

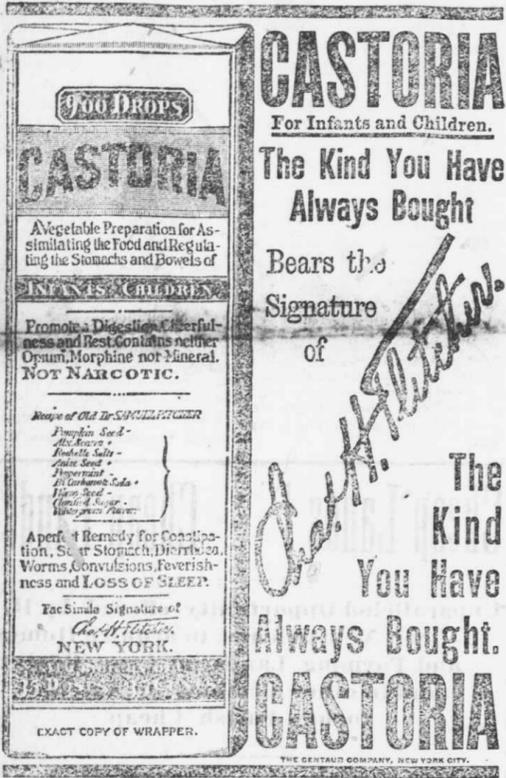
THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic: Always Consistent.

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NO. 13



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer
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NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

There is a sound in the world so sweet on a dark and stormy night. When the wind whistles through the trees and the rain patters on the roof, it is the sound of a little boy whistling in the rain. While he drives his fingers to pastures green down the path in the muddy lane.

The boy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rains. His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are not wetted by a grain of rain. The wind whistles through the trees and the rain patters on the roof. He is not a boy of a boy, but a boy of a boy.

Oh, that cherry tuff of a heart as fresh as the dew that dews the air. Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul of the gloom that hovers there. And we look the boy as he gazes through the rain and the wind.

For the love and joy in that whistled note would rain the sky in a flood. —Celia B. Berkebremer in Ladies Home Journal.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"There are some advantages," said Ronald meditatively, "in being a cousin, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat opposite him. All about them was deep blue serenity—on one hand stretching away distantly into long shining masses of greenish brown rocks, with ragged cliffs towering above them. Angelica's hands were thrust into the pockets of a protruding refer coat, her hat was tilted a little forward and the breeze darted in a among her curls, tossing them merrily about her face. She was a diminutive person in all respects save two, which were particularly large, brilliant, languishing and in every way dangerous.

"But, on the whole, Angelica," added Ronald meditatively, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected with you."

"Ronald," she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flattering."

"A cousin is a nondescript, variable sort of being—at times an absolute stranger, at others a sort of second-hand brother—in that capacity extremely useful. Of course that is something, but still—"

"I think it's a great deal, but I can you are the same as ever. You always were a greedy little boy," said Angelica.

"Thanka. Yes, on the other hand, were rather nice as a little girl than you are now—in some ways—oh, you could still be nice if you tried!"

"If I tried! How funny! I shouldn't know—you see most people think"—she regarded her absent musingly.

"I dare say, but I am not 'most people.' I stand alone."

"I thought you were sitting down," interrupted Angelica. She certainly was protruding today. "And I wasn't aware that you were alone, but perhaps I don't count."

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You do count, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered politely. "You see, they all say that, or something equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbed in the water with her hand.

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same I have thought lately"—He paused and then added, "Do you remember last week at Cowes?"

"Yes," said Angelica radiantly. "On that afternoon—I don't mind telling you, Ronald—I very seriously considered falling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added hastily. "I considered, and after due deliberation decided!"

"Well, Nan?"

"Not to fall in love with any one at all."

"You mean?"

"Ronald, if you don't row, how can I steer? We don't want to be swamped. Love is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. I confess I don't quite see how"—

"Well, it doesn't always go with other things."

"But is it not worth more than—other things?"

"Ronald," replied Angelica somewhat irrelevantly, "have you any idea of the price of a Paris hat?"

"The left hat again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat?—well, I have heard that they're something ridiculous."

"They are—absolutely ridiculous. That fact alone," said Angelica solemnly, "is enough to make any thought of love impossible and wicked."

"Except for any one with a heart, with a soul, composed in fact of anything but shallowness and vanity!"

"My dear boy, if you go on," she said encouragingly, "you will in time make the most accomplished flatterer of the age."

