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## Wedding of Sergt. McManus By PHILIP MANILA

KATIE FINNEY leaned on the window sill and looked out at the white tropical moonlight and softly wept. She was going home the next day. Going back to "the states," and far away from hot, dirty Manila. Yet she was crying.

She heard her mistress calling her, and hastily drying her eyes, went back into the front room of the house, where the colonel's lady was sitting in state.

"You were crying, Katie," said the colonel's lady in a voice pitched several tones above C.

"Yes, ma'am," said Katie with an ill disguised snuffle.

"Katie," asked the colonel's lady, are you crazy?"

Katie meekly said she thought not.

"Then, Katie," went on the colonel's lady, "don't you see that there is nothing for you to do but stop crying and quit acting the fool? You can't stay behind in Manila. There is no place for you here. You have no excuse for staying. I cannot pay your wages until we get back to the states, and what would you live on? Katie, could I tell you your good old mother that you were hanging around Manila waiting for a man to come around some day when he got good and ready and marry you?"

"Boo-hoo," mourned Katie in indignant sobs.

"Of course not, Katie. You are a good, honest girl, and such news would kill your father and mother. You must go home with us, and if that rascally soldier thinks as much of you as he says he does he will come back as soon as he gets his discharge and marry you in a church in a proper manner. Now let me hear no more of your crying."

The colonel's lady, convinced that she had settled things, returned again to her book, and Katie retired to her old place at the window and resumed weeping.

She was going away without even saying goodby to the one person in the entire group of the Philippine islands for whom she cared most. But it was his fault after all. Why did he not find time to come in from the line and see her for a few minutes at least? Then suddenly she stopped crying, for she heard her name called softly from below.

"Yes, yes," she answered, while her heart beat wildly. "Is it you, Mr. McManus?"

"'Tis the same," answered Sergt. McManus in a hoarse whisper. "An' will ye come down into th' garden for a minit, Kitty? I want to talk with you."

In almost no time Katie was down in the garden and standing in the shelter of the deepest shade that Sergt. McManus had been able to find.

"And why didn't you come before?" she said, reproachfully, as he took her hand "an' me grieving for you all the time and going home to-morrow."

"Phwy didn't I coom?" asked Sergt. McManus. "Phwy? An' thot old divil of a kernel awatchin' me loike a cat would watch a mouse an' akapin' me on outpost dutty all th' 'toime an' niver a chance to come for desartin' me post in th' presence of th' inimy, an' bein' hobbled, er drawn on quartered, er shot at sunrise, er something loike thot."

"O," gasped Katie. "No, of course you couldn't come in that case. But why did he do that?"

"'Becuss, Kitty," said the sergeant, "he knew well enough if I got just wan moore chance I would make ye marry me, an' then he wouldn't have any noice lady slave loike you to take care of his wheedin' old woife an' git her safe back to th' states."

"O," gasped Katie, "that's it, is it?"

"'Tis," went on the sergeant, "but, Katy, you can beat them all. You shall not go home to-morrow."

"I must," gasped Katie. "There is no way; the colonel's wife said there was none. A good girl could not stay here just waiting for a man—"

"Gwan wid yer idle talk." Sergt. McManus drew Katie to him and kissed her ever so gently. "It's married we're agoin' to be this night."

Visions of a justice of the peace or some obliging chaplain in the front room of a Filipino shack floated through Katie's head. "No, no," she said. "I could not—"

"Ah, now, have no fear," said the sergeant tenderly. "I'll be in the church and by a priest, no matter if he is as black as me old saddle. An' sure an' the banns have been published in that same church, an' 'tis my parish, an' everything is proper, an' ye need not be afraid to trust to me. An' I've got a little shack all ready in Manila, an' here ye stay, as happy as ye please, th' woife of Sergt. McManus, and to-morrow ye can snap yer fingers at that ole she dragon that's thryin' to tear ye away from the man thot loves you."

