THE NATCHITOCHES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

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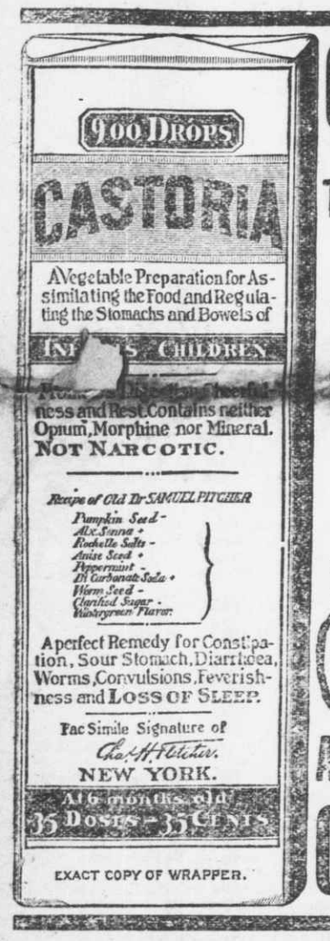

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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The Natchitoches Enterprise.

It Prints All the LOCAL NEWS All the Time and is, therefore, THE paper you should have at your Home.

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CHURCH STREET, NATCHITOCHES, 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 to every department of the business by the proprietor and manager.

Busses Meet all Trains, Drummers' Teams a Specialty.

a4-5m

Special Notice.

To the unknown owners of the property hereinafter described:

I hereby notify the owners of the hereinafter described property that the taxes for 1898, became delinquent on the 1st day of January, 1899, and if the same are not paid within twenty days from date of this notice I will proceed to seize and sell same in accordance with law.

No. 1—40 acres of land SW¼ NW¼ Sec 13 T 7 R 8. State taxes 60c, parish $1, notice $1.

No. 2.—One vacant lot bounded north by property of Mrs E Pierson, south by property of Tessier and Powell and unknown, west by 5th street, east by property Chelletre sisters, Sullivan and Powell, situated in the city of Natchitoches. Taxes due for 1896, 1897 and 1898. State tax 90c, parish $1.50, notice $1.

No. 3—167 34-100 acres of land NW fractional ¼ N E fractional ¼ Sec 26 and 30 42-100 acres SE fractional ¼ Sec 13 T 7 R 7. State taxes $2.76, parish 4 60, notice $1, interest 25c.

No. 4.—40 acres of land SE¼ of SW¼ Sec 17 T 5 R 7. State taxes 60c, parish $1, notice $1.

No. 5.—39 77-100 acres of land NE¼ of SW¼ Sec 4 T 7 R 7. State tax 60c, parish $1, notice $1.

No. 5—120 acres of land W½ of NE¼, SE¼ of NE¼ Sec 6 T 11 R 5. State tax $1 92, parisq $3 20, notice $1, interest 20c.

No. 6—153 acres NW¼ Sec 15 T 8 R 7 formerly assessed to P S Prudhomme. State taxes $2 28, parish $3 80, notice $1, interest 25c.

No. 9—120 acres, Lot No. 2, NW¼ of SW¼ Sec 11 and W½ of SW¼ Sec 12 T 10 R 9. State taxes $1 92, parish $3 20, notice $1, interest 15c.

No. 10.—776 acres of land. 576 acres all Sec 25, less 100 acres on north side of NE ¼, 239 70-100 acres SW ¼ of NE ¼ SW¼ of SE¼, SE¼ of NW¼, NE¼ of SW¼ E½ of SE¼ Sec 20 T 7 R 8. State taxes $11 64, parish $19 40, notice, $1, interest $1.

J. W. FREEMAN,
April 13th Sheriff.

JUDGMENT.

Interdiction of John McKenna.
Tenth District Court.

In this case considering the preliminary judgment of interdiction; considering there has been no appeal taken therefrom; considering that a bond approved for the sum of One Thousand Dollars has been duly filed; considering the publication of the judgment; considering further the certificate of the Clerk hereto attached, and considering the law it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be judgment appointing and confirming Ambrose F. Armand as Curator and J. A Ducournau, Jr., as Under Curator of the Interdict John McKenna. The said Curator is hereby vested with full power and control of the person and property of the said interdict, and it is further ordered and decreed that letters of Curatorship do issue according to law.

