

The Bossier Banner.

Established July 1, 1859.

"A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns."

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. XXXVII.

BENTON, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1898.

NO. 6.

ABOUT THE SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

Old Jap Jones Tells the Story of Moses Parker Who Was Found Sadly Wanting.

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BY M. QUAD.

When Moses Parker moved down to Squan Creek from Keyport we gin him jest a week to git settled and look around. Then Ephriam Watkins took him down to the old sawmill, and sat him down on a log, and begun:

"As I'm one o' the leadin' men o' Squan Creek I feel it my solemn duty to ax ye a few questions. Do ye watter belong to the upper crust o' society here, or do ye watter be counted among the mudsills?"

"As fur that," sez Moses, "I'm allus fur the upper crust. My family ar' descended from the revolushun, and my feelin's ar' allus feelin' fur the aristocraey."

"The upper crust will receive ye," sez Ephriam, "or it will cast ye out. That's accordin' to the course ye take. Was thar' many liars in Keyport?"

"Only three or four worthy to be called by the name."

"Was you one o' 'em?"

"I kin say without undoo vanity that I was. I calkerlate that I ranked as liar No. 1 up thar'."

"That's a mighty pint in your favor. All of us here kind o' sized ye up fur a liar, but we didn't know fur sure. Ye can't allus tell by a man's face whether he will lie or tell the truth. What sort o' lies did ye lie about up thar'?"

"Mostly about clams and lobsters," sez Moses. "My great speciality was lyin' about lobsters. That's how I got the name o' the 'Lobster Liar.' It went without sayin' that I could tell a bigger lobster lie than any other man within 20 miles of Keyport. Mebbe you remember the story in some of the New

Mebbe six weeks had gone by, and Moses Parker was makin' a name fur himself and doin' us proper credit, when a squall upsets his boat in the bay and he saved himself from goin' to the bottom by catchin' hold o' buoy No. 3. He thought he was all alone, but he wasn't. Two of the crowd was on Bird island, near by, and arter Moses had bin hangin' on fur 15 minits they heard him yell out:

"Oh! Lord, I ain't fitten to die in this way! I've bin lyin' about lobsters fur the last five y'ars, and I want at least a month to repent in! Jest let me be saved and I'll never tell another lie as long as I live!"

The boys rowed out and took him off, and when they bring him home his words was reported. He had promised to lie and stick to it, but he'd gone back on hisself the very first thing. At the meetin' which was called he was ordered to stand up and explain, and thar' was a sweet smile on his face as he riz to his feet and said:

"Gentlemen, thar's sum awful mistake yere. It's true that my boat was upset by the squall, and that I was left hangin' to the buoy and expectin' every minute to be my last; but I was thinkin' up a new lobster lie and repeatin' it aloud, and then was the words the boys overheard."

As the wind was howlin' and the waves roarin' it was just possible that the boys may have been mistaken. They vowed they wasn't, but it was decided to gin Moses the benefit of the doubt and he was let off. He understood, however, that he was to be watched from that time on, and he jest braced

a reputashun in Squan Creek, and it shouldn't go in an hour."

"But I want to own up and ask forgiveness," sez Moses, and right then and thar' he owned up to 352 lobster lies, big and little. The preacher tried to choke him off, and his wife wept when she thought of his lost reputashun, but thar' was no holdin' him back. He didn't die, however. A dose of Jamaica ginger cured him arter he'd owned up, and then he tried to git out o' it, same as before. It wasn't fur him to do it. The preacher was agin him and his own wife was agin him, and Ephriam Watkins stood up and said:

"Ye can't never make no upper crust out o' no lower crust. He's a bewtiful liar—a bewtiful liar, but he can't lie and stick to it. He might be a ornymment to this community, but he's only a disgrace, and if he would save the reputashun of Squan Creek from everlastin' disgrace he must go."

And the next week Moses Parker moved back to Keyport, and nobody would bid him good-by as he went out o' town with tears in his eyes.

A NEW SPEED RECORD.

It Was Made by the Rochester, Minn., Fire Department.

(Copyright, 1898.)

A new fire department speed record has been made by the firemen of Rochester, Minn., which is likely to stand first for some little time. It is possibly true that at the competitions in which the fire companies participated this record has been lowered, but the Rochester firemen made their run at a regulation fire, and the timing thereof was an accident. This time, which is destined to become famous, is 70 seconds from the moment the alarm was struck until water was thrown from the nozzle at the end of the line of hose.

