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"AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING."

The days and months have lengthened into years
Since pale lips said: "Farewell,"
And 'twixt thy heart and mine, oh, best beloved!
Death's strange, sad silence fell.
The air, so vibrant with our joyous laughter,
Has strangely silent grown:
The path so easy when we walked together
Is hard to tread alone.
Alone, yet not alone, for hearts so closely
Entwined as mine and thine
Are one forever, though we walk no longer
Thy dear hand fast in mine.
"For time and for eternity"—how often
I heard that low, deep tone;
Each day of time but linked our hearts
More closely.
And thou art still my own.
Death only robbed me of the body, holding
Thy soul, my life's one star;
And still upon my life I feel thee shining,
So near and yet so far.
How rich is life! Fond memory illumines
The darkness of to-day.
Ever shall my calm glory cast a brightness
Along my lonely way.
Patience, my soul! Think in thy darkest
hours,
Of joys that thou hast known,
Courage, my heart! Each day the hour
Draws nearer.
When thou shalt claim thine own,
—Lida N. Diederich, in Donahoe's Magazine.

"Calbert"

By LOUIS V. JEFFERSON.

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HAVE you seen the last issue of the Clipper? The question was asked by a rather plump, smooth-faced, pleasant sort of fellow, as we were lounging in the rotunda of the Watson house—a resort of the 'profess' between seasons.

Upon my answering in the negative, he pushed back his Panama, settled himself down in his great armchair, put up his feet at a convenient angle, on another, displaying a pair of passionate hose, and while his features took on an expression of retrospective amusement, he continued:

"Well, I see Calbert is dead. Did you ever know him? Did a stunt in the continuous. Smoke pictures and magic and such stuff. Oh, he was good, and I'm sorry to hear he's dead. I was his side-partner once, and I always did like him. He was all right, every way you take him, and there'll be lots worse off for his funeral. I never will forget the time I was working with him on the Empire circuit. That was eight years ago. Oh, he was a top-liner when he died, I tell you! He got his \$300 a week and never played on Sundays.

"He was as brave as a lion and as quick on the trigger as they make them, and he never stood for anything crooked nor underhand anywhere. He was great shakes for helping the weak, and I've seen him give his last dollar away to set up some woman whose husband or partner had deserted her. I remember once we were doing a brother song and dance stunt down at Memphis at the Grand. On the bill there was the usual melange from grand opera to prize fighting, and among them was a team doing fancy shooting and knife throwing. They were a man and his woman—circus people, I think—who were trying their luck in vaudeville—and they stopped at the same hotel as we did; in fact, had the very next room. He was one of those little, wiry, black-haired chaps with a temper like a tiger, dissipated and cruel as they make them; and she was one of those slender, delicate types of women with a high voice and yellow hair that you see every once in awhile. She was a swell dresser, and quiet and peaceful; but to look in her face when she wasn't on exhibition, a blind man could have seen the trouble there. First time Calbert saw her, we were at band rehearsal Sunday morning, and she came in, with her hands full of her grips, and this fellow following her, scolding and swearing at her as if she was a slave. She surprised us from the fact she didn't answer back. Calbert was right in the middle of a solo, with the orchestra strumming away, half asleep, when they crossed behind him, and the fellow—Athene, I think he called himself—let out an unusually ugly oath. Calbert stopped short, wheeled about and stared him coldly in the face. The man half paused and his lips parted over his ugly white teeth, as if he dared any interference. Calbert eyed him for a moment, and then said: 'What sort of a pup are you? Don't you know a woman from a cat?'

"How did you get in this? 'Tend to your own business. She's my wife,' he answered.
"Well, I don't care if she's your mother. My business is to attend to any man that swears at a woman in my presence, and if you speak once more like that while I'm around, one of the other of us will have to cancel for this bill. See?" and he eyed him squarely in the face.
The little man grew white for a minute and looked like he'd liked to have eaten Calbert whole, but he thought better about it, and moved on to where

the woman was arranging her things in the back of the stage, but I noticed he changed his tune while we were about.

