1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Boanoke Beacon.

THE MOVING SPIRIT

NO. 50.

MOTHER ASIA. Mother Asia, we stand at your threshold

In a far immemorial yore,
We left you, great Mother of Nations,
And now we return to your door.
We have circled the seas and their islands,
We have found us new worlds in the main, We have found us young brides o'er the

Now we come to our mother again.

wandered through ages unnumbered, were mad with the fever to roam, new flag that waves at Manila rociaims that your sons have come

There are weeds in the Gardens of Morning, There are mildew and dearth and decay, And your blind days are drear and your The year that your sons went away.

But turn your old eyes to the seaward
Where the flag of the West is discerned,
Be gipld, gray old Mother of Nations,
The youth of the world has returned. come with the wealth of their wander-

They come with the strength of their ow, old mother, arise and lift up your dim

beald your strong sons at your side!

They will all in your Gardens of Morning, They will seanse you of mire and fen; You shall hear be giad laughter of children, You shall see to strong arms of young men.

New hope shall come sk to your borders,
Despair from your the sold by spurned,
A new day shall rise in your Orient skies—
The youth of the world his returned.
—Sam Walter Foss, in New York Sun.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"Any fresh fruit and veg ables to-day, ma'am?" said the pleasan, voice of John Bowers, as he stepped voice the porch in front of the open door de me of his regular customers.

But Mrs. Dirk was in no mood to hear or heed him. Just as he spoke, a little girl came in from the opposite door, bearing a pitcher much too large and heavy for her little hands.

Suddenly her feet tripped against a rug, and falling forward, the pitcher was precipitated from her hands, breaking it, and spilling its contents in every direction.

"You wicked, careless girl!" cried Mrs. Dirk, dragging her roughly to her feet, 'just see what you have done; broken a new pitcher, and ruined my clean floor! You did it on purpose, too; I know you did!"

'No, I didn't," said the terrified child, shrinking from the harsh face and uplifted hand of her tyrant.

"You little wretch! how dare contradict me! Take that, and that! Now go and pick up those pieces. And, mind, not a mouthful of supper do you have tonight!"

Here Mr. Bowers again assayed to make himself beard, and as Mrs. Dirk turned her head toward the door, her flushed and angry face assumed quite another expression.

"Is that you, Mr. Bowers? Yes, T want some peas and potatoes, and will be out to the cart directly. That girl is the plague of my life, and makes a

deal more work than she saves!" "Not your own child, I reckon?" said Mr. Bowers, looking compassionately at the sobbing child.

"No, indeed; her father and mother's dead. Her mother used to do sewing for me, and when she died, I took the girl home, thinking she'd be sort of handy washing dishes and running of arrants. But land's-sake alive! I wish I'd have let her gone to the poorhouse, where she belongs." "Sich little hands can't do a great deal," responded Mr. Bowers, his

voice showing pity for the friendless orphan. They can do a good deal of mischief. Now, Liddy, stop that noise quick, for I won't have it! Run and get the basket for Mr. Bowers to put

the peas in," Laddy stood silently by the cart, as Mr. Bowers measured out the peas nd potatoes, but there was a wistful in her eyes, as she lifted them to ponest and kindly face of the mar-

"Do you like apples, little gal?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" Liddy's eyes sparkled, as she caught a glimpse of the two rosycheeked apples that he took from a basket under the seat. Then her conntenance fell.

"She won't let me keep them." "Here, let me put them in your

fresh, so she won't see them." How old are you?"

Nine, sir," "You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Bowers, looking at the diminutive form before him. "Why, my little Mary is bigger than you, an' she's only seven But then she's nothin' to

> must be! I wish I die." poor child!

Mrs. Dirk, "what is the matter with her?"

"Matter enough, I should say," was the blunt reply. "The poor little thing's fainted; an' tain't no wonder!"

"I hope she ain't going to be sick on my hands," said Mrs. Dirk, glancing uneasily at the pale face. "I shouldn't wonder a mite," responded Mr. Bowers, "I guess you

had better let me take her home with me; good country air will bring her up if anythin' will." Mrs. Dirk gladly assented, and half an hour later Liddy was lifted into a

cart by the brawny arms of her future protector; and was borne forever from the scene of her past toils and hardships. As they left the dusty town for the beautiful country Liddy's spirits rose

Many times Mr. Bowers got down from his cart to pluck the brightlycolored posies that grew by the road-

side, and which called forth her enthusiasm and admiration. But Mr. Bowers lived some distance in the country, and at last the little clattering tongue was still from pure fatigue. And as it began to grow dark the curly head dropped lower,

and she fell asleep; her little fingers clinging to his brown, horny hand. In taking the child Mr. Bowers had been actuated by the kindly impulses of his nature, but as he neared home he began to have some misgivings as to how his wife would receive this new

claimant upon her care and love. But he understood her disposition to well, so be determined to trust instituen tact, and to the womanly Certayf her nature.

stonished no one could be more husband n was Mrs. Bowers, when h Liddy in slked into the house

wit and asleep.

son It's the last plac where I should supportion," she said, g more children, and don't think of ke sing her?"

