

IN FOOTSTEPS OF PIONEERS

OLD IDEAS OF AN EASTERN TRIP

The Journey Through Eastern North Carolina Seeking Souvenirs for the State Hall of History—He Details the Incidents of His Stay at the Meads, Upton, and Pleasant Hill. On Route—The First Stop Fayetteville, a City Rich in Historical Lore, and the Next Wilmington.

Wilmington, Jan. 12.—When I was a boy I had access to old numbers of that always admirable magazine, Harper's Monthly, and in some of these, about 1830-40, were sketches of North Carolina, written and illustrated by "Porter Crayon," who was treated by "U. S. A." His pencil was an apt one and his sketches ought to be reprinted in book form. It was his pleasure to drift here and there in the older parts of North Carolina and many a time he had been to the footprints of the pioneers. That hope is now being realized and I am literally on the wing, drifting from one old place to another. There is a charm about the old, and my mission adds to this charm. To be a collector of the best souvenirs of the past, to gather together for North Carolina the very things which have gone to make the history of the Old North State, to place these before the public eyes in the State Hall of History; to preserve and not to destroy; to collect and not to scatter—why it is like the call of a mother to her children, and I feel sure that all the people who have the historical objects came with the mystery of all the years since knightly Sir Walter Raleigh's people came to Roanoke, or whether they speak of the latest war in which the sons of the State went to the front with the women's blessing, they are desired and find their place in the comprehensive collection.

This much by way of preface, to tell in the briefest way somewhat of the object of this journey through eastern North Carolina. Leaving Raleigh Monday morning, January 11th, for Fayetteville, one has to go around the elbow to get to the thumb, so there is a three hours stop at Selma. The railway villages are changing in aspect. They are becoming neater and show more signs of the better life. In most cases marked by some of the various industries which are coming to play so large a part in North Carolina's life of to-day. Selma has two hotels. A cynical commercial traveler, however, is sure there is but one hotel in the place that no matter at which hotel one stopped there would be regret that he had not gone to the other. But I had the great good fortune to ally my fortunes for the day with Mr. Andrew Broadfoot, of Fayetteville, and his plan was simple yet effective. We went to both hotels and looked at the prospect for dinner. At one there reposed in the ill-kept yard a few ducks, the most of the day, and I was not so fearless that it was evident they were not in any danger of death. We went to the other hotel and there what a display there was. Only a few yards in the rear a head of turkey was in the most active progress, and four or five big swine, already bare of hair were in the tender hands of gentlemen with knives who were doing anatomical work, ladies and gentlemen, in the way. As if this scene were not enough to win the favor of the prospective guests, one of the active young scouts who was beating the bushes for people who ought to eat dinner, showed in the rear a head of turkey in the most active progress, and four or five big swine, already bare of hair were in the tender hands of gentlemen with knives who were doing anatomical work, ladies and gentlemen, in the way. As if this scene were not enough to win the favor of the prospective guests, one of the active young scouts who was beating the bushes for people who ought to eat dinner, showed in the rear a head of turkey in the most active progress, and four or five big swine, already bare of hair were in the tender hands of gentlemen with knives who were doing anatomical work, ladies and gentlemen, in the way.

Along the route the fields were bare save that here and there were the faint whiteness of a cotton field in which bolls were left unpicked. How remarkable that cotton is so high that all these vagabond locks will be gathered, never to be seen again, and it is so precious and at an mill a turkey was sorting out the stray bits from a basket of fluff and waste. This is the long-leaf pine country and I had a chat with a lumberman, an active young man for Sampson, who had learned many things which his elders have failed to grasp. He tells me that the negro cutting companies saw the pine just above the ground-line and there was at least 5 feet of the best timber, which is of course that nearest the ground. His company makes turpentine and other products out of the old logs and the stumps, preferring those from unbled or virgin trees, which are now so very scarce among the standing timber. The slaughter of pine has since 1865 been a shabby story of carelessness and greed, which is unthinking of the future. The lumberman said he thought negro labor in the woods preferable to the white-saying the negro could do more work, was tougher and less complaining than the general run of the white laborer and could be handled better, taking orders in the right spirit. He spoke literally against the "company" system in use by a number of lumber companies, declaring that in many cases double prices were charged the laborers for the supplies issued them, so that they were kept always about even in their accounts, companies thus speculating at 100 per cent.

ing by this place where thanks to good fire departments, paved streets and other means for getting at fires quickly the "three-quarter class" does not apply, but the full amount of the loss is paid. These towns are Wilmington, Charlotte, Raleigh and Greensboro.