"Their stunt was to do some fancy shooting at swinging targets, hitting each one alternately while the orchestra kept time to the shots by playing the 'Marsellaise,' breaking glass balls on a time limit and all that sort of stuff, and ending with a display of knife throwing that was really thrilling when one considered what might have happened if ever there should be a mistake. You've seen the act, haven't you? No? Oh, every circus has it. They stand a woman up against a board and throw knives at her, trying to see how near they can come to her without hitting.

"Well, I remember, one evening, after the show was over, and we had gotten back to our room, Calbert was sitting on the end of his trunk unlacing his shoes, and I was trying to make up my mind whether I wanted a drink or not, when we heard his squeaky little voice suddenly raised in the next room, in a most sickening oath. Oh, I swear myself, lots more than I ought to, but I never could stand hearing a man curse a woman. He let 'em fly at her in a blue streak, and then there was a rush of feet, a struggling sound and a woman's voice in pleading tones that ended in a gurgle. It all happened so quick that I was still shivering in the shock when I looked up and saw Calbert's face, set and white. In about two shakes he had passed me, dashed out into the hall and threw himself against the other door. By chance it was not locked, and I reached there just in time to see him grab the dirty villain by the throat as he bent over the woman's form, lying across the bureau, and whirl him backwards across the room. It took just two licks to settle him, and when I pulled Calbert off, the other was meek as a lamb. The woman had pulled herself together and tottered over to the mantle, where I noticed she spit blood into the fender, and I can hear her yet, as she said in a broken, sobbing voice: 'Don't hurt him! He didn't mean no harm!'

"We settled things up pretty quietly for the night, Athene promising to behave himself, and Calbert warning him that as he slept in the next room he would make it a business to watch over him all the week. I knew by the look of him, though, that he was not through with her, and I was in for trying to get her to give him up, but Calbert would not let me interfere.
"The next day, Thursday, I noticed that he had been drinking hard, and wondered whether the manager would let him go on or not. He went on all right, but he was so shaky and nervous that he balled his part all up and queered his act from start to finish. In the first 16 shots to music, he missed 15 straight, and ended by throwing his rifle across the stage. Then he essayed to shoot backwards at a target by looking through a mirror, and missed again. This seemed to enrage him beyond bounds, and he kept up shooting at the thing until the manager had to whistle to him from the wings, while the audience gave him the laugh. Then the woman did her turn, and hit everything before her, and the audience, seeing how matters stood, gave her three straight encores. That aroused his jealousy and put a point on his hate, and, nerving himself, he walked out, grabbed up a gun, and emptied it at a flying target in a truly wonderful manner. I was in hopes that that would end the business, and that the woman would not let him finish with the knife-act, for he was really in no condition, but she seemed to either not fear him, or to fear him worse off the stage than on it, and she promptly placed herself before the board while he gathered an armful of knives and walked down front and snarled at the house.

I noticed behind her, in the right wing, Calbert was standing, his head partly bowed and his eyes bent on her as if he would look right through her. I saw him look at the man in front, and then his fingers clutched into a fist and the veins on their backs stood out, as when a fellow gets ready to punch somebody a lick. As Athene gripped his first knife by

the point, whirled it around his head and threw it into the air, I saw him watch it hurtle past, like a cat watches a mouse, afraid to breathe. Athene had turned and bowed to the audience, his thin lips curling back over his white teeth like a wolf's who had just shown his skill in playing with his victim. Once more he turned and cast a knife, and this time I caught my breath, for I saw that it was aimed at the head and would hit very close. It pinned a curl to the board and I saw a shudder go through her form as if she, too, had expected it to be her last, but still she stood up and looked without seeing far into the flies over my head.

As Athene turned to bow the second time I heard a rustle and looked across. Calbert had stepped out, grabbed a pistol and stepped back. No one saw him, or seemed to notice it, and I do not believe that Athene knew he was posted where he was, for when he turned for his third cast I am sure that from the gleam in his eyes he was not thinking of anyone or anything but just the plot in his dirty brain. His lips were grinning, and I heard him softly curse as he aimed a knife at the woman before him. All at once it flashed over me what he intended doing. I don't know how it was, but I felt I knew as well as if he had told me. He was drunk. His hand was shaky. He had proven it by his inability to shoot. He had gotten drunk for a purpose.

