

# The St. Mary Banner.

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NO. 8

## NO LATCHSTRING ON THE OUTSIDE.

The latchstring's on the outside—that's what they used to say. An' I never knooked in winter, nor the day to be; I got to lovin' Sally, an' she's named the day to be; an' then thar' wuz no latchstring on the outside door fer me!

I knowed I wuzn't anything—all that I had wuz just the sweet, upliffin' knowlege that her dear heart loved me best! That somethin' for her life an' mine some happiness thar'd be; an' then thar' wuz no latchstring on the outside door fer me!

An' the winter wuz, an' springtime, with the birds, an' blossoms sweet of her feet; Thar' wuz light an' thar' wuz beauty on the lan' an' on the sea, an' Bat never any latchstring on the outside door fer me!

An' I know the worl's a good worl', with its medders green an' wide, With its thorns an' with its roses—with its love, an' all beside, 'Cap'this: For all the good things that air past, or goin' to be, Thar's never any latchstring on the outside door fer me!

—Frank L. Stanton.

sunshine, watching chipmunks steal oats from the fodder bag. "Have you noticed," remarked he, "how noisy the brook is all of a sudden? Why, I declare, it's full to the bridge! It's running over. By George! We've got to get out of this; we're going to be flooded."

"Hi!" An empty wagon bounded by, the horses blind with fright. A bare-headed rider dashed across the bridge. The bridge melted away from beneath the very horse's hoofs. Behind the boy came a seething wall of water ten, twenty—thirty feet high.

"Come!" Sanny spurred Prince up a steep mountain path. The terrified campers scrambled after him. They clung to bushes, they clutched at rocks, up, up, up!

The water caught them, but one got upon a rock and pulled the other after him. The canon was narrow here; the rush of water mounted high; it beat the mountainside, it tore trees, it wrenched rocks. And Sanny was beneath; Prince had stumbled and fallen, and the cruel wave had passed.

When the storm-washed valley looked up again at the unchanged sky, the campers found Sanny's body jammed into the fissure of a rock. Just as they had managed to get his leaden weight down the mountainside, his mother came running down the road. She crossed the boiling stream on a fallen pine; she snatched Sanny out of the strangers' arms.

"Sanny! Son!" The men who heard that terrible cry never forgot it, nor did they forget the scene that followed.

After that first cry of distress, Mrs. Lane collected her energies and went to work. She turned Sanny face downward; she raised his body and let the water flow from his mouth. She pressed and inflated his lungs; she bade the campers strip off his wet garments, to slap him, to rub him, to wrap him in their own coats.

William Sanford came panting down the canon. He bent over the boy: "No use, sister, he's dead."

"No!" ejaculated Sanny's mother. "You've got brandy. Let me have it."

John Lane galloped down the road as pale as a ghost. "Thank God!" he cried when he saw his wife. But when he saw Sanny, he dropped on his knees, shuddering from head to foot.

"The boy is dead! Our boy is dead!" he groaned.

"John Lane," cried his wife, "take hold here. Do as I am doing. If you love Sanny, take hold and help. We've got to get the breath back into his body."

The horse-tamers galloped down the road, and stood a little way off with sober faces. They had just helped to drag from the gulch above the bodies of the six foolish campers, who had gone up in the wagon. The horses and the mountain schooner had been hung by the flood twenty feet up on the mountainside.

The farmer whom Sanny had warned from his field came in a long wagon. His wife had sent blankets. He brought them over the stream in his arm.

"Better let me put him into the wagon and carry him home, Mrs. Lane," said the man, with great pity. Sanny's mother lifted a grim face. "If you think you came to carry back a corpse, go home."

For two hours and ten minutes she kept them at work. They thought her mad. Even John Lane relaxed his efforts. But she made him work; she made him rub, she made him give his own warmth to the boy's cold body. And at last Sanny gasped and slumbered.

His mother cast a triumphant look around, and sank down unweary. But when the men carried Sanny to the wagon, she clambered in beside him.

"Ma?" murmured Sanny, inquiringly. "Hush, Sanny; it's all right. You've saved their lives. My boy is a hero."

Sanny made a sick grimace. "I'm being a hero feels like this!" He was all right a week later, and had to accept much gratitude and other things.

Seventeen people had perished under that awful flood. Sanny Lane had saved ten lives at risk of his own. The horse, Prince, had been carried seven miles by the flood, and there they buried him. The bronco-tamers rolled a boulder over the horse's grave, and on it one of the campers whom Sanny had saved—he was an engraver at Denver—carved the epitaph:

"Sanford Lane's Horse, Prince,—A Real Hero," with a brief notice of the event.

