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THE OLD AUTOMOBILE.

(Written in the Year 1950.)
Out there in the sun and rain it stands,
A ghost of the long ago;
In the summer blistered by the heat,
In the winter white with snow;
In a heap of rusty scrap forlorn,
Where the nettles grow,
It rests so silent and so still,
In the dreams of days gone by.
A field mouse nests in the moldy bed;
A hungry grasshopper steals
The scaling paint, and a spider weaves
A web on the ancient wheels;
And sometimes, up on the shaky seat
Alights a curious crow—
Some old chauffeur to his place returned,
A ghost of the long ago!
And sometimes little children climb
Up into the rickety thing,
And make believe that they speed away,
As they laugh and shout and sing;
And then I dream of a day gone by,
And the old wheels catch the thrill
Of the day my old sweetheart and I
Went dashing down a hill!
The rusty rods, and the chains and tires—
Ah, grandfathers are they
Of the fester steeds that thunder by
On the smoother roads to-day!
But it must sit—as I do here,
An old and worn-out man,
And dream of the scenes of long ago,
And the races that it ran!
In a heap of scrap and nettleswort,
Half-hidden from the eye,
It stands forlorn and silent, while
The years are passing by;
In the summer blistered by the sun,
In the winter hoar with snow—
Out here with me in the last long stop—
And the dreams of long ago!
—Aloysius Coll, in N. Y. Sun.

His Father's Sin

By JENNIE EDDY

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"ONLY seven days more!" Walter Jaynes drew the slender figure of his promised wife closer to his side and looked fondly into her upturned face. She laughed happily.
"It seems too good to be true, doesn't it, dearest?"
"We must be the exception that proves the rule, this time," he answered. "Surely the course of true love never could run more smoothly than ours and in another week you will be mine forever. Sometimes," he went on musingly, "it does seem too good to be true. I feel as if it were all a beautiful dream and I dread the awakening. But you do love me, darling—" He paused, waiting for the whispered "yes" he knew would come.
"Do you know, a long time ago, when I first met you, I used to fear that you might marry Stedman. He's such a splendid fellow, rich and brilliant and all that. Didn't you ever care for him, Trudie?"
"No," she denied emphatically. "I never cared for anyone—until you came. But I did think once that perhaps—if it had not been for his brother's disgraceful conduct I might have let myself care."
"Sweetheart, what do you mean? Would the fact that a man's brother was a drunkard prevent you from marrying him when he was all that is good and noble?"
"Yes, I mean just that. It sounds hard, doesn't it? But I could never marry a man who could not give me a name unblemished. Few of us ever think what black pages of ancestry most people have hidden away—the hideous skeletons in their closets. And the blood will tell, sooner or later, had blood as well as good. That is why—you see, with Mr. Stedman. His brother has already developed a weak trait. It may be only a matter of time when he, too, succumbs to some vice equally despicable."
They were both silent a few moments, busy with their thoughts. Then, as a neighboring clock tolled the hour, Jaynes rose to go. "You don't know how glad I am, sweetheart, that my family record is clear."
"I could never have loved you if it hadn't been," Gertrude Elliot answered, seriously.
The next day was Sunday and they had planned a long drive together. It was a day of perfect happiness for them both. The conversation of the evening before had been forgotten—the pleasure of the present shut out all serious thoughts. As they drove home in the lengthening shadows, that silence which is the sweetest communion of two united souls fell upon them. A white object suddenly fluttered in the grass at the roadside. The horse shied, then quieted down at the sound of his master's voice.
"What is it, dear?" asked Gertrude.
"Only a newspaper, I think."
"There! That reminds me of what I wanted to tell you. I read such a strange story after you left last night—not a book, a story in the evening paper. And the queer thing about it is that the man has your name, Walter Stanton Jaynes, Sr."
Jaynes laughed. "That is certainly peculiar. I never come across anyone of that name outside our family. The oldest sons have borne it for generations back. What about the man?"
"He has just died in the state's prison at Jackson. It seems he was sent up from E. A. for embezzlement. His crime was such a flagrant breach of trust that the full extent of the law was given him. He was president of the Wayne County bank and was so highly regarded that hundreds of poor people, widows and orphans, looked him up. He intended to replace what he had stolen

in time, but the bank examiner came unexpectedly and discovered the situation."

