

THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

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NO. 6.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN
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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature
Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought.
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A SONG.
The wind comes riding down from heaven,
Ho, wind of heaven, what do you bring?
Cool for the noon, dew for the even,
And every sweetest thing,
Oh, wind of even, from pink clouds driven,
What do you bring to me?
The low call of thy love, who waits
Under the willow tree,
Whose boat upon the water waits
For me—for thee?
—Harriet Monroe in Century.

THE SKIPPER.
The last half hour of the steamship Saratoga had come. All day she had lain in the pitiless bay, roneching under the fierce blast of the northeast gale, the seas sweeping her decks, and now all on board knew that she had but a short time to live.

She had had her day. Built to carry 120 passengers, she had once been crowded through the narrow canal to the east, and her long flush deck had been the scene of many a gay gathering when her passengers had assembled under the awnings to laugh, flirt and talk after dinner. But larger and faster boats had come, and her glory had departed, so that after many vicissitudes here she lay, her passenger accommodation taken out and the space filled with grain from the Black sea ports, sailing.

Her decks were slanting at an angle of 45 degrees, for the wheat had shifted, and she lay nearly on her beam ends. Every movable thing had long been washed away, and one structure which should have been immovable—the engine hatch—had also been smashed in. That was the immediate reason why she was going to founder. The engine room plates were awry, and the fires in the stokehole were out, and for the last two hours she had only kept head to sea by means of a sea anchor made of the derricks and spars. A portion of every sea that came on board found its way through the makeshift contrivance of spars and tarpaulins nailed over the gaping chasm in her deck that marked the former position of the engine hatch, and each found her a little lower in the water.

In the shelter of the bridge deck, the only structure which had been strong enough to resist the remorseless violence of the seas, clustered her crew, some 30 hands, hard faced sailors and grimy firemen, the former quiet, apathetic, almost careless; the others, save for a few, dead white with fear, spending their last moments in cursing, with foolish, meaningless repetitions of the same words, the ship, their luck in coming in her and the skipper for not making use of the two remaining boats which hung from their davits at the lee side of the bridge deck, and which from their elevated position had not gone when the other boats had been swept away.

On the bridge stood the skipper both, straining their despairing eyes into the wall of mist and spray which relentlessly rushed down upon them, in the faint hope that some passing vessel might appear through the gloom of the gale.

At length the skipper turned and scrambled down the sloping bridge to where the mate crouched on the lee rail, where the mate crouched on the lee rail, where the mate crouched on the lee rail. "We shall have to try the boats, Mr. Smith. She'll not last much longer!" he shouted, the wind picking up each word as he uttered it and sweeping them away to leeward, as if jealous of the mate hearing them.

"It's a very poor chance," said the mate, "but I suppose it's our only one. How long do you give her?"
"Half an hour at the outside. Are the boats all ready?"
"They've been ready since morning," said the mate, "but can we get them in the water unsmashed, and won't the firemen rush them?"
"I don't think so," replied the skipper. "There's time enough and room enough for all to get away."
But his face took a grimmer look as he led the way down from the bridge to the chart-house, the mate following him, inside they could hear each other with greater ease, and the skipper, while taking his revolver from a drawer, gave the mate his final instructions.

"The mate, with a look at the skipper, climbed into the boat as he hung in the davits. The skipper then called the names of the crew he proposed to send in her, sending first the sailors, so that the mate might place each in his proper station in the boat, before the firemen, etc., who would be of no use in the critical maneuvers of getting her away from the ship's side, crowded her up. But these same firemen did not understand his reason and thought he was showing undue preference to his own men, and a heavier sea than usual striking the steamer, there was a cry of, "She's going down, and he's sending the sailors first!" and a rush for the boats.

The island to be seen on the mainland, a distance of 20 miles, and then were repeated to their several destinations by wire. Although the Marconi apparatus had been used only experimentally the distinguished scientist insisted on paying for these messages at the usual commercial rate.

The other boat was filled without any mishap, and the skipper, the only man left on the deck, lowered her. She also got clear away and drifted out to the full length of her painter. The skipper walked aft to wait for them to come up again. He had to pass the body of the dead man, and he did not look at it. The boat was hauling up on the painter and was getting close. The skipper got on the rail ready to jump. At that moment a fireman, the brother of the man he had shot, reached over the boat's bow, and with a cry of "Blast you, stop and drown with Bill!" cut the painter.

