

ANCIENT HISTORY

Egypt Was in a Turbulent State a Few Years Before Christ.

BEAUTY, TURBULENCE, MISRULE

Cleopatra the Most Beautiful Woman in the World—Caesar Was Something of a Ruler and a Warrior, But Cleopatra Gave Him a Run for His Money—She and Caesar Ate From the Same Wad of Candy—Caesar Was Great in War and Once Decided to Whip the World.

Bilksville, N. C., March 27, 1911. Correspondence of The Caucasian-Enterprise.

The Egyptian Kingdom had long been divided by local divisions among the people and about forty years before Christ hit became greatly agitated by the turbulence an' misrule. Cleopatra, the beautiful queen, wuz in full charge, an' while she is said to hev been a smart woman, her reputation as a beauty probably caused her to forget the great responsibility resting upon her an' did not seem to understand that her country, naturally a rich one, wuz about bankrupt, both morally an' financially. But she wuz not the first nor the last woman who has spent too many hours before a lookin' glass an' in other vain an' useless ways when she orter hev bin mendin' socks or somethin' ov that sort. Some kings an' other rulers hev awlso bin down with the same disease. So far as I hev noticed, hit takes a remarkably gude man or woman to rule a great country an' keep hit from bustin' wide open. Cleopatra, with some ov her partisans, soon fled to Syria. There she raised some kind ov an armed force. Ptolemy had charge ov the Egyptian soldiers an' they were camped between Pelusium an' Mount Cassius in order to oppose Cleopatra should she attempt to return to the capitol ov Egypt. Caesar wuz actin' as guardian ov the children ov Ptolemy an' wuz invested with the supreme authority ov Rome. He commanded the under officials to lay before him a full statement ov the differences which continued to agitate the Egyptian people. He threatened to pass upon everythin' an' then counsel the people to abide by his decision. His power wuz too great to meet with much open or effective opposition from the men ov Egypt. But he must contend with Cleopatra an' her beauty! Advocates from each faction were chosen an' it wuz arranged that the matters in dispute be brought to an issue. Cleopatra, aware that her beauty might hev much effect upon Caesar, set out from Phoenicia an' wuz secretly conveyed to the Egyptian capitol. Her trip wuz so well planned an' wuz probably so unexpected that she wuz so unexpected that she wuz able to reach the presence ov King Caesar without any suspicions on his part. Her brother, Ptolemy, leader ov the army an' the right hand man about the palace, wuz frantic with rage when he found that Cleopatra had actually gained the presence ov Caesar so unexpectedly. Knowing that he had a smart woman to deal with in the person ov his sister, Cleopatra, Ptolemy quickly decided to compromise matters by proposin' that Caesar an' Cleopatra be considered joint rulers ov Egypt, which wuz proof that Ptolemy considered himself whipped. An' hit wuz practically certain that Cleopatra would be the whole business, for while Caesar wuz a mighty man as a leader ov men on the battlefield, he wuz likely to be a mere toy in the hands ov Cleopatra when they should undertake to jointly rule Egypt, for hit wuz more than probable that after the first week or so, when aul hands mite be on their dignity, Cleopatra an' Caesar would soon be chewin' the same wad ov chewin' gum like some ov the boys an' girls do nowadays when they git to makin' eyes at each other. The friends ov Ptolemy were very suspicious ov Cleopatra an' her charms, an' they awlso feared that she would hev the power ov Rome at her beck an' call. To be sure, that Rome hev nothin' to do with hit, except sit upon a sofa an' both nibble at the same candy gum drops. To add to the general disaster, Antony risked a naval battel near Actium an' his fleet wuz destroyed, and he fled to Alexandria. Cleopatra wuz awlmost heart-broken on account ov the defeat, an' blamin' herself for havin' given what proved to be bad advice, an' for havin' been in part the cause ov the fatal delay in that proper preparations had not been made for a war with a powerful foe. Cleopatra fled to a place of solitude near the tombs of her parents. Previous to this Octavianus had laid siege to Alexandria and had captured the city. Believin' a report that Cleopatra had ended her own life an' feeling that he would soon fall into the hands ov his enemy, Antony fell upon his own sword and died, though he lived a few days before the end came, an' wuz conveyed to the spot where Cleopatra wuz in hiding an' bade her affectionate good-bye.

