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FORTY-NINTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910.

NUMBER 12.

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HER EASTER FLOWER

A Dead Rosebush and the Way
It Came to Life Again.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)

Henry Dean walked home from
prayer meeting with Rose Brayton.
When they stopped at the gate of her
home Rose did not invite Henry to
come inside, and so he lingered there,
as usual, speaking of petty village
matters while words of love burned on
his lips.

"Rose—Rose," he said at last, "won't
you ever forget Jim and love me a
little?"

"Please don't say any more, Henry.
I like you so much, and it only hurts
me to have you speak that way—as if
I could ever forget Jim! My heart is
buried with him."

"If your heart is buried with him,
surely, Rose, it must awaken soon.
Look all about you and see the shrubs
quicken under the touch of spring
and think of the little buried seeds
and bulbs in the ground soon to burst
forth into new life. Nothing is dead
forever, and you were not meant to
waste your life mourning over Jim
Carey or any other man."

Rose laughed softly, a cold, trium-
phant smile curving her lips. "Come
with me, Henry; I will show you
something that is dead—something
that will never come to life again. It
is dead—dead as my heart."

Silently he followed her across the
grass to a moonlit space bordered by
a small shadow in the middle. Rose
bent above it, and he saw that it was
a rosebush, dry and leafless and with-
out even the promise of swelling buds.

"This rosebush is dead. Jim planted
it here the day we became engaged.
It bloomed all that summer and fall
long after the other roses had faded.
It has not blossomed since he died,
and it never will again. Now it is
dead too."

"How do you know it is?" demanded
Henry obstinately. "Perhaps the roots



HE REPLACED IT WITH A STRONG, STURDY
BUSH.

are alive. It may need pruning." He
dropped to his knees and pulled out
his pocketknife.

"Don't you touch it, Henry Dean! I
would rather it remained dead than
any one should bring it to life! It be-
longs to me—it's mine—my poor little
rose!" Her slight form interposed be-
tween him and the rosebush, and he
got upon his feet, with a strange ex-
pression on his eyes.

"Your argument seems unanswerable,
Rose, but I know that seemingly
dead roses have come to life, and just
so surely I predict that some day your
buried heart will come to life and love
me more tenderly than it ever did before."

With a sudden gesture he drew her
into his arms and strained her to his
breast, and for an instant her cold
cheek was pressed against his own.
Then he released her, and without an-
other word or glance he turned away
and strode out of the gate.

After that evening in the garden he
avoided Rose Brayton. He stayed
away from church and prayer meet-
ings, where the sermons hinted of the
approaching Easter, which on this oc-
casion occurred late in April, with its
symbols of resurrection. The reawaken-
ing of spring from the deathlike
sleep of winter seemed too close to the
troubles of his own heart.

One evening he paused and looked
over the fence at the bush. It seemed
to have shrunk in size, and he gazed
intently. Then, with a sudden impulse,
he leaped the fence and walked over
the grass. It was the same bush, but
some hand had carefully pruned the
branches until they appeared just
above the ground. He broke off one
close to the root and placed it in his
pocket. All the way home he whistled
softly to himself, wondering if Rose
had pruned the little bush, hoping it
would break forth into new life. Per-
haps the awakening of spring was in
her veins after all!

In his own room he looked at the
branch and saw that the wood was
quite dead and decayed. The little
bush was dead indeed.

The next day he heard that Rose
Brayton had gone away to visit a
cousin until Easter, and with the
knowledge came a daring idea. He
drove over to the town that afternoon
and visited a florist.

"I'll do the best I can," said the man
doubtfully, as he led Henry through
the warm, sweet smelling rose houses.
The sun shone down through the glass

on the long rows of every variety of
rosebush. Red and yellow, pink and
white and cream beauties nodded from
graceful stems above Henry's wistful
eyes.

"Here is a little rose that may be
just what you want, sir. It is budding
finely now. By forcing it I think I
can promise you it will bloom on Eas-
ter Sunday. If you put it in the ground,
then, as you say you want to do, I
won't guarantee that it will live long,
but if it's in a sunny garden it may
do well after all."

