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Pint size, dozen \$1.00
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Form a club. We will deliver 12 dozen, assorted sizes, to any railroad station within 200 miles of Shreveport.

HEARNE DRY GOODS COMPANY Shreveport, Louisiana

Firestone

means

most miles per dollar

The extra thickness and toughness of Firestone Casings means greater wear—resistance.

Their extra thick cushion-stock protects the fabric from jars and shocks, thus prolonging their life.

The advantage of Firestone two-cure process (always adhered to) are manifold.

In fact, Firestone products possess too many superior claims to mention in this small space, but the prospective buyer should bear in mind that that is what made their sales increase 78 per cent last year.

I sell Firestone Casings, Inner Tubes and accessories. Call and ask to see samples.

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We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits

Every loan made by our bank is carefully considered, as is evidenced by the fact that we have been in business eleven years and have never lost a dollar on a loan. Can you deposit your money in a bank with a better record?

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Iltar's Marriage Rug

A Daughter of the Desert Finds a Fitting Mate.

By ORNA DAVIES Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Iltar was making a tree of life. Her thin brown fingers tied the knots of wool with incredible rapidity. Though her eyes were not watching them, they were peeping from under her black chuddar at the Sabib Sam Smith, who was making a purchase of rugs.

It was always a great day for her when the Sabib Smith came. He was so big, this Ferizgee, so powerful; he seemed to "bask her father about like a small gray rat."

Her heart beat fast with excitement as she suddenly realized that she had become the subject of conversation.

"As I tell thee, she has been betrothed to Kerbelai Mehmed, beloved of the prophet, since she was four years old. When her rug is finished she will spread it before his illustrious feet and the molah will name her his wife."

"Yes, I know all about that old lion skin. But what does the girl think about it?"

Haji Kassem's fingers curled. "What does she think, sahib? What should she think? She is a girl!"

Mr. Samuel Smith smote his fat palms in wrath.

"You make me sick, Haji. Why don't you scrape the moss off? You've been in New York. You know better. Why, my girl'd blow the top of my head off if I tried to make her marry a doubled-up strip of parchment like old Kerbelai What-his-name. Let her have a little say, for heaven's sake!"

He stooped and began pulling over the rug he had selected. He turned to go; then stopped abruptly by the side of Iltar. He mopped his forehead with a capacious handkerchief and ran it around his neck under his collar. Then, stooping over, he whispered in broken Persian, "You marry the man you want," made an indefinite gesture toward his derby and was gone.

Iltar continued her weaving with trembling fingers. No man except her father had ever spoken to her before, and her heart beat until it shook her small fingers so that she could scarcely hold the wool.

And the words he had said! Iltar understood them better than most Persian girls, for her father had been for several years in the country of the Ferizgee, and she had heard him tell of their strange women—how they went about with uncovered faces, staring at the men and charming them, so he said, with the evil eye. They mated with whom they would and gave no gifts in return.

Yet there were certain sections of her own country, Iltar reflected, where the women were almost as free. She had heard her grandmother crooning of her home in the southern plains, where the women went unveiled, mak-

shore of Enzell! Kerbelai Mehmed will throw thee on the desert to rot when he sees thy lazy fingers."

"I can weave no more, O my father, until the red wool is brought from Kerman. The bird which shall guard the spirit of thy illustrious mother will sit on the top branch of the tree, and it is fitting that it should be red."

"Ali Khan" exclaimed her father. "May the desert be soft to his camels' feet! May he bring me many and good rugs!"

The semiannual visits of Ali Khan were of large moment in the life of Haji Kassem. His camels came laden with bales of rugs gathered from the tents of the southern Ilyats, whose prices were less than those of the city weavers.

Besides, though little more than a boy, Ali Khan talked much and well. To a Persian a good story teller affords the most excellent entertainment in the world. Therefore it was that his brief visits were looked forward to not more for their commercial than their social value.

A few afternoon visits of the muezzin was calling the sunset hour the room suddenly darkened. Against a background of camels and donkeys, so tall that he stooped as he entered the doorway, was Ali Khan. Haji Kassem shuffled forward, wagging with delight.

"Khosh amadd! You are welcome!" he cried. "You have brought happiness."

He kissed the young man's hand and raised it to his forehead.

"I honor myself by crossing your most exalted threshold," gravely replied Ali Khan.

Iltar had sped to the kitchen to assist in preparing delicacies for the evening meal. Her heart sang as she thought of the long evening when, if her father would, she would sit in the corner and watch this gracious young man eat and listen to his tales of the charmed life of his people, if she had been born an Ilyat and could bestow her rug upon such a one!

Suddenly the strange words of the Sabib Smith came into her mind. They had seemed to have no relation to her own life. Now she heard them again definitely, significantly.