"I suppose mother would remember the case. We lived in Detroit until it was five years old," said Jaynes. "But aside from the coincidence of names it is rather a common story."

"But I haven't come to the strangest part. The prison was crowded when this man was sent up and he was put into the cell with another convict. With his face clean-shaven and his hair cropped short, it happened that he and his cell-mate, who was a common murderer, bore a striking resemblance to each other. They became very good friends in spite of the fact that they had come from different environments. In the course of a month, Jaynes' partner, Number 372, was seized with diphtheria in the night. Jaynes did not summon the guard until morning, and when the sick man was removed to the hospital he had on Jaynes' clothes and number, which was 845. He died the same day and of course Jaynes' friends were notified, but on account of the contagion they were not allowed to claim the body. The chaplain suspected the trick, but Jaynes refused to acknowledge it all these years on account of his family. He said it was better for them to think he was dead, though it meant assuming the other man's sentence, which was for life. But just before the end came, a few days ago, the chaplain induced him to own up. He argued that Jaynes' wife had a right to know at last what a splendid sacrifice he had made, when all these years he might have heard from her and seen her occasionally. Even that did not move him until it came to disposing of his earnings. He had been made superintendent of one of the shops and had drawn a good salary all these years. It made a handsome sum and his desire to leave it to his wife brought out the truth."

The gathering darkness hid from Gertrude Elliott the whiteness and pain in the face of the man beside her. Busy with her own thoughts of the tragic story she did not notice that he made no comment. But when they stopped in front of her house and she asked him in, he shook his head.
"Have you the paper, Gertrude? I should like to read that story."
"Walter, how hoarse you are! You have taken cold. Come in and let me get you something hot."
"No, mother is waiting for me. I must go at once, if you will get me the paper, please."

She brought it to him, hurt at the refusal of her care, and more hurt that he offered her no parting caress. Only, as he gathered up the lines, he bent towards her.
"Oh, Trudie, Trudie!" he murmured hoarsely, "beloved, good-night, and God keep you."
Ten minutes later he burst into the room where his mother sat waiting for him. She was a beautiful woman, old beyond her years, on her calm countenance the peace attained only through great suffering. Her face lighted up as her son entered. He flung himself down beside her with the frenzy of a madman.

SOUVENIR OF NEW POPE.

Old Coat of Pius X. to Clothe Wax Figure of His Holiness in Paris Museum.

Pius the Tenth's old soutane, which he wore when patriarch of Venice, has arrived in Paris and is used as a garment wherewith to clothe a wax figure of his holiness now shown in the Grevin museum.

Cardinal Sarto had worn this soutane for three years and was economizing to buy a new one. He took it with him to the conclave and discovered its fate only when he expressed a wish to see the few articles his Venetian gripsack contained. His holiness then learned that after his election the contents of his modest valise were disposed of according to an ancient custom.

Cardinal Oreglia, as dean of the college of cardinals, took the new pope's case as a souvenir. His tobacco box was bought by Princess Giordana for her collection. The price paid was \$400, which sum was given to the poor. The pope hoped that his well-worn soutane was valueless, but his holiness had not reckoned with the museums.

LIFE IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Severe Sentences for Cruel Officers as Well as for the Men Who Insult Them.

The Vorwarts, of Berlin, states that since the beginning of the year 1899 sentences have been passed on German officers and non-commissioned officers for ill-treating soldiers. The punishments inflicted amounted in all to 50 years and nine months' imprisonment.

On the other hand, according to Das Tageblatt, a court-martial at Heidelberg recently sentenced four men of the Second Baden Grenadier regiment to ten years, six years and four years' imprisonment, respectively, and to be expelled from the army for having, when off duty, during the recent maneuvers, insulted a sergeant who had made himself unpopular.

