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BILKINS AT HOME.

Got a Prodigal Son Reception, Then Starts For the State Fair—Gives President Roosevelt the Promised Bear Hunt and a Few Pointers—More of the Fair Later.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 19th.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I writ part ov my letter Monday, but hed ter wate till to-day ter finish hit, an' am sendin' hit rite in frum the Fair Ground.

I got home Saturday and found Betsy hed cum up frum Fuquay ter resevee me. Hit wuz a happy meetin'. She hed sorter got reckonsiled bekase I wuz on duty fer the Government an' fer the benefit ov mankind in general, by request ov the President.

She didn't kill the fattest calf in the lot, but she fixed up so meny gude things an' wuz so coneckshunary that I felt a gude deal like the prodigal son. My! but Betsy wuz glad ter see me. If awl the married cupples air like us, the next Legislature may az well cut out awl the diverse laws an' prohibit the honey bees frum runnin' at large. I hope hit will last. If I hed a sed so I belevee Betsy would hev killed the fattest calf an' every cow an' hog on the plantashun.

Well, I sent Betsy ter Raleigh yesterday ter look up a boardin' house fer I knowed they would be fillin' up. I hed sum plans ter carry out that me an' the President hed made. So I cum ter town before day this mornin' ridin' my bay mule an' leadin' my black mule. I rode up ter whar the President's train wuz side-tracked an' hollered hello! The President wuz done up waitin'. He sed: "Hello! Major; lite an' cum rite in; I'm delited ter see you; I knowed your voice. When did you git back frum the North?"

"Cum rite on," sez I; 'we will talk later. We must pull that bear hunt off before daylight or they will be a hundred thousand people watchin' us." He came out with hiz gun. "Git on this mule," sez I; 'he will beat any Mexican pony you ever rid on the plains."

"Iz this the one you wished for when you wuz takin' a walk with me in Washington an' couldn't keep up with me?" he axed.

"The identykal mule," sez I; "an' there ain't a better one this side ov the Mississippi."

We wuz soon on the way ter Pullen Park. I explained that we hain't no wild bears now exsept in the Eastern an' Western part ov the State, an' that hit would hev ter be a tecknikal bear hunt.

"How iz that?" sez he.

"Jist like a sham naval battle," sez I. "The ships shoot at each other an' maneuver eround fer a few hours an' then the experts declare that certain ships were sunk an' the fite iz over. I am' goin' ter be the expert an' supervize this bear hunt an' declare him dead at the proper time."

We got ter the Park an' aroused Bruno frum his mornin' nap. "What a fine bear!" sed the President. "I'd giv a month's salary ter git after a wild bear like him."

Bruno looked like he wuz angry at bein' waked up so early. I tole him hit wuz the President, but he didn't understand. I give him sum peanuts an' he soon got sosiable.

"Now, Mr. Preserdent," sez I, "tecknically this ferosious bear iz wild an' he iz tryin' ter escape across the country toward Swift Creek. Here we go after him," and we started at break-neck speed down by the spring an' up the hill by Nazareth an' then down on the Grimes' place. Tecknically, we were in site ov the bear awl the time. I seed the mules wuz gittin' tired an' slowed up.

"Now, Mr. Preserdent," sez I, "Bruno, the ferosious, iz gittin' tired. He hez turned on us fer fite. See that big black stump two hundred yards away?" He sed he did. "Awl rite," sez I, "that iz the bear. Pump sum lead into him before he attacks us." The Preserdent fired twice. "Hold up," sez I, "if you hit the stump fair an' square I will rule that tecknically the bear iz dead. If you missed, the chase must be kept up." We rode to the stump an' I dismounted an' found that two balls had gone into hit rite in the senter. "Bruno iz dead," sez I. "Mr. Preserdent you air the greatest Amerikin bear hunter. If they knowed who iz after them they would cum up an' surrender before you could git a shot at them."

He blushed an' laffed an' 'lowed that hit wuz the most unick bear hunt he had ever been on, an' that he never enjoyed one more.

After we turned ter go back toward town the Preserdent sed he'd like ter go eround an' see sum ov the points ov interest, az hiz time wuz limited. I tole him aw rite.

"Let's go an' see the city lot," sez he.

"The city lot iz not visible at this season ov the year," sez I.

That wuz the first lie I ever tole in my life. But I hed ter do hit. I wouldn't hev let him see the city lot fer a new \$250 bill.

"Then we mite ride up ter the sumit ov Sour Hill an' see the sun rise" sed he.

"Too cloudy fer that," sez I, "fer I seed that he didn't know the geography ov this section, but I will take you ter see a dozen fine sites fer factories, or the fine farmin' at the A. and M. College, or to the penitentiary."

Then he sed hit didn't matter, an' we'd ride back slowly an' talk over matters.

Sez he: "Zeke, I've bin tryin' ter find out why the Republikin party don't grow faster in North Carolina, an' why hit iz so far behind in sich a perducktive State. The Republikins give excuses, but I want your opinion frum a dymkrat standpoint."

"You will hev ter excuse me, Mr. Preserdent," sez I, "I don't wanter testify erginst my nabors. I can't express my private opinion, but my offisial opinion iz that most ov the leadin' Republikins air too tinder hearted an' don't wanter hurt our feelin's by beatin' us."

"Zeke, you air a brick, a brickyard and a quarry," sed the Preserdent, and we rode back ter the private car. Hit wuz gittin' lite then, an' I turned him over ter the commity.

