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SORROW-BRINGERS.

I hate them yellow telegrams, they fill me with a dread
That somepin' awful's happened, and I allers ask: "Who's dead?"
I ketch myself all tremble like and bathin' of my breath,
For I never got but two of them, and both concernin' death.

The first one told me of my son I'd sent away to school,
'bout how my boy was drowned in a tar-nal swimmin' pool.
Remember readin' it as well as though 'twas just to-day,
Down yonder in the medder with the men a-cuttin' hay.

The next was 'bout my daughter who had moved away out west,
And was comin' home fer Christmas at the old paternal nest.
How while the train was runnin' at a mile-a-minute rate
A broken rail or somepin' had sent her to her fate.

And since that time I never see a telegram but I
Kin sort o' shet my eyes an' see a funeral grin' by.
They never was no news so bad but what it made it worse
To see it in a telegram; it's sadder than a horse.

And so, my friends, if you to me a sorrow must convey,
You put it in a letter and jest let it find its way.
And in your own handwritin—that will do me good to see—
But don't you never dare to send a telegram to me.
—Nash Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

"PYRITES SAM."

BY E. E. BOWLES.

WE all thought Pyrites Sam was a fool the very day he struck the camp, but were not absolutely certain until the night he came in with his pockets full of pyrites of iron, and, taking each man aside, privately informed him, with many injunctions as to secrecy, that he had discovered and located a brass mine. As a rule, we had grown very tired of initiating every tenderfoot that came along into the mysteries of quartz mining, showing them the difference between gold-bearing quartz and country rock; between a true fissure and contact vein; between granite, porphyry, schist, spar, serpentine, quartzite, etc.; of trends, dips, spurs, angles, etc.; of shafts, tunnels, stopes, winzes and drifts; of the manipulation of the horn spoon or gold pan; how to distinguish the resultant sediment, if gold, from mica, pyrites or sulphurets; in a word, teaching them in an hour or two all we had learned after years of toil and privation. We had reached this stage of the "fired feeling" when Sam brought in his "brass" specimens, and not a man of us would tell him what it was. "Ch-huh," we said, as he carefully exhibited his deceptive-looking find. What did we think of it? Why, it was a great find, and very high-grade ore—if it was brass. "If"—why of course it was brass; look at it; anybody could see what it was. We admitted that they could; yes, anybody that knew anything at all. So we permitted Sam to work away in ignorance of his claim for two weeks—until he received returns from the samples sent to Los Angeles for assay. Then the "Brass Monkey," as Sam called it, shut down, and he went to prospecting again.

He was so persistent and industrious in his determination to "strike it rich" that we finally began to have a fellow feeling for him and to appreciate his pluck; sympathy he did not need. He was jolly and good-natured, and did not drink to excess, and was never known to turn a card for money. In a friendly game in his tent the suggestion of "draw" at only a dollar limit was always met by the quiet statement that he never played for money, that he was raised differently, and, besides, his money "came so hard" that he knew he would be a bad loser. He was always ready with his sympathy when another's ledge "pinched," "petered" or "broke off," and encouraged him all he could; always had a song or a story for a bad night, and in the event of sickness or injury had some simple remedy in the way of poultice that his mother "used to use." In fact, he was one of those happy-go-lucky, light-hearted fellows, handy about camp, and a friend to everybody, but one could not get rid of the impression that he "didn't" have any more sense than the law allowed. Therefore, it was accepted as a matter of course, when a tenderfoot struck camp one day in the first stages of desert fever, that Sam should take entire charge of him and dose him with wild sage and "squaw" tea and concoct appetizing dishes with bacon, beans, rice and flour.

As a "stayer," malarial or chagres fever is not to be compared to desert fever. The latter drags along and hangs on day after day, week after week, and, although the patient may be able to crawl about, he is weak, debilitated and nervous, and "don't care a rattle out of the box" whether he lives or dies. This was the condition of that tenderfoot. During the middle of the day he dragged himself about the camp in the sun, but the remainder of the time he spent in his bunk in his tent. One night, when most of the boys were assembled in the "bedrock," Sam came in, and, going up to the bar, drank alone, contrary to his usual custom, and turned his back on the crowd,

leaned his elbow on the bar and gazed out into darkness, at the same time twisting his mustache fiercely as if worrying over something.

