\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH,"

"Good

Roanoke

ueedn't fear for your fingers."

"Steady," came his voice.

Sammy walked into the bedroom.

"Fine!" cried Olmsted.

There was a slight twang and the

"I'm sorry it isn't an accomplishment

said Sammy. "But it certainly brought

me a lot of enjoyment during some

Olmsted laughed.

"I don't." he said.

upple was shattered.

very lonesome hours."

must go. I'll see you again."

As Long Jack strode across the cam-

"How's the protege?" called the lat-

"He's all right," growled Jack. "And

But Emory only laughed and hur-

It was a clear and sunny afternoon

Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" rang out.

There was a confused running to and

fro, the simple means of extinguishing

fires were sought, and then an alarm

was telephoned into town. The flames

spread fast. They started in the base-

ment and swiftly roared upward. The

building was of stone, substantially

titions that were designed to make it

as fireproof as possible. But almost

from the start the flames seemed be-

The alarm bell could be heard from

the town below. And then the fire ap-

paratus began to clatter and rumble

up the slope. With it came a patrol

wagon filled with policemen, and be-

hind trailed a hurrying crowd of

the lower floor of the huge building

was a billowing sea of flames that

seemed to defy the stream that was

sent against it. The great extension

ladder was set up against the six-

When the apparatus got into action

The great laboratory building, the gift

pus he encountered Emory Brown.

And they shook hands.

that bet is still open."

ter.

ried along.

youd control.

townspeople.

Single Copy 5 Cents,

NO. 19

VOL. XVII.

THE BOW BOY. BY W R. ROSE. 60000000000 100 0000 000 000 000

The

"HE boys at Bristol school looked | a little askange at one of the lat-

est additions to the roll of that

eminently respectable institu-

tion. He was a short lad and strongly inclined to roundness, and a smile of enduring dimensions brightened his ruddy face. It was the fashion to size up newcomers at Bristol with a view to ascertaining their helpfulness in upholding the athletic glory of the school. The self-appointed committee that looked Sammy Galpin over shook their heads doubtfully.

"Play football, fresh?"

"No."

"Baseball?"

"No." "Ruo, jump, hurdle?"

"No."

"Anything you can do?"

"I don't know. Never had a chance before to find out. You'll see that I'm

very willing." And he smiled around at the little

group. "Perhaps he can debate," suggested

Jim Stebbins.

The new boy shook his head.

"No," he said. "I don't believe I can debate. They told me I didn't look serious mough to be convincing."

They all laughed at this. "When you find out what you can do

let us know," said Emory Brown. "All right," laughed Sammy, "I'll keep my eyes open and let you know

just as soon as 1 find out." The investigators looked at one another. There was a drawing down of mouths and a quick shrugging of shoulders.

"Very weil," said Emory Brown. "We will learn it in that way." And the investigators filed across the campus.

"Did you ever see such a jelly fish?" said Jim Stebbins.

"Can't get mad at him either," added Emory Brown.

Long Jack Olmsted held up his hand. "Bet you the cub has something up his sleeve," he drawled. "Any takers?"

There was a general laugh. "Have it your way, Jack," said Emory Brown. "But he doesn't look it." 'Looks don't count," drawled Jack. "Smartest all-round chap that ever

came into this school had a face like a wooden pie plate."

"We admire your judgment too high ly to bet with you, Jack," said Jim Stebbins, "But get your protege to shake his sleeve as soon as possible." They all laughed except Jack.

enough for vaudeville. How would Sammie sprang up. you and I look doing the William Tell "This your den?" act?" And he laughed merrily. "Yes. Take the big chair." The tall senior stared about the that can be practically made use of."

coom. "Mother and sisters, eh?"

"Yes. They've sent me a lot of

things." "Very good taste. Best lot of sofa pillows I've seen. Must think a lot of field day program." you.'

"I'm the only boy. There are four girls. Here are their pictures."

He brought the photographs from than me.' the mantel and spread them before the senior.

"Fine looking, all of them. This one, especially."

"That's Flora. She's the youngest. Ethel is generally considered the family beauty. Ethel is the one at the left. She's to be married soon. Perhaps you've heard of the man, Arthur Carstairs?"

"Eh! Carstairs? Son of the Carstairs in the Cabinet? Fellow who did those fine things in Abyssinia?"

"Yes. He's all right. We like him, near the end of May. The campus and although we hate to lose Ethel. The the vine grown old buildings, and the other girls are coming down in June. blue hills beyond, had never looked I want you to meet them." more beautiful.