"I wish you'd written, 'The Real Hero,'" said Sanny, with a lump in his throat.—Youth's Companion.

**Substitute For Wood Pulp.** The New Orleans Times-Democrat will join with the other papers of the country in offering a prize to the inventor who may find or discover a cheap and suitable substitute for wood pulp in the manufacture of paper, and will give \$500 as its share of such prize when raised.

The lighter chocolate is in color the more free it is from impurities.

## NEWEST KIND OF BREAD

IT IS MORE NUTRITIOUS AND CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER.

Debt of Gratitude That the Poor of Paris Owe to Schweitzer—His Famous Bread Made From Freshly Ground Wheat—How This Novel Food is Prepared.



HE poor people of Paris are indebted to a man with a German name for a method of getting the best bread at the lowest price. This man bears the name of Schweitzer, and the purpose of the society which uses his method is to establish in all the populous centres of France combination milling and baking houses which will furnish 100 kilogramme—220 pounds—of nutritious and digestible white bread, from an equal amount of grain at the lowest cost of production.

The model establishment is at La Villette, Paris. In this bakery the daily sales rose in three months from \$366.70 to \$772, and a corresponding increase was noted in the branch houses, which are patronized liberally in the wealthy quarter of Paris. Official analyses demonstrate that the Schweitzer bread contains more nutritive nitrogenous properties than ordinary bakers' bread, and more than double the phosphates in the latter.

The bread, known as family bread, is sold to the working classes at 4.82 cents for 2.2046 pounds—which is 1.92 cents less than the usual price.

The Villette establishment is a building of iron and stone 515 feet long, situated on a canal, and constructed at a cost of about \$193,000. A steam engine of 150 horse-power supplies the power and produces the electricity necessary for lighting purposes and for charging the accumulators of the delivery wagons.

Just as coffee is better if freshly roasted and ground, so, Schweitzer says, bread is better if made from freshly ground wheat. The flour in this mill, which is a part of the establishment, is ground only in quantities sufficient to meet the daily needs of the bakery.

The wheat arrives in a boat, which is moored in the canal; elevators hoist it into bins, whence it is carried by an immense elevator to the top of the mill and turned into the different cleaning and separating machines. After all foreign substances have been removed and the grains of wheat have undergone a thorough brushing and washing they are clean and shiny, but the grooves of the wheat sometimes retain a little dust. This is eliminated completely by a Schweitzer appliance, which, seizing each grain lengthwise, splits it exactly in the groove.

The wheat thus cleaned passes into the mill, composed of flat, circular steel grinders, grooved in such a manner that they accomplish the luskung of the kernel and its granulation into meal at the same time. These grinders are movable, but do not touch; so that, instead of crushing the wheat and producing a flour in which the starch only is retained, the outer and harder portion of the wheat, containing gluten and other nutritive properties, is retained in the flour. The bran alone is expelled.

Attached to the mill are the works for kneading the meal, water and yeast into bread. All of this is done mechanically, the works being separated into three stories. Special yeast is prepared in the upper story in rooms heated in winter and cooled in summer. The yeast, flour and the salted and filtered water are carried down by machinery into kneaders in the form of half cylindrical tubs, rotating on two pivots placed in the axis of the kneading troughs, so that the tubs may be placed at a lower or higher angle to accelerate or retard the kneading.

One person can attend to two Schweitzer kneaders, regulating the distribution of the dough, and thus the kneading of 4409 pounds of dough an hour is accomplished.

The steel arms of the mixing and kneading machinery, some of which are stationary and others mobile, stretch and work the dough much better than hand power.

The wheat, salted water and yeast automatically enter one end of the tub, and dough in an endless skein of pale yellow issues from the opposite end. This dough finally falls on tables on the ground floor, where it is weighed and made into bread of every shape and dimension. Small wagons are charged with the shapes, which then go to the raising room. Each floor has a fermenting room kept at an even temperature.

The dough, after raising, is carried by wagons into the baking room, where it is placed in Schweitzer ovens, heated by gas from retorts arranged in such a manner that the gas does not enter the oven, and the heat is so regulated that the baking operation goes on automatically.

Twice a day—once before dawn and in the afternoon—ten large two-horse wagons (which will be used until the electric carriages shall have been built) distribute the bread in the different depots of the Societe Parisienne in Paris.

In connection with this model establishment is a laboratory for the chemical examination of the samples of wheat submitted for buying. These, upon their arrival, are ground and passed through a sieve by a small hand bolting mill, invented by Schweitzer, which determined immediately the nutritive volume of the grain in gluten and nitrogenous matter.