On the instant she wanted this Ilyat, wanted him with all the luteness of a hundred dreams unrealized, wanted him with all the ardor of a thousand wild, dark-eyed ancestors, wanted him with all the fervor of a saint about to be cast into hopeless slavery.

She realized hopelessly that it was her last opportunity to save herself and her precious rug, and she decided to use desperate means. Her father had said that the Ferizgee women stared at their lovers and charmed them with their eyes.

What if her rousband should accidentally fall and her face should find favor with him? But even the thought was monstrous. She felt she could never uncover her face before a stranger.

Other plans were born of her despair. But with them all was one blighting reflection—she could never escape her father's watchful eyes, happen what would.

She spread the guest rug before the hearth with trembling fingers. She scarcely heard Haji Kassem as he twittered away, heaping his guest's plate with curds and chicken rissoles.

As she passed the kalyan filled with moistened tobacco to the young man a chip of sandalwood fell upon his outstretched palm.

He glanced at her quickly, then at the father and placed it slowly in his sash. "As all the world knows, this means much. 'Whenever I see thee I love thee.'"

But he did not glance toward her corner as he began the tale of his wanderings. "Every Persian loves his own place, though it be hell," is the old saying.

So Ali Khan talked first of the beauties of Lalazar, place of tulips, near which his father's flocks pastured. He told how the wood spurge spread its sheets of vivid yellow in the fields and how the air was sweet with the lavender and the celandine.

The river ran soft and clear for the use of the dyers. At sunset the foam danced red like crimson roses upon its swirling waters. It was the year of the rabbit. There had been much rain. The flocks had increased boundantly; the world was deep in the colors of a luxuriant spring.

Soon the scorching days would come. His people were even then preparing for their annual pilgrimage to the cool mountains.

He spoke of Kerman, where the nightingales sing, enamored of the roses; of Yazd filled with the fire worshipers in their yellow gowns; of Yerdikhab, with its mud houses hanging like bats to the precipice of the mountain. He talked of the country of the Beluch, with its feathery date trees and graceful palms, its waving pampas and its lush grass.

Then he began the Kerman version of "The Dragon and the Shah's Daughter," a tale beloved by the Persians. His voice rose and fell in the rhythm of the good story teller the world over.

Despite his eager interest, the excitement of the day and the smoke of the kalyans began to have their way with Haji Kassem. The downward wrinkles in his face deepened. His eyelids closed. Without change of intonation Ali Khan turned toward Iltar.

"I would I might see thy face," he said. "I would I might see thy face, O daughter of my host!"

Iltar started, leaning forward motionless for a moment.

Then she loosened her rousband and slowly rose. Her eyelids fluttered upward once, then fell. Her face, flushed at first, became a pale amber. Her hand fell for the wall behind her.

Finally Ali Khan spoke, and his voice was deep. "Thou art very beautiful—more beautiful than the women of my people. Thou art more fair; thou art more slender."

He paused; then began to chant the phrases spoken from time immemorial by the Persian lover.

"Thy face is white like a peeled almond. Thou hast the graceful form of an eypress. Thou art beautiful as the moon on its fourteenth night."

Iltar swayed against the wall. The tears sprang from her half closed eyes. Suddenly she covered her face with her chuddar and stole out of the room.

Haji Kassem followed his guest to the street the next morning with apologies many and varied.

"I will eat some leaves of kat re-night," he said. "I would not lose another syllable of thy gracious voice."

Accordingly Iltar crouched that night unnoticed in her corner, rising now and again to fill the kalyans. Only when Ali Khan recounted the courting of the beautiful Zarin-taj he gazed boldly at her, and she breathlessly knew that she was hearing her first mating song.

On the third evening Ali Khan drew from his pocket a leather pouch.

"Tomorrow morning, please Allah, I must leave thee and return to my own people. A true believer has pre-

pared me with this packet of purest hashish. With thou deign to smoke with me, O descendant of the prophet, that my poor story of the forty parrots may seem more worthy to thee?"

Haji Kassem's face broke into a hundred wrinkles of delight. He had used the drug on many occasions, and he knew its power of transporting the individual to the seventh paradise of Allah.

As he smoked the room grew into a palace, its walls hung with marvelous colors. Ali Khan's voice swelled into a chorus of melodious voices. Iltar, rising to replenish the fire, became a dozen beautiful maidens whirling in a dance about him.

His body sank into the cushions, but he still smoked listlessly, staring into space with expressionless eyes.

Finally the kalyan slipped from his mouth and lodged gently on the cushions by his side. Still Ali Khan talked, watching his face and holding his fingers upon the old man's wrist.

Finally he loosened his hold; the hand fell, palm upward, like a dead thing.