"Thank you. I'll be very glad to. You're a lucky rat. I haven't any sisters-nor any mother, either."

"Our mother is an invalid," said in flames. Sammie, slowly. "She hasn't walked for six years." He paused a moment. 'But nobody ever thinks of pitying her. She has such a lovely disposition and always looks as if she enjoyed everything."

Long Jack laughed lazily.

"I guess that's where you get your built, with double floors and heavy parown smiling countenance," he said. "It's something very different from mother's," Sammie returned. "I'm supposed at home to grin like a Cheshire cat."

Long Jack looked around again.

"You certainly have a nicely furnished nest," he said. "They don't stint you along the expense line."

"Oh, no," laughed Sammy, "Dad is very generous. He says money is merely a circulating medium, and the man who persistently keeps it circulating is the best of all citizens. Dad never forgets that he was a poor man at the beginning."

Long Jack stared at the freshman

the cord. "That's it, thank you. You | stout twine, and then a light cord, and | THE "WORSTED CHURCH"

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1906.

lastly the heavy rope. And the men crouched low because of the heat of the glowing furnace behind them.

The rope was passed about the chimney and the men let themselves down one by one, the chief coming last of all. Half way down they came to the tall ladder that the men had waiting for

them, and just as they reached the ground the roof fell in with a frightful crash. Long John Olmsted overtook Sammy

Galpin half way across the campus. He threw his arms across the boy's shoulders.

hysterically. "I-I knew you had something up your sleeve. You're the hero of the year, you little runt!" And he gave the lad an affectionate hug. "But what's the matter with you?"

"I cracked the bow," said Sammy,



A match company, which tried to set up a factory at Savannah, Ga., found that the product could not be successfully made in the atmosphere of that city.

The so-called "sacred running oxen" of Ceylon are the smallest of the ox family, and it is affirmed that their height never reaches more than thirty of the chief patron of the college, was inches.

> In porous glass, which is made in France, the holes are so small that neither dust nor draught can enter, and yet the ventilation is said to be excellent.

Nearly 70,000 pounds of sheep-gut are used annually for making strings for musical instruments in Germany. Russia furnishes most of this-64,000 pounds.

headlight for its passenger locomotives. One of the company's engines has been equipped with a dynamo placed directly back of the smokestack. It furnishes light not only for the headlight, but for a large number of small bulbs placed among the machinery of the engine.

That the radio-activity of air may be subterranean regions, to heat in the

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S UNIQUE EDI-FICE DECORATED BY WO-

Beacon.

MAN PASTOR.

The Rev. Mrs. Monmouth Found the Church Bare of All Ornament and Without an Organ-Use She Made of Worsted and Paper-Mecca for Sightseers.

Probably the most unique church to be found anywhere in New Hampshire and probably in the New England states is the little union house of worship in Eact Canterbury, some six miles from Canterbury Centre and 10 miles from the nearest railroad, writes the Canterbury correspondent of the Boston Herald. The little church, which is known throughout New Hampshire as the "Worsted" church has been the home of the Congregational and Methodist societies since 1839, the year in which the building was erected.

The unique feature of this meetinghouse is its interior, which is decorated wholly with worsted and paper, but considerably more worsted than paper, and it was on this account that the edifice received its name, the "Worsted" church. While this place of worship is in a secluded part of the town, to which access is gained only

by walking or driving over 10 miles of country roads from the Canterbury station of the Boston & Maine railroad, the church register shows that hundreds of visitors are shown through the church every year and especially during the summer season by Frank Brown of East Canterbury, who is custodian of the liftle edifice. The residents of the town frequently visit the place, and are regular attendants at every Sunday service which is held during the summer season, when it is possible to secure a clergyman to fill the pulpit. To the natives and more especially to those who are members of the church, Methodists or Congregationalists, the place is the pride of the town. The people of Canterbury tswore by the decorator, who was also

The Pan Handle is testing an electric the preacher, and she was Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Monmouth.

> To all Canterbury and the surrounding country Mrs. Monmouth was a redeemer. She was always sought in case of trouble and her advice was final. When any of the good Christian people were ill and feared they were going to die they had to see Mrs. Mon-

due to the escape of emanations from of the medicine prescribed by the vil-

which was hung over the poor-box; "Enter betimes the open door," which was in a conspicuous place in the vestibule, and another, "Work while the day lasts. The night cometh wherein none can work," hangs on the wall, where no one can fail to see it. Over the pulpit is probably the most elaborate which she worked out in a frame. This reads: "Ye are come unto Mt. Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven and to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the meditator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

say, and among them were, "Get wisdom. God loveth a cheerful giver."