"So long as it blooms on Easter Sun-
day I don't care," declared Henry
recklessly, and after completing his
arrangements he drove home again.

As he passed the Brayton house he
saw Rose's mother bending over the
little rosebush in the garden—the one
Jim Carey had planted—and he won-
dered if it had really come to life
again. He visited it late that night,
feeling like a marauder as he invaded
the silent moonlit garden. But the
little bush remained unchanged—in-
fact, investigation showed that the
stalks were quite dead.

On Good Friday he paid another vis-
it to the florist and came home late at
night with a large bundle propped
carefully on the seat beside him. He
learned that Rose was coming home
late the next evening. She was to
play the organ for the Easter music,
and very likely she would go from the
train straight to rehearsal in the
church.

The moon had waned by this time,
and the evenings were dark, and this
condition suited Henry's purposes very
well. He was in the church when
Rose arrived with a little flurry of
greeting from the members of the
choir. There was to be special music
for the occasion, and Henry and his
violin had been pressed into service.

Rose bent her head in grave saluta-
tion as she passed him and seated her-
self at the organ. An instant later all
personalities were drowned in the en-
deavor to bring the choir into accord
with the music. When the rehearsal
was over Henry did not wait for
Rose Brayton. He tucked his violin
carefully away in its case and went
home.

It was long after midnight when he
came forth from his own gate bearing
a dark object in his arms. In one
hand he carried a strong little spade.
Although it was dark, the way to the
rosebush in Rose Brayton's garden
was familiar ground. At last he stood
beside it for an instant irresolute.

Around him the darkness seemed to
press softly. He could smell the fresh
turf, wet by recent rain, and the pungent
odor of a yellow flowering shrub
near by.

With a sudden impulse he bent down
and dug up the dead roots of the
little rosebush Jim Carey had planted.
Then he replaced it with a strong,
sturdy little bush he had obtained
from the florist green with leaves and
blushing with a multitude of half
opened buds. Carefully, as well as he
could in the darkness, he cleared away
the debris and went home, but not to
sleep. When morning came he was
pale and tired eyed. In the church he
purposely arranged his chair so that
he might not meet Rose Brayton's
eyes—judgment, contemptuous, as they
must be. He heard her when she came
in, and he was conscious of her pres-
ence throughout the service.

"That evening the service was repen-
ded, and the music wore upon his
nerves, and he was glad when it was
all over. He had escaped to the door
when he saw Rose just ahead of him.
She had declined a proffered escort
and was flitting alone in the darkness.
He caught a glimpse of a light colored
dress, and as in a dream he heard one
girl speak to another one, "Rose Bray-
ton's got on a blue dress!"

He found himself speeding after
Rose with a strange exultation in his
heart. Could it be true, after all, that
Rose might care for some one else?
But perhaps it was somebody she had
met while away. So he tortured him-
self as he followed her home. At the
gate he put forth a detaining hand as
it closed behind her.

"Rose," he said.
She paused and came toward him.
There was, or he fancied it, a little
tremble in her voice. "Yes," was all
she said. He opened the gate and
boldly took her hand. He led her
across the grass to the spot where the
rosebush was planted. A broad square
of light from some window in the
house formed a setting for the bush
Henry had planted at midnight. Its
pink blossoms seemed to clutch at his
heart. So much depended on that
little bush.

"If I thought you said—you said the
little bush was dead, Rose. Were you
not surprised to come home and find
it alive and blooming?" he asked.

Rose did not withdraw her hand
from his—indeed, she drew a little
closer. "Yes, I was surprised, Henry,
but you see I have had so many sur-
prises lately."

There was something in her voice
that emboldened Henry to take her
unresisting into his arms. "And what
are the surprises, darling?" he asked.

"First, that you ran away so quickly
that other night here in the garden.
Second, that I did not care after that
whether the little bush lived or not.
I am very shallow and wicked, I
know. And, third— She drew away
and touched the pink roses with ten-
der fingers.

"And third and last?" asked Henry,
drawing closer to her face, radiant in
the lamplight.

"Last of all, I am surprised to find
pink roses growing on a little bush
that has always borne white ones."
She was laughing at his chagrin.