"Of co orphan that I've brught her away from a children, and the supportion of the said of th

home, to get her away from a civel woman. I'll notify the town authorities in the mor uin', an' have her taken care of You can tive her some supper, can't you, an' so ne sort of place to

Liddy was awakened and given a supper of new milk, fre bread and

wer tasted rries, such as she had before. Mrs. Bowers then improvi for her in ker own room, an

seen the little head upon the streturned to the porch, where he band was smoking. "What a pretty little creature

is," she said, "and so gentle and le "Yes; more's the pity! The poor

house is a hard place for sich!" "Dear-dear! what if it was one of our children, John?"

"Ah, to be sure!" responded John. "I s'pose our children's as likely to be left orphans as anyone's." "I s'pose I'd better see the select-

men this mornin'," said Mr. Bowers

the next day, as he arose from the breakfast table. "I dun know as there's any partic'lar hurry 'bout it," said his wife as she glanced to where Liddy was play-

ing out in the grass. "Let the poor thing stay for a few weeks, until she gets a bit of color into her little pale "But she'll be such a care to you

"Oh, as to that, where there's so

many, one more don't make much dif-"Then she's needing clothes." "I can manage that easily. Mary

has a number of dresses that she's outgrown that'll just fit her." There was a twinkle of satisfaction in John's eyes as he went to his work. Good, honest man! He well knew

oblige him to work many more extra hours. And as time wore away "Liddy" grew nearer to the hearts of both John and Mary, and was to them as their prisonment. A doctor's boarding own daughter. So that when Uncle James returned from California and of boots to prevent his leaving the sought and claimed her, only the

do for her could make them willing to relinquish her. uncle?"

thought of how much better be could

"I don't know what you would call rich, pussy," said Mr. Dean, pinching the rosy cheek that was laid lovingly to his, "I have enough to make my niece quite a little heiress when I

"But I don't want you to die, and I don't want to be an heiress; but I do want some of your money-not for

myself, though." Laying down his papers, Mr. Dean looked in surprise upon the sweet face that was lifted so earnestly to his. 'What do you want it for, my

For my poor foster-father. I've t had a letter from my old home, they are in great trouble. They've a great deal of sickness, and so o mortgage their place out no oing to be solfl.

row kind they

one give to

"Of course, my love!" said the old man, rising hurriedly to his feet.

"Dear! dear! that is a sad story you tell! I meant to have done something for them before this. But we must

make amends!" Mr. Bowers, his wife and their three children were sitting together in their

little sitting-room. Their hearts were very sorrowful, for that day the place endeared to them by somany pleasant recollections had passed into the hands of strangers.

It had been bought by a lawyer for gentleman out of town, and had brought more than John had anticipated, so that he had something over with which to begin his new life in the west, whither he had decided to

A knock at the door announced the arrival of a package by express.

Upon the inner wrapper were these words: A present for my dear father and mother. From their grateful and

loving daughter, LIDIA DEAN. Upon opening this they found, to their joyful astonishment, a deed of the old homestead, made out in favor of John and Mary Bowers "and their heirs and assigns forever."

Accompanying it was a letter from Lidia, announcing her intention of paying a week's visit to her old home.

The next day she came, laden with resents for each member of the family, and a delightful week it was to them all.

And thus it was that John and Mary Bowers found "the bread cast upon the waters" returned to them "after many days."

WHERE NATURE SMILES.

Wonderful Vegetable Production - A Land of Fat Things.