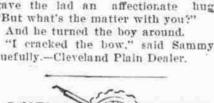
The decorations include draperies, streamers of worsted and paper suspended from the walls and ceiling with festoons of the same material where the streamers meet. Window shades, table covers and a thousand and one other things about the interior of the little edifice are of worsted, and those who were very intimate with the preacher say that she used thousands of yards of the material to do the work, and what was more, she purchased it out of her salary, expending every cent in that direction.

The work throughout is artistic and the many colored shades of worsted are blended together with the greatest accuracy. The best of material was used, and much of the work is of such an excellent design that the pastor was acknowledged as an artist after she completed it. Worsted flowers, white calla lilies, roses, Mayflowers, and almost every flower in worsted adorn the pulpit and a circular arch which extends over it. While these decorations have been in the church for more than a quarter of a century they are in almost the same condition today as they were when they were first put up. While the pastor was alive, she personally took care of the decorations and kept them clean, and her example was followed by the members of the church after her death.

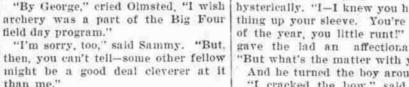
During the whole time Mrs. Monmouth was engaged in the decorating, and that was almost the whole time she was pastor, she made her home in the choir loft and she would give it up Sunday to the choir singers. Although she was recognized as a good preacher and a most attractive pastor, she was also considered very eccentric mouth and a few comforting words | and the idea of decorating a church from her had a better effect than much with worsted was one of her greatest eccentricities. As a preacher she followed the style of Henry Ward Beech er and very frequently memorized his sermons and delivered them to her congregation. While her regular congregation never numbered more than 50 she was always favored with a large audience of townspeople, and in the summer by vacationists. The seating capacity, which is 200, was very fre- 1 quently taxed to its utmost capacity. After her death the Union Society of Methodists and Congregationalists was unable to secure a pastor, and only during the summer months services are held. At all times during the year the church is open to the public, and if there is anything that Sexton Brown likes it is to show visitors through the old edifice. Another eccentricity the pastor possessed was her fad upon economy, and while she was worth thousands of dollars, she boasted that she lived on 10 cents a day and had all she wanted to. eat for that money. She was so anxious to have her friends follow her example that she wrote a book upon the question and distributed them among her friends; but they took such little interest in that part of her preaching that there is not one of the books to be found today in Canterbury. She died January 16, 1887, at the age of 59. at the home of a relative in London.

"They are all right," he cried half-

ruefully .--- Cleveland Plain Dealer.







might be a good deal cleverer at it "I doubt it," said Olmsted. "But I "Glad you came," murmured Sammy.

"Grin away, you hyenas," he growled. "My money talks for the cub."

And he stalked away heavily. Two days later he met Sammle on the board walk back of the laboratory. "How are they coming, fresh?" he asked.

The smiling face lighted up. "Oh, it's Mr. Olmsted," he said. "Pretty well, Mr. Olmsted. I can't complain."

Long Jack stepped with him. "Shaken out that hidden talent yet?" "No Mr. Olmsted."

"Don't forget that it is expected of TOU."

"I keep it in mind. Mr. Olmsted." "There's another thing. I've offered to put up money on you. That is, I've offered to bet that you have some sort of specialty that will do you credit and the school credit. Don't forget it."

Sammie's smile faded.

"I'm sorry you did that," he said. "I know what I'm about," growled Long Jack. '"And I'm not going to hedge. If you can't find out what your talent is, I'll have to find out for you. Where's your room?"

"In Grace hall." "I'll drop in on you some time and alk this thing over."

"Thank you, Mr. Olmsted," Again Sammy's face clouded as Long Jack stalked away. The confidence the latter placed in him was highly embarrassing. What could he do to make

good? He started in at the gymnasium with a renewed zest. But, really, there was nothing to be gained by it. He was just a fair athlete, nothing more.

He played baseball with a hopeless zest. He was only a scrub. He tried the longer rans. He had the pluck and the wind, but lacked the speed.

