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LETTER FROM BILKINS.

The Major Gets Alarmed About Bob and His Strange Conduct—Bob Travels Backwards—Mrs. Bilkins Finally Explains the Strange Phenomena—It Means That the Party Has Reversed Again.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Bilkinsville, N. C., June 12th.

I am havin' a lot ov truble with Bob an' I am goin' ter apply ter the railrode commishun fer releef if Bob don't do better. He hez got so he won't leave on time sumetimes, an' then, again, he leaves ahead ov time. Apt az enyway he will go backward az quick az he will go forward, an' while I ain't no lawyer, I hev bin a Justis ov the Peece a gude while an' I beleve that when a mule goes backward instead ov forward the railrode commishun hez jurishdickshun an' it orter take hold an' help a feller out. Supposin' I hev an' apintment ter speak ten miles from home an' wanter git thar on time. I saddle Bob an' start in gude time an' he gits frisky an' turns round an' round an' then won't go enyway but backward. What am I ter do? Sum mite say keep him goin' backward, an' you will git thar jist the same. What would the people say if they seed me ridin' backwards? That would defeet any candydate a-livin', an' I'd be accused ov bein' drunk or crazy before I'd git a mile. But that ain't the worst ov hit. Bob iz just az apt ter go North az South, or East az West. I'll hev ter git a compass an' steerin' gear if I keep on ridin' Bob, an' still not git enywhere.

When he first begun that game last week I thought sumbody had put cuckoldurrs under the saddle an' I took hit off an' held a inquest. I found no cuckoldurrs. I ain't superstishus, but you kin bet I felt sorter oneazy when he got ter acktin' that way, fer Bob hez a fine charackter an' hez bin at our house a long time.

After he cut up that way a few times I axed Betsy erbout hit. I hated ter ax her for it awlways makes her mity proud when I hev ter go ter her fer infermashun. She 'lowed Bob hed sum gude reason fer what he did an' sed she wuz surprized that an ole pollytishun like me hadn't seed through hit. But I hadn't an' after thinkin' over hit sum more I had ter admit my ignerance.

Betsy then sez: "If Bob could talk he would hev tole you long ergo fer he knowed hit by instinct, an' I knowed hit. The truth iz, the grate dymakrat party iz jist now reversin' itself gittin' ready fer another presidential campane, a floppin' from the 'safe an' sane' Parker platform ter Bryanism. Hadn't you seed that four or five States hev endorsed Bryan? Well, az Bob hed nothin' ter do but eat an' walk he got the first infermashun ov awl this by instinct, or maybe he iz one ov these mind-readers or claryvoints an' kin see things before they happen.

"When Bob wuz goin' backward with you he didn't mean eny harm, but jist wanted ter let you know that you musn't be a goldbug dymakrat eny longer but must reverse yourself an' go fer free coinage of 16 ter 1, government ownership ov blacksmith shops an' terbacker barns an' a tariff ter pleeze everybody with free trade tonicks before breakfast every mornin' same az we hed it in the platform in 1904. Az I sed, Bob couldn't talk

an' he got ter walkin' backward with you ter show you that the party wuz reversin' hitself an' you must do the same an' give a few yells fer Bryan az you go erlong."

I am glad I found out what wuz the matter with Bob fer I wuz superstishus fer a little while. Ov course it won't hurt me ter change my views fer I've bin doin' that every year or two sinse the war. One minit I'm a Cleveland goldbug an' the next I'm a Bryan silverbug. Hits lightnin' changin', but I'm a pracktical changer an' I'll advocate anythin' Tammany sez frum proherbishun ter heathenizum.

Yours fer a change,
ZEKE BILKINS.

Derelicts.

On a recent journey to Porto Rico, while facing a terrible storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas and who was master of the ship. I said to him "Do you fear the storm?" "Not in the least," he said, "for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has ever swept across the mighty deep." Then I said: "Do you fear the fog?" and he said: "Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas." "What then," I said to him, "do you fear the most?" and he said: "We are the most afraid of derelicts, for a derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbor, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain."

As he spoke, it occurred to me that there were a vast number of derelicts to-day all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbor, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves and incapable of serving others. Some of these derelicts were once in the church, but, unfaithful to their duties, they have slipped away; some of them, never having known Christ, have become genuinely indifferent to the claims of God. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is one who waits to board every drifting vessel to make useful that which has been useless, to strengthen that which has been weak, and that one is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

My Mother.

It has been truly said: "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the hardihood and forgetfulness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother as she instills the lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office."

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare, is hope.—Armstrong.

SHOT HER ASSAILANT.

