

THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

VOL. XI.

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NO 7.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
It is the best medicine for
Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spasms, Convulsions, Diarrhoea, Worms, Colic, and all the ailments of Infants and Children.
It is a
NOT NARCOTIC.
Prepared by
W. D. PARSONS, FITCHER
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
The Simple Signature of
W. D. PARSONS, FITCHER
NEW YORK.
16 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of
Signature
of
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CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

COLLEEN DHAS.

As I roused out one morning
The stars were in the sky,
But chandeliers his warning
Had flung it low and high.
The little birds were talking
The mountains yet were grey,
When Colleen Dhas came walking
At dawning of the day.

Her feet outvied the daisies,
Her hair outbore the sun,
Her eyes like twin stars married,
Her mouth of newborn joy;
A milking pail she carried
At dawning of the day.

"Now, are you tender Hebe,
Or may be Jane bright?
Your name it might be Phoebe,
That rolls the sun of light,
Or are you lovely Venus,
That close beside me stray,
With the milking pail between us
At dawning of the day?"

"Young man," she said, "don't flatter
Your glances are bold and free,
No stranger's praise will matter
To victims made like me;
Pray go where you were going;
I take the other way."
And I hear my cruminy lowing
At dawning of the day.

Upon a bench of rushes
Alone I sat and heard
Her voice outvied the thrushes
And every waking bird;
I heard the sweet milk purling,
The hedge between us lay,
And I longed that we were courting
At dawning of the day.

A LEADING PART.

The following was narrated to me by an old friend of mine, who upon leaving college had adopted the stage as his profession. His name is—well, we will know him by a fictitious one—Harry Thomas, for he is at present in the zenith of the theatrical world, and thousands would recognize him if his name was given in these columns.

His story ran thus:
"As you are aware, Jack, I left college when I was within a little of 18. Well, I had always a great desire to emulate those stately heroes of old, whose prowess I had studied so much about.

"And there being no other opening in which to test my abilities I determined at once to adopt the stage and make it the field of my mimic conquests, little dreaming of the difficult task which I had voluntarily imposed upon myself.

"How few of the old side world know of the incessant toil of an actor's life! He is nothing but a schoolboy. For as soon as one piece is committed to memory another is placed in his hands, and so on—a life of perpetual study and labor.

"After some trouble I obtained the unenviable position of 'ope' in one of our principal theatres, and after spending two years in this branch was promoted to play 'little' business."

"And here I remained three years more, listening to the plots and schemes of the villains and heroes in different dramas.

"I assure you that by this time my ardor had cooled considerably, and many a time while poring over my part in some new piece I have sincerely wished that I had chosen some other means of earning a living.

"The manager saw that I possessed more than ordinary talent, so he entrusted me with a play which I played second to the hero of the piece.

"I carried myself through very creditably, and the journals the next morning in their criticisms said:
"Mr. Thomas is a young and very promising actor; good in gesture and correct in delivery."

"Well, at this time a young lady—a star in her line—we will know her as Louisa Dietz—was engaged to play the principal role in a drama which the manager intended to open with and play during the Christmas holidays.

"It inclined rather to the Thespian style in the opening, but ended up as usual, with virtue triumphant, and all the villains either shot or sent to state prison for life.

"The piece required a great deal of study. In short, we had rehearsal every day for nearly a month, and during that time I fell desperately in love with Louisa Dietz, the heroine of the play.

"It was love at first sight, but whether my passion found an answering thrill in her bosom I could not tell.

"Sometimes, when alone, I would call myself a fool, a madman; for how could I for a moment expect an alliance between myself—a newly pledged knight of the dramatic art, and Louisa Dietz, whose name was sufficient to cram any theater with the wealth and beauty of the laud.

"The actor who was to play the hero of the drama, as a tall, fine, dashing young man, and it nearly got me crazy to see him when the business of the piece required it to sleep by his breast.

"In my fevered imagination, I thought that he used more earnestness than the nature of the occasion required.
Well, at last the final rehearsal Monday night (which was Christmas), the drama was to be presented to the public. Monday dawned fair and bright, the air was cool and crisp.
The last rehearsal had been called for this morning at 11 o'clock.
Upon reaching the theater what was my surprise to find every one, from the manager down to the callboy, running about the stage and talking in the most excited manner.
"Upon inquiry I found that the person who was going to play the leading character in the piece had the night before fallen upon the icy pavement and so injured his ankle that it rendered it impossible for him to appear.
"The manager, upon hearing, had

implored his managers to let the theatrical agencies in the city, if possible, obtain a person to play the part.
"But without success, for those who were impatient would not risk their reputations in performing a piece upon such short notice, and those that were willing were not fit to successfully render the lowest part in the whole drama.

