

# THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

VOL. XI.

NATCHITOCHEES, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1899.

NO. 11

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, 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.

The Subscription Price is

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Payable in Advance

Mc. K. HOLSTON, Proprietor.

T. E. DODD, Manager.



### Mc. K. HOLSTON'S

## Livery & Feed Stable.

CHURCH STREET, NATCHITOCHEES, LA.

I am prepared to furnish the traveling public with first-class accommodations in the livery line. I also carry a full line of Undertaker's Goods—WOOD COFFINS and METALLIC CASES, trimmed in any style and at prices to suit the times. Hearse furnished on application. Prompt and personal attention given every department of the business by the proprietor and manager.

Busses Meet all Trains.

Drummers' Teams a Specialty.

44-5m

### WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept. When I was a boy, a little boy, in through the lattice the moonlight crept. Remember a tide of dreams that swept over a row, red tresses long. Behind the tangled curly head, while the moonbeams played at hide and seek. With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams—the dreams I dreamed. When I was a boy, a little boy! For the cradle that through the lattice streamed. Over my faded eyelids seemed. To have the gift of prophecy. And to bring the glimpses of time to be. When manhood's chariot seemed to call—Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all. When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep. When I was a boy, a little boy! For in the lattice the moon would peep. Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep. The crosses and dreams of the years away. From the heart that weary and faintly peeped. And then the moon would shine through the lattice. A peace I have never known since then—When I was a boy, a little boy!—Eugene Field.

### THE GRAVE'S ODOR.

We were lolling in a couple of easy chairs on the veranda one evening after dinner. Stanfield and I, when my friend sent the glowing stump of his cheroot promising down the steps, and turning in his chair, said abruptly:

"Do you know, Dick, a man was shot once just where you're sitting?"

Naturally I was startled, and, instead of replying to Stanfield's remark, glanced uneasily down the long, ghostly veranda, of which the outer edge lay in bright moonlight, while the inner portion was wrapped in the dense shadow of the partly drawn bamboo jalousies.

"I know the feeling," said Stanfield, noting my uneasiness. "I never sit here of an evening without getting a creepy sensation all over me. The servants say the old bungalow is haunted, and I shouldn't wonder if they are right. Anyhow, if it isn't, it ought to be, for the story connected with it is an uncanny one altogether. See that hole in the jalousies there on your right?"

"Do you mean that oblong slit just above the balustrade? 'Pon my word, against the moonlight, it looks for all the world like a malignant eye!"

"So it is," said Stanfield, with a slight shiver. "It was through that hole Judge Robertson, my predecessor, was shot."

"Ah, I've heard there was a strange story connected with his death, but I know none of the particulars. Suppose you light another weed and talk me out of this creepy fit."

"Talk you into a worse one, more like," retorted Stanfield, striking a fuse. "I'll wager you never heard a weirder story. But you shall have the facts and then judge for yourself."

With that he settled himself in his chair, and after puffing reflectively at his cheroot for some seconds went on to tell me the story of the shot through the jalousies:

"Robertson, you must know, was an Eton boy, like myself. We were chums, in fact, in the old days, and that is how I came to know of a peculiar tradition, if I may so name it, that is said to have been in his family for centuries.

"I don't know whether you believe in death warnings, Dick, but it seems that for hundreds of years no Robertson has ever died without first having a distinct premonition of his approaching end, and what is more remarkable still, the warning always comes in the form of an odor, an earthy smell—the smell of a new dug grave.

"Well, about a week before his death, when he was on his way to take up his appointment here, in fact, Robertson passed through Malabar, where I was at that time stationed as collector, and of course I put him up for the night. After dinner we were sitting smoking, just as you and I are now, when presently he says:

"Stanfield," says he, "there's a devilish queer smell about. Been having any digging done on the premises?"

"No," said I, "I haven't, and for the life of me I can't smell anything except these Dindiguls we're smoking."

"Perhaps that's what it is, then," said he doubtfully, and for half an hour or so the subject was dropped.

"Just as we were making a move for bed, however, he suddenly grips my hand, and, 'Stanfield,' says he hoarsely, 'for God's sake tell me that your people have been digging somewhere near or that there's been a shower. I can't get that earthy smell out of my nostrils. It's like standing over a new made grave.'

"Just a week later, to a day, I was at work in my office one morning when a peep brought in a telegram. Dick, that telegram brought the news that Robertson had been shot dead by his own butler at 8 o'clock the evening before!"