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oppose Caesar and Cleopatra. But peace did not last long. Ptolemy wuz accidentally drowned while crossin' a branch ov the river Nile. After aul of the incidents related above Cleopatra stood a gude chance to come into full power as ruler ov Egypt. Caesar still acted as her partner. The youngest brother Cleopatra had wuz made ruler ov the island ov Cyprus when he wuz but eleven years ov age. Ov course that wuz a mere trick to fool the public. The boy wuz poisoned a short time later. His younger sister wuz sent to Rome, that she mite not acquire any partisans nor enemies in Egypt. Up to this time Caesar had continued to reside in Egypt with the professed intention ov settlin' the affairs ov the country upon a satisfactory basis. But hit soon became a notorious fact that a degradin' attachment for Cleopatra wuz the bond that held him so close in the Egyptian capital. He finally began to receive notes warnin' him that he had best change his style ov livin'. But Caesar wuz not built for runnin' and he didn't. By this time Syria started a war against Egypt an' the services ov Caesar became indispensable in Egypt. He led the troops in triumph after triumph and soon suppressed the revolt in Syria. Then the natives of Africa began to need attention an' Caesar and his seasoned troops soon put the finishin' touches upon the rebellious Africans. He defeated the armies ov Cato an' ov the king ov Numidia in the celebrated battle ov Thapsus. After this he proceeded to put down a rebellion in Spain which wuz said to have been promoted by Pompey. When these wars ended Caesar left Egypt and spent some time in Rome. But he couldn't forget Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian queen, and he finally began steps to remove certain obstacles which stood in the way ov makin' Cleopatra his wife. But in the year 44 B. C., Caesar wuz murdered by a band ov conspirators headed by Cassius an' Brutus. This act not only weakened Egypt, but awlso Rome, an' for some time Rome wuz adrift so far as a real government wuz concerned. Antony, Lepidus and Octavianus, three prominent Romans, formed a plan to avenge the death ov Caesar; but hit is generally thought that the three men each secretly aspired to the throne. This coalition finally went to pieces. A little later, when the battle ov Phillippi wuz fought, Antony made a hit as a military leader. At the first opportunity he went to Syria an' made the impression that he wuz the master ov Rome. When he reached Tarsus he officially notified Cleopatra that she must leave the throne ov Egypt an' appear in person before him. The beautiful queen probably had doubts about what wuz on foot. But she had not lost faith in her own personal charms an' she soon decided to obey what some mite hev regarded as a rude order to be directed to the queen ov an important country. Like aul women, Cleopatra had plenty ov curiosity, an' the fact that she gave any attention to the order wuz proof that she merely wished to get into what promised to be a great game ov some kind. Antony had stood by Caesar, and that fact awlso had a bearin' on her present course. The meetin' ov Cleopatra an' Antony wuz said to hev been somethin' to talk about. Costly presents were exchanged, presents that meant the value ov a small kingdom, an' there wuz great feasts and other ceremonies. But queenly power, great beauty and unlimited wealth did not gratify the vanity ov Cleopatra. Her sister, Arisnoe wuz loomin' up as a rival in beauty an' power, an' she secretly planned the death of her beautiful sister in order that Arisnoe should hev no opportunity to get ahead ov her in a race for the affections ov Antony. Like Caesar, Antony wuz lost amidst the fascinat' manners of Cleopatra. He soon divorced his wife Octavia, a most excellent woman, in order to form an alliance with Cleopatra. Havin' subdued his enemies in the east, he returned to Rome to oppose the then growin' power ov Octavianus, which hiz own misconduct had tended to enlarge. Had Antony proceeded to Rome without delay Octavianus mite hev been overthrown, but he listened too long to the subtle voice ov Cleopatra; in fact, the two did but little, except sit upon a sofa an' both nibble at the same candy gum drops. To add to the general disaster, Antony risked a naval battel near Actium an' his fleet wuz destroyed, and he fled to Alexandria. Cleopatra wuz awlmost heart-broken on account ov the defeat, an' blamin' herself for havin' given what proved to be bad advice, an' for havin' been in part the cause ov the fatal delay in that proper preparations had not been made for a war with a powerful foe. Cleopatra fled to a place of solitude near the tombs of her parents. Previous to this Octavianus had laid siege to Alexandria and had captured the city. 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No Color in the Dark. In the dark there is no such a thing as color. The redder dress is just the same color as a pure white table-cloth when both are placed in a dark closet. If you would understand this assume the presence of a light wave motion in the ether. The color of light depends upon the length of these waves. The light waves producing the colors in the blue end of the spectrum are very short compared with those that produce the colors near the red end. The light source that we know as red gives off only waves of a length to produce that particular color. A body appears red because its surface absorbs all the other waves and reflects the red waves back into the eye. If an attempt is made to light a blue body with red light it will fail, because the blue body is capable of reflecting only the short waves producing the blue, and since the red source produces none of these there will be no reflection and the body will appear black. A thing looks black when it is capable of absorbing all the colors at once.—St. Louis Republic.

