

LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S--Polonius' Advice.

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This established House is well kept in
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From the Cheapest to the best. All tel-
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Engines, Boilers,
FORGINGS and CASTINGS.
Machinist and Mill Supplies at lowest
rates.
Workmen sent out on application for
repairs.
Special Sales Agent for Merchants
Babbit Metal.
ESTABLISHED 1870.

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Northern mails close daily at 8:30 a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. Arrive at 11:45 a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m.
Southern mails close at 11 a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m.
No mail goes from this office to Intermediate points between Norfolk and Edenton on the early and late trains except to Hertford.
New Bern and Roanoke Island mails (triweekly) arrive at 8 o'clock a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and close at 5 o'clock p. m. on same days.
Weeksville, Nixonton and Roseale arrive at 11 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and close at 1 o'clock p. m. on same days.
Street letter boxes have been located at corner Burgess street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Main and Water streets, Poindexter and Shepard streets, Road and Lawrence streets, Main and Road streets. The mail from box located at corner of Water and Main streets will be collected at 7:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. At all other street letter boxes at 7 o'clock a. m. and 1 o'clock p. m.
Postoffice opens at 8 a. m. and closes at 6:30 o'clock p. m.
Persons calling for advertised letters will ask for them as such.
Lock boxes can be obtained by applying for the same.
Callers at the general delivery window will enter on the right and depart to the left. This rule will be rigidly enforced and no one will be served out of their regular turn.
The patrons of the office are requested to report any misconduct or inattention on the part of the clerks.
Box holders are requested to furnish the Post Master with complete list of names of members of Business firms, Corporation or Families that are entitled to be placed in their respective letter boxes.
E. F. LAMB, Postmaster.

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SAVE \$50 TO \$100 BY BUYING A
Piano or Organ
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Prepares boys and young men for Business, College, or University. Equipped with modern Educational Appliances. Fine Winter Climate. No death in School in twenty years. Cadets from eight States last session. For handsome illustrated catalogue address—
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The Leading Jeweler.
is in receipt of a full line of
**SILVER TEA, TABLE AND DESERT
SPOONS, TABLE AND DESERT
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**A FULL LINE
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STERLING SILVER
—ALWAYS ON HAND AT—
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PRICES.**
Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Repairing of fine watches of every description made, a specialty.
None but Experienced Workmen employed.
Mail orders given prompt attention. Selection packages sent to responsible parties.

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THE FAIR
—AT—
WATER STREET.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.
SALOMONSKY
We have just received a full line of the celebrated
HARRISWIRE BUCKLE SUSPENDERS
—and—
CARTERS.

The webs of all suspenders are strong enough. None can question this fact. It is the BUCKLES and TRIMMINGS that give away first. There's where the unquestioned superiority of the Harris Wire Buckle Suspenders and Carters always asserts itself. In the midst of many temptations offered by unscrupulous dealers, always willing to palm off anything under the cloak of an article that has gained for itself a reputation.

The buyer of the "Harris Wire Buckle and Grip Buck" Suspenders is urgently requested to always look for the Trade Mark or name "Harris Patent," which is stamped on every pair.
The "Harris Patents" Suspenders and Carters received the HIGHEST AWARD at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

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Three courses of study, English, Classical and Commercial.
Strong endorsements from the presidents of the University, and the various Male and Female Colleges. Catalogues furnished on application.

JOHN GRAHAM, Principal,
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THE SUMMER GIRL.

She is pretty,
She is bright,
She is ever
A delight.
She is short and
She is tall,
She is great and
She is small.
She is brown eyed,
She is blue;
She is fickle,
She is true.
She is pink cheeked,
She is pale;
She is healthy,
She is frail.
She is wealthy,
She is poor;
She is anything
But sure.
She is gowned in
White or blue,
Gray or pink or
Soft ceru.
She is fluffy,
She is trim,
As she may get
Plump or slim.
She is guileless,
She is wise;
Even stupid
When she tries.
She is dainty,
She is sweet,
In the house or
On the street.
She will flirt you
If she can;
So be wary,
Foolish man.
She is all things
In a lump
And she knows that
Man's a chump.
—New York Sun.

