

State Library

# THE Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906.

NO. 5

## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

**Bob Has More Sense Than a Carload of Circus Animals—Mrs. Bilkins Interested in Congressional Proceedings, and the Major Tells Her How It Is Done, as He Understands It.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Bill Chandler wuz at Raleigh Monday an' I seed him yesterday an' he wuz takin' on erbout how smart them trained animals wuz in the circus. Bill sez they kin purty nigh read an' figger an' write.

I'll bet my mule Bob hez got more gude hard sense than a hole carload ov circus animals. Them elephants an' ponies an' dogs hain't got eny better sense than ter do what they air tole ter do. Bob hez a head ov hiz own, an' he won't do enythin' jist ter pleeze the crowd if hit iz ergainst hiz judgmint. An' you couldn't move him with dynamite if he took a noshun not ter go. I'll bet them fellers whut train animals fer circuses could larn a lot frum Bob.

If I git in a crowd an' wanter put on a few lugs I ax Bob if he iz in favor ov the present Wake County road law. He will shake hiz head like he wuz goin' ter shake the bridle off an' look az mad az a bear. Then the crowd will jump up an' holler. That pleezes Bob. He iz a roadster himself an' his ancestors fer two hundred years hev bin roadsters, so he knows every crook an' turn in them.

When I ax him erbout the rate bill he won't shake hiz head either way nor nod, fer he knows hit ain't through the rough places yit.

Bob knows awl erbout the free coinage ov silver, an' the tariff, an' I hev him trained ter shake hiz head when them subjects air brought up. When I ax him which iz the best, saloons or dispensary, he wont do nothin' but sorter look amuzed an' walk off staggerin'. I reckon he iz like a gude many others, an' thinks that the present temperance arrangements air gude enuff till after the next elekshun.

I make hit er pint to spend Sunday at home. When I got home last Saturday Betsy wuz ready ter ax a millyun questions erbout the rate bill, an' the general purseedin's in Kongress.

She sez: "Zeke, I can't get head nor tall ov what they air doin' in Kongress or what they air tryin' ter do. Hit looks ter me like they air puttin' in a gude deal ov time callin' one another liars, an' still they don't fite a bit."

Sez I, My dear, you will never kno the inardness ov that Kongress an' the Legislature. You see 'em an' then you don't see 'em.

In Washington they don't go to bed until after we country people get up, son Kongress don't meet until about 12 o'clock when we air eatin' dinner. In the House and Senit they have what they call a speaker. He don't speak much, hiz business bein' ter keep awl the others frum speakin' at once an' hit iz a purty big job.

The House hez always bin sorter scrappy, an' ready ter pass upon one another's verassity without waitin' ter call an inquest. But the United Senit uster be sorter like a funeral, an' members were not erlowed to cum in tanked up an' shoot the lites out.

But we air past them gude ole days. They got a lot ov Tilman's an' the like in the House an' Senit an' hit hez gone frum bad ter worse.

When the House meets an' they wanter scrap, they go into executive session an' clear the House of awl speektaters, an' hev hit out in the gude ole way. The Kongressman frum Texas will call up the resolution ov the gentleman frum Iowa an' he will declare that the resolution will ruin the country in two weeks, if past. The gentleman frum Iowa will defend hiz resolution an' then the gentleman frum Texas will call him a liar an' the fun will begin. Sum ov the Kongressmen air wantin' ter pass a bill ter git an appropria-shun for court plaster an' arnika.

When the Senit meets which haint till eight erlock at nite on most ov the days, hit iz more dignified. The gentleman frum Pennsylvania will interduce a bill an' declare that hit iz a gude thing an' orter be past. The gentleman frum Georgy will rize ter a pint ov order an' before you kin says Jack Robinson one or tother hez called the tother one a liar. After passin' the lie a few time they adjourn till the middle ov the next week.

An' still sum ov us air fools er-nuff ter purty near fite over who we air goin' ter send ter the House or Senit. If I ever git ter the House or Senit I'm goin' ter stop awl ov that.

Truly,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## The Story of the Pleides.

Many, many rains ago, when the earth was still in its infancy, seven brothers wedded seven sisters, and they all lived in one little village together. Socoy, the oldest brother, married Fosate, the eldest sister; Vichill, the second brother, married the second sister, Alachu; and so on they mated, according to their ages, —Stapocono and Moquem; Chapac and Yacumu; Sauset and Ajalis; Canuya and Tacchel; until the youngest brother, Tucay, took unto himself the youngest sister, the radiant Lilote.

In the daytime the seven brothers climbed the hills together, hunting game, while the seven sisters went together down to the lake basin to dig roots.

Every evening as the sun withdrew to his council with the craters the sisters returned home. Their shoulders were bent low with loads of lily roots. Always they found the seven brothers at home before them, lying around the fire, with togues eager to explain the lack of game. Night after night the six oldest brothers had nothing for their wives. Tucay alone each sundown produce a rabbit for his Lilote. In silence the sisters roasted their roots and shared them with their husbands.

