

The Era-Leader.

Official Journal of Washington Parish and the Town of Franklinton.

VOLUME 2.

FRANKLINTON NEW ERA, ESTABLISHED 1888,
WASHINGTON LEADER, ESTABLISHED 1906.

FRANKLINTON, LA., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911.

NUMBER

DID NOT COME BACK

Cat Chased Rat Into Polar Bear's Den.

In Foraging for His Breakfast Tom Ventured Too Far Into Bruin's Cage and Nine Lives Are Lost in a Twinkling.

New York.—This is the story of a cat and a rat and a polar bear. It happened at the Bronx Park zoo. The rat and the polar bear are still alive. But the cat is not. And if you doubt the tale that follows, most any keeper at the zoo will conduct you to the bear dens and say:

"There is Silver King, the polar bear. I offer him in evidence." Should curiosity, or skepticism, prompt you to inquire about the cat, the keeper will tell you that his grave is down under one of the big oak trees near the duck pond.

Every one who has visited the zoo recently knows all about Silver King. He's the very first thing to which the keepers call your attention. But the cat and the rat are not so well known. In fact, neither of them really belonged to the zoo at all. They had just wandered in and acquired squatter's rights.

The cat was a battle-scarred old male. He crept into the reservation one day when no one was looking, and proved himself quite a rat catcher. Had it not been for that, Tom would have been promptly ejected from the zoo. But rats have become a pest near some of the animal houses. Tom soon became one of the regular fixtures. He slept in a little fissure in the rocks to the east of the bear dens. Sometimes the cat would creep through the bars and snatch pieces of bread or meat left by the bears. Tom waxed fat and sleek from his foraging.

But Tom never lost his fondness for rat meat. He preferred to kill them himself, too. One morning recently Tom, the cat, was very hungry. The long rainy days had kept him confined to the cleft in the rock. No rats ever ventured there. But on the morning in question the sun was shining. Tom ventured out to hunt for his breakfast.

Along the stone wall which forms the base for the rows of iron bars in front of Silver King's den there appeared a rat, a large, fat one, which looked as though it couldn't run very fast. Tom saw it. Creeping along, with his body close to the ground, Tom drew close, close enough to spring. And suddenly, like a catapult launching upon its prey, Tom hurtled through the air. But the rat saw him just in time, and tumbled off the wall and into the den of Silver King.

Hunger had apparently made Tom reckless. Into the bear den he sprang, and skurried across the floor after the rat. And then Silver King took part in the chase. The keepers say that probably Silver King only wished to play. But after the cat, which was after the rat, went the big polar bear. And into the cave of Silver King went the three animals.

A moment passed, and out from the cave ran the rat. The cat was close behind. Silver King was still bringing up the rear, but gaining fast.

At the edge of the bear tank the chase ended. One of Silver King's big paws came down squarely upon poor Tom's back, and Tom's nine lives passed out in a twinkling. The rat, of course, escaped. One of the keepers who had witnessed the chase and its tragic ending procured a long pole and fished Tom's body out. And later he buried the cat beneath the tall oak tree.

On Staying at Home.

It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of traveling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made Italy, England, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In many hours, we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.—Emerson.

A Long-Winded Speaker.

During the delivery of one of those tedious speeches that are so often inflicted upon the house of representatives, a member who had occupied the floor for many hours was called to order on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the house. "I know it," said he, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the house, but for posterity." "Speak a little longer," said John Randolph, in an undertone, "and you will have your audience before you."—From Arvine's Cyclopedia of Anecdotes.

HIS \$50 WERE NOT LOST

Though the Old Vest Went to the Ragman, Wife Appeared in a Fine New Hat.

A certain thrifty Sewickleyan, who contrives to "hold out" a little for sundry personal purposes despite the alertness of his better half, is often put to queer shifts to keep his private bank roll from her prying eyes. When he some time ago began a systematic conservation of his resources, with an eye to attractive odds in the baseball betting on the pennant, he bethought himself of an old vest that he had seen hanging in a dark part of the cellar, which he wore when he was making garden in the spring. The vest would make an excellent depository, so he thought.

Deciding on Tuesday morning to come up to the city and "look 'em over," he repaired to the cellar. Horrors! The vest was gone. Search as he might it was nowhere to be found, and with a fallen heart he resorted to the last desperate expedient and sought his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied with a frown on her pretty face, "it smelled of mold and paint, so I just had to get rid of it, and I sold it to the ragman." She watched him sink limply into a chair with a groan that shook the china in the china closet.

"But don't worry, pet, the \$50 you so carelessly left in the vest is not lost, but is safely invested in this beautiful fall hat. Isn't it a beauty, dear?" And as she produced one of the latest bucket-shaped monstrosities as big as a water pail, he pulled a long breath and fell into a faint on the dining room floor.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

NIETZSCHE'S VIEW OF WOMAN

Everything in Her is a Riddle, and She is Man's Most Dangerous Plaything.