ROANOKE ISLAND.

Roanoke Island has always had for us a peculiar and surprising interest that we cannot entirely account for. It was closely associated with the earliest stages of our boyhood, its history was associated with our earliest memories, our friends in manhood were among its prominent citizens, and we have maintained our friendly relations through even to the time when the sun of our life is sinking in the western horizon. We have always contended that the type of physical and moral manhood was higher with the typical Roanoke Islander than with any other race of men we had ever met.

When we were ten or twelve years old Roanoke Island was a familiar spot to us. We climbed the trees and grape vines that grew in native wilderness on all its valleys, gorges and sand dunes. We had our fingers pricked by the bushes of its wild blackberries, we looked in admiration at its beautiful galleries that glistened in the autumn sun, we shot sea gulls on Baum's Point, where Amadars had shot them and reported to Sir Walter Raleigh that he had killed twenty white crows at one fire of his arquebus. Two hundred and fifty years later, at the same place, we killed at one shot twenty-nine quills or shearwaters, and Amadars could not have been prouder than we, as we bore them in triumph to our dear aunt, our foster mother, whose loving face has always been painted on our heart in colors of bright light.

At that period nearly all of the well-to-do families on upper Albemarle Sound went to Roanoke Island and the adjacent banks to spend the summer. The healthy and hearty were boarded for the summer with some of the Islanders, and had a jolly good time, boating, fishing and shooting. The family of our uncle and aunt, of which we were a part, boarded with an old sea captain, who had a son who lived near the "Old Fort Raleigh." A kindred family boarded at old Abram Baum's, two miles toward the east, at the place afterward owned by Chauncy Meekins and now by his son Frank. The intercourse between our families was frequent and intimate. With shooting, fishing, crabbing and hunting, the boys of the family had a glorious time, and the girls sometimes had their share of the outings which added to the fun and frolic. Sometimes old man Adam took a party of us over to the beach to shoot and bathe in the surf. Life then was a short day when happiness and every inspiration was a joy. Uncle Adam was the loved center of the party. He told us yams about his adventures on the sea and directed us to haunts of pleasure on the sea beach. Birds were so abundant that they would hardly fly from you, and he feared not the report of a gun. The sea beach was covered with shells of every variety and sandhoppers ran about in every direction and with outstretched eyes looked, it seemed, in mute wonder at the strange race that had come to disturb their "ancient, solitary reign."
Sometimes Uncle Adam would diversify his tales of the sea by telling us of the athletic exploits of the Baum brothers; how strong they were, how muscular they were, how they could wring a spike nail from an oak plank, how they could whip anybody along with a short day when happiness and every inspiration was a joy. Uncle Adam was the loved center of the party. He told us yams about his adventures on the sea and directed us to haunts of pleasure on the sea beach. Birds were so abundant that they would hardly fly from you, and he feared not the report of a gun. The sea beach was covered with shells of every variety and sandhoppers ran about in every direction and with outstretched eyes looked, it seemed, in mute wonder at the strange race that had come to disturb their "ancient, solitary reign."

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The type of the Roanoke Islander of that day, and indeed in many respects of this day, was size, muscularity, activity, alertness, heartiness, poise, cordiality, friendliness, self respect, hospitality. The representatives of that general type of the Roanoke Islander in the past were the Baums, the Etheridges, the Meekins: All the Baums lived to be old men: There were, we think, five brothers of them, all men of great height, size and muscularity. Of the Etheridges, old Uncle Adam, above referred to, was a powerful man, very tall, with no superfluous flesh. Young Adam, his son, was a large man of 250 pounds and with a hand and foot that was a warning and a menace to evil comers. Tart Etheridge, who is yet remembered, was we think, a son of Uncle Adam. He carried his 300 avoirdupois pounds with the ease and activity of a cat. Chauncy Meekins, a great member, the soul of hospitality, conviviality and kindness and a man of sterling character and strong horse sense. 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