THE NATCHITOC[illegible]

Strictly Democratic[illegible]

VOL. XI. NATCHITOCHES, LOUIS[illegible]

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of [illegible]

[illegible] Promotes [illegible] Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES

BY SUBSCRIBING FOR AND READING

The Natchitoches Enterprise.

It Prints All the LOCAL NEWS All the Time and is, therefore, THE paper you should have at your Home.

++++

THE ENTERPRISE IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL

Of the City and Parish of Natchitoches.

[illegible]he Subscription Price is

ONLY $1.50 PER YEAR,

Payable in Advance.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing,
I thought as I toiled along
In the burning heat of the noontide,
And the fancy made me strong—
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,
Though here where I gasp and sigh
Not a breath of air is stirring,
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for
Exists on earth's wide bound,
Somewhere the sun is shining
When winter nips the ground,
Somewhere the flowers are springing,
Somewhere the corn is brown
And ready unto the harvest
To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers,
And weary men lay by
The burden of the daytime
And, wrapped in slumber, lie;
Somewhere the day is breaking,
And gloom and darkness flee.
Though storms our bark are tossing,
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always
In this mysterious life,
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife,
And somewhere the sin and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us
Shall all have passed away
And doubt and fear no longer
Impede the perfect day.
Oh, brother, though the darkness
Around thy soul be cast,
The earth is rolling sunward,
And light shall come at last!
—Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Facts.

THE APPLE TREE.

One evening I noticed by Moussia's photograph, which always stood covered with a white crape veil on a small table, three red cheeked apples. These plebeian fruits seemed out of place in the aristocratic Parisian drawing room, crowded with rare knickknacks and works of art. Moussia's mother, observing my questioning glance, said, pointing to a picture at the end of the room, "These fruits were picked on the apple tree which you see in this picture, the last one painted by Moussia." Then the sorrowing woman told me the story of the apple tree so intimately connected with that of the young artist, Marie Bashkirtseff, who died when only 24 years old.

In the spring of 188— Moussia was planning to paint a peasant woman in the open country for the salon of the following year. She spent days looking in the outskirts of Paris for a suitable landscape in which to place her model. One morning she found near Sevres a field inclosed by fence palings, beyond which a walk overgrown with grass lost itself under willows, through whose young shoots the sun shone brightly. Half way up the walk, on a background of grayish green bushes, with an outline almost as soft as that of smoke, stood a robust apple tree, broadly spreading its flowery branches. The whole scene was filled with tender, fresh, stirring harmony, with spring itself. Moussia was moved. She felt that this was the looked for spot. Opening the gate, she walked toward the house, which was separated from the orchard by a garden filled with beehives. The proprietor happened to be one of those half bourgeois, half peasant horticulturists who provide the Parisian markets with flowers and fruits. The request made by the enthusiastic looking young girl with the expressive blue eyes flattered him. He loved his trees, and the admiration of a painter for them pleased him extremely. Moussia was readily given permission to work in the inclosure, and she began the very next day.

Early in the morning she arrived on the tramway, with her model, who carried their lunch in a basket. Moussia understood her art. She was no longer a beginner, for some of her pictures had already been much talked of at the salon. Though belonging to a rich family, which occupied a high position among the aristocracy of her country, she worked not as an amateur, but as an artist anxious to win fame. Her work showed the melancholy fire and poetry which belong to those born in Little Russia. The sketch of her painting absorbed her entirely. She was trying to put on the canvas some [illegible] the effervescent spring about her. S[illegible] painted rapidly, as if afraid not to [illegible] able to finish the task she had un[illegible] taken. Every morning she came [illegible] in spite of the April showers a[illegible] rawness of the air, which ofte[illegible] her cough. The owners of the p[illegible] mired her pluck, and as they [illegible] painting, bareheaded, standi[illegible] dew, with a blouse over her [illegible] they believed her to belong [illegible] tion in life and thought s[illegible] ing for her daily bread.

The housewife [illegible]

accompanied [illegible] her friends [illegible] indoors, a[illegible] accept the dress in[illegible] kind hospitality sh[illegible]

This was indeed [illegible] these good people. [illegible] for the artist had be[illegible] ship's sake. The gi[illegible] must at least have [illegible] pained them. The[illegible] tirely out of propo[illegible] rendered. Their pr[illegible] decided to return th[illegible] logue of the salon t[illegible] address, and one da[illegible] the Halles they stop[illegible] de Villiers, where[illegible] When they arrived i[illegible] they thought the[illegible] mistake in the [illegible] that their you[illegible] beautiful mansion? Then she was not a poor artist.

They rang; a liveried servant opened the door. After taking their names he ushered them into a sumptuous drawing room. Moussia was lying on a couch wrapped in a loose white plush gown. She was much thinner, very pale. Her large eyes shone with a phosphorescent brilliancy. Recognizing her friends, she uttered a joyful exclamation, and raising herself with difficulty she gave them her emaciated hand.

