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BILKINS AT THE FAIR.

Couldn't Find Mrs. Bilkins, But Both Seem to Have Had a Big Time—The Major Policed the Streets of Cairo—How He Kept the Pick-Pockets Busy.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

They wuz sich a blame big crowd in Raleigh Thursday that I didn't never find Betsy till purty nigh nite. I axed her whar she hed bin. She 'lowed she wuz with Mrs. Roosevelt most ov the time an' wanted ter know whar I hed bin. I tole her I hed bin with the President most ov the time since 4 o'clock that mornin' when he got back ter Milbrook from the bear hunt. She sed: "No you haint, fer I've bin rite in site ov him awl the time an' you haint bin with him since he rid up ter the capitol from the daypo. You hev bin lookin' at them nasty shows ov maybe bettin' on the horse races, fer I kin see hit in your eyes. These fairs haint fittin' fer men tu cum to, fer they slip off an' negleck their wives an' let them git eround the best they kin. No doubt they iz meny a poor married woman that hez starved tu deth ter day fer the lack ov a little munny ter buy a lunch, an' her husband off rantin' eround spendin' awl the money that they both hev worked fer."

"Don't git exsited, dear," sez I, fer I hed ter spend sum time with the Preserdent an' talk over the Pannamaw Canall an' sum other business. I awlso hed ter lead the pick-pockets off on a wild-goose chase ter keep them frum stealin' the Preserdent's pocket-book. Part ov the time I wuz doin' special policed uty, az conterable frum Martin's Creek township, on the streets ov Cairo."

"Whar iz Cairo? axed Betsy."

"Oh! that iz a little town in this secekshun, sed I, an' I hed ter keep things strate thar fer awhile."

But Betsy didn't git in a gude humer. I beleve hit will take her till Christmas ter git rekonsiled, an' hit may cost a big sum fer a Christmas present, then. She may hev ter git one ov them little new hats what look like a tarpin shell turned wrong side out, an' one ov them new coat suits that the ladies air havin' fits over. If she makes hit too hot fer me in the way ov buyin' things I'll go ter Yurrip an' stay a year or two. Hit will be cheaper. They iz nothin' like knowin' how ter manage a woman.

Hit hez bin reported eround down in Martins' Creek township that Jodeseevus Daniels kissed the Preserdent durin' the Fair, but I don't beleve hit. The detectives kept sich a close watch ter keep Mr. Roosevelt frum harm that I know hit didn't happen.

I managed ter git eround a little an' hev sum fun at the Fair. I got sum little square boards erbout the size ov pocket-books an' wrapped sum paper eround them an' put them in my pockets. In passin' erbout I'd slap my hand on my pocket an' look oneazy. Then I'd git in a big crowd an' git squeezed up. Purty soon I'd feel fer my pocket an' the board would be gone. I kept that up till they got on ter hit an' boycotted me. I wuz havin' awl the fun ter myself, but I'll bet them pick-pockets purty nigh hed nervous prostrashun before they awl found out that I wuz playin' a trick on them. But hit saved a lots

ov peeples frum gettin' robbed, an' them that didn't lose anything orter send me a nice present.

After that wuz over I got a whip, a cumback ball, a balloon an' a few other things an' becum a lunatic, like the rest ov them. Awl the most ov us did wuz ter hit everybody with a cumback ball or a whip. I didn't see eny balloon ascenshun, racin' big chickins, big pumkins, or wagons an' buggies; I jest went into a trance an' played the fool. Girls, boys, middle-aged men, ole men, ole wimin' an' awl went crazy an' kept hit up till purty nigh dark. I reckon Betsy wuz engaged in the same, fer she sed she wuz az sore az a carbunkel frum bein' hit with whips an' cumback balls.

Whips' an' cumback balls orter be kept out ov the fairground next time, fer they cause us awl ter turn fools.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

The Reason Not Clear.

Two features were prominent in the news of last week—domestic troubles and shooting human beings for game. In Wake an old man shot his son-in-law; in Catawba a father-in-law and son-in-law had a serious battle; in Wilmington a man killed his mother-in-law; in Elizabeth City a negro seriously, if not fatally, wounded his wife—and there may have been others. In Edgecombe County a prominent citizen was shot and killed by a hunter who says he thought the man was a squirrel; in Anson County one citizen filled the hide of another full of shot, claiming that he thought he was shooting at a turkey. These last incidents are evidence that the hunting season is on, but why an epidemic of family disturbances broke out at this time is not clear.—Statesville Landmark.

Swapped Wives.

A few years ago, the State of Wilkes startled the world by claiming to have within her borders the only two men in existence who had actually swapped wives; however, Surry never allows her banner to trail in the dust, for she can now boast of just such a case, and, besides, the Surry people "turned the trick" in a strictly legal way. At the last term of the Superior Court for this county, two couples from near Round Peak applied for and secured absolute divorces upon statutory grounds, in which the husbands of two women were named as co-respondents. David Tourney and Ab Montgomery were neighbors and for some time had been making "goo-goo eyes" at each others wife. The law severed the irksome bonds of matrimony, and a few weeks ago David married Ab's divorced wife, while invitations have been issued for the marriage of Ab to David's divorced spouse.—Mt. Airy Leader.

