

HISTORIC ROANOKE ISLAND.

Site of the First English Settlement in America, and Birthplace of Virginia Dare.

A Choice Spot Where Sportsmen and Fishermen are Welcomed and Where the Supply of Game Never Fails.

Roanoke Island, N. C., May 1.—On landing at the little wharf of this small island in Albemarle Sound a stranger can hardly realize that an island so remote and insignificant can fill so great a space in American history.

"From New York, Sah?" one of the contented natives asked me before I had plodded far through the sand: "then of co'se you know all about Virginia Dare?"

But can the average New Yorker be expected to know all about Virginia Dare, or anything at all about Roanoke Island? Only ten hours from New York as the island is, or twelve at most, it is to the majority of us an unknown land; a land poor in everything but fisheries, wild ducks, and historical associations.

The New Yorker who comes here generally has a gun upon his shoulder and a dog at his heels, and is what the natives call a "gentleman sportsman," which means, as far as I have seen, that the ducks and quails are nowhere as safe as within the range of his gun; for the gentleman sportsman, who comes here in winter is usually a good fellow, but a poor marksman.

Coupled with its romantic history and the deep mystery that hangs over Roanoke Island, the small cheap houses of its fishermen and the very small town are disappointments to the visitor, for the past completely overshadows the present. There are no industries here but hunting and fishing and "guiding" visiting sportsmen, and the keeping of one hotel, which is not on a large enough scale to make the island known to the world as a "sportsman's paradise."

There is some warrant here for smoking a cigar while exploring, for it was Roanoke Island that first gave tobacco to the civilized world. The brand originally in use here was doubtless better than the kind now sold in the little shops of the town, or the early English settlers must have been easily pleased.

Quiet as this spot is, it is almost within rifle shot of the roughest part of our coast, and shipwrecked people have often been thankful to reach it. Cape Hatteras is only a few miles away, and a mile or two across the little Roanoke Sound are "the banks," meaning the low sand banks that parallel the Northern Carolina coast, and shortly below here project eastward to form the dreaded cape.

The first settlers who came here, and the earliest English settlers in America, came from England in their own ships and landed as readily on the white beach as the steamboat's passengers now land at the wharf.

The trees that stood here then have not grown into giant pines and oaks, but have been cut down for lumber or firewood, and their places are taken by a growth of scrub. The Indian wigwags have given place to scattered cabins, less romantic and scarcely more comfortable.

THE HEROINE OF THE ISLAND.
Dare is so great a name here that I began almost immediately to inquire for some person who bears it, but ineffectually. This is in Dare County, and here was born Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born in America, if the histories tell us truly. The Dare family, like many other of the early families of Virginia, have retired into oblivion. This island was in Virginia when Virginia Dare was born here, in 1587, but it has since been transferred to North Carolina; and it is as much out of the world and the paths of commerce now as it was then.

It is to Sir Walter Raleigh that we owe the historical associations of this land, and the only relic of Raleigh to be found here now is the ruin of old Fort Raleigh, surrounded still by a ditch or moat. Though this fort was built about 1585, its outlines may still be traced, and the corners are marked with blocks of granite.

"Reckon you've heard tell about the Roanoke Island settlers, Mister?" the native who pointed out the old fort asked. "That there mound you're a settin' on was made long enough

afore Jamestown or Plymouth or any of them old places was heard on or thought on, for Roanoke beats 'em all."

The old fort is inclosed by a substantial rail fence, and in the centre of the inclosure has been placed a massive monument of North Carolina and Virginia granite, built by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, "commemorative of the two colonies associated with the spot and its history."

This association, which is incorporated, is composed of many prominent people of North Carolina and Virginia and a few of New York and Philadelphia and other cities, and its President is Major Graham Daves of Newberne, N. C.

But neither this association nor the Virginia Dare Society of Raleigh can do more than guess at the fate of Virginia Dare, the great heroine of the island. She disappeared ages ago, but how and why is a mystery, and we can only know of her that if we might see her now she would be a tottering crone of 314 years, instead of the laughing maiden the mind pictures her.

