

# Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907.

NO. 3

## LETTER FROM BILKINS.

**Still at the Exposition—Mrs. Bilkins Hears News About Pickpockets and Their Work, and it Causes Nervousness, But the Major is Not Alarmed—He Adopts Diplomacy and Wins Out.**

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Jamestown, Va., May 15th.

Betsy hez bin exsited purty nigh ter death. She hez bin hearin' that they wuz pickpockets here at the Expositishun an' that they air liable ter git awl the money people hev if they don't watch keerfully. After we went ter our boardin' house last nite an' I had put Bob up at the Liberty stable, me an' Betsy went up ter our room on the seckond floor an' she locked the door an' stopped up the keyhole with paper. Then she tole me whut she hed hearn sum ov the ladies sayin' erbout the pickpockets, an' that they were powerfully erfrade that they would steal awl their jewelry an' money. Betsy wuz tremblin' like a leaf in a spring breeze, an' after she got sorter out ov breth a-talkin', she lowed that we had better git ready an' go home. After she hed talked that way fer erbout an' hour, an' I hed sit thar smokin' my pipe, which wuz filled with Martin Creek Township terbacker, which iz gude enuff ter make a feller feel brave, she wanted ter know what I thought erbout hit, an' ov course every man iz expected ter agree with hiz wife, especially when sed wife iz exsited. But they be times when I refuse ter agree with my wife an' adopt diplomacy. I seed that the time hed cum ter try once more or else spile our trip ter the Expositishun.

"My dear," sez I, "we air here ter see this Expositishun, an' we orter stay till we do see hit, fer hit cost lots ov money ter cum down here, an' you air too brave a woman an' hev bin too-industerous an' lovin' a wife ter miss seein' awl these grate sites jist becuse two or three pickpockets frum sum ov the big cities happened ter drop down here fer a little reck-reashun. Now, I will show you jist what hez awlways bin the truble with you wimin. You air awl jist az sweet an' purty az a patch ov rose bushes in full bloom, an' you hev sense enuff ter bust the biler ov a steam engin. But you air jist like thousands ov other women—an' sum men—you wear yourself out lookin' fer troubles that never cum. If the pickpockets wuz ter git awl our money hit would not break us, we'd still hev Bob an' the other mule left; awlso the farm, the cows, hogs, chickens, an' other things, too. We wouldn't be broke. Then, ergin, we kin purvent that by a little derplomasy. We kin take what little money we hev an' put hit in the bottom ov our shoes an' awl the pickpockets frum here ter New York couldn't git hit without our findin' hit out. Now, quit worryin'. We air here, an' we air goin' ter stay here till we see this Expositishun if we don't meet with sum exident that we can't foresee. If a pickpocket kin git my money out ov my shoes without me findin' hit out, he iz welcome ter hit, an' then I'll sign a contrack ter go home and sell the farm an' the stock an' everythin', an' then cum back down here with the money awl in my pocket an' I'll take the pickpockets off ter one side an' tell them

whut I hev done, an' show them which pocket the money iz in."

Betsy seemed ter git sorter passified after I talked that way, an' she sed hit will be awl rite jist so I'd manage ter save enuff money out ov the wreck ter buy her a new lawn dress afore we leave the Expositishun.

Yours fer displomasy,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## Building Repaired and Enlarged.

John W. Evans' Sons, corner Morgan and Blount Streets, have recently improved and enlarged the building in which they conduct a shop for the repair of carriages, buggies, etc., and manufacture delivery wagons.

They are bright and industrious young men, and do fine work. Ten good mechanics are employed in the factory, and nothing but honest work is turned out.

## Unanswered.

An old beggar in the Far East sat in the sunshine by a gateway. The day was warm, his position comfortable, and he fell asleep as he sat there, never noticing when a kindly disposed passer-by dropped a coin in his outstretched hand. Another pedestrian, less generous and with no scruples of honesty, soon discovered the ungrasped gift. Glibly assuring himself that the old man could not well lose what he never knew he had, the newcomer deftly transferred the money to his own palm, and went his way. A little later the beggar awoke, glanced towards the setting sun, and with a sigh for the luckless day that had brought him nothing, wended wearily homeward.

Is it not in such a fashion that we do much of our asking at heaven's gate? Day by day, we offer our petitions; we want things for which we ask, indeed, but we scarce expect their coming. The outstretched hands have become a matter of custom; we do not notice how often they are filled, nor how swiftly and in what strange ways the answers often come. The grasping of many a petition comes easily within our reach, but we fail in our listlessness to recognize or grasp it. We murmur, "The heavens are dumb."—Forward.