"I can't understand," said Katie weakly. "It's all so sudden. And if the colonel wouldn't let you leave the line without being a deserter, how did you get here to-night?"

"I jest came," said the sergeant proudly.

"But you'll be called a deserter if they catch you, and you might be shot."

"O," said the sergeant, lightly, "an' I will be, mebbe, if they catch me, but they're not agoin' to catch me, Kitty, dear. No wan knows but at this blissid moment I'm alayin' in a paddy field awatchin' the nigger gentlemen a sharpin' their bolie knives—"

"Sh," gasped Katie, suddenly. Then her face grew deadly white. "It's the colonel," she gasped. "And he's coming right this way, and he'll see you, and—you'll be shot for desertin'—"

"Kape quiet, Kitty," said the sergeant. "Don't move now. I'll fix th' colonel all roight."

To Katie's horror the sergeant stepped full out into the moonlight, with his gun raised to his shoulder and his left arm thrown so as to hide his face.

"Don't," gasped Katie. Was her desperate lover about to kill the man who had come between them?

"Halt," commanded the sergeant, savagely. "Who's there?"

"Who's that?" gasped the colonel, who seemed to be walking unsteadily, and then as he looked into the frowning muzzle of the Krag he answered quickly, "Fren."

"Advance, friend, and be recognized," ordered the sergeant.

"I'm Col. Francis, commandin' Shirzie-sec' cav'y, shentry; who poshed you out here'n my garden?"

"Pass, Col. Francis, commandin' the Shirzie-sec' cav'y," ordered the sergeant without a tremor.

The colonel looked for a moment as though he was going to make further inquiries, but his legs were unsteady and he seemed to realize the fact, so he drew himself up as stiffly as he could and continued his erratic progress.

"Now, Kitty," begged the sergeant, "he may send a corporal around here in a minute and I'll be caught. My horse is down the street. There's a pony there for you. Will ye trust th' man thot's risked everything for ye an' go?"

"O, I can't," gasped poor Katie, with the direful warnings of the colonel's lady passing through her mind. "I can't, Jim. I love you—"

"Corpl of th' guard," it was the voice of the colonel hallooing down the street.

"The guard will come in a minit," said the sergeant, grimly. "Here I'll stay, and they'll find me, an' may I'll have mercy on me soul, fer the colonel will soak me wid all th' '300 of th' rules of war all to once."

"Go," gasped Katie, "go, for you'll drive me crazy."

"I'll not budge wan step widdout you, Kitty," said the sergeant. "Either you go wid me to be married this night wid full benefit of clergy er it's me goes alone to the guardhouse to be charged with willful desartin' me post in th' prisence—"

"Corporal of th' guard," bellowed the colonel again.

"Yes, yes," gasped Katie, "I'll go, I'll go."

The sergeant bent and kissed her.

## WHERE GOD IS.

We used to sit together, my Uncle Job and I, and watch the sunset glory where it lingered in the sky, the sky of crimson, purple edged; great fields of flame; the shifting play of shade and ray in some fantastic game; the shadow host that leaped and ran to kiss the fading world; and whispered "peace," and "peace," and "peace," ere the day's banner furled; and, as we watched the lambent flames that quivered in the air, my uncle doffed his hat and said: "My boy, our God is here."

Sometimes we sat beside a brook beneath the shady trees, and heard the songs of all the birds, the whisper of the breeze, afar the landscape stretched away through summer lands of cheer; forgotten wrong in Nature's song that souls enraptured hear; above, a sea of deepest blue, with isles of fleecy cloud, and birds to voyage o'er the main that never mortal plowed; and long we'd sit, and long we'd dream and know the day-time cheer; then uncle would in reverence say: "My boy, our God is here."

Long years ago my uncle died, the sunlight on his hair, but, whereso'er he hides to-day, I know his God is there. For if by chance he should not reach the heav'n through spaces dim, where'er he went would be content; he'd take his heav'n with him; and, watching all the shifting scenes of life's fantastic play, I've learned one truth, and learned it well, and e'er I humbly say: "The God we love all gods above, the God of praise and prayer, is ever in the loving heart that longs to hold Him there."

