THE NATCHITOCHES ENTERPRISE.

Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher 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.

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THE FORECAST

Though the hopes and the dreams that I cherished in blindness
You have striven to slay in me, cruel in kindness,
To leave not a dream, not a hope, I can cling to,
You are mine still to pray for, to long for, to sing to.

I shall love the few years out with hope undiminished,
For death's not the end, and the tale is not finished;
I shall take the old thread up, relight the old ember,
And if you have forgotten me I shall remember.

Reject me while living, forget me when dying—
Perhaps the next chance will be more worth the trying.
What's amiss in my love will have time to be mended,
For I shall not give up till eternity's ended.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

TRIED TO ESCAPE.

She stood leaning against the deck railing of the steamer Priscilla. For some moments she had been listlessly watching the last of the baggage bundled on to the boat by the burly freight handlers, and now she gave a little sigh of intermixed relief and suppressed excitement as the big hawsers that held the boat to the wharf were loosened and flung into the water. She waited until the men drew in the wet rope; then she turned to the scenes about her. What a labyrinth they seemed to be passing through! Tugs, pilotboats, ferries, all seemed to be crossing and recrossing in a most reckless manner as the Priscilla plowed along independently, as if the whole river were clear of obstructions.

The sun was just setting, and New York's tall buildings shot skyward, black against the pink glow. There were familiar domes and spires, but she turned hastily from them and cast a glance at Liberty, silent and impassive with her upstretched arm.

A slight frown rose to her face as she recalled that day they had landed there from the yacht, and she bit her lips in vexation at the reflection. "At any rate, it is all right now," she said to herself, while a peculiar light stole into her eyes. "This is the end of it all. I couldn't do better than to go at once and not let him know where. It will save all fruitless discussion. And—and I hate a scene."

She stared steadily at the buildings on Blackwell's island. They were very misty and indistinct, and she passed her hand rapidly over her eyes.

The deck was filling with passengers, and she moved to a more retired spot, where she sat back and watched the shore grow dark and the lights come out one by one. She pushed up the veil she had worn and looked about her. It was a curious crowd, it seemed to her. She had never traveled this way before. What a mixture of refinement and vulgarity! There were a man and a woman eating out of some brown paper bags, and just beyond them a man and wife apparently of her own set.

Well, she could go to her stateroom early and so be by herself. She would go down to dinner now. Alone? It gave her a peculiar sensation to think of it. Well, it was part of the penalty of running away, as it were.

She rose to go.

"Am I just in time to take you down?" a familiar voice said close beside her.

Her hand grasped the back of the camp chair. The motion, together with a swaying of the boat, made her stagger for a moment, but a strong hand held her firmly. "I shall be very glad if you will go down with me," he repeated.

She sat down again suddenly. "Did you get my note?" she demanded.

"Of course," drawing a chair and speaking in a low voice as he readjusted the wrap that had slipped from her shoulders. "But you didn't suppose I would obey, did you?" He smiled as he spoke.

"It was horrid of you," she replied, giving her shoulders a shrug so that the wrap loosened again and fell to the deck, where it lay unheeded, "perfectly horrid."

He made no reply to the charge.

"You knew we couldn't keep on this way," she continued in a grieved voice. "It was misunderstanding, misunderstanding all the time, and of course that wasn't—wasn't love." She hesitated and glanced quickly at the figure beside her. His eyes were on the passing landscape.

"And I didn't want any scene. It's horrid and common to make a scene." She swallowed hastily. "And so I wrote the note and ended it all, and just came away, so as to get rid of all this. And now you've followed me." She spoke indignantly and beat a tattoo on the deck with her foot.

He looked at her gravely for an instant, then turned again to the darkness outside. "I don't think you can realize what it is," he said, his eyes on a distant revolving beacon, "to ask a man to give up what is more than life to him."

The light from the powerful lens blazed full upon them, rested for a moment, and then left them in darkness once more.

"I couldn't give you up that way," he went on, his hand impulsively stealing out and taking hers. "For if I did it would be for all time, and so I was bound to make one more fight. When I found that you were gone I just risked the chance of it being this way, because you had always insisted on never going by this line, and so, being a woman, I thought you'd take it now."

The hand in his made a feeble attempt to withdraw, but he held it close.

"It wasn't nice of you," she said suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, "because I'm alone, you know, and if any one we know should see us together"—

The darkness covered his smile. "Nice women can travel alone," he replied, "but then, I thought that perhaps we might turn this into sort of an antewedding journey, you know. We can get off at Newport—the boat touches at 4—and be married early and then keep on to the mountains. In fact, I wired to your aunt to meet us—and Bennett too."