Peru is a land of fat things. There are really so many wonderful products here that I hesitate to describe them for fear I may not be believed. What would you think of string beaus as long as your arm. We saw lots of them at the regetable stands. They were tied up in bunches and hung upon poles. We saw potatoes as yellow as gold. These are the papas amarillus of Peru, which are a bright yellow when cooked. We saw sweet potatoes of many kinds, some of which were as big as the yams of America. "I hope I'm no so much of a heathen, John, as to e unwilling to give a poor child a be; and supper!"

as big as the yams of America. Then there were quantities of yucca, a tuber which grows about two feet long, and which is as big around as a a tuber which grows about two feet long, and which is as big around as a baseball club. It is not unlike the potato, but the flesh is more transparent, waxy and jelly-like. This is one of the chief foods of Peru. We saw roasting ears at nearly every vegetable stand, and in the grain markets handled varieties of corn which I have never seen at home. Some of the corn was as black as ink, and another kind was of a light vellow, with grains almost as big as a Lima bean. hese two varieties are so meally that a can make flour of them by poundthem with a stone. They come the mountain farms, and to s great outent form the food of that part of Peru. We saw squashes and meions of all kinds. Many of the vegetables I could not understand, and the fruits embraced those which are grown in the tropics, as well as apples, peaches and pears. The apples were not good, however, and most of the peaches we saw were of the cling-stone kind. The best fruits are the grapes, the chiremova, which is as big as a naval orange, and which tastes a little like ice cream; the palta, which is eaten as a salad or an appetizer, with vinegar, salt and peoper, and which has a flesh not untike that of of stiff butter; the blue and white figs, which grow in all the coat valleys, and bananas of many kinds and different varieties of oranges, limes and lemons. Then they guavas, pomgranates; tunas, the fruit of the cactus, and olives, wl h are pickled in such a way that when they come to the table they are black soft rather than green and solid, like olives we eat .- Frank G. Carpent that the additional burden would in Washington Star.

False Imprisonment in Germany.

Germany's court of appeal has drawn fine distinction in a case of false imhouse keeper took away his only pair house, and the doctor recovered dam ages in the lower court on the ground that he was thereby imprisoned, as his social position forbade his appear "You are very rich, aren't you ing in the streets barefoot. The court of appeal has ordered a new trial or the ground that the doctor's freedom of action was merely limited and im peded by his landlady's act, but that it was not impossible for him to move out if he had wished to. - New York

Just a Suggestion.

A Frenchman applied to a local offi cial for a passport to visit Klarter wingschen, in Switzerland. The tionary, who was not a fellow or graphical society, struggled ir the spelling of the place's unwilling to confess hir nam andly added: as lief visit some

WORK OF THE RED CROSS

BATTLEFIELD HORRORS LED TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Henri Dunaut so Shocked by the Scenes He Witnessed at Solferino That He Formed a Corps to Work in the Cause of Humanity-Some Interesting Facts,

The history of the Red Cross society is but little known in the United States. Our peace-loving people have been for so many years free from the terror of war which has continually confronted European nations that we became supremely indifferent to the emergency that at some time might arise, when we should be called upon to take care of the sailors and soldiers wounded in the defence of our coun-

It is nearly forty years since M. Henri Dunant, a native of the republic of Switzerland, witnessed the battle of Solferino, and was a horrified observer of the unnecessary suffering of he wounded from lack of care. ing greatly impressed by the sight he published a little book called "Souvenir de Solferino," and pointed out the urgent necessity of forming a corps of surgeons and nurses who could work in the cause of humanity, regardless of nationality, and who might be protected by a flag of neutrality, and be permitted to serve on the field of battle and aid the wounded. This little volume appealed to all who read it, and the outcome was a convention held at Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1864, by representatives from sixteen of the great nations of the world, who then signed a compact of strict neutrality that assured, under certain specified regulations, a complete protection to the members of the association when caring for the wounded on the field of battle. The flag of Switzerland is heraldically described as "on a field gules, a cross argent," and the society adopted it out of compliment to its birthplace, only reversing the colors. Today the insignia of the International committee is the red cross on a white field, and is the only military hospital flag in the civilized world which protects all persons from molestation who work under it or rightfully wear the emblem when performing their service. The insignia is jealously guarded, and the brassards and armlets, that are sewed on the sleeve when issued in time of war, are marked with private devices, so that both armies may be protected from

gaged in the work of helping the wounded shall be "immune." M. Gustav Moynier, president of the Society of Public Utility, was elected and still remains president of the international committee of the Red Cross, the headquarters of which are at Geneva. Sixty-two nations have signed the compact. In 1882, Miss Clara Barton, who had already distinguished herself by her services as a nurse during the civil war, was delegated by the president of the United States to represent her country at a congress of the Red Cross committee, and she was made a member of the international board of managers when the United States government signed the international treaty. It was at Miss Barton's suggestion that a line of work was adopted by the international committee, so that each nation might pursue an occupation in time of piece that would qualify it to be of service in an emergency, thereby keeping its national Red Cross association in an active state of organization. It was determined that the study of diseases, methods of treatment, more particularly without the use of alcoholic stimulants, and the education of doctors and nurses should be pursued. In the formation of the constitution of the American National Red Cross association a still wider range of activities was adopted. It