Across the way I could see Calbert half crouching with the pistol raised in his hand. Evidently he had noticed it, and I caught myself wondering if he would shoot the man before it was too late. He seemed about to do it, when, with a final maudlin giggle, the thing whizzed away, and I saw a streak of reflected light for one instant in midair, grabbed the scene against which I was leaning—and then there was a terrific report, followed by a rattle, and the knife fell broken at my feet!

Calbert with his gun had done it—just as it seemed about to enter her neck he had fired, and some Fate had guided his bullet! The woman must have known it, for she had fainted and lay limply against the board and I saw Calbert's face through a cloud of revolver smoke. Out in front, his arm still raised, Athene stood entranced, while from every run between the scenes the shifters and company were peering and the audience had jumped upon its feet. The horror of it was in everybody's face, and every heart had stood still. One moment more and their would have been a bedlam and the performance would have been ruined, had not Calbert had the presence of mind to save the situation.

With his gun still in his hand, he walked down front, smiled in his most winning fashion, bowed, stepped to the side of the astonished Athene, gripped him firmly by the wrist, bowed again to the audience, whispered to the other to do the same, and gradually backed into the wings as if it had all been a premeditated affair, and he had been waiting for the shot! Wonderful! Oh, but the effect was immense. I never saw a finale so thrilling. For a second or two the house could not get over its scare, and they did not catch on, but when they did they sank back to their places with a sigh of relief that we could hear behind the scenes. Someone laughed and then the applause broke out in a perfect storm. Athene wanted to go out and take it, but the manager calmly gripped him without a word and held him back while Calbert went on. After it was all over we revisited the woman and made up a purse for her and sent her away—back to her parents, I think it was, she went; but the little devil himself, we had to turn adrift from the simple fact that we had no evidence to hold him. It killed his show business, however, and I heard later that he got stuck like a pig with one of his own knives by a Spanish woman down in New Orleans, and I have always been glad of it. He certainly deserved something heroic."

WOMEN WEAR SHABBY GLOVES

They Are Not as Particular About Their Hand-Covering as the Men Are.

"Did you ever notice how much better men's gloves look than women's?" asks a writer in the New York Times. "Go into any public conveyance and look at the gloves of the passengers and you will be impressed by the superior condition of those worn by men. Two-thirds of the women you meet cover their hands with suedes and dogskins that are shockingly soiled and worn. It is not only women of generally shabby appearance who are guilty of wornout finger tips and ragged seams; many who are otherwise well-groomed and who could afford to put on a fresh pair of gloves every day are equally culpable. Men would be ashamed to go on the street wearing such disreputable things, but women flaunt them unblushingly."
"That sweeping condemnation is

unfair," protested the woman. "The condition is easily explained. Women wear their gloves much more than men and besides it is awfully destructive to finger tips to dig around in purses for change and samples and to handle candy, to turn over books and to examine dry goods."

"Now you have jumped the subject," said the man. "I am not talking about cause, I am talking about effect. The majority of men certainly do wear better gloves than the majority of women. You cannot deny that."

"That is true," the woman admitted. "I cannot deny it; they can better afford it also."
New York City Employes.
The number of employes in the New York municipal service has reached 45,299, of whom 12,000 are teachers and 10,000 members of the police and fire departments.
The classified civil service now embraces 134,017 positions.

Lesson In American History In Puzzle



INSIDE FORT PULASKI AFTER ITS SURRENDER. Find Col. C. H. Olmstead.

Some of the severest campaigning of the civil war was experienced by the troops that participated in the expeditions along the Atlantic coast, such as the Burnside expedition, the Du Pont and Port Royal expedition, etc. These were undertaken for the purpose of establishing an effective blockade of the southern ports. Of this order of campaigning the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski, located on Cockspur island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, and commanded by Col. C. H. Olmstead, of the confederate army, was one of the most remarkable engineering feats of the war. The ground surrounding this fort for miles on every side was but marshes, the majority of which were under water at high tide. On these marshes batteries had to be established that would command the confederate fort. This was accomplished under the direction of Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, of the engineer corps. Eleven batteries were planted in the marshes. The firing from the federal lines began on the morning of February 10, 1862, and continued until afternoon of the 11th, when the fort surrendered.

THE SECOND OLDEST CITY.

Tucson, Arizona, Ranks Next to St. Augustine, Florida, in Point of Antiquity.