"I am so happy to see you," she said, coughing almost at every word. "You must not feel hurt because I did not come to thank you. I am not allowed to go out. It seems that I worked too hard on my last picture. I took cold standing in the grass. I am now here for some time."

The horticulturist and his wife looked at her in bewilderment. An expression of deep pity came over their faces. The gardener no longer knew what to do with the package containing the silk. He felt that he could not return it.

"We don't mind it as you were sick," answered the wife, "but still we were sorry that you sent us this silk. What we did for you we did willingly. We did not want a present for letting you work on our place. My husband and I decided to bring the dress back."

"Oh, you were the one who wished to bring it back," interrupted the husband.

"You are both foolish about the matter," exclaimed Moussia, laughing as she used to. "You would pain me deeply by refusing my present. I wish you to wear this dress," she added, speaking to the gardener's wife, "in remembrance of me when I am no longer in this world."

Then they both assured her that as she was so young she would soon regain her strength and overcome the disease.

"No," answered Moussia, "I cannot get well. The candle is burning at both [illegible] that children w[illegible] clever never live long." Sh[illegible] to laugh, but a mist covered her [illegible]es.

"And the apple [illegible]" she asked, abruptly changing the subject. "Is it always beautiful?"

"Oh, no, indeed," they answered, "the blossoms are all [illegible]e; but the fruit is beginning to show. Apples will be plentiful. You must come out and eat some in Septemb[illegible]. The good air of Sevres will restore you to health, mademoiselle."

She shook he[illegible] and let it fall back on the cu[illegible] and exhausted by having [illegible] much.

When the [illegible]ist and his wife departed, M[illegible] her eyes and thought of [illegible] tree. It was in good heal[illegible] as running from its roots [illegible] It spread its foliage [illegible] ing at rain and wind, [illegible] and hot noons, while [illegible] in a room, attende[illegible] ris doctors, was slow[illegible] y of human life! She[illegible] l, rich, beloved, [illegible] had so much to [illegible] was so full of [illegible]

[illegible] October the gar[illegible] ceived a letter [illegible] rder telling them [illegible] nd these good peo[illegible] ly girl who during [illegible] the life and bright[illegible] country dwelling. [illegible] of large cities a hu[illegible] es little more im[illegible] ng of a dead leaf. [illegible] painful astonish[illegible] which had [illegible] sia returned [illegible] ures. Alone [illegible] continued to [illegible] Avenue de [illegible]

[illegible] were quiet[illegible] room, filled [illegible] departed, wh[illegible] ife came into the [illegible] essed for the occa[illegible] wore his Sunday [illegible] er shawl on, under [illegible] a large package [illegible]," said the garden[illegible] we are disturbing you, [illegible] let this time of the [illegible] out letting you know [illegible] k of the dear young [illegible] I thought we would [illegible] mething in remem[illegible] woman [illegible] hising her [illegible] an armful of flow[illegible] are," he contin[illegible] the apple tree she [illegible] you better than [illegible] Card Mlle. Mous[illegible] llow it we will [illegible] some blossoms [illegible] s it bears." [illegible] re is in simple [illegible] than all [illegible] cets and all the [illegible] gardener and his [illegible] d, and this it [illegible] is almost al[illegible] blossoms or [illegible] simple offer[illegible]

Chinese Highways.

In China there is no regular standard of distance. Standards vary in the different provinces of the empire, the chih, or unit of length, varying from 9 to 16 inches in different provinces. A Chinese mile may be from a quarter of an English mile to a mile and three quarters, according to the province.

Dickens In Evening Dress.

When Charles Dickens was to make his first appearance in Boston before an American audience as a reader, an immense crowd awaited him. The enthusiasm of the people for the most popular novelist then living had risen to fever heat. One of the most ardent of his admirers afterward told this little incident of the evening:

"With a few gentlemen who wished to welcome and show him attention I was in the little room at the back of the platform when Dickens entered it. He was a rather stout man with a somewhat red face, and I saw to my surprise, that he was dressed in an exaggerated servility to the extreme fashion.

"More than this, he wore a boutonniere in each buttonhole, and two watches, the chains of which were strung aggressively across his chest. There was a gaudy bad taste in his appearance which his friends regretted, knowing how distasteful it would be to most of his admirers who appreciated his genius and enjoyed his writings.

"No one, of course, could broach the subject to him, and he appeared that night and every other night of his engagement in the same attire. The universal comment was, 'Why, this is a petit maitre.' How can a man with such tastes be the creator of Tiny Tim and Sam Weller!"—Youth's Companion.

High Praise.