The distance between the ship and the boat began to widen instantly, and in spite of the frantic efforts of the sailors at the oars the deeply laden boat was swept away and blotted out in the mist. The skipper got down from the rails and made his way back to the bridge deck. He had just ten minutes to live. Ten minutes to prepare for the next world after 40 years of sea.

He climbed up on the bridge again and sat on the canvas wind screen to think. His wife and children, who would look after them now? His wages were £16 per month. On that he had had but small chance to save. Well, he supposed the Shipmasters' society would do something for her, but she would have to give up her little house at Forest Gate and drop from the position of a first-class cabin boy in a Quebec timber ship, of his manhood, spent in unremitting toil in all parts of the world; of the various ships he had commanded, in each of which he had been expected to use his coal, his paint, his few provisions and to go with smaller crews than in the last. He thought of the blackguards he had had to command as crews, and the trouble he had had with them, and the old sailor proverb rose to his lips, "To live hard, work hard, die hard and go to hell after all would be too good—d hard." Well, he'd not had much fun out of life, and now he was going to find out what it all meant. Anyway he had always done his best for his ship.

His eyes fell on the dead body of the fireman. That too! If the man should indeed hit at the bar of the last judgment, he would answer there, as he would have answered to an earthly court, "In my judgment it was necessary for the safety of the men in my charge." A sudden quiver warned him she was nearly gone, and he rose to his feet for one last look to windward. As he looked into the blinding spray, he saw a large wave come out of the mist, and knew it would swamp her. He gripped the rail with both hands, and his lips moved in a half forgotten prayer, "Our Father, which art"—and the boat was swept on. But the Saratoga had gone. The skipper had gone to meet his fate where "there shall be no more sea."—Temple Bar.

Being conscientious and consistent all ways, Watson's religious scruples, combined with a stern sense of military duty, sometimes led up to peculiar incidents. At one time a woman had been found guilty of desertion, his leave and coming of age were anticipated. He fully expected to be surprised the following morning, but he was surprised to be called from his hammock at midnight. He confronted the captain on the quarterdeck.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my child's life in an attack of CROUP."
G. H. FRANKLIN,
Bedford Springs, Va.
HALF-SIZE BOTTLES, 50c.

When the Boys Get Back.
Well, they're comin' back, I see,
A-bringin' w' em more o' these
Of m'larin and experience
And glory, which they've took on sene.
We seen 'em trompin' out last spring,
Dead set on lookin' anything
That had a streak of yellor in—
Yes, fever's all—just bound to win,
And now they're comin' back! A few
Are shy a leg or arm or two,
But we'll never let 'em feel the lack
When the Boys Get Back.

PEACE POETRY.
When the Troops March By.
I'd like to be in Washington, beneath the
splendid sky.
When, with victorious banners, the troops
come marching by!
I'd like to be in Washington and see Old Glory
fly
O'er the great and glittering ledges when the
troops march by!
I'd like to be in Washington that day! I'd like
to see
The fellows that have worn the wounds in red
for you and me!
To see the old flag rippling like a rainbow
round the sky
And a proud and loving nation
Balled him hero, north and south.
I'd like to be in Washington when every legion
comes!
I know my heart would answer to the beating
of the drum!
To see the men who faced the fray, who did
not fear to die—
Oh, I'd like to join the chorus when the troops
march by!

When Peace Has Been Declared.
We hope the times'll brighten
When peace has been declared,
Then the drums they will lighten
And peace has been declared.
From friends all be mingling
And finger tips be twirling
From pockets that be jingling
When peace has been declared!
We hope for good times coming
When peace has been declared,
When regiments cease drumming
And peace has been declared.
And when all strife is o'er,
And the cowards' hearts are
When peace has been declared!

A Song of Peace.
Glad tidings! Silence, drums!
From war and strife at last a long release,
And when each day the bill collector comes
Cry "Peace! Peace! Peace!"
No more our warriors roam,
The roar of military at last must cease,
And when you're lectured in the shades of
Cry "Peace! Peace! Peace!"
When orators remount
Platforms political, your time to loose,
Ere you the weak and weary minutes count
Cry "Peace! Peace! Peace!"
Cry till the hills resound
And never let your chorused crying cease
Till sea and air and earthquake shake
Cry "Peace! Peace! Peace!"
—Atlanta Constitution

In the Pension Line.
A patriotic father in search of information writes as follows:
"I hear a good deal of talk of peace betwixt the United States and Spain. Now, what I want to know is this: I have two sons with one leg each, which legs they lost in the war. So far so good. But how much will they get apiece for each leg and will the government pay 'em the money without they having to employ a pension agent? That's what bothers me."—Atlanta Constitution.