In view of the fact that the military court of appeals has just reduced the sentence of Naval Cadet Hussener, the commander of the convicted Grenadier

"Mother," he cried, "tell me about my father!"

She looked startled a moment, then replied calmly. "What do you wish to know, dear? He died when you were a little boy, scarce five years old."

"Of malignant diphtheria?"

"Yes."
"In the Jackson prison? Mother, for God sake, tell me, was my father a criminal? I must know the truth."

She took his hot hands in her own and caressed them gently. "My darling I had hoped to spare you this. I grew up home and friends more than 20 years ago to save you from pain and disgrace. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did it for the best. Your father was president of a rich bank. His sister's husband was cashier. Taylor lost everything gambling. His poor wife loved him to distraction, and just before her baby was born it was discovered that Taylor had appropriated thousands of the bank funds. Your father had suspected him before, but tried to shut his eyes to the truth. Taylor contrived that the blame fell, not upon himself, but upon my poor husband. For Julia's sake he said nothing, never thinking he could be convicted of another's crime. But he was, and he told me he felt it a just punishment for not acting against Taylor in the beginning. A month later he died in prison. I came here to the far west, my one prayer that you should never know. But, Walter, now that you know you can appreciate the great soul that could suffer even disgrace for the sake of another."

"Listen," said he, and unfolding the paper, he read the story Gertrude had told him. "Do you know what it means to me, mother? Gertrude will never marry a man who cannot give her an unstained name."
"Must you tell her?"
"Mother! Can I live a lie the rest of my days?"
With the fierce strength of despair he snatched his hat and fairly ran to the girl he loved. There he poured out the whole pitiful story, not stopping when she tried to interrupt lest his strength fall before the end.
"Forgive me, Trudie. Had I known it before I should never have dared to tell you my love. All I ask is that you believe me innocent of the knowledge. I shall never see you again, but I cannot help loving you, Gertrude. It is too late for that. Good-by." He turned to go, but his unsteady feet did not reach the threshold when a pair of strong young arms caught and held him.
"Walter, you shall not leave me this way. You are my promised husband, and do you think I will give you up?"
"Don't you understand? My name is disgraced—my father died a convict!"
"I am proud of your father for his noble sacrifice. When I said what I did last night, I did not know—it was a suppositional case. I could not marry Stedman because I did not love him. But dearest, this is reality. I am not marrying you for your family. What does that matter when a woman loves a man as I love you? There is no power in Heaven or earth that can take me from you now. Oh, Walter, don't you know yet what love is?"

soldiers concluded that officers and men were not treated alike. When the result of the trial was announced, the crowd outside the court ironically cheered for Hussener.

The Heidelberg press declares that both the civil population and the garrison are indignant at the severity shown by the court. It adds: "The majesty of military discipline has risen on the Heidelberg horizon in blood-red hues."

SMALLEST STATE IN EUROPE.

Recently Lost Its Identity By Being Annexed to Belgium—Had Only 1,200 Inhabitants.

Few people are aware that the smallest state in Europe has just ceased to exist, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The minute country in question was neither Monaco, nor San Marino, nor Andorra, nor yet Liechtenstein, but Moresnet—a small scrap of territory between Belgium and Prussia, not far from Aix-la-Chapelle. The independence of Moresnet dates from 1815, and it was only a few days ago that the two neighboring states at last arrived at an agreement for its absorption.

Moresnet has now been annexed by Belgium, while Prussia receives a pecuniary indemnity. The amount of the latter should be large, for neutral Moresnet contained the most valuable deposits of zinc in the world. The decision was hastened by the establishment of a gambling hell there, which was stopped by the Belgium government.

The inhabitants, who paid no taxes and were free from military service, will be the losers; their compulsory incorporation in the Belgian kingdom. But as there are only 1,200 of them they could not resist the act of annexation. Had they, like San Marino, declined the dangerous gift of a casino they might have remained neutral and obscure.

Not So Bad.

"The deacon went to a burlesque show."

