

THE BOSSIER BANNER.

O.E. Police Jury

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"A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns."

Subscription, \$1 per Year.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909.

NUMBER 17.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Sale

BY THE
HEARNE DRY GOODS CO., of Shreveport

Our Great Mid-Summer Sacrifice Sale of more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of clean, new, fresh and desirable merchandise will open on **Monday, June 21st**, and continue to **Saturday, July 3d**. Preparations for this great sale have been made on the most colossal scale ever attempted by any store in Louisiana. Don't mistake this for a clearance sale of old merchandise. Our buyers have just been in the markets, and as this is clearing up time with the wholesalers, we have bought thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise at one-fifth, one-fourth, one-third and in some cases one-half less than actual value. We laid down the spot cash and took the bargains. These goods, with our entire stock, will be included in this sale, and **all will be sold for strictly cash, but at prices that know no competition.** Excepting a few contract goods, every article in our entire store, in every department, will be marked down for this sale—even needles, pins and all small wares, as well as all other articles. This is, beyond any question, the greatest trade event of North Louisiana for this season, and will be the **most talked about sale** Shreveport has had for years.

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We are too well known all over North Louisiana to be called sensational. This sale means dollars and cents to you, and the trip costs you nothing. Remember, it is a twelve-day sale (beginning Monday, June 21st, and closing Saturday night, July 3d) and everything will be sold strictly and only for cash. **BE HERE. YOU'LL BE GLAD OF IT.**

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Blind Man's Buff.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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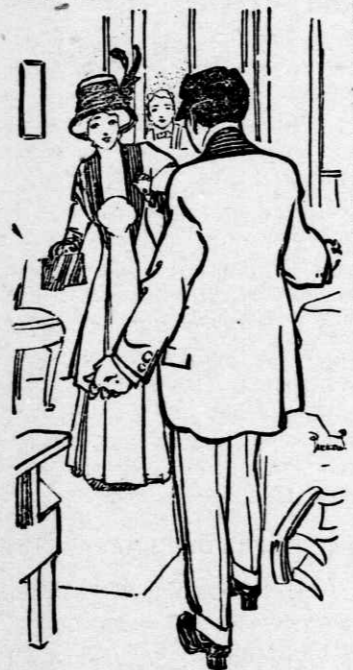
They had been talking some minutes over the phone—one of those protracted and intimate conversations in which girls delight and which drive to the point of frenzy the man who wishes to get the line in order to tell his wife that he is to take the 3 o'clock train for Chicago.

It was Hildegarde who broke in on her friend's account of Tuesday's german with a little dismayed shriek.

"Goodness! I didn't dream it was so late. I have an engagement in five minutes, and I'm not half dressed."

"Who is it—Darrell?" It was not a question for the telephone, but Irene never allowed her discretion to stand in the way of her curiosity.

"Te-es." The hesitating answer gave Irene the impression that her friend was blushing. Darrell's adoration of Hildegarde was the season's joke. It



"I'M NOT QUITE USED TO THIS KIND OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

was, however, a very suitable match. Darrell was preposterously rich and not bad looking.

"Too bad about Jack Carr, isn't it? I don't know what you mean." Hildegarde's tone was suddenly icy.

"Why, you don't mean that you have not heard of his accident?"

"Accident! What accident?"

"Bentley Boynton told me about it last evening. I supposed, of course, you knew. You and Jack used to be such friends. Some workmen dropped a bag of lime beside him, and it burst and puffed up into his eyes and blinded him. Poor, dear fellow! But he's so plucky that I dare say he'll make a joke of it."

Hildegarde rang off abruptly. Her head went down on her arms. Tremors shook her bowed figure. Hot tears rained from her hidden eyes.

Jack and Hildegarde had been good friends. The worldly wisdom which belonged to their station in life, the tacit acceptance of the theory that every girl owes it to herself to marry money if she can, alone had kept them from being more. There had been times when the glowing eyes of the young man suggested an almost irresistible temptation to set at defiance the traditions of his class, and the flutter of the girl's heart had acknowledged some uncertainty as to her own course under such circumstances.