Thus done, read and signed at Chambers this the 4th day of April. 1899.

(Signed) E. G. HUNTER,
Judge 10th D C.

I certify the above to be a true and correct copy of the original judgment on file and of record in my office.

Clerk's office April 5th, 1899.

H. M. HYAMS,
apr 6-3t Clerk 10th D. C., La.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Homestead waivers for sale at this office. Prices way down.

IN A MUSIC SHOP.

In a dim corner of the shop,
With none but mice to mark,
The weary old toy zither hung,
Forgotten by the dark.

The cobweb hid its ontworn case,
Dimmed with the anxious years;
The strings that little hands had pricked
To laughter more than tears.

(And didst thou hope, a music toy,
For slumber? Nay, awake!
The heart of music has no rest
Until its cords must break.)

Without, among the violins
That master hands had wrought,
It heard the master music voice
Its own unuttered thought:

Like some poor bird of halting song
Wayworn, with broken wing,
Watching the lark fly up through heaven,
Ever to fly—and sing.

To little old toy instruments
Nor rest nor sleep belong;
Only to feel with heart-broken strings
Eternal stress of song.

And even there, adaze with dust,
Too old and worn to sing,
The message of the viols set
Its voice a-quivering.

Thou weary little zither,
Long days and years shall come
Before thy heart of song may break,
Thy weary strings be dumb.

—Josephine Peabody in Youth's Companion.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Captain Hanson, having returned from a long voyage to find himself a widower, had sacrificed his fondness for a seafaring life to the needs of his only daughter, Lucy, and had settled in a thriving coast city, where he could live comfortably upon the modest fortune he had accumulated.

A good man was the captain, rough in his ways, but tender hearted, irascible, but forgiving, and deeply devoted to his "little girl," as he continued to call Lucy even after she took to long gowns and began to receive calls from eligible young men.

It was rather slow in dawning upon the captain's mind that Lucy might some day like to marry. He never took her "company" seriously, for most of the young men who called and whom he admitted, for he habitually answered the doorbell, were of a type with which, to put it mildly, he was not familiar. That Lucy should cherish a genuine interest in a young man who knew nothing of the sea never occurred to him until a son of one of his former shipmates proposed for Lucy's hand. Then there was a rude awakening.

The suitor, Jack Darrow, was himself a sailor, and the old captain had found great comfort in his calls. In fact, the ancient mariner had entertained the notion that Jack called to see him, and it was quite a shock when Jack, finding the captain alone one evening, made his purpose clear.

"Have ye signaled her, Jack?" he asked.

"Haven't hoisted a rag," replied the young sailor sheepishly. "If it's all right, cap, you speak to her. She'll do anything you say."

"Dunno, dunno," returned the captain dubiously, "but I'll heave the lead, Jack, and let you know if the channel's clear."

That satisfied Jack, and, true to his word, the captain "heaved the lead" that very night.

"Lucy," he said, "Jack Darrow wants to splice with ye."

"Can't be done, papa," she answered at once. "Jack's a good fellow, but I don't love him."

The captain knew not whether to rejoice or regret. He was sorry for Jack, but glad for himself.

"All's well," he said after a moment. "I'm not asking ye to love him, Lucy. You shan't marry anybody ye don't love."

"I knew you'd say so, papa, just as I knew you won't object to my marrying the man I do love."

"Eh? Steady there! Do ye mean ye've got somebody in mind?"

Lucy blushed and looked at the floor.

"Who is he?" asked the captain anxiously.

"It's Henry Whitman, papa. He asked me this evening."

"What! That dude?"

"Papa!"

Lucy's eyes blazed as she addressed her father in sharper tones than she had ever used. She looked at him steadily for a moment and then went to her room.

The captain drew a long breath, sank into a chair and fumbled for his pipe. Under its soothing influence he became comforted. Whitman dressed stylishly, but that might not be against him. He could afford his apparent extravagance, for he was a clerk in a bank. Everybody spoke well of him too. Poor Jack Darrow!

After a time the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and, going to Lucy's room, spoke to her through the closed door.

