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ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up in the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each footstep with wisdom,
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was glazed with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found under velvet a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart strength began to fall,
And the flush of the morning's excitement
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last-gained ground,
When my hopes, coming back from the future,
Were sinking again in the ground.

One who had climbed near the summit
Reached backward a helping hand,
And, refreshed, encouraged and strengthened,
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget as they go
That, though weary may seem their climb-
ing,
There is always some one below.
—Ella Higginson, in Journal of Education.

THE RUBY HEART.

AUNT JESSICA had been round the world more than once. She had been what is vulgarly called a "globe trotter." In her day she had collected many rare and curious and beautiful things; but now she was an old woman, and her time was come to die in the great silent house, filled with the furniture that had belonged to Aunt Jessica's forbears many score years ago, and enriched by the spoils of many lands, brought home by the energetic hands of Aunt Jessica herself.

There was one treasure above all that I coveted, and that I would have sold my soul to have had for my own—my cousin Edith.

As for the money, well, I am not more disinterested than most people; but I would rather have had Edith without a penny than all Aunt Jessica's money without Edith.

William and Bertram and I were sitting in the dining-room. Edith was above, helping poor aunt in the hard work of dying. Three raps came on the floor. We knew they were a signal that we were to go up, and that aunt had asked for us, and up we went.

"I have left everything divided among you four," she said; "and the ruby heart is to go to whichever of you three boys can find it." She spoke slowly and with difficulty.

I remembered the jolly old days when she used to come and see us at school and tip us, and I wished that death and time could have been more merciful. She went on:

"You know it has a charm to make you happy in your love. It would have made me happy, but he died, and it hadn't a chance to do its work; and now my time's come—it has been weary waiting."

And with that—the first and last hint we ever had of a romance in my aunt's life—she turned her wrinkled old face to the pillow with a sigh like a tired child's and there were only four of us left in the room.

After the funeral and the reading of the will we three men set to work to find the charm.

"I shall take the library and aunt's bedroom first," said Bertram. As these were the rooms she had most used, I imagined he thought he had made the best choice. "You other fellows can arrange as you like!"

William chose the drawing-room and the guest chamber, and they took the whole day searching systematically inch by inch for the ruby heart. I began to look in the dining-room, but Edith came in.

"Do you care so very much for the ruby heart?" she said.

"I confess I should like to find it," I answered.

"Shall I help you to look?"

She pulled out a book or two from the shelves in an aimless, desultory way, and then said:

"It's very sunshiny out of doors, don't you think?"

So we went on the river.

The next day I began to look for the heart again. Edith sent her duenna companion (who had once been her governess) to ask me if I did not think it would be nice to drive. Of course I said I thought it would, and off we went.

That evening she asked Bertram and William if they would like to come out next day to see some ruins.

"Thanks," said Bertram, "but I think my first duty to my poor aunt's memory is to find that heart."

"Besides," said William, who never had much sentiment, like Bertram, "it's worth thousands of pounds, I believe."

"To say nothing of the charm," I added.

"But you'll come, Wilfrid?" she said, looking at me with her soft gray eyes.

"Of course," I answered.

Bertram and William scowled at me. They would have given their ears, their lives, anything, in short, but their chances of a ruby heart worth thousands of pounds for the privilege that was to be mine to-morrow.

To be in love with Cousin Edith was a

mode, a fashion among us. Besides, Edith was now an heiress.

"As soon as I have fulfilled dear aunt's last wishes," said Bertram—he talked, the silly fool, as if aunt had wished him to find the heart—"I shall be only too glad to accompany my Cousin Edith on any excursion she may propose."

"So shall I," said William.

So Edith and I went to the ruins alone together.

"I hope it does not seem like disrespect to poor aunt's memory," she said, as we drove snugly back in the dog cart that evening, "our going out like this. But I couldn't bear to stay in the old house alone where she was so kind to me. It's better to go out, and I'm sure she would have wished it."

I felt that it was foolish of me not to make an effort to find the ruby heart. So next morning I got up very early and came down before the servants were about. I had pulled out half the drawers of the Chinese cabinet and looked into them, when my heart leaped into my mouth at the touch of a hand on my shoulder—Edith's!

"Still after that wretched ruby!" she said. "How you waste your time!"

"Why? Don't you think I shall find it?"

"I don't know," she said, looking at me with her eyes wide open, "but I don't think you will find it there, because Bertram has been through that straw-treasure already. Did you ever eat strawberries before breakfast and gather them yourself?"