"What's wrong, Sam? Patient dead?" some one asked.

"No," said Sam, "but he's a layin' up there wishin' he was, I tell you, pardners," he continued, turning to the crowd, "I've been in hard luck myself—so've all of us, I guess—an' seen others in hard luck, but that poor cuss up there's in the hardest streak of luck I ever see. He's plum down to bedrock an' nary color."

"That's nothin', Sam; we've all been there many a time. What's the matter, out of grub?"

"Naw, he ain't out of grub, an' won't be as long's Sam's got any; but it's somebody else. I got a letter for him to-day on the stage an' took it down to him. After he read it he jest turned over with his back to me an' laid quiet, but purty soon I shifted to where I could see his face, an' I'll be derned if he wasn't cryin', yes, sir, cryin' like a baby, he's that weak, you know. I says to him easy like: 'What's the matter, pard?'"

"Nothin'," he says, "only more hard luck."

"Girl gone back on you?" I said, thinkin' to be cheerful an' makin' up my mind to josh him.

"No," he says; "it 'ud a-been better for her if she had long 'go. Read that," he says, an' handed me this," concluded Sam, and he drew a letter from his pocket. It was dated from an Ohio village and read as follows:

"My Own Dear Husband: Your loving letter received yesterday, but it found us oh, so downhearted and wishing for papa. Dear husband, it seems that our troubles will never end. Mr. Rhoades has changed his mind and will foreclose the mortgage. You know he said before you went away that if we paid the interest up he would let it slide while longer. Well, when the mortgage was due I sold the cow and took some of the money you left me to live on and paid the six months' back interest. Now, he says, as the mortgage is due he must have his money and will foreclose. I tried all the companies and banks to borrow the money to pay him, but they all say that \$2,000 is too big a loan on the place; they won't loan over \$1,500, and he won't take a second mortgage to secure the other \$500. Yet it does seem hard, when the place ought to be worth three times \$1,500. I've tried every way to sell it, but I can't get no one to give anything above the mortgage. Everybody knows it is mortgaged and are waiting to buy it at sheriff's sale. Rhoades knows this, too, and now he says it will save us lots of trouble and costs if we will give him a quitclaim deed and surrender peaceable possession. I begged him to wait awhile, but after he had learned you had gone out to the mines he said, 'Now, dear husband, take care of your health, and if you do not find anything there soon, come back to us, we miss you, oh, so much. Every night Bessie prays for her papa, 'way out in the mines,' and that he may find something rich. You may be sure that I echo her prayers. Write as soon as you get this, dear husband, for I cannot stay here long."

"Your loving wife,
"MAGGIE."

This letter was passed around; two or three started to read it aloud, but they broke down, and it was silently passed from one to another. It was well for Mr. Rhoades that he was not in camp.

"He told me all about it," said Sam. "They was five acres in the home place that he got from his father's estate close to town, an' he bought five more joinin', mortgagin' the ten to make up the balance of the money. He'd a-made it all right, but times got hard, an' first one, then another of them got sick an' he had to keep on a-mortgagin'. He see he could never pay out, so he come out here to see if he couldn't strike it, leavin' nearly all the money they had with his wife, an' this cuss Rhoades sayin' that he'd let the mortgage stan' another year, now—dern him. See that stain there? That's from a bunch of apple blossoms that was in the letter; he 'lowed they must a-been from the yellow harvest trees back of the garden, poor cuss. 'Take keer of yer health, dear husband,' an' him a-layin' flat on his back up there in his tent, without money enough for a month's grub. 'Come back soon to us'—hum-m. Look here, pardners, let's answer Bessie's prayer, an' show this feller Rhoades whether minin' is chasin' wild geese or not. Mebbe Sam's a dern fool, but I know he ain't got much money, an' he can rustle. I'll go purty nigh my pile on it—there's 50; who's all in on it?" and he slammed two 20s and 10 on the bar. It was just like Sam, and whoever heard an appeal like that go unanswered in a mining camp? There were 50 men in the room, and every man saw Sam's ante, and those that did not have that amount borrowed it from their friends. In a few moments \$2,550 in gold lay piled on the bar. Sam's eyes glistened as he counted the money. "Everybody's in on the game," he said; "won't be paralyzed? Now, pardners, every one of you come down and see what he has to say."