"I, too, am finding pink roses where
white ones bloomed so long," said
Henry, with sudden ardor. And then
the pink roses in her cheeks changed
to deeper crimson under the magic
touch of his lips.

HE GOT THE GOODS.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer
and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter
Palmer was in the dry goods business
in Chicago, and Levi Z. Latta and
Marshall Field were working for him.
Palmer wasn't so well known, but he
had a good reputation in the trade,
and he didn't have to introduce him-
self when he called on old A. T. Stew-
art to buy some goods. After some
dickering they agreed upon the price,
and Palmer calmly said that he would
take about \$100,000 worth. It was a
little larger bill than Stewart exactly
cared to sell young Palmer on credit,
but he concluded to make the deal and
told him to come in the next morning
and arrange some final details. That
night some big war news came, and it
didn't require any declaration by the
government to inform every dry goods
man in the country that the price of
goods would take a big start up.

Stewart recognized it as soon as he
had the news, and he immediately
thought of Palmer. He also thought
of the big bill of goods Palmer had
bought of him. It didn't particularly
tickle Stewart, that thought didn't.
But it required only a few scratches of
his red head to fix things to his satis-
faction. He would simply tell Palmer
that he was sorry, but that he didn't
feel that he could sell such a big bill
on credit, and as he knew that Palmer
couldn't raise the cash immediately,
why, that would end it, and the sale
would be off. Well, young Palmer
called early, and Stewart greeted him
in his very abrupt manner, telling
him how sorry he was, etc., but really
he didn't think it wise business to ex-
tend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come
to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sor-
rowful-like.

"Just \$110,000," Stewart replied, and
then he straightway gulped for breath
as young Palmer drew an immense
pocketbook from his inside vest pocket
and, opening it, counted out 110 thou-
sand dollar bills and, laying them
quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If
you will kindly count them and give
me a receipt I'll be obliged, as I must
take the next train home. Ship the
goods soon as you can, and when
you're out our way drop in. Always
glad to see our friends."

AN ARTFUL REPORTER.

Got the Oil King Unconsciously to
Submit to an Interview.

Playwright Eugene Walter is num-
bered among the newspaper men who
obtained the "first interview with
John D. Rockefeller." When the First
Interview With Rockefeller club is
formed Mr. Walter will be one of the
charter members.

This is how he managed it: In the
days when he was a newspaper re-
porter in Cleveland Walter was an
extremely youthful looking young
man. He decided to capitalize his
puerile appearance, for it was not an
easy task even at that time to get
Rockefeller to say anything. He was
utterly "improachable," as a colored
man once remarked.

Walter got into the Forest Hill
grounds from the rear and walked
about, looking at the flowers and
shrubbery with an apparent lack of
purpose, just as a boy would.

Rockefeller finally noticed him gaz-
ing abstractedly at a flower bed and
went up to talk to him.

"Ah, my fine lad," began John D.,
"are you fond of flowers?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Walter
in true McGuffey Reader style.

"Well, I am always glad to see a
boy who appreciates the beauties of
nature. Would you care to walk over
and look at the pond lilies?"

"Ah, sir, I should enjoy that more
than I can tell you."

Thus the conversational ice was bro-
ken, and the youthful visitor was so
enthusiastic over all he saw that the
master of Forest Hill passed him out
plattitudes for about an hour. The in-
terviewer didn't even have to ask ques-
tions.

Next morning Walter's interview
was the best thing in the paper—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Enough Kid.

Bob was telling about his visit to
the country. While there he had ac-
quired some rustic idioms, and his
mother was correcting these as he
proceeded.

"Well, we goes up"—
"Went up."
"Went up on the farm"—
"To the farm."
"To the farm, and there we see"—
"We saw."
"We saw a little kid"—
"Little child. Now begin again and
tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and
there we saw a goat's little child."
(Further narration suspended.)—Judge.

The First Dessert Spoon.