But if Jack had kept his tongue in leash, even if his eyes had been less tractable, and had gone his way and left the field to Darrell with his millions!

And now never again would those

dear eyes woo her. Never again would she watch from her window that lithe figure swinging down the street as if it walked on air. She saw him groping his way through unending darkness, with only sad memories to keep him company. And then on the desk beside her she saw Darrell's card, which the maid had just laid there.

No one has ever given an explanation of the fact that a woman's tenderness for one man is so likely to result in cruelty to another. But owing to this peculiarity of feminine psychology Darrell's sole reward for a year's devotion was the hasty note the maid brought down five minutes later:

I cannot see you this afternoon. And please do not come again till you are willing that I should be nothing more than your friend.

HILDEGARDE DEVRIES.

"A lady to see me?" Jack Carr, sitting in his darkened room, with a shade over his eyes, betrayed no satisfaction at the prospect of companionship.

"What's her name?"

"She didn't say, sir. She said to tell you that a friend would like to see you for a few moments."

"Oh, show her up. I'm not much to look at just at present; but, anyway, the room's too dark for her to see." His philosophy stood by him till a swish of skirts on the stairs suggested an idea so preposterous that his heart leaped. He put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. Then a voice said:

"Jack!"

"Hildegarde!" He sprang forward, stumbled over a footstool and regained his balance and his self control at the same moment. "I'm not quite used to this sort of blind man's buff," he said in a rather breathless voice. "You must find a chair, please. Awfully good of you to look me up, I'm sure."

Hildegarde was thankful that the room was dark. In the clear daylight her courage would have failed her.

"It wasn't good at all," she quavered in an uncertain voice. "I just had to see you, Jack." Her voice died away, and she regained it only by an effort.

"Jack, tell me—I'm mistaken in thinking that you used to care for me?"

The pause that followed seemed undeniably long. "No," Jack said at last in a voice unlike his own—"no, that was no mistake, God knows!"

She breathed more freely now that the plunge was taken. Except for the dryness of her throat and her burning cheeks she felt almost at ease.

"But I wasn't mistaken about myself, Jack. I thought I could be satisfied with a great deal of money and a good social position and all that, and what I wanted all the time was you. I have money enough for both of us. I shan't give you a chance to remember your blindness." She hesitated at the word, but took it gallantly, like a thoroughbred. "I'll be eyes to you and sunlight—oh, Jack, I'll make you happy in spite of everything."

He crossed the room and stood beside her. "Hildegarde!" he cried hoarsely. "You mean that you are ready to refuse Darrell and marry me?"

"Mr. Darrell means well," Hildegarde acknowledged with an air of wishing to give every one his due. "But you're—Jack."

"You—you said something about my eyesight," stammered Jack. "Did you mean—?"

Hildegarde caught his hand. "Oh, dearest, that was what opened my eyes! When I heard that you were blind I couldn't bear it, and then I knew perfectly well that I couldn't live without you."

He swept her to him, and a blissful moment followed. But the mysterious sixth sense which belongs to you led Hildegarde to divine disquiet in her lover. She drew away palpitating.

"Jack, are you sure that you haven't got over caring for me?"

He was so reassuring on this point that the scarred color came back to her cheeks. "You're not worrying because you're not rich?" she rebuked him quietly. "Why, Jack, we can get along beautifully with what I have, even if I don't come in for a share of Uncle Enoch's money!"

"It isn't that altogether, darling. You spoke about my eyes."

She flung her arms about his neck. "My eyes are yours from now on, dear. I'll never give you a chance to know that you're lost anything."

"You are an unselfish angel," said Jack with conviction. "But the truth

is, dearest, that the matter has been a little exaggerated. It's been quite funny, you know, but the doctor thinks that in three weeks I can go back to the office again."

"Oh!" Horror turned Hildegarde rigid in his arms. "And I've proposed to you without any excuse."

Jack did not answer—verbally at least—but without the aid of speech and in an incredibly short time Hildegarde was convinced that no excuse was needed.