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Washington Star.

## Time to Wake Up.

A Philadelphia man died the other night while suffering with nightmare. Really, says the Chicago Record-Herald, the people of Philadelphia ought to wake up.

## Holiday Harmony.

According to present advices there is a large crop of Christmas trees, says the Chicago Tribune, and a still larger crop of things to hang on them.

## Race Between Geese.

At the state fair in Syracuse there was a race between two flocks of geese driven by women.

Then taking her hand the two went softly out at the back of the garden and down the street to where he had his horses.

A little later and they were riding down a lane towards the south. The sergeant explained that some friends of his were on guard duty there and would pass them without any noise. Once past the guard line around the city and they were on a road along which they galloped without any attempt at concealment. For six miles they rode hard, and then two dark figures rose up and commanded "Halt."

"It's me, Murphy," said the sergeant. "Is everything all right?"

"'Tis that same," answered one of the figures. "Come on now." The two men in the road threw themselves on their horses, which they brought from somewhere out of the shadows, and led the way along a trail as black as a pocket, fringed as it was with heavy jungle on each side. Suddenly Katie found herself standing in front of a church that looked somber and grand on the moonlight.

"This is the church," said the sergeant. "I'm all roight now. 'Tis where I am stationed, and anything thot I do here I kin boast of, for 'tis no wan has a bether roight to be here then myself. Come, now, Kitty. The little nigger man is within, an' the candles are lighted an' 'tis all roight. Come, now, darlint."

Through the open door of the church Katie saw the lights of the wax candles on the altar. A priest in full vestments stood in the light of the candles, waiting. She was satisfied. With a tired little sigh she allowed Sergt. McManus to help her to the ground.

"Some of the boys are inside fer th' audience," said the sergeant, "an' Fatty Martin, of the Fifth, is agoin' ter give the bride away. And Silver Jones is awaitin' up in the loft to play th' couple out of the church when 'tis all over. Come."

A moment later Katie was standing in front of the altar. Soldiers, their faces bearing two or three weeks' growth of beard and their khaki uniforms dirty and tattered, sat in the front pews. Four or five sick men looked wonderingly up from their blankets as they lay stretched along the wall. Slowly the little Filipino priest read the marriage ceremony and Katie made the responses like one in a happy dream from which she was momentarily afraid of waking up.

She was hardly conscious when the ceremony was over until the big sergeant bent down and kissed her, and she saw a thin faced soldier who had been peering over the railing of the gallery disappear and immediately afterwards the walls of the church reverberated to the stirring tones of "I Want You, My Honey, Yes I Do."

"'Tis the weddin' march," said the best man. "Face to the rear, forward march," and while the invited guests waved their campaign hats and gave hilarious cheers, Mr. and Mrs. McManus walked proudly out of the church.

—Chicago Tribune.

## A COSTLY PIANO.

Roxbury (Mass.) Factory Is Building an Instrument Which Is to Cost \$10,000.

On the order of a Philadelphia store for a customer, believed to be Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, a Roxbury (Mass.) factory is building what will be probably the most elaborate and expensive piano constructed in this country in the last 50 years.

The price will be \$10,000. The instrument is a marvelous middle-sized grand, of Louis XVI. design. The case is gilded and decorated ornately with foliage after the Watteau pattern.

Just when the piano will be ready for delivery is not known, but it is understood that when Mr. Schwab returns from his health-seeking trip abroad it will be reposing in the parlors of the wonderful new mansion he is having erected in New York city.

## INDIANS USE BREAKFAST FOOD

Members of the Klamath Tribe Utilize Seeds of a Species of Water Lily.