"Don't jest with me, Nan. It's nothing to you perhaps, but to me it's everything. I love you. If you knew what the word meant, 'he burst out vehemently, 'you could not sit there coolly breaking my heart in your hands.'"

"Hush! Not so loud. Yes; I know I'm wicked (penitently). I oughtn't to be here with you at all when I'm going to marry some one else."

"You're going to—Nan, is this true?"

"Mr. Rathbone," said Angelica drooping.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"He will ask me tonight."

"How do you know that?" curiously.

"Oh, Ronald, don't be so absurd! How do I know?"

"This was convincing."

"Well, he's a consummate fool," said Ronald savagely.

"And, moreover, he could not possibly love you!"

"Thanks once more."

"Oh, any one else except himself; but, of course, I see that advantage. Oh, don't trouble to explain what they are! I see them. How blessed every one will be, except the man, who is all quite delighted."

There was a silence. The sun had appeared and the blue sky had turned to gray.

"It's not so pleasant as it was, is it?" inquired Angelica presently.

"No," shortly.

"I felt a drop of rain. Are we far from home, Ronald?"

"Yes; about three miles."

"Oh, dear! Are we? Why don't you turn quickly, then? Don't you see it's going to be wet?"

"I thought you were steering," retorted Angelica.

"You might as well," she said plaintively, tugging at the rope.

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them over an uneasy, ruffled sea.

"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home!" she exclaimed petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Oh, don't say it's lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh, listen!"

There was a subdued but solemn roar in the distance, now dying away, now gathering force and crackling ominously.

"Ronald, was that thunder?" said Angelica waveringly.

"There is generally thunder when it lightens," he answered, with bitter sarcasm.

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from house or shelter of any kind!"

"I am aware of that."

She gave a pathetic little gulp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh—h! There's another flash! Ronald, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned roughly.

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? How dare you? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose?—ah!"

"Crash, rattle, rattle, crash! Oh—oh—oh!"

"Put that over you," said Ronald sternly, wrapping her in his mantle of coat.

"But it doesn't rain, and that makes it much more dangerous, doesn't it, Ronald?"

"Much more," he answered indifferently.

"Oh, how can you be so heartless and cruel? she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that!"

"And women never, of course, just in Ronald, with quiet irony."

"Oh, don't—don't be so hard! I know I'm a wicked girl, and this is to punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up to her forehead and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald, (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me! Oh, let me die together! I love you, oh, you know I do! Don't look at me so cold! Forgive me, oh, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelica hid her face in the cushions and sobbed.

"I can better bear to die with you, dear, than to live without you," said Ronald tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and it did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled far away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"What's that awful light?" moaned Angelica.

"Look, dear. It's the sun."

"The sun!" She started up in consternation. "It can't be, Ronald (indignantly). Do you mean to tell me the storm is over?"

"I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Only I thought—(thoughtfully) perhaps now, Mr. Grant, you will take me home?"

"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan. They'll be surprised, won't they, at our news?"

"News? What—what do you mean?" gasped Angelica.

"I think you know." There was no mistake about his smile now.

"Ronald," she said pathetically, "now you're not going to be tiresome?"

"Nan," he answered gravely, "I do hope not. But of course a lifetime is a severe test."

"You know it was only because I was frightened. It was mean advantage—it's ungentlemanly—her voice died away weakly."

Ronald (proceeding)—Are you quite sure you don't mean all you said?"

Angelica (tearfully)—It's so absurd! Mamma will be so angry.—Mrs. Maclean in Madama.

Did Prussians Fight the Greeks? It has been denied that German officers took part in the actual fighting in the Greco-Turkish war, so it is well to point out that there are two allusions in a book, "The Greco-Turkish War of 1897," to their action, and a quotation from "an account written by Grumbkow Pasha, Prussian artillery instructor to the Ottoman army," who "had been sent to the army to supervise the armament and ammunition," but "without holding any definite command." General von Grumbkow on April 25 commanded the ten artillery battery which started for Larissa, and, after he had been reorganized, the three regiments of cavalry which entered that town. It is a curious fact related by the German

1/2 Size 1/2 Price.

The popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the great demand for a cheaper package, has been recognized by the proprietors in their new half-size bottle, costing 50 cents.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It is in question that he set a Greek against the wall with the intention of shooting him and was prevented from doing so by Turkish orders.—Athens.

NO MORE CHICKENS.

This Butcher Handles Meat, but No Live Stock, Thank You.