Schweitzer has mills, ovens and kneaders of various dimensions that may be worked by machinery or hand power. The latter system enables the farmer to grind his own wheat and make his bread from an unadulterated and wholesome product.

**SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.** So great has been the improvement of storage batteries of late that, according to an English engineer, a car now requires 500 pounds of cells that two years ago needed 1000 pounds.

It has been discovered that the human voice is produced by forty-four different muscles. Fourteen of these serve for the emission of 16,330 sounds, and the others aid the production of some 175,000,000 different sounds; that is, these forty-four muscles go to produce millions of different tones, which acoustics distinguish as absolutely distinct one from the other.

A very long electric railway is to be built in Ohio, connecting Toledo and Norwalk and passing through seven or eight smaller towns. The total length will be sixty miles, half of which will be on a turnpike road. The permanent way will be of substantial construction, at a speed of forty miles an hour is proposed. Still higher speed can be made upon a straight electric road running on its own right of way.

Professor C. E. Bessey announces, in a letter to Science, that he has obtained evidence that trees, including such species as oak, hickory, willow, cottonwood, elm and box elder, are rapidly advancing in eastern Nebraska. The areas covered by them are gradually creeping up the courses of the streams and spreading out laterally. In some cases, the "tree belt" along rivers has, within twenty-five years, increased in width from 100 feet to half a mile, and even a mile.

Paper is proving a very satisfactory material for driving ropes. At the English factories of Wolverhampton, the rope is made like that from other materials, and contains three main strands, each made up of a number of continuous strips of twisted pulp paper. The material is made waterproof by treatment with boiled oil. The rope is fairly smooth and wonderfully pliant, and in recent tests for driving machinery it has been only slightly polished under conditions that have caused cotton rope to become badly worn and frayed. Its actual tensile strength is supposed to be considerably less than that of manila rope.

Scattered in evanescent cloudlets through the air near the earth are many odors. Balloonists find reason to believe that the most powerful of these exhalations do not reach far upward, while diffusion laterally is so slow that the smell of oil of limes was eighteen minutes passing through a tube three feet long, but the wind transports the odors far and rapidly. Rev. John M. Bacon, who has been investigating the subject, mentions a smell of burning fat that was drawn by the wind into a stream much more than seven miles long but of little width. He mentions the record of a boat's crew that was enveloped in a dense wreath of wood smoke when 400 miles at sea; and also that of a smell of primeval forests that seemed to have been borne by a cyclone across the Atlantic to the coast of France.

**The Largest Tree in the World.** In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is usually known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving wing-like braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches throw a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands, of people gather in the cool of its shadow. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

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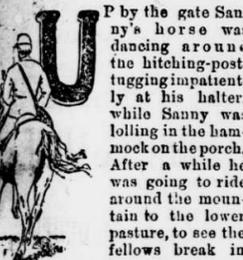
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## THE REAL HERO.

By Mary Brewster Downs.



U P by the gate Sanny's horse was dancing around the hitching-post, tugging impatiently at his halter, while Sanny was loitering in the hammock on the porch. After a while he was going to ride around the mountain to the lower pasture, to see the fellows break in broncos.

He was in no hurry; they would be at it all the afternoon. Besides, he was tired, and had eaten a hearty dinner. He had spent the morning chopping off chickens' heads and dressing the fowls for market, and he had eaten a double portion of dumplings at dinner because his uncle did not want his.

This uncle, his mother's brother, William Sanford, had come up into the Colorado mountains to be cured of lung trouble. He was a hearty and jolly fellow, but unlearned in mountain ways, and very restless. He had made up his mind to drive down to Denver that afternoon, and since he was bound to go, Sanny's mother had decided to take advantage of his trip and go with him, to sell her butter and eggs and chickens, although it was only Friday, and her usual market day was Saturday.

Sanny's father, who had lived in the mountains all his life and knew the weather-signs, said to her: "I advise you to wait until the night is broken. It's likely to break before many hours, in my opinion. It's the closest day I've ever known in these parts, and any one with ears can hear trouble brewing over yonder mountains. You may be caught by a cloudburst."

William Sanford laughed. "See now, John," he said, "you've been expecting this to break for the last month, and it's still as dry as a bone. There is no more sign of rain today than there was yesterday. It was just as sultry, and I heard the same rumbling over the mountain. It's business that I must attend to by nightfall. I couldn't sleep last night thinking of it. If you can spare the team I'm going this afternoon."

"If he's going, I'm going, too," declared Sanny's mother, whisking around to get ready. "Of course the horses can't make the trip to-morrow if they are driven down to-day. Now, don't you worry, John. If it rains hard, we'll just stop somewhere overnight and go on to-morrow. I've done lots of times, you know. Sanny, don't forget to feed the chickens, and help grandma with the dishes, now, son."