Breakfast food unknown in the modern markets, but which has been in use by the Klamath Indians since aboriginal times, has been discovered by Frederick V. Colville, botanist of the department of agriculture, who says it is more palatable and more nutritious than many of the patent foods now in common use. The food consists of the prepared seeds of the "wocas," a large yellow water lily, which grows in the Klamath marsh on the Indian reservation of the same name in southern Oregon.

Humor from an Englishman. It is claimed that an Englishman has written one of the funniest books of the season, and the Chicago Record-Herald says we may be getting humor from Germany next.

Soda and hot water will remove grease spots from the kitchen floor.

## WILD MEN OF BORNEO.

Traces of the Original Side-Show Fakes Have Been Found by Scientists.

Two men of science are exploring the island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo, bent on proving the existence of that creation of the county fair and the "side show," the wild man of Borneo. Dr. Paul and Dr. Fritz Sarasin are the explorers who are hunting the wild man on his native heath, says the Chicago Tribune.

When the two scientists landed at Macassar they heard stories of the existence of the wild men, and these they thought to be merely myths. It was said that a type of primitive men was extant and to be found in the unexplored wilds.

Their informants said the wild men were so shy and untamable that it was almost impossible to get near them, even to catch a glimpse of them. The stories were not generally believed in Macassar, and the explorers thought at first that escaped criminals had frightened the natives into believing them to be wild.

Upon further inquiry they learned that the wild men, or "wood men," were confined to a certain district, and were subject to a rajah. They proceeded to this district, bearing gifts to the potentate. Under the influence of a wise distribution of presents the explorers so worked on the rajah that he agreed to show them certain types of the wood men, who were held in captivity.

He had a man, two women and a child brought before the scientists, who decided at a glance that they belonged to a primitive race of man. These specimens, however, were half tamed and had been in captivity so long that they had lost many of the characteristics of their race. The rajah added that the real wild men lived in the mountains.

Protected by nature to a large extent, they lived in the fashion of men of the stone age, without many of the accomplishments of gentlemen of that period. They defended themselves with stones, not even having learned the art of making the stone hatchet, which indicates that they are considerably behind the state of civilization in which our ancestors of the stone age lived.

They are cave dwellers, not having learned to build shelters, and probably not caring to. They are monogamous. Culture is at such a low ebb with them that they cannot even count, and they do not know how to tell a lie. They are in such a primitive state that they have to tell the truth. Possibly their vocabulary is not sufficiently developed.

These stories of the rajah have interested the scientists, and they are now in the mountains trying to find the real "wild man of Borneo."

Veils in Universal Vogue.

Chiffon and Tulle Are Popular for the Face and Draperies on the Hat.

Veils may be said to be the universal vogue with fashionable women at present, and in those of the European countries from which we draw advices of the mode and supplies of millinery wares. The veillings continue to be of chiffon and tulle—the former variously worn over the face, and used for drapery on hats—the latter worn exclusively over the face. Whether of one or the other gossamer tissue, they are this season mostly in black and white, or in gray effects of black and white, or of white and black, the fancy of the existing mode seeming not much to favor fancy colors in these tissues, says the Millinery Trade Review. Wafer spots and the other figures of velvet in black and white relieve the veillings both of chiffon and tulle, while chiffon gossamers show in some cases embroidery and other enrichments of design in manufacture, and those of tulle threading-traceries, seeding and other interesting conceits, of design, tending to their beautifying effect upon their fair wearers.

The "Elsie" veil, which has fanciful bordering at the lower edge, and is worn to fall loosely, after the manner of the veils of lace of two score years ago, or in the days of our mothers, is just now much affected for the beauty veil; although seen mostly in chiffon, printing on tulle is among the new ideas to give variety to the manufacture for veiling purposes, and large open meshings vary the close of malines weaves. When the range in price for veils, from 12 cents to \$12, is quoted the range in variety and quality of manufacture can be imagined.

