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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

The Major Has Been Afflicted with a Boil and Mrs. Bilkins Says He Played the Baby Act—Learned to Manage Boils, But Goes Out of the Business.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I hev bin goin' through my seckond childhood fer a week. Anyway, Betsy sez I am the biggest baby she ever seed, an' I ain't in no fix ter dispute hit. I can't even make Betsy behave now by the threatnin' her with the law.

The other day I felt a little sore lump on my neck an' I tole Betsy erbout hit. She looked at my neck an' sed hit didn't ermount to nothin'. She sed hit would take a mikerskope ter see the bile, fer that wuz the truble. Betsy wuz jist tryin' ter make out her eyesite wuz powerful gude, that wuz awl. The next mornin' the bile felt sore enuff ter be az big az a flour barrel, but Betsy sed hit weren't much bigger than a pin-head. Hit kept gittin' worse awl day an' I wanted ter send after a dock-ter. Betsy 'lowed that I didn't need any docktor; that she could cure every bile that ever cum down the road. Then she got ter tellin' erbout biles that her daddy had years ergo, an' two or three her mother had, an' her brother Jim an' her sister Mag an' several ov the nabors. I tole her that none ov them wuz an up-ter-date bile like mine, an' like az not the simple little remedies that cured them wouldn't be a starter fer my bile. Sich things air awlways wurse when they attack a prominent siti-zen.

Betsy got busy an' sed she would make a poultis ov honey an' flour an' put it on an' my neck would be well in two days. I hadn't fergot erbout how she cured me ov the rumatiz by gettin' the bees ter sting me, so when she got ter talkin' erbout honey I got both eyes open. But she sed bee stings were not gude fer biles. She mixed up the honey an' flour an' got some rags ready an' I tried ter nerve myself fer the operashun. She bathed my neck in warm water ter take out the fever an' then put on the poultis. It didn't hurt much at first, but purty soon my bile got ter thumpin' an' throbbin' like a mule kickin'. Betsy sed that wuz a sure sign that the poultis wuz drawin' awl rite an' fer me ter keep quiet an' be pashunt. I tole her that Job couldn't hold a lite ter me fer pashunce, but Job nor nobody else could keep quiet when anything like that wuz goin' on. Betsy she got ter laffin' an' laffed till her sides shook. "I'll isshue an' injunckshun if you don't quit laffin' at me, an' if that don't stop it, I'll isshue a writ ov habyus corruptus." That sorter sobered Betsy, an' she cum ter her senses.

I survived the honey an' flour poultis till after supper an' my bile kept gettin' wurse. I tole Betsy hit must cum off instant, which, in English, means rite pow. She sed she'd take it off an' she'd bet my neck wuz lots better. When she begun ter take the plaster off it wuz stuck ter my neck an' hit took a lot ov pullin' an' tug-gin' ter git hit off. I thought erbout half ov my neck cum off with the poultis and that the bile had been pulled off by the roots. But Betsy sed she never wuz more gentle in her life. After holdin' a post mortum,

Betsy sed that the bile wuz lots better an' that hit would cum ter a head in another day or so. She put a new poultis on hit an' I went ter bed. I dreamed that nite that I wuz cut up into plasterin' laths in a saw-mill.

The next day Betsy made another investigashun an' sed the bile wuz doin' fine. I tole her the remedy wuz too slow an' would kill me quicker than a bile. She sed she could put a slice of fat bacon on hit an' hurry hit up a little. "Put hit on," sez I, "an' let her rip. Enythin' tere git through this truble."

She put on the meat poultis an' the fun begun rite then. Talk erbout things hurtin'! Job never hed eny experience like that. Hit ripped an' hit raved, an' hit tore. Betsy tried ter pacify me, but I refused ter be cumfeted. But that slice ov bacon tuck the kinks out ov that bile. I am now an expert in the bile business. But az soon az I learned the bile business I wanted ter git out ov hit, and stay out.

Yours truly,

ZEKE BILKINS.

WAR IN RUSSIA.

Battle Between Soldiers and Sailors at Sebastopol Yesterday—Cruisers Sunk.

There was a genuine battle at Sebastopol, Russia, yesterday, between mutinous soldiers and sailors, and the soldiers and sailors loyal to the Czar, the government forces winning.

Three Russian cruisers, in control of the mutinous sailors, were sunk by the land batteries and loyal warships in the harbor. Guns were silenced in the fort, held by mutinous soldiers and the fort was captured. Much damage was done to the city, which was held by mutineers.

These soldiers and sailors were making a fight for liberty along with the masses of Russia, and had gone so far as to formally desert the flag, or rather enter into a mutiny.

A Japanese Boy's Name.

Every American child can answer the question, "What is your name?" without hesitation, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he has different names.

