

# THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

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## CASTORIA

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### Politics in Washington's Time.

But, even worse than official incompetency, those who provided the supplies were tainted with speculation and fraud, says Charles Kendall Adams in The Atlantic. The historical student, as he gives up the idea that the legislation of the time was supremely wise, must also, however reluctantly, abandon the idea that the Revolutionary period was an age of spotless political virtue.

Again and again Washington pleaded with congress and with the chief officers of the individual states. In appealing to President Reed of Pennsylvania on the 12th of December, 1778, to bring these whom he calls the "murderers of our cause" "to condign punishment," he unbridled his passion and sent these energetic words: "I would to God that one of the most atrocious in each state were hung on a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman."

Mrs. M. E. W. Shorwood relates in the New York Times some amusing sayings of Fitz James O'Brien. On visiting a very patriotic lady on New Year's day, after the civil war was declared, he said, "She had flags on the mantel and cold red eagles on the sideboard." When asked if he partook of the latter, he said no, as "an Irishman he was drawn by a patriotic instinct to the potato salad," and demanded Scotch whisky to show cosmopolitan breadth. Let be should become too bellicose, he felt even afraid to handle a drumstick.

Asked if women had inspired men to drink as well as to heroic actions, he said, "Yes! Often when one is Mamma, and the other extra dry."

And speaking of the heroic intoxication that has sent so many men to war, he said it "is what 'makes the poppies fight well, and then we feel such a delicious ecstacy. Why, when I am marching down Broadway, I do not know whether I am a part of the universe or whether the universe is a part of me."

Diamond Studded Streets. Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Kimberly, the Diamond City, is the "street washing," and some of the debris washers have done very well. The "washing" consists of overhauling the earth for diamonds.

At nearly every meeting of the borough council applications for permission to wash streets, or portions of streets, are received. The would-be washer has to obtain the consent of the person resident in the street or road, to put the latter into sound repair again and pay to the municipality in the shape of 10 per cent on his gross finds. Last year \$960 was paid to the municipality in this way.

In the early days of the diamond fields the ground was washed in a very primitive style, many diamonds being thrown away in the debris, as it is called. This debris was subsequently used for street making purposes, and now, years after, with better machinery at their disposal, people find it pays to "wash the streets."—Cape Times.

He Settled It. An amusing story is told at Stratford-on-Avon. In the smoking room of a hotel there an Englishman and a Scotchman engaged in a heated argument. John Bull was declaring William Shakespeare to be the only poet of the world, and Donald McPherson was standing up for his Robert Burns.

Words ran high and blows seemed imminent when a self-confident little commercial traveler determined to throw oil on the troubled waters.

### A CHANGE COMING.

Masters Cannot Always Go on Thus, For Even the Worm Will Turn.

He was a farmer looking man, and he tiptoed into police headquarters the other day to say: "I called to say that I'm afraid my son Jake will turn loose some day and hunt somebody in the town dreadfully bad."

"What's the matter with Jake?" asked the sergeant. "Waal, Jake comes to town three or four times a week. As he gets along to the first house a feller is waitin' to call him names and abuse him. Jake gets down off'n the wagon to lick him, but his grit peters out and the feller runs him around for half an hour and makes him eat dirt."

"How long has he been going on?" "Parly night year, boss." "And Jake has the courage to fight?" "He hasn't so far, and that's what I called to see you about. You know the worm will turn."

"Yes, Jake is the worm. He's been licked about 300 times, but the day is comin' when he'll turn. Yes, sir, he'll turn, and when he does"— "Look out!" "That's it. When he turns, he'll light into that feller and make him wish that he'd never been born. Shouldn't wonder if he killed him outright."

"Yes, and what do you want us to do?" asked the sergeant. "Nothin', except to put the feller on his guard and save his life. Better go up and tell him that his time is short, and that the worm is gettin' ready to turn and that if he is hammered to death the jury will bring in a verdict of 'Slayed by a worm, and gaul darn his picture, we are glad on t.'"—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

Not Much of a Relier. Crusty Old Uncle—Well, William, I've decided that you needn't pay back the \$50 you got from me last summer. I'm going to make you a present of it. Reckless Nephew—Thanks! Crusty Old Uncle—Well, that's not a very enthusiastic way you have of acknowledging my generosity. I thought you'd be overjoyed at getting this debt off your mind.