## Mysteries of Planting.

The devices adopted by nature for securing the planting and distribution of seeds are very interesting. Some seeds have wings, so that they may be carried away as far as possible in falling from the parent plant. Others, like those of the milkweed and dandelion, may be said to be provided with balloons, inasmuch as they are made so light by feathery appendages that they are readily drawn up to great heights by warm currents of air. Astronomers used to mistake the floating seeds of the milkweed for meteors until a noted star gazer set his telescope at a near focus and was thus enabled to examine the floating vegetable germs that passed across the field of view. Certain burrs are seed vessels that are provided with tiny hooks in order that they may catch in the fur of animals and be carried off.—Selected.

Honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart.—Bernard.

## How the Children Saved Hamburg.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his house one morning. Along with other business men he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant had been the fighting that he had worn his armor night and day for a week. He thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates. As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with luscious fruit, the very sight of which was refreshing. A thought struck him! He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on his trees? Might he not by means of his cherries secure safety for his city? His decision was soon made. There was no time to lose. He gathered together three hundred of the small children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand. When the leader of the enemy saw the city gates open and the band of white-robed children passing out, many of the children nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he thought it was some trick by which the people were trying to deceive him in order to attack his forces. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was about to give orders for them to be put to death. But, when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own babies at home and the tears came to his eyes. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, juicy fruit from the children's hands, a cheer went up from the camp; and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of love and pity. When the little ones went home they were accompanied by wagons of food for the starving people, and the next day a treaty of peace was signed. For many years, as the day came around on which the beautiful deed was done, it was kept as a holiday, and called "the feast of cherries."

Throng of children marched through the streets, each one carrying a cherry-tree branch; but they ate the fruit themselves in memory of their little fore-runners who saved Hamburg.—Phrenological Journal.

## "Stonewall."

A remarkable feature of "The Appeal to Arms," by James Kendall Hosmer, Ph. D., LL. D.—a brilliantly written history of the earlier half of the Civil War—is the presentation of pen pictures of leading generals and statesmen. The famous "Stonewall" Jackson is presented as follows:

"The truth is, old Jack's crazy," exclaimed one of his soldiers. "I often meet him out in the woods, gesticulating wildly and talking to himself, oblivious of anybody near." At such times he was known to be at prayer. His biographer, Dabney, a Presbyterian minister who became his chief of staff, who was with him constantly and sympathized with him fully, narrates that he interpreted literally the scriptural injunction to

pray without ceasing. He never ate or drank without uttering a prayer; nor, indeed, could he mail a letter or break the seal of one just received or perform any act without a petition.

"When riding he was constantly at prayer, and might be seen to throw his hands aloft and move his lips in ejaculations. After victories his bivouacs became camp-meetings, in which officers and soldiers caught the enthusiasm of the General. Though he did not scruple to fight on Sunday, feeling that it was the Lord's service, yet for all ordinary actions he was rigidly Sabbatarian: a letter received on Saturday night must remain opened until Monday; nor would he mail a letter if he thought it must be conveyed on Sunday.

"Convinced that the Lord was on his side and ever present with him, full of fanatical energy, with a constitution of iron, with eye and judgment quick and sure, he was an enemy to be dreaded. His spirit was that of the Puritan, or of an ancient judge of Israel, a Jephthah, or a Joshua."

## "Pa's Prayers."

A great many people are spending their breath praying when they ought to be materializing their prayers. Are you one of them? It is useless to pray down blessings upon your pastor, or the poor and the needy, when your granaries and larders are fairly bursting with them. The following may be a timely hint:

Sickness came one year to the poorly-paid pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the sick one and for material blessings upon the pastor's household. There was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"Pa couldn't come, so I've brought his prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yes, brought pa's prayers, and they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, oat meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned at short notice.—Gospel Banner.

## My Bible.

My Bible is all the dearer to me, not only because it has pillowed the dying heads of my father and mother, but because it has been the sure guide of a hundred generations before them. When the boastful innovators offer me a new system of belief I say to them: "The old is better." Twenty centuries of experience shared by such intellects as Augustine, Luther, Pascal, Calvin, Newton, Chalmers, Edwards, Wesley, and Spurgeon are not to be shaken by the assaults of men who often contradict each other while contradicting God's truth.