Odd Luck at Cards.

There was an extraordinary illustration of beginner's luck given recently by a young man who had been enticed into a poker game by three "experts."

The latter were not professional card sharps, but, well acquainted with the game, had no scruples against fleecing an easy mark. Having very diplomatically induced the youth to enter the game and having explained the cardinal principles to him, the play began. Things went awfully for awhile, but finally the excitement started. One "expert" opened the jack pot with three aces, one of the others came in on a pair, while the "easy mark" drew four cards. The man with the three aces started the betting, but the "easy mark" came right back at him. The "expert," having taken note of the four card draw, concluded that the youth was betting on little or nothing and played his three aces far more strongly than he would have done had his opponent been well up in the game. Finally, when the table was piled high with money, the "expert" called. The "easy mark" laid down five spades, not one of them higher than the nine.

"But you drew four cards!" exclaimed the "expert" in dismay. "Which one did you hold?"

"I held the two of spades," replied the youth. "But why under the sun did you hold the two of spades?"

"That was the only spade I had," said the "easy mark" innocently, and that was the only reason he could give. He played the whole evening in just such luck, and when a halt was finally called the "experts" were far behind the game.—Philadelphia Record.

An Affair of Weight.

It is one of the absentminded Professor Boulder's fads to keep himself within certain limits of avoidance, and at stated intervals, when he does not forget, he calls at the village stores, tries the scales and notes carefully whether he is going over or under the permitted 225 pounds.

On one occasion he was astonished to observe the machine register 233 pounds. "Tut, tut! Dear me, this will never do!" he frowned. Then a happy smile twinkled in his eyes as he reflected: "Of course. Last week I wore no overcoat."

Removing his outer garment, he threw it over one arm and again consulted the figures. Two hundred and thirty-three pounds!

With a look of scholarly perplexity Professor Boulder walked out into the cold street, still carrying the overcoat over his arm and muttering: "Tut, tut! Dear me! Then I am gaining! This is very serious."—Lippincott's.

Why Men Cocks Seldom Smoke.

"Men cocks make a mistake to smoke. Men cocks that smoke have a hard time to get work."

"Why so?" inquired a woman cook.

"Because you don't like your own cooking to bend over the cooking with a cigar in his mouth it doesn't look neat when you go down into the kitchen to see him finger the wet stub of a cigarette and then plunge his hands into the puff paste. Sometimes, in fact, if you have a man cook that smokes you will find ashes on the steak. I know a corporation lawyer who once found a cigar end in the soup. Do you think he'd ever employ after that a smoking cook?"—Chicago Enquirer.

Hurt Worse Than the Razor.

The Barber: You got a nasty, deep lot of crow's feet, sir, and them lines runnin' down from the corners of the mouth is something fierce. A massage—The Patient (fiercely)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant on an alley, let alone a cow. But, hang it, man, do you want to be reminded of it every time you get a shave?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE MYSTERY OF MARS.

Old but Unsolved Problem, Is There Animal Life on the Planet?

With a planet so old as Mars and so far along in the process of life extinction the conditions of life would be severe, and only a highly intellectual and scientifically developed race could endure and master them. The engineering skill and constructive capacity to control the annual floods from the poles, store the waters and build the thousands of miles of huge canals would require scientific knowledge beyond that possessed by us at the present time and financial resources in excess of those we have yet accumulated.

The nation that finds the digging of a little ditch at Panama so great a task would be helpless in the face of such a problem as these thousands of miles of Martian canals, if, indeed, canals they be. Yet, in view of the greater life age of Mars, such higher intelligence would be natural in the regular process of development, assuming that it has ever been the abode of intellectual life.

Scientists are in the main in a receptive state on this subject. They are not ready to admit that the existence of life on that planet has been proved. They do not deny it, but call for greater proof than a plausible theory. Among others than scientists there is in the main a disposition not to accept the Martian human life theory or the theory of life on any of the thousands of spheres that wheel and glisten in illimitable space. They seem to think that such a theory conflicts with religion and dwarfs man and his importance in the scheme of creation.

