

AN OLD FIGHTER.

Dr. Leonard Wood who is to be Colonel and Command the Rough Riders.

No command in the United States army or the volunteers is attracting more attention now than the Regiment of Rough Riders which is being organized by ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theo. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt not being an experienced military man, took the place of lieutenant-colonel of the regiment and his friend, Dr. Leonard Wood, the famous Indian fighter, is to be the colonel. As soon as the Texas cowboys are organized into companies and the commanders named the regiment will be sent immediately to Cuba to cooperate with the troops who were recently sent over. The regiment will be the most formidable cavalry regiment ever put in the field. All of the members of the regiment will be men who have spent years on the plains, and who are used to rough riding and all kinds of hard experiences. A medal of honor, awarded to him by congress, is worn by Colonel Wood. This was given him in recognition of his many acts of daring in the wild west. It was Colonel Wood who captured the celebrated Indian chief Geronimo, who crossed the southwest with his band of Apaches and left behind him a trail marked with blood of women and babies. Hundreds of unpretentious settlers, with their families, were ruthlessly murdered by the Apache chief, and it looked as if the entire southwest would be overrun by the warlike savages. The Eighth United States infantry was divided up so that the only available portions did not have officers of rank. Dr. Wood was at that time surgeon and had the rank of captain. When it was found that the soldiers must go on the warpath, the detachment and with a small force of men he left on the hardest task ever laid out before a crowd of men. He took up the trail of the Indian chief and his band, and for 2,400 miles he followed, though

all the while he was facing immediate death from starvation and massacres. Through the roughest and wildest country on this continent he went after Geronimo, and his handful of men hung bravely on the trail despite their hunger and thirst. Finally after the troops had endured every possible hardship, they came upon the Indian camp; and by one determined assault captured the blood-thirsty chief, and his band of assassins. The regulars, with Dr. Wood at their head, then returned in triumph with Geronimo as a prisoner. He had barely time to imprison his captives in Texas before he was called upon to go in pursuit of another band of Apaches who were murdering the settlers in Western Texas. Wood followed this band across the state and finally drove them into Mexico. He at last lost them in the uncivilized wilds of the mountains south of the Yaqui river. They never troubled the settlers again. The last dangerous undertaking in which Dr. Wood distinguished himself was in 1888, when he was sent after Apache Kid, the worst Indian chief who has done murder in Texas. Dr. Wood captured the chief and had him sent to a California island. He was imprisoned there for awhile, but finally escaped and returned to his trade of murder. Since his duties as an Indian fighter have ended, Dr. Wood has been stationed in California and Georgia.

Chased the Eagle.
Key West, May 16. Advice received from the southern coast of Cuba say that a Spanish gunboat, taking advantage of the departure of the Nashville and the Marblehead after the fight at Cienfuegos, last Wednesday, chased the mosquito fleet boat Eagle off from Cienfuegos. The Eagle blazed away, and in return was struck several times. The Marblehead, hearing the firing, came back to help the Eagle. The Spaniard, however, escaped. The Eagle's injuries were slight.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

HEROES' GRAVES IN THE POTTERS' FIELD.

Where lie the Maine's Silent Dead.

Key West, Fla.—In the outskirts of town where the small Spanish cottages cluster silent and sun burned along the narrow street is the City Cemetery of Key West. Near the main entrance, which is guarded by a creaky old wooden gate, is a group of newly made graves. They are in the potters' field—the part of the burying ground set apart for the pauper dead. These are the graves of the heroes who lost their lives on the battleship Maine in Havana harbor on the night of February 15. Above each mound of glittering white limestone soil the fierce sun that beats incessantly down upon the island. The flags are faded and frayed. When a breeze comes up from the ocean they flutter sadly for a moment and again drop to the scorching earth. On the center of each mound is a small glass goblet which still holds the discolored stems of flowers. They were put here by a lady from Philadelphia, said the dreamy old sexton, but I don't know who she was. She came here about ten days after the bodies buried and put flowers on all the graves. I asked her who she was but she said no matter. And these faded little flags and withered stems of flowers are all that mark the resting places of the heroes of whom the civilized world has been talking since the fatal night, nearly three months ago. There is nothing else to story the stranger who passes the potter's field where the heroes of the Maine are sleeping. The place where the graves are was evidently prepared in great haste. Near the little white mounds on all sides are unsightly heaps of litter and rubbish. In one spot stands an old hearse, weather beaten and ghastly in its very aspect of loneliness and decay. The sexton said it had once been used as the city hearse, but one day it broke down while carrying a body to the potter's field and there it still stands. Just to the north of the resting place of the Maine sailors is a small iron enclosure which marks the grave of Bridgett F. Hoffman, who died in 1864. "I guess we will have to call her Mother Hoffman," said the old sexton, "for she is the only one buried here who has got a name, and I think she ought to be mother to everyone in the potter's field."

Very close to the twenty four mounds is a group of thirty six naval seamen who died of yellow fever. The sexton, however, was unable to tell when they were buried there. Nothing on the 12 inch slab, at the head of each group, tells the story of the life or death of the seamen. The names and the words, "United States Navy," are alone carved upon the slabs.

But nature, even with the barren lime rock below are the scorching sun above, seems trying to do what the hand of men has failed to do in beautifying the graves of the heroes. The luxuriant trees of the tropical species are all about the newly made graves. On one side a massive green cactus lifts its pulpy foliage high in the air. On the opposite a row of tropical trees, refreshingly green, are in full bloom, and with every breeze cover the sun burned mounds with beautiful scarlet flowers. Near another side of the little burial plot is a row of royal spruce pines, which throw a shadow upon the graves in the afternoon and through whose branches the sea breezes constantly sing when the sun has gone down.