The county still bears her father's name, though her grandfather, who was the first white Governor of this island, is almost forgotten. He was John White by name, and white by nature.

Dare County, of which this island is a part, adjoins Hyde County on the mainland, and, like Hyde, has no railroad. It is intersected by Croatan Sound, the narrow strip of water which connects Albemarle with Pamlico Sound, and makes this eastern end of the county an island. Manteo, the county seat, is on the land, and here the Sheriff lives and keeps watchful eye upon the almost deserted county jail.

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY.
Queen Elizabeth had a hand in making this page of American history, for it was under her patronage that Sir Walter Raleigh founded the Roanoke Colony in 1584. That was long enough before Jamestown or Plymouth became familiar American names. The first colonists became dissatisfied and returned, but they gave glowing accounts of the beauty of the island and the salubrity of its climate, so recruits were easily obtained for the next venture, which was made in 1587. In that year 150 English colonists were sent over by Raleigh to cultivate Roanoke Island, and John White was their Captain and the first Governor of the island. White's daughter was married to a man named Dare, and after that man the present county is named.

On this island of verdure and fertility those venturesome Englishmen found subsistence too hard, though the waters are full of fish and the air is alive with wild birds, and they soon ran short of supplies.

The previous colonists had found an encampment of Indians here; Indians who raised and smoked tobacco and raised and ate potatoes, and the returning colonists had carried home samples of both, and through Raleigh's example the men of England had learned to smoke and snuff tobacco. But the later colonists, under White, found that they must dig and plant before they could reap, and when supplies failed and they grew hungry, White went back to England after more provisions. Before he started, his daughter presented him with a grandchild, to whom the name of Virginia was given, and she was the Virginia Dare we all know by name, and the first child of English parentage ever born on this continent.

Courts were hard to move in those days, as they still are, and White found no more shillings rolling uphill in London than he had seen on Roanoke Island; so three years passed, and when he returned to his adopted home at the end of that time he was no longer a Governor, for he had no colony to govern. His colony was gone, so completely wiped out that not one person was left; and Virginia Dare was gone, too.

It has long been believed that these early colonists starved to death, although there were hostile Indians all about them; but to come here and see the ground, and the waters about the ground, is enough to convince any modern American that starvation here was impossible. Even now, after three centuries of shooting and fishing here, any New Yorker would scoff at the idea of starvation, where wild birds are ready to hand, oysters are on the bars, the waters are alive with fish, and the soil is ready to multiply whatever is planted in it.

Give any city man a gun and a fish hook, and he could not starve on Roanoke Island if he tried.

Scores of city men do come here every winter, and many of them live on the produce of their guns and fishing lines, because they prefer to live in that way. The accommodations of civilization are to be had, but for a real outing there is more spirit in building a shanty or renting one of the shanties already built, and living on wild ducks and fresh fish.

"We have no real estate agent here," the people tell me; "but there is plenty of land for sale, and prices are not high." To buy land would be pure extravagance for the visitor, where every unoccupied spot is open to his use, except town lots in Manteo, or the 256 acres of land belonging to the Memorial Association.

But all the remainder of the island is open to the visitor, who can pitch his tent where he likes, and be sure of seclusion; and if the one island is not enough, here are small islands all about, to the north and the south, the east, and the west, and all open to the visitor. Some of the smaller islands belong to sporting clubs, but the field of sport is so vast that the clubs do not resent intrusion. To employ a guide, as most visiting sportsmen do, is to secure a welcome to any of the outlying islands.

Then there are "the banks," almost within a stone-throw, which still further enlarge the field. The banks are many miles long, mere ridges of sand thrown up by the stormy waves, from ten to twenty feet above the sea level, but likely to change their height and form under every severe gale.