spies, and that none but those en-

was hoped that we should have no wars, but calamities and disasters were always to be apprehended, and the organization determined to prode sid for such emergencies. Other nations, seeing the usefulness of what has been called the "American amendare following our example and adding the amendment to their constitutions. During the past seventeen years the American Red Cross bas given aid to sufferers in fifteen disasters or famines, the Russians, Armenians and Cubans being those who have received \and outside of our own

countrymen. Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Barton advocated starting hospitals during peace, no snah work has been done in America, with the exception of one institution which Miss Barton installed and opened in the city of New York in 1894. It was founded by Miss Bettina Hofker-Low the wife of Dr. A. Monne Lesser-a graduate of the Mount Sinai training school for nurses, the daughter of a general of the Prussian army, and whose nother and aunts had served as assistant nurses during the Franco-Prussyan

The life of a professional nurse one of constant self-sacrifice, but at least she feels that she is being rewarded for her services, and that when no longer able to continue her work, she has been able to lay aside a smafl sum, which will be sufficient to sufport her for the rest of her life. But bay while trained purses in general receive, wood is

a fair compensation for their services, the sisters of the Red Cross get nothing whatever. With the danger of a war before us, noble professional nurses have come forward by hundreds, and offered their services for Red Cross work. They fully comprehend the magnitude and importance of the work that they will be called upon to perform, and undertake it quite aware that they are giving gratuitous ser-

But what shall be said of the unprofessional women who, without training or skill, offer themselves as assistants to the Red Cross? It would seem folly to accept their services, and yet the officers of the society base their opinion on the experience gained in the Franco-Prussian war, when the princesses of Prussia and women of all degree offered their services to the Red Cross, and proved of inestimable assistance.

The trained nurses will have life and death in their hands, but the untrained assistants will have no less responsibility, for while upon one will the care of the sick devolve, on the other the protection of the healthy will fall, and in a hostile country, with unacclimated persons, the task will be neither easy nor light. A great battle has been fought; the "Red Cross" is called for; bearers begin to carry in the wounded. The country is devastated, smoking ruins show where the homes of the inhabitants once stood; there is no shelter, there are no provisions; the wounded famish for a sip of water, which would poison them if served from the polluted streams about them. The surgeons and nurses are bending over the wounded, rendering professional aid. The unprofessional worker is now alert and calls to her aid her housewife's training, and looks after the comforts and wants of an emergency household. While the trained nurses have been providing themselves with bandages, lint, etc., the assistant has been loading a small cart with bread, boiled water, tea, coffee, etc., and she hurriedly follows the ambulance corps. A sheet thrown over the branch of a tree makes a shelter, fires are lighted. food is prepared, and the assistant follows the nurses and doctors, feeds the wounded, and gives a woman's gentle aid to the soldier. As nurses and doctors turn exhausted from their pieces. fatiguing tasks, the improvede tent offers the shelter and food provided by

the assistant. It is for this kind of work that the unprofessional women are offering themselves.

Big Bird-Enting Frogs.

A species of bird-eating frogs infests the swamps around Susquehanna, Penn. These huge croakers have also proved destructive to young chickens. Recently a farmer named Wainwright of Herrick had his attention called to the bird-eating propensity of this species of frog by the cries of a small bird in a nearby swamp. Thinking it had been seized by a snake, he hastened to the spot, and saw a beautiful red and green bird in the mouth of a large, greenish frog. Only the bird's head was visible, and its cries becoming fainter, the frog was killed and the bird released. Its feathers were all wet and slimy, and for some days it could be distinguished in the garden by its ruffled plumage.

Since then others of the same species of frog have, on several occasions, been killed with young chickens half swallowed, and once a duckling was rescued from the same fate.

The frogs make a chuckling sound so nearly like that of a hen cailing her chickens for food that whole broods have been deceived and have rushed toward the swamp, where they supposed the hen to be. The frogs are wary, and it is difficult to find them except by the squeaks of distress from their victims.—New York Press.

Indians Not Keen Sighted.