West Indian Coffee. It seems a good deal of trouble, but it might pay to try the recipe for making perfect coffee, according to a West Indian coffee planter's idea of perfection. Roast the coffee just before using it by placing the green beans in an enamelled saucepan, constantly stirring to prevent burning. Put one large tablespoonful of powdered coffee for each cup required into a jug, and pour boiling water over it. Let the coffee stand in the jug for half an hour, strain through a linen or cotton bag into the coffee pot, and serve. It will be very strong.—N. Y. Post.

## WHOOPIING COUGH ADVICE.

Some Points About the Dangerous Disease Which All Mothers Should Thoroughly Understand.

It is not generally understood that whooping cough is one of the most fatal of all diseases that attack children. In New York city more persons die of whooping cough than of typhoid fever. Twenty-five per cent. of all cases occurring in children under one year end fatally. This means that out of every four young babies attacked by whooping cough one dies, says the New York World.

If persons understood this they would regard this disease as much more serious than they do now. Too many of them look on whooping cough as an annoying, but not serious complaint, which the child must go through. If the child actually dies while suffering from the disease they attribute its death to some other cause.

The treatment of whooping cough consists principally in good nursing. The rooms where the child live must be kept perfectly clean and the air pure and of even temperature. Summer is more favorable to the disease than the winter, for a child stands a better chance of recovery in pure outdoor air. Sea air is very beneficial in moderately warm weather.

When violent fits of coughing occur and are followed by vomiting, a glass of milk or egg-nogg should immediately be given to supply the necessary nourishment.

Considerable benefit may be obtained by spraying the air with volatile oils, which have a healing effect on the air passages.

Doctors generally believe that there is no specific cure for whooping cough. All that they can do is to alleviate the pain of the coughing, take care of the nourishment of the child, recommend proper sanitation and guard against complications.

Whooping cough is an inflammation of the air passages attended by cough, fever, thirst and loss of appetite. After the disease breaks it may not become apparent for a week or even more whether it is whooping cough. The true character of the ailment is shown by a violent spasmodic cough ending with a whooping noise. The whooping sound takes place while the air is being drawn in and is caused by a nervous contraction of the throat. It is a germ disease and is infectious. The germs are carried through the air a short distance from the sufferer.

Most cases occur in the child between three and eight years, and one attack usually gives immunity against further infection.

The disease is divided into three stages: First, the catarrhal stage, when the patient merely seems to have a bad cold; second, the stage of spasmodic coughing; third, the stage of decline. The length of the first stage varies from two days to three or four weeks. The second stage may last for many weeks but it should, under proper treatment, begin to abate in four or five weeks.

Between the attacks of coughing the child may be fairly well. The paroxysm of coughing lasts from 30 seconds to a minute, and is often followed by bleeding from the nose and vomiting. The child suffers very severe pain from the coughing and choking. It is the weakness following these attacks that constitutes the greatest danger of the disease. The more frequent the attacks of coughing, therefore, the greater the weakness becomes. In young babies it causes sleeplessness, exhaustion and death.

The third stage consists of a slow recovery. It may last for several months, during which the spasmodic coughing may occasionally return.

Among the dangerous complications which often occur during this disease are pneumonia, bronchitis and meningitis.

Running No Risks Farmer Crawford (excitedly) — Look here, doctor, I want you to come over an' see that city chap an' vaccinate him or give him antitoxin or somethin'.

Rural Doctor—What's the trouble, Zeke?

Farmer Crawford—Why, I heard him say he was sufferin' with ennu' an' we don't want any strange diseases to gain foothold around here.—Chicago Daily News.

Baked Pumpkin. Cut the pumpkin into quarter-inch slices and pare off the rind; put a layer in the bottom of a baking dish, then sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and dot with bits of butter; repeat this until the pan is full. Have the top well covered with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until the sugar on top becomes like a thick sirup.—Washington Star.

Nothing Serious. Mrs. Naylor—I hear your husband's ill. I hope his condition isn't critical.

