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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR.

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The Marlin Firearms Co.,
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The One Eyed Brakeman.

A Thanksgiving Story

By ELLERY NYLE.

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HE was a big, boyish brakeman with only one eye, but that one eye was the jolliest eye that ever winked. It had a way of looking directly at you and beaming right into your heart, and you found yourself smiling back a response before you knew it.

It was the evening of Thanksgiving, the hardest time of all the year to find oneself a thousand miles from home and all the sweet home festivities. Many were getting on and off the train, coming from or going to their family reunions, and their very happiness intensified my loneliness by the contrast. Thanksgiving cheer was in the air. The one eyed brakeman was fairly radiant as he dashed in and out to call the stations. He had a pleasant word now for one and now for another, and his laugh was full of glee.

As he passed my seat he lifted a dainty handkerchief from the aisle and held it out to me. "Is this yours, madam?" he asked. "No," I replied. "It belonged to a lady who got off at the last station. I saw it in her hand when she arose to leave, and after she was gone I discovered it lying there."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with an exultant smile. "A prize for little Thanks!" And he folded it tenderly, wrapped it in a piece of paper and tripped away. "What an odd expression!" I thought. "What could he mean?"

Presently he was back again, and as he passed me, with a friendly smile, I remarked: "You certainly seem to have the Thanksgiving spirit. You must have something to be thankful for."

"You bet I have!" was his reply. "Thanksgiving day is my happiest day. The best things of my life have come to me on Thanksgiving day. The first Thanksgiving I ever had was the time I lost my eye."

"You don't call that one of the best things of your life?" I exclaimed. "Yes, I do," he replied, "for it brought the other good things. Will tell you all about it when I come back." And off he dashed in his train duties.

When he came in again he seated himself opposite me, and this is the tale he told me, with that eloquent eye of his beaming with pleasure:

"I was just a poor little kid without any home or folks or anything. If I ever had any parents, I don't remember them. The earliest I can recall was sleeping in a large packing box along with two bigger boys. A barrel or a box or under somebody's steps—anywhere where I could crawl for the night—was all the home I knew. I was just kicked and cuffed around, though some of the fellows were pretty good to me and shared their dinners with me when I was hungry and put me on to jobs once in awhile where I could earn a nickel."

"One Thanksgiving day, when the streets were crowded with people, I heard a great outcry and saw a runaway horse tearing down State street with a terrified old lady in the buggy. She was not screaming or doing a thing but holding on for dear life, with the most scared face I ever saw. As her frightened glance met mine I was stirred as I had never been before, and dropping my bundle of papers, I sprang for the horse's head and hung on desperately. I was too little to stop him, but my weight checked his speed, and I kept jerking his head as he dragged me till he got me down and stumbled over me, and we all went down in a tangle together. In some way my eye got a gouge, and then the crowd gathered around and untangled us."

"The old lady came out whole, and when she saw what had happened to my eye she just gathered me up in her arms and cried over me and kissed me, dirty little rat that I was! Well, I had never had anything like that before. You may just bet I liked it. All the nice ladies I had ever seen before would draw their finery hastily away if I chanced to rub against them, but she kept kissing me and crying that I had saved her life and was so terribly hurt just for her."

"I was considerably smashed, and they took me to the hospital, and the old lady went along. She held me and

petted me while they dressed my eye, and I never was so happy in my life. 'Poor little fellow! Is the pain dreadful?' she asked, and the doctors and the nurses all laughed when I replied: 'Yes, it hurts, but I don't care. I've got you!'

"Well, when they'd got me comfortable and the old lady had found out all she could about me and had praised me over and over for what she called my self sacrificing bravery she started to go, saying she would come back to see me next day. But, no; I held on to her hand with all my might. I had found a good thing, and I wouldn't give it up. They couldn't coax or hire me to let her go. It touched her tender heart, and after she found I didn't belong to anybody she began to look thoughtful. She wasn't very well dressed. I could see she wasn't a rich lady. After pondering a minute she said that if I wanted to come and live with her she would take me home with her after I got well. She said: 'I thought I had rather scanty support for one, but I will try to manage some way. I can't leave this noble little boy without a home.' I almost sprang out of bed in my joy and declared that I would work and support us both if she would let me live with her."

"And what a mother she was to me! She clothed and fed me and sent me to school. She gave me a name and civilized me. She entered into all my boyish interests and my boyish fun, and we were just the jolliest comrades! And she gave me just what I was starving for, love and petting, which many a boy that has a real mother fails to get, and she made me love her as I never expected to love anything. In fact, I didn't know what love was till that fortunate Thanksgiving day when I fell into her arms because her runaway horse had hurt me. Do you wonder that I count the loss of that eye as one of my blessings?"