One market day not long ago a certain butcher who has a stall in the West Side market house sold a lot of meat to a woman, who immediately turned about and requested that he keep her baskets and bundles for a bit, while she went out on some other business.

Now, one of these baskets contained four respectable and much esteemed fowls, very much alive and very much disgusted with their present surroundings, and the butcher looked at them rather doubtfully.

But his customer gave him little time to decide. "They're all tied up," she announced, and then flung away into the crowd, leaving the butcher and her squawking property for behind.

She had shoved the basket well under the stall, and the butcher could not see it, but he felt a trifle nervous all the same. He was used to handling stables, but not in such a perfect state of nature as this.

Pretty soon he saw a woman advancing slowly toward him, eyeing the ground with more interest and amusement than he thought necessary or usual.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, rather testily.

The woman looked up and smiled. "I'm looking at your chickens," she said.

"The butcher," she said something there was one of those chickens sitting up the street as fast as it could go, while the others—ah, where were they? They had vanished every one, and the basket was empty save for four little useless loops of twine from which the clever fowls had wriggled out.

Well, there were exciting times around that neighborhood for the next few seconds, and a certain respectable butcher was seen flying about in a most unrespectable way after certain lively fowls, but at last all were captured, securely tied this time and packed safely away just as their smiling owner returned to claim them.

It is not recorded what the butcher told her, but it is known through all the market now that that certain man will in the future utterly and entirely refuse to store the live stock of his lady customers, no matter how enticing said ladies may be.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Punctures.

Our street cars are all personally conducted.

The nickel in the slot music box "can't play for a cent."

This is a barren world to persons with barren minds.

A man must want money bad when he goes to counterfeiting it.

The wise man who always knows just which way the wind is going to blow is apt to be a little vain.

We don't like to have a man call to collect a bill, and yet we are usually courteous enough to tell him to call again.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Hire Somebody to Work For Him.

When a bride does her own housework, she gets over the dark side of it by talking enthusiastically of her dear little kitchen stove, her cunning little saucepan, her darling little sink, etc.

An Atchison man who hates to go to work has adopted the plan and speaks of his task as a sweet dream of a deed, his office as a poem and people who come in to bore him as dear, darling friends. Somehow rosy colored glasses are not working as well with him as with a woman, and he is again getting tired. Can any one suggest another plan?—Atchison Globe.

The Dinner Car.

and N. W. Official—You may not believe it, but this dining car cost \$2,000.

Planetree—How long has it been running?

"Just a week."

"Paid for itself yet?"—Nuggets.

Eastly Located.

Mr. Sprocket—Pshaw! You can't even tell me the position of the crank on a tandem bicycle!

Mrs. Sprocket—I can if you tell me where you usually sit.—Yonkers Statesman.

Slim Encouragement.

"Don't despair, Joe; there is plenty of room at the top."

"Yes; that statement, I've observed, is generally put forward by people who have never been there."—Nuggets.

A Misnomer.

Maad—I see that The Gentleman's House Journal is to be issued this month.

Mabel—How foolish! Why, the gentleman are never home!—Cleveland

HE WAS A DUNGE.

But He Sold a Bright Twist of Two Just the Same.

Among the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended school was a poor clergyman's son, of the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Doyer, and said in his usual whimpering manner:

"Please, doctor, the boys call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing which Dr. Doyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state with cane in hand he cried with his usual voice of thunder:

"Listen, boys! The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last! You are to say 'Simon Jennings' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that if you value your hides!"

Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next words, when the doctor's prohibition unlooked flashed upon his mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "suffered under Simon Jennings, was!"

The text of the sentence was never uttered, for Dr. Doyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunates. When the fate of the boy had discharged his cane storm upon him, he said:

"What do you mean, you body, by such blasphemy?"

"I only did as you told me," replied the simple minded youth.

"Did I tell you?" roared the doctor, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?"

As he said this he grasped his cane more fiercely.

"Yes, doctor. You said we were always to call Pontius Pilate Simon Jennings. Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him.

Sam said naught, but the doctor, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried:

"Boy, you are a fool! Where are your brains?"

Poor Dr. Doyer for a second time was "boored," for the scholar said, with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned pontificate:

"In my stomach, sir."

The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray thought might be unpleasantly suggested.

Dead in the Snow.

A physician tells the Chicago Times-Herald a story about a patient of his, a woman, who was anxious to adopt a girl child. At last he found for her a little girl who came of good, hardy peasant stock, the mother being a Swede.