"Did he say he was shocked?"

"Yes, but he was honest about it."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he admitted that he rather liked the shock."—Chicago Post.

HOUSEHOLD BITS.

Items of Information Pertaining to a Variety of Small Matters.

To clean tinware use powdered whiting moistened with a little paraffin. Polish with a leather or with a pad of old newspaper.

A new tooth brush should be soaked in cold water for some hours before being used, as this will prevent the bristles coming out.

Match marks on a polished or tarnished surface may be removed by being first rubbed with a cut lemon and then with a rag dipped in clean water.

When cleaning wall paper do so with a lump of dough made of flour mixed with a little soda water. The soda will not injure the paper and the work will be done more rapidly with it.

Lavatory pipes may be cleansed of soap and slime by leaving a good handful of common salt in the basin overnight. The salt will gradually dissolve and the first flush of water in the morning will clear the pipe.

If ink be spilled on the carpet it may be taken up without leaving a stain if dry salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly. Continue till the ink has disappeared.

A useful cement for earthenware vessels is found in white lead. Spread it on strips of calico and secure with bands of twine. This method is only suitable for earthenware pans, etc., which are intended for service and not for ornament.

Use boot trees if you would be economical; they not only keep the boots in shape but they stretch out the leather and prevent its forming deep creases and then cracking. The same boots should not be worn every day; it is far more economical to have at least two pairs, and on taking one pair off put it on the trees for 24 hours to dry and get into proper shape again.

If a new shoe does not conform comfortably to the shape of the foot put on a smoothly fitting stocking, fasten the shoe and put the foot into as warm water as can be comfortably borne, covering the instep. Hold the foot in the water until the leather is quite wet, then keep the shoe on till thoroughly dried. This treatment will not harm the finest patent or other leather and makes any style of shoe fit with perfect ease.

RESTFUL PILLOWS.

Hops, Clover and Pine Needles Make Sweet Scented Head-rests.

Why rest contented with the ordinary unhygienic feather pillow when a little care and pains will secure you one far more esthetic and desirable, says the Boston Globe.

There is the old-fashioned hop pillow, than which you can have no better. When warmed it will relieve neuralgia's pains and induce sleep.

More dainty still is the rose pillow, made of the petals carefully dried, as you dry them for potpourri. Some sweetness always lingers in the petals, making them a delicious resting place for a tired head.

Then, again, there is the clover pillow. Clover can be had for the picking in any country spot. You dry the red and white blooms the same as the rose petals, and they retain for a long time a scent similar to that of new mown hay.

The favorite pillow with most people, and really one of the most desirable, is the one made of pine needles. The balsamic breath of the pine woods lingers in it, soothing and quieting the feverish head, as well as pleasing to the nostrils. Such a pillow is a valuable possession for those afflicted with lung troubles or any tendency toward them.

In making these pillows, each and every one, be careful to select a thin, not to say filmy, material for the covers in order to permit free exhalation of the imprisoned perfumes.

Lemon Toast.

Beat the yolks of six eggs, add three cupfuls of milk; cut the bread into slices, dip into the milk and fry a nice brown; take the whites of six eggs, beat to a froth, add a cupful of sugar, the juice of two lemons, and two cupfuls of boiling water. Serve over the toast.—Good Literature.

Lemon Butter.

The juice and grated rind of three lemons, three eggs well beaten, one pound of sugar, one small cup of water, one level teaspoon of butter. Beat well together and boil five minutes, or till thick. Keep it in covered jelly glasses.—Boston Globe.

Cook Quickly.

Anything that has baking powder, whether it be a pie crust or a griddle cake, is better for being cooked rapidly. Slow baking allows the life of the powder to escape and the article becomes heavy.

Maple Sugar Frosting.

Three heaping cups of maple sugar, boil until it candies. White of two eggs, slightly beaten. Pour the boiling sugar on the eggs, slowly beating until it thickens. Flavor with vanilla.—Boston Globe.

CONCERNING COATS.