A story told by John R[illegible] in his "Pulpit Portraits" show[illegible] strong a current of life ran in [illegible] of Dr. Lyman Beecher when he had passed the allotted threescore years and ten.

When about 75 years of age, he spent a fortnight in the eastern part of Maine. A party of gentlemen at Calais went with him some 30 miles up a series of lakes to Indian territories.

When about to embark upon a chain of lakes in the birch canoes, the Indian guide, Etienne, rather objected to so old a man attempting the adventure, fearing that he would give out.

The doctor paddled with the best of the youngsters; caught more trout than all the party together and returned each day from the various tramps in the lead; ate his fish on a rock, with a sea biscuit for a trencher and fingers for knives and forks; slept on the ground upon hemlock branches under the tent, and at length the Indian guide went from the extreme of depreciation to the highest expression of admiration in his power, saying:

"Ah, old man, all Indian!"

It Was a Pretty Hat.

A young lady of the east end had just received several proofs of different styles of photographs of herself and had kept them until the usual semiweekly visit of her best gentleman friend. He was punctual in arriving that night, but he never imagined that it was to be his last call for an indefinite period.

He had no sooner seated himself in the parlor than the young lady brought in the photographs for his inspection. He looked them over very carefully and finally selected the only one of the several pictures showing a hat on the subject. It was a pretty big hat and beautifully trimmed. The piece of millinery caught his eye at first glance, and he most innocently remarked:

"I think this is the best photograph. The hat is so pretty. It is a very fine picture of the hat."

The young man did not notice his fatal error until too late. His visit was short and uninteresting that evening, and now he wishes that the art of photography had never been discovered.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dealer.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"It," said Asbury Peppers, "has an odd interest attached to it."

"What has?" asked the newest boarder unsuspectingly.

"A 7 per cent mortgage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Results of the Loan.

Storekeeper — Have you nothing smaller than a $50 bond?

Customer—Eh? Oh, yes. Here, I forgot. I have a couple of twenties somewhere about me.—Philadelphia North American.

Selfish Patriotism.

Biggs—What made Scrapper go to war?

Diggs—He said he wanted to get in a fight where he didn't stand a chance of being arrested.—Philadelphia Press.

[illegible] It is a small room, only about 18 feet long and 12 feet wide, with two small windows, and is the place where the emperor spent most of his time when not officially employed. It is the room in which he died, some say by poison administered by himself in a fit of melancholy induced by the outcome of the Crimean war. The room remains just as he left it. Near the center is a plain iron bedstead. Some chairs and a few cheap pictures adorn the room, and a dilapidated, down at the heel pair of slippers complete the furnishings of the attic room in the palace.

The Ashantees See Sights.

The natives of these Jaman villages had never seen a white man before, and I noticed at first with some surprise that those of our actions which interested them most were the simple and commonplace ones. To such matters as eating and dressing they gave the closest attention. Every morning when I emerged from my tent I found a large audience waiting patiently for the performance to begin, and when I took my place at the washstand a crowd closed round, forming a large circle. They followed the whole process with the greatest enjoyment, discussing and explaining to one another the various details and now and again raising shouts of applause as some peculiarly amusing feature of the performance (such as the use of the nailbrush) occurred. When I produced my toothbrush and proceeded to put it to its natural use, there was much anxious discussion, and when I brushed my hair up and made it stand on end they yelled with delight.

As for the opening of a bottle of champagne, which occurred on one occasion after an unusually long march) it simply brought down the house, although the spectators s[illegible] ly dispersed [illegible] of th[illegible] and [illegible]

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

A scientist, writing of the black hole of Calcutta and its atmosphere, says:

"On the 20th of June, 1756, about 8 o'clock in the evening, 146 men were forced at the point of the bayonet into a dungeon 18 feet square. They had been but a few minutes confined in this infernal prison before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse that no idea can be formed of it. This brought on a raging thirst, the most difficult respiration and an outrageous delirium. Such was the horror of their situation that every insult that could be devised against the guard without and all the opprobrious names the viceroy and his officers could be loaded with were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon them and terminate their sufferings. Before 11 o'clock the same evening one-third of the men were dead, and before 6 next morning only 23 came out alive, but most of them in a high putrid fever. All these dreadful effects were occasioned by the want of atmospheric air and by their breathing a superabundant quantity of nitrogen emitted from their lungs."

Eyeglasses and Spectacles.

"You say you never wore spectacles?" said the near sighted man. "Well, if you ever put on a pair you'll never wear anything else. I wore eyeglasses for years. I thought they looked better on me, and then I imagined that they were more convenient; that I could take them off and put them on more readily and all that. But after wearing a pair of spectacles once for a few days —I had put them on, as I thought at first, temporarily—I discovered that spectacles were the glass for comfort.

