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## BILKINS AT JAMESTOWN.

**Mrs. Bilkins Getting Tired of the Exposition—The Major Can't Find "Pokyhuntu"—The Conspiracy to Thin Out the Smiths—Mrs. Bilkins May Have a Scheme on Foot.**

Jamestown, Va., June 5th.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I am now havin' truble ter git Betsy ter stay here eny longer. She wants ter go home an' see how the cows an' chickens air gittin on. I tell her that they won't never be sich a Expositshun at Jamestown ergin in our day an' that we hed better stay here az long az we kin. She hez bin hearin' frum home erbout how little the cotton iz an' she wants ter go an' see if we can't do sumpthin' ter bring hit out a bit. I'm not like Betsy; I take things ezy an' trust ter Providence. Betsy iz awlways frettin' an' worryin' erbout what mite happen. What haz done happened gives me erbout awl I kin shoulder.

I hev bin lookin' eround here expectin' ter see Pokyhuntu who saved John Smith's life in 1705. Bu I guess he iz dead or iz too old ter canter eround expersishuns.

It seems that the Inguns tried ter kill awl the white people exsept the Smith's, an' that iz how they cum ter be so meny Smith's livin' awl over the country now. I understand that they iz erbout 25,000,000 Smiths in the United States, or a leetle over one-third ov the populashun. A pollytishun tole me that wuz the number. He iz a candydade fer Senator in North Carolina an' wuz tryin' ter tell me sumpthin' big ter git my support. Anyhow, I hain't hearin' the rayport denied.

I see by the papers that my ole frend Colonel Julian S. Carr, ov Durham, iz headin' this way with a lot ov ole soldiers. I reckon they awl stopped in Richmond, fer I hain't cum up with them yit.

Col. Carr iz havin' lots ov exsitement sense the war leadin' the ole soldiers eround ter reunions. He wuz too young ter give them much exsitement endurin' ov the war, so he iz keepin' hit up now. But I am glad ov hit. Many a poor feller went ter the war an' never got back an' can't assist in whut iz goin' on now; the bullets were cumin' too thick whar they wuz standin', so they can't be with us in the flesh now.

Betsy hez got willin' fer me ter ride Bob out in the James River an' swim him down ter Fort Munroe an' see him kick sum ov them battleships ter kindlin' wood. I know Bob kin do hit, but, at the same time, I ain't takin' no chances. When a married man hez hiz wife ter advize him ter ride a mule out inter water that iz seventy-five feet deep on a mule, an' make the sed mule kick battleships that air made ov steel an' brass an' that air loaded with a hundred thousand pounds ov dynamite an' powder an' other things that will explode if you look at hit rite strate, the aforesed married man hed better go off an' git in a quiet place an' do a lot of thinkin'. Betsy hez bin a mity gude wife, an' she seems ter think a whole lot ov me; but you don't know a woman. If anythin' wuz ter happen ter me she'd own the farm down on Terrible Crick an' awl the other real an' imaginary estate, mules, cattel an' household an' kitchen furniture, an' bein' a mity likely

lookin' woman an' a gude housekeeper, she mite hev future marryin' in her hed.

Now, I ain't erfraid ter swim Bob out into Chespeek Bay an' tackle the battleships; but I don't wanter get across the dead line. They iz peeple who air not erfraid ov death—undertakers an' grave-diggers, an' peeple like that—but I don't belong in that class. I am jist a plain sitizen an' don't never expect ter git a monument put up at my hed with unveilin' attachments an' publick speakin', an' so I don't care ter git mixed up in no killin' buziness az long az I kin help hit. More'n that, I am goin' up ter Washington soon an' visit the Preserdent, the Secretary ov the Navy an' ov War, an' I'd feel mity mean visitin' them an' breakin' bread at their tables after breakin' up the navy like Bob would be shure ter do. I couldn't hardly hev the face ter visit them at Washington an' tell them that me an' Bob broke up the battleships, an' I wouldn't play the hypercrit by goin' thar an' tellin' them that I wuz powerful sorry, an' awl that.

Yours az ever,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

## Brown-Tail and Prickles.

Mr. and Mrs. Rat had gone house-hunting, and Brown-tail was left at home alone. The larder was empty, so he started on a voyage of discovery.