Reckless Nephew—Oh, it hasn't been bothering me! I had no intention of paying you anyway.—Cleveland Leader

His Trade. The Policeman—What's your trade? The Suspect—An ironworker. "Is that so? I'll see what you know about it. I need to be in the trade myself." "I mean in a laundry."—Indianapolis Journal.

Diamonds are cut in three different forms—the rose, the brilliant and the table, of which the second is the prettiest. It is a double pyramid or cone, of which the top is cut off to form a large plane, and at the bottom, directly opposite to a small plane.

The finest opal of modern times belonged to the Empress Josephine. It was called the "Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

## Dandruff is Disease

The beginning of Baldness is dandruff. Keep the scalp clean and promote the growth of the hair by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

### THE BISCUIT DIDN'T RISE.

How a Young Cook Thought to Remedy a Mistake.

They had been visiting and while away had been given such delicious biscuits that the memory of them still lingered in the mind. Why shouldn't they have such things themselves? The mistress of the house decided that she should, if she had to make them herself. What good wife would not be willing to take a little trouble to please her husband? So in this virtuous frame of mind she repaired to the kitchen, and there she started up her biscuit in the most approved fashion, shaped them daintily and put them in the pan. But she was not accustomed to this work, and it was not strange that she should forget some of the ingredients. It was the baking powder, a small but somewhat important item in the construction of light biscuits. She did not once think of it until the biscuit had been in the oven a few moments. Then, as she stood gazing admiringly at the outside of the range, which contained this precious proof of her culinary skill, she suddenly exclaimed:

"There, I forgot all about the baking powder!" That would have been a heartbreaking thought to most housewives, but not to this one. She was a woman of expedients.

"Never mind," she said as she hurriedly thought over various ways of mending matters; "those biscuits have only been in a short time, and I will just sprinkle the baking powder over the top, and it can melt and soak in." And she did, but the baking powder did not. The housewife herself tells this story of her cooking with great glee, while her husband, being a patient man, never says a word about his part of it in the eating.—New York Times.

### THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

One Can Never Be Pleasant to Look Upon Unless in Good Health.

"The most beautiful and agreeable bath is that of tepid water, waxes with Ashure in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Few people can stand absolutely cold baths, and no matter how strong one may be, such a bath should not be indulged in unless a thorough rubbing be taken afterward. To speak plainly, it must be remembered that while a cold bath may be more or less invigorating it is not cleansing. I can easily understand the desire of every woman to have a clear, beautiful skin, but I confess to being provoked when I think of the amount of money spent on lotions, creams and powders to be applied externally and which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a tepid bath with good soap taken at least once a week.

The condition of the skin depends almost entirely upon the care given to the general health. The girl who is up late at night, gives no care to her diet, indulges in various stimulants, bathes but seldom and exercises less is certain to have either a dull, muddy looking skin or one covered with disagreeable looking black and red spots. One should avoid many sweets and much pastry and not allow herself to become a slave either to tea or coffee any more than she would to some vicious drug or strong stimulant. She should also remember that unless she is in good condition internally she will be anything but a pleasant object to look upon externally."

Smokeless Powder. It is a curious fact that with all of the improvements and modifications so notable in our navy we are still using the old fashioned smoky, smelly powder that envelops everything in a gray pall, obscures the view and confuses the gunners. Only one of our ships has been using cordite, the wonderful smokeless powder which the English navy has adopted. The results with this ship, the New Orleans, were very amazing. The rapidity, accuracy and precision of her fire were the admiration of all observers. Smokeless powder has several advantages. There is no obscuring of the view, the explosion producing the merest haze, which lasts but an instant. It leaves but little residuum in the gun, has much more power and is every way more desirable. Higher muzzle velocity is obtained with a projectile, as the powder burns much more slowly than the ordinary sort, and, therefore, generates more gas as the ball travels up to the mouth of the gun. The demand for smokeless powder seems to be one of the imperatives of the immediate future.