"No nonsense, Sam; you take it down, an' tell us what he says to-morrow,"

"No, I'll be derned if I do. Some of you fellers got to come along. I ain't a-goin' to play this hand alone any longer." So three or four of us went with him. Well, there is no use going into details. What would you or any other man say under the circumstances? Finally he wanted to give us a note or send a mortgage back as security, but we laughed at him, and all of us crawled into our blankets that night conscious of having done something else on the debit side of the recording angel's ledger. He was too ill to travel alone, and at last, after repeated urgings, Sam was induced to accompany him.

"You can bet your life," said Sam, "that I'll give Mr. Rhoades the camp's respects."

Not long after that my partner and I left the gulch and drifted into Cripple Creek. One day when court was in session we dropped in to see how a court organized under the code operated.

"Well, I'll be d—," muttered my partner as he pointed to the prisoner's dock. There were two men in it, Pyrites Sam and the tenderfoot. The air seemed to grow suddenly close in the courtroom, and we went out.

At noon we went down to the jail, and were allowed to see the prisoners.

"Hello, Sam; how's Rhoades?"

"Hello, hello; how's the boys down at Tough Nut?" and Sam and his partner grinned.

"Look here, Sam, you done the camp up in good shape, and you know we won't squeal, but tell us about it."

"Sure; but then they ain't nothin' to tell; this is my pardner, an' there was no fever, no Rhoades, no Maggie, no Bessie, no Charlie, no mortgage, no farm, no cow, no—no apple blossoms, no nothin', but jest me an' him."

"An' so fools," said my partner, as we went out. He made a brief mental calculation, then said: "Sam was there three months an' his pardner one, an' they cleaned up twelve hundred an' fifty each; not bad, specially when they was hidin' out from another trick they'd turned." Across the street I saw a building with swinging doors and red windows. I pointed to it and asked: "What'll you take, Jack?"

"I 'low it 'll take about four fingers of hot Scotch to settle my stummick"—and he took it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Sea.

It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauve-colored heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit of the foreshore the rugged border line cuts clear into a deep and somber blue. It is she—blue as any grape on this cluster which hangs in the cooling breeze. The azure deepens, filling up a good half of the range of sight; the white sail of a fishing smack floats alone like a hollow shell; the eternal monotone of ocean is borne upon the ear. Draw near and see the leaping silver foam. Above this intense blue the sky is transparently, superbly pale, and the stars are hurrying to light their lamps. There is not a living soul, not a plant, nor any sign of the hand of man. There might be Nereids and Fauns dancing on the strand, as in the days when the world was young.—Journeys Through France.

Peaches.

The two elder boys at the breakfast table had described their academic requirements to their father with the just pride which inspires youths in their teens over Greek verbs and Latin declensions. They told of the surprise and joy of their respective teachers at certain brilliant recitations of the day before. Then arose on his high chair the youngest, the kindergarten student, aged four, whose Christian name is Lowell. He swung his arm and began: "My teacher said—" then paused, evidently to let imagination have her perfect work and keep him in the race. He swung his arm again and declared with infantile gravity: "My teacher said: 'Lowell, you and all your family are peaches!'"—Boston Transcript.

Down on Lady Macbeth.

A young Scottish clergyman, fresh from the class room, was allowed on one occasion to preach in a certain parish church. Giving out the text: "Who can find a virtuous woman?" he led off with the remark: "Lady Macbeth remains the eternal type of the ambitious female." Afterward a parishioner inquired: "Who is your Lady Macbeth?" He had sought her name in all his available works of reference, and not finding it, concluded: "She'll be some grand London lady."—Chambers' Journal.

Consistency.

Vegetarian Crank—My friends, life is as dear to the dumb animals as to man, and it would be impossible for me to satisfy a want that necessitates the taking of their lives.

