

# THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

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## Some Peculiar Entertainments.

### New York Dispatch.

It was, I suppose, the apocryphal feat of William Tell that suggested this item of sensational "business" to the crack rifle shot, Mlle. Dianna, who recently fulfilled a London engagement. But the arroyo is not complete. It is no loving, fearful father that takes aim at the "apple" (in this case an evil-smelling, hollow globe of resin), but just a Winchester rifle of uncertain habits, and addicted to the vagaries and cussednesses common to all fire-arms.

In the first place, the resinous ball is suspended in mid-air by a string, and then the stand is rigged up with his rifle. The latter is then sighted by the expert with scrupulous care, so as to "cover the pendant globe. After this has been done, Mlle. Diana takes up her position, rifle in hand, exactly beneath the "apple," and blazes away at the trigger of the other gun. Simple, isn't it? The discharges are practically simultaneous, and the lady's dark hair is in most cases instantly powdered with particles of the shattered ball of resin. I say "in most cases" advisedly, because it sometimes happens that the bullet passes over or at the side of the "apple," and on one occasion the rifle ball actually passed between the globe and Mlle. Dianna's scalp, the weapon having been aimed a shade too low.

"I must say," remarked the lady rifle shot, "that it wants a lot of nerve to face and fire at that rifle. You see, the slightest deviation in aiming may be fatal; and then, again, the cartridge may be a poor one, causing the rifle to hang fire. In such cases the first thing to be done, of course, is to get out of the line of fire without a moment's delay, for the rifle may go off immediately on its own account, as, indeed, it has done more than once."

Now, was ever such an opportunity given an experienced angler as that suggested by my next picture? And he is an experienced angler—perhaps I ought to say a professional angler—who has played bigger salmon in the Fraser River than ever Spottland produced. And surely this is a novel angling contest—Rod vs. Woman. I witnessed the interesting event in a specially arranged swimming bath, the "fish" being the well-known expert, Miss Annie Laker, whose father trained Captain Webb, and who is herself engaged at this day in imparting the nautical art to a couple of thousand London Board School children from Kew to Rotterburgh.

This angling contest is tremendous fun. The salmon-line is hooked in the lady's belt, and she certainly gives fine play. Sometimes the line breaks. Sometimes the rod. Occasionally the fair "fish" is too much for her would-be captor, who no less volens, is drawn in to what is emphatically not his element. If Miss Laker is landed in the corner within ten minutes, however, the victory is given to the angler, who, it is significant to note, does not stand at the shilling side of the bath. This is, of course, in order to be drawn quite close, and then dashes away through the water, splashing frantically, the sixty penny public only get the benefit of whatever moisture may be going about.

A very different kind of entertainment is provided by the blindfold child pianist, Jennie Gabrielle, a Birmingham girl, who, at the age of seven, could positively play anything that was set before her. A few years ago the child was taken to the Gaiety Theatre to see a burlesque, and next morning she surprised her patients by sitting down to the piano and playing off the whole score—songs and all.

Not only is Miss Gabrielle blindfolded by any members of her audience who may wish to undertake the task, but the keys of the instrument are completely covered with silk; and yet, under these difficult conditions, you may give her elaborate pieces from such masters as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and Schubert, which will be rendered with surprising accuracy and delicacy of touch.

Ohmah was born in Ning-po fifty seven years ago, and, briefly, he may be described as a diminutive man with monstrous ideas. I saw him in Kohl and Middleton's Museum at Chicago. As a rule, the showman gives an exhaustive and sometimes exhausting description of each individual freak in the show. The bearded lady beams benignly, while the length of her lithe appendage is measured for an appreciative public; and the armless man paints dexterously with his toes, what time the showman indicates the beauties of the landscape that is growing under his artistic foot. But Ohmah needs no one to tell his story. His height is exactly 24 1/2 inches, and in his best days he received nearly \$200 a week; for, to the potent attraction of his diminutive stature, he added the great reputation of a recontourer skilled in the lore of many lands. Also, he smoked cigars nearly as big as himself, and his appetite was prodigious. I have seen him eat a great dinner, whereof a pound and a half steak was but a part. Last summer Ohmah bought a farm of 20,000 acres in Ohio, and celebrated his establishment thereon with a big house party. Cligout, the sword-swallower, being among the number of invited guests. The tiny Chinaman is very fond of jewelry, owning quite a fortune in diamonds and rubies; and he is extremely

religions, after the manner of his kind. He worships his ancestors—as, indeed, he ought, seeing that they did a big thing for him in bringing him into the world so small. At home Ohmah's hobby is singing, and he is forever practicing duets with his wife, the midgey Princess Joseph, who is seen by the side of her gigantic sister.