"It's all right, little girl," he said in a shaking voice. "If ye want young Whitman, ye shall have him, and God bless ye both."

Whereupon Lucy arose, went to the door, opened it and threw her arms around her father's neck.

Next day Captain Hanson reported his soundings to Jack and told him plainly that he'd have to sheer off. Perhaps the captain failed to couch his information in terms that suggested his disappointment and kindly feelings.

Jack did not manifest his ill will then, but a little later he devised a way to wreak vengeance on his successful rival. He chanced to learn that Whitman was to take Lucy to a theater on a certain evening. It began to rain that afternoon, a depressing ceaseless drizzle. This was Jack's opportunity, and he arranged his plans with great care.

There was nothing he could do himself except supervise operations, but he found three loyal friends to whom he confided the situation and his purpose, and they agreed to look after details.

The curtain rises upon their little drama at exactly 7:15 in the evening. Scene, the front steps of Captain Hanson's house. A cold drizzle continues throughout. The first conspirator enters, trips up the steps and pulls the bell. After a slight pause the door opens and the old captain appears, looking out into the wet.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" inquires the conspirator.

"Yes," replies the captain, trying to recognize the visitor. "Will ye walk in?"

"Thanks, no," is the reply. "I just called to say that it is a very uncomfortable night, moist and windy, and she really ought not to think of going out. Good evening." And the first conspirator trots down, leaving the captain in open mouthed amazement.

Offended, but too surprised to do or say anything, he slams the door and retires.

Five or six minutes pass, and Conspirator No. 2 comes striding confidently along, mounts the high stoop and rings the bell.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" asks the visitor of the old gentleman.

"Yes, she is," responds the captain. "What do ye want?"

"It's a very dirty night," remarks the conspirator with engaging frankness, "and she really ought not to venture out."

"Big seas and great gales!" roars the captain in a tremendous rage. "Ye get out of here!" And he makes a dash at the self appointed adviser, but the latter is on his guard and skips down the steps unharmed.

Ten minutes are then allowed to lapse before the third conspirator appears on the scene. He, too, trots up the high stoop and rings the bell, but, having rung, he prudently retreats half way down again and waits. Almost immediately the door swings open and the irate captain howls:

"Well? How is it?"

"Is Miss"— begins the third conspirator; but the captain waits for no more. He makes a mad rush down the steps, roaring savage imprecations and evidently bent upon violence, but the third conspirator, anticipating just this attack, nimbly jumps out of the way and flees. The captain, choking with unappeased rage, returns to his home and the three conspirators and the discarded lover gather under a convenient doorway across the street.

They had not long to wait. Henry Whitman, with commendable promptness, pattered up the steps at 7:45 and rang the bell. The captain, too in waiting, for the accepted lover's hand had not left the bell pull when the door opened, the captain emerged like an ocean greyhound out of a fog bank and fell upon the caller before he could utter a word. It was hammer and tongs for about a second, and then such was the force of the captain's onslaught that both men rolled down the steps and came to a stop in a heap.

Whitman yelled, the captain bellowed, and Lucy, coming to the door, screamed. The conspirators across the way sneaked off in great delight at their success, and it was well they did so, for had they remained they would have witnessed an anticlimax that would have been unpleasant for them. Lucy, recognizing her lover's voice, promptly went to his relief and caressed his bruised face in a way that Jack Darrow would not have liked to see. The captain, too, though still mystified and wrathy, apologized handsomely, and when later the truth about the conspiracy became known to him he made full amends to Whitman by doing all he could to hasten the wedding.—Chicago News.

A Compliment For the Scots.

An old Scotch lady in Detroit is a little bit prouder of her nationality than of anything else to which she can lay claim and never misses a chance to boast of what her countrymen have accomplished. She never tires of telling what they have done, dwelling particularly upon Scott, Burns, Wallace, Bruce and Ian Maclaren.

"Mother," said her son, after she had been discoursing upon her favorite theme the other day, "you honestly seem to think that no good can come except out of Scotland. I fear it's becoming a sort of mania with you. You'll be claiming yet, mother, that Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Dewey and all the best of our greatest men in modern times were born in Scotland."

"Weel, I'm nae so sure o' that, Jamie, but there be ane thing I do ken o' the gude men ye name, laddie, a'most a' o' thim had intellect enuch to be Scotchmen."—Detroit Free Press.

