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BILKINS AT HOME.

The Major Enjoying Home Life for a Short Time—Mr. Bryan Can Talk—Teetotalers Do Not Attend State Fair—What Some of the Visitors Missed—Bear History.

Bilkinville, N. C., Oct. 30.
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I am still at home restin' an' gittin' over that bear chase I give Billy Bryan at Raleigh Fair week. Billy purty nigh talked me ter death. If I could talk like that man I'd be sellin' sowin' machines, life insurance, or patent churns, an' I'd soon hev awl the money in North Carolina an' I'd pile it up erginst the side ov the barn an' open a bank and let Betsy be bookkeeper an' I'd be preserdint, cashier and the board of direckters.

Betsy sez I'll hev ter stay at home an' help pick out the cotton, gather corn an' dig the pertaters before I kin go ter Washington teh visit the Preserdint. I'll hev ter write a postage card an' tell him that I am a prisoner tied to my wife's apern strings an' ter look fer me when sees me a-ridin' up Pencilyany Averoo, wavin' my bandanner hankercheef at him. They will be sumptin' doin' in Washington, D. C., then fer a few days or I ain't er profit.

I am a-gittin' sorter over my scare erbout the finacial siutashun. The Preserdint is still out West, huntin' bears an' lookin' over the perlytykal situashun. If hit wuz real serious he wouldn't do that,—he'd go home an' pull off hiz cote an' tellygraft them Wall Street fellers ter hold the fort.

But I hev got in sorter the same box. I see that a whole lot ov other towns air tryin' ter carry the Masonic Temple an' the State Fair erway from Raleigh. That won't do. Raleigh iz the only big town near Turrible Crick an' the State Fair would not be a sucksess any where else. Purty nigh awl the other towns hev gone dry an' the brethern wouldn't go ter a State Fair in a dry town. Frum what I kin see not many teetotalers attend State Fairs.

I am gittin' lots ov letters from peepole who wuz at the State Fair, an' they say that they didn't git ter see me an' Mr. Bryan go a bear-huntin'. Sum ov them talk like they got bunkoed. Awl I kin say iz that the bear-hunt wuz a private affair. Hit wuz not advertized az a part ov the Fair attractions an' so they ain't got no right ter kick. Mr. Bryan wuz an extinguished citizen, an' I jest giv him a little pleasant time at my own expense. Hit wuz not in the Fair grounds but wuz on private property, that butyful place known az Penitenshiary woods, jist off from where the battle ov the A. & M. College wuz fout betwixt the Softmores an' Freshmores this week.

A gentleman livin' at Burlington hez written me wantin' ter know how ole the bears air that are in Pullen Park, and how ole bears in general live ter be. They ain't any reckords ter tell the age ov bears by. Az ter the ages ov bears in general, they air supposed ter live through four or five Preserdentshal campanes an' then either die a natural death or git shot by sum regular hunter who kin kill bears a-flyin' or a-sittin' still.

I see by the newspapers that the

railrode investergashun hez already cost over \$15,000, an' they hain't found seckshun one ov the law yit. By the time the whole thing iz over I'm afeerd that the pollytishuns will own the railroads an' then we will hev ter pay ten cents a mile ter ride on trains ter go at awl. I'm a gittin' skeerd. These young fellers don't know what they air bringing on the country. But, ov course, az long az Bob lives I won't be obliged ter ride on any trains nohow.

Az ever,

ZEKE BILKINS.

The Man and the Elephant, or Mind is Superior to Matter.

"You are smaller than I am," said an elephant to his keeper, "pray why do I submit to you?"

"Why do you?" said the keeper. "I wish to know," said the elephant.

"How came you here?" said the man.

"I came of my own accord," said the elephant.

"Why did you not refuse to come," said the man.

"I thought I had better come, on the whole," said the elephant.

"What were you afraid of, if you had refused to come?" said the man.

"Not of you," said the elephant. "I could have killed you in a moment, but I feared I should be killed in return."

"Not by me," said the man.

"No," said the elephant, "but by some of your friends. You owe all your power over me to what you call society. If you were alone I would soon show my superiority."

"Perhaps not," said the man. "We owe much of our superiority to society, but we owe more to intellect, and your bulk will never make up for your lack of that."

A Glimpse of the Millenium.

Mr. J. R. Bivens, of West Marshville township, left a sweet potato at this office last week that weighs 6 1/2 pounds. It is the largest eatin' root we have ever seen. We may decide to have it cut up with the band saw of Marshville Blacksmithing Co., and then make a family slice pie out of it, and then 'phone Editor Way, of Waxhaw, to come over and try his eatin' works. If we can succeed in catching a fat 'possum to go along with it, we'll send word to Col. J. P. Sossaman, of the Charlotte People's Paper, to come along, too.—Our Home, Marshville.

The "Kerosene Buggy" in a Country Town.

