

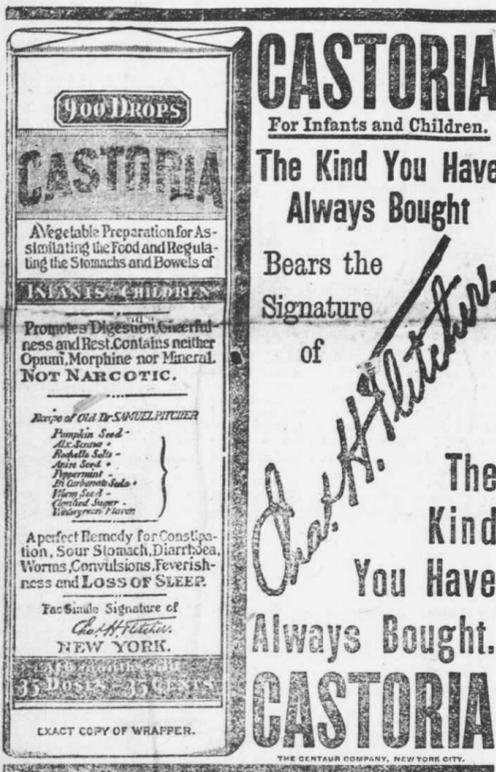
THE NATCHITOCHEES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic Always Consistent.

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A SINGING WELL.

One of Nature's Puzzles That is Located in Texas.

About three miles west of Cedar Bayou, Harris county, Tex., is a remarkable well. When it was dug, no one can tell, but it has been in existence for more than 60 years. The well is known as the "singing well."

In calm, fine weather a sound like that of an Aeolian harp comes upward between the tangles of vines below. At times the sound seems nearer and clearer. Then again it recedes, as if far away, and reaches the ear very faintly. These changes take place every few minutes, and with great regularity.

With an east wind blowing the water in the well gets very low and the mysterious musical sound very faint. A strong west wind causes the water to rise and the sound to increase in volume and clearness.

But it is just before a great norther that the old well plays its wildest pranks. Then for several hours the water rises to within a few feet of the top of the well and emits the weirdest, wildest noises that ever reached human ears. At such times even the water drawn out with buckets moans and wails as if in anguish.

The well is about 60 feet deep. A few years ago the land on which it is located was bought by a Mr. Watkins, who, not liking the sounds that came from the well, employed two men to fill it up. They shoveled dirt into the well two weeks, but it did not affect the depth of water perceptibly, and they threw up the contract. From the measurements of the excavations they had made it has been calculated that the well should have been filled up a little more than twice.

The water is very clear, with a bluish tint, and is fairly palatable. No other wells in the neighborhood show such pranks as are played by the "singing well."—Fort Worth (Tex.) Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

BOUND TO BE RIGHT.

She Didn't Argue When in the Wrong, Did She?

"It's sorry Ol' an' tussle yez goin' so soon," remarked Mrs. McShanter, as her guest, Mrs. McQuatter, arose to leave. "Just as ye go through Mrs. Mickey Moylean's yard and ye do me a favor?"

"Wid pleasure Ol' will," responded Mrs. McQuatter, leader of the Goat-ville Four Hundred. "Sure, I thort, bein' such near neighbors, ye an' th' Moyleaus wud be unfriendly."

"They're not at home th' day," explained Mrs. McShanter, "an' it isn't th' Moyleaus Ol' want to see," she added with suppressed emotion. "This mornin' Mrs. Moylean guse th' hallyhoos wid her voll tongue beca' thoy chickens scratched up her yarrard."

"Sure wasn't she in th' night? Moyle chickens had no call in her yarrard, an' phwat cud Ol' do but shud an take phwat she said. It's meekness Ol' am, Mrs. McQuatter, when Ol' in th' th' wrong. Ye'll ever foun' me makin' th' bad road's name is "mad."

"Phwat is it ye want me to do as I pass through Mrs. Moylean's yarrard?" asked Mrs. McQuatter with a puzzled air.

"Ol' want ye ter open th' kitchen door an' let their hillygoat out. They locked him in plawin' they wint down town."

"Sure Ol' will that."

"Thankye, Mrs. McQuatter; it's a good thing ye are. It wudn't be long before that billy goat's over into this yarrard, an' thim whin Mrs. Moylean comes home—liveen help 'er."—New York Weekly.