Most everybody is familiar from childhood days with St. Augustine's generally conceded claim to be the oldest town in the United States, says a writer in the Washington Star. Not so many are acquainted with the fact that Tucson ranks next in point of antiquity. This flourishing and progressive American town has been evolved from the nucleus of an American village, wherein many generations of primitive folk, of few and simple wants, passed through existence untouched by a foreshadowing of the more complex society which was to supersede them.

Comprised within the western limits of the Tucson of to-day stand whole streets of flat-roofed, crumbling, one-story adobe buildings, looking rather dark and unsanitary as to interior, but still teeming with dark-skinned tenants, who often show an unmistakable mixture of Indian blood and who retain their soft Spanish dialect and leisurely habits of life, apparently unmodified by contact with their more strenuous American neighbors. The women are often pretty when young, but incline to grow too stout with riper years. They are usually distinguished by a black shawl worn over head and shoulders, while the children run about barefooted, with an apparent insensibility to cold which visitors from a more northern clime are inclined to envy.

The Meicans and Indians who still form a large part of the population of Tucson appear to be the only adult resident native to the soil; every one else seems to have come to the town from somewhere else and to be held there by the complexity of interests which go to build up a town. Many are health seekers, attracted of late years by the superb winter climate. The town is set down in a sea level sandy valley, 2,400 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by a scanty growth of hardy greasewood, mesquite and cactus. The coming of spring with a rain or two covers this arid-looking region with a carpet of grass and wild flowers. It would be hard to picture the ever-changing beauty of the encompassing mountain ranges, with their jagged tops sharply outlined against the metallic blue of the Arizona sky, the higher peaks capped and furrowed with snow. When the sky is softened by clouds there are a thousand varying effects of light and shade and color; and in the dawn of the morning or steeped in the gorgeous hues of sunset, the customary blue of the mountain ranges gives place to the whole gamut of color, from opaline gray or pink to somber purple or slaty black.

The air is usually so sharp and frosty at night that one wonders at the hardness of the handsome palms which adorn some of the gardens. However, at midday it is hot enough to induce one to throw off wraps, and the genial, sunny weather favors open-air excursions of all kinds.
One which no visitor should fail to take is that to the ancient mission of

San Xavier del Bac, nine miles from the old Presidio, now the growing city of Tucson. In answer to the assertion: "You have no ruins in America," one might point to the venerable edifice erected here through the efforts of Franciscan missionaries on which is now the Papago Indian reservation. (Papago, according to the explanation given by the Indians, means "hair cut," by which formerly those converted to the faith were distinguished.) The mission was established in 1867 by Jesuit missionaries, with Father Kino as superior, and after their expulsion by the Mexican government their place was taken by Franciscan priests. The date 1797, seen on one of the doors of the church, is, according to tradition, the date of its completion after 14 years of building. In their humility these architects left no mark to carry down their names to succeeding generations, differing in this respect from many visitors who have contributed to the debasement of the venerable pile by writing or carving their insignificant names upon it. The church is built of stone and brick, and in form of a cross 27 by 105 feet. The mission is now in charge of sisters of St. Joseph. On paying a small fee the visitor is shown into the church by an Indian lad. His first vivid sensation is of the sudden transition from the warm, sunny air outside to the cold, vault-like chill of the dim interior. His next impression is of the florid decoration of the grand altar and chapels, with a profusion of tarnished gildings in the Moorish style, quantities of artificial flowers, ropes of gay-colored tissue paper, trimmings of cotton lace; apostles and saints carved from wood, now decaying and leaving their holy visages rather snub-nosed and flattened by the hand of time.

No doubt to the eyes of the simple Indians, for whose worship, it must be remembered, the church was designed, it seems a very temple of splendor and beauty.
A small butte adjoining the church and crowned by a cross shows on its top the crater of an extinct volcano. The reservation numbers about 500 Indians, living in tiny adobe huts and brushwood shelters. Many of the women are engaged in making pottery with an entire absence of any tools save their own skillful brown hands. Besides making pottery the women are skilled in basket weaving, while the extensive fields on the reservation give employment to the men. A greater abundance of water is all that is needed to fully develop the agricultural possibilities of this valley of the Santa Cruz to coincide with the development of the mineral resources of the surrounding mountains.