Old Grausier Boswell come to town drivin' his old flea-bit gray that hadn't moved out'n a walk in more'n twelve years. But when Bill's snortin' sulky hove in sight, the old hoss sot flat in the middle of the road for to take a good look at it. He didn't wait to say what he seed; he raised his head an' tail an' got away from thar like he was trainin' for a fake race in New Orleans. Gransir Boswell had sense enough to roll out whar he cud hit in a mud-hole, but the old' gray never did stop ontell he run spang through the barn door at home, which was some miles away. Our home editor had a piece about it the next week, an' said that a hame-string and a hoss-collar had been found in the next county,

but the body and frame of the buggy, relics of a bygone time, had teetotally disappeared. An' he wound up by sayin' that in these times it behove ever'body for to have the'r hosses and mules broken to civilization an' circus waggins.

Bill had smooth sailin' for awhile, an' his machine was the wonder of the hour. Why, when he squoze the hot-water bag that blows his horn it sounded for all the world like he had a Florridy bull-yearlin' tied to the runnin'-gear. Folks had been standin' out on the streets watchin' the antics of this machine, but when they heern this fuss, they scooted an' run to cover like rabbits when they hear a dog bark. The wimmen watched Bill through the blinds, an' the children peeped at him from behind the corners of the houses. His kerosene buggy was better than forty policemen for keepin' the streets clear of loafers an' runnin' the cows an' hogs off'n the public square.

The Country Editor.

He is the hardest worked of men,
A busy chap is he;
He wields the hatchet or the pen,
With great facility.

He chronicles that "Bessie Brown
Was married to William Goode,"
Then to the woodpile hustles down
And splits a lot of wood.

He writes two columns of advice
To cure the people's ills,
Then dons his apron in a trice
And prints a hundred bills.

And if some callers then there are,
His inky hands he'll wash,
And trade a year's subscription for
A "pumpkin" or a squash.

He states "Hi Higgins is in town
Upon a load of rye"—
And takes the upper cases down
And fixes up the "pl."

And when the "pl" is straightened out,
The furniture he dusts—
Then sets a stick or two about
The tariff and the trusts.

His paper cheers us every week—
It does whate'er it can
To keep the slush off Freedom's peak
And save the rights of men.

So come, ye freemen of this land,
And let's be thankful for
This bulwark of the nation,
The country editor.
—Toronto (Ont.) World.

Somewhat Late.

Train No. 2 from Fayetteville, over the Raleigh & Southport road, due at 6 p. m., Wednesday afternoon, did not arrive here until after 1 a. m. that night. It was either seven hours late or seventeen hours ahead of time.

A new fireman, a broken engine, bad coal, and other things contributed to the delay. Trains on that road run on fairly good time generally.

Pastor Aked recently brought over from England to New York, says the story of Jonah is a fiction. Then the nature faker has no modern creation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Vision of Heaven.

Very beautifully does Anna Ship-ton tell us of her vision of heaven, how one night as she lay down, weary in her work, and longed that she might wake in heaven, she fell asleep and dreamed that she was sailing into the harbor of heaven through a sea of glass, and myriad forms of loved ones were standing on the shore to welcome her. But looking round, she noticed that the waters were filled with drowning men and women and children, and they were reaching out their hands with despairing cries for her to save them. Immediately she lifted up her face to the beautiful city and said: "Father, not yet do I ask Thee to take me to that blessed heaven, but rather to send me back to save those lost ones." And then it seemed to her that the very chords of her heart were loosened and became cables as she swam through the sea, and the drowning ones clung to her very heart strings as she painfully drew them home, and the very waters were stained crimson from her own heart with the agony of her love.

"Failures."

And then there are men who have stood for great causes and seemed to fail; men who have fought for the unseen ideal, for the invisible reality, and have died without seeing the issues of their labor, and over whom the world called "failure." Abram leaving Ur or the Chaldees to found a nation whose issue he never saw; Moses, burying himself in the desert with the people of God, and then from Nebo's top looking vainly out across the land he had hoped to attain; Paul, surrendering his neck to the headsman's ax on the Appian Way outside of Rome, with just a few Christians gathered in the great cities of all the church he had hoped to found; Savonarola, burning to death in the public square of Florence, while Florence had not yet obtained her liberties; Mazzini, dying an exile in the tenements of London; Jesus Christ, even, crucified on Calvary, between two thieves, while His enemies said: "Failed at last: He saved others, Himself He cannot save." What a magnificent failure is this that dares to fight for the unseen truth, and then with hands all empty of what the world would call result, go up before the throne and say: "By the charred ashes of my earthly body, by my life spent in humble service, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."—Harry E. Forsdick.

There is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared. Fear in the Bible is not terror. He whose sins are forgiven is not afraid of God, and has no reason to be. Perfect love casteth out such fear. Christian fear is reverence and consecration. David prayed, "Stablish thy word unto thy servant who is devoted to thy fear." With him the word meant service or obedience. The forgiveness of sins should be the beginning of a life devoted to the service of God. It will be so with those who appreciate his mercy. They will make known his goodness, that others may unite with them in praising his name.—Sermons for Silent Sabbaths.