"This was the state of affairs when I came upon the stage.
"The manager was in a perfect frenzy, and Louisa Dietz sat near one of the flats, silent and pale as marble.
"This was her first appearance at this theater, and to have an accident occur like this was enough to stupefy any one under similar circumstances.
"I pitied her from the bottom of my heart.

"I was standing at the prompter's stand, when suddenly a wild thought shot through my mind.
"Why couldn't I—what? For, having such a number of rehearsals, I was as perfect in his part as I was in my own.
"No sooner had the idea entered my mind than I acted upon it, and going up to the manager I said:
"I know this part, and I have no doubt if you will intrust it to my care I can go through with it satisfactorily."
"He grasped me warmly by the hand and said:
"Thanks, thanks, Mr. Thomas. I have every faith in your ability."
"But I cared more for the grateful look in Louisa's eyes as she walked by my side and said:
"I, too, will ever owe you a service, which will be impossible to repay."
"So it was decided that I should assume the principal role, while a person, after some trouble, was obtained who could, no doubt, by gaging and being followed closely, put through my part.

"At a quarter before 8 the manager stepped before the curtain and narrated the accident to the audience, and then begged their kind indulgence in my behalf—who at the last moment, rather than have them disappointed, had volunteered to play the part.
"I, all this time, had been looking through a small hole bored in the proscenium.
"The house was packed from parquette to dome with as refined an audience as ever I have had the pleasure to play to.
"At 8 o'clock precisely the curtain was rung up and the play commenced.
"Neither Louisa nor I appeared until the second scene.

"I was standing in breathless anxiety, leaning against one of the flats upon the prompt side, while she stood slightly flushed, but perfectly collected, upon the 'O. P.' side.
"I had perfect confidence in myself, but every actor, no matter how perfect he may be, will feel an indescribable sensation of—well, you know, when he is about to make his reputation in a new role before the public.
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"At last I received my cue, and went on.
"My entrance was again the signal for deafening applause, which was continued for nearly five minutes, and it gave me time to fully think over what I was about to say.
"Finally all was once more quiet, and I commenced my delivery.
"It abounded in protestations of my undying fidelity and love for her.
"As I continued I warmed up with the subject, I was almost carried away by the intensity of my feelings.
"I forgot that hundreds of eyes were critically watching every gesture and that attentive ears were devouring the words as they fell from my lips.
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"I was standing in breathless anxiety, leaning against one of the flats upon the prompt side, while she stood slightly flushed, but perfectly collected, upon the 'O. P.' side.
"I had perfect confidence in myself, but every actor, no matter how perfect he may be, will feel an indescribable sensation of—well, you know, when he is about to make his reputation in a new role before the public.
"Well, at last the first scene was called in.
"And amid a deathlike silence the star of the evening walked on.
"Instantly a storm of applause greeted her, and echoed and re-echoed around and among the scenery like the rumbling of distant thunder.
"The scene represented a garden in which she was soliloquizing as to whether her lover (me) was true to her, or whether he was playing her false.
"At last I received my cue, and went on.
"My entrance was again the signal for deafening applause, which was continued for nearly five minutes, and it gave me time to fully think over what I was about to say.
"Finally all was once more quiet, and I commenced my delivery.
"It abounded in protestations of my undying fidelity and love for her.
"As I continued I warmed up with the subject, I was almost carried away by the intensity of my feelings.
"I forgot that hundreds of eyes were critically watching every gesture and that attentive ears were devouring the words as they fell from my lips.
"I saw only before me the woman I loved. And the passion which I was pouring to her ears was not the love of the hero of the play, but simply the love of Harry Thomas for Louisa Dietz.
"When I had finished, the curtain descended amid showers of bouquets and deafening applause.
"The latter was continued until we both appeared before the curtain.
"I need not dwell upon the remainder of the performance. Let it suffice to say that we both received a perfect ovation.
"And that night, when the curtain had descended for the last time, the manager came hurrying in to where I was sitting, and seizing me by the hand, he said, his voice trembling with emotion:
"You have saved the reputation of my house."
"And thereupon he drew up papers of agreement, offering me a salary and engaging me to play leading business.
"I need hardly add that my fame was at once established, and a short time afterward Louisa and I were married.
"And now the names of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas displayed upon the billboards of any theater are sufficient to cause the manager (long before the hour of commencing) to put out the sign of "Standing room only."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Aunt's Cherry Pectoral"
Saved my child's life from an attack of
"Croup."
G. H. FRANK, Bedford, Va.
HALF-SIZE BOTTLES.