### The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgess, Kookuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery. I try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial bottles free at Natchitoches Drug Company limited."

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"That pointer of mine is a great dog," declared Howard Vernon as he petted his \$1,000 dog, Glenbeigh. "I can always depend on him. When he makes a point, I know that he has scented a bird, and I know that he will not move a muscle while I have a chance at it."

"I was hunting quail up at Point Reyes when I lost Glenbeigh. I knew he must be pointing in the brush some where, but I looked everywhere for him and could not find him. The next day I resumed the search, with no better success, but on the third day I found him in a dense thicket standing firmly rigid, with his tail sticking straight out behind and one foot up. A quail had run into a hollow tree, and the dog stood at the opening pointing. The quail dared not come out, and the dog, true to his training, wouldn't move. He had been standing in that position, without so much as moving a foot, for 65 hours, and when I tried to lead him away he could not walk."

At a card party in the northwest a few evenings ago a cross-eyed man was posing as the man who knew it all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud voice and otherwise making himself a general nuisance. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at the loudly air he assumed and the attacks he had made on some of her pet theories. She made up her mind to bowl him over if she ever got a chance.

## Manuscripts by Dickens.

What have become of the manuscripts of Dickens' earlier works? Some light is thrown on the question in Mr. Shooling's paper in "The Strand." The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given on, as is well known, by the author to his friend Mr. Dallas, and subsequently bought by Mr. Childs, the publisher, of Philadelphia. The manuscript of "Pickwick" was, Miss Georgina Hogarth states, never preserved in its entirety, though stray fragments have turned up, and are dispersed about the world, but it was not given by its author to any one. "I don't think," adds Miss Hogarth, "he attached much importance to his manuscripts in those early days." Portions of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist" figure among the numerous interesting facsimiles which accompany the article. They are taken from a fragment of the manuscript still remaining, which begins with the twelfth chapter and ends with what is now called the forty-third chapter, "wherein is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble." "Oliver Twist" was written in a much larger hand than were most of the later works. The manuscript shows some notable variations. The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but a facsimile is given of part of the revised proof of the preface, which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens.—London News.

**The Drummer's Dilemma.**  
"I was born under an unlucky star," said C. E. Jameson, a Baltimore knight of the gripeack, to a reporter. "Over in Maryland there are two men named Curtis doing business in adjoining towns. One of them has been a customer of mine, while I could never sell much to the other one. I was told that the one whose trade I wanted and could not get had been presented by his wife with a wife. A bright idea came to me. I would seal his trade forever. I sent him the best baby carriage I could buy. Then in a few days I went over there. He was the maddest man I ever saw. It seems that he is a bachelor and everybody in town had grieved him."

"Then I went to the other town to see my customer and he was mad. It was he who was father of twins and a rival had given him a carriage, with the information that he had seen me buy one for another customer who had a baby. I haven't straightened it out yet, and I'm doubtful if I ever can."—Washington Star.

**A Keen Eyed Engineer.**  
An old engineer was getting his sight tested by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large park. The doctor used to say to his patients, "Look over yonder into the park and tell me what sight was to be tested, he had arranged with his son to take his bicycle half a mile into the park and be riding it. In due time the old man was led to the window, the doctor saying, as usual: "What do you see?"

The old man, peering out, said, "I see a young man stooping beside his bicycle." "Do you?" said the doctor. "I don't see anything at all." "Nonsense," said the engineer. "Why, he is riding it!" The doctor took up a pair of field-glasses and plainly saw the same. "Magnificent sight!" he said. The engineer is still drawing his wages.—Elmira Telegram.

**The Voice of a Child.**  
Professor Drummond told the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it way up in heaven, but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! Stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."—Rap's Horn.

**Wagner and Schumann.**  
Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris, I went to see him. He told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that of Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and that one cannot endure for long together."