Individual (pointing to the vegetarian crank's number nine shoes)—Say, pard, did the calf that once owned the hide in those shoes die a natural death or commit suicide?—Judge.

All a Mistake.

Wife—Darling, I wish you would let me have \$40 to-day.

Husband—Why, you seem to think I married an heiress, my dear.—Harlem Life.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Byron desired to be a society man, and to impress it on the world that he was something more than a writer. He said that he envied Beau Brummel his knowledge of neckties.

—A new novel by Eden Philpotts, called "Lying Prophets," is referred to by an English journal as being worthy of a place with George Eliot's "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss."

—James Payn, the novelist, sleeps ten hours, dislikes walking, likes whist and his club better than the theater and society, and has an almost unlimited stock of anecdotes on hand.

—A new novel by Col. R. H. Savage will soon be published, called "A Fascinating Traitor." It depicts the career of a clever Anglo-Indian adventurer, and is said to be brilliantly written.

—Herbert Spencer is revising and bringing up to date his work on biology. He keeps five secretaries busy, his own health permitting him to work only an hour a day, and sometimes less.

—Rudyard Kipling wrote to a boy who asked for more jungle stories, that he (Kipling) knew some more jungle stories, but they were too bad for little boys to read, and so he had not written them.

—The last two stories from the late Mrs. Oliphant, appearing this season, are called "The Ways of Life," and they include the story of Mr. Sandford, and the "Wonderful History of Mr. Robert Dalyell."

—A Chicago girl wrote to Howells for his autograph, and in reply to his typewritten question: "Have you bought my last book?" wrote: "I sincerely hope so." She received the autograph without delay.

—It is said that Hall Caine submitted the proofs of "The Christian" to 20 different specialists for revision—ministers, physicians, lawyers, hospital nurses and music hall stars, among the latter Albert Chevalier.

A PRIMITIVE FLY-CATCHER.

Showing How Indians Used to Get Rid of the Pests.

Newton M. Wilson, living one mile east of Scottsburg, Ind., has hanging in his barn an interesting keepsake in the shape of a fly-catcher. It is not so curious in itself as it is in showing the primitive methods resorted to by the farmers in early days to rid themselves of flies. It is simply two smooth walnut boards, perhaps 30 by 12 inches, beveled at one end and fastened together by two whang cords, strung through matched holes.

In the ante-bellum days people never thought of keeping flies out of the house; the problem was to dispose of them as they swarmed through the rooms, making life miserable generally. In fact the use of netting to prevent their ingress is of comparatively recent origin, the invention of this much-needed article dating back only 15 or 20 years. As everybody knows, flies are exceptionally thick in farmhouses, even when screens are used, and when they are not, they are almost intolerable.

In the olden days the method most commonly employed in the country to destroy the troublesome fly was the use of such instruments as the one described above. The boards were beveled and hung in such manner that by their weight they separated at the bottom, and thus hung in an inverted V-shape. To attract the flies they were smeared with molasses on the inner surface.

Thus prepared, they were suspended in convenient places about the house—in kitchen, hallway, porch (which generally served as the summer dining place) and especially in passageways. It was a common duty of every member of the household, when passing one of those catchers, to clap the boards together, thus mashing the flies which had collected thereon. The cook clapped them vigorously together as she passed them in the kitchen; the hands as they passed to and from the house at mealtimes did likewise; the whole household clapped them together hundreds of times a day, and thousands of pestiferous flies met their doom.—Indianapolis News.

Her New Business.

Judge Ingersoll has just returned from a trip up the lakes, and tells this story:

"The steamer Telegram, which used to be in the white fish trade, is now carrying passengers from Sault Ste. Marie to the Michipicoten gold fields. One day, while I was standing on the dock at the Soo, the Telegram came in, and a man who was near him turned to a friend and said:

"I see the Telegram isn't in the same business she used to be."

"Is that so?" the other replied; "what's she doing?"

"You know she used to carry white fish. Well, she's carrying suckers now."—Cleveland Leader.

Something Wrong.

"This coffee does not seem quite right," said young Mr. Hunnimon to the best little bride in the world.