"And I kept my word. I picked up all the odd jobs to help support us both, and somehow everybody was willing to give me a job. Mother has said many a time that she has never fared any the worse for having taken me. I always found plenty to do, and as I grew older and was able to earn more it was my greatest pleasure to give her little luxuries that she had always felt that she could not afford."

"I had a craving for railroadings; had always had it when I was only a little homeless kid. I tried for some time to get the position of brakeman, but my lack of an eye seemed to stand in the way, till one Thanksgiving day just three years ago I had a chance to prove to them that I could see better with one eye than some of them did with two, and I got the position and have held it ever since. Another fortunate Thanksgiving, you see. But the best one is yet to be told."

"It was two years ago today that I was coming into Chicago with a heavy train, and a woman with a baby got on at a station a little way out and took a seat in the very rear of the coach. She had on a large cape, and when she got off in the station at Chicago she carried a bundle under her cape which I supposed was the baby. I helped her off, and I observed she appeared to be in the greatest haste."

After the passengers were all off, when I went through the train to look for any parcels left, what should I find but that woman's baby on the back seat! It was evident the woman had deserted it intentionally. The conductor called a council, and it was decided to put the kid in a foundling asylum until some information could be obtained about the woman. I went back and looked at the baby again while they were consulting about it, and just then it waked up and smiled at me. Well, if you had seen that baby smile you could not have resisted it either. I just reached out and took her right up and told them I was going to take her myself, as it was plain nobody else wanted her, and she just

nestled right up to me as if I belonged to her and went fast asleep again in my arms."

"Well, you should have seen mother when I walked in with that baby! This was a little too much. She had indulged me in a thousand ways, but no amount of explanation and pleading on my part would induce her at her age to undertake the care of a castaway baby. That was before the baby waked up. But when she opened her sweet blue eyes and smiled up at mother, who was bending over her, and reached up her little arms mother couldn't resist that smile any better than I could, and she just gathered her up and cried, 'Oh, my darling baby, you do belong to us!'

"Well, now I can't tell what a treat-

ment that baby is to us. She is about two and a half years old now, as nearly as we can guess, and is as pretty as a picture and as sweet and loving as an angel. Mother and I have always said that she was just sent to us as another Thanksgiving blessing. I named her Thanksgiving, and call her Thanks for short, though mother says she will not like that name when she is a grownup young lady and she shall name herself over again if she wants to. She's the light and the joy of the house. To see her run to meet me when I come home would make a fellow glad every day of his life that he found her that Thanksgiving day and brought her home."

"She is bright as a dollar, too, and understands everything we tell her, and it would surprise you to hear how she can talk for such a little kid. Mother got up quite a little feast for dinner today, turkey and mince pie and all, and little Thanks claimed it as her day and her feast, because her name is Thanksgiving, and weren't we three just the happiest family in the land? And when we were each telling what we were thankful for what do you suppose she surprised me with? She said, 'Little Thanks is thankful 'cause God sent Brother Joe into the cars to



"SHE JUST NESTLED RIGHT UP TO ME."

find me and bring me home and love me." You see, mother had been telling her about it."

"Now, don't you think I've had a glorious lot of Thanksgiving blessings?" he concluded as he rose to go.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied. "And you have given me something to be thankful for." I added, with feeling. "I haven't been very happy today, and I am more grateful to you than I can express for telling me all this. It is the one delightful event of the day."

"Oh, now, you don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad. If that doesn't cap the climax! I thought I was as happy as I could be before, but to be able to give anybody else pleasure is one thing more to be thankful for. I'll have to tell mother of that. I noticed you didn't seem to be having a good time, and I couldn't help speaking to you. I'm glad now that I did. I can't bear to see anybody not happy on such a day as this, when I'm so full of happiness myself." And his eloquent eye beamed with emotion as he hurried away.

Kind to His Horse.

A certain boys' institution boasts a brass band made up of the boys of the school. The townspeople look with anything but favorable eyes upon these musicians and never lose an opportunity of showing their dislike.

The band had been engaged to play at a village some distance from the school, and a wagonette had been hired to take the boys there.

The band suggested that they should have a tune, but the driver of the wagonette at once objected.

"No toons while I drive," he declared.

"But why?" persisted the musician. "Surely the horses wouldn't run away?"

"No," said the driver, "they wouldn't!"

"Then why object?"