**Slavery in Great Britain.**  
Slavery survived in England much later than is generally supposed. The word "bondage" in Northumberland still means a female farm servant. The coolies and salters—i. e., salt miners—of East Lothian were actually slaves till 1775. If they deserted their service, any one harboring them was liable to a penalty of £5 if he did not restore them in 24 hours. The last slave in England was not freed until 1799, and in 1842 there was a coolly living who, as well as his father and grandfather, had worked as a slave in a pit at Musselburgh.

**Paradoxical.**  
"It seemed sort of strange at first," said a stroller, "to see one legged man looking at the display in a shoe store window, for it didn't seem as though he would take more than half an interest in shoes, but as a matter of fact he appeared to be as much interested as anybody."—New York Sun.

## WHEN VIRTUE LOST.

A STORY TO PROVE THAT RIGHT DOES NOT ALWAYS COME UPPERMOST.

**A Remarkable Tale of Love and Tragedy in a Southern Town—The Fatal Work of Two Bullets Fired by Enraged Rivals. The End of a Foolish Girl.**

A Star reporter was one of a group in a hotel lobby the other evening and a New York drummer had just finished a story on the old line of virtue triumphing and the villain of the plot getting his just dues this side of the hot place, when a Kentucky congressman took the floor.

"That sort of thing," he said, "is well enough in books and on the stage and I am willing to agree that it happens in actual life, but not always. Let me cite an instance to the contrary."

There being no objection to the citation, the Kentuckian, after casting his eye over the company, proceeded: "Years ago, in a southern town," he said, "there lived a pretty girl with a lot of money—a combination no man can deny quite a reputable man and the other quite as respectable, and after her more for her money than herself, led all the rest, and both of them were very men and quick on the trigger. Any sensible person would have thought that the girl would have decided very early as between the good and the bad, but every one knows that women don't do that way in matters of the heart."

"I will say for her, though, that her preferences were for the decent man and he stood the best chance of winning among all of the contestants. His respectable rival, however, received more or less encouragement and he was making a hot fight—so hot, in fact, that on one or two occasions the men had come to blows and once, at least, pistols had been drawn. The girl was foolish, as other women have been under like circumstances, and rather enjoyed the position she occupied, and felt flattered by the dangerous rivalry for her hand and heart. One day, though, it culminated tragically, and the girl didn't regret it, that anybody ever heard her mention. It was in the afternoon and a pleasant day and the two rivals met unexpectedly, just across the street from her house, and each on his way to call on her."

"The girl lived on a corner and they were approaching from different streets and almost butted into each other at the crossing. That was hardly the place to have it out, but they were hot blooded and young and on the instant two men jumped back from each other a few feet, and one man fell to the sidewalk, dead. And it wasn't the bad man, either. On the contrary, it was the reputable one, and there was a bullet hole straight through his forehead. The bad man's shot had preceded the other just enough, and the decent man's pistol went off as he threw up his hands. Five minutes later the whole street was in an uproar, and the bad man was in custody. The other man was carried over to the girl's house, for it was not known then that he was dead, and a physician was called. Half an hour later the dead body was removed to an undertaker's, and that part of the tragedy was over."

"During all the excitement, the girl had not made her appearance, and as soon as the air quieted a little search was made for her, because it was known that she had been in the house shortly before the shooting. Her mother went directly to her room, and when she opened the door, she saw her daughter sitting at the window, or rather leaning upon a flower shelf on the window sill, and her first thought was that the girl had seen the shooting and had fainted. She ran to her and lifted her up and as she did so she found her face bloody and the girl's body almost stiff. She ran screaming, out, and when the doctor came he found a dead girl with a bullet hole in her head."

"Further examination showed a hole in the glass of the window, and the whole story was told. The girl had been sitting there, and had no doubt seen the meeting of the two men, and the bullet from the killed man's pistol had reached her there and ended her life at the same time the life of the man she would have married went out. Of course it was self defense in the case of the man who escaped his rival's bullet, and it was the rival's bullet which killed the girl, and the rival was beyond any earthly jurisdiction. The affair ended there, with nothing good in triumph, except a public sentiment which compelled the killer to stay away from the town for five or six years."