It is a deeply rooted conviction, dating from our boyhood's reading of Fenimore Cooper, Mayue Reid, Gustav Aimard, and other authors who familiarized us with the red man, that the noble savage had a keenness of vision such as no pale-face could ever reach. And now comes Dr. Ranke of Munich, who has been submitting the eye-sight of several Indian braves to scientific examination, to upset this theory. He comes to the conclusion that the alleged keenness of vision of the redskin is a sheer delusion. They see no further and no more distinctly than does the average citizen of London or Berlin. But they possess the advantage of having been trained from infancy to observe with concentrated attention the objects around them, and to draw deductions rapidly from this survey for the purposes of war or the chase. Dr. Ranke says that with similar life-long practice almost every European could adquire the same faculty. - Loudon Chenniels.

Where Mahogany Com Mahogany, the wood of ee known naturalists by the n Mahogani, is for coast of Honda ay of Campeac Domingo also is of a finer q

in the firs,

The form

It was Uncle Sam as did it. It was U Sam as raised The boys in blue unflinchin', where the non fiercely blazed; The boys that's ever ready when there duty to be done, No matter if it's on the quarter-deck or by a gun; Whose loyalty and courage kin outlast the flercest fray; The boys to whom the world's takin' off its

hat today. Twas Uncle Sam as did the things which

proudly we review,
An' his faithful sons kin trust him to be just an' generous, too.
It ain't the first time he's been out a victory

to win, And in A. D. 20,000 he kin do the same agin. It'll be the grand old story of men joined in strength and will Marchin' up the path of glory, Uncle Sama-

-Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Zim-So he laughed at your advice? Zom-Yes. My advice was to grin

and bear it. Ned-She has a fascinating quiver in her voice. Ted-Yes, and she uses

it to hold her beau. Zim-Strange how people will wish for eternal youth. Zam-Yes, and how they do kick when they reach second childhood.

Watkins-I told Ethel last night if she laughed again I'd kiss her. Woolens-Well, what about it? Watkins - She had hysterics. Bigge-I say, old chap, here is a

check of yours. I wish you'd just cash it for me. Jigge-Er-certainly er-will you indorse it? Patient-You seem very anxious to

perform the operation, doctor. Doctor-Yes; it is an operation that I have never yet performed. Ada-No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal. Ida-

What sort of a man is her ideal? Ada -A man who will propose, The Sire-And do you think you can make my daughter happy? Would-Be Son-in-Law-Confident of it, sir ! I am full of faults she can nag me

Mother-If I give you this piece of cake, will you try to be a good little girl? Gladys-Yes; and I will try to be gooder if you will give me two

Mrs. Nagley - Two-thirds of the scolding wives are caused by your men's clubs. Mr. Nagley-No, my The clubs are caused by the dear. scolding wives.

Johnny had been playing around the piano and had had a fall. "What are you bawling about?" asked Bertie, contemptuously. "It was the soft pedal your head hit." "They tell me your wife is a par-

ticularly fine housekeeper." crutiatingly so. I've seen that woman sprinkle the clock with insect powder to get rid of the ticks." Commissioner (to civil service ap-

plicants for places in the custom house)-When was the diamond duty most burdensome? Bright Candidate -Just before my marriage, sir. Arrows-Hullow, old chap! Congratulations. I hear you have mar-

ried a lady with an independent for-

tune. Borrows - No; I married a for-

tune with an independent lady. Mr. Bunting-Young Grimsby is going to marry old Miss Broadakers. Mrs. Bunting (astonished)—For the land's sake! Mr. Bunting—Partly, and partly for her bank account.

Doctor (angrily) -You put in something that wasn't ordered in the prescription, and now the patient is quite well. Drug Clerk-Well, then, write your prescriptions so they can be

Hogarth-It's queer that these artists sign their pictures so wretchedly that no one can read the names. Rubens-Not so queer when you consider what the people say about thepaintings.

Young Bride(pouting) - Here we have been married only two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already. Husband-I know, my dear; but just think how long I have been waiting for the chance.

He Was Going to Shoot.

The Kentucky mountain troopers are good soldiers and obey orders to the letter. On guard they are strict. One afternoon a member of an infantry company attempted to steal past a sentry and climb the fence separating the camp grounds at Lexington from the outside world. The sentry saw him, however, and ran toward the fellow, shouting: "Hold on, thar, pardner; doint cross that that line or I'll hev to shoot. Them's my orders, and I'm goin' to carry 'em out." The man hesitated and then slowly walked back into the camp. -- New York World,

The Needle te Mariner's Compass. The ease ert of the ma compass