A Blow to Sentiment. "Dearest, do you sit up late at night reading over and over my love letters to you?" "I would, Henry, but the truth is they put me to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

### IN WARTIME.

Wherein a Brave Ally Believes a Related Warrior.

A curly head was projected over the window sill into the bright moonlight. "Hush, dad, is that you?" The man fumbling at the front door looked up. "Yes, Jimmie," he said in a hoarse whisper. "Come down an let me in." "Sh-h-h," said the boy. He drew in his head for a moment. Then it reappeared.

"Ma is amuseing on the front stairs," he whispered, "an grandpa has made a rifle pit of the hatrack. If you try to run the door, they'll do you sure." "What am I to do, Jimmie?" groaned the man. "Sneak," said the boy, "an lie low. Retreat an throw 'em off the scent. If you don't, they'll double you up and bushwhack you sure. Ma has got a broom handle and grandpa's got a bed slat."

"Can't I try the cellar?" asked the man. "No," said the boy, "the cellar's mined. You withdraw with an confusion and pretty soon I'll sneak down and unlock the door under the back stoop. Then you make a pussy footed dash and stearn the passage."

"Capital," said the man. "You're a good boy, Jimmie." The man cautiously drew back from the porch steps. The boy's head was thrust still farther into the moonlight. "Say, dad," he shrilly whispered, "What's the prize money for this? What do I get?" "You know what you wanted?" whispered the man as he backed away. "Do I get it?" "Yes."

The man disappeared and the boy drew in his head. From the region below came gusty murmurs of baffled vengeance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yale Man. Mr. Hambus—Did you see my son's picture in the papers this morning? Mr. Gotang—No, I haven't had a chance to look at the papers today. I didn't know that your son had gone to war. What has he done? Cut a cable or sunk a collier or— Mr. Hambus—No, he hasn't gone to war, but in the big college basketball game yesterday he lined out two three buggers and a home run.—Chicago News.

Time to Hurry. "That baby of ours," he said decisively, "is to be christened tomorrow if I have to go to law to have it done. You see, his mother is something of a hero worshiper, and while it was all right at the start now that it has reached a point where he is to be known as Dewey Bagley Hobson Shafter Schley Sampson Roosevelt Smith I think it is time to put an end to it."—Chicago Post.

Those Long Names. The physician had told him the name of his malady, but he could not spell or pronounce it ten minutes later. "Have you any idea," his friend inquired, "how your doctor makes up his schedule of charges?" "No," was the answer. "But I have an idea it is at the rate of about \$50 a syllable."—Washington Star.

A Boston Mamma's Tears. "Why are you weeping, my dear?" "It's b-because of the f-fall of Santiago." "But you ought to rejoice." "Y-yes, I know. I-I would rejoice if our little Edward Everett hadn't rushed in and cried, 'Mamma, mamma, Santiago has fell!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of No Consequence. The Doubting Citizen—I would not mind giving you something if I were sure that your blindness were not assumed. The Mendicant—You needn't let that worry you. You can put yourself on the back for your charitable action just the same.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Laughed Off the Danger.

Ben Cable of Illinois tells of an experience of his in midocean. The day was foggy, and most of the passengers were below listening to two evangelists who were holding a particularly fervid gospel meeting in the saloon. Suddenly and without the slightest warning there was a terrific crash and the engines stopped. Every one rushed on deck. The steamer had run into an iceberg. Nobody knew what damage had been done, and everybody was ready to fly into a panic. The boats were lowered, and then for the first time the two evangelists, who had been forgotten in the saloon, appeared on deck. They wore their overcoats and their hats and they carried rugs and handbags. They showed their way rudely to the rail, with the evident intent of securing for themselves first places in the boat. It was just at a time when a breath would have sent the passengers panic-stricken into the boats.