"Didn't he even meet a violent death or something like that?" inquired the drummer, thirsting for some trace of the usual in the tale.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

How the Gorgeous Beauty Bursts From His Ugly Outer Shell.

Last summer I noticed a milkweed caterpillar traveling across the piazza floor, evidently in search of his final shelter. We secured him temporarily under a tumbler, but there, to our surprise, he proceeded to spin his little web and hang himself head downward from the bottom of the covering glass in such wise that in the course of two days we saw the whole process of change, even to the splitting of the caterpillar skin and the final wriggle from it that changed him into the most exquisite transparent, silo green chrysalis, buttoned with gold. Toward the end of two weeks this began to grow opaque, and gradually we saw from under it the thorax, antennae, head, wings and abdominal rings in perfect glowing of black and red. One fine morning "he burst this outer shell of sin and hatched himself," not "a cherubim," but a more tangible aereal creature, though not able to float off at once, as perhaps even cherubim do not. No; his wings were only as big as dime pieces. "And still the wonder grew" as we watched them grow and unfold under our eyes in breathless amazement, and one at least in reverence and awe. It seemed such a definite change from death into life. It was not so difficult then to imagine a soul freed from its mortal envelope since this marvel could be done.

The little creature, after expanding to its full size, became very sociable, liking to be held on the finger, and after I had once unrolled his proboscis with a pin and guided it to a drop of sugared water quickly learned to find his food and sucked up a drop "in no time."

After a few days he floated out of a carelessly opened window, and I was glad and sympathized, for I, too, longed to try my wings beyond four walls. Milkweed caterpillars are common enough (Danaus Archippus, I believe, but cannot verify), and it is a most charming and exciting experiment, especially for an invalid, to try.—Boston Transcript.

**"Nativism" in Paris.**  
The directors of the Paris Grand Opera, in answer to criticisms that, although subsidized, they were producing foreign instead of French works, recently drew up a list by which they showed that during the past 20 years they had mounted 88 operas by Frenchmen and only 6 by foreigners, the two outsiders being Wagner and Verdi. M. Mauroil, the Parisian critic, has now carried the statistics back to the beginning of the century.

It seems that the last generation of Frenchmen were not so particular as to the nationality of musicians. By 1892 French opera companies had 5,984 performances of French operas during this period been given, as against 8,149 representations of works by foreign musicians. The French writer laments that his compatriots preferred foreign works, although in fairness it should be said that the list probably includes the operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini and other great masters of a previous generation, who, although born in France by birth, were practically Parisian by adoption.—London News.

**Useful Reading.**  
Mrs. Browning says:  
"By being ungenerous, even to a book And calculating profits, so much profit By so much reading. It is rather when By fortune forgot ourselves and plunge Soul forward, heading into a book's profound, Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth— 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

It must be remembered that the woman who wrote this was a profound scholar, one who delighted in hard study and who was educated far beyond most women of her day. She was able to "plunge soul forward" into many books besides sensational novels. The rule does not apply to those who find everything which is not exciting a bore.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Louis Napoleon's Plot.**  
Sir William Fraser states, in a volume of reminiscences which has just been published, that Napoleon III, while in exile at Chishurst, matured a plan to restore himself to the throne. A private yacht, of which the late Mr. James Astbury was owner, had been actually chartered for the purpose of the French emperor's escape to the continent, when he was to be repaired in disguise to Chalon, where an army corps was engaged in maneuvers, there throw off his incognito and lead the troops into Paris.

**An Incredible Dargain.**  
Mrs. Newwife-I bought a lovely bottle of medicine today, warranted to cure St. Vitus' dance. I only paid 86 cents for it.  
Her Hubby—But neither of us has that disease.  
"I know, but it was marked down from 50 cents."—Philadelphia Record.

## Better Work Every Day.

We ought never to be willing to live any year just as we lived the last one. No one is striving after the best things who is not intent on an upward and a forward movement continually. The circular movement is essential, too—the going around and around in the old grooves, daily tasks—yet even in this treadmill round there should be constant progress. We ought to do the same things better each day. Then in the midst of the outward routine our inner life ought to be growing in earnestness, in force, in depth.—J. R. Miller.

**Couldn't Find It.**  
"How is it I never see you killing time?" asked an idle person.  
"I can't find the time," said the busy man in perfect innocence.—Indianapolis Journal.