Improving the Book of Job. I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the book of Job to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete and hence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation, "Then Satan answered the Lord and said, Doth Job fear God for naught?" Franklin makes this, "Does your majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when I first read that, I drew a deep breath of relief and said to myself, "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense."—Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy."
An Awful Experience. A native diver descended into the water to see whether one of the piers, then in course of construction, had set. While he was engaged in this work a great iron cylinder subsided a little, crushing his hand between it and the masonry. When, on a signal being given, another diver came down he found his unfortunate comrade imprisoned under water without hope of escape. After a few moments of mute despair and harrowing uncertainty a speechless decision was arrived at, and the newcomer proceeded with chisel and hammer to hack off his unhappy companion's hand at the wrist. The prisoner was thus liberated, but died soon after reaching the surface from the shock. Never, I think, has an opium eater in his dreams imagined a more pitiful spectacle of hopeless human suffering.—"Travels in India."
Justifiable Protest. "My wife is one of the unluckiest persons I know," began a Cedar avenue man, who tells long stories about his household affairs. "She sure is," agreed the victim of the conversation fervently. But his mild sarcasm was lost. "She was hit by a street car recently," pursued the narrator, "and got a broken arm. That's the fourth time in less than a year that something has happened to her. When they brought her to her senses this time I leaned over her sympathetically. 'Better, my dear?' says I. 'It ain't fair!' she yells. 'What ain't fair?' I asked gently. 'Why,' she groans, 'you're the one that carries all the accident insurance in this family, and I'm the one that always gets hurt. It ain't fair!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The Kangaroo's Kick. When a big "old man" kangaroo stiffens his tail and converts it into a sort of revolving pivot bearing the whole weight of his body, leaving his tremendously powerful legs free for attack and defense, everybody who does not want to be ripped up or thrown in a heap for a considerable distance will give the marsupial a wide berth. Only those who have seen the full grown kangaroo in his native Australian bush with his back to a tree, scattering dogs, bleeding and torn, right and left, can form any adequate idea of the prodigious strength the animal is capable of exerting when he finds himself in a tight corner.
The Old Man's Opinion. Mr. Scripps—I asked your daughter a very important question last night, and she referred me to you. Old Gentleman—H'm! What did you ask her? "I asked her if she'd marry me." "Well, she won't." "Eh? Has she said so?" "No, but from what I know of the girl I don't believe she would have bothered herself about me if she had really wanted you."—New York Weekly.
Tommy's Decision. Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you \$100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him? Tommy—No, sir, but I would pray for another like him.
Domestic Joys. "Do you and your wife play cards much?" "No, we have plenty of other things to quarrel over."—Detroit Free Press.
Not at All Hard. Borrowell—I tell you, it's hard to be poor. Hardup—Gee! I find it the easiest thing in the world.—Philadelphia Record.