Had to Tell Some One.
"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done."
"What's happened?" he asked.
"Why, Mrs. Gadding next door has been in here with such an extraordinary tale, which she made me promise I would never breathe to a living soul. But it has seemed as if I positively couldn't wait for you to come home to tell you about it."—Chicago Post.

Couldn't Believe It.
"Do you see that tall girl with the fluffy brown hair over there?"
"The one with the pink roses in her bodice?"
"Yes. She knows French, German, Latin and Greek, besides English, and she graduated a few weeks ago."
"Pshaw, that can't be right! There must be some mistake. Why, that girl is actually beautiful!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Last Request.
He—and am I to understand that your refusal is final?
She—It is.
He—Then life no longer has a charm for me. I shall hang myself.
She—Will you grant me a favor?
He—Certainly. Name it.
She—Discontinue your existence elsewhere. Papa objects to your hanging around here.—New York Journal.

WAR POETRY.
When the Boys Get Back.
Well, they're comin' back, I see,
A-bringin' w' em more o' these
Of m'larin and experience
And glory, which they've took on sene.
We seen 'em trompin' out last spring,
Dead set on lookin' anything
That had a streak of yellor in—
Yes, fever's all—just bound to win,
And now they're comin' back! A few
Are shy a leg or arm or two,
But we'll never let 'em feel the lack
When the Boys Get Back.

THE HERO.
He had fought before Cavite,
Blown the dome to little bits;
He had struggled with the heat, he
Showed a half a hundred hits,
He had braved extermination
At the reeking cannon's mouth,
And a proud and loving nation
Balled him hero, north and south.
He had never feared nor faltered,
He had never known defeat,
But this state of things was altered
By a nation small and sweet,
And for seven months this hero
Bought for courage to confess
That his life would be as zero
If she didn't answer "Yes!"
—New York Truth.

A Tale of Terror.
The soldier held on his pillow rolled
Like a log in a billow sea,
And a close reefed sheet bent a slow retreat
To his neck, but manly he
The night was hot, but he knew it not,
Nor the sob of the dying wind
That clutched his hair as he sweated there
With a nightmare on his mind.
Far, far away, by a tropic bay,
Blownback in a rank morass,
He lay in his dream by a brackish stream
Full of yellow fever and grass,
And a flood of rain soaked body and brain
He trembled with very core,
Though it died in '81 won't rehearse,
Lies anore.
Then out of the gloom, a jungle—
room—
A ferocious Spaniard stole,
And with a blade that a Turk had made
Broke the sleeper to the soul.
As the deadly stroke the sleeper woke
With a shriek of wild despair
And clasped his side, but the dream had fled—
A mosquito feasted there.
—Chicago Record.

Fond of Something.
"I guess," said the Madrid press censor, "that we may as well put out a bulletin congratulating the public on the speed developed by our boats."
But they couldn't get away," suggested the assistant.
"That's all right. Horizontal sailing didn't happen to be their specialty. But think of the rapidity of their vertical descent."—Washington Star.

Misunderstood.
"Madam," remarked the faucious boarder, "I am sorry you did not make a clean breast of it."
"Sir!" said the haughty mistress of the house. "Of what, sir?"
"This chicken, ma'am. As it is, it is rather depressing—that is to say—er—down in the mouth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Prudent Son.
Father—My son, this matter is one in which outsiders have no interest whatever. It is strictly a home question, concerning ourselves only, and we should act as a unit in its decision.
Son (with a satirical side glance)—Then we had better go right home and consult the unit.—Richmond Dispatch.

Why He Failed.
A Wellington Chinese trader known as William Joe Gett, formerly a Chinese interpreter, failed some time ago. Here is an extract from his "statement of the causes of bankruptcy," which, written in red ink, covered four pages of foolscap. After detailing his trading experiences the Celestial writes:
"I see my troubles endless to come. I can't get my money to pay. I am helpless. During last three years over 50 creditors support my business. During last two me the not a one let me have a penny on tick. Fish never can live in a dry pond without water. Engine can't move along without well supply of coal. Boy can't fly his kite without tail on it. Housekeeper pour out all tea to the cup no refilled water—how she give you more tea you require? All empty out just the way like my business."—Sydney Mail.