Occasionally he received a nod and an amused smile from the seniors who had made him the memorable call. He grinned back at them and worked away. 一一月的有意

He meant to show his willingness, even if nothing came of it. He entered the contests of the freshman class and in two events ran third. He was so round and plucky, and his face beamed with such a surplus of good nature, that he received a lively round of applause as he trotted on the track. But there was more laughter than applause when he trotted off.

One day when he was digging into his Ovid there was a light rap at the door and Long Jack lounged in. "Hullo.

"Hullo. Mr. Olwsted." with a new interest. "Are you the son of Richard Gal

pin?" he asked. "Yes."

"You grow more interesting, my boy. But you can't resemble your father to any marked extent."

"Not in figure, anyway-and certainly not in brain. It used to worry him to think I was stunted, but he's all over that now. Dad and I are very good friends."

There was a brief silence. Long Jack's restless eyes roamed about the room again.

"Well, how about the hidden talent?"

Sammle shook his head.

"Still hidden," he said. "But I'm going right ahead looking for it. And the search is doing me good. I never was so well and strong in all my life. My appetite is positively fierce-and | Fifty feet away from them a puff of I've cut down my weight by sixteen pounds. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but I was given up as a hopeless consumptive once. That's right, They The hose had been wrenched away sent me out on a ranch in Arizona. I was fourteen then. Wasn't I homesick! If it hadn't been for dad I would have died. Dad sent me something every day, and every month he came way from New York to see me. Nobody knows the sacrifices he made to do it. Well, I got better, but it was awful lonesome. There wasn't another child within a hundred miles of that spot, and the only thing that interested me was a little band of Indians that stuck up their tepees along the great ravine that ran through the ranch. I learned to ride their ponies and picked student, whose face seemed affame.

up a lot of Indian ways. I was there nearly a year, and came away as sound as a dollar." "I see you have some Indian suggestions here," remarked Long Jack.

"Indian headdress, eh, and moccasins, and wampum, and a shield and a spear.

"All souvenirs of Arizona," said Sammy, "You mustn't overlook the long bow. There, above the mantel, I whittled that out myself. It's the very best seasoned hickory, and I'm very proud of it."

He took it from its hooks and showed it to Olmsted.

"Can you use ft?" the latter asked. "Oh, yes. The Indian who put those decorations on the bow taught me how to use it. He was a great chap. They called him Wounded Heart."

"I'd like to see you handle it," said Olmsted.

"Would you?" He looked around. From the back wall of my bedroom to the wall here must be thirty-five feet." He was tightening the cord as he spoke. "Would you mind standing

storied structure and up this, hurried the fire chief and several hosemen with a line of hose. The ladder just reached the heavy cornice of the oldfashioned French roof. The chief meant to fight the flames from above.

And then a terrible thing happened. A sudden burst of flame directly against the long ladder, a flame that was made more intense by the added heat of burning chemicals. Before the ladder could be pushed away from the danger the mischief was done, and the upper section, almost completely burned off, toppled over and fell with a ruinous crash across the sod. At the same moment the flames burst from a half-dozen windows on a still higher floor. The great crowd, roped back by the police, uttered a sympathetic cry. The chief and his hosemen were in dire danger. They knew it, too. white smoke suddenly shot upward. The little group on the cornice huddled together close to a huge chimney. when the ladder fell. The crowd murmured in sympathy. The strongest

stream that the biggest fire steamer could throw would not reach the unfortunates. For a moment firemen and specta-

tors were paralyzed. To leap from that height meant instant death. No ladder was at hand to reach them. The smoke from the roof behind rapidly grew dense. They seemed doomed. Then came a strange diversion. A

chubby figure came darting across the campus, the figure of an eager eyed His eyes brightened as he stared ahead.

"Jack! Jack Olmsted." he should. Clear the way for me-let me get through!"

Long Jack whirled about and understood

"Make room there!" he roared, and pushed and fought his way through the crowd and under the rope-despite the opposition of the policemen. And Sammy was close at his heels.

"Have the ropes ready, Jack." "Yes, Sammy."

The long bow was in the boy's hands and the end of a ball of twine was fastened to the slender arrow. He uprolled the ball by tossing it away from him. Then he carefully fitted the arrow and drew the string taut.

The crowd comprehended and was very quiet. The men on the cornice comprehended, too, and the chief drew a little away from the chimney. Behind them a fountain of flame suddenly shot through the roof.