Slave of the Russian Passport. A peasant leaves his home to seek for work as a field laborer wherever he can find work to do, and likewise Russian, male and female, he takes his passport with him, which is quite as much a part of him as his soul is. It is always a half yearly passport, which he must renew at the end of six months, sending it home in a registered letter to an official at his native place and inclosing the legal fee and something over for the trouble. The time of renewal draws near; the workman gets a demand for a new passport. Through official neglect or other reason the passport fails to come in time. The honest workman, who is earning his bread in the sweat of his brow and by the practice perhaps of exceptional sobriety is trying to earn a pittance for his family, is arrested suddenly and sent home; that is, he is flung into a forwarding prison, whence he emerges to join a convict party, which contain the cream of criminality, and is made to suffer torments before he gets home. When he arrives he gets his passport and is a free agent—once more a loyal subject.—E. B. Lakin.

Fixing Up the Horse. If you had a highly intelligent thoroughbred horse to which you were greatly attached, what would you do for him in order to bring him to the highest point of efficiency? Would you teach him, at great inconvenience and after many repetitions, to smoke from ten to fifteen cigars a day, and would you mix with his oats all the way from a pint to a quart of alcohol? Would you re-enforce this by overloading his stomach with highly spiced food and add all the narcotics that were in the market, such as tea, coffee, etc.? Would you keep him in a heated stable without any fresh air, make him sit up at all hours of the night and permit all the veterinarians in the neighborhood to hold consultations and operate upon him as often as they needed the money? And if you did all this, what sort of a race would you expect that horse to win?—Life.
Ancient Football. Philip Stubbes wrote in 1583 in his book on "The Anatomie of Abuses:" "For as concerning football I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sports of pastyme. For dooth not every one lye in wait for his Adverserie, seeking to throw him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out—fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murdering, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."
Relics of the Incas. The Inca period has left us remarkable traces, especially in the magnificent roads. Broad, beautiful turnpikes, now only partially preserved, run for a distance of over 2,000 miles from the coast to the plateau and the foot of the highest peaks. We marvel at the skill of the Inca engineers, especially in the magnificent stairways hewn in the rock, in the filling up of deep ravines, in the paving with ponderous flags. In several places have been found the remains of a former asphalt covering to these roads. At certain intervals are found the ruins of custom houses and laid out grounds and fortifications, of which the most interesting specimen is the fortress of Cuzco, built about the year 1000, and plundered and destroyed by Pizarro in 1543.—Century Path.
The Club. An exclusive dining society in London is the one bearing the arrogant title the Club, which since its foundation has been limited to thirty-five members. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Goldsmith were among the original members. Garrick and Boswell joined in 1773 and Gibbon and Fox in 1774. Of the eighteen premiers in the nineteenth century nine were members of the club, Fox, Liverpool, Canning, Russell, Aberdeen, Gladstone, Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour.—London Spectator.
The Orator's Fate. "Some orators," said Senator Sargent reflectively, "make me think of our parrot." "The one whose head you chopped off?" "Yes. He had to take all the blame for what somebody else insisted on his saying."—Washington Star.
Asking Too Much. "My dear," said Mr. Clarkson, "I don't want you to think I have any desire to criticise you for the way you manage, but really we must try to live within our income." "Within our income? Goodness! And be regarded by everybody in our set as eccentric?"—Judge.
Doubled Her Capacity. "Mrs. Garber fell downstairs and bit her tongue in two." "I feel sorry for her husband. She was a terror when she had only one tongue!"
Vice Versa. Teacher—I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa. Bright Boy—It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.
Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—Richter.