The few people who live upon the banks are locally called "bankers," and like the Roanoke Island people, they enjoy life in their own way, and know little about the outside world.

A RACE OF WILD PONIES.
The bankers have a strange race of wild ponies, that are celebrated through all this country for their hardness. A "banks pony" can be found in any Eastern North Carolina town from \$10 to \$15, and, as they are used to roughing it on the sand banks, they involve little expense for shoeing or feeding. The islanders tell me that when a banks pony becomes thirsty he paws the sand till he makes a hole deep enough to give him moderately fresh water, and then drinks; but if you take him home and he is in the middle of your garden when the thirst comes, he makes the same preparations.

The standard way of reaching Roanoke Island from the north is by way of Norfolk, taking thence the railway to Elizabeth City, and there boarding the steamboat, the Neuse, which, steaming down the Pasquotank River into Albemarle Sound, touches at Roanoke Island at a little before midnight, making the actual traveling time from New York to this secluded spot scarcely more than eight or ten hours. But a much more satisfactory and sportsman-like way is to hire a small sailboat at Elizabeth City, and use the boat afterward for visiting the mainland, the banks, and the adjacent islands.

Here the tired New Yorker can support himself indefinitely with his gun and lines, and even in midwinter can comfortably and safely go abroad every day. Wild birds and fish are so plentiful that they pall upon the imagination, and after a time upon the appetite.

He who would not "rough it" and lead a real wild life while here can find ample accommodation with the natives; or he can take quarters in the hotel, where no gas or electric lights or car whistles will remind him of home.

If he would dip deeper into the tragic history of this historic island, the Register of Dare County, whose office is in Manteo, will obligingly show him the deeds which give title to the Memorial Association's lands, and will give much other entertaining information. But he cannot tell what became of poor Virginia Dare, for that to this day no man knows. By her early taking off we are spared any possibility of a "Colonial Society of Descendants of Virginia Dare," and Roanoke Island is of more interest to us of the present as a very choice fishing and shooting spot than as the birthplace of the first English child in this hemisphere.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE,
in New York Times.

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MERCILESS SLAUGHTER IN CHINA.

Missionaries Remain Calm and Preach to the People Till the Executioner Strikes—Thirty-three Protestants and Twelve Roman Catholics Are Beheaded.

William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The last mail from China brings a thrilling account of the murder of the missionaries at Tai Yuan Fu on the 9th of last July, which was taken down in writing by Dr. J. A. Creasy Smith from the narrative of Young Cheng, a member of the Baptist church, who was an unwilling witness of their martyrdom. Young Cheng is vouched for as a Christian of excellent character and absolutely trust worthy. He says that he was taking treatment in the hospital on the Baptist Society's premises at Tai Yuan Fu, when on the 8th of July he saw Rev. Mr. Pigott, his wife and child, John Robinson, Miss Duval and two young women named At-water brought into the town. The two gentlemen were handcuffed and escorted by a company of soldiers and followed by immense throngs of natives. Wherever they stopped to rest Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson preached to the people, who gathered around them and were very much astonished, saying "You are going to be killed for preaching, and yet you continue to do so." That night the party were placed in prison with a number of other missionaries and their wives and children, including several Catholic priests. The next morning they were all executed.

"The first to be led forth," Young Cheng says, "was Mr. Farthing, a Baptist minister. His wife clung to him, but he put her aside gently, knelt down without saying a word and his head was struck off by one blow of the executioner's knife. He was quickly followed by Pastors Hoddle and Beynon, and Drs. Lovitt and Wilson, all of whom were beheaded with one blow by the executioner. Then the governor, Yu Hsien, grew impatient and told his bodyguard, all of whom carried big beheading knives with long handles, to help kill the others. Pastors Stokes, Simpson and Whitehouse were next killed, the last by one blow only, the other two by several.