Twang! The arrow shot upward with its trailing length of string. It tential water is converted into baser here in front of the portiere with this struck the sloping slate roof close to products, and the process abstracts small apple between your fingers?" the chief, and that official fell upon it. valuable energy that is converted into He picked up an arrow and fitted it to Swiftly, yet carefully, he drew up the useful forms.

earth's interior causing the expulsion of negative ions from certain oxides, or to ions received from the sun, is suggested by H. Nagaoka, in a paper on radio-activity and geophysical phenomena, published in the Physico-Mathematical Soc. Tokyo Proc.

The degree to which solids slowly indiscoveries. A New Zealand teacher mentions the dark patches which apon the inside of silver watch cases that these patches are iron, which has vaporized, dissolved in the silver and more remarkable is an instance of the penetration of carbon into porcelain. Fresh pencil marks are easily removed from an old porcelain writing tablet. but some notes written forty years ago have sunk into the tablet to considerable depth and cannot be erased.

Amateur entomologists will be interested in a suggestion by Dr. F. E. Luiz for the preservation of all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs should be sprayed from an atomizer with artists' shellac, and then, if they are of the ordinary geometric form, pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed. After the shellac has dried, the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even domeshaped webs may be preserved, in their original form, by spraying them with shellae and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many splders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that their permanent preservation is very desirable.

The transmutation of metals-so much ridiculed a few years ago-is now thought to be taking place in nature, but the modern alchemist is still as powerless as was the ancient one to it. bring it about by artificial means. If it ever becomes practicable, the valuable product will be the energy released as electricity or in other form. Mr. F.

Souly points out that the energy of some hundreds of tons of coal would have to be put into an ounce of silver to convert it into gold; but that a more probable change would be from a heavy element like lead, the operation yielding energy of great value, with the gold as an unimportant by-product. A similar extraction is going on at our great power stations-water power. steam and gas. The fuel or high no

lage doctor or by his wife in his absence. The preacher held the esteem of every man, woman and child in the village and she respected thm.

Mrs. Monmouth, who was pastor of the church, died nearly 20 years ago, after administering to the spiritual wants of the people of Canterbury for more than 10 years. . Her death was

due to overwork in striving to do termix is one of the recent surprising what was almost impossible in the little church, where she preached, lived, slept, cooked and ate. While she had pear opposite the steel winding-stems a comfortable little home in Canterbury Centre, sime six miles away, she forty or fifty years old, tests showing was too anxious to be near her people, and on that account she made her home as near to them as possible, and diffused into the solid metal. Still found that the church was the best place she could be found day or night. Her principal services were on the Sabbath, when she held one in the morning and another in the evening, with Sunday school at the noon hour. During the week, too, she had prayer services, and although many of her congregation lived miles away, they never found it inconvenient to attend and listen to her advice to men and

> women. Mrs. Monmouth was not an ordained preacher, nor did she have a license; but she took the place of the regular pastor one Sunday during his absence and made such an impression upon the congregation that a committee of the churchmen waited upon her and asked her to fill the pulpit regularly. She consented to do so, and in less than a month she was the regular preacher. When Mrs. Monmouth assumed charge the interior of the church was without decorations of any kind. There was not a picture on the walls, and, in fact there was nothing but the pulpit and pews. The Sunday services consisted of a serman by the pastor, and occasionally the members would attempt to sing a psalm without the aid of an organ or piano. While the preacher was a good pastor, he had a small congregation and saw no prospects for enlarging

When the new preacher assumed charge she purchased an organ and installed it in the choir gallery, and in the choir loft she placed a little motto, "Give thanks and sing," which she worked out in worsted in brackenburg. This was the first of a series of worsted needlework, and from that day for nearly 10 years, or almost during the entire time of her pastorate, she worked daily upon something or other of worsted which she used to decorate the interior of the little meeting house. Several of the quotations which she worked out in worsted and framed in the same material before hanging on the walls were very appro- | ed for a wife failed to make a choice priate, the members of the church out of 200 applicants,

Gets News From Windmills.

In Holland births, marriages and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by wind mills. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheels in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled.

His friends and guests frequently de likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and with the two upper sails unfurled.

Should a miller die the sails of hit mill are all unfuried and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position, they are left until after the funera. has taken place.

Lyman's Annuity.

Yankeeland is conservative even to perpetrating its traditional traits. Here is the latest example o fshrewdness in Lyman Jennings of Athol, whe gave the town \$9000 on condition or receiving from the town an annuity of \$540. Up to date he has had \$16,200 and is still hearty and with a prospec of getting considerable more.

A New York politician who advertis