Mrs. Lane twitched on her sunbonnet, climbed into the wagon and took the reins from her brother. "On the best driver," she laughed. "Whistles, I know the horses and I know the mountains, and I'm not going to risk having my eggs spilled over a precipice. Get up!"

John Lane sat down on the step and watched them as they drove down the hill and out of sight. Then his eyes turned to the green valley before him. The house was backed securely on a hillside, half-way up a spruce ridge. In front, the ground sloped away across the road and down to the valley, whence it swelled up again in beautiful cultivated fields. Up the valley to the right, down the valley to the left and climbing the opposite mountain, green crops glistened and ripened in the sunshine.

"It's the best crop I've raised since I went to farming," remarked John Lane, with satisfaction. "I declare, I've snapped up the best farming land in the mountains, top."

"I know it," said Sanny, sitting up in the hammock. "But farming's a hard work, pa. Why don't you guess we'll stick to both," smiled John Lane. "You'd better tend to your own chaffing himself with that. Now I'm going up the woodshed, he added, rising and stretching his long legs, "to see how the boys are coming on with the timber. I had better wait here with grandma. I come back. I tell you I'll climb the way the weather is boiling around the mountain."

Sanny unwound his horse from the hitching-post, then he went round the house

and filled the woodbox for grandma. He mixed corn-meal for the newest chicks and fed it to the downy little things from the tips of his fingers. Then he went down cellar and took a big drink of buttermilk to settle his dinner.

"Sanford, Sanford!" called his grandmother to him in a frightened voice.

Sanny rushed up stairs. Coming out of the dark cellar, the whole world seemed ablaze. The storm-brewing mountain was hooded in black, but from beneath the seething clouds burst a lurid light that burned over the valley with portentous glare. Chasing streaks of lightning cracked the black cloud-mass, and terrific roars of thunder echoed from the mountain's sides. But above them the sky was blue, and the sun shone steadily on the fields of waving grain.

"Did you ever see the like!" gasped grandma. "It's a cloudburst, as sure as you're born. Your mother and that crazy Will Sanford—mercy on us! Come in and shut the door! The waters will—Sanford, Sanford! Where are you? Sanford! Come back, come back this minute! Sanford!"

"Go in and shut the door, grandma," yelled Sanny, from the gate. He had jerked Prince's halter loose; he was on the horse's back—he was off down the road. He could ride Prince as well with a halter as with a bridle.

The awful light faded out. The aspens trembled tranquilly in the sunshine that climbed the steep walls of the canon, and the tall columbines waved their stately heads. Sanny swept by the familiar scenes without a glance. He dug his heels into the horse, his elbows slapped his sides, he whooped his fiercest cowboy yell; a cloud of dust rolled back from his horse's feet.

Now and then Sanny gave a fearful glance over his shoulder. The canon walls cut off sight of the storm-brewing mountain, but above the clatter of Prince's feet broke the crashing of thunderbolts, and beneath all Sanny's keen ears detected a low, continuous roar that caused his brown face to pale.

Already the slender mountain stream that threaded the roadside had risen in its bed and was lashing itself to white foam.

A lone man was cultivating a valley that broke from the canon. Sanny checked Prince a trifle, by hard work. "Run!" he yelled. "A cloudburst on the mountain!"

The man caught up his hoe and ran. Sanny stopped at the lower pasture. The bronco-tamers were tossing hilariously. "A cloudburst, a flood!" shrieked Sanny.

The horse-tamers paused, listened and whipped their horses up the mountain's sides. A "mountain schooner" crept slowly up the mountain road, bearing a party of jolly campers.

"A flood! A cloudburst! Turn back! Drive up the divide! Hurry for your lives!"

"A flood!" The campers looked up at the cloudless sky and laughed. "A flood in your eye!" they shouted; but Sanny was out of hearing, and they went gaily onward to their doom.

Five miles from home Prince overtook the team. Sanny's mother looked back at the sound of hoofs; she recognized Sanny—she looked beyond him.

"A flood! A flood!" She pushed Will Sanford from the wagon, sprang to the ground and gave the horses a stinging lash. She scrambled up the mountain-side, her brother tugging behind her.

"Sanny!" she screamed. But Sanny and Prince had sped on. They had one more message to deliver.

For a week two campers had been loitering in the beautiful valley. They had pitched their tent close to the trickling mountain stream beneath a cluster of pines, tethering their horses among the aspens. They were city-worn and weak—men who were breathing in health and strength before climbing farther into the mountains. One of them lay in a hammock, gazing into the fathomless blue of the sky. The other sprawled listlessly in the