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## BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

## He and Mrs. Bilkins Are Trying to Find a Whale—The Major May Capture One Alive and Place It in Terrible Creek—The F. F. V.'s Are Playing Out.

Jamestown, Va., May 29th.

Correspondence of The Enterprise.

Ever sinse I've bin here I've bin lookin' fer a whale. Betsy sez she iz dyin' ter see one, fer she hez bin readin' about them in the Scriptures. They iz so much racket erbout here an' so many steamboats run up an' down the river that I reckon the whales air sorter skeered awl the time. If I could git in site ov a whale I'd ride Bob an' chase hit till hit would git out breth and give up. If I could katch one ov them alive I'd bring hit down an' put hit in Terrible Creek, an' I know they would run excursuns fer people ter go out frum Raleigh an' Garner ter look at the whale.

I'll never fergit readin' erbout what er scrape Jonah got into by a whale. He didn't see the sun fer three days fer he wuz cooped up in the midst ov the whale an' they wuzzent any winder ter look out ov. He must hev got mity tired an' lonesum ridin' eround in a ship made ov oil an' bone.

If that Jonah business had a-happened in this day an' time awl the nuesday reporters would hev bin chasin' Jonah ter git him ter tell awl erbout his trip over the ocean which he made while inside the whale. He could hev given some inside infermashun. I reckon the whale did a lot ov blowin' erbout what hit had done when hit got over swallerin' Jonah an' got with sum other whales.

I ain't exactly erfaid ov whales, but I'd rather not git too close ter a big one, fer hit mite be one ov the sort that likes ter play a joke, az that one did with Jonah.

Betsy she don't seem ter take az much stock in the expersishun az I do fer she wants ter put in a whole lot ov time lookin' at the dry goods stores in Jamestown. I beleeve a woman would leave a circus jist when the clowns air gittin' off their best jokes ter go an' look at a half a yard ov black ribbon in a dry goods store.

I can't keep up with Betsy or she can't keep up with me half ov the time. I hain't got any other excuse so I tell Betsy that Bob iz confined so close in the liberty stable that I hev ter ride him eround an' give him a little exercise. That gives me a chance ter git out on the streets and see the purty girls promenading eround in their new spring clothes. They look az purty az a patch ov ripe strawberries, an' they take notis ov me, fer I reckon they think I'm a widdewer prancin' eround gittin' ready ter play the fool ergin by takin' the constitushunal rite ov a seckond leap in the dark. Betsy don't fail ter lecture me erbout an hour every nite, but hit iz sorter like pourin' water on the back ov a duck.

Bob iz gittin' real gay. This town life an' no wurk iz puttin' meanness in hiz hed. I'll hev ter wear out a fense rale on him when I git him back ter Martin Creek township; then I'll be arrested fer crewelty ter mules.

I wish Preserdent Roosevelt could a stayed here a week or two longer. I wanted him ter ride Bob sum more,

an' I wanted ter take him a-fishin' an' bear huntin'. I'd give fifteen cents ter git him down on the banks ov the James River an' see him fawl in the river an' wet hiz best suit of clothes.

The Expersishun iz openin' up slowly an' iz goin' ter be fine. Hit iz so historickal an' the First Familys ov Virginy will awl be here sooner or later.

The First Familys ov Virginy iz sum punkins. They got here a long time ergo an' a gude many ov them haven't never bin able ter git erway. The first seckshun ov the First Familys were purty good people. But they air sorter playin' out an' workin' in peeples air takin' their places. I beleeve they call hit everlushun.

I am goin' ter Washington one ov these days; maybe, next week, or the week after, and you may look out to hear frum me. If they don't stop me I'll ride Bob up the stairs in the capitol an' let him look awl over sixteen counties.

Yours,

ZEKE BILKINS.

## A Dog's Heart.

This story was recently told by Judge E. C. O'Rear in a letter to Judge James A. McCullough, and published in the Southern Christian Advocate:

"One of my colleagues is a fancier of collies. Some three years ago he gave me a female puppy, beautifully marked and formed, and of the 'bluest blue blood.' Like many other successful and potent American characters, she was able to trace her ancestry to Bonny Scotland with certainty, and, after the order of such, presumably with pride. At any rate, she was a beauty. Her disposition was amiable to a degree suggestive of thoughtfulness. She was in most senses a 'lady.' As she developed in size, shapeliness, and color, she grew in knowledge and affectionateness. On my farm she was alert, intelligent, and helpful. She greeted my visits with manifestations most flattering to one's vanity, calling for and winning a return of affection. She was my companion on my rides over the place, doing more than an ordinary 'hand' in herding and driving cattle.

"In the fullness of time she became the proud and fond mother of a batch of mongrel puppies, useless and homely. Her attention to them was in keeping with her strictly proper life, indicating a well-rounded character, with a full appreciation of the duties of maternity. She was not French, and, as you will note, evidently did not believe in race suicide. As I was returning to Frankfort, I told one of my men that these puppies ought to be destroyed. It developed that my mistake was in not giving detailed instructions.