Up to You.
The wife of a lazy Nantucket seaman, who had been sitting by the kitchen stove all winter, said to him: "John, one of the other of us has got to go round Cape Horn, and I ain't a-goin'."—Youth's Companion.

Nature's Provision.
Doctors tell us that the skull is so constructed that it can expand without causing death; a provision of nature for people who get their heads swelled.—Atchison Globe.

Uzelo Remben Says:
"Yo' kin console a man by tellin' him he's a martyr, or yo' kin hurt his feelin's by callin' him a fool, an' yet nine times out of ten one term will apply as well as de oder."—Detroit Free Press.

Honesty with Self.
Being honest with one's self is a rather difficult matter for the reason that there is no one who is easier to cheat or who likes it better.—Chicago Journal.

MODERN WIG-WEARING.

False Hair and Adornment That Is Given a Periodical Application of the Shears.

There are not many ways in which women have a marked advantage over men, but the conditions for them are much more satisfactory when they reach, as some of them occasionally do, the wig age. At the halfway station they are to be pitied. A slightly bald head is a distinction for a man, while—well, it is a condition in a woman not to be considered. But when it is necessary to obtain a wig the long hair worn by the woman which is massed in soft, fluffy ways around her face conceals the point of connection, she can wear her hair—hers by purchase, if not by birth—in as many styles as she likes and no one need be the wiser as to how she came by it, says the New York Times.

With a man it is different, and if he does not now to the interested public a head of hair which actually grows he is not in a position to conceal the fact that his head covering is an investment. It is this artificial hair growing which makes a man's outlay in wigs larger than that of a woman. A wig with long hair is expensive, in the first place, and certain shades and colors are more costly than others, and a fine quality costs more than an inferior, but that is equally true with hair put into the man's wig.

There is a prominent New York man, one well known in state politics, who has worn a wig for many years, and probably not one of his most intimate friends who have not been informed of the fact knows it. Wigs are so well made now that there would be but little danger of discovery except for the permanent style of the ordinary wig worn by the ordinary man. Every hair lies always in exactly the same position, it is combed in the same way, and is always the same length. But that is not the wig of the statesman.

To give the growing effect he wears a succession of wigs. When he comes apparently from the hands of the hair-cutter he is wearing a wig fresh from the hairdresser. This has a close cut, and seems to be exactly what it looks. As the days go by the hair grows gradually—that is, one wig is exchanged for another and then another, until, as the time goes on, the politician remarks that it is the day for another hair cut, reverts again to the first wig of the series, which has again been put in first-class condition by the wig-maker, and the deception begins anew.

INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

They Employ Two Prime Remedies Much Used by Advanced Medical Scientists.

Ernest Thompson-Seton was talking about the Indian medicine man the other day, says the New York Times.
"Did you ever notice," said he, "that the Indian doctor's two prime remedies are to lay the prime remedies of the most advanced medical science also? They are massage and the vapor bath. The early explorers all ridiculed these two features of the medicine man's treatment as much as they did any of the rest; but enlightened physicians have adopted them now. Of course, the medicine men practiced all sorts of fraud and deception. But they were shrewd judges of character, and that was the reason of their holding the positions they did. Here is an example of it:
"Running Deer and Lame Dog had a quarrel. It was smoothed over and forgotten. A year afterward Running Deer was found dead one morning in his tepee. The medicine man retired and remained invisible for two days. Then he called a council.
"When all were seated in order, he said: 'I have fasted and had visions, and knowledge has been granted to me. You see this knife. There are three spots of blood on this side the blade, three on the other side. I wipe off the blood; this side is clean, this side is clean. I put the knife behind me, so, in the council fire. Each man shall stand in turn. When the blood spots come back on the blade, that man will be the guilty one.
"Storm Cloud, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Storm Cloud, sit down; you are not guilty.'
"Blue Buffalo, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Blue Buffalo, sit down; you are not guilty.'
"Lame Dog, stand up. See the blood comes back on the blade. Lame Dog is guilty."
"Confronted by this supernatural proof of his guilt, Lame Dog broke down and confessed, and was thus brought to justice through shrewd judgment and a simple trick of sleight of hand."

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