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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

The Major is Ordered Home Again—Finds That Mrs. Bilkins Wanted to Doctor Him Up—New Styles in Jewelry About to Go Into Effect and Mr. Bilkins Threatens to Skip the Country.

Correspondence of The Enterprise.

I got a letter from Betsy the other day callin' me home, an' havin' bin married a gude many years I didn't wate ter argy the matter.

This time she didn't say enybody wuz sick nor give eny excuses. Hit wuz a plain request ter cum home at onct, an' with me that iz an order.

When I got the order I guessed that maybe Betsy had bought a new hat an' wanted me ter cum home ter witness her spring millinery openin'. But when I got thar they wuz no new hat in site.

"Air any ov the chaps sick?" wuz the first thing I axed. Betsy 'lowed no, an' then I purseded ter give a lecture on the importance ov wives not breakin' in on a life and death perlitical canvass whenever they feel like hit without havin' some gude reason. I tole her that a whole lot ov folks might think that I had jumped the game an' would give their votes ter the other feller.

"What do you mean by 'jumpin' the game?" sez Betsy.

"Oh! that iz a little sayin' that I larnt in the army," sez I. "That iz when a feller in the army would fix up sum lame excuse ter keep from goin' ter hear the chaplain ov the regimint preach."

After gittin' the trouble awl cleared up Betsy 'lowed that she didn't write me ter cum home fer anything in particular exsept that I had writ ter her that I wuz feelin' sorter puny, an' she wanted me ter cum home an' stay a few days an' eat sum turnip salad an' inguns. Betsy iz a grate beleever in curin' awl diseases with turnip salad an' inguns. "You air sorter off your feed," sez Betsy, "frum what you write me, an' I wuz afraid you would take newmony or appendiseetis or sumthin' wurse an' have a bad spell ov sickness, an' the chaps they wanted ter see Bob, an' I wanted you ter be here an' look after plantin' the pertaters, and so on."

"Well, I hain't bin madder since the surrender than I wuz that minit, but bein' a married man, I knowed that indisreshun wuz the best part ov valler, so I kept quiet by sayin' nothin'! But I had hard wurk ter keep from thinkin' ov sum mity pinte remarks that I'd like ter make over a tellephone erbout forty miles long.

I sorter think another thing that Betsy wanted ter ax me erbout iz the new fashioned jewlry the serciety ladies air goin' ter wear this year. I hadn't bin thar long till she wanted ter know if I had seed eny ladies wearin' jewlry that looked like snakes or lizzards since I had bin out canvassin'. I tole her no, that I hadn't took pertickular notis ov eny jewlry the ladies air wearin', fer I didn't care az the ladies air purty enuff without wearin' jewlry. I fofgot that I wuzent canvassin' when I sed that. But she didn't notis an' went on sayin' that she had got holt ov a fashion paper that sed that snake an' lizzard jewlry wuz goin' ter be awl the rage this year.

"What does that mean?" sez I.

"Why, the breastpins and things like that will awl be made in the shape ov snakes with cute little diamonds fer eyes," she 'lowed, "an' my ole jewlry will have ter take a back seat till the fashions change. I see that one lady haz a belt made ov the skin ov a rattlesnake. I'd give a heap ter hev a nice belt like that."

"Awl rite," sez I, "you kin hev hit if you will catch the snake an' skin hit, or we kin sell the farm an' buy one. Hit don't make any difference ter me which way we get hit. But hit will take a powerful big rattlesnake ter own a hide long enuff ter make you a belt. You will hev ter choose betwixt me an' a rattlesnake belt. The day you begin ter wear hit I will consult a lawyer erbout a divorce, sumptin' I hev never done, but often threatened in a diplermatick way. The moment you begin ter trot eround with a rattlesnake belt on that moment I begin ter try ter git a divorce, or else I'll go ter Alaska, where hit iz sixty below zero awl the year, an' where the wimin can't git rattlesnake belts at any price."

She 'lowed: "Oh! Zeke, you wouldn't do anythin' ov the kind. You know you think too much ov me fer that."

"Risk hit, if you want ter," sez I. "Before I will live with a woman wearin' a rattlesnake, or any other sort ov a snake belt, I'll take Bob an' ride ter sum desert island in the middle ov the ocean an' live thar awl alone like that feller Robinson Crewsow lived. If that snake business haint stopped they will be an' increase ov ten thousand per cent in the number ov applycashuns fer divorce in the next six months. There iz a limit, an' the snake business will reach hit. The wimin seem ter ferget the truble that snake caused in the Garden ov Eden."

"That wuz a serpent," sez Betsy.

"Well, ain't a serpent a snake?" sez I. "Hit iz six ov one an' a half a dozen ov the other. If the snake belt cums on this farm count me an' Bob off the farm."

Truly, ZEKE BILKINS.

Had to be Forced Out of Jail.

Ever since the establishment of jails there has seemed to be a unanimous desire to keep on the outside of them, but Surry County has an exception to the rule in the person of Thomas Venable, who, when offered his liberty, actually refused to depart from the hospitality of Jailor Beamer, at Dobson. Venable was serving a term of thirty days for contempt of court and on last Saturday Sheriff Davis received an order for his release. But Venable refused to "budge an inch," declaring that he wanted to fully understand the matter before going out into the cold and cheerless world. However, the same strong arm of the law that incarcerated him landed him outside of prison bars.