"By his own butler!" I exclaimed horrified; for while Stanfield was relating this tragic tale I had heard the voice of his butler giving orders to the table boys in the dining room at our back.

"Yes, by his own butler," resumed Stanfield, "and on the very spot where you sit. Indeed," consulting his watch, "it happened just at this time, for it's now 8 o'clock to the minute."

"But," I cried, glancing apprehensively at the eyelike aperture in the jalousies, "why by his butler? For heaven's sake, explain!"

"I will," continued Stanfield, "but first I must hark back a bit and tell you that the telegram ordered me to proceed at once to this station as Robertson's successor. Well, I did so, and almost my first duty as a judge was to try the poor fellow's murderer."

...and that brings me to the explanation you asked for a moment ago. Robertson, it appears, had had a case before him in which a native was charged with maltreating his wife, a mere child barely 12 years of age, in such a brutal manner as to cause her death. Cases of that kind are far from being uncommon, as you know, and Robertson—well, he didn't do almost any other English judge would have done under the circumstances—gave the scamp his deserts and sentenced him to death.

"Now this occurred only a few hours before he was murdered, and you will at once suspect some hidden connection between the two events. And you are right. In passing sentence of death upon the brutal native he virtually passed sentence upon himself.

"Robertson had a native as the butler who was related to the man he had just condemned. Whether he was aware of the exact relationship existing between the two I don't know, but I am inclined to think not. As a matter of fact, when Robertson sat down to dinner that night, after sentencing the native to death, he was waited upon by the convict's own brother.

"You observed a rifle on the dining room wall. I have no doubt, just opposite your place at table. It was from that rifle the fatal shot was fired.

"Not while Robertson was at dinner, though. The butler was too wily for that. He hid his rifle until his master had seated himself in his usual place here on the veranda, taken his coffee and smoked his cheroot. Then, when these had begun to make him drowsy, the fellow took the rifle from the wall—it was always kept loaded—and crept through the bedrooms to the far end of the veranda, where, as you see, the shadow lies so deep.

"Sitting as we are now, you observe that the steps between the far end of the veranda and the jalousies with the hole in it are concealed by the row of pillars, and you will readily understand how a barefooted native might creep along those steps under cover of the pillars and apply his eye to the hole with out being either seen or heard. Well, that is just what the butler did. Only he did something more.

"After applying his eye to the hole he noisily inserted the muzzle of the rifle in the aperture, took deliberate aim at his master's heart and fired. Poor Robertson! He never knew what hurt him."

Stanfield ceased speaking, and a painful silence fell upon us both. The movement of a lizard in the jalousies through which the shot had been fired sent a thrill of horror through my nerves. I fancied I could hear the butler's stealthy footsteps and see the gleam of the rifle barrel in the moonlight. So awfully real was my conception of the whole scene that, at last, in sheer desperation, I spoke and so broke the spell.

"Hadn't Robertson a wife? I have an idea that I once met her in Madras."

"He had, and speaking of her reminds me that my story is still unfinished. In fact, the most remarkable part of it is yet to come.

"About a year before her husband's death Mrs. Robertson, it seems, went home to England for her health, and when I last saw Robertson alive—the night he had the strange premonition, you remember—he was daily expecting her back. Well, it is a singular coincidence, but perfectly true, that the steamer she was a passenger by entered Bombay harbor on the very evening and at the very hour when Robertson was shot.

"Mrs. Robertson had gathered all her traps together, intending to disembark that night, and as soon as she heard the anchor dropped she left the cabin to go on deck. In her hand she carried a small traveling clock, and just as she reached the foot of the companion stairs she glanced at it and saw that the hour was exactly 8 o'clock. At the same moment an indescribable terror seized her. She looked up quickly, and here on the steps above her stood her husband.

She sprang up the steps to meet him, but he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At the top of the steps she ran against the purser.

"There's no hurry, madam," said he, "the tender's not alongside yet."

"But my husband!" cried Mrs. R. "I saw him here just now. How did he come aboard?"

"Madam," replied the purser, "you must be mistaken. Not a living soul has boarded the ship tonight."

"And he was right, for if Mrs. R. saw anything, as she said she did, it must have been the spirit of her dying husband."

"Let us go in," rising hastily "This night air has given me a chill!"—New York Journal.