There was a moment's pause.

"I thought this looked like you," a woman's gay voice broke in. "Dear me, how nice and secluded you are. I've been trying to convince Richard that it was you." She turned and beckoned to her husband on the other side of the deck.

"Awfully jolly to find you two, don't you know," Mr. Clifford rejoined as he drew up a seat for his wife and handed Miss Wentworth her fallen wrap. "The Browns are back there and the Folsomes in the saloon. Lots of people we know."

"Your vacation, Elton?"

Mrs. Clifford's next question precluded an answer. "Your aunt is inside, I suppose?" she queried. "It is damp out here, and I suppose she likes to prove a lenient chaperon." She smiled teasingly.

Miss Wentworth's face flamed a vivid scarlet, and she half turned to her lover.

"Yes," he responded quickly for her. "We—that is in fact, Mrs. Ashley is not with us."

His eyes dropped, and a peculiar smile played about the corners of his mouth. Miss Wentworth moved uneasily and gave a little gasp under cover of the darkness.

Mrs. Clifford broke into a sharp little laugh. "Of course," she said. "How lovely, and how dreadfully stupid of me not to think! It is your wedding journey, and you didn't want any of us to know."

"Yes," replied Elton, with a suppressed thrill in his voice as he boldly took again the white hand that he had dropped in confusion. "Only if you'd as lief not say anything about it. We didn't mean any one to know of it yet."

"It was unexpected and rather unconventional," said her aunt as she kissed the bride the next morning. "But, then, young people are strange creatures sometimes when they're in love, and I must say you two do seem to be dreadfully so. You've really been engaged a long time and not a single quarrel!"

She smiled approvingly at her new nephew.

"It was perfectly lovely," the bride said impulsively. "Ever so much better than if we had planned"— She stopped, bit her lip and glanced hastily at the others.

Bennett was handing her aunt into her carriage and appeared not to hear. She settled back into the seclusion of her own carriage.

"I think so, too," her husband replied as he bent and kissed her.—Springfield Republican.

The Spanish War in The Century Magazine.

THE CENTURY is making a wonderful success of its great series of articles on the Spanish War by the men who fought it. Captain Sigsbee has told the story of the *Maine*; Lieutenant Hobson has given his graphic narrative of the sinking of the *Merrimac*; General Shafter has described the Santiago campaign. In March General Greene begins his description of the Manila campaign; and in April is

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE Of the Capture of Cervera.

THE MAY CENTURY contains one of the most remarkable features ever printed in an American magazine,—nothing less than

The Santiago Naval Battle Described by the Commanders.

Iowa, by Capt. R. D. Evans,
Indiana, by Capt. H. C. Taylor,
Texas, by Commodore J. W. Philip,
Brooklyn, by Capt. F. A. Cook,
Gloucester, by Lt.-Com. Wainwright,
New York, by Capt. F. E. Chadwick,
Oregon, by Lieut. E. W. Eberle (in command of the forward turret).

EACH man tells the story of his own and of his ship's experiences in the fight,—all with novel illustrations taken from the decks of *each* of the above vessels during the action.

BESIDES the War Articles, THE CENTURY has an unprecedented list of general attractions, including a new life of Alexander the Great, superbly illustrated; Marion Crawford's historical romance of the Second Crusade; Paul Leicester Ford's articles on Benjamin Franklin; capital short stories; etc.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS may begin at any time (price $4.00). The magazines are always for sale on the news-stands by the first day of the month, price 35 cents.

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DR. GRADY'S CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package. For sale by Janin & Suddath, Druggists.

Age of the Deer.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse.

Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man.

Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer.

Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer to a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain Macdonald of Tulloch, who died in 17[illegible], aged 68 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 60 years before him. So in 1826 Macdonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen MacIan Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But the general opinion among experts would seem to be that 30 years or thereabout is the limit of a deer's life.

Won Her a Diadem.

How did the French come into Sicily? A woman did it. At a festive entertainment held at a French court Beatrice, countess of Savoy and wife of Charles of Anjou, the brother of Louis IX of France, was removed from the superior range of seats occupied by her two younger sisters, the queen of France and the queen of England. Mortified by the humiliation, she returned to her apartments and burst into tears.

Upon learning the cause of her chagrin and her saying that she would be able to give up her life to confine her tresses for one hour beneath a diadem Charles embraced her affectionately and said, "Set your heart at rest, countess, for before long I will make you a greater queen than either of your sisters."