When the dessert spoons were in-
vented Hamilton palace, the seat of
Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the
first household north of the Tweed to
adopt them. A small laird, invited to
dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was
disgusted to find a dessert spoon hand-
ed to him with the sweets. "What do
you get me this for?" he exclaimed to
the footman. "Do you think my mouth
has got any smaller since I lapped up
my soup?"—London Chronicle.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like
you men. A man never gets into trou-
ble without dragging some woman in
with him. He—Oh, I don't know.
How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston
Transcript.

Moral good is a practical stimulus—
Putnack.

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your round-trip fare will be returned to you by the First National
Bank of Shreveport. Come to see us. Travel is cheap and so are
the prices of dependable goods.

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Corner Texas and McNeil Streets SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

Paris' Worst Flood.

In the year 1200 rose the greatest
flood of which history makes any re-
cord in Paris. "Men went in boats over
the wall of the king's garden." All
the island was covered, and from the
foot of the hill of the university to
the rising ground beyond the Marais
the upper stories of the houses rose
out of a lake a mile wide. In that
flood was swept away the old stone
bridge that Charles the Bald had built
centuries earlier, before even the Nor-
mans besieged the town, and in that
flood the Petit Chatelet was destroyed.
The Petit Pont fell into the river also,
but that was nothing wonderful, for it
was the most unfortunate of bridges
and never stood firmly for fifty years
at a stretch, but was forever being
destroyed and regularly rebuilt. The
waste of this flood was the signal for
Philippe le Bel's rebuilding.—Hilaire
Belloc's "Paris."

Points About a Good Horse.

There are some points which are va-
luable in horses of every description.
The head should be proportionately
large and well set on. The lower jaw-
bones should be sufficiently far apart
to enable the head to form an angle
with the neck, which gives it free mo-
tion and a graceful carriage and pre-
vents it bearing too heavily on the
hand. The eye should be large, a lit-
tle prominent, and the eyelids fine and
thin. The ear should be small and
erect and quick in motion. The top
ear indicates dullness and stubborn-
ness. When too far back there is a
disposition to mischievous.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of
the baby's future comes up for dis-
cussion among the gypsies, there is no
time wasted in argument. A blanket
is held by the four corners, and the
baby is thrown into the air. If it
comes down on its little stomach it is
a sign that it is going to be a mu-
sician; if it falls on its back it is to
be a thief, and the education of the
child is begun as soon as possible in
one of these two time honored profes-
sions.

Painfully Frank.

"Mr. Coldcash, I have come to ask
for the hand of your daughter."
"My daughter, sir?"
"Yes, I can't live without her."
"Well, sir, finish your sentence."
"Finish my sentence?"
"Yes, you were about to say you
could not live without her income.
Let us be candid."

How She Got the Job.

"The one thing we demand from our
employees," said the head of the office
force, "is correctness in figures."
The applicant smoothed her hipless
skirt complacently.

"I have never had any complaints on
that score," she replied, with a glance
of assurance.—Bystander.

Anticipated.

"I've often marveled at your bril-
liancy, your aptness at repartee,
your—"
"If it's more than 5 shillings, old
man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm
nearly broke myself."—London Mail

Innocent Fun.

"Hey!" exclaimed his uncle "What
are you trying to do—break my
watch?"
"No," replied the innocent solemnly:
"I'm 'thow' it thoo the floor."—Buf-
falo Express.

Early and prudent fear is the

mother of safety.—Burke

STEVENS

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until you have seen our New Double
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pressed Fergal Steel Barrels—

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Acres and Bible Letters.

It has sometimes been stated that
there are more acres in Yorkshire than
there are letters in the Bible. A per-
son hearing the statement for the first
time is inclined to doubt it, but it is
true, all the same. Authorities differ
as to the exact acreage of the county,
one giving it as 3,882,848 and another
as 3,771,943. But the number of let-
ters in the Bible is said to be 3,566,
480, so the acres beat the letters, with
something to spare.—London Notes
and Queries.

On the Wrong Side.

A temperance missionary in Glasgow
left a few tracts with a young woman
one morning. Calling at the same
house a few days after, he was rather
disconcerted to find the tracts doing
duty as curl papers on the head of the
damsel to whom he had given them.
"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see
ye have used the tracts I left w' ye,
but," he added in time to turn con-
fusion into merriment, "ye ha' putten
them outside instead of inside your
head."