"Oh, I can't adopt a Swedish child," said the woman, "for as soon as she grew big enough she would be sure to say, 'Well, I thank I throw up my job and go home.'"

Over the Stable.

Mr. Winchester Poppit (at the luncheon by the copple)—I must say that I like to see partridges driven.

Captain Treadfoot Trotter (who has been in shooting over dogs)—No doubt, Mr. Poppit. You'd like to see the poor birds driven in a coach, or a tandem, or a carriage, or, if I may judge by the way you sent my pointer round the last field, you'd wish to put 'em in a circus!—Punch.

Particular.

"I wish you wouldn't keep quoting that maxim, 'Rome wasn't built in a day,'" said the man who dislikes efforts to be humorous.

"But it's a classic."

"That's one of the objections. If you let Rome alone and stick to our new postoffice!"—Washington Star.

Interesting Boy.

"I think my Archie is the most painfully sensitive boy I ever saw," said Mrs. Uppohn.

"Yes?"

"When he first learned that the earth turns around on its axis at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour, it made him violently seasick."—Chicago Tribune.

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TURNED THE TABLES.

A STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD AND HENRY J. BYRON.

The Famous Wit Started In to Have Some Fun With the Dramatist, but Found in the End That He Had Met His Match at Chaffing.

What follows relates to the first meeting of the late Henry J. Byron and Artemus Ward.

It was at the Savage club after one of the Saturday dinners, and Tom Robertson suggested to Artemus to have a tilt with Byron and, if possible, draw him out. The genial showman had only been in England a few days, but he knew Byron's "matter" and went for him in this fashion:

"I fancy I have seen a face like yours before. Did you ever have a brother Alonzo?" Robertson was behind Artemus and winked at Byron.

"Alas, I had!" replied the dramatist, instantly catching the situation.

"It was a manner, engaged on the deep?"

"That's so."

"You haven't heard of him for five years?"

Byron affected to be lost in reflection and deliberately replied: "It's five years ago this very day. How curious you should mention it, sir!"

"Well, sir," replied Artemus, taking out his handkerchief and pretending to wipe away a tear. "I called the salt sea with your brother. We were wrecked together in the gulf of Mexico, and before help came I killed and ate him! The moment I saw you I recognized the likeness. He was a good fellow, full of tender feelings."

"I am glad you found him tender," interrupted Byron, also pulling out his handkerchief.

"But, sir, I am awfully sorry I ate him," said Artemus in the most important fashion. "Had I known I should ever meet his brother I am sure I'd have gone without food some weeks longer. But I was driven to it, and you will forgive me, won't you? I killed Alonzo," and he offered his hand to Byron, which the latter shook with cordiality.

"Excuse my emotion, would you?" gasped Byron in his handkerchief. "He never wrote and told me what had become of him. I hope he agreed with you."

"A slight indigestion afterward. He was a little tough," replied Artemus, "but we'll not speak of that. We both suffered. He suffered most. But remember, sir, the law can't touch me now. It was stern necessity, and necessity, as you may have heard, knows no law. But I am willing to pay you damages for the loss of what would you think a fair compensation?"

"Don't mention it," said Byron, who now thought it time to turn the tables. "I think your name is Ward?" said he.

"Artemus Ward?"

"Quite so."

"You had a father?"

"I had."

"He was a Yankee peddler in his own country, was he not? Sold his pig and the tooth combs?"

"You've hit the comb—I mean the nail—on the head."

"He died in the black country of England, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, I killed him. I knew you were his son the moment I laid eyes on you. He was a nice old gentleman, and I made his acquaintance in Staffordshire. He wished to go down a deep coal mine; so did I, and we went down together, had a good time, explored, lunched with the miners, drank more than was good for us and proceeded to return to Mother Earth's surface. After you have been down a mine you are fond of your mother, I assure you. The prodigal felt nothing to what I experienced. We entered the huge basket and were being slowly drawn toward the mouth of the pit when I saw the old rope was about to snap under the strain. It was a perilous, a horrible, a critical moment. The weight of two men was too great, and your father was a broad, bulky man. Self preservation is the first law of nature. An instant more and we were both lost. We seemed to be about 50 feet from the top."

I hastily called your father's attention to something—implored him, in fact, to look down the mine. He did so, and as I gently tipped him over he went whirling and crashing to the bottom. It was rough on him, but I saved my self. I eighed it out on the instant like this: I'm an old man, poorly paid, but in one ear, two teeth gone in front, with only a few years to live. I am half his age, strong and