### The White Man in the Tropics.

The attempt to acclimatize the white man in the tropics must be recognized to be a blunder of the first magnitude. All experiments based upon the idea are destined to failure. Excepting only the degradation of the African races under the situation of slavery, probably no other idea which has held the mind of our civilization during the last 3000 years has led to so much physical and moral suffering and degradation or has strewn the world with the wrecks of so many gigantic enterprises. In the tropics a white man lives and works only as a diver lives and works under water. Alike in a moral, in an ethical and in a political sense, the atmosphere he breathes must be that of a diver's, to which he belongs. With this, he is morally, nor politically, nor physically, acclimatized.

## Free Medical Advice

Do you understand just what Dr. J. C. Ayer's medicines will do for you? Are they helping you as fast as you think they ought? Write to our doctor. He will answer all questions, and give you the best medical advice, absolutely free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

### HIS GREAT LOSS.

#### How the Mean Man Suffered in the Cyclone.

"I was in your town when you had that cyclone two or three years ago," he said to his fellow traveler when he learned that he was from St. Louis.

"Oh, you were?"

"Yes, and I haven't got things right yet settled in my mind yet. I was stopping with my cousin, and his was one of the first houses wrecked. I wasn't in the house at the time. I had the back ache and had gone to the drug store for a porous plaster. I got the plaster and had started back when the cyclone struck."

"And were you injured?" was asked.

"Had an arm broken and was all banged up. I got out from under a telegraph pole and staggered along to the house, but there wasn't any house there. I was looking around when my cousin comes up and says:

"Jim, where's the house?"

"Dunno," I said.

"Where's my wife?"

"Where's my children?"

"Dunno."

"But you went out for a porous plaster, Jim, and where is that?"

"And it was gone!" exclaimed the old man as he threw up his hands—"clean gone and never could be found. My cousin's wife and children turned up all right, being only scared and bruised, but that porous plaster is missing to this day and probably always will be."

"That was rather tough," consoling I replied the St. Louisan.

"I should remark that it wasn't that porous cost me 25 cents in cold cash, and I hadn't even pulled the cloth off!"—A. B. Lewis in New York World.

### "The Die is Cast."

It was in a voice strangely calm that Dick uttered the words, and even the most careful observer would have failed to detect in the smooth, even tones the faintest note of hopelessness or despair.

Yet he was a man who believed in the fulfillment of destiny, no superstitious believer in the irrevocable.

No, he was simply an assistant in a firm of stationers.

"The die is cast," he said, "but it will be another day before we can finish the printing."

And the customer, who had ordered a ream of addressed note paper, said very well, he'd call in again tomorrow—Aly Sloper.

### Snacks of the Emerald Isle.

Mrs. Brownjohn—Good gracious, Bridget! What is that dreadful patch of oil on the carpet?

Bridget—Shure, ma'am, an it's that taste of a lamp!

Mrs. Brownjohn—Did you upset it, then?

Bridget—That I didn't, ma'am. I just turned it down, as you told me, ma'am, before blowin' it out, an shure there must have been some thin gossamer quare with the top of it, for the oil came pouring out on the floor, just as you see it, ma'am!—Nuggets.

### DeSned.

There is a boy now in an academic grade at the "Poly" who, because of his acumen, will probably become either a lawyer or a newspaper man. At the close of a lesson in grammar a few days since the teacher was explaining the new work for the next day, a study of word forms in gender. Turning to this boy, he said, "Now, what would you call the feminine of 'starg'?"

Like a flash came the reply "An aft'noon tea."—Brooklyn Life.

### A Bad Bargain.

Irate Customer—That chair you sold me a month ago is a perfect swindle!

Auctioneer—How so, madam?

Irate Customer—The covering has begun to wear already in places and shows the springs.

Auctioneer (with gentle depreciation)—Ah, but my dear madam, don't you remember that I particularly mentioned the fact that those fine springs would outlast the chair?—Boston Globe.

### Thanks!

John—The doctor says there's nothing much the matter with you. You want change.

Mary—I've wanted it for long; that's what's pulled me down. Give me all the change you've got in your purse now, John, for a start, and I'll soon get better.—Pick Me Up.

### Decorated by Christina.

"In the suburbs of Seville, Mo., says the Kansas City Times, 'there lives a scholarly gentleman who was awarded the Order of Christina by the Queen of Spain for his zealous care of her two grandsons, Raymond Gaell y Borbon and Fernando Alonso, who afterward became the King of Spain, and was the father of little Alfonso, the present king. This gentleman is Colonel Van B. Wicker, whom nearly all Missourians with a state acquaintance know.'"