All Khan rose and stood before Iltar. "He will dream until the moon comes again," he said. "My camels wait outside the Kasvin gate. With thou take the road of Allah with me, O eypress of my soul? The desert is my home. I can lead thee by a path which none may follow. May heaven give to the winds the dust of my life if I be not honorable to thee?"

Iltar placed her palms upon his forehead.

"I give thee my life," she said.

As they stepped into the tiny courtyard she pointed to the shop where Abdullah, the black Somali slave, slept with the carpets, guarding them with his life.

"My marriage rug," she whispered.

Then, as Ali Khan took the big brass key and stooped to fit it in the lock she suddenly grasped his wrist.

"Abdullah—he will kill thee!" she gasped. Ali Khan, with one turn of his arm, threw her aside gently.

She leaned against the stone wall, her hand pressed to her throat. She heard the thud of bare feet leaping to the floor, then a long sigh.

There was the sound of a knife cutting the threads of the warp.

A moment later Ali Khan was wrapping her in the soft folds of her rug.

"Abdullah!" she whispered.

"He sleeps asleep," said Ali Khan.

He swung her gently upon his arm and strode with long steps down the street of the bazaars.

The moon had not yet risen, but the world was luminous. The stars seemed to drop like pendants from the crystal vault of the skies. The air from the desert, warm, mysterious, whispered about them.

A camel grunted as he heard his master's voice. Iltar, hitch upon the empty saddle bag, with the intricate fabric of her fingers still folded about her, loosened her rousband and cast it to the sands.

"I, too, am an Ilyat," she said.

"What's your book?" Squire Dumont asked of a neighbor as they sat waiting their turn in the village barber shop.

"Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain," was the reply. "I just got it out of the library. I suppose you would call it pretty light reading."

"You needn't be a bit ashamed of it. Mr. Pinkham," said the squire, heartily. "It's a book that has done a lot of good. It has made thousands of people laugh, and a good laugh is often better than a dose of medicine."

"I've seen that proved," said Mr. Pinkham. "I went to hear Mark Twain lecture once," he added, with a reminiscent chuckle.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the squire. "I never had that pleasure myself. It must have been a great treat."

"Yes, it was. I'm a great admirer of Mark Twain and have been for years. I had always wanted to see and hear him, and when I saw in a Portland paper that he was to lecture there on a certain evening it came over me that that was my time to go and hear him."

"I had just lost a lawsuit, and my wife was away from home with a sick sister. I was pretty blue and lonesome and felt the need of being cheered up."

"I took the afternoon train, calculating to get to my cousin Jim's in time for supper and then go to the lecture. But, as luck would have it, a freight train had been wrecked near Brunswick and I never got into Portland until 8 o'clock. However, I hurried to the hotel and paid my way in and got a good seat right up in front. I had missed some of the lecture, but I was thankful to get what was left. It wasn't so much what he said, though, as the way he said it that tickled me. I laughed more that night than I had for a year."

"Well, after the lecture was over I made my way to my cousin Jim's. He has means, and they live in some style, but I got a cordial welcome. Clara, his wife, told me that I couldn't see Jim that night. He was poorly, and she was a good deal worried about him. But while we were talking he found out I was there and sent for me to come to his room. I never saw any one more in the dumps than he was. I guess he complained steady for as much as half an hour. He was a very sick man. He didn't relish his victuals, and what he did eat distressed him. Night after night he got hardly a wink of sleep, and nothing interested him any more. Moreover, what the doctor gave him didn't do a mite of good. It was pitiful to hear him go on. Finally he asked me how I happened to be in Portland."

"So you came up to hear Mark Twain?" says he, and his face brightened up. "Did you like him?" says he, and I said, "Of course I did."

"Now tell me honestly," says he, "was that lecture as funny as you expected?"

"Well," says I, "it was funny, of course, and I guess when I have had a chance to think it over it will seem funnier. But there were parts of it that didn't seem so dreadful funny."

"Then all at once Jim fell back in his chair and began to choke, and for a minute I was scared. As soon as he could speak he says: 'That wasn't Mark Twain that you heard. He lectured here last week. What you heard,' says he, 'was a lecture on the poetry of Robert Browning by Professor—' I forget now what Jim called his name. Then he took to laughing again, and I thought he'd never stop."

"After that Jim wanted to know how the people near me took my laughing so much at the lecture, and when I remembered that some of 'em did scowl a little he went off again."

"Well, actually I felt a little cheap, but afterward I wasn't sorry. The next morning Jim said he had had his first good night's rest for a month, and he really made out quite a breakfast. About a fortnight after that I got a letter from him saying that he was feeling quite like himself again."

"I don't know as my visit had a thing to do with it, but I've always felt as if it did. In that case it goes to prove what you said, squire, that a good laugh is sometimes better than a dose of medicine."—Youth's Companion.