So we went into the kitchen garden and ate strawberries till the gong rang for breakfast. Bertram and William were getting quite sulky and savage from the non-success of their search, and the little time I had devoted to it annoyed them.

"I believe," said Bertram, with an air of gayety, a little overdone, "that Wilfrid thinks he knows where the heart is, and that he can put his hand on it at any moment."

"I wish I could," I said.

"So do I," said Edith, almost in the same breath.

"You wish Wilfrid to find the heart!" said William. "Why?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean Wilfrid; I meant—at least— Well, we shall all be glad when it's settled one way or the other, shall we?"

I had never told Edith I loved her, because I didn't know how my aunt was to leave her money, and if Edith was to be heiress of the whole—but anyone will understand my reasons.

It was a week after aunt's funeral that I went into the rose garden, where Edith was snipping roses into a basket.

"I've been looking for the heart again," I said, "but I haven't found it."

"No," she answered, "and I don't suppose you will. Would a Gloire de Dijon be any compensation?"

She began to stick one in my coat as she spoke. Her slender waist, in its black gown, was very near my left arm where she stood.

"I will take the bud," I said, "but not as compensation for the heart."

"Don't you think," she asked me, "that it might be possible to live happily without a charm to help you?"

"No," I said, "not without a charm to help you. But ruby hearts are not the only charms in the world."

My arm fell on her waist.

"Let them find their ruby heart! Let them chop it into pieces and divide it between them and sell the bits," said I.

"And you are content with what you have?" she asked.

"I am content with what I have," I answered, and my other arm went around her.

They never found that ruby heart, though the old house was tapped and tested from top to bottom. At last, wearied out, they took the portion of goods that fell unto them, and went, fortunately for us, into a far country. And Edith and I were married.

We didn't go on a wedding tour, but came straight back to the dear old house.

On the evening of our wedding day we walked in the moonlight through the rose garden to listen to the night-ingales. I stopped to hold her in my arms, on the very spot where I had first kissed her, and the light shawl she wore round her head and shoulders fell back.

"What's that you have round your neck?" I said, for something darkened the white laces on her breast.

She did not answer. I put up my hand, touched with a thrill the whiteness of her neck, and found in my fingers the ruby heart!

"Then she gave it to you," I said; "it is yours?"

"She gave it into my keeping," answered Edith, dropping her chin till her lips rested on my hand; "but she left it to the man who should find it."

"And I have found it—here!"—The Argosy.

An Objectionable Diversion.
Foster—So her father refused to consent to your marriage with his daughter.
Biglin—No, that's just the device of it. He gave me no answer when I told him what I had called for, and told me if I didn't leave in less than two seconds he'd kick me out. What's to be done with a fellow who will wander off in that way from the subject of discussion?—Boston Transcript.

—The most extensive cemetery in Europe is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

AN ALLY OF THE PULPIT

The Power of the Newspaper Press Described by Dr. Talmage.

For Good or for Evil the Power of the Press Wields Tremendous Influence—Newspaper Men Have Their Trials and Temptations.

Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered the following sermon in commemoration of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of the press for preaching the gospel to the mighty hosts outside the walls of his church. The text is:

"They shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings.—Nahum II, 4.

Express, rail train and telegraphic communication are suggested if not foretold in this text, and from it I start to preach a sermon in gratitude to God and the newspaper press for the fact that I have had the opportunity of delivering through the newspaper press 2,000 sermons or religious addresses, so that I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the Gospel every week to every neighborhood in Christendom, and in many lands outside of Christendom. Many have wondered at the process by which it has come to pass, and for the first time in public place I state the three causes. Many years ago, a young man who has since become eminent in his profession, was then studying law in a distant city. He came to me, and said that for lack of funds he must stop his studying, unless through stenography I would give him sketches of sermons, that he might by the sale of them secure means for the completion of his education. I positively declined, because it seemed to me an impossibility, but after some months had passed, and I had reflected upon the great sadness for such a brilliant young man to be defeated in his ambition for the legal profession, I undertook to serve him; of course, free of charge. Within three weeks there came a request for those stenographic reports; from many parts of the continent. Time passed on, and some gentlemen of my own profession, evidently thinking that there was hardly room for them and for myself in this continent, began to assail me, and became so violent in their assault that the chief newspapers of America put special correspondents in my church Sabbath by Sabbath, to take down such reply as I might make. I never made reply, except once, for about three minutes, but those correspondents could not waste their time and so they telegraphed the sermons to their particular papers. After awhile, Dr. Louis Kloppsch, of New York, systematized the work into a syndicate until through that and other syndicates he has put the discourses week by week before more than 20,000,000 people on both sides of the sea. There have been so many guesses on this subject, many of them inaccurate, that I now tell the true story. I have not improved the opportunity as I ought, but I feel the time has come when, as a matter of common justice to the newspaper press, I should make this statement in a sermon commemorative of the two thousandth full publication of sermons and religious addresses, saying nothing of fragmentary reports, which would run up into many thousands more.