Year and Case. Frequently the inquiry is made as to why the spelling czar, to designate the emperor of all the Russias, should be preferred to czar. The most natural and obvious answer is that the spelling indicates the Russian pronunciation of the word, which czar does not. The title comes from an old Slavonic word, which some authorities are agreed is not derived from the Latin caesar, but there are authorities who hold that its ultimate derivation is from the Roman. The origin of the common spelling is supposed to be the writings of Herberstein, about 1550. The letter "cz" in Roman Slavonic has the sound of "ts." The letter was copied, but the sound was not. The letter "z" never belonged in the word. The spelling czar is now regarded by many as old fashioned. With some Germans the spelling is sar, which is pronounced tsar. Many of the French have adopted tsar as the spelling, and that form is increasing in English. The London Times, a most careful authority, employs it, and so does the Encyclopedia Britannica in its supplementary volumes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Green Constable. A new constable on duty in a provincial town handed to a sergeant a shilling which he said he had found. The man with the three stripes told him he was quite right in acting as he had done. Proceeding on his round, the sergeant met a brother sergeant and, with a grin, told him the tale of the shilling. They both agreed the new recruit was very green, and at the conclusion of their duties they went to the nearest inn, and the possessor of the coin called for two drinks. On receiving them he threw down the shilling to pay for them, but the landlord refused it, saying it was a bad one. The sergeant, notoriously mean, had to supply the requisite amount out of his own pocket and also to put up with the laugh against himself. On his telling the constable his find was a bad one the man answered: "Yes, of course it is. Do you think I would have been silly enough to give it to you if it hadn't been?"—Pearson's.
An Honor to Allison. "Do you know," inquired Wilbur Reaser, the New York portrait painter, "that when my painting of Senator Allison was hung in the lobby of the senate the precedent of forty years was broken?" Surprise being expressed, Mr. Reaser explained: "It is a fact that since the beginning of constitutional government the senate had bought only nine portraits for the lobby. The first was Washington's and the eighth was Charles Sumner's. For almost forty years nobody was considered worthy to follow in the distinguished line. It was generally thought that no other portrait would ever be added to the group, but when Senator Allison died, after serving longer in the senate than any other man in the history of the government, the rule was broken, and his picture became the ninth."—Washington Times.
German Bureaucracy. A good story is going the rounds of the French newspapers illustrating the beauties of bureaucratic government in Germany. We are told that in the postoffice department if a clerk wishes a new pencil he has to hand in the stump of the one that has become too short to work with. In the particular instance cited a clerk received his new pencil without returning the end. Before the omission was discovered the clerk was transferred to another office. Just after he had commenced his duties at his new post he received an official intimation that he had neglected to hand in his pencil end. By this time it had disappeared, but to prevent bother the clerk purchased a new pencil, cut off a piece about the length of the missing bit and dispatched it to the stationery department.
Criticising Dad. "An old man in Missouri tried to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bride," said Champ Clark. "His son cut him down just in time." "When the son cut him down and brought him to the old man complained feebly: " 'It ain't right, Henry; you've kept your old father out of heaven.' " "You'd cut a fine figure in heaven looking through a blind bride, wouldn't you?" retorted the son."
Deceitful Man. "Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with me today, Arthur?" "What girl, my dearest?" "Why, she was with me when you met us in front of the church." "Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you." And then she loved him all the more.
She Agreed. Spinks—What made him so mad? Winks—He told his wife she had no judgment, and she just looked him over critically from head to foot and said she was beginning to realize it.
Knows Better Now. Teacher—Tommy, you should have known better than to fight with that Williams boy. Tommy—I know, ma'am, but I thought I could lick him.—Heard and Home.
Gave Her Proof. "Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No, doubt of it, ma'am. I have heard the dead march."
It is a misfortune to have to maneuver one's heart as a general maneuvers his army.—Alexander Smith.

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