This seems to be a very narrow view to take, since it appears to set bounds upon the infinite power and creative desires of the Almighty, whose great scheme of mortal and immortal life is not necessarily confined to a single planet or the few billions of human beings who are born and die upon it. As to dwarfing the importance of man, a few billions more added to the billions on earth would make little difference. Man is at best a small and insignificant creature, but if all embracing wisdom, power and love takes solicited note of him it would be limiting those infinite qualities to say that one planet must be his abiding place. Therefore the question of human intelligence on Mars or any other planet of the solar system or the other great systems in remote space should be purely and simply a scientific one, to be accepted as true only when proved, but not to be rejected through sentiment or for any other reason whatever except lack of proof.—St. Louis Star.

An Oriental Blessing.

A well known representative from China, who was a guest at a wedding in a capital city, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and joyfully asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a parental blessing. The obliging dignitary complied with pleasure. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking bridegroom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man-child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren, and may these grandchildren—"

But the little bride grew hysterical about this time, and the oriental blessing was ended amid the laughter of the guests.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Difficult Advice.

Mrs. Hayce was talking to another young woman at a tea.

"How decidedly better off a man would be," said the other young woman, "if he would only take his wife's advice."

"Quite true, my dear," said Mrs. Hayce. "I've advised my George time and time again not to bet on horses that don't win, but he will do it."

Why He Quit.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?"

"Yes," responded the former advocate of the 'nd. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WALL STREET WAYS.

Methods of a Brilliant Operator of Many Years Ago.

One of the most brilliant operators of Wall street in the early sixties of the last century was Walter Wellman Morse, though he was by comparison with some of the gray haired market veterans only a mere boy, being just thirty years of age. The public confidence he enjoyed made it possible for him to realize profits in any stock.

Such was the influence his indorsement would carry that after he had accumulated stock at his prices he could tell his daily callers that the stock was due to go up, and immediately there would be enough professional and public buying of the stock to send it up, thus enabling Morse to unload at a profit.

An example of Morse's popularity was illustrated in a scene accompanying the opening of subscriptions for stock in a coal mining company organized by him. The day the subscription book was opened people flocked to the office and fought with each other in their efforts to enter and get their names recorded. One man who had subscribed for a large amount of this stock, after getting away from the crowd, came back and, walking up to Mr. Morse, said, "I say, Mr. Morse, was that gold or coal stock I subscribed for?"—Moody's Magazine.

A Barbarian.

D. D. Mann, the Canadian railroad builder, had a sensational career, beginning as an axman in the Canadian lumber woods.

Early in life Mann visited Europe on a business mission and at a dinner one night became involved in a quarrel with a Russian nobleman. Next day he received a call from one of the nobleman's friends, bearing an invitation to a duel. "If he doesn't like what I said to him, let him come up and tell me so," said Mann. "He can come a-running, too, and carry any size gun he likes."

The friend explained that would never do. Nothing but the regular thing on the field of honor would do.

"Oh, all right!" said Mann. "I've been fighting duels all my life. But I'll have to insist on using my national weapon—a sixteen pound double bladed ax."

The friend went away holding up his hands at the barbarian. That night the nobleman met Mann. He was about the size of a grasshopper. Mann is something over six feet high and four wide, with no fat. "I fight you, m'oo," said the nobleman, "with the weapon of any civilized nation, but I be hanged if I commit suicide."

Man Eating Lions.

Of African lions Miss Kirkland in her book on Africa writes: "As a rule, it is only old lions which attack human beings. They grow too decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes, which are their lawful prey; so, goaded by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary tourists."

Respectability.

Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious host. "It looks more respectable."

Parental Prejudice.

"But why didn't you consult your father and me before you were married?"

"Because, mamma, I was afraid you might prejudice me against him."—Life.

At the Bal Masque.

Gertie: You danced that twostep divinely. Who taught you? Nell: My two stepisters.—Illustrated Bits.

A Handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman the heart.—Dutch Proverb.

As Good as He Gave.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."

"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—New York Journal.

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