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Strictly Democratic; Always Consistent.

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CASTORIA

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Jan 17

OLD ASSOCIATES.

I used to recall every night as I'd rest of many companions the ones I loved best—Old Smedley the Sailor, Aladdin, whose lamp brought fortune, and Bluebeard, the terrible enemy. They never deceived me or offered me harm. But gladdened by dreams with a fanciful charm. There's a loss for which facts cannot offer amends. Since I had a farewell to my fairy book friends.

They were idle and thoughtless, but better, perhaps, than some of these bustling and plausible chaps who offer me stocks or a tip on the race. Or tell me that they'll do it elected to place.

"It's indeed a sad day when a youngster breaks loose."

From Jack and the Beanstalk and kind Mother Goose.

The enchantment is over and the curtain descends when you bid a farewell to your fairy book friends.

—Washington Star.

THE LIEUTENANT'S YARN

A Charm That Saved a Soldier's Life in the Zulu War.

BY JOHN STOCKHOLM.

"Now, then, Casemate, let's hear from you," said the major.

The gunnery lieutenant—Gunnery Jack he was called—nodded himself with a start. "I beg your pardon, chaps," he said. "I can think of nothing but that broken recoil spring of my 4.7. It's hard lines to be hung up like this just when you're wanted."

"Never mind, old man," said the adjutant. "You've made a bit if she never fires another shot. Your men's shooting has been an eye opener."

"My old gunner's mate said when I complimented him on a good shot, 'Well, sir, with a fixed target and us at anchor, too, when once we set the range something's got to shift.' If we'd had a few big guns in the Zulu turnout, we should have finished that job a bit quicker."

"Were you in that swim, too?" said the major.

"Yes," said the lieutenant; "I was a young sub then—one of old Dicky Bradshaw's boys from the Shah. South Africa runs in our family. My old dad was out here, too, in the Kaffir affair."

"I got that from him," he added, producing from his tobacco pouch a rather dirty looking object like a small eyebolt or a clock key with a hole in it. It was extremely heavy and hard and as far as could be discovered through its outer coating of tobacco ash and dust was of some metallic stone.

"What is it," said the war correspondent, "a hazy stopper?"

"That's what I use it for," said the lieutenant, "but by rights it's a charm for saving life."

"I know a man myself," said the major, "who carries a potato in his pocket to keep off the rheumatism."

"This might save you from hanging," said the adjutant, "but it wouldn't help you much if you were drowning. It's extraordinarily heavy for its size."

"It saved my life once," said the lieutenant quietly.

"A yarn, a yarn!" said the major. "Order, please, for the yarn of the mystic charm that keeps you from harm and alarm. Pegs round first. Now, then, Gunnery John, unfold your curly tale."

"I must begin with the dad," said Casemate. "He was out in the Kaffir affair, as I said, in 1852. He was in command of the old Forty-fourth."

"Bogad! I thought you'd got an army back on you," said the major. "Why did you leave us, Jeremiah?"

"You've heard of an old chief named Moshesh?" resumed Casemate.

"Yes, but he was farther north, wasn't he?" said the major. "You mean Moses?"

"This was a descendant of his, I expect. He was boss of the show among the niggers here in the early days. He was the original early bird about these parts. Well, a descendant of this old Johnny was captured by the Forty-fourth, and, owing to some bit of dirty work he'd been mixed up with, our men wanted to chop him up."

"But the gov'nor said, 'No, discipline is discipline and a chief's a chief, although, like the poor Indian of un-tutored mind, he clothes him before and goes bare behind.' He gave him a tent to himself and a Bible to read and used to explain it to him in the evenings after fighting hours."

"Curious chap the gov'nor was. I've heard him say that some of the chief's questions used to keep him awake all night trying to think of the answers."

"However, they got so thick that, when they parted, the chief, who was going down to the Cape for trial, gave him this bit of stuff. He said it was the most precious thing he could give him. It had belonged to Moshesh and had been kept in the chief's family since the time of Ham, I think. It was a safe cure for ague and would guard the wearer against any form of violent death."

"The gov'nor said that as the result of the trial was so uncertain the chief had better keep it himself. But the old man said he would rather die than anything should happen to the gov'nor and forced it on him."

"Rummy chaps, these niggers," said the adjutant, "where they take. You can fetch 'em with music too. A fiddler can lead 'em anywhere, they say."