Fashion magazines tell us that "the waists of the girls this season will be encircled by belts six inches wide." Which we should say, is about the size of a fellow's coat sleeve, although some people may not see any connection between a belt and a coat sleeve.—Wilmington Star.

ENDS LIFE WITH PISTOL.

Mr. Leon H. Weathers Fired Fatal Shot Monday Morning—Died Monday Night.

Mr. Leon H. Weathers, a well-known young man in this city, took his own life Monday.

He fired the shot into his brain about 10 o'clock a. m. and lived until 9 p. m., but was never conscious. He was thirty-three years old and left a wife, mother, two brothers, and other relatives.

For a number of years Mr. Weathers was employed in the office of Charles E. Johnson & Co., cotton buyers, as stenographer and book-keeper, and is said to have been very capable.

Some months ago he went to Meridian, Miss., and was with a cotton buying firm there. He contracted fever there and after he got better returned to Raleigh and boarded with his mother at 324 South Blount Street.

He had never been well since he returned from Mississippi, and it is said that he had grown despondent and had drank a great deal lately. But for some days previous to the fatal act he had not drank anything. It was known, however, that he contemplated suicide, and his wife, mother and a married sister who lived in the same house had watched him constantly for some time.

Monday morning after breakfast he asked his wife to leave the room as he wished to get some sleep and could not go to sleep while she was present. She refused to go at first, but finally yielded to his entreaties, not knowing that he had anything with which to end his life; in fact, he had not shown signs of suicide for some days and was thoroughly sober.

Mrs. Weathers had scarcely left the room when she heard a shot. The door was forced open, he having locked it, and Mr. Weathers was found lying across a bed with blood running from a pistol wound in the right temple just above the ear. The ball had apparently entered the brain and had lodged there.

A physician soon arrived, but pronounced the case hopeless. He died at 9 o'clock Monday night.

WAKE CRIMINAL COURT.

Four Charged With Murder Tried—Burglars Get Ten Years.

On Thursday Daniel Jeffreys, a colored school teacher, was tried for disposing of a mule on which there was a mortgage. He claimed that he did not sell the mule, but leased it to a party who made way with it. The court decided that Daniel was only technically guilty. Fined \$10 and costs.

Frank Abrams, a white man, was convicted of stealing a hammer from the workmen who are repairing the court house, and was sent to the roads for six months. He stated to the court that this was the first time he had ever been guilty of any crime, and he did not know what possessed him to do it unless it was a species of "kleptomani."

On Saturday the trial of Garfield Williams, charged with killing Charlie Burch, was started. The men were both colored and they had a fight on the Bowery last May, using

iron bars, etc. But it is believed that Burch died from the effects of a kick in the side administered by Williams. The jury found Williams guilty of manslaughter. Sentence not yet passed.

Williams Bates, colored, was convicted of stealing corn from Mr. John C. Drewry at his farm near the city, and was sentenced to eight months on the county roads.

Henry Sorrell and Bud Morgan were convicted of an affray, Sorrell being fined \$10 and half the costs and Morgan \$15 and half the costs.

The trial of Ben Williams, who killed Alex Clark, both colored, in this city on February 19th, was begun on Friday. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree Saturday morning. Sentence will be passed later.

Jake Wills and Neal Gainus, both under twenty-one, were indicted for burglary. They with Earle Jones, a notorious criminal, broke into the house of Mrs. Annie Harris in this city last January, at night. They carried off a trunk said to have contained money. Earle Jones escaped, but two men who were boarders in the house pursued and captured Wills and Gainus. Owing to the age of the two boys and the general belief that Earle Jones led them into the crime, the court accepted a plea of housebreaking instead of burglary and they were given ten years in the penitentiary.

Frank Moore, white, and Bunch Burch, colored, were placed on trial Monday for the murder of Night Watchman Strickland and setting fire to the Standard Oil plant after breaking open the safe. It was alleged by detectives that Moore made a confession several months ago, implicating Burch and Earle Jones, and also a fellow by the name of Williams. It is believed that Williams was mythical. It was found that Earle Jones was in prison at Norfolk on the night of the fire and murder here, so he could not have been present. He is the same man mentioned above as having been implicated in the burglarizing of Mrs. Harris' house.

Norris Case Again Postponed.

The trial of M. T. Norris was to have been gone into last Friday, and it was expected that J. J. Thomas, one of the State witnesses, would appear and give new testimony, or rather a new version of his former testimony. He had been suponead, but failed to show up, hence the trial could not proceed. His present location is unknown.

Justice Separk again reserved his decision and named April 11th as the day to hear Thomas, if he shows up. If he does not, it is probable that the Justice will render a decision on that date.

So Mr. Roosevelt devised not only the peace of Russia, but the policing of Morocco. But it will be fully two centuries before he can find a historian who will swear that he wrote the Declaration of Independence.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Undoubtedly there is great unrest in the country now. It is a time when every steady process should be applied to public opinion—to the end that reform shall be accomplished and made permanent.—Boston Transcript.