ANOTHER WAR VICTIM.

The Sad Fate of One of Our Soldiers.
He seemed so happy as he leaned wearily on his pathetic wall.
His clothes were ragged, through which peeped sharp bones, striving, it appeared, to break the tight street skin that covered them.
His face was white and drawn, his eyes hollow with hunger.

I approached and asked his trouble.
"Alas, kind sir," he moaned, "I am beyond the aid of man. Though I still live, I am dead to the world—dead as a blooming dornail."
He wiped away a half pint tear and continued:
"And I was so popular, so well known, but a few short months ago, I was sought after by the fickle herd. They couldn't get enough of me. Even you, sir, have seen me many times in my prosperity, but now I am not even the faintest memory to you. Ah, how hard is my lot!"

"But what has brought you to this?" I asked.
"The war," he screamed in sudden rage, "that accursed, all-absorbing, bloodthirsty war with Spain! It has ruined me—wholly, irrevocably ruined me."
"Poor, poor fellow," I said. "And who are you?"

His gray, sorrowful eyes searched my face for some gleam of recognition. None was there. He sobbed aloud:
"—I—I am—the—oh, oh!"
"—The what?" I gently murmured.
"—I—I am—the—Klondike Joke!" he cried and sank lifeless at my feet. And then I woke up.—Vim.

Sweeping Conditions.
"While he's about it," said Uncle Si Badger to the boys at the corner store, "I want 'em to make them peace conditions just as sweepin' an as judin' as possible. 'Tain't alone a question of finin up ownership of islands or of coalin stations, but it's a good chance as well to improve Spain's general condition, what there is of it."
"We've got to keep on the Spanish front," said the boys, "and we've got to keep 'em busy. 'Tain't their money we're after. They need it a dern sight more'n we do. But when 'em other pants is fixed up we must make 'em swear off on Sunday bullfightin on an lynin an bossin an on Weyler moccasins an on measly pride in an outin garlic. We'll be apt to make decent citizens of them dons afore we get entirely through with 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Pleasant Sensation.
Dasherly—I hear all the fellows are borrowing from Callow.
De Broke—Yes; you see it's his first bank account, and he hasn't been writing checks long enough to lose that delicious thrill of self importance.—New York Journal.

Through the Interstices.
"Funny about Miss Sawgin."
"What is?"
"Her neck and shoulders. She's got a skin like a baked lobster."
"Get out! That's the pink lining of her rickrack dress."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Objectives.
Ho—Did you ever ride in a horseless carriage?
She—Yes, once.
Ho—How did you like it?
She—Not at all. The fellow had to use both hands to work the lever.—Chicago News.

Just What Annoyed Him.
Perry Pattie—I can't help worryin' about my dinner.
Wayworn Watson—Hah! That's nothin'.
Perry Pattie—I know it was. That's what worries me.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Silly Not to Think of It.
Jenkins—My wife's had her new dress dyed; said it didn't match her hair.
Sulo—How beastly extravagant! It'd have been ever so much cheaper to have dyed her hair.—Ally Sloper.

Grateful.
"Julia, did you write and thank Aunt Katharine for your birthday present?"
"Of course. Don't you suppose I want her to send me one next year?"—Chicago Record.

The Dear Little Girl.
Angry Parent—Don't attempt to deny it, Edith. I saw you both plainly. How dare you receive his kisses?
Collected Daughter—I didn't, papa. I returned every one of them.—Ally Sloper.

Easy to Tell.
"Mrs. Crisercross is away from home."
"How do you know?"
"Mrs. Crisercross is cooling a watermelon in one of her best jardiniere."—Chicago Record.

An Emperor's Attitude.

The winter palace of the czar surpasses any other palace in Europe. It is on the banks of the Neva and owes its existence to the Empress Catherine II, that most extraordinary woman, extraordinary in ability and in vice, the wonder of all her contemporaries and the surprise of all who have studied her character. The building is four stories high, of a light brown color and highly ornate in its architecture. It is a wilderness of halls, stairways and apartments. The Nicholas hall and the St. George's hall will never be forgotten by those who have seen them.

One of the most interesting rooms is that where Nicholas I died. It is in the upper story of the northeast corner of the building and is reached by four doors and finally by a narrow passage—a small room, only about 12 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. The room in which he died is a small room, administered by himself, and is a memento of the Crimean war. The room is just as he left it. Near the center is a plain iron bedstead. Some hairs and a few cheap pictures adorn the room, and a dilapidated, down at the heel pair of slippers completes the furnishings of the attic room in the palace.

The Ashantee See Sight.
The natives of these Jamaican 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