"There are, to be sure, people who do not wear glasses all the time, but only for reading or writing, and so on, to whom eyeglasses may be more convenient, and then I believe that eyeglasses are made nowadays that have more scientifically adjusted grips, and all that sort of thing, but I tell you that the thing for real comfort is spectacles."—New York Sun

A Very Small Piece of It.

She—Have you forgotten how you once said you would give the world for me?

He—What if I did?

"Oh, nothing particularly, but it seems very strange now that you won't even sell that little old suburban lot so that I can have a new wheel!"—Indianapolis Journal.

[illegible] London, up to the mayoralty of Sir Sidney Waterlow in 1872, was $40,000 annually, but it was increased in that year to $50,000, at which sum it has ever since remained.

There is an American hotel at Limon, Porto Rico. It is called the Grand. I rests on piers set in the coral reef wher ceaseless spray from the nearby surf re flects rainbow tints in the sunlight.

taken place. There are the coma, cataleptic and other forms of the unconscious state, each one bringing in its trend the very simulation of death itself.

"Happily, a medical man nowadays," said a physician to a reporter, "experiences no difficulty in declaring his patient to be dead, as a general rule, but it may perhaps happen once in his lifetime that he may have a doubt, in which case conviction either way follows upon his findings, which are simple and conclusive, and in which he cannot be mistaken.

"It is unfortunately true that there are thousands of nervous people now walking about in fear of being buried alive, this morbid conviction coming about through reading of an isolated case happening here and there, where perhaps some one has had a narrow escape of being subjected to a living burial.

"These 'escapes' greatly outnumber those of the actual occurrence itself. The cataleptic usually show signs of life just in the nick of time to disappoint the undertakers and to relieve sorrowing friends.

"Of course, much of the evidence on which the allegation of premature burial is based depends on the fact that bodies on exhumation have been occasionally found distorted, thereby fostering the notion that this or that occupant of the coffin has died from suffocation, a theory which is supported by the favorable condition of other exhumed bodies.

"But the idea is altogether wrong, in fact and in principle. It is well known among those who have made it a study that the apparent distortions, instead of demonstrating a living burial, purely depend upon natural causes brought about by decomposition, the influence of which is sufficiently strong enough to bulge out, and even burst, leaden coffins. This phenomenon does not happen [illegible], but it does in a great [illegible] say that a premature burial has never taken place, but it has not occurred so often as is thought. I dare say it may occur in times of plagues and pestilences, where the presumed dead are buried within a few hours of death. That is where much mischief lies. But when panic prevails where does thought come in?

"In plagues, such as cholera, the state of collapse is so profound that it may perfectly simulate death itself, but the custom of burying the dead on the day of death is fortunately on the wane, even during advanced epidemics. It is probable that in the absence of medical aid in panic times in country places abroad it has led to living burial—indeed it must have done. But the last end of all under such conditions is merciful, for it must not be forgotten that if you are 'unconscious' only while being hermetically sealed in your coffin you will never again experience voluntary motion or sensation.

"However, where the doctor can be consulted, living burial is impossible even in a cholera panic, for there are certain bodily movements which generally occur after death from cholera, in the absence of which a medical man would hesitate to certify for burial.

"In ages gone by and in uncivilized countries still it is possible that unconscious cataleptics, or persons drugged to apparent death, may have been and perhaps still are occasionally buried alive, but I do not believe that in our own country or in any civilized land such events are possible.

"In Vienna the custom prevails of taking a body to the mortuary on the eve of burial, where it is 'tested.' Thimbles are placed on the fingers of the dead, to which are attached wires connected with the mortuary bells.

"Have the bells ever rung? Yes, once.

"It is impossible for a doctor to mistake unconsciousness in its varied forms for death.

"Some time ago it was suggested that a law should be passed making it compulsory for a medical man to test bodies before giving a certificate of death. Testing by electricity was thought o[illegible], but it is an open question yet whether electricity kills or only stuns. At all events, we in this country are not convinced that such a test would be satisfactory or afford sufficient evidence of death, although it has its value. On the other hand, I don't think legislation of this kind is necessary. It would certainly reflect upon the medical profession.

"The Viennese custom is a wise one, and I should like to see it more generally adopted."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Poor Editor.

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a $50 bill?

Jill—No. The editor kept it, of course.

"No. He returned it."

"What, an editor return a $50 bill?"

"Yes. He didn't know what it was."

—Yonkers Statesman.

One of the tallest stacks in Great Britain is situated at Llanelly. From the base of the foundation to the extreme summit it is 400 feet high. The cap of the top weighs 27 tons, and 720,000 bricks were used in its construction. It is circular in form, and in a gale bends extremely.

[illegible]nteed.

If it fails to cure go to your merchant
AND GET YOUR MONEY BACK.
We will refund to him. Price 50 cts.
VAN VLEET-MANSFIELD DRUG CO.,
Sole Proprietors, MEMPHIS, TENN.