"If I could only get an egg!" he thought.

He ran along his tunnel, but at a turning suddenly drew back; for something pricked him sharply on the nose.

"Dear me!" he said. "What can that be?" He licked his nose, and listened. Then he heard little paws busily at work, burrowing.

"It must be some of our family," he said. "There are no others that can burrow." And he went on again carefully. Again his nose was pricked, so badly that he could not help crying out.

"Is there any one there?" said a small voice; and a funny little dark head appeared at the end of the tunnel.

"Yes," said Brown-tail. "I was trying to find my way to the hen-roost."

"Ah!" said Prickles. "That's the place I am bound for. I heard the hens cackling, and I know I shall have a feast."

"I'm awfully hungry," said Brown-tail, feeling rather sulky.

"Wait a bit. There will be enough for you and me, too; only you had better not come too close."

"Was it you who pricked my nose?" said Brown-tail.

"Yes," answered the hedge-hog. "I'm very sorry. I can't help it. I'm made that way."

Brown-tail sat down, and waited, licking his lips now and then, and thinking how funny it must be to stick prickles into your friends, if they came too close.

At last Prickles reached the roost. A board was pushed aside; and he got in, after calling to Brown-tail to follow.

They had a fine feast, and Brown-tail slipped away; but Prickles, being tired with his hard work, curled up in a nest and went to sleep.

A few days later, as Brown-tail

was running around the garden in the early morning, he heard a queer noise.

He was a brave little fellow, so he crept softly up to see what it was.

"Is that you, Brown-tail?" And a black nose and two little bright eyes appeared over the edge of a large box.

"What is it?" said Brown-tail.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Prickles. "I went to sleep in the hen-roost; and the master came and dragged me out and gave me to the children here."

"Don't they treat you well?" said Brown-tail. "You should prick them."

"They are as kind as kind can be, but I don't like being shut up. If I could only get out a little while sometimes, I shouldn't mind."

So Brown-tail began to nibble; and every night, as soon as it was dark, he came back and nibbled, until he had made a hole big enough for Prickles to get out.

"Thank you so much," said Prickles, as he scrambled through.

"One good turn deserves another," said Brown-tail. "Good-bye." And away he ran.—Cassell's Little Folks.

## Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall young fellow, with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled, and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money, and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and opening the bag took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer, the young Pole stepped out into an open space, and lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cacalera Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up and their faces became tender.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped

him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats and said:

"Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

This incident was a sermon on competence, a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or farming, or brick-laying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows it root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the Pole pointed to his cornet, and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—Scribner's Magazine.

## Rainy Day Members.

"Mamie," said Bessie, "it is going to rain, I know, for there are some drops falling now. We just can't go to the missionary meeting, so there's no use to think about it. We'll stay at home and play doll house."

"But, Bessie," said Mamie, though she did not say it very earnestly, "it doesn't seem to be much of a shower. Don't you think that if we took an umbrella we could go? We could hurry a'long, and I believe we would not get much wet."

"No!" said Bessie positively, "no, we can't go to missionary meeting, cause it's going to rain too hard. If we get wet, it will make us sick."

So they did not go to missionary meeting. Yet what do you suppose these two little girls were doing not a half hour later? They were sitting out in the yard holding an umbrella over themselves, because of the gentle shower that was falling, and playing at doll house. And they had been afraid to go to the missionary society lest they get wet!

Little worker, are there any such workers as these in your missionary society? Do you ever stay at home yourself because it is raining just a bit, and you are afraid of getting wet? Then do you go right out in the rain to play or to run some errand on which you want to go?—Selected.

A boy is like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through, the more valuable it becomes.

A bar of iron that is worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horse shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into knife blades its value is increased to \$350. Made into needles, it would be worth \$3,000; into balance wheels for watches, \$25,000.

Just think of that, boys!—Sel.

Ah! brother! that life is but a poor, fragmentary one which seeks God by fits and starts; and that seeking after God is but a half-hearted and partial one which is only experienced in the moments of grief and pain.—Alexander Maclaren.

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters hurt him that is too much intent upon them.—Plutarch.