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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

Bob Gets New Shoes and Causes More Trouble—The Dog that Got Well—Mr. Dixon Tries to Learn How Bilkins Stood on Certain Public Questions.

Correspondence of The Enterprise.

I hev bin ridin' Bob so much around on my canvas that hiz shoes got wore out an' I had ter put on a new set ov shoes. Bob kicked an' tuk on a site. I don't know what the trouble iz unless he iz gittin' sorter homesick. The blacksmith 'lowed that pollyticks would play smash with peeples an' mules, too. I reckon he wuz hintin' that I wuz in the same fix az Bob. But I ain't homesick an' I ain't kickin', for things air cumin' my way. I'll git so many votes in the primarys that the judges ov cleckshun will git tired countin' them before they air half through and declair me unanimously eleckted.

Bob cum purty nigh beatin' me over close ter Wakefield the other day. I stopped at a house an' hitched Bob ter a swingin' limb till I could go down in the field an' talk ter the owner ov the house. They had a young dog at the house an' I reckon he got ter foolin' around Bob's heels in a playful way. If Bob had bin in a gude humer he would hev tuk it awl rite. But he must hev giv the dog a powerful kick. I hearn a dog give one yelp an' I looked around. Me an' the man run up ter whar Bob wuz an' the dog wuz lyin' there az still az deth. Bob wuz lookin' sorry, but I could see that the owner ov the dog wuz az mad az blazes an' I knowed that my goose wuz cooked in that township.

"My friend," sez I, "I'd give a millyun dollars ter bring that dog back ter life." But he wuz plum speechless he wuz so mad. After he cooled down a little he sed he wouldn't a minded hit so much, but the childer wuz mity fond ov the dog an' they would cry their eyes out.

"Cheer up," sez I, "I'll fix that awl rite. I'll buy 'em a hundred dogs ter make up fer that one, if I hev ter spend every aker ov ground I've got in Martin's Crick township. I'll buy 'em little dogs, big dogs, red dogs, blue dogs and striped dogs till they air satisfied."

He sed that wuz fair, but they'd never think az much ov any other dog.

"Well," sez I, bring your gun an' I'll shoot my mule fer the trouble he haz caused."

But he wouldn't hear to that. Awl at once I seed the dog kick one foot a little bit. "Why, he ain't ded," sez I; "he jist had the breth knocked out ov him. Run an' bring the camfer bottle."

He brung the camfer, an' we rubbed an' wurked on that dog fer ten minits. Direckly he cum to an' trotted off to the house. I hain't bin so glad since the war.

If Bob evr does sich a trick ergin he will not git ter go on another campane.

I spent the nite with Jim Dixon in the eastern part ov the county last nite. We talked over things in general an' pollyticks in partikular. Jim iz one ov them fellers that knows a gude deal an' he wants ter know a whole lot more. He wanted

ter pick out ov me how I stood on awl questions. That iz mity embarassin' ter most candydates.

Jim iz a stickler fer free silver an' he wanted ter know how I stood on that.

"I'm fer hit," sez I, "purvidin' Yurrip agrees." Then he wanted ter know what Yurrip haz ter do with hit. I tole him that if we hev 16 ter 1 without Yurrip hev'in the same they'd quit tradin' with us.

"Let 'em quit," sez he. "We kin live twenty thousand years without ever gittin' even a letter frum Yurrip."

Then he wanted ter know how I stood on the tariff. "That iz a back number," sez I, "but I'm fer a tariff fer renew an' a tariff fer perreckshun, which covers the whole groun'. The leadin' men in both parties agree with me on that, an' I don't see eny use in rushin' hit into the campane."

He sed he thought that wuz sound docktrin' an' he wouldn't mind sayin' that he thought I wuz a statesman an' orter be eleckted."

I tole him he wuz puttin' hit purty strong, but I wuz inclined ter blush an' agree with him.

Yours az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

"I Will Not Say."

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends even on the threat of death is told by Major Seely, M. P., as an illustration of deeply rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer War:

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandment at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily, and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farm-house, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer General had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the General catching us, and not we catching the General. We rode down to the farm-house, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandment had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.'"

"I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the General. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy.

"Now," I said, "before I give the word, which way has the General gone?"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."—Singapore Straits Budget.

BOILER TURNED OVER.

Two Killed Near Federal Cemetery Saturday.

A distressing accident occurred Saturday about noon in which Messrs J. W. Weir and John Whitelaw, two of Raleigh's oldest and very best citizens lost their lives.