"I know it doesn't," replied his inexperienced little wife, with tears in her voice. "And I can't imagine what is the matter with it, either. It is the first time I ever made coffee, dear, and I'm afraid I have done something wrong. The seeds have been boiling quite half an hour, but they just won't get soft. What do you suppose is the matter?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ODD KLONDIKE LAKE.

Lake Selawik, Near Dawson, Is Always Warm and Full of Fish.

Dawson City, wonderful as it is in many things, has still another wonder about which very little has been heard. It is an immense lake, located back in the mountains not very far away from the greatest town on earth, the waters of which are always warm. Fish in countless thousands can be caught in the coldest weather without trouble, for the waters of the lake are never so cold but one could bathe in them. The third claim this wonderful body of water has for distinction is that, while it is hundreds of miles from the ocean, and there is no apparent connection between the two, the lake is affected by the tide. Lake Selawik is the name given to the discovery by Father Tosi, a Jesuit missionary who for years has been working among the Alaska Indians in the interior.

It was a letter from him that brought the news to Seattle—news which would ease many a fear when the quantities of fish are considered, which practically does away with the starvation idea. This point is made in Father Tosi's letter, that should famine threaten Dawson the miners could easily make their way to this lake and bring back all the fish necessary. They come down into the warm waters during the winter from the icy streams which flow into the lake. They remain near the surface, and can be scooped in with nets or killed with bathhooks.

Father Tosi noticed that at times during the midst of the long arctic winter the Indians had fresh salmon. He could not explain it, for all the known streams and lakes were frozen solid. Finally the Indians took him back into the hills to a lake which was 60 miles long and 15 in width. He called it Selawik. They have kept the secret well, and only a few white men know of the lake.

There seems to be some sympathy between Lake Selawik and the ocean which is very difficult to explain. There seems to be no connection; nevertheless the lake is several feet higher when the ocean is at its height, and at low tide it is correspondingly lower. The hours of high tide are the same as on the ocean at the same distance north. Yet this lake is hundreds of miles from salt water, and there is no evidence of any connection with the sea. Besides, the water is fresh at all times. He accounts for the warmth of the water by powerful hot springs flowing into the lake far below the surface, but the matter of tides is a puzzler. The water is very deep, and in many places no bottom can be found. The fish appear to stay near the surface.

The Indians have legends of terrible monsters which used to appear on the surface of the lake. One story has come down from generations, and tells of the mysterious disappearance of two Indian men and three women while fishing from a raft in the southern end of the lake. They went out for a day's fishing in the morning from an Indian camp along the shore of the lake. They failed to return that evening, and the next day the Indians went down to look for them. They found the raft without difficulty, but not a trace of either the men or women. The legend accounts for their disappearance in this way: For years an awful white thing with numbers of long white arms had been swimming in that part of the lake. The Indians never fished there for fear of the monster, but, as it had not been seen for a long time, the unfortunate fishermen thought it was safe to try that part of the lake. Of course, the monster was displeased at this invasion of its domains, and as a punishment pulled them off the raft and carried them down thousands of feet into the bottomless part of the lake. At any rate the five people were never seen again, nor did their bodies ever come to the surface. The legend is believed in implicitly by the Indians, who would almost as soon be killed as venture on the tabooed part of the lake. Nothing has been seen of the mysterious monster in later years.

In reference to keeping up the food supply at Dawson Father Tosi says that a man with a bathhook could kill more salmon in an hour than he could eat in a fortnight, and suggests salmon catching in midwinter as an occupation for those who cannot get other work. With two good dogs and a sled the lake is within easy reach of Dawson. There would be no trouble about keeping the fish caught on account of the high temperature. The Indians are counting on selling the Lake Selawik fish this winter should food bring high prices at Dawson. They are still trying to guard their secret, but there are men at Dawson who know of the lake and its wonderful peculiarities.—Seattle (Wash.) Times.

Honest.

"Is he what you would call an honest politician?" inquired Senator Sordghum's friend.

"Honest!" was the reply. "I should say so. There ain't a man who has done business with him that denies he has paid every cent he ever promised for votes."—Washington Star.

Honest.