"Yes, they'll follow him—with bricks," said the lieutenant. "I was in camp once on the west coast that carried a band, and the seedee boys asked that all the instruments might be stopped except the drum. A taste for music is natural to them, like curly hair."

"However, to get back to the charm. The poor old mater, who firmly believes in the thing, made me promise to carry it. So I've kept it in the pouch and used it as a pipe stopper ever since."

"You remember how the Shah got into the Zulu scramble, of course. We'd done four years on the Pacific and were homeward bound, with pleasure at the helm, when the news was brought up at St. Helena by the news of Sandhwaan. Old Dicky Bradshaw brought us back here on his own, and three weeks later we were lauded and working our way up to Delagoa."

"There's been some talk lately about 'first class fighting men.' We've tackled several sorts of them by our time, but for sheer pluck the Zulu was second to none, in my opinion. Some of them would actually throw themselves on our bayonets so that others could get through. If that isn't the real thing, I should like to know what is. But they don't smell nice in a scuffle."

"We used to try a few navy dodges on them when we were in danger. We pretended to abandon a gun once and when they gathered round, looking down the muzzle, let 'em go with a long bayard. The tricks didn't always come off, though. Our Gunnery Jack planned a grand coup once—he's a captain now, lucky fella."

"How was it you never got shoved up over it, old man?" said the major.

"Do you get shoved up in the army for doing your bit without shouting?" said Casemate. "My gunner won't let me go up. If he knows a Johnny who could give me a shove, he'll ask him as a favor not to do it, because it might smell unfair. But I'm satisfied. A man that likes his mates is better off in a war-room than perked up in a captain's cabin, alone with his nobility. I don't want the money. I like my job, and when I'm tired of it I'll go ashore and catch butterflies."

"However, to get back to Gunnery Jack's coup. We used to be worried a good deal by night attacks. The beggars used to try to rush us on dark nights, and even single fellows sneaked their way into the camp sometimes. 'Jack laid out some mines at one place we pitched at to welcome them with. One middle watch the word was passed that they were coming, and we all turned out to receive them."

"There was some talk of scrub a little distance off which had led Jack to expect attack from that side and to lay the mines there accordingly. We could see dark forms moving about in the scrub and edging toward us, though rather slowly, and after a rather tiresome wait Jack at length shouted, 'Heave her!' and touched the key."

"The whole earth seemed to rise up in front of us, and then a shower of earth and stones fell all around. A thing that rather surprised Jack was the hind leg of a mule which came flying through the air and bowled him over like a rabbit. He said it was the first time he had ever been kicked by a leg with no mule on it."

"In the morning we found the remains of no less than six of the enemy mules scattered about. They had got out somehow through a soft place in the larger and nibbled their way round to the scrub. Jack didn't do any more nuzzing."

"That reminds me," said the major, "of the mining battalion at Chatham. They blew up a bridge they'd crossed a trench by and couldn't get back again."

"But what about Moses' charm?" said the correspondent. "Where does that come in?"

"That was another affair," said Casemate more gravely. "I'd almost forgotten. We used to get single niggers in at night, as I said, in spite of the sharpest lookout. You can't see a black man far in the dark, you know. One night I woke and saw a big fellow trying to unhook my gun from the tent pole. He was a gigantic chap, and, standing between me and the tent door, he loomed like a house. I felt cautiously for my revolver, but he either saw me or heard me, for his arm went up, and just for a moment his assagai stood across the light like a window bar, and then it came straight at me."

"But the good old charm checked it in midair," said the major.

"Not quite in midair," said the lieutenant. "I felt a bang that I thought had staved my chest in, and then he got hold of the revolver and let him have a Mark II just as our fellows ran in. The spear had hit the hazy pouch in my breast pocket—of course I was lying down all rigged—and it was brought up against the stopper. It's pretty hard, but he made a bit of a mark on it, you see. The mater's got the assagai at home now with the point turned up like a bent pin."

"The drawback to your charm is that it only acts when it's in the line of fire," said the major. "Still it was a left off, old man, and I congratulate you and ourselves, too, that you're here to spin the yarn."

"And so say all of us!" sang the others.—Navy and Army Illustrated.