He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple while prayers are addressed to the family god. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called by till he is three years old; then he receives a new name.

At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed on the occasion of his marriage, and on any advance in his position. Even mortal illness does not end this confusing state of affairs, for when death comes a new name is given him by which presumably he is known in the spirit-world.

He hath made everything beautiful in his time; also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.—Eccl. 3:2.

GOOD ADVICE.

Do Not Let Your Discontent Kill This New Life Before It Is Born.

"Ten years ago, when the late John Sherman was Secretary of State," says Success, "a young man, the son of one of Sherman's school-mates, wrote to him for assistance.

"He said that he had fallen so low in life that there was no place for him but the gutter; that existence had become a burden, and that he wanted to die. To-day this same young man is a prosperous merchant of New York City. He told Success that his position is due to the advice given to him by John Sherman in answer to his letter. Mr. Sherman wrote as follows

"You say that your life has been a failure, and that you are thirty years old and ready to die. You say that you cannot find work, and you see no hope in life. You say that your friends do not care to speak to you now.

"Let me tell you that you have reached that point in life when a man must see the very best prospects for his future career. You, at thirty, stand on the bridge that divides youth and manhood. The one is dying, perhaps, but the other will soon burst, young and hopeful, from the ashes, and you will find in yourself a new being—a man. Do not let your discontent kill this new life before it is born.

"Unless you are physically deformed, go to work. Go to work at any honest work, if it brings you only a dollar a day. Then learn to live within that dollar. Pay no more than ten cents for a meal, and twenty cents for a bed, and save as much as you can, and with the same tenacity as you would save your mother's life. Make the most of your appearance. Do not dress gaudily, but cleanly. Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse that wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world combined.

"If you are a man of brains, as your letter leads me to believe you are, wait until you are in a condition to seek your ideal, and then seek it with courage and tenacity. It may take time to reach it; it may take years; but you will surely reach it—you will turn from the workingman into the business man or the professional man with so much ease that you will marvel at it. No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a half dozen other ports at the same time.

"Be contented, for without contentment there is no love or friendship, and without those blessings life is indeed a hopeless case. Learn to love your books, for there are pleasure, instruction and friendship in books. Go to church, for church helps to ease the pains of life. But never be a hypocrite; if you cannot believe in God, believe in your honor. Listen to music wherever you can, for music charms the mind and fills a man with lofty ideas.

"Cheer up! Never want to die. Why, I am twice your age and over, and I do not want to die. Get out into the world. Work, eat, sleep, read and talk about the great events of the day, even if you are forced to go among laborers. Take the first honest work you get, and then be steady, patient, industrious, saving, kind, gentle, polite, studious, temperate,

ambitious, gentle, loving, honest, courageous and contented.

"Be all of these, and when thirty years more have passed away, just notice how young and beautiful the world is, and how young and happy you are."

Names of Fabrics.

Muslin is named for Mosul, in Asia.

Serge comes xerga, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket.

Bandanna is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie.

Calico is named for Calicut, a town of India, where it was first printed.

Alapaca is the name of a species of llama from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven.

The name "damask" is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in China.

Velvet is the Italian "vellute," woolly, and is traceable farther back to the Latin vellus, a hide or pelt.

Shawl is from the Sanskrit sala, which means floor, shawls having been first used as a carpet tapestry.

Cambric comes from Cambral; gauze, from Gaza; baize, from Bajac; dimity, from Damiatta, and jeans, from Jean.

Blanket bears the names of Thos. Blanket, a famous English clothier who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the fourteenth century.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Picnics.

Almost any boy or girl can tell you what a picnic is like, but I wonder how many know why it is so called, or that the custom is said to date only from 1872, not a hundred years ago.

Then, as now, when such an entertainment was being arranged for, it was customary that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. Originally the plan was to draw up a list of what was necessary, which is an excellent one to follow, for often, when there has been no previous agreement, it is discovered when too late, that there is too much of one kind of food and not enough of another.

The list was passed round, and each person picked out the article of food or drink he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was then nicked off the list. So it was from these two words, picked and nicked, that this form of out-of-door entertainment first became known as a "pick and nick," and then a picnic, the old-fashioned name for the basket parties of to-day—Harper's Young People.

No wreck of friendship can destroy its high ideals or take from him who was true in it the gain to his own soul of unselfishly striving to be a friend.—H. Clay Trumbell.

Speak the truth; let it fall upon the hearts of men with all imparted energy by which the Spirit gives it power, but speak the truth in love.—Rev. William M. Punshon.

Holiness is not a rapturous triumph away up somewhere in vague heights of glory, steadfast and splendid like a sun. It is just a poor heart that makes room for Jesus.