This experience was repeated daily for eight moons. Then the sisters began to grumble among themselves. Fosate, the eldest, said: "This will not do, my bones are rattling in my skin. I want flesh food. We must think of something to do to save ourselves."

The next morning the seven husbands took their bows and arrows and went to meet the sun. Then Fosate said to her youngest sister: "Lilote, you must stay here to-day. Hide yourself behind the willows,

and when our husbands come home watch what they do."

When the sun was smiling its broadest Lilote heard the brothers returning. Laughing, each man threw down two rabbits and busied himself renewing the fire. As the flames changed the wood into coals, they skinned their prey. Tucay chose the larger of his rabbits and laid it to one side.

Thereupon Socoy, the eldest brother laughed at him. "O stupid Tucay, to stint yourself when your Lilote knows nothing of your success. We men need the flesh to give us great strength. It is a woman's place to deny themselves for us."

The five other brothers argued in the same strain. Tucay answered each time: "You do what you like. I wish to save half of my game for my wife."

"And the better half at that," scoffed Socoy; and all the others joined in teasing their youngest brother.

Lilote behind the willows heard and saw all. Her heart quickened as she listened to Tucay's words. Her mouth watered when the rabbit kept as still as the quail in the thicket.

The brothers licked their lips in satisfaction over the last morsels, and hid the bones and skin in the gulch below the village. Then they settled around the fire to talk.

In a little while Lilote came noisily out of her own hut. She rubbed her eyes and yawned broadly. As she saw the brothers she stopped in apparent surprise. "Are you home so soon?" she said. "How much game did you get?"

She seemed sleepy and unsuspecting. The brothers asked a few questions and then believed that she knew nothing of their feast.

When the sisters returned that night, there was the same old story of no game.

Then in silence they roasted their roots and shared them with their husbands. As Lilote watched the men eat she thought: "These must surely be gopher snakes. No man could eat a meal so soon after their gorging."

When the brothers settled around the fire again, the sisters crept behind the willows. There Lilote whispered the story of their husband's treachery.

"Let us steal down to the lake," murmured Fosate, "and there think what to do."

Down along the stream's bank they stole without a word. When they reached the shore of the lake, they huddled together in the darkness.

Fosate declared: "We must do something to get away from these greedy men. What shall we do?"

"Let us change ourselves into water," suggested Alachu, the second sister.

"Oh, no. They would drink us," the others answered.

"Let us change ourselves into stone," said Moquem, the third sister.

"Oh, no. They would step on us," came the response.

"Let us turn ourselves into trees," recommended Yacumu, the fourth sister.

"Oh, no. They would burn us," was the chorus.

"Let us change ourselves into quails," advised Ajalis, the fifth sister.

"Oh, no. They would shoot us," the others replied.

"Let us turn ourselves into stars," said Tacchel, the sixth sister.

"Oh, no. They would look at us," rang out five voices.

But Lilote said: "Yes, let us change ourselves into stars. Then we shall be out of reach."

"And we will watch them hunt for us," added Tacchel. This decided the sisters. Stars they would be.

They said to the tules on the lake's brink: "O tules, give us your aid. We wish a boat lighter and swifter than any canoe. We want to sail into the very heavens, away from these greedy hubands."

They fashioned the tules into a boat and carried it to a high point of rock. Then they stepped into it and rowed off into space. When they were far enough away they got out and sat together in a group in the sky. Then they let the tule boat glide back to earth.

From their seat on high they watched their husbands. The six oldest brothers looked around a little while, and then settled back to talk and doze by the fire. But Tucay wandered around walling. "My wife, my Lilote," he cried, "come again and warm my heart. No more shall I follow the advice of my brothers. Come, Lilote, come, or I shall perish in this loneliness."

Lilote watched his misery for a day and a night. Then she declared: "I shall throw myself back to earth. I cannot leave him so."

"And you would not grieve for us?" inquired Fosate.

"We will never go back," cried the other sisters. "O little one, do not desert us." Lilote endured her husband's sorrow for another day and another night. Then she said, "I must go back, sisters, although I shall grieve over your absence."

"No, little one," answered Fosate. "You shall stay here, and we will bring your beloved to you. He has proved himself worthy of our companionship."

All the sisters agreed to this, and they told Tucay how to use the tule boat. He came speeding up to them, and they changed him into the constellation Taurus.

You can still see them sitting in the high heavens, the Pleiades and Taurus, always in happy companionship and ever watching over the loyal lovers of this world.

I have seen and known on many occasions that succeeding too completely is a bar to future success; and the greatest possible evil that can happen to anyone is to have his energies lamed and his activity checked from within. Therefore, I rejoice in the failure which had the effect of detaining you in that lower class, in which it is so necessary for you to feel at home, before you can, with any freedom, move in a higher sphere.—Madame De Bunsen.

For all of us the road has to be walked every step, and the uttermost farthing paid. The gates will open wide to welcome us, but will not come to meet us. Neither is it any use to turn aside; it only makes the road longer and harder.—George McDonald.

Make your choice. He has bought you. You belong to Him by His death.—Maclaren.