A Kansas farmer invested \$7,500 in a farm and in two years made \$5,000. A few years ago that would have been an encouraging showing, but since the exposures in New York a profit of only 75 per cent seems almost as bad as losing money.—Syracuse Herald.

Large hams for boiling at W. R. Dorset's, only 13c. per pound.

FATAL SHOOTING IN DEPOT.

Two Fakirs Fought Pistol Duel and Innocent Man Was Killed.

Up to Saturday there had been no capital crime committed and no serious accident during the Fair, all of which was remarkable.

Saturday afternoon a large crowd had gathered in the Union Station to leave on outgoing trains. It is said that probably six or seven hundred people were in the station at the time, about 4.20. Some of them were fakirs, leaving here for Burlington; many were fair visitors just leaving.

Two strangers were seen to enter the waiting room for men. Some say one of the men had his arm around the other, both in a friendly mood, apparently. When they reached a spot near the center of the waiting room the two men began firing at each other with pistols. It is thought that seven shots were fired. A panic ensued, of course, and evidence has been hard to get, as many of those present left soon thereafter on outgoing trains.

One of the men, Robert Leiliston, of Norfolk, Va., was arrested before he could get out of the station by Policeman Alderson. The other one, said to be Harry Clark, alias Fred Morris, of Mexico, Mo., dashed out of the front entrance of the station into Nash Square, across the square and into an alley beside the Park hotel. He was caught near the hotel by Detectives Watkins and Pugh, of the Southern Railway. He had dropped his pistol when he jumped over the hedge at the side of Nash Square. Both men were taken to the station house at once.

In the station it was found that Charles G. Smith, of Petersburg, Va., was dangerously wounded, a ball having entered his back over the left kidney. He was taken to Rex Hospital and died in about twenty-five minutes after the shooting. It is claimed that Smith was a pick-pocket, the one arrested at the dispensary and released on \$100 cash bond. Several positively identified the dead man as the same. But Policeman Austin and Capt. Mart Thompson, of the police force, say that it was not the same man.

A brother of Smith was with him when he died and had the remains carried to H. J. Brown Coffin House and prepared for burial. The remains were carried to Petersburg at 11.45 Sunday morning.

Many people do not believe that Smith was killed by either of the men who were shooting in such a dramatic manner. He was sitting nearby, but, the shot that killed Smith was evidently fired at close range, for his overcoat was burned to a charcoal where the ball entered. Many believe that the pretended pistol duel was to cover up the commission of the real crime, the shooting of Smith, and circumstances point that way.

The two men, Leiliston and Clark, appeared to be cool and deliberate and could have killed each other at such close range. Neither were injured. Leiliston had a hole in his overcoat and one button was shot off, but it is possible that this was done before, if there was a scheme concocted.

One ball went into the back of the seats in the waiting room, another

went through a glass over the rear entrance. Still another crashed through the glass door of the Southern Railway ticket booth. Others are unaccounted for.

There is a story to the effect that Morris and Leiliston were gambling in a house in East Raleigh Friday night, and that they quarrelled. But their entrance at the Union Station before the shooting began was not that of enemies.

Another theory is that a number of the gamblers and pick-pockets had quarrelled and that they wanted to put Smith, the man killed, out of the way for some reason, and the plan was carried out, but that he was shot by another man.

It is said that Smith's brother objected to the removal of the ball from the body of the dead man, though it probably will be important as evidence in the trial, for if it was not fired by Leiliston or Clark, if it were of a different calibre from the pistols in their hands, it would be important. His course was curious, to say the least of it.

At any rate, it is going to be a difficult matter to prove who killed Smith. The whole affair has an air of mystery.

It is said that the dead man, who was about thirty years old, had not been at home for several years until last week. He visited his mother then at Petersburg and came on to Raleigh.

Leiliston's father is here and goes to see his son daily. A stranger called to see Clark one day this week. Both prisoners have employed attorneys here.

Since the above was put in type it is learned that another brother of Smith has arrived here and has ordered the body sent back for an inquest and autopsy. It will be held to-day.

As Others See Us.

The special staff correspondent of the Washington Post had the following Tuesday on how the North Carolinians looked on President's Day:

"This great gathering enabled the observer to judge North Carolinians as a type. They are a peculiar and picturesque people. The men are shrewd, sharp-faced, spare of build, reticent, plainly attired and with a little change of costume and cut of hair might serve as models of the commonalty of England in the days of the Roundheads. The women are not given to fashionable dress, but the number of handsome and regular features among them was remarkable. These people are sons and daughters of the soil of the Old North State, intensely devoted to their home and neighborhood. Their hospitality, which is proverbial, was extended to the thousands of sojourners from outside States with a grave and quiet courtesy that charmed the recipients."

Raleigh and Pamlico Railroad.

Mr. C. O. Haines, President of the Raleigh and Pamlico Railroad Company, says that a large force will be put to work grading between Raleigh and Washington, distributed at various points, and that the road will be completed from Raleigh to Wilson by next Spring, all of which is gratifying.