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AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS.

Not Necessary For Editors to Read Them From Beginning to End.

Once more the old game found of the author who sent a story to three journals and had it returned by every one without having been read. He knew it because he had pasted two of the leaves together. Very likely. We do not think of reading through a half or a quarter of the articles that are sent to us. It often does not take half a minute to discard what one knows he doesn't want, and an old saying that one does not need to eat a whole joint to learn whether it is tainted.

It would be a revelation to some of these writers to see how fast an experienced and conscientious editor can, at times, go through a big pile of essays, stories or poems. The title is often enough, and he would say, "We don't want an article on that subject." The next article begins with a page or two of commonplace introduction, and that is thrown aside in half a minute's inspection without turning more than the next page. The next begins with a platitude—"We can't print that stuff."

The first verse of the next poem is false meter and is tossed aside. The next begins in schoolboy style, with "dove" and "love." It is not read through. Of the next the editor reads ten lines. It is simply a dull description of a stream in a forest—not awarded. The next poem begins in a bold way, seems to be constructed according to the rules, is pretty good. It is put one side to see if other better poems will crowd it out. The next is a story. The first page is promising, but the second shows a coarse strain, and the reading stops there.

Ten articles are decided upon, and with sufficient good judgment, in ten minutes, for a minute to a manuscript is often twice as much time as it needs. It does not take that long for a dealer to stick an iron skewer in a smoked ham, draw it out and smell of it. Not one article in a dozen perhaps needs to be read through.—New York Independent.

PIANO TALK.

(By Jess Turner.)

How to make a piano an ornamental as well as a useful article of furniture is a serious problem to the average housewife, for a piano is a cumbersome piece of furniture, and the rule is that bric-a-brac placed upon it interferes seriously with its tone. However, pianos are necessary—absolutely necessary—and that is done to make it look as attractive as possible. Of course, the square piano is very rarely seen—long ago being traded off for the upright of grand. The modern upright of the style of the Mathushek and the Kerr are the most used, so let us consider them as a piece of furniture—usually the most prominent article in the whole room. Position is everything, which, of course, the size, angles and openings in the room must govern. But don't put the piano straight up against the wall and don't have the keyboard in the dark. For drapery use brocades, tapestries, or, better still, light silks to match the colors of the room and which are inexpensive. Finishes and velvets are too heavy and usually look badly. A pad of small, smaller articles will add greatly to the piano side of the room. By using a little care and taste in arrangement a piano can be made the most decorative article in the house.

How many women are going to take advantage of the low rates and attend the Mardi Gras carnival at New Orleans? What a time for spring shopping! What a chance to look around! Nearly all the stores are open, and the prices are low. As soon as I made up my mind to take I looked a whole town. I wouldn't stop with a curbstone.—Washington Star.

She Kept Her Appointment.

A was a young man in a cavalry regiment who fell in love with B, the daughter of an opulent merchant. He grew tired of her, and when his regiment was ordered to the east he left her without explanation.

Returning home with more dust than medals on his coat, he danced and went to a ball, where B was the daintiest among the beauties. They danced, and she showed no resentment on the score of past unfaithfulness. Pressed by A, she gave him an appointment at a certain church near her father's house, which had been their trysting place in other days.

A went happily to his club, and his old friend, Major C, offered him a cigar.

"I met Lucy B. this evening," said A, and he told his friend of the appointment she had given him.

The major expressed no surprise, but said Lucy was a good and forgiving girl—for he knew what had gone before. A went to the church on the day named, and there was a wedding. When the ceremony was over, B, the bride, came out of the church on the arm of Major C, the bridegroom.

A went home to his lodgings.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sure They Were Safe.

The method adopted by a rustic-looking individual to prevent the loss of his hat and coat while driving furnished the patrons of a Market street cafe with much amusement yesterday. The stranger meandered leisurely into the place during the busy lunch hour and made his way to the nearest vacant chair. Producing several yards of twine from his pocket, he removed his hat and passed the string once around the crown, making it fast with a double knot.

This, of course, caused a number of diners to suspend hostilities in order better to observe the next move, but the careful stranger appeared oblivious to the sensation he was creating. Taking off his coat, he passed the loose end of the string through one sleeve, and after securing the end to his wrist, hung hat and coat on the rack. Assuring himself that the knots were firmly tied, the cautious individual sat down and proceeded to get away with a substantial meal.—Philadelphia Record.