It so happened that this department, of which John Boylhart is chief, has no engine to bother with, for the water power has sufficient force to throw a stream over the highest building in the place, rendering an engine unnecessary.

The other day the alarm struck in just as a member of the Rochester police force stepped into the firehouse. The happy thought struck this policeman of timing the run, and so, without saying anything to the firemen, he noted the exact moment when the bell sounded, and started at once for the scene of the fire, three blocks distant. Within 70 seconds from the time the policeman looked at his watch, the stream of water was playing on the fire. This is what Chief Boylhart has to say concerning the event:

"In regard to that run of ours, I should like to have it understood that it was not a trial run to see what time we could make, but a straight fire alarm; and the distance was three blocks, or a little more, from the engine house. The time, from the sounding of the bell until we were throwing water, was just one minute and ten seconds.

"You see, we have been making good time right along, and people have been so kind as to think that we are unusually speedy; so considerable interest has been taken in our performances. Nevertheless, we have not sought for records, but merely acted on the principle that should actuate every fireman—that the quicker the time he makes the better is he performing his duty."

"Thus it is plain that the time recorded was simply what we considered a business run. Naturally, we are much aided in making speedy time by the fact that it is unnecessary for us to have an engine, and that our wagons are of light build as possible and our teams spirited.

"To me, however, it all seems to demonstrate that, while fire competitions are unquestionably good things to advance the efficiency of fire departments in general, if some of the records really made in the course of a fireman's ordinary duties were given, the prize runs would not be so highly rated as they are now."

An Important Role.

"Your son is an actor, you say, Mr. Maginnis?"

"Faith he is."

"And what role does he play?"

"Rolls, is it? Faith, he rolls up the curtain."—Tit-Bits.

Perfectly Simple.

"I didn't see you at the ball last evening, Miss Hicks."

"It would have been one of the miracles if you had."

"Why so?"

"I wasn't there."—Harlem Life.

He Had Heard It Before.

Borer—Why don't you laugh? I don't believe you appreciate the story!

Newitt—On the contrary, I have always said that it was an excellent story.

—Up-to-Date.

Test of Feminine Character.

Mrs. Budds—Mrs. Cromer is a woman of remarkable strength of mind.

Mrs. Budds—Is she?

Mrs. Budds—Yes. She never buys anything she doesn't want.—Odds and Ends.

Too Early to Tell.

William Ann—Hear you have a new baby at your house; is it a boy or a girl?

Chappie—How should I know; they haven't named it yet.—Harlem Life.

Knows His Business.

"Whom first we love we seldom wed." The reason, if you please,

Is Cupid has a level head, And must have bread and cheese.

—Chicago Record.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD

A Pastoral Sermon in Time of Public Excitement.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Would Draw His Hearers' Towards Thoughts of Peaceful Scenes in the Fold of the Heavenly Shepherd.

In the following sermon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage draws a picture of the earthly and the heavenly shepherd. The text is:

The Lord is my shepherd.—Psalms xxiii. 1.

What with post and rail fences, and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such an one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors 12 hours the day and oft-times waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars, or the torrents, or the sun, or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick shepherd of Scotland, who afterwards took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer, and was overheard to say: "Oh, Lord, it has seemed good in Thy province to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand-blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it; and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and aid age without it, Thou mayest ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much: "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man he said: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man he said: "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house."

In his boyhood he had heard the terrific thunder storm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man he said: "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David, the boy, had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man and wrote: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text: "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flocks.

And first: The shepherd's plaid: It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and boisterous work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet; the serving maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amidst the storms, and the rocks, and the nettles; he puts on a rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus; but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle have done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it; one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two rag pickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No; in the wardrobe of Heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besotted and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No, it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way, and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work, and Jesus put

on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh. The storms were to beat Him, the crowds were to jostle Him, the dust was to sprinkle Him, the mobs were to pursue Him. Oh! shepherd of Israel! leave at home Thy bright array. For Thee, what streams to array! He puts upon Him the plain raiment of our humanity; wears our woes; and while earth and Heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around Him the Shepherd's plaid:

Cold mountains and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervor of His prayer.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck; and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it; but when the sheep were out of the way, the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the shepherd's crook, we would have fallen long ago over the precipice.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says: "After awhile I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink and be merry." Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids, he calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After awhile sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. "Is the Lord angry with me?" On, no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here's a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children, and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer coming across the ocean I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a faculty in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain, and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life, when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble, and, back-handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Col. Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies, and put them under Col. Breakheart. Then I will ask: Which of these regiments has gained for you the greatest spiritual victories? Certainly that under Col. Breakheart.