There was one incident that I might mention in this connection showing how an insignificant event might influence us for a lifetime. Many years ago, on a Sabbath morning, on my way to church in Brooklyn, a representative of a prominent newspaper met me and said: "Are you going to give us any points to-day?" I said: "What do you mean by points?" He replied: "Anything we can remember." I said to myself: "We ought to be making points all the time in our pulpits, and not deal in platitudes and inanities." That one interrogation put to me that morning started in me the desire of making points all the time and nothing but points.

And now, how can I more appropriately commemorate the two thousandth publication than by speaking of the newspaper press as an ally to the pulpit, and mentioning some of the trials of newspaper men.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time Venice was warring against Solyma the Second in Dalmatia; it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the English Mercury. Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by the press?

The first attempt at this institution in France was in 1631, by a physician, who published the news for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. So early as in 1820 there were in Paris 169 journals. But in the United States the newspaper

has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but 37 in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and to-day—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspapers are the great educators of the country.

But alas! through what struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing press. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the king of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save natural history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison. But the great battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom of J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's Rights of Man in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylae, where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing press the handcuffs and the hobbles of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stang by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons and hypens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing press." Or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a "filthy, scurrilous printing press." But this morning I ask you to consider the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. What has made the change? "Books," you say. No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or work of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? Not many. In the United States the people would not average one such a book a year for each individual! Whence, then, this intelligence, this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious; this acquaintance with science and art; this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible, the newspaper, swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fence, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work bench, hawked through the cars! All read it—white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day. I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth: "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past 30 years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations.

There are only two kinds of newspapers—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an undecided character, but after it has been going on for years everybody finds out just what it is; and it is very good or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth for making the world better. The other paper is a brigand among moral forces; it is a beslimer of reputation, it is the right arm of death and hell, it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse and battling against the cause of God. The one an angel of intelligence and mercy, the other a fiend of darkness.

Between this Archangel and this Fury is to be fought the great battle which is to decide the fate of the world. If you have any doubt as to which is to be victor, ask the prophecies, ask God; the chief batteries with which He would vindicate the

right and thunder down the wrong are now unlimbered. The great Armageddon of the nations is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with lightning perfecting presses; and the Sumters, and the Moultries, and the Pulaskis, and the Gibraltrars of that conflict will be the editorial and the editorial rooms of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, God has put a more stupendous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Sheffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil; and books were printed on strips of bamboo; and Rev. Jesse Glover originated the first American printing press; and the common council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered \$200 to any printer who would come there and live; and when the speaker of the house of parliament in England announced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings, until in this day, when we have in this country many thousands of skilled stenographers, and newspapers sending out copies by the billion. The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper: "I'll rake while you bind;" and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vast progress since the days when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing press must go down or the Church of God must go down, to this time, when the printing press and the pulpit are in glorious combination and alliance.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weakness of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wrecked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger-nails, all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man, nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or in his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he may make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. Since the days of Hazlitt, and Sheridan, and John Milton, and the wallings of Grub street, London, literary toil, with very few exceptions, has not been properly rewarded. When Oliver Goldsmith received a friend in his house, he (the author) had to sit on the window, Linnaeus sold his splendid work for a deat. De Foe, the author of so many volumes, died penniless. The learned Johnson dined behind a screen because his clothes were too shabby to allow him to dine with the gentlemen who, on the other side of the screen, were applauding his works. And so on down to the present time literary toil is a great struggle for bread. The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gets his living by his wits; and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil: "You come down here and shove a plane, and hammer, a shoe last, and break cobble stones, and earn an honest living, as I do, instead of sitting there in idleness and scribbling!" But there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper men of this country. It is not a matter of hard times; it is characteristic at all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immensities financial and intellectual exhaustion of the newspaper press. Oh, men of the press, it will be a great help to you if, when you get home late at night, fagged out and nervous with your work, you would just kneel down and commend your case to God, who has watched all the fatigue of the day and the night, and who has promised to be your God and the God of your children forever!