Courageous Act of Miss Pearl Jones at Selma—The Negro Died Tuesday—His Partner in Jail Here.

On Saturday night Miss Pearl Jones, of Selma, shot Bud Richardson, a negro boy, who is said to have attempted a criminal assault.

Richardson was shot at five times, but one ball taking effect. He confessed that he went to the premises to commit the crime before his death, which occurred on Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Jones and Miss Jessie Hunt are the night operators at the Bell Telephone Exchange. The telephone office is between the bank and a large store. In the rear of the telephone office is a small vacant lot enclosed. On one or two previous occasions recently a colored boy had been driven from this lot, but it was not known that he contemplated such a serious crime. Miss Jones had provided herself with a pistol and knew how to use it. Saturday night about midnight she stepped just outside of the rear door and Bud Richardson, who was concealed nearby, rushed at her. Persons nearby heard five pistol shots fired at quick intervals and rushed to the telephone office. Miss Jones coolly stated that she fired at her assailant one time and then fired four more shots as she saw him crouched near the fence.

The police officer and others soon found that the boy was not on the premises. Going on the street they met a brother of Richardson running to a drug store. He stated that his brother, Bud, had been shot. To locate him was easy. He made a full confession as to the attempt and implicated Jim Merritt, a negro about his own age, and stated that they were both at the telephone office for the same purpose. Jim Merritt was soon arrested and placed in jail. On Tuesday he was brought to Raleigh, as there had been talk of lynching him.

Only one bullet struck Richardson, entering his left side, and going through one lung. He died Tuesday.

It is said that Miss Jones, who is between sixteen and eighteen, coolly reloaded her pistol and resumed her duties. A handsome subscription list is being made up to buy her the finest pistol that can be made.

Miss Jones is a daughter of Mr. Parham Jones, superintendent of the large fertilizer plant at Selma. He formerly lived in Raleigh and was a trusted employe of the Caraleigh Phosphate and Fertilizer Works. She is a grand-daughter of Mr. Bryant Smith, a well-known farmer who lives just outside the city limits.

On every hand Miss Jones is getting much praise for her coolness and prompt work in disposing of her brutal assailant, and the commendation is expressed not only by those who knew her here where she was born and raised, but by everybody and from all sections.

What One Heroine Did.

Several years ago a Chinese woman brought a slave girl to the hospital of the Presbyterian mission in Canton. The girl was blind and growing lame, and her owner, fearing that she would become valueless, wanted the missionaries to cure her. The doctors, after an examination,

reported that not only was the blindness incurable, but that it would be necessary to amputate a leg. The owner, on learning this, promptly abandoned her helpless property, leaving the slave upon the hands of the mission.

The amputation was successfully performed, and when the girl was well again the missionaries gave her light work to do about the place. But the poor cripple's troubles were not yet over. She developed leprosy, and as required by law, had to be sent to a leper settlement.

Blind, a cripple, a leper. Yet there is one more thing to be told of her. During her life at the hospital she had learned of God, and when for the last time she passed through those friendly doors to go to the darkness and horror of the leper settlement, she went a Christian.

In two years that blind cripple had built up a band of Christians in the leper settlement, and other leper villages were sending to ask about the wonderful good news that could bring joy even to outcasts. In five years a church had grown out of her work, and now a hospital is being planned. The poor, crippled, outcast life is today a centre of joy and service.

It is the old, old lesson that human hearts are always learning and yet have never wholly learned—that no life is so poor, miserable, so helpless or hopeless that it may not be transformed by the power of God into a life of gladness and blessing.—Selected.

The Story of the Face.

We often fail to thoroughly realize how the face is an index of character. Children recognize instinctively whom they can trust.

The life we live writes its history on the features. Purity or sensuality, intelligence or ignorance, kindness or cynicism, trace their record in broad characters which everyone can read. The artist or criminologist can read more of the details of the story which lines and furrows tell, but all the world can understand the face which bears the seal of virtue or of vice, of Christ-likeness or of brutality and sin.

An exchange tells of an infidel Swiss artist who was converted to Christ merely by studying the faces of a very humble band of Christians. He was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield, England.

He went there on the errand and scanned the faces of the people. With his heart, like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin, he looked on the assembled worshippers, and he saw peace written on their faces, and an inward joy beaming from their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not, and what he needed; and their faces were the means of leading him to Christ and the peace which Christ alone can give.

The face of the Christian may not shine as that of Moses did when he came from Sinai, but Christ's seal is set upon it, and, in proportion as he lives Christ, it reflects the purity and love and peace of the Lord, and is a help and inspiration to weaker souls.—Unknown.