A Child's Essay on Seals. After giving the natural history of the animals, a little girl drew her moral. "It is very cruel," said she, "to kill seals just because we want to wear their skins ourselves, but it is rather fortunate for them, as it shows that they were created for some good purpose."

Taught to trace "good in everything," the puzzled child had done her best to explain the slaughter of vast colonies of harmless animals for the sake of the skins which had been given them by a loving Creator and had come to the conclusion that it was for the seal's good that, instead of, as she said in her essay, "wallowing about on the ice," they should be skinned for the benefit of man.

On cross examination it proved that she did not really believe that it did the seals any good and that all her sympathy was with them, but her education had already taught her to try to persuade herself that "everything is for the best" and to understand that if our reason cannot reconcile facts with theories it is our reason that is at fault.—Contemporary Review.

THE STOPPING PLACE.

When the Citizen Got to It, He Stopped Real Hard.

There is a wealthy but very hard headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself.

"If there's anything on earth grinds me, it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd far rather plunge into a hot bath. One of these here steel pen coats makes me want to go out and hide in the barf, and a spinning wheel puts me into a groove for a week after I've worn it."

"But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when you're in up hill work, stump, hustle and save, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the longer they show the better. Things would come my way in time and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just arranged at carriage, horse, a coachman, a set of servants, a smoking room, the house, reception, a theater party and all that sort of thing."

"But when they come in a genuine butler on me, I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mile of good. They talked me clean off my feet, and the butler came. I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff backed, high headed, lookin' supercilious and never smilin' less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sittin' in the library I heard him tell one of the maids he was goin' to resign."

"What for?" she asked. "The last lady called took me for the barbarian—that's me."

"For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bills for six weeks in the hospital and his wages too. We keep no luntier."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Absence Explained.

The Toucan—And where is your wife now?

The Parrot—Oh, she's trimming a hat for some society woman.—Types.

But She Had It.

"Do you know, madam," said the old chiropodist, "that these excessively high heeled shoes which throw so much weight on the toes originated in desert countries from people trying to keep their feet up out of the hot sands?"

"I am not surprised to hear it," responded the brisk young woman with the corset. "It takes a lot of sand to wear them in this country."—Chicago Tribune.



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Took the Prescription.

Poor Patient (after an examination)—Doctor, is there much the matter with me?

Doctor—Nothing but the effects of care and worry. You must reduce your expenses so as to live within your income.

Patent—I'll begin now. Here's 10 cents. Good day.—New York Weekly.

At the Boarding House Table.

"Some of that Brazilian infected coffee, isn't it, Mrs. Hasbem?"

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Chuekles?"

"I mean it's so wet."

"Yes, I'm sure they must have turned the doctor's hose on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Due to Ignorance.

"Uncle Rastus, they are discussing the question in the east whether it is good form for a preacher to wear colored shirts. What do you think of it?"

"It's all right, chile, ef de preacher's culled."—Chicago Tribune.

A Transferable Tale.

"And what did he say when he heard that story?"

"Oh, he laughed heartily."

"What, at himself?"

"No. You see I put you in his place."—Boston Courier.

Remarkable Girl.

"Adelaide has such a fine mind."

"She has?"

"Yes. She can keep up her interest in a man after she knows he's engaged."—Chicago Record.

A Substitute.

Little Madge—Have your folks a family tree?

Little Ralph—No; my pa uses a trunk strap.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Lung Development.

"Youse may t'ink dis is one of dem circus calliopes, but it ain't; it's er dear little 8-months-old goll baby."—New York Journal.

TROUBLE FOR PAW.

READS MAW A JOKE WHICH SHE FAILS TO COMPREHEND.

And the Head of the Household Gives Her a Very Unpleasant Example After Endeavoring to Draw a Diagram of the Jaw.

Paw was reading in a magazine that I Broke home from the drug store just after and pritty soon he commenced to laff.

"What's rong?" maw nat.

"This is one of the best jokes I ever seen," maw says. "I want you to read it to you. Who is the doctor? A Doctor not as bad as that of a Jew? Do you nat?"

"No, maw nat."

"Beow, maw nat, one of the best jokes and the most funny I ever seen."

"How do they do that?" maw nat.

"Beow, they make a mistake," maw nat.

"Which r'ases it?" maw nat.