New Models and Materials for the Winter Season—Velvet to the Fore.

Coats are to be much worn this winter in place of the padded suit, and it, therefore, behooves the woman who wishes to be considered well dressed to provide herself with a handsome coat. And in this respect, says the Brooklyn Eagle, it may be said that the handsomer the coat the better, for it carries with it a certain prestige, a certain sign of elegance, which does not belong to every garment.

It is not good economy to save a few dollars on a winter coat for it is a garment which is so constantly on display. It is not an article which can be concealed under a scarf or a shawl; it cannot be covered up with a lace bow; nor can it be hidden under a parasol. But it stands forth, in the broad light of day, plainly evident to all. It is a badge of wealth. Like a man's overcoat, it is an index of the family purse, and in selecting a woman should buy the best she can.

Velvet has come to the fore this year as a coat material, and in many respects it takes precedence of fur, though fur is always a stuff to conjure with, on account of its richness, its cost and its beauty. Velvets are always handsome, and the new velvet coats are magnificent.

Panne velvet comes in heavier grades this season, and is combined with other stuffs in strange ways. Dotted panne velvet is one of the nicest materials of the winter, and it will be used a great deal as a coat material and as a coat trimming.

The long, straight velvet coats are very elegant, as are the fitted velvet coats, which can best be described as resembling men's cutaway coats. They are long, with wide tails, while the front is open and swinging. There is a little tight-fitting vest, which buttons right down to the belt line, while the coat swings back and is finished in tailored style.

The idea of making coat and skirt alike has gained a great hold upon the feminine mind, and there are very nice fall suits which show a skirt of rough goods and a really elegant coat to match. If well made, this coat will do service with other skirts, and so it can be worn either with the skirt which it matches or with something entirely different.

Very many winter coats are cut without the collar, and this, too, provides a new and unique style. The fur coat, minus its collar, is quite a novelty, and so is the velvet coat with its round flat neck, devoid of any other finish than a ribbon band, or a band of Persian embroidery.

If the coat be made without a collar and with just a flat finish there is ample opportunity for a very nice neck treatment in the shape of the new collars, which are made variously of cloth, fur, velvet and silk and which are used indiscriminately upon the different coats and are apparently put on as needed—sometimes one collar and sometimes another.

The lace collar upon the fur coat gives the long shoulder effect, and so preserves the roundness which is now considered so desirable by Dame Fashion.

Cure for Hangnails.

Fingers that would otherwise be pretty are often disfigured by hangnails. Nothing can well be uglier than these little red tags of flesh at the corners of one's nails. Sometimes they are caused by pushing the skin down when it is dry, or using a sharp instrument, like the edge of a pair of scissors, when the skin has grown upon the nail, soak the finger tips in warm water for five minutes, then push it down gently with the towel. If one makes use of this gentle process two or three times a day, or remembers to dry by rubbing down instead of up, the nails ought to keep a good shape without the danger of making hangnails.—N. Y. Tribune.

Egg and Bean Salad.

Place French beans, also called red kidney beans, in the center of a salad plate and surround first with sliced whites of eggs and then with sliced yolks of eggs. Decorate the center of the salad with a star of mayonnaise, made by pressing the mayonnaise through a pastry tube, or with one or two bits of mayonnaise dropped from a teaspoon. For the egg garnish, the egg must, of course, be boiled for about 15 minutes and then the whites and yolks pressed through a vegetable sieve separately.—Good Housekeeping.

Iced Pears.

Select fine, ripe, juicy pears; peel, but allow the stem to remain on; dip the pears in the beaten white of eggs, then in pulverized sugar, and again in the egg; continue the alternate dipping until the icing is the desired thickness. Place in the ice chest and allow to remain until perfectly cold. These make a dainty breakfast or luncheon fruit served with chilled whipped cream. The pears may be halved and cored and treated in the same manner.—Washington Star.

Lemon Drops.

One cupful sugar, the juice of two lemons and a very little water. Boil until it will harden when a little is tried in cold water. Then drop from a spoon on oiled paper.—Farm and Home.