### DANGEROUS INVENTION.

#### Was Convenient For Some Things, but Had to Be Discarded.

"Somehow or other," said the young man of sad and thoughtful mien, "I got hold of one of these stamps. You know what they are, of course. They have a clock arrangement in them, and when you stamp a document the time, as well as any lettering there may be on the dial, is put on the paper. I don't know what induced me to take this one home, but I got it when they brought a new and improved one at the office, and home it went with me.

"You can keep a tab on the clock and cooking," I told my wife, but of course I didn't expect her to do anything of the sort. Still I explained the way it worked to her, and after dinner I did it all over again for the benefit of the children. The children wanted me to give it to them, but I wouldn't do it—

—not then. Afterward it was different. My wife wanted me to sell it, but I wouldn't do that either—not then. Afterward that was also different.

"I think it was four or five days after I brought that time stamp home that I went to the club one evening and was detained. You know how that is, of course. A man is apt to be detained at the club. He starts for it in the best and most virtuous humor possible. He is sure that he will not be out later than 10:30 or 11 o'clock, but he is detained. It is difficult to explain why one is detained sometimes, but he doesn't get there, just the same. Therefore he lies about it. If his wife happens to be in bed, it is easier to lie about the time of night than it is to answer questions.

"That's what I did. My wife woke up and asked what time it was.

"Quarter to 12," I said, making it as early as I dared, for I knew she often sat up until after 11.

"I heard something go click, but paid no particular attention to it until next morning. Then she showed me a piece of paper with the record of that infernal time stamp on it. The hour registered was 3:15. She looked at me very reproachfully as she showed it to me, but she didn't say anything. It wasn't necessary that she should, I understood. I took it away next day. I don't want anything in the house that will register the time in the dark.—Chicago Post.

### Pat's Puzzle.

In a jovial company each one asked a question. If it was answered, he paid a forfeit, or if he could not answer, he himself paid a forfeit. An Irishman's question was, "How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any earth about the entrance?"

When they had all given up, Pat said, "Sure, he goes in, he begins at the other end of the hole."

One of the company exclaimed, "But how does he get there?"

"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question! Can you answer it yourself?"—Nuggets.

### Looked Suspicious.

"I'd like to know why it is," growled old Ballyun, "that I'm bothered almost to death by commercial agency reporters investigating my financial standing. I invariably pay cash and have never asked for credit."

"That's all very true," replied his friend, "but you seem to have overlooked the fact that your only daughter recently celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of her debut into the world."—Chicago News.

### A Man's Impressions.

"Dorothy, I saw a beautiful gown in a shop window today."

"What was it, Julius?"

"Well, it was that zigzaggy kind of cloth, and it had those braided things across the front and down the back and some awful stylish pointed things on the skirt—I wish you would get one just like it."—Brooklyn Life.

### Kinds of Jays.

"I'd like to know," said the business manager, "whether this fellow down in Reuben county is a pure jay or one of those smart ones."

"What about him?" asked the editor of the comic weekly.

"He has sent in a lot of chestnuts for a year's subscription."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Educational.

Inquisitive Child (to nursemaid)—I say, Jane, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?

Jane—Why, of course, Master Reggie, English mutton's made of sheep and Australian of 'orse.—Punch.

### He Didn't Die.

"My darling, what would you do if I died?"

"Oh! I think I should go into mourning for you, Frank, dear. Black isn't unbecoming to me."—Pick Me Up.

### No Chance About It.

Parson Jackson—Am yo' snash yo' didn't acquiah dat tubkey in a game ob chance?

Mose Mokety—Dad snash, parson! I need mah own dice.—Down Topics.

### Appropriate.

Mrs. Fatpurse—You paint pictures to order, don't you?

Great Artist—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fatpurse—Well, I want a landscape, with lots of deer and ducks and quail and partridges and pheasants and cattle and sheep and pigs, and so on, you know, and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know—and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dining room.—Boston Globe.

### Coused the First Cootness.

Mr. Newlywed (reading)—Nobody ever yet saw a dead mule.

Mr. Newlywed (who is thinking of something else and not listening)—Don't you think your life insurance premiums are a waste of money, John?—Boston Journal.

### Just Like Other People.

"You look nice enough to eat," exclaimed the youth.

"And so I do," replied the maiden; "three times a day."—Ohio State Journal.

## PLANTATION CHILL CURE'S GUARANTEE.

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.