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THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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AND
NORMAL SCHOOL,
(FOR BOTH SEXES).
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Board, Washing, Lights and Tuition \$20.00
LYMAN GRISWOLD, Principal,
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SHREVEPORT.
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—Dealer in—
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Garden and Grass Seeds,
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WINDOW SHADES,
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Lamp and Lamp Chimnies, &c.
Agent for Lilly & Phelan, of Evansville, Ind., a full line of their Fluid Extracts and Elixirs in stock.
No. 25 Texas St.,
(Old stand of Hyams & Kennedy.)
SHREVEPORT, LA.
Garden seed in bulk and Wall Paper a specialty. The largest stock in the market. v11n6

Uriah's Luck.

"Three big turkeys, just see! I call that a good days work and the fun thrown in!"

"But your dinner, your time and the whisky! You forget these little items when you think of your good luck."

Shooting matches do not come off every day, and Uriah has enjoyed himself so well at the "Three Forks" that the silent tongue will rattle in spite of the awing presence of Eliza Ann. To be sure, Ned Coburn happened to be passing by, and must come and talk of the mortgage, saying money was "so scarce" and others would give "fifteen" or "twenty" if one had the face to demand it.

And naturally it made the nerves of Uriah a little shaky, knowing that Ned was driving for a higher rate, or for the money, which was known to be out of the question. But then Ned is a true brick, so polite, and so willing "to accommodate a friend," and he always treats! So the thoughts of the debt are lost in every sociable talk around the bar.

"I got the three biggest turkeys," continues the talker, "and there were only twelve in all. One-fourth of all of the lot, and yet there were so many good marksmen there who couldn't get one! But it's on account of this old long barrel. They don't come across such guns now-a-days. And haven't we had such lots of fun! Almost everybody comes to Lann. Crowley's shooting matches. I can't name half who were there, or begin to tell of the sport. And tonight they'll have the most fun, raffling the nine turkeys and hosts of chickens. How I'd have liked to stay and win about three more turkeys! But I thought I must come home, though I could hardly get away from the crowd; they all wanted me to stay."

"Certainly the sharpers would like to have you stay! Whose money can they win so easy, or believes their soft palava as you? It's a good thing for you that you didn't stay or you'd never have heard the last of it. Yes, they tried to keep you, I know. And I know you longed to stay, for you always have such splendid times around the taverns with your darling cronies! A little whisky, of course, was an important attraction, as well as Crowley's buxom girls with their saucy ways and sharp replies! You needn't attempt to deny, for I understand! Besides, I want to know when you'll make the shed. Do you ever intend to have a shelter for the shivery cows? Or are there more shooting matches coming off, where you must delay time and fool away money too! I don't want to hear any more of your luck, of your good or your unlucky luck! I should, however, like to hear

of your working, if only at getting some wood. The boys and I do all the winter work, and you are away dreaming of luck. I am glad of one thing—that you are as stingy as lazy, for I never fear your being a sot! When others will treat of course you accept; but liquor, though precious and so sweet, is opposed by the scrumpy stinginess of the race of Slacks.

One must have fun! Some people always require sport as long as they live. Uriah's nature demands amusement. How could he lean over the rickety saw-hores, moving the rickety buck-saw through the opposing stick? Such pleasure possibly suits some, but he'd rather take a dose of physic! And then, could he be expected to work back of the barn on the promised shed, while teams unseen are passing along the traveled road? Isn't it his duty to see all that's going on, and know all that's known? Work may be fun for some—such as neighbor Stark, owner of fertile acres, numerous houses and massive barns. But such as Uriah, impulsive, uneasy, undecided, can't bear the thought of steady drudging work, to say nothing of the actual wear and tear of muscles and conscience.

The meetings in the bar-rooms, varied pleasures of the stores, the excitement of the shooting match—all these are very pleasant recreations and afford many a rare chance for acquiring wisdom!

Among the many pleasant places dear to the loafer is the tavern on Copper creek with the sign of the Three Forks. Here the artful Lann, with his smiling face and his ready wit, rules the purse and the conscience of his host of tipping friends—landlord partly, half-way farmer, and banker at odd times for his closest friends, who must have the money whatever the rate. For the sake of old friendship he will lend for a time, though the money is needed to replenish his stock. Wily old fellow with a beaming face, always ready to present the welcome glass, cementing thus the friendship that lures the yearly gains of a hundred friends! Patron of the favorite winter spree, the shooting match, which calls the rifles from a hundred rusty hooks, the roughs and the idlers from the valleys and the hills for miles around!