So he promised her. He defeated Manfred, the last of the Norman kings, and caused Conradino, the great-grandson of the Emperor Frederick, to be mercilessly slain, he himself and Beatrice witnessing the scene. Upon the death of his brother Charles became king of Naples, thus fulfilling the cherished desire of his wife for a diadem.

Blooms but to Die.

The taliput palm (Corypha umbraculifera) of Celyon, whose leaves are put to such numerous uses by the Cingalese, bears fruit but once during its life. This elegant tree measures about 10 feet round the trunk and attains a height of about 180 feet. The flowers, the apearance of which presages death to the tree, are inclosed in a tall spathe which bursts with a loud report, disclosing a huge plume of beautiful blossom. The inflorescence is succeeded by equally conspicuous bunches of fruit. When these have ripened, the tree withers rapidly and in the course of a fortnight may be seen prostrate and decaying on the spot it adorned.

Anchored.

"Up in my den," said a New Orleans bachelor, who lives in a couple of quaintly furnished rooms in a business block down town, "between the fireplace and the first bookcase on the left you will find two large slippers nailed to the wall, some four feet above the wainscoting. The heels of the slippers are quite close together, the toes spread slightly outward, and being made of brightly flowered drugget they look not unlike two enormous particolored beetles, clinging to the wall with folded wings. They are not, however, intended as ornaments, but have a very homely and practical purpose.

"When I retreat to my den at night, take down the book that suits my mood, get into a comfortable, ragged old jacket, turn the lamp just right and light my pipe—when I have performed these preliminary ceremonies, I place a chair directly in front of the slippers, insert my feet in their depths and lean back with the blissful consciousness that I can't possibly tip over and break my neck. I am anchored, so to speak, to the wall, and the light is so arranged as to make the position the best possible one for reading. My friends claim that the habit is pulling out my legs to an abnormal length, but I don't let that worry me. I'm thinking of having the scheme copyrighted." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Our One Good Point.

The English woman was arraigning America and everything American and to an American. "Your bed springs are uncomfortable," she said, "I never slept in a comfortable bed the whole time I was in the States. And your breakfasts—such great, overfed meals as they are! I don't see how you live, breakfasting as you do. As for your American voices, well, they go without saying, or rather they won't go with saying, but so many more eloquent than I have so often scored you upon that point I won't pretend to compete. Of all the many dreadful things about America, though, there's nothing so bad as your voices."

"Can't you think of something good about us?" came in a still, small voice from the American. "Haven't we a single redeeming quality?"

The English woman thought a bit. "Well, yes, you have one," she said in the tone of one who is making a great concession, "and that is your little elastic bands. They are so convenient, and they seem to be so plentiful. I never saw so many in all my life as I did in the States. I must confess that to my mind very many of your worst traits are more than made up for by your little elastic bands."—New York Sun.

Effective.

Askins—What kind of alarm clock have you?

Cynic—My wife's elbow.—Tacoma Ledger.

Too Big a Fraction.

Edna—I believe that that young Mr. Jimson is half witted.

Marie—As much as that?—Chicago Record.

Order of Acquisition.

"Pa, what's a casus belli?"

"It's the thing a nation gets next after a navy, my son."—Town Topics.

Grewsome.

"They exhumed the wrong body."

"What a grave mistake!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE PROFESSOR'S BABY.

Medical Students Provided a Surprising Array of Presents For It.

"When I was a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania," said the doctor, "the boys celebrated an interesting event in the domestic life of one of the professors in a unique way. The news that the favorite professor was a happy father reached the students on Thursday morning, and that afternoon and evening there were consultations held all over the university buildings, and sundry dimes and quarters were collected by two or three of the students, who constituted a sort of finance committee. Every Friday morning the professor gave a lecture to the students in the amphitheater. The subject for the lecture that week was 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain,' and half an hour before the time set for the lecture every man in the class, which numbered about 350, was in his place waiting for the fun to begin and glancing now and then toward the three long operating tables in the center of the room.