Nietzsche, the German philosopher, has little to say of women. In his philosophy there is to be no over-woman. "Everything in woman is a riddle," he says. And again, "The true man wants two different things—danger and diversion. He therefore wants a woman as the most dangerous plaything." In his Wagner book, he puts women in a strange category. "In the theater," he declares, "one becomes mob, herd, woman, Pharisae, voting animal, patron, idiot, Wagnerian." "As yet," he says, in Zarathustra, "women are incapable of friendship."

"In a woman's love," Nietzsche says, "there is unfairness and blindness to all she does not love. And even in woman's enlightened love there are still outbreaks and lightnings." In his Wagner essay he says: "Woman would like to believe that love can do all. It is a superstition peculiar to herself. Alas! he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious and liable to error even the best, the deepest love is; how it rather destroys that saves."—Forum.

BEEFSTEAK COSTS \$48 LB.

Highest Price Ever Paid for Piece of Meat at Circle City, Alaska—Trouble Averted.

Seattle, Wash.—Probably the highest price ever paid for a beefsteak was that charged at Circle City, Alaska. The first steak that ever reached that town is said to have sold for something like \$48 a pound. There were ten pounds in this steak, which was shipped 250 miles to Circle City. When the owner of the precious bit of meat reached the camp the miners turned out in a body to see it. It was placed on exhibition and attracted as much attention as if it were the rarest of gems. Every body wanted a piece of it and the pieces offered were such as would have resulted in a mining camp quarrel. If it had not been decided to raffie the steak off for the benefit of a hospital that Bishop Rowe was trying to establish for the miners at Circle City. Bids were started at \$5 a pound, and rose briskly to \$35. Finally, in order to avoid complications, it was decided to sell tickets at prices from 50 cents to \$2.50 for the privilege of drawing for a slice. After \$480 worth of tickets had been sold the drawing began, and, to the relief of those in charge of the sale, no trouble resulted.

Heavy Railroad Improvements.

Omaha, Neb.—Year-end figures show that the railroads spent \$2,400,000 for improvements in Omaha during 1910. It is estimated that more than \$20,000,000 was paid out as wages here.

Discretion.

"He's awfully touchy, isn't he?" "I should say he was. A man who had a grudge against him defied him to come out and fight, and he got so mad at the fellow that he locked himself in his office and stayed there two days."

HUNTERS UNITE IN SERVICE

Scene as Out of Pioneer Days Marks Sermon in Heart of Pennsylvania Game Woods.

Lewiston, Pa.—In the rough dress of the hardy hunters of the forest and with rifles slung over their backs, 102 men from 11 hunting camps scattered over 20 miles of backwoods, heard a sermon unique because of its distance from the pale of civilization and because it was made to conform to its game wilderness surroundings.

"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord," was the text, and the Rev. Harold MacAfee Robinson of Bear Lake, Minn., late pastor of the Presbyterian church at Milroy, but now taking a post-graduate course at Princeton, was the preacher. The church was the Harry Reed hunting camp, located at Bear Springs, on the rim of the big kettle, in the heart of the seven mountains.

The sermon was the result of a compact of two years' standing when the Rev. Mr. Robinson, then administering to the spiritual needs of the little mountain village, decided to resign his charge and take an additional course in the big college. Reed, one of stanchest friends and supporters, exacted a promise that he would spend a week or more in his camp this winter.

Receiving announcement that the promise was about to be kept, Reed spread the news abroad in the mountains that religious service would be held at the Reed camp at nine o'clock in the morning. The result was actually startling, even to the investigators, when 102 men reported to the camp, many of them having walked ten miles.

Promptly on the hour, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, dressed in rough sporting garb, stepped into the opening in the tent and began the services with "Greenland's Icy Mountains." There were men from every walk in life and from every section of Pennsylvania as well as from five other states, and they were a unit in their opinion that they had never enjoyed a sermon as they did that one.

A register improvised from a number of post cards, was kept of the guests and will be retained as one of the treasures of the camp.

MISSED ONE OF THEIR BROOD

New Jersey Couple Count Noses and Lost Boy is Finally Located Asleep in Car.

Montclair, N. J.—When Johnson Conboy of Great Notch, his wife and eleven children got off a trolley car at Bloomfield avenue and Valley road, intending to change cars for the Valley, Mrs. Conboy scrutinized her brood and then began to count.

She counted 'em once and looked astonished. She counted 'em a second time and looked even more astonished. Then she beckoned to her husband, and he counted slowly—one, two, three, four, five—

"There's one gone, sure," cried the mother. Conboy kept on counting—six, seven, eight—

"You're right," he said. "It's Jamie." Meantime the car, with Jamie, had vanished. Herbert Keys asked the Conboys what made them act "so frantic like." They said the car had carried off one of their children. Keys followed the car to the barn, three blocks away, and there found Jamie, asleep and about to be ticketed and placed in the lost parcel room.

When the child was restored to his parents they answered wondering looks by saying they weren't used to traveling, and got so flustered they lost for the time being their instinctive mind's-eye picture of their 12 children and had to resort to counting.

When the English Laugh.

