

THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

VOL. IX.

NATCHITOCHEES, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY MAY 27, 1897.

NO. 33.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS - CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Fac-Simile Signature of
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher
IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

HER LITTLE GAME.

Rubber Dolls With Whistles Inside Were Worth Having as Burglar Alarms.
Little Ethel Tillinghast is just commencing to read the newspapers. Yesterday she laid down the morning paper and said:
"Mamma."
"Well dear?"
"I read in the paper of how a doll with a whistle inside it saved a house from being robbed by burglars."
"How did that happen?"
"Well, the little girl who owned the doll left it lying on the floor, and when the burglar trod on it the whistle inside the doll went off and woke the papa and he scared the burglar off before he had a chance to steal anything."
"Wasn't that odd?"
"Yes'm. Say, mamma."
"Well, dear?"
"I haven't your doll lying on the floor."
"But, mamma!"
"Well?"
"If you would get me a doll with a whistle inside it, I'd let you put it on the floor every night to catch burglars."
—New York Sunday World.

IT TOOK SIX HORSES.

A tenderfoot farmer in Arizona engaged a neighbor to plow a field that had been in alfalfa. On being engaged, the neighbor set his price at \$20. "You see," he explained, "these alfalfa roots are terrible to plow. It takes six horses to pull through the roots, two men to hold the plow and a boy to drive. It's worth at least \$30, but you being a neighbor, I'll do it for \$20." The native was engaged, and later the tenderfoot related to another neighbor that he had struck a bargain in getting his plowing done. "Why," was the reply, "that job is not worth \$10." "But it takes six horses," protested the tenderfoot. "Yes, that's so—two to pull the plow and four to pull your leg."—Argonaut.

The Wise Bachelor.

A baldheaded man never cares much for ghost stories.
Hecsted men aren't any commoner than rooster pecked women.
Women seem to think that husbands never have any need to reform their wives.
After a girl has heard some one say she has a sad face she always goes around trying to look sorrowful.
A woman may talk about equal rights and all that, but sooner or later she is sure to betray herself by having a baby.
A man may love a woman enough to give up smoking when she asks him to do it for her sake, but he will never love her so much again.—New York Press.

In Chicago.

"I confess the building is not what I expected to find it," said the visiting southerner, who was taking a look at the Masonic temple for the first time.
"Wherein does it come short?" asked his northern brother.
"It comes about 11 stories short of my expectation," rejoined the visitor.
"That is all. I supposed the highest degree members met on the thirty-third floor."—Chicago Tribune.

Necessary Precaution.

Tramp (at kitchen door)—That cake smells temptin'.
Cook—It's some the cookin' school young laddies made—twenty things mixed wid 40 things.
"I wish I had some."
"Well, O! I'll give ye a piece if ye'll ate it outdoors. O! don't want ye to die in th' house."—New York Weekly.

High Principle.

"Woman," said she, "is actuated by principle and not by the sordid 'business instincts' that dominate man."
"That explains," said he, "why she will spend 30 cents in car fare to save 2 at a bargain sale—the principle of the thing, you know."
She sniffed a sneering snort.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not What He Wanted.

Haskell—What's Bobby crying for?
Mrs. Haskell—Oh, the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door.
Haskell—H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time.—Twinkles.

The Safe Time.

"Dah's only one time," said Uncle Eben, "when it's safe ter contendit a man, an' dat's when he puts on a melancholy look an' starts in ter tell 'bout how old he's gettin' ter be."—Washington Star.

Traveling Incognito In 1915.

On one occasion Lord Wolsley's life was saved by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, known as Count Gleichen. It was in the Crimea, where young Wolsley, badly wounded, was passed by the surgeon as dead. Undisturbed by the surgeon's remarks, Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone which was sticking in the wound, and the prince succeeded in restoring Wolsley, for, after a little brandy had been poured down his throat and more assurances from the surgeon that he was dead, he sat up and exclaimed, "No more dead than you are, you fool!"—Liverpool Mercury.

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Opinions Differ.

Critic—That performance of yours last night was rare.
Manager—I can't agree with you. I think it was well done.—Detroit Free Press.

His Poker Story.

Senator Elect Mason Made a Speech, but Was Fuzzled Later.