Messrs. Weir and Whitelaw had recently formed a company to operate part of the rock quarry near the Federal cemetery, part of it being operated at present by the city. They purchased a new boiler and were hauling it to the quarry.

The boiler, which weighed probably 10,000 pounds, was being hauled on a heavy wagon used for such purposes. When near the quarry the wheels had to be prized over two or three ledges of rock which protruded several inches in the road. After the front wheel was gotten over the last ledge and the team was started, the rear wheel on that side went over the ledge, causing the wagon to lurch considerably, it being coupled short, and the boiler extending some feet over the rear axle. The weight and the lurch caused the iron portion of the rear axle to part from the wooden portion, one of the cuffs on that side having been previously broken. In a moment the big boiler and the timber it rested on toppled over, crushing Messrs. Weir and Whitelaw against the embankment at the roadside. Mr. Whitelaw's head was crushed and he probably died instantly. Mr. Weir's breast was crushed. He lived about 30 minutes.

The boiler rebounded sufficiently to enable the other men present to get Mr. Whitelaw out. But one end had to be raised by means of a jack before Mr. Weir could be gotten out. He was carried to the residence of Mr. A. H. Green nearby and physicians sent for. He died in a few minutes after the arrival of a physician.

Mr. Weir was 73 years old, but was active both mentally and physically. He left ten children, all of them being grown. Mr. Whitelaw left a wife and six children, all grown. Mr. Whitelaw was about 65 years old.

Both were excellent men and were well known to all the residents of this city who have lived here any length of time. While not always partners in business, they had been identified with the stonework construction of many prominent buildings and churches in this city during a long number of years.

Mr. Weir was buried Monday at 11:30 from Christ church. One son, Mr. James E. Weir, of Palm Beach, Fla., could not attend the funeral. He was serving on a jury at the time and the jury was hung. Miss Harriett was in San Francisco and could not come owing to the time necessary to make the trip.

Mr. Whitelaw was buried from the Presbyterian church at 3:30 Monday. All of his children, six daughters, were present.

The funerals were conducted with Masonic honors, both being members of William G. Hill lodge in this city. Both funerals were largely attended and the floral tributes were numerous and handsome.

Labor is but refreshment from repose.—J. Montgomery.

Mr. King Talks Cotton.

The following very interesting letter from Mr. Wm. V. King, Supt. N. Y. Cotton Exchange, was received by Richard Cheatham, Secretary of the Southern Cotton Association, and he has sent a copy to the Raleigh Enterprise for publication:

"Mr. Richard Cheatham, Secretary, Southern Cotton Association, Atlanta, Ga.

"Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 15th instant is received. Thanks for President Jordan's cotton statistics, etc., which give the facts clearly and intelligently.

"In my opinion the coming planting season will prove to be the most trying, if not the most critical, in the experience of the cotton growers of the South. Trying because there are many who believe 10 or 10½ cents will prove so serious a temptation to the planter that he will put every available acre in cotton. This opinion is not confined to this section of the country alone, but is endorsed by many of the good people of the South, not planters of cotton I am glad to say.

"It will indeed prove a critical season for the planter and for the entire South should the temptation to over-plant in cotton be carried out. The years of splendid work of your Association together with that of others who have co-operated, will be swept away, and a condition of servitude for the planter will be re-enacted with its consequent 6 or 7 cents for cotton.

"This is not an extreme picture. It is certain to occur unless the planters stand solidly together and for their own protection diversify the planting, putting in a moderate acreage only in cotton. If the planters will not protect themselves in a matter of such vital interest to whom can they look for help? Certainly not to the buyer and the consumer.

"To sum-up the matter, the situation for weal or for woe, for 7 cents or for 12 cents, is entirely in the hands of the planter. In a brief interval of time the world will know whether he has proven false to himself or has had the courage and manliness to resist the temptation which now threatens to wrest from him the control of the situation.

"Yours truly

"WM. V. KING."

Uncovering Pritchard's Tracks.

It is said that United States Circuit Judge Jeter C. Pritchard acknowledges that while a United States Senator he violated the law by practicing in the departments at Washington. Now because the fact is being recalled by Blackburn it is called an "attack on Pritchard." When a fellow thinks he has his tracks covered up and somebody comes along and gets on his trail, it looks more like a chase instead of an attack.—Wilmington Star.

Only a few years ago William Waldorf Astor landed in England an obscure multi-millionaire. Now his gracious Majesty Edward VII. has condescended to appoint Mr. Astor's son a second lieutenant. There is nowhere in the wide world where sturdy American pluck cannot succeed.—Kansas City Star.