A correspondent recalls a pointed but discourteous and yet not wholly undeserved interjection made at a local political meeting.

A woman, whose husband had temporarily lost his voice, loyally appeared to make a speech on his behalf. She said a good deal at the outset about the state of his larynx, and then plunged into politics. Having exhausted that theme, she returned to her husband's health, and described, not only his disappointment at being unable to address them, but her own efforts to patch him up for the fray. She had tried hot fomentations, she had tried poultices, she had made him gargle his throat, she had steamed his throat for him, she had sprayed his throat and made him try every kind of lozenge. Was there anything else she could do for his throat? And a voice said: "Aye, mem, cu."

Alas, Alack!

"My wife is always borrowing." "What kind of trouble is she borrowing now?" "She's afraid whiskers will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he will not have a chance to show the cunning dimple in his chin."

Police Jury Ordinances.

Franklinton, La., March 7, '11

Be it ordained by the Police Jury of the parish of Washington in regular session assembled:

That the excess of revenues of the said parish of Washington for the year 1911, after first paying all statutory charges, all charges for services rendered annually on time contracts, and all necessary and usual charges provided for by ordinances and resolutions, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated and dedicated to pay and satisfy two certain certificates of indebtedness to be issued in favor of the First State Bank of Bogalusa, for the aggregate sum of Five Thousand Two Hundred (\$5,200.00) dollars, the said certificates being issued to pay a portion of the expense and cost of constructing public roads under the supervision of the Police Jury in the Parish of Washington.

That the president of the Police Jury be and he is hereby authorized and directed to execute in favor of the First State Bank of Bogalusa, two certificates of indebtedness aggregating the sum of five thousand two hundred dollars (\$5,200.00) to be paid out of the excess of the revenues of the year 1911, of the Parish of Washington, said certificates to be due and payable on the 10th day of September, 1911, and to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum from maturity, payable annually, and that said certificates shall be countersigned by the secretary of the Police Jury.

Be it ordained by the Police Jury of Washington parish, in regular session assembled, that the following be and is hereby adopted as the budget of expenditures of the Parish of Washington, for the year 1911, to wit:

Salary of Sheriff.....	\$ 500 00
Tax Col's commission.....	2500 00
Stationery and Books.....	300 00
Clerk of Police Jury.....	300 00
Coroner and Cor. Jury.....	2000 00
Grand and Petit Jury.....	3000 00
Witnesses in crim. cases.....	2000 00
Feeding prisoners.....	1500 00
Assessor's commission.....	2000 00
Bridges, building and repairing.....	8000 00
Treasurer's salary.....	175 00
Court House certificates.....	3100 00
Police Jury.....	500 00
Court Stenographer.....	125 00
Coveying prisoners and interdicts to penitentiary and asylum.....	1000 00
Jail certificates.....	3900 00
Road fund.....	5000 00
Public Schools.....	12500 00
Incidentals.....	2000 00

Franklinton, La., March 8, '11.

On motion, duly seconded, and carried, the following ordinance was adopted:

Be it ordained by the Police Jury of Washington parish, that there be and is hereby levied, for the year 1911, a tax of ten mills on the dollar on all taxable property within the bounds of Washington Parish, Louisiana, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of said parish, both current and outstanding interest-bearing certificates of indebtedness, for which the funds of 1911 are pledged; said funds to be divided as follows: for Public Schools, 2 1-2 mills; Court House certificates, 1 mill; Bridges, 1-2 mill; Jail, 3-4 mill; Road fund, 2 mills, General fund, 3 3-4 mills.

It was further ordained by the Police Jury, that there be and is hereby levied, for 1911, a license tax on all trades or professions, within the Parish of Washington, subject to a state license, and in amount equal to said state license, as levied and made due and collectable at the same time said state license is collected and in the same manner and form.

R. F. KRATON,
BANNISTER, President,
Clerk.

JOHNSON & BROCK Insurance Agency

INSURANCE:
Life,
Accident,
Health,
Fire,
and
Tornado

Give Us A
Trial

We represent several strong
and reliable companies

Office in
Farmers and Merchants
Bank Building

GO TO IT!

When Cash Purchases Amount to \$5, We Will GIVE AWAY, Absolutely Free, ONE PIECE HANDSOME DRESDEN CHINA.

We Have a Real Nice Line of Men's Clothing. All New and Up-to-Date. Our Shoes are Unequaled Anywhere.

W. C. LONNERGAN,
Franklinton, Louisiana.

*A shoe that holds its shape
wears longer and better*



Selz Royal Blue Shoes

hold their shape.
They're made to fit
the feet of the person who buys them;
every Selz Royal Blue shoe is kept on a
last until the leather seasons to the shape.
There's no breaking-in to be done, and
the shoe you discard will be the shape
of the one you purchase. We give you
the makers' guarantee on shoes bearing
this trademark.

Robert Babington, Ltd.
FRANKLINTON, LOUISIANA

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOR SALE—Poland China pigs, Sire, Dannie L. No. 77517. \$5 each.
A. D. KEMP,
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