In the afternoon, Fayetteville, a town in which the old and the new are most delightfully blended, is reached. Few changes marked the place, but as the swelling buds of certain trees already mark the coming spring, just to there are signs of a new growth and development. The central part of the place yet preserves the greatest old aspect. In fact it is restful to look at positively restful to see the ancient brick-warehouse and stores, reminders of the days when such buildings were both for business and living, to see the old town hall, where curfew rang at 9 o'clock each night, and to see the oval sign board at the Observer office with its date "1826." Curfew was once the sign for all to "cover fire," to get indoors, and used in other words, by any by it was the signal for the slaves to be in quarters and for the "patrollers" to be abroad to see that the blacks were not at large. Curfew has always rung there since the days when the bell is said to be heard in only a few towns in the United States.

The history of Fayetteville need not be dwelt on here. Suffice it to say that Mr. McByrd, the colony superintendent, says Cross Creek was really not the first place settled by the Scotch, but that a place on the Cape Fear river known as "Carver's Falls," was there before the brick collars yet remain. The chief among the early settlers was Farquhar Campbell. His name is frequently referred to.

Two creeks really do cross, in the suburbs of the town, and hence the name of the early settlement—"Cross Creek," but they cross no longer. The rushing streams go singly through the quiet and lovely town, one heating a mill, and then continuing on, while its waters wash the ivy-covered foundations of old, old houses, one standing at the site once the home of Flora McDonald. This lady, whose saving of the life of the reprobate Charles Stuart, has made her a heroine for all time, is the center of one of the two greatest romances in North Carolina's history, the Roanoke Island settlement being the other.

Has not the gentle reader at some time or other thought of the delight it would be to get into some old garret and there dive deep into old boxes and trunks and thence get treasures—not gold and silver, but old, old things, historical and otherwise. This was one of my joys at Fayetteville, and Mr. A. Price Johnson, antiquarian and full of public spirit, played the fairy god mother, so to speak. In his home I made such a search, amid the belongings of the dead kinswoman of his, Mrs. Catharine Ferguson, whose long and useful life formed so large a part of the history of the old town. There we got ivory types of Flora McDonald and Prince Charlie, Fayetteville papers dating back to 1789, and many other objects. These were sent to the Hall of History at once. Then Mr. Jonathan Hollingsworth let me have a picture of the old hall, long since destroyed, of which were held the convention of 1789, which ratified the Federal constitution. Mr. Walter Watson, who came over in a blockade runner during the civil war and who rendered invaluable services at the Fayetteville arsenal, in the manufacture of guns, swords, bayonets and other weapons of war, showed great interest in my work and made liberal loans; among other relics there secured being the sword of Col. J. A. J. Bedford, who in May, 1867, was made chief of ordnance and engineer by Gov. Ellis. Mrs. Ayer, an indefatigable collector of relics, was extremely kind in making loans which are of marked value, and which illustrate a period of over 100 years, from 1757 to 1861. In fact everyone was most kind and collecting in such a case as this was a pleasure. Of course this was paid to Tokyo, the county seat of Col. William J. Green, and that fine old gentleman was urbanity itself. He contributes to the collection that remarkable State paper, the letter of Hon. Jefferson Davis, written in November, 1859, on the occasion of the centennial celebration at Fayetteville of the North Carolina ratification of the Federal constitution.

By the way, Mr. Walter Watson told me some interesting war stories. On the blockade runner "Columbia," on which he came over from Nassau, were 50 Confederate flags, all of silk, made by sewing circles of English ladies, to be presented to the "Ladies of the South." He says that when Wilmington was reached some of these flags were opened and displayed on the deck, so they could be viewed by May or Dawson and other prominent men. That became of these flags? It is an interesting question. The other story was about the narrow escape of the noted Federal general, Judson Kilpatrick, from capture by a party of Confederate cavalrymen.

"Liberty Point" is one of the "sights" of Fayetteville—an old building, which ends a V-shaped block, and which is very picturesque indeed. There, tradition has it a declaration of independence was made in June, 1775, not a month after the Mecklenburg declaration. Where is that declaration now? Fayetteville has long had the idea that it is at Raleigh. If this be true, the Secretary of State Grimes, who is making so close and systematic search for old documents, will find it. It is more reasonable to think it is in Fayetteville. No doubt if its authenticity appears to exist, if Dr. S. Millington Miller has not secured it.