—Of the children born alive one-fourth die before 11 months, one-third before the 23d month, half before their eighth year, two-thirds of mankind die before the 39th year, three-fourths before their 51st year, and of about 12,000 only one survives a whole century.

HER SOUL UNBURDENED.

Story of a Young Bride's Confession in the Wanting of the Honey-moon.

Charley Wheeler and Lucille Sprockett had been married nearly three weeks, and they had just returned from their wedding trip. They were supremely happy in each other's love, and the honeymoon had been to them as one long, blissful dream. Within the next day or two, however, the bride grew slightly depressed in spirits, and an uneasy feeling seemed to take possession of her. The young husband noticed the change, but attributed it to fatigue from the recent travels. But his bride grew more nervous, and took on such a troubled expression that he said to her: "You have something on your mind, darling, that is troubling you. Tell me what it is."

At first she tried to persuade him that he was mistaken; that nothing worried her.

"You are wrong, Charley dear," she would say. "Really, I am not worrying over anything. I am just as happy as I could be."

The day following, however, the young wife wore such a troubled look that her husband said to her: "Lucille, you must tell me what is troubling you. I will not be put off any longer. As your husband I have a right to know."

Seeing that further concealment was impossible, she broke down and sobbed bitterly:

"O, Charley, I am so unhappy," she wailed. "I have—deceived—you."

A sickening sensation swept over the young husband. Surely there must be some mistake. She whom he had looked upon as the personification of innocent womanhood—deceived him. It must not be. It would destroy his happiness and blight his life. And then, when he caught a sudden vision of the horrible possibilities of the situation he became sick at heart and almost fell to the floor. Then, with a great effort, he controlled his feelings.

"Tell me," he said, "I am prepared for the worst."

"O, Charley, I am so sorry."

"You should have thought of this before."

"I know, I know. I see my mistake, now it's too late," she cried. "O, why didn't I tell you before we were married?"

"Tell me now and be quick about it; I cannot bear this suspense."

"Tell me first that you will forgive me," she said in pleading tones. "I will devote my whole life in atonement for this one mistake."

"I cannot promise until I know what it is," he said.

Then she came over and knelt at his feet.

"O Charley, you know the wheel I got just a few weeks before we were married—"

"Yes; but what has that—"

"Why, I bought it—on the installment plan—four dollars a month—and have only paid—one installment. And I just know the collector will be—here to-morrow. O, Charley," she sobbed, "can you ever forgive me?"—Ohio State Journal.

Rainbow Ribbons.

There are going to be ribbons this winter to an extent that hasn't prevailed for many seasons. Some dresses already shown by exclusive makers suggest that Dame Fashion has us on a string, that string being some new and dainty sort of ribbon of which the manufacturers have put out a liberal supply. Indeed, there are so many of these fascinating lands that selection is not an easy task, but when the one that seems just right is chosen the job is only just begun. For then comes study of the method of using it. Of course, it is more methodical to have the plan definitely settled before the purchase is made, but those new ribbons are so alluring, so suggestive of new methods of adornment that the best laid plans are likely to go awry in favor of some later thought.—St. Louis Republic.

Currant Pudding.

Make a biscuit crust with flour, salt, baking powder, lard or butter and water. Butter a broad, shallow mold and line with part of the crust rolled out rather thick. Fill the mold with ripe red currants with the stalks removed and sprinkle sugar over them; roll out the remainder of the crust and put over the top, pinch the edges secure, that the juice may not escape. Place the mold in a steamer over hot water and allow to boil for one hour. A few raspberries added to the currants are a very nice addition. When the pudding is done, turn onto a dish and serve. No sauce will be required, as the currants will be very juicy.—Ladies' World.

Sweet Potato Loaf.

Boil the potatoes till perfectly tender, then mash them fine, or rub them through a colander; season with butter, pepper and salt, add sufficient cream or rich milk to make the consistency of soft dough. Place on a buttered baking tin, in a mound, brush over with the yolk of an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of milk. Place in the oven till the top is well browned.—Toledo Blade.

—The London Lancet says in an elaborate article that there is an absolute pathological identity in the symptoms of alcoholism and the condition of one madly in love. In both cases, that high medical authority remarks, separation is a cure.