"Simply because the poor beggars couldn't run away if they tried," was the grim retort. "Their runnin' away days is over, an' as long as I drives you ain't a-goin' to take no mean advantage of 'em! That's why I see no toons!"

The boys subsided, and there were "no toons" on that journey.—Buffalo Times.

Very True, But—

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the society woman, "I feel so wretched, and this is my receiving day too! I do hope no one will call, for I'll be in misery all the time."

"Well," remarked her husband facetiously, "I always understood that 'misery loves company.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Neat Evasion.

"I wish you'd try to cure yourself of looking cross eyed, my dear."

"Cross eyed? Why, before we were married you said my eyes were like diamonds."

"Did I? Well, even the finest diamonds are not always set to advantage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Wife's Sympathy.

Officers—We have sad news to bring you. Your husband fell after the first shot of the enemy and died without a sound.

Wife—Yes. The man was always very tactful.—Lustige Blätter.

PRIZED PAPER MONEY

Rare Issues That Even Trained Experts Seldom See.

OLD RED GOLD CERTIFICATES.

They Were the First Ones Issued and Seldom Got Into Circulation—National Bank Notes of 1865 That Puzzled Financial Institutions.

"It is a curious fact that not one man out of ten can tell you the design on any one of the current United States bank notes," said a collector of paper money. "Of course I don't refer to the notes of high denomination. I mean everyday, common bank notes of low denomination, and I do not bar in this statement many employees in banks."

"They handle money in a mechanical way, and I'll venture that many of them would be stumped if you were to ask them to give you a detailed description of a dollar bill. They would instantly recognize it when it came to hand, but each man trusts more to a general impression of what constitutes the outlines of a certain note than he realizes. There was a very clear illustration of the truth of my statement the other day in Indiana."

"In the vaults of a bank at Rochester, Ind., there had lain for a number of years a package of five dollar national bank notes just as it had come from the treasury department. These bills all bore the name of the bank and were of the first issue of national bank notes. It will be remembered that the issue of 1865 showed a fine engraving of a historical character on the reverse of each denomination, the five dollar bills bearing on the back a representation of the landing of Columbus, on the obverse being an Englishman presenting an Indian maiden to three women, emblematic of Europe, Asia and Africa."

"A good many of these new bills were paid out, and not long afterward telegrams, letters and even personal calls began to pour into the bank warning the officials to be on their guard—that a most clever and absolutely undetectable counterfeit of their notes was out, and the only way the fact had been discovered was owing to the difference between this and the present designs of national bank notes. The incident went to show how little the average business man is acquainted with paper money, for if there was one note that a counterfeiter could not duplicate with success it was the series mentioned."

"The cashier of the bank, however, curious to see for himself whether bank employees really were suspicious of the notes, took a trip to Chicago and made several attempts to pass the unfamiliar bills across the counters of some of the banks, but without success, the notes being refused in every case."

"The same thing happened in St. Louis when some one brought into a downtown bank a hundred dollar note with a red back. Now, the bank employees knew of the old fractional currency notes of small denominations with red backs, such as the five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces of paper, but this bill of large denomination with the glaring red reverse puzzled them."

"Yet it was a perfectly good issue, being a specimen of the first gold certificates, which made their appearance some time in 1865 or 1866. The law authorizing their issue, as a matter of fact, was passed March 3, 1863, at the same time the law was passed authorizing the fractional notes which appeared with red backs. The red backed gold certificates were of the denominations of \$20, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000 and had been used mostly for clearing house purposes and consequently seldom got into circulation."

"I lost no time in acquiring the bill and now regard it as one of the greatest rarities in my collection and do not believe it could be duplicated."

"I have one note that would puzzle the average business man or banker either, for that matter. It is a specimen of the three year interest bearing notes of July 17, 1861. While this one is for only \$50, still other denominations were \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. They were engraved only on one side, the other being mostly in white, allowing a space for indorsement."

"All these notes were made payable to order and bore interest at the rate of 7.3 per cent. They were known in former days as seven-thirty notes, bearing five coupons for each six months' interest, the last six months' interest being payable upon the presentation and redemption of the note."

"These notes were but a trifle larger than the ordinary bank note and were convertible into twenty year 6 per cent bonds. The fifty dollar note showed the American eagle on a rock as the principal device, the \$100 bore the portrait of General Winfield Scott, the \$500 that of Washington, the \$1,000 Salmon P. Chase, while the \$5,000 represented an Indian girl, with bow, leaning on a shield, an eagle near by and Justice at the left hand."