Rarely does anyone visit the place, it is without care or attention, a bycorner of the island, for two centuries Spaniards, negroes and fisher-folk have put their dead and forgotten them. Perhaps one half of the graves in the cemetery are those of unknown sailors, whose sleeping places are unmarked. Most of the inscriptions on tombstones are in Spanish. The graves of the Maine's victims are surrounded by tombstones with Spanish inscriptions. It is a picture of melancholy desolation. The grave yard is located on a high point in about the middle of the island and from it the great stretch of blue ocean may be seen on either side but half a mile distant. There is no soil there. The graves are simply carved out of the limestone and rock. All day the sun beats down upon the barren white rocks surface until the scanty vegetation curls and crackles in the heat. Rarely is there a sound to break the melancholy silence. Sometimes one hears the cry of the sea bird or the soft parrot like voices of the Spanish children in the cottages near by. But that is all.

"Americans of today and Americans of thirty years ago are very largely the same. Our present age gunners on board our fleets, are compelled to handle large guns and more complicated machinery. But the same qualities which made the gunners of the past are equally requisite for the gunner of the present. And those qualities are conspicuous on every ship. "The condition has arisen in which I made a prediction, and it is a prediction which was made thirty four years ago, based on experience, not on mere speculation. I have stood in the midst of a storm of shot and shell in which Americans alone were the hurlers of the thunderbolts. I said then that the world contained no race of men whose capacity for victorious fighting could parallel the United States. What I said then I am now prepared to reiterate. Time will soon show that when the American guns are trained on the Spanish enemy and American blood begins her united fight, the ultimate issue with its train of events, will be a speedy triumph of the Stars and Stripes. Spain can never stand under our American dash."—Baltimore American.

WHY AMERICAN GUNNERS WIN.

The Old Confederate Naval Fighter Explains Their Success.

Mr. John W. Reynolds, of 1,831 Edmondson avenue, a North Carolinian by birth and formerly Master at arms on the celebrated Confederate ram Albemarle, declares that the recent exhibition of American naval gunnery at Matanzas is not the first example of the natural skill of the bluejackets. "Americans are natural born marksmen," said Mr. Reynolds, a fact which history has long since demonstrated. Perhaps one of the most striking explanation for their success is found in their superb courage. That invests them with coolness and self possession, two special qualities which are absolutely essential.

I have had large experience in heavy contests with naval guns. When it is remembered that I was aboard the Albemarle during the days of her career in 1864, it will be readily understood what I have seen. That boat, perhaps, engaged in the fiercest naval battles which have been fought in the last half century. Reference to the memorable conflict in Albemarle Sound is a sufficient illustration as to the character of her fights. That was an instance in which the three qualities of courage, coolness and expert gunnery were virtually essential. The situation was one of life and death. It was one of which the least trepidation, the slightest touch of confusion or wild excitement, the most trivial inaccuracy in the matter of marksmanship, would have caused a heavy loss in every detail. "As it was, there was displayed a perfection of bravery and splendid dexterity in gunnery which proved the excellence of American marksmanship, both Federal and Confederate; in fact the general prowess which that battle called forth demonstrated to the world that the combined puissance of an amicable American nation would constitute a power utterly invincible. It clearly disclosed that a union of Northern and Southern forces, endowed with their intrepid pluck, and self possessed coolness, and calmness in battle, would qualify the nation beyond the peradventure of a doubt to successfully combat the best navy afloat.

"I understand the striking differences between gunnery today and what it was a generation back. At the same time I know equally well that exactly the same qualities which made a good gunner then contribute to the same end now. A good American knows no such thing as fear. The word timidity is to him an unfamiliar term. For that reason his nerves become flustered with an excited anxiety. There is nothing which more quickly destroys accurate and deadly gunnery than either nervousness or excitement.

"There may not be much of the close range firing in this contest such as we endured during the days of the civil war. In the first place I do not believe the Spaniards will suffer us to approach too close to their boats. Nor do I apprehend much danger from the play of Spanish guns. Our only source of peril, if there be any at all of consequence, will be found in the Spanish torpedo boats. Their action in battle is strikingly in harmony with the Spaniard's natural treachery of heart. They are boats which seldom attempt to perpetrate their havoc except under the cover of darkness or fog or until a heavy curtain of smoke obscures and hides their manoeuvres, and then they will attempt to steal up and strike some covert and stealthy blow. Therefore they need watching.

"Americans of today and Americans of thirty years ago are very largely the same. Our present age gunners on board our fleets, are compelled to handle large guns and more complicated machinery. But the same qualities which made the gunners of the past are equally requisite for the gunner of the present. And those qualities are conspicuous on every ship. "The condition has arisen in which I made a prediction, and it is a prediction which was made thirty four years ago, based on experience, not on mere speculation. I have stood in the midst of a storm of shot and shell in which Americans alone were the hurlers of the thunderbolts. I said then that the world contained no race of men whose capacity for victorious fighting could parallel the United States. What I said then I am now prepared to reiterate. Time will soon show that when the American guns are trained on the Spanish enemy and American blood begins her united fight, the ultimate issue with its train of events, will be a speedy triumph of the Stars and Stripes. Spain can never stand under our American dash."—Baltimore American.

IT SEEMS TO BE

The prevailing idea at this time to make big promises in order to draw trade, but as Abraham Lincoln said, "you can fool some of the people all the time, you can fool all of the people some times, but you can't fool all the people all the time. We consider the best advertisement we can put before the people, is the most fashionable and best goods for the money on the market; which we are doing and always hope to; the truth of which is evidenced in our constantly increasing trade, to whom we return our most grateful thanks and assure them it will be our constant aim to give them the best values for the money.

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