HUMOROUS.

"Do you know I don't think much of Mawson." "You don't have to. You can size Mawson up in two seconds."—Brooklyn Life.

—Waiting.—Mrs. Angell—"How do you like the new minister?" Mrs. Goodwill—"I don't know yet. I haven't met his wife."—Chicago News.

—No Returns.—"Do you think there is any money in politics, Jimpson?" "You bet there is. That's where all mine went."—Detroit Free Press.

—No, I never take the newspapers home; I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know." "Papers too full of crime, eh?" "No, too full of bargain sales."—Truth.

—"They have never spoken since they took part in private theatricals," said Miss Cayenne. "I see; professional jealousy." "Oh, dear, no; something far worse. It's amateur jealousy."—Tit-Bits.

—"Why does the baron look so glum?" I thought he had just married an heiress." "So he has; but he speculated a few days after the marriage and lost the better half of his wife."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Unscientific.—First Arctic Explorer—"I have always considered Columbus a somewhat overestimated man." Second Arctic Explorer—"Why?" First Arctic Explorer—"He discovered America the first time he went to look for it."—Puck.

—"What made Kladderfleisch in such a hurry to get out of Germany?" "He happened to bear a close resemblance in personal appearance to Emperor William." "There was no harm in that." "No, but there came a boil on the end of his nose one day, and he was afraid of being arrested for lese majeste."—Chicago Tribune.

TREE 10,000 YEARS OLD.
Giant of Prehistoric Times Uncarved in England.

An extraordinary discovery, and one which is just now exciting considerable interest in antiquarian circles in Lancashire and Cheshire, has been made at Stockport. During the excavations in the construction of sewage work for the town some workmen came across what has since proved to be a massive oak tree, with two immense branches. Prof. Boyd Dawkins, the well-known antiquary, is of opinion that the tree is one of the giants of prehistoric times, and he says that the tree is certainly 10,000 years old. The corporation of Stockport are at a loss what to do with the gigantic fossil, which is supposed to weigh about 40 tons, and as it is necessary that it should be removed a proposal has been made to blow it up with dynamite. This has aroused the indignation of a large section of the public, who presented the following petition to the corporation: "That there is a valuable tree of old oak at present lying upon and exposed in the gravel on and within their property; that the quality in color, grain and solidity is better than any that can be bought in the open market; that for artistic work alone it is greatly to be treasured, for nothing in this country is at present grown which can come up to its dimensions; that it contains within itself sufficient material to make the furniture for any public building or town hall which may be erected for the public benefit within our borough; that it only requires lifting from its bed, which in the opinion of competent geologists may be roughly estimated as 15,000 years of occupation; that private effort has failed to achieve its removal; that its destruction would be a public loss and an artistic calamity; that your representatives in council be and are hereby requested to conserve for the borough this grant of nature to her sons and daughters, whose signatures are hereby affixed."

The corporation have reserved their decision, and in the meantime efforts are being made by local antiquarians and others to bring pressure to bear upon the council to preserve the tree for the benefit of the town and the country. It is believed that no discovery of such importance has hitherto been made in this country, and this being so it is hoped that those interested in such matters throughout the country will lend assistance toward preserving the tree.—London News.

The Kanaka and the Mule.
"An interesting incident happened when I was in Honolulu," said Senator Morgan. "You know the natives are magnificent swimmers. They take to the water like ducks. One day a cargo of mules was being carried on a barge to a steamer lying off shore, when one of the mules jumped overboard and made for the shore. When he landed on the beach he looked around, and, seeing all the other mules still being carried toward the steamer, he went into the surf again and started in the direction of the barge. After he had gone some distance a great wave came along and turned him over. When he righted himself he was absolutely wild, and blindly headed out for mid-ocean. The men on the barge watched him for awhile, and then the captain asked if it was proposed to let the animal drown. Quick as a flash one of the Kanakas sprang overboard, swam at a tangent to intercept the mule, and, reaching the animal, climbed upon his back, and by clever tactics directed the animal to the steamer, riding him like a centaur in the water all the way."—Washington Post.