"When the men were finished the ladies were taken. Mrs. Farthing had hold of the hands of her children, who clung to her, but the soldiers parted them and with one blow beheaded their mother. The executioner beheaded all the children and did it skillfully, needing only one blow; but the soldiers were clumsy, and some of the ladies suffered several cuts before death.

"Mrs. Lovitt was wearing her spectacles and held the hand of her little boy, even when she was killed. She spoke to the people, saying as near as I remember: 'We all came to China to bring you the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ; we have done you no harm, only good; why do you treat us so?' A soldier took off her spectacles before beheading her, which needed two blows.

"When the Protestants were all killed, the Roman Catholics were led forward. The bishop, an old man, with long white beard, asked the governor, Yu Hsien why he was doing this wicked deed. I did not hear the governor give him any answer, but he drew his sword and cut the bishop across the face one heavy stroke; blood poured down his white beard, and he was beheaded. The priests and nuns quickly followed him in death.

"Then Pastor Pigott and his party were led from the district jail, which is close by. He was still handcuffed and so was Mr. Robinson. He preached to the people till the very last, when he was beheaded with one blow. Mr. Robinson suffered death very calmly. Mrs. Pigott held the hand of her son, even when she was beheaded, and he was killed immediately after her. The lady and two girls were killed also, quickly.

"On that day forty-five foreign people in all were beheaded, thirty-three Protestants and twelve Roman Catholics. The bodies of all were left where they fell till next morning, as it was evening before the work was finished. During the night they were stripped of the clothing and other things, such as rings and watches. Next day they were removed to a place inside the great south gate, except some of the heads, which were placed in cages on the gates of the wall."

TWELFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Raleigh.

Sunday, May 26, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon in Edenton Street M. E. Church, by Rev. J. J. Lafferty, D. D., Richmond, Va.

Monday, May 27, 8:30 p. m.—Alumni Oration in Agricultural Hall, by Edwin Speight Darden, B. S., Class of '95.

Tuesday, May 28, 8:30 p. m.—Annual Address in the Academy of Music, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C.

Wednesday, May 29, 11 a. m.—Commencement Exercises in the Academy of Music.

Orations by members of the Graduating Class.
Annual Report.
Conferring of Degrees.
These exercises are public, and a cordial invitation to attend them is hereby extended to all persons who are interested in technological and industrial education.

GEO. T. WINSTON,
President.

Wild Birds' Ways.

A Paris Hill correspondent of the Waterville (N. Y.) Times says he has received a letter from a nature student stating that the red-headed woodpecker has been seen storing up in an old tree a quantity of acorns, which appears like the torehought of laying up food. While it has that appearance, still the nut itself is not the food which this species eats. The writer suggests it may be the bird secures and stores the acorns in order that when they decay he may feed on the worm which would naturally breed in the process—a longheaded procedure certainly. It may be true, however. I know of an instance where a gray woodpecker in the spring opened several holes with his bill in the trunk of a maple tree, and when the sap had trickled down the side of the tree, attracting the flies, he revealed in the feast which they furnished him.

Grantham, Austin & Co. have a nobby line of Ties. The prettiest you have seen.

Cost of a London Fog.

A London fog is an expensive visitation. A day of it, counting the day at eight hours, is estimated to cost anything from £50,000 to £100,000 in hard cash. No small proportion of this goes to the gas and electric light companies, which have to supply about a third more power than usual. But there are also the railways. Fog signalling is expensive. At Champhan Junction alone £50 has been spent by a single railway company during a day's fog in extra pay to the layers. When the red light cannot be seen at a distance of a hundred yards, the plate layers become fog signalers, and for this they are paid a shilling a day in addition to their regular wages and fourpence per hour overtime, providing the overtime does not run into a second shilling.—London Chronicle.

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There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the new discovery is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. and mention this paper.

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Fine Breech Loading Shot Guns,
All at factory prices.

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S. B. JOHNSON,
Smithfield, N. C.

Apr 3-4m

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March 19-1f

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Apr 5-1f Four Oaks.

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In cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Ad-vice Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.