Banana Flour.
The next dietic food is going to be banana flour. Manufacturers are experimenting in this direction and promise soon a meal that will keep as long as wheat flour and make a much more nutritious bread. As already the craze for whole wheat flour is passing, this new albumen will undoubtedly meet quick welcome when it comes. The use of the banana has developed its great value as an article of food, and the great army of banana consumers are prepared to accept eagerly its further development.—New York Post.

Dear.
It is natural for a rich man to become familiar with a professional man he hires and to address his physician as "My dear doctor." But to his solicitor he would not say "My dear lawyer!" although the legal man's fee would be quite as good.—New Orleans Picayune.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.
A Mountaineer Who Highly Appreciated Really Good Cooking.
As a rule the mountaineer of Kentucky is not a gastronomic connoisseur, and the visitor at his table is quite as likely to hear dried apples referred to as "fruit" as he is to find any other kind of fruit on the table. Occasionally, however, one of them is sufficiently fortunate to get away from his fastnesses, and living temporarily down in the blue grass has an opportunity to acquire some virtues not otherwise obtainable. It was such a one I caught up with one morning in June along the ridge of the Cumberland.
"I'm looking for a place," I said after a few preliminaries, "where I can stop for a week or a while, and look up some timber I have in the back woods. Do you know of any place?"
"And here," he said, "I can show you good Mount Pleasant. I reckon that's too far. But hold on," he broke in with a sudden thought, "I've got the Widdler Tackett. She axed me lately to see some uv yu folks at the 'Plant' and tell 'em she had a place to sleep and eat two or three men of they wuzn't too pertickler."
"Is it a pretty good place?" I inquired thoughtfully.
The young man's face flushed.
"Well, I reckon," he said with some emphasis, "She's goin' to be my mother-in-law come next September."
"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "I only asked to know if she had good eating. Some of that we get in private houses even in the cities, you know, is not the best in the world."
"Cities be damned," he said with a fine feeling. "Yer ain't never tried the Widdler Tackett's pie yet, mister, an yer want to keep still till yer do. Ain't nothin' like it nowhere, no matter what kind uv a pie she sets afore yer. It's all no plusibus unum, an no mistake. Why, I'm tellin you that I set down to one uv her pies last week, dern of I remember what kind it wuz, an I ever knowed, an I wuz eatin right into it like a hot shovel given to a snow pile, an Bill Rogers across the table from me called me liar, an I never said a deru word to him till I had plum 'e my pie and got my teeth picked. Dern my buttons of I did, colored."
I did not like to inquire further into the mystery of what happened to Mr. Rogers after the last taste of the pie was safely fouled by my informant, but I made a fair guess and went on to see the Widdler Tackett concerning board and lodging for one man for one week.—Washington Star.

STORY OF A HAT.
Revealing the Secret of Its Two Trips Around a Table.
A number of times, and more or less, one time gathered in a well known chop-house in New York. The conversation, was of course brilliant, and the repartee, sparkled with mirth and wit. During a lull in the talk the door slowly opened, and an old shabby fellow, grizzled with age, poked his head in and then slowly drew his body in after him. A waiter started to eject him, when one of the gentlemen cried:
"Wait a moment. Let's see what the old boy wants."
The ducky bobbed up to the table where this gentleman sat and held out his hat. Throwing a wink to his neighbors, the gentleman took the hat and, making a show of placing something into it, passed it on to the next man, who did likewise. The hat made a tour of the room, to the puzzled wonder of the ducky. The last to receive it politely handed it back with a polite bow, saying:
"There, sir, don't you think you have something to be thankful for?"
The old ducky looked solemnly around the company and, mechanically taking the hat, he said:
"Gen'men, I've indeed glad dat I got eben do hat back!"
The reply was so thoroughly enjoyed by the company that the ducky left the place a much richer man than when he had entered it.—Kansas City World.

THE LAND OF THE FREE.
—Vim.
Use For the Machines.
"Commander Schley has received more than 1,200 letters from admirers in the United States," observed Mrs. Snuggs, "and he intends to try to answer them."
"Then he will find a use for the typewriters captured from the enemy," replied Mr. Snuggs.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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