No Prisons Needed.

In Iceland there are no prisons, and the inhabitants are so honest in their habits that such material defenses to property as locks, bolts and bars are not required. Yet its history for the past thousand years records no more than two thefts.

Of these two cases, one was that of a native who was detected after stealing several sheep, but as he had done so to supply his family, who were suffering for want of food, when he had broken his arm, provisions were furnished to them and work was found for him when he was able to do it, and meanwhile he was placed under medical care, but the stigma attached to his crime was considered sufficient punishment.

The other theft was made by a German, who stole 17 sheep. But as he was in comfortable circumstances and the robbery passed upon him was that he should at once sell all his property.

Why She Protested.

The proud young husband of the beautiful young wife declared that it mattered not to him how poor he might be in the world's goods.

"For thou," he exclaimed, "art wealth untold!"

"But I expect to be told everything!" she protested, fearful lest there arise misunderstanding between them.—Detroit Journal.

Had Its Uses.

Mrs. Watts—Don't you find your neuralgia an awful annoyance?

Mrs. Potts—Oh, I get used to it more or less, and besides I always get the tenderest piece of the steak when my teeth are lame.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Drawback.

"I have a splendid car for music," said the complacent young man.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne regretfully, "but you don't sing with your car."—Washington Star.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

An English Comedian Compares It With the British Article.

George Grossmith, comparing American humor with English, says: "A New York gentleman was once chaffing me about my pronunciation of certain words, and I was very much amused at it. So I said to him: 'It's our language, you know. We invented it before you were discovered.' He was a bit abashed at first. Then he said: 'That's so. Well, I think it's about time you learned to speak it.'"

"It is very difficult to score off an American, and you can't play a practical joke on one at all. I've often gone, when I've had a friend with me, into some old city bank, like the Bank of England, for example—staid old place, you know. We've marched up to the counter, and I've said quite calmly to the old gentleman behind it, 'Can't I have a brandy and soda and some sandwiches?' They've always been most polite and taken it seriously, saying, 'We don't keep brandy and soda and sandwiches here.' But you have them ordered in from outside.' 'Yes, but that of course is for ourselves,' and so on, all quite gravely and without the suspicion of a smile or the slightest quiver of the muscles of the countenance to indicate a sense that a practical joke was fooling around."

"And in America you would have fared differently?"

"Rather. I went once to the station-house in Hartford. There was a man standing at the entrance, an official with a band around his hat, so I stepped up to him and said, 'Can you tell me if this hotel is conducted on the European plan?' He simply looked at me, and calmly said, 'Any more?' Then there was a moment's awkward pause, and I had to walk out."

Death and Birth Time.

There are a great number of curious superstitions as to the time of day when a dying person is most likely to draw his last breath, and the tide, moon and the wind have all been supposed to have some share in the matter. According to The British Medical Journal, Rascri, who has analyzed 25,474 cases of death and 36,515 of birth, where the exact time of day was noted, finds that the maximum number of deaths occur in the early afternoon (3:07 p. m.), and the minimum in the last hours before midnight, while the maximum number of births occur in the early hours of the morning, and the minimum in the early hours of the afternoon.

As regards the cause of this he points out the hours of the maximum number of deaths are precisely those when the pulse rate and the temperature are at their highest in health, and when there is a febrile exacerbation in illness.

A Very Queer Dresser.

A very queer man in the matter of dress was the late Duke of Portland. His eccentric grace always, it appears, ordered three frock coats to every suit. When the weather was hot, he wore one only, when it was a little less hot two, and when it was cool all three. Besides these, he always kept three greatcoats in wear, so that when winter came on he wore three frock coats and one greatcoat, as it advanced three frock coats and two greatcoats, while, when there was a real frost, he turned out in all these.—London Correspondent.

How It Happened.

The editor in chief was manifestly pained.

"Why do you say so?" he demanded irritably. "Bookstallers shallow affection!"

"No," replied the managing editor gently. "The horse reviews this week."

Confuted by an Axiom.

"Now, children, I want you all to remember that James Watt discovered the wonderful steam engine by simply watching the kettle boil."

"Please, ma'am, I don't just see how that could be."

"Why not?"

"Cause watch pots never boils."—Brooklyn Life.

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