In the time of war, you may remember at the south and north, the question was whether the black troops would fight; but when they were put into the struggle on both sides they did heroically. In the great day of eternity it will be found that it was not the white regiment of joys that gained your greatest successes; but the black troops of trouble, misfortune and disaster. Where you have gained one spiritual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from your adversity.

Next I speak of the shepherd's dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog—from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our Shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as His dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians, and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears, worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They can not bite us, if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them: sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark, and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord, our Shepherd, has a mark for His sheep. It is a red mark—the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherd's

pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer, and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep-cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains, and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun-gilt Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration; and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement, and we say: "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover-top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Rich pasture, fountain-fed pasture, for all the flock of the Good Shepherd.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Lastly: Consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep-shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheep-fold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheep-fold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in—so high that the joys can not get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in Heaven! Oh, what a merry Heaven it will make! Not many long-meter psalms there. They will be in the majority, and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when, to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in Heaven?

It is time we get over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheep-fold that God has provided you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that. I know it; but that Jordan is only for the sheep-washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow-white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard His voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd!

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure. The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills, a bear may be looking for it from the ticket!

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought, and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned; the party dispersed; lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in 15 minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh! ye who are seated at the banquet of this world, or whirling in its gayer and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the Gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance! The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison you have; bring it to me that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon, beautiful with peace, beautiful with anticipations. Or to return to the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To day my Heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of Heaven, calling you to leave your sin and accept His pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.



THE PREACHER ADVISES AGAINST CONFESSION.

York papers about a gigantic lobster seizin' my skiff and upsettin' it in Keyport bay?"

"I dew, and was that one o' your lies?"

"It was—one o' my small ones."

"Then you'll certainly do fur the upper crust of high society here," sez Ephriam, as he slaps his leg. "That was a bewtiful lie—a bewtiful lie. Hanged if it didn't deceive all the liars in Squan Creek! Yes, that's all right, but I must ax ye farder. Hevin' once told a lie do ye stick to it right along?"

"Allus."

"If yer boat got upset and ye was driftin' around, would ye own up?"

"Never! I'd drift clean across the ocean before I'd give up!"

"Spose ye was took sick and thought ye was goin' to die?"

"It would be jest the same. Indeed, I believe I should think up a bigger lie to tell. I ain't no man to brag on to himself, but when I go back on the reputashun of my colonial forefathers the folks of Squan Creek kin ride me outer town on a rail."

Then Ephriam felt that Moses was all right, and he clasped him in his arms and welcomed him to Squan Creek. He was introduced to all the folks, paid fur all the drinks, and everybody was glad we had a lobster liar among us. We had the best kind o' liars about oysters, clams, sharks, whales and crabs, but nobody had made a speciality of lyin' about lobsters. Moses was told to begin Monday mornin', and he didn't need no proddin' up about it. He jest got off sum of the sleekest, fattest lies we ever listened to, and it was voted that he was all right and an ornymment to the upper crust.

right up and told some of the mightiest lobster lies ever heard in America. That was one of his lies published in a Philadelphia paper, about a lobster walkin' ashore on Cat island and seizin' a yearlin' colt belongin' to Deacon Spooner. Moses said he saw the hull performance from his boat, and that the screams of the colt made his blood run cold. He took a reporter down to the island and showed him the airth all torn up, and pieces of Ede lyin' around, and the story bring him in \$20 in cash and restored his prestige among us. The colt was over on Catfish marsh all the time, but the story went jest the same.

Moses Parker had been in Squan Creek fur six months, and was hevin' things all his own way, when one day he was took with bilious colic. He was around the house, and when the fust pain struck him he got skeert and said to his wife:

"Lucy, I'm marked fur death and you'll be a widdar afore night! It's all on account of my lyin'."

"But I never knowed you to lie," sez she.

"I've done nothing but lie fur the last six months, and now Providence is arter me. If I die with all these 5,000 whoppin' big lies on my soul I won't go within a thousand miles of Heaven. Don't ye think I'd better call in sumbody and confess?"

His wife thought he had, and she run fur the preacher. By the time she got back with him Moses was all doubled up with pains and thought he hadn't but half an hour to live. When he said he wanted to confess to his lyin' the preacher speaks up and sez:

"I shouldn't be too hasty if I was you. You hev worked hard to build up