The First Smokers.

Unquestionably smoking had already been practiced by the Indians for centuries when Columbus first reached these shores. It was with them to a great extent a form of religious ceremonial. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the famous ethnologist, thinks that it had its beginning in the blowing tube of the medicine man. Ignorant savages are disposed to regard the human breath as possessing magical properties, and it may be supposed that burning leaves were introduced into the tube for the purpose of making the breathing visible. The Indians smoked many kinds of plants, such as sumac, red willow bark and the leaves of the kinnikinic or bearberry, and tobacco doubtless was a discovery resulting from a selection of the fittest.—Science Siftings.

Too Much For Him.

It is evidently one thing to work without knowing how much we do and another thing to have our labors mapped out before us in detail. For several months a business house in this city has enjoyed the ministrations of an unusually faithful colored janitor. Always prompt and faithful, unerring in the discharge of his various duties, Tom was a great favorite with the firm, and the prospect was that he would abide with them many years.

One day it occurred to the senior partner that a little more system in Tom's routine would be advisable and perhaps render his work a trifle easier, so he wrote out in plain characters an outline of the chores Tom had been doing every week, arranged perhaps with more convenience to the firm and to Tom. Unfortunately Tom could not read, so the list was given to another man employed on rougher work, with instructions to read it to Tom and explain to him each day's prescribed duties.

When the schedule was read to Tom, however, the effect was astonishing and disastrous. He listened quietly, but his eyes grew bigger and his black wool seemed to bristle on his head. At the end he reached for his cap and said to the porter: "Good gracious! I ain' gin to do all that work." Then he walked out and hasn't been seen since.—Indianapolis Journal.

Tricked the Vicious Camel.

A valuable camel working in an oil mill in Africa was beaten by its driver. Seeing that the camel had treasured up the injury and was only waiting a favorable chance for revenge, the driver kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel, knowing that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after several months had gone by, the man was sleeping on a raised platform in the mill, while, as is customary, the camel was stabled in a corner.

Happening to awake, the driver saw by the bright moonlight that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly and, stealing toward a spot where a bundle of clothes and a burnoose thrown carelessly on the ground resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice and realizing the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.

Easy Way to Be Generous.

In the Baptist church of a New England village was an old man who had all the Christian graces save one, and that one was the grace of liberality. He would do anything in the world for the cause of religion but give up his money. At the close of the financial year 1869 the church found itself $100 in debt. A church meeting was called, and it was voted to circulate a subscription paper on the spot and endeavor to thus raise the sum needed. This was done, and the old gentleman did not put his name on the paper. The result was rather disheartening, $300 only having been pledged. Silence reigned for a moment, when one of the most generous men in the church moved that "we double our subscriptions." Instantly the old gentleman was on his feet, and with extraordinary fervor cried, "I second the motion."

He evidently felt that he was thus doing his part in hastening a most desirable result.—Harper's Round Table.

What Love Is.

Miss Sophie Loury employs an exceedingly communicative old colored man to attend to odd jobs about her studio now and then, and his sayings have become proverbial among Miss Loury's familiars. He came to work one day not long ago very full of the goings on of a young man he knew, who was in love.

"But what is love, uncle?" asked Miss Loury.

Uncle wagged his head wisely.

"Miss Sophie," he said solemnly, "love is dizziness, unizziness and inattention to business."

And really I don't know of any definition more concise, complete and altogether adequate than that.—Washington Post.

Study It Out.

Here is a highly interesting paradox, which may amuse or bewilder, as the case may be. It is supposed to have been invented by Socrates: A. says that all Athenians are liars. A. is an Athenian and therefore a liar. Therefore his statement that all Athenians are liars is not true, and consequently all Athenians tell the truth. A. is an Athenian, and hence tells the truth. Wherefore his statement that all Athenians are liars is true. Therefore he is a liar and his statement false, and so on.

Didn't Like Medicine.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, was intended at first for a doctor, and at the age of 16 he had to don a druggist's apron. His ambition carried him a little beyond that, and he decided to become a doctor and read up for examination at Christiania. In the course of his study he was reading Sallust, and the character of Catiline so took his fancy that he wrote a little play introducing him. This was Ibsen's first dramatic work.