The sight of the two evangelists was about to undo the work of cool headed officers, when a port little cookery stepped up to the gentlemen with the rugs and handbags. "Beg pardon," said he, tipping his cap, "and a cab, sir?" And in the general laugh the danger of panic was averted.—Washington Post.

The Horses of Manila. Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. Descended from horses brought from Mexico, they have become much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. In fact, I have never seen a better looking breed. There is nothing of the pony in their shape, though in size they range between 18 and 52 inches. At first it looked absurd to see them ridden by big men whose stirrups hung down to the horses' knees, but I soon found out that they easily carried a rider weighing 200 pounds. The foreigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a year at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp practice members of the club only are eligible to ride. This necessitates a scale of weights starting at 132 pounds and rising to 154 pounds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these miniature horses that a mile has been run in 2:10 by a pony carrying 50 pounds. Only stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into the city. Nobody walks; everybody rides, and on any special fiesta thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is a city in the world that can turn out half the number of private vehicles in proportion to the population.

Faithful Unto Death. "I have never seen a man who has not yet seen in print a view of a battle scene that is current in service circles. It relates to one of the most of the most successful struggles on the northwest frontier of India when our men were sent forward to carry positions that had to be relinquished as soon as occupied. When the men were retiring, harassed by the fire of the hillsman and bewildered by the growing darkness, a party of 13 went astray and found themselves in a position where resistance and retreat were alike hopeless. They were exposed without protection and were shot down one by one.

When their comrades retook the valley and discovered the bodies, they discovered also the evidences of a rare act of courage, devotion and cool judgment. Knowing that their end had come, and knowing further that every Lee-Metford rifle that fell into the hands of the Afghans meant the loss of many English lives, the men had extracted the breech locks from the rifles and hurled them down the ravine, so that the rifles, when taken should be useless to their captives.—London Saturday Review.

The Nagur and the Fields. Here is a story that the late Frederick Douglass used to tell about himself, says the Buffalo Express. Once when he was in Dublin he felt very lonesome. He was wandering about the streets when he was attracted by two violins in the window of a second-hand dealer. Frederick entered and asked the price of one of the instruments. "Five shillings, sir," said the Irish dealer. Frederick tuned the violin and began to play "Rocky Road to Dublin." Soon the proprietor's wife heard the music and entered the rear door. Then Frederick started in on "The Irish Washerwoman," and the couple began to dance for dear life. When the music and dancing stopped, Frederick tendered the dealer 5 shillings, but his performance on the violin had greatly enhanced its value in the mind of the storekeeper, and as he hurried away to a place of security he exclaimed: "If a black nagur can give sich chiches out of that fiddle, I'll never sell it at any price, begorra!"

A Wonderful Time Divider. The new pendulum chronoscope is said to be the most wonderful timing instrument in the world. It measures accurately down to the one-thousandth part of a second. It can be used with the quickness of a stop watch, and neither electrician nor mathematician is needed to operate the instrument, which is mechanical, with simple electrical attachments. The speed of a cannon ball can be determined by the new timer, and it will tell the lapse of time between the firing of a revolver and the starting of a runner, or determine how long it takes a boxer to deliver a blow.

Where She Got Them. "But," said the inquisitive bachelor, after the baby had been carefully placed in his arms, "where does she get her blue eyes? Yours are dark and so are her papa's." "Oh," the fond young mother explained, "she inherits them from my father's side. When the music and dancing stopped, Frederick tendered the dealer 5 shillings, but his performance on the violin had greatly enhanced its value in the mind of the storekeeper, and as he hurried away to a place of security he exclaimed: "If a black nagur can give sich chiches out of that fiddle, I'll never sell it at any price, begorra!"

"Our wart of a contemporary," the current issue of the Jazeville Gazette says, "claims, as far as the war is concerned, to have the earliest intelligence. That is the kind of intelligence they always had at that office. It is more than early, it is primitive."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I observe that you announce an attraction that will be wholly out of the ordinary," remarked one theatrical manager. "Yes," replied the other confidently. "I'm going to put out a melodrama which will not make the slightest allusion to the Spanish-American war."—Washington Star.

## "La Creole" Will Restore those Gray Hairs of Yours

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