EVENED THE SCORE.

Cyclist Scorer Wasn't Hurt, So His Victim Proceeded to Hurt Him.

As the tram approached the crossing at which the man was to alight he signaled the conductor, stepped down to the sidewalk, gripped the rail with one hand, and prepared to swing himself on to the asphalt pavement. The car began to slacken, and without waiting for it to come to a full stop he let go and skipped toward the path. He had not noticed the scorching coming at full speed down the road. Bending low over the wheel the destroyer came, oblivious to vehicles or pedestrians. There was a crash of collision, the mopping of cloth over cement, the clattering fall of metal, and the bump of heads against wheel and curbing relates London Tit-Bits.

The man rose first, hatless, almost coatless, bruised, bleeding and gasping. He looked toward the scorching and saw him acquire an erect posture.

With the manner of deepest sympathy the man limped over to his assailant and, extending a hand, helped him to regain his feet. Brushing the cyclist's dirty brow, he replaced the cycling cap.

"Are you hurt?" he tenderly inquired.

"No," was the response.

"Sure you're not hurt? No? Haven't a sprained ankle or a cracked head or a smashed hand? You can breathe all right and don't feel dizzy? Feel all right in every way? Is your bike damaged? No?" The manner changed. A dangerous, curling sparkle replaced the pitying expression of the eyes.

"Young fellow, you make me happy. I'm glad to know you're so fit. Now, you ugly, idiotic, man-killing fiend, I'm going to lick you into the wreckage you ought to be."

Then minutes later an ambulance carried the cyclist to the nearest hospital, while the worshipping crowd collected to buy the hero a new suit of clothes.

HOUSE PERFUMERY.

One of the Latest Fads Is to Have Fine Odor Permeating the Apartments.

In the homes of the rich and in the expensive hotels nowadays it almost invariably will be found that the faintest suggestion of some beautiful odor permeates entrance halls, corridors, drawing-rooms and sleeping apartments, says the New York Press. It has nothing in common with the nauseating smell that comes from the burning of the ordinary every-day pastille. The delicate odor, which is one of the latest fads of the wealthy, is a costly thing to provide. The apparatus for producing the scented atmosphere is of two kinds, one a bronze vase, the other a cut-glass jar, powder being burned in the first, and a liquid in the second.

The bronze vases are sold in shops that deal in eastern wares, and, although not any larger than the average teacup, sell for \$15 to \$20. They are fitted with a perforated cover, and in the bowl a scented powder is placed that costs two dollars for half a pound, this amount lasting only two days, when used all the time, as these incense burners are. The cut-glass jars have the same kind of a cover and cost ten dollars each, the liquid burned in them costing \$1.50 for a two-ounce bottle.

In use the vases and jars are placed in the lower hall of a small house, or one in each hall of a big one, and are lighted in the morning by an early rising servant, and from that time until late at night are never permitted to go out, the odor escaping through the perforations in the covers of the vessels. In the fashionable hotels the same effect is produced by scattering a heavily scented powder over the carpets in the halls and corridors in the early morning hours. The composition of this powder used in hotels is guarded, and it is impossible to learn from the employer what it is or where it may be obtained.

Skirts and Petticoats.

By a curious contrariness, the wash petticoat goes with a silk gown and the silk one with a wash frock. The latter combination is almost always necessary to preserve a good effect, for even the heaviest linens are made to hang limply. So, unless supported by a silk drop or underskirt, the rich braid and embroideries which embellish these and other stout wash textures would not be seen at their best.—Washington Star.

Mental Strain.

"I'm thinking of a trip to California this winter," said Smartie.
"Really, old man," remarked Pepprey, "you can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing."
"I said I was merely thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I?"
"No, that's what I meant. You're not accustomed to thinking."—Philadelphia Press.

Improper Question.

Miss Passay—I think that Mr. Wigglesworth is just horrid.
Maude—What's the matter with him?
"Why, he asked me yesterday if I went to the Philadelphia centennial exposition."—Somerville Journal.