family, of Scotland, 1099.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Henri Durant, the founder of the Red Cross movement, is in a Swiss hospital, sick and in poverty.

—Laureate Austin never reads the papers and knows nothing of the criticism heaped upon him.

—It is reported that Miss Beatrice Harraden is again suffering from ill health, and must rest completely.

—M. Paderewski was in London recently, but kept his journey from Paris very secret, as he did not wish to be asked to play in public. He went there to consult with an English physician, who, it is hoped, is curing the great pianist's only child—a cripple.

—Out in Montana, where E. A. Tipton is managing the race meetings, he has issued an edict that women in bloomers or knickerbockers must pay the same admission fee exacted of men—one dollar. Women dressed in regulation garb are admitted free. Mr. Tipton says he has made the rule in the interest of modesty.

—The Southern Literary society, a society having in view the founding of a library for the collection and preservation of southern writing, was formed recently at Atlanta, Ga. Every southern state is to have an association for collecting the literature of its own section; and the different state associations are to be unified in their aim and work, with reference to the library building at the headquarters of the society in Atlanta.

MAKING OF A PRESIDENT.

What Six Presidents Are Alleged to Have Said to an English Observer.

It was my good fortune to be visiting at the house of a man when he received news of his election to the presidency. To my young mind the mere thought of such high honor was bewildering; I could not picture how I would act in such circumstances. But I did have a vague notion that a man at such a time would act in "dramatic" fashion—call to the gods for aid—ask high Heaven to witness his gratitude; register his vow of loyalty to duty and deity. Here, then, was an opportunity to test my theory, and I awaited results with keen anxiety. We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open and, her voice all in a tremble, read: "You are elected beyond the shadow of a doubt." I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved, not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed: "Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year." Really, I was tempted to throw my cup of coffee at him, his levity seemed so sacrilegious. I hated him because he was so lacking in human nature. Half an hour later I was passing the stables. Looking in, I saw the "cold-blooded" president-elect standing by the side of his favorite horse. One arm was thrown over its neck, his face was buried in the mane, and his whole frame was convulsed. That very human side of his nature which he kept out of sight, even when surrounded by his own family, he had revealed to his dear old horse. As I passed on I realized that my boyhood idol was again on its old pedestal, and knew that the making of a president had not, in this case, been the unmaking of a man.

Let me close with this one page from Garfield's life. He had won the great prize. Three months of bitter strife with politicians over spoils of office followed his inauguration and exhausted the little store of nervous energy which remained after a long and exciting electoral campaign. Rest was an absolute necessity, and he started on a brief holiday—a visit to his alma mater in the New England hills. Smiling as he walked into the railway station at a witty speech of his friend Blaine, he fell mortally wounded at the hands of a half-crazed assassin. They carried him to the white house—the political Mecca of many millions—and for weeks his sufferings were beyond description. I had a friend who was with him from first to last, and he gave me this little picture of the closing days of Garfield's life. Suffering bred fever, and fever revived his old love of the sea. He begged to be carried to the Atlantic, and his wish was law. One morning my friend, at Garfield's request, lifted him so that his dying eyes might take in a wider sweep of the old Atlantic. And while my friend held in his arms the wasted figure of his old friend he told the president how the whole nation was also looking toward the sea. Yes, and praying that God would help and bless their chief magistrate. Garfield pressed the hand of his friend and whispered: "He has blessed me; could man ask more than such love and sympathy from such a people?" A few hours later the president had put aside forever place and power—paid with his life the awful price of success.

The prize is great; the prize winners are the envy of the many. But I have it on the word of six presidents of the United States that even the winning of this great prize in the lottery of life but throws into clearer relief the great truth: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue?"—Fortnightly Review.

Sitting and Standing.

She—I have just been making arrangements to sit for my portrait, dear. He—Oh, certainly. You sit for it and I have to stand for it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.