One of the great attractions, in fact the greatest, of the old-time Fayetteville was the Arsenal; really a beautiful place and well kept, as all of our Uncle Sam's places are. It is now only a memory—with only one building standing, yet of odd design. No picture of the arsenal can be found, but I will try the War Department and if it has one will get it copied. Fayetteville longs for the coming of the Raleigh & Southport Railway, which will put the place in say a couple of hours of Raleigh. The town really needs another road and is entitled to it. Mr. John A. Mills is pushing the road, and it is now almost in sight of the town. The other day an odd thing happened. A very old lady whose home is on the line, was thought to be dying. In fact she had apparently been dying for a month. At last, as she was thought to be past all bearing, some of the watchers made some talk about "Mills' railroad." At these words she raised up in bed and said, "I rode on the first train on the Wilmington & Weldon road, and I'm going to ride on Mills' first train, too." Mr. Mills is aware of her pur-

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pose and she will get that first ride, with due honor.

The lettuce-growing industry is a great one at Fayetteville. The beds are covered with cloth and there are literally miles of them. The fall crop sold at good figures. The spring crop is not yet quite ready for market.

Leaving Fayetteville in the gloaming Wednesday, there was a three-hour run to Wilmington, a trip by steamer having to be abandoned because of delays of the boat in arrival. The improvement of Wilmington in the past six years is deeply gratifying to any North Carolinian, who must needs feel a pride in the fine old city. A view was taken of the place in the early morning from the roof of the highest building, and then the progress was made more clear. In the afternoon the steamer Wilmington was taken, for Southport, which in war days and many a long year before was Smithville, the home of the noted pilots of the blockade runner and the only place in all the Confederacy where gold was to be found plentifully during the civil war.

—To Remove— FRECKLES AND PIMPLES IN 10 DAYS, USE NADINOLA, The Complexion Beautifier.

TO DEVELOP SUBURBS. Lumberton Business Men Will Put New Property on the Market—New Officers of Robeson Medical Society.

Lumberton, Jan. 14.—Messrs. A. E. White and A. W. McLean have bought the interest in the Robeson Baptist Association will be held in the Lumberton Baptist church January 16-18.

THE UNLOADED GUN. Its Accidental Discharge Results in Death of Negro Youth Near Kinston.

Kinston, Jan. 15.—A fatal accident occurred to-day about one mile from Falling Creek station, in which Clarence Kornegay, an 18-year-old colored boy, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while playing with the gun in the house and in lieu of gun caps, had put match heads on the tubes, snapping them.

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES VIA THE SEABOARD. The Seaboard begs to announce that account of the occasions mentioned below the rates and conditions named will apply.

BABY'S VOICE Is the joy of the household, for without it no happiness can be complete. How sweet the picture of mother and babe, angels smile at and commend the thoughts and aspirations of the mother bending over the cradle. The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so full of danger and suffering that she looks forward to the hour when she shall feel the exquisite thrill of motherhood with indescribable dread and fear. Every woman should know that the danger, pain and horror of child-birth can be entirely avoided by the use of Mother's Friend, a scientific liniment for external use only, which softens and renders pliable all the parts, and assists nature in its sublime work. By its aid thousands of women have passed this great crisis in perfect safety and without pain. Sold at 25.00 per bottle by druggists. Our book of priceless value to all women sent free. Address BRADFIELD'S REGULATORS CO., Atlanta, Ga.

New Gambling Law Wanted for South Carolina.

Correspondence of The Observer. Spartanburg, S. C., Jan. 14.—The Legislature will be asked to pass a new anti-gambling law to take the place of the antiquated statute now on the books.

Perfection can only be attained in the physical by allowing Nature to appropriate and not dissipate her own resources. Cathartics gripe, weaken, dissipate, while DeWitt's Little Early Bitters simply expel all putrid matter and bile, thus allowing the liver to assume normal activity. Good for the complexion. Sold by King's Drug Co.

—To Remove— FRECKLES AND PIMPLES IN 10 DAYS, USE NADINOLA, The Complexion Beautifier.

Mr. W. K. Brock has resigned as keeper of the Robeson county chain gang. His successor has not been named.

NADINOLA is a new discovery guaranteed, and money will be refunded in every case where it fails to remove freckles, pimples, liver spots, collar discolorations, blackheads, disgusting eruptions, etc. The worst cases in 20 days. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy, and restores the beauty of youth.

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INVEST! 50 to 60 acres suburban property for sale, just out side, well elevated, commanding beautiful view of the city and surrounding country.

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SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY. FAYETTEVILLE DIVISION. Special reduced rates to Seaboard, Spartanburg, S. C., New Orleans, La., Mobile, Ala., August 2nd, March 3rd, etc.

HOTEL EVERETT. High Point, N. C. New and strictly first-class; centrally located; three minutes walk from depot. Hot and cold baths, electric lights, etc.



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THE WINNING NUMBERS

The winning numbers in our Prize Contest were First Prize No. 11022, Fifty Dollars worth of Goods.

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