Mrs. Krank—No, but his disposition is. He criticises everything we give him to eat.—Philadelphia Press.

## MUSIC AS A HEALER.

Instances of Its Power to Heal Human Ailments Gathered from All Quarters.

Few people are aware that music can be utilized to lessen very considerably the sufferings of a patient who has to undergo a surgical operation, and it is only quite recently that it was first scientifically put into practice, says London Answers.

Naturally enough, it was a society composed of medical men and musicians, who made an exhaustive inquiry and made various experiments. Of course the effect which music has, directly speaking, on the mind, but the mind reacts on the body, and it must, therefore, be obvious that the patients who are most likely to be benefited by the judicious use of music are those whose complaints are of a mental character—such, for instance, as melancholia and hysteria.

Guided to a large extent by the information, one of the leading dentists of Paris, M. Donier, has been enabled to lessen the horror of tooth-drawing. He has three large establishments in the busiest part of the French capital, and he noticed that those patients to whom he was obliged to give an anaesthetic—no matter of what kind, even if it were only laughing gas—showed very unfavorable symptoms when they awoke from unconsciousness, their condition being largely due to the effect of the noise of the traffic in the street outside. They suffered from very severe headache and interference with vision; but what distressed them most was that during the time they were under the influence of the anaesthetic they had usually horrid dreams or imaginings.

The dentist saw that if he could keep the noise from the ears, and consequently from the mind also of his patients, great good would be done. The only way to do this was to create a louder counteracting noise or sound, which should be pleasant, not nerve-irritating. Obviously music was the thing. He tried a phonograph and still uses it. When a patient is seated in his chair he places the phonograph's tubes to the ears and allows the instrument to work for a little while. Then he administers the anaesthetic, and he finds that the patient becomes unconscious much more quickly and easily, and requires much less anaesthetic than was formerly the case.

Not only that, but he can perform the dental operation without interruption, and when the patient recovers consciousness the after-effects are very slight indeed, compared with those which nearly always presented themselves before the phonograph had been numbered among the dentist's professional instruments.

Another form of suffering, more or less mental, which music has the power to relieve is insomnia. At a time when the great majority of people were quite unaware of this, the first Napoleon put his knowledge of the fact into practice. After his banishment to St. Helena, sleep was for a long time almost denied to him, and the effect on his general condition became so bad that his attendants became seriously alarmed. At last he said:

"I must have a couple of hours of music before going to bed." And night after night he took the pleasant "dose" he had prescribed for himself. So unexpectedly good were the results that instead of the "long wakefulness" that Lord Rosebery refers to in "Napoleon; the Last Phase," the fallen emperor slept, as a rule, for eight and sometimes even ten hours.

But perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to within easy hearing of music, hemorrhage was either greatly reduced or actually stopped. Neither he nor others, who confirmed his observations, could understand how this phenomenon was brought about, but it is now believed that the vibrations of the air produced by the music causes the patient to become faint, in which case the action of the heart is so considerably lessened that the overflow of blood from the wound is necessarily reduced.

It would almost seem that the day is not far distant when the phonograph or some other musical instrument will be regarded as almost as great a necessity to the medical man as the lancet or the stethoscope.

What Education Will Do. A railway company was erecting a line of new poles along a highway. One of the men engaged to fill in the dirt and clear up around the piles was an Irishman. He had not got beyond his first pole, but stood pondering how to dispose of the dirt, which had filled the space now occupied by the pole. His sense of the fitness of things must have been strong, for he was averse to piling the loose dirt around the base of the pole, as is the custom. A negro wayfarer stopped for a match, and the Irishman asked his advice. "If I was a-doin' dat job, I'd jus' dig a hole 'bout where you ah standin' and shovel de dirt into it. Much 'bliged!" As the negro sauntered away, the Irishman scratched his head and murmured: "Well, it's not to be denied that education has been after-r doin' a gr-r-eat deal for-r th' naygur-ri!"—Philadelphia Times.