Such splendid country dinners as Polly, his wife, and the sprightly girls, are wont to set in the narrow, dingy kitchen of the country inn! Game from the neighboring hill, fish from the little brooks, handed to the eaters by the saucy girls that know the effect of feminine spice! Is there wonder that idlers should love the sight of the swinging sign of the Three Forks? Typical forks

pointing to the same downward course whither tend the footsteps of the enchanted throng!

What wonder that Uriah should often go to Crowley's bar for the loan of a little to buy another horse? "What!" the smiler would say, "luck bad again? Just as I thought!"

And going once makes it easier to go again. The tongue and the smile and the treat lure him on, unconscious of the blow that lurer longs to see. It needn't come now, not as long as the property is worth more than the debts, and good customers must be humored as much as policy allows.

The idling Uriah is urged on because of the rates of per cent which swells the gains of the sharper.

Ah! we talk of shiftless, farmers, like the owner of the inherited farm, and we think it is ignorance of tillage or lack of skill. But trace the idlers of these starving acres, find where they linger at night and by day, in the listless winter or the dozy hours of summer; guess where the dollars are wasted or lost by neglect; then see if the beaming face of the country landlord isn't a key to the squalor of many a farm-house to the miserable income of many a farm. Not merely by drinking is poverty won. Linger around the sacred haunts of drunkenness, by the loss of time, by the encouragement given the seller of death, poverty and disgrace, by the actual loss of self-respect, by the enervating effect of these coarse gossip and the lewd harangue, by the general evil of the loafers meetings—the community sink down to a lower level, in activity, in morality and in religious life. Immorality, ignorance, irreligion, drunkenness, are serious evils, and nourished by the fostering of loafing, they are fast undermining worth and life.

Idleness, supposed to be innocent amusement, is a crime, and is a pool in which a thousand evils are hatched. Idleness, sworn enemy of health, of life, of wealth or worth, of knowledge or piety, so long lulling our drowsy perceptions, so long blasting the good that is, as well as preventing the infinite good that else might be. Loafing, seductive, enchanting idleness, that stupefies the life of a community, wasting the vigor of manhood and sapping the restraint of age!

In a place where loafing pleases, notice the trace of the evil lull. See the listless crowd reclining, notice the dragging, snailly footsteps, the absent glance of the dreamy face, the tattered patches of the shiftless drones. Is business brisk, or does farming pay? Is the counter crowded in the one-horse store? Or are the barrels and boxes

crowded with the gawky specimens of the moneyless country throng? But the bars at the inns are crowded, you see, and the pennies come forth from their prison of rags, to call for the social and liven the hour.

Oh, the homes made wretched! Oh, the incomes lean! Poor farms running in debt, bad luck, scanty fare, and a host of miseries, the result of a desire to loaf, of a dread of toil! For work is wearying and loafing is lulling, and the little that comes somehow without drudgery is so precious to the hearts of the listless crowd.

But isn't Uriah's misfortune simple, unadulterated bad luck? Doesn't he attempt to baffle the unseen enemies of his, to fight for a living in the face of despair? Yes he fights like many other loafer, fights everything else but his aversion of toil. Battle against shiftlessness, battle against debt and crawling interest, battle against a barren soil and the economy of scrimps—contending against all but the love of loaf, the curse of his life.—[Country Gentleman.

Now France beats even the United States in its swarms of office holders. President Thiers' Finance Minister lately boasted that he commanded an army of 80,000 employees.

In sentencing John Gaffney, of Buffalo, to be hanged for murder, the presiding judge said:

"You are the victim of the cowardly practice of carrying arms."

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth genteelly and told a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters was a "bluenet" and the other a "bronze."

There is nothing like a good definition, as the teacher thought when he explained the meaning of "old maid" as a woman who had been made a very long time.

The greatest mistake Grant ever made was in not appointing thirty-seven Cabinet officers, so that he could send one to stump every State.—[Det. Free Press.

Porter Palmer's new hotel in Chicago is to be eight stories high, and will contain 850 rooms.

They have Dolly Varden chills in Georgia. The sufferer turns all sorts of colors, and is terrible humped up.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

If you will look into the Grant organs, you will find that all "our colored fellow-citizens" are for Grant and the "niggers for Greeley."