"Both 'r'ases it," maw nat. "Didn't I just say it? That's why the mistake, doctor makes sin't as bad as the dentist's."

"Why not?" maw nat.

"The doctor only fills six feet," maw nat. "and the Dentist fills an alkier."

"I don't understand about the Feet," maw Told him. "Why does he fill six feet, and what Does he fill them with?"

Paw began to look kind of glassy out of his eyes, and he Red the joke again to Himself so he would be sure he Didn't make Enny mistake. Then he says:

"Why, you see if a Doctor would make a mistake it mite be fatle, and So he would fill six feet of ertl with a man, Beow the man would be About six Feet long, you no."

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GOVERNOR MCCORD

Recommends Pe-runa For Catarrh.



Gov. Myron H. McCord, the Governor of Ohio, in a letter to Dr. Hartman, from Washington, D. C., says: "Dear Sir—A lady suggested to me that I was advised to use Pe-runa for catarrh and after using one bottle I began to feel better in every way. It helped me in many respects. I was troubled with catarrh for many years, but as soon as I had taken your medicine I began to improve and soon got well. I take pleasure in recommending your great remedy to all who are afflicted with catarrh.—M. H. McCord.

The spring presents a much more favorable opportunity for the permanent cure of chronic catarrh, especially old, stubborn cases. Now is the time to begin treatment. Insist upon having Pe-runa. There are no successful substitutes for this remedy. Send to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free catarrh book.

SOMETHING NEW.

A Special Hint For the Writer of Dialect Stories.

"Anything new, Scratchard?" inquired the publisher as he toyed with his diamond studded seal.

"Yes," said the author eagerly as he drew a bulky wad of manuscript from a much soiled newspaper. "I've got an original story here that is simply great."

"What's great about it?"

"The dialect. It's Boer."

"The publisher slightly started. "That seems like a good thing," he said. "Let's hear a little of it."

The author mistook his lips, unfolded the manuscript and began:

"The bronzed young titlander paused beside the spruit, which was now little more than a dusty sluit. His had come through the krauts, and over the neck, and along the port, and past the kopje, and straight across the level veldt, and he was tired. Raising his bottle of dop to his lips, he was disappointed to find it was empty. He filled the flask at the fountain in the kloof, close to the drift, and, moistening a little bit of the spruit, he eagerly 'I wish I could see meenies,' he muttered, 'but I can't expect it until I reach the next kraal. Even then I doubt the wisdom of showing myself. I feel pretty sure that the krauts were put on my track as soon as the vooorpoor recognized me.'"

The great publisher waved his hand. "Splendid!" he cried. "That's just what we've been looking for. We'll have it on the book stands in ten days. Can you fill a sequel with some more of the same rot?"

And the happy author said he thought he could.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alan, Not Much!

Chief Census Taker Merriam complains that the applicants for positions as enumerators can't spell and can't do ordinary arithmetic. "Our public schools teach botany and psychology and sewing and molding," he says; "but apparently they do not teach simple arithmetic and spelling." Every business man who has occasion to hire high school graduates found that out long ago.—Boston Globe.

How much better are the average college graduates in spelling, arithmetic and bookkeeping?—Brooklyn Times.

Side Lights on History.

"Dinner is ready," the messenger said to him.

"Dinner be blowed!" exclaimed Benjamin Franklin—he used a stronger expression, but it has been thought best to soften the original word—as he feverishly watched his kite in the clouds and drew another spark from the wire.

"Dinner be blowed! I want to get this invention perfected before Nikola Tesla can come out with a claim that he discovered the principle before I did!"—Chicago Tribune.

Saving Her Sensibilities.

We both of us felt at once that she was a dangerous woman.

"See?" I exclaimed. "She is half shot."

"And half powder!" faltered Pietro, shuddering.

So we shrank away from the adventure and avoided her as much as was possible without being positively rude.—Detroit Journal.

Men.

The man who will do anything for his friends or anything at his enemies frequently becomes known outside of his own township.

A man who tries to win success in a hurry, intending to be worthy of it at leisure, generally forgets the latter part of the contract.

A man always feels foolish when he first takes off his hat to the girl he has known from childhood.

Men who let the gas burn just a little, in order to save matches, have been known to succeed as financiers.

We may think people who always agree with us are musty, but someone who keeps on liking them.—Chicago Times-Herald.