It is a poor political argument which will not work both ways. Many a stump orator has made a telling point, only to find afterward that local conditions, with which he was totally unfamiliar, have reversed its application, with most disastrous effects, upon his logic. Senator Elect Billy Mason is an effective campaigner. On the stump he takes his audience into his confidence at once and uses homely illustrations which every one can easily understand. But it is impossible for any orator to guard himself against unknown local conditions.
The great issue of the Harrison campaign of 1888 was the tariff as exemplified in the Mills bill. Mr. Mason was sent into Ohio to combat free trade and home the business of protection on the ing an enthusiastic audience, he said:
"Some persons claim that the tariff question is hard to understand. It is as simple as two and two are four. It is as clear as daylight. Suppose a few of you boys here in Wooster get together occasionally at night to enjoy a quiet game of poker. The limit is kept down pretty well, and no one can lose or win enough to hurt any one. Tom may be the winner tonight. But the next time Dick comes out ahead or Harry or Jack. No matter who wins or who loses, all the money that goes into the game stays right here in Wooster. It may change hands, but it stays here. That is protection."
"Now, suppose that a traveling man comes along. Time hangs heavily on his hands, and he begins to look around for a little amusement. He wants to come into the game. You boys talk the matter over and finally decide to throw down the barrier of seclusion which heretofore has kept outsiders from competing with you for the jack pots. He comes in, and when he gets up he may have in his pocket all your money. The next morning he takes the train and goes away. With him goes your capital. See how it leaves you financially? That's free trade."
After the meeting was over the speaker went to a little hotel to meet and shake hands with the faithful and, if possible, make a few converts by personal contact. An old granger came up, shook Billy's hand vigorously and said:
"By gee, that was a hot talk you give us tonight. Jest as plain as preachin'. Any one could understand what you wuz drivin' at all right. That tariff argyment wuz great—simply emense. You see, some of us fellers here have been runnin' a quiet little game nights over the harness shop across the way. Never won or lost very much—couldn't do it if we wanted to. One day last week a drummer from Cincinnati came along and broke into the game. Well, sir, we helped him let go of more than \$30 that night, and in the mornin' we chipped in and bought him a ticket to Columbus. This town hasn't had such a business afore since the war."
And when Billy finally retired he spent an hour trying to figure out on which side of the tariff question he had been talking.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Congressmen and Hypbes.

A man who has been defeated for re-election is not in a fit frame of mind to legislate for his people. There is a sting in defeat that tends to engender the feeling of resentment which often finds expression in the vote of such members against wholesome legislation. That same feeling often produces such a want of interest in proceedings as to cause the member to be absent nearly all the second session.
Congressmen are not usually men of means. Their congressional career has resulted in the destruction of their clientele or business. To a defeated member who has relied upon his salary for support the future looks dark and gloomy. It is then some are open to propositions which they would never think of entertaining if they were to go before the people for re-election. It is then that the attorneyship of some corporation is often tendered and a vote is afterward found in the record in favor of legislation of a general or special character favoring the corporation. If an affirmative vote cannot be had, it is often just as important that the member should be absent. If there is ever a time in the history of the man when he will directly or indirectly accept a bribe, it is then. There is less chance of detection. He is no longer a political factor. His political enemies no longer watch his course. The opposition newspapers no longer criticize his conduct—the secret is his own and it is safe.
There are many venal men in congress who would not be influenced by defeat. But in as large a body as the house of representatives there must always be some who would yield to temptation. It is a fact that nearly all, if not all, of the legislation that is claimed to have been passed by corrupt influences was enacted during these second regular sessions of congress.—Hon. J. F. Shafroth in North American Review.

A Bomb Loaded With Men.

A new bomb has been invented that is an extremely curious affair.
It is called a pioneer bomb and is made to be fired from a cannon like an ordinary cannon ball. The curious part of it is that instead of carrying lead and explosives it is to have men inside.
The idea of the invention, explains The Great Round World, is to fire soldiers into the enemy's camp. The bomb opens the moment it touches the ground, the men spring out and begin to fight the enemies within reach.
A shower of these bombs would very seriously inconvenience an enemy, it is to be supposed, for they would not only know what to make of such astounding cannon balls.
The bomb is so arranged that there is no sudden jar or shock to the men inside. It is covered with a number of rubber tubes filled with air, like the bicycle tires. These rubbers prevent the men from any injury which might be caused by reaching the ground so suddenly. The bomb bounces along like a rubber ball once or twice, and the soldiers are said to be quite comfortable inside.—Chicago Record.

Use For Everything.

"Mister," said the small boy to the druggist, "gimme another bottle of them patent pills you sold father day before yesterday."
"Are they doing him good?" asked the clerk, looking pleased.
"I d'no whether they're doin' father good or not, but they're doin' me good. They jis' fit my new slungshot."—Detroit Free Press.

A Singular Omission.

Mr. Esplanade—I missed one topic from the programme of the mothers' congress which I fully expected to see discussed.
Mr. Monterey—What is that?
Mr. Esplanade—"How to Manage a Husband," by Miss Soanso.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

When to Stop.

Ted—Do you think it right to teach a young fellow to play poker?
Ned—Certainly I do. But be sure to stop playing with him as soon as he begins to understand it.—New York Sunday Journal.

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Their Class.

"Papa," said the growing youth, "how many classes are prizefighters divided into?"
"Five," he answered, without looking up—"heavy, middle, welter, light and feather weights."
"What ches-do Corbett and Fitzsimmons belong to?"
"I don't know," was the dreamy response—"paperweights, I believe," and his gaze turned to the interview in which each said he'd soak the other with a punch.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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