Hard to Keep Up. "Fond of reading, are you?"

"Yes."

"Read all Shakespeare's works, I suppose?"

"I don't know whether I've read his latest or not. So much stuff coming out these days!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Keeping Wifely Dressed. "Money isn't everything."

"No; there are ways of getting along. Take my case, for instance. I married into a family where there is a dress-maker. You have no idea what a help that is!"—Kansas City Journal.

It's a good thing to know when to stop, but quite another thing to take advantage of your knowledge.—New York Times.

CURED BY A LAUGH

It Was a Hearty One and Better Than a Dose of Medicine.

A STORY ABOUT A LECTURE.

It Ought to Have Been Funny and Seemed at the Time to Be Funny and Yet Afterward There Was Grave Doubt as to Whether It Was or Not.

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Jealousy Caused the BATTLE

But the Outcome Was Hardly What One Lover Expected It Would Be So Far as the 'Tenderfoot' Was Concerned



Watch For the First Chapter of Hamlin Garland's Serial "The Forester's Daughter"

Japan's Isles of Pines. Matsushima is regarded as one of the loveliest, or three most beautiful places in Japan. And it well deserves this reputation, for there are indeed few fairer natural scenes on earth. It reminds the traveler of the Thousand Isles of Canada and the English lakes all in one. Here innumerable pine clad islands lift their fringed faces through the purple haze over a sea of silver green, and when the sun sets, throwing the myriad islands into a golden glow, the mind is charmed to ecstasy. Matsushima bay is more than six miles long and five wide, and to visit all the hundreds of islands that adorn the surface of the sea in this place would take years. Yet one may see the best part of Matsushima in two or three days if one knows how. —Japan Magazine.

She Wanted a Title. A title gives the right to embroider a coronet on the body linen. It is pleasant in a railway train to pour scotch on a coroneted pocket handkerchief. La Marechale Niel thought so, I dare say, in the summer of 1850. Her husband escaped the carriage of one of the battles fought that year in Lombardy. He also assured against heavy odds and the terrible blunders of the general staff victory to the French. His wife was with him when his marshal's baton was brought in with a letter from Napoleon III. Niel thought Mme. Niel would have melted into tears from joy. Instead of that her mouth fell. "You are marshal, you are," she said. "That does not make me duchess." —London Truth.

How One Got the Name. The father of a boy baby wished him to be christened Thomas. The mother favored the name of Robert. When they arrived at the church the matter was still undecided. The father informed the curate that the child's name was Thomas. "Oh, no!" gasped the mother distressfully. The curate, regarding the woman as the ruling spirit, promptly baptized the infant Ono. The grave of Ono Titchener is to be seen in the churchyard of St. Giles', Camberwell.—London News.

Biter Bitten. "You don't seem to care much for original ideas," said the would be contributor, as he gathered up his manuscript. "No," replied the cold blooded editor; "we'd rather have good ones."—Boston Transcript.

The Provident Duffer. Patron—I want some fishballs. Dealer—What for? Patron—I'm going out golfing, and I want them to drive at the water hazards.—Judge.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.—French Proverb.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JOANNES SMITH Attorney at Law Office at Court House, Second Floor BENTON, LOUISIANA
CLAUDE B. PROTHRO Attorney at Law Office at Caddo Parish Court House SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
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Old Time English Recruiting.

Recruiting in the great war which ended in the fall of Napoleon was a vastly different matter from that which prevails today. Take the militia act of 1803, for instance. In each subdivision of a county a list was made of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, classified into (a) those under thirty and without children, (b) over that age, (c) men with no children under fourteen, (d) men with only one child under fourteen and (e) all others. If the men required equalled the number in the first or second or any set of consecutive classes they were taken. If not, all the names were put in a bag and drawn until the requisite number was obtained. Any balloted man could purchase exemption for five years on paying a fine of \$50, raised to \$75 in 1803, the money being paid for a substitute. The men paying fines were exempted from the second ballot, and the money was devoted to enabling the men in the second ballot to obtain substitutes. On this vicious principle the only man really obliged to serve was the poor man drawn in the first ballot.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Curious Worm.

There is a flat worm about half an inch long called Planaria velata which reproduces itself in a most extraordinary manner. According to an article in the Biological Bulletin, when it grows old it loses its appetite, its colors fade and its movements become slow. It drops a tiny fragment of its tail, then another, still another and so on until it has left about half of its body in scattered pieces. Each detached piece curls up, secretes a mucous that soon dries and forms a hard shell. In this condition the fragments remain throughout the summer, fall and winter. In the spring the shells burst and liberate many minute worms, which eat voraciously and soon grow to adult size. The fore part of the worm, after it has shed all these bits, either dies or encysts itself in its turn.

What It Proved. Miss Youngthing—Hoo-hoo-h