I may have more about the Fair, but must close now.

As ever,
ZEKE BILKINS.

Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge.—Robertson.

A Staunch Rebel.

BY MARTHA CONNELLY.

(Written for the Enterprise.)

Emily sat perched upon the top rail of the worn fence; her feet swaying energetically; cheeks red, eyes snapping, her whole bearing that of righteous indignation, while she stared the old black wash-pot near the spring completely out of countenance.

As an inquisitive little nose poked itself into her hand, she dived into a cavernous pocket and produced a peanut, which she gave to the squirrel, saying, "Now, Bob, you must make the best of every one, for those contemptible Yankees won't leave any."

As the little animal ran up and took a seat upon her shoulder, munching his treasure, she continued: "I wonder if they will try to eat the grindstone? Their capacity is unlimited. As Uncle Jerry expresses it: 'Holler slam bang down to dey toes.'"

"How I hate them! Not satisfied with taking our fathers and brothers, they steal from the women and children, going about like wild animals, seeking whom they may devour!"

"The very idea!" A pass to the spring, madam, as your house is within the picket lines.

"I showed them my contempt, Bob, by walking off without so much as 'by your leave.'"

"And now here are some peanuts on the fence for Mrs. Bob; I must go back and look after mother, as I'm the only man, outside of Lee's cavalry, that she has to depend upon."

The squirrel ran down to the fence and taking one of the store of peanuts whisked up into a big oak nearby, while a pair of bright eyes in a hollow looked on anxiously.

Emily stood and watched until the last bit of treasure was safely deposited; then, raising her finger, said cautiously, "Now, Bob, guard my treasure well, for we'll need every cent's worth when those 'beastly varmints' are gone."

Bob cocked his head knowingly, as though he was fully able to take care of the hoard of family silver and other valuables stored away under his supply of peanuts.

It was a warm April day, but the early spring flowers, the sprouting grass and the budding trees had no charms for the highly indignant Emily.

Leaving the spring she hastened through the orchard. Here the bees were busy, gently humming as they feasted and gathered stores of honey. Clouds of pink peach blossoms, banks of white on cherry and plum trees, apple and pear trees, laden with sweetest flowers made the balmly spring air delightful, but, instead of Emily drinking in her fill, it only added fuel to the flame of her anger.

"What good will all this fruit do Mother and me? By the time it matures our home may be a heap of ashes, with nothing on the place left to tell the tale! Oh, why wasn't I created a man! Wouldn't I give those Yankees a dose of rebellion!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Buchanan," said a pleasant voice; and looking up, she encountered a pair of sunny blue eyes—"but have you a pass to the spring, and can you tell me exactly where it is?"

"Kindly step aside and allow me to pass, sir," she said stiffly. "I have just left the spring, which is right over there; if you follow this path you can't miss it. I have no pass and don't expect to have one."

So saying, she brushed by him and went up to the side gate which opened into the front yard.

This was known as the "flower garden" and in summer it was a bower of beauty and fragrance. All the old-fashioned flowers grew there and it was a favorite spot with Emily.

Now, however, besides the violets, only the early crocus and a few tulips, hyacinths and narcissus had dared to bloom, although the lilacs, burning bush, bridal wreath and golden bell were full of buds.

As Emily stooped to pick a few violets she heard her mother's gentle tones, then a man's voice loud and angry.

Bounding up the steps, she ran through the wide hall into the sitting room and saw—a half intoxicated Irish-Yankee soldier grasping her mother's arm, giving her rough shakes, punctuating them with, "Ye won't tell, will yez? Ye say yez don't know? Well, its myself that'll refresh yez mim'ry a bit."

Before he fairly finished speaking a supple figure darted to the wide open fireplace; a shapely arm was raised and a pair of brass-headed tongs descended upon his muddled cranium with such a whack that he saw more stars than have ever been mentioned in Astronomy.

Like an infuriated beast, he turned and seizing the excited girl by both wrists, twisted the tongs from her hand and was pulling her toward him, when the door was flung open and a commanding voice said: "Riley, consider yourself under arrest; report at once." And now thoroughly sober, the frightened soldier hurriedly left the house.

"I am very sorry that one of my men should have so far forgotten himself as to reflect upon the 'blue,' said Capt. Logan." I assure you he shall not go unpunished. Believe me, I am trying to make it as bearable for you as I can. Won't you trust me enough to report any rudeness or liberties my men may take?"

The half-pleading winning manner only annoyed the girl, and with a tilt of her chin in the air and a flash from the hazel eyes she answered: "Certainly I will!"

They have forcibly entered this house, ransacked the rooms, torn down the plastering upstairs in search of valuables, taken possession of the kitchen, littered it all over, eaten what they could find, broken up the hens' nests, killed the pigs and stolen the horses and cows. In addition to this, they have put it in the heads of all the 'niggers' on the plantation to 'jine de Yankees.' Is this enough, or shall I continue? They have torn up floors, dug—"

But here the officer held up his hand deprecatingly.

"Please don't tell any more, Miss Buchanan. I am thoroughly ashamed and humiliated. I shall seek out and punish the offenders at once."

Then bowing to both ladies he hastened out.

Mrs. Buchanan, who had sank trembling upon the sofa, and had been dumb with surprise at the tirade, now straightened up, and with

(Continued on Page 5.)