"In 1864 congress authorized a new issue of 7.3 per cent notes, but none was issued. In their stead came compound interest notes at 6 per cent, compounded semiannually, this really being less than the authorized interest. Many of these bills were used as general currency, and yet not one bank employee out of a hundred would know anything about them. On the back of the bill was a table showing the value of the bill every six months, the principal and interest being pay-

able only at maturity, but the notes were always increasing in value. These also are regarded as rare by collectors."

"I have one ten dollar bill bearing 4 per cent interest from Feb. 28, 1870. I suppose I would have a lot of trouble in passing that bill if I should need to and maybe would not get more than \$10 for it and yet it is worth just exactly \$21, not to say anything of its value to me as a collector."

"Of the bills made payable to order there were originally issued \$58,500 worth, and the total amount converted was \$58,480, leaving \$70 outstanding, and this ten dollar bill of mine represents one-seventh of this remainder. Of the notes made payable to bearer out of a total of \$39,951,250 originally issued there is now left to be redeemed only \$26,210, and the probability is that many of these notes have been destroyed."

"The bills were intended to interest poor persons in the purchase of government bonds, which accounts for the low denomination, but very few of them fell into such hands. They are now of extreme rarity and are held at a high premium."—St. Louis Republic.

BRITISH BARONETS.

These of England and Ireland Wear the "Bloody Hand of Ulster."

The rank of baronet was given first by King James I. as a means of raising money. The recipients of the dignity were to be gentlemen of good birth possessing not less than £1,000 a year and in time of war—like the old knights banneret—were to occupy posts of honor near the royal standard.

The money payment has wholly ceased, but when a baronet is created the ancient form of warrant is still retained, and a "tally" is struck at the exchequer and handed to the new baronet by way of receipt. Baronets have no coronet or robes, but in the English and Irish divisions they possess as a distinctive badge the "Bloody Hand of Ulster," which invariably appears on their coat of arms.

The baronets of Nova Scotia, who date before the union of England and Scotland, show the arms of Nova Scotia upon their shields. The baronets of Scotland have a distinctive badge consisting of an enameled decoration, "worn from the neck by an orange tawny ribbon," showing St. Andrew's cross upon a small shield, surmounted by a crown and surrounded by the enameled motto, "Fax mentis honestae gloria" ("Glory, the beacon light of the noble mind").

With this King Charles conferred a crest—a branch of laurel held by a naked hand and a thistle held by an armed one—with the added motto, "Munit haec, altera vincit" ("One defends, the other conquers"). All later baronets are of the "United Kingdom" or of "Great Britain" and possess no such pretty toys.

In fact, many people who pride themselves on their familiarity with DeBrett know scarcely anything of baronets' badges and beyond a misty notion of the meaning of the Ulster Hand are unaware of their history and significance.

There is one instance of the honor being granted to a woman. Dame Mary Bolles of Osberton, Nottinghamshire, was created a baronet in 1833 for maintaining thirty foot soldiers at eightpence a day for three years in his majesty's service, no slight help in those troublous times.

"Dame," the old English word for lady, is the almost obsolete style to be used by a baronet's wife. Nowadays she is styled "lady" without the use of her Christian name. Should she prefer the old word "dame," that is always followed by the Christian name and sounds deliciously quaint and distinctive.—Modern Society.

They Went to Church.

Attendance at church service is obligatory upon the part of soldiers at certain English posts, and amusing stories are told of the excuses that are sometimes resorted to in order to escape this requirement. At one post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged and to see that he joined the party toll off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience.

"Ah, weel," said he, "then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables has been enaned out lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave.

Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.—London Tit-Bits.

Love For the Beautiful.

Let us learn to love and appreciate the beauty which we see around us every day. There are beautiful things everywhere. Some of us see them; some do not. It all depends on our education. A beautiful flower may grow by the wayside. One person may pass it by and not even see it, or he may trample it under foot and call it an ugly weed. Another may see the same flower and as he looks upon it marvel at its beauty and recognize the handiwork of God. One of these persons has no love for the beautiful in his soul—and the other has—that is the difference. Some people will tell you that it is not practical to care for beautiful things, but it really is practical, because it helps to make life sweeter and better. You will find it well worth cultivating, this love for the beautiful, and when you once have it in your hearts you will ever be willing to part with it.—Maxwell's Talisman.

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J. A. FORD,
M. L. FORD,
G. S. FORD.

oct 21-1 m

Notice.

ALL parties are hereby warned not to hunt, peddle or in any wise trespass upon the plantations of the undersigned, located in Ward 1, Bossier Parish, La.

Mrs. A. CURTIS,
A. CURTIS,
JOHN T. HALL.

nov 1-6 m

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J. A. BYRD.

nov 1-6 m