"The negro man took the puppies one bright Sunday morning, placed them in a basket, and started for a far-away hollow to do his work. The mother dog followed solicitously, as I have since been told. She would trot alongside with eager attention on the fateful basket, her ears cocked questioningly, and occasionally whining an anxious inquiry. When remote from the home, the thoughtless ducky took the puppies by their hind legs, one at a time, and brained them against a tree, throwing them

and leaving them on the ground. The dog did not offer resistance; she nervously watched the proceedings, evidently not understanding then the fatal act. But she attempted to mother the little things, snuggling them what every mammal mother does to her injured babe. As their little noses neglected her proffered nourishment and panacea for all ill treatment, as she must have reasoned, she licked them in the tenderest solicitude, and cuddled them again and again to arouse them.

The negro left her, as she would not heed his calls. He did not report her conduct, and she was not missed at the time till next morning. My brother went to look for her. As he came in sight of the place of her disaster, she slunk away, refusing to heed his call or to be consoled. Following her, she soon ran away from his sight. I returned in a few days, and, learning of the incident, was heartsick with resentment toward myself and all others concerned. I at once instituted a search far and wide for her; I advertised telephoned all my neighbor farmers, and sent hands to follow every fugitive trail suggested. It was of no avail, and after a week or ten days I gave it up.

"One day one of my children reported that 'Lassie' was found, but earned my thankfulness by adding that she was dead. She was found up under a part of the house where she had first nested her litter of puppies. She had not been seen in the neighborhood since the morning of the tragedy. No mark of violence was upon her. She died, I am sure of a broken heart. And why not? Have you ever lost a child? Who can say that the mother instinct is not as trae in the brute as in the human? It is instinctive to both, and must be perfect, as are all instincts. Then what desolation must have appeared to that poor brute's mind as she viewed the total wreck of all she held dearest by the strongest property of her being! And to think that the very people whom she loved and served, and who she had every right to suppose felt the most kindly toward her—they were the authors of her undoing! Where could she go, hoping for better treatment? What else could the world offer her? Bereft of offspring by the foulest treachery and by a cruelty that could not be fathomed by a well-bred collie dog, forsaken by all her friends, even her master having forgotten her, she may well have believed, her heart broke under its accumulated sorrow and disappointment.

"It is a keen rebuke to be weighed and found wanting. But to be weighed by the standard of a dog's conscience and found wanting! What a rebuke! You may imagine the state of my feelings as my mind ran over the situation and reproduced the picture of my faithful and stricken little friend. What would not I have given to have been able to recall my own thoughtfulness and that poor, dumb thing that was, that I might have shown to her some attention to relieve, as we endeavor to believe can be done among humans, the sting of death's losses and the reparation of thoughtlessness!"—Selected.

Refinement is the delicate aroma of Christianity.—C. M. Yonge.

## A Complete Education.

A girl's education is most incomplete unless she has learned—

To sew.  
To cook.  
To mend.  
To be gentle.  
To value time.  
To dress neatly.  
To keep a secret.  
To avoid idleness.  
To be self-reliant.  
To darn stockings.  
To respect old age.  
To make good bread.  
To keep a house tidy.  
To be above gossiping.  
To make home happy.  
To control her temper.  
To take care of the sick.  
To take care of the baby.  
To sweep down cob-webs.  
To marry a man for his worth.  
To read the very best of books.  
To take plenty of active exercises.  
To be a helpmate to her husband.  
To keep clear of trashy literature.  
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.  
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Christian Love Will Conquer Africa.

There is not a tribe so low in Africa, but what can be reached, if only the proper men can be found to go and declare the truth by teaching and by example. It requires the love of Christ to love a man like Africander. A missionary did love this debased savage, and as a consequence Africander became a Christian. Love, Christian love, will conquer Africa. All other agencies will fail of a true conquest. The continent might be overrun with enemies; it might be debased to hell with strong drink and kindred vices, but if it is rightly conquered it must be by love.

Looking at the missionary map of this vast continent we see little red dots marking mission stations all along the coast, and some places in the interior. Who can tell what a hundred years more will do for this continent whose vastness is almost incomprehensible? It ought to be our prayer that the continent should be rightly taken for Christ. But if it is taken at all for him, we may believe that it will be rightly taken; our Christianity gets a better shade and stamp when it is taken into a heathen country. Our most earnest young people volunteer for mission work. It is to be supposed then that a very fine type of religious fervor will be the consequence of their lives and efforts when they go to heathen lands. Indeed the Church of Christ is rejuvenated by sending abroad missionaries. The home church is renewed in life, and every time a new field is undertaken the Church has a renaissance.

Mission work pays immensely both for the home church and for the church sent to other lands.—Rev. J. G. Patton, in Missionary Record.

The plan of the State Audubon Society to introduce the English pheasants among North Carolina game birds is well in keeping with the society's record as a public benefactor.—Charlotte Observer.