"Promptly at 10 o'clock the door opened and the favorite professor entered the amphitheater. He carefully closed the door behind him, then with a self conscious clearing of his throat turned toward the class. At the first glance his jaw fell, while every one of the 350 fiends in the seats above began to yell at the top of his lungs. Spread out upon the three long operating tables were about 150 baby's toys and furnishings of every kind and description. There were rattles by the dozen, Noah's arks, dolls of all sizes, a toy cooking stove, a baby carriage, an embroidered flannel petticoat, a nursing bottle lying in a graduated glass, a pair of little blue kid shoes and other things too numerous to mention. After the first shock of surprise and embarrassment, the professor was game. He thanked us, in a speech peppered with five syllabled words, for our thoughtfulness in thus providing for the future needs of his offspring, but he observed, after a careful examination of the various instruments of infantile delight spread out before him, that we had forgotten one thing, a bottle of paregoric. Then he yawned in a way suggestive of midnight vigils and turned his attention to 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain.'

"But he was not allowed to proceed beyond the first sentence or two. His attention was drawn to the blackboard, where some student of artistic tendencies had drawn an elaborately decorated design in red, white and blue chalk, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' The poor professor, seeing that there was no possibility of a serious lecture that morning, entertained us for about ten minutes on the text posted on the blackboard; then, after inviting us all to visit the newcomer in the immediate future, he marched off to the music of 350 voices singing, 'Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny' and 'Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bowwow.'"—New York Sun.

A SCENE OF BUTCHERY.

The Slaughter That Came With the End of the Janizaries.

On the 15th day of June, 1826, the whole corps of the janizaries in the capital assembled, overturned their camp kettles (the signal of revolt) and advanced upon the seraglio. With his own hand the sultan unfurled the sacred "sanjak sherif" and called upon the true believers to rally round their dischah and caliph, and the zealous Mussulman citizens rushed from all quarters and rallied under the sacred symbol. The ranks of the janizaries were raked with grape and solid shot by "Black Hell" (a nickname for Ibrahim, general of artillery) and his gunners as they pressed through the streets, compelling them to fall back to the Etmeidan, where they defended themselves with extraordinary fierceness, slaying great numbers of their assailants. The artillery, supported by the marines and the bostangi, pressed forward and compelled them to retreat to their barracks, where they offered desperate resistance to the assault.

From every street cannon thundered on the walls without intermission, the building was soon in flames, the walls torn and battered down by grapeshot, and the janizaries, overwhelmed by ruins, shot and flames, perished in their burning and blood stained barracks. For two days the gates of the city remained closed, and with relentless vigor every corner was searched for such janizaries as had escaped the general massacre, and when found they were hastily executed. Nearly 20,000 janizaries were destroyed on this memorable day, and many thousands were afterward put to death in the various cities of the empire, and thus not one of the number under arms was left to tell the tale.—Self Culture.

Accounted For the Fit.

Hon. George R. Peck so keenly appreciates a good joke that he tells the following on himself:

"When, after a foreign trip, I was being welcomed by some of my friends in Topeka, I wore a suit of clothes made by a London tailor that was uncomfortably tight in places. I expressed my surprise that a loose fit in London should prove a tight fit in Topeka, whereupon an Irishman of the party exclaimed:

"'Mr. Peck, don't forget you're a bigger man in Topayka than you were in London.'"—Chicago Journal.

Untimely Nap.

"What time did the hotel catch fire?"

"Midnight."

"Everybody get out safely?"

"All except the night watchman. We couldn't wake him up in time."—Boston Traveler.

The Danger of It.

The man with too many irons in the fire is sure to take one by the hot end. —Dallas News.

An easy way to get a piano.

WE have 34 bright, new Pianos—perfect in tone, action and finish—all built within the last year, any of which we offer you as stated below. The pianos are of such standard makes as

Mathushek,
Kimball,
Pease,
Chickering,
Royal,

—all reliable pianos, guaranteed in every particular.

The proposition is this:

We will ship you your choice of any of the named pianos, **prepaying the freight** to any point in Louisiana and Mississippi, charging you our **lowest spot cash price**, and allow you to pay for it next fall, after your crops are made. This gives you a piano **now** and the use of it all summer without a cent's outlay.

Write To-Day!

The number of instruments are limited, and this offer is for this over stock of pianos only.

If you have an old piano, we will take it as a cash payment, allowing you the best possible price.

Ph. Werlein, Ltd.,

"Everything in music."
Largest and Oldest Piano House in the South.

614-616 Canal St.,
New Orleans.

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 your honorable body to order an election [illegible] 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 Truit, W J Davis, J K P Woods, G W Small, J T Rains, L E Prothro, G W H Berry, G A Youngblood, T J Porter, A B Hick, W C Gillespie, O N Hamner, 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 Bailes, J C Parrott, W D Dixon, J N Lee, A L Rew, T J Rains, Sr., A J Carley, 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, Sheriff.

March 30.

CASTORIA.

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