Pianos by mail.

A novel and original offer of a New Orleans piano house.

The piano house of Philip Werlein, Ltd., of New Orleans, is making an offer that is attracting a great deal of attention. They offer to send you—if you live in Louisiana or Mississippi—a piano on approval. If you like it—you keep it; if not, they take it back again and

pay the freight.

They are agents for ten of the best pianos made—besides all the best organs. Send for their catalogue and price lists and ask about their easy terms of payment.

We are buying old pianos.

You may have a piano that has outlived its usefulness. Write and tell us the make and number, and we will make you a cash trade offer—allowing you more money in trade for a beautiful new instrument than you will say your piano is worth. Think it over and write us about it.

PH. WERLEIN, Ltd.,
CANAL STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.

Climatic pianos.

There is only one make of piano that is built especially for a damp climate. That is the famous Mathushek. Climate has no effect on its strong, sweet tones.

AN ORDINANCE.

By Mr. Crump:

To the Honorable Police Jury of Natchitoches Parish, La.:

We the undersigned voters and taxpayers residing in School District No. 1 Ward 5, Natchitoches parish, do respectfully ask that an election be held in said school district for the purpose of voting for or against the levying a special school tax of five (5) mills on the dollar in our school district. Said election to be held at the earliest day.

(Signed) T J Jackson, I D Rains, F W E Truly, W J Davis, J K P Woods G W Small, J T Rains, L E Prothro, G W B Berry, G A Youngblood, T J Porter, A B Hick, W C Gillespie, O N Hanner, G L Glass, I Rodgers, G I Darder, F P Matthews, H F Waglep, B J Smith, A A Whitlock, Jr, A J Fox, A A Whitlock, Pattison Bros, W B Pattison, C O Jackson, C P Brasher, L F Bates, J C Parrott, W D Dixon, J N Lee, A L Rew, T J Rains, Sr., A J Carter, B T Locket, W F Locket.

Be it resolved by the Police Jury of the Parish of Natchitoches,

That in accordance with the petition of the taxpayers of School District No. 1 Ward 5 Parish of Natchitoches, herein made part of this ordinance, the same having been signed by more than one-third of the taxpayers of the said School District a special election is hereby called for the purpose of submitting to the property taxpayers of School District No. 1 Ward 5, Parish of Natchitoches, to be held on the 12th day of June, 1899, at the polling places at which the last preceding general election was held. The same to be conducted under the general election laws of the State for the purpose of submitting to the said property taxpayers of School District No. 1, Ward 5, entitled to vote at such election as to whether or not a special tax of five mills on the dollar in excess of the ordinary tax now levied shall be levied on all the taxable property assessed in said School District, Ward 5, for a period of ten years for the purpose of maintaining and supporting a white public school at the town of Marthaville.

Be it further resolved, That said election shall be held under the general election laws of the State as provided by Act No. 131 of 1898, and that all taxpayers entitled to vote under the laws of this State shall be allowed to vote thereat and all necessary books and papers shall be provided as required by law. The form of ballot shall be: "In favor of said tax" or "Against said tax." And that the result of said election shall be duly promulgated according to law.

Be it further resolved, That all expenses of said election shall be borne by the said School District No. 1 of Ward 5.

apr 13

Partition Sale

Succession of J. H. Flournoy vs. Mrs. M. L. Rutland.

10th District Court, Parish of Natchitoches, La.—No. 12278.

By virtue of judgment rendered and order issued in the above entitled and numbered cause and to me directed, I will offer for sale at the principal front door of the courthouse, in the city and Parish of Natchitoches, La., on

SATURDAY, May 6th, 1899,

within the legal hours of sale, the following described property situated in the parish of Natchitoches, to-wit:

The east half of section 37, lying south of Three League Bayou, containing 280 acres; also lots, one, two, three, four, and eight, (1, 2, 3, 4, & 8) of section forty-eight, all in township ten, range 8, west, containing 404 12-100 acres.

Terms of Sale—Cash, without appraisement in order to effect a partition.

J. W. FREEMAN,
March 30. Sheriff.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

PLANTATION CHILL CURE is Guaranteed.

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.