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THE BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM.

There are faces alight with the glory of love
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."
There are hearts that are light as the clear skies above
In that kingdom of beauties untold. And happy is he who can dwell in that land
Where children are ruling with scepters in hand,
For youth is the monarch of one happy band,
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

No sorrows lurk deep in grim thickets of gloom,
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."
But flowers of beauty are ever in bloom,
And the pathways are shining as gold.
The laughter of little ones borne on the air
Is surcease of sorrow and cure for all care,
For harmings raigns and has harmined despair. For happiness reigns and has banished despair In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

The little hands wave a warm welcome to all
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."
The sweet little voices in harmony call,
And their little arms wiat to enfold.
And Father Time pauses to taste of the joys,
To join in the games full of romping and noise,
That are played all the hours by sweet girs and boys
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

Come, walk with me through the cool shadows deep In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old." And backward the years of our troubles will creep, And backward the years of our troubles will creep,
While stories of youth are retold.
All burdens grow light and all cares we dismiss;
The gates are unlocked by a sweet baby kiss,
And Love sits enthroned in the City of Bliss,
In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."
—Will M. Maupin, in The Commoner.



LOST AT THE GREAT

BY SELMA MAGRUDER.

was not lighted.

have happened here!"

or a beast?"

"It's the right place, for here's the

little white icon," said my aunt, peep-

ing at it. But, alas! there are many

doors in Nizhni with little white icons.

in the hall, and we had usually caught

a glimpse of our Cossack landlady,

Dairia Knavra. To-night the candle

We groped our way to the door of

the parlor. This, too, was unlighted,

and we noted a strange odor. "Sel-

ma," my aunt exclaimed, in suddenly

concerned tones, "something must

Apprehension had already fallen

upon me-I hardly knew why. It was

that terrible odor, I think. Then I

fumbled for a little shelf, where I re-

membered to have seen a match case.

But before I found it we heard a cry

in the hall from which we had just

come, a terrible, beast-like cry which

v!" she whispered. "Was that a man

A frightful scuffle now began just

outside the door of the hall, and we

clung to each other in panic, uncertain

what to do. Then a door on the other

side of the room burst suddenly open,

and a muttering person-whether man

or woman we could not distinguish-

rushed blindly through the room and

out of it by the hall door, evidently

The hubbub in the hall increased

momentarily. Instinctively my aunt

and I fled out at that door. We had

no idea where it led, but we knew that

something had gone terribly wrong

The door led into another dark pas-

sage, which we now explored in ner-

yous haste, holding out our hands to

feel our way, and stepping cautiously

"If only it leads to some side door

out," my aunt whispered, "we will go

to the Hotel de Prague, where we set

Immediately we came to a door

which opened outward, but not into

the street. We appeared to be in a

kind of courtyard, with high, dark.

enclosing walls, but we could see the

stars. What seemed to be great boxes,

or pens, stood round the sides, and

"Oh, where are we, Selma?" my aunt

exclaimed, and then, close at hand,

something stirred and sniffed horribly.

Not far away, too, a big dog began

It was more alarming than anything

I had ever experienced. "Let us go

back!" I whispered. "We shall be

My aunt, indeed, had already re-

treated into the dark passage, and for

some minutes we stood there and list-

ened. It would be quite impossible to

depict in words the sense of dread

which had come over us, for we did

not know where we were, and could

Then something even more alarming

occurred. Behind us, in the direction

from which we had come, a door

opened with a sudden bang, and sounds

of a terrible scuffle were borne along

the passage. Something, either man

or beast, was apparently being

with an accompaniment of yells,

Aunt Ella was trembling violently.

I drew her forth into the courtyard

again, for the tumult in the passage

We hurried across the dark, open

The dog was still baying furiously.

What the stir and sniffing in the pens

space, peering about for some avenue

was coming toward us,

of escape to the street.

there was the same awful odor.

without perceiving us.

with our hotel.

for fear of pitfalls.

barking savagely.

torn in pieces!"

such a place.

out to go when we came."

"Mer-

sent cold thrills to our hearts.

Aunt Ella sprang to my side.

Previously there had been a candle

HE Russian fairs at Nizhni | lighted, we believed to be that of our Novgorod are rather good hotel. instances of everything which a world's fair should not be. They are quaint and medieval, however, being vast gatherings of semi-

barbarous peoples and tribes of many races. They are worth visiting once, with camera and note book.

Nizhni Novgorod is situated at the confluence of the gent river Volga with the Oka. There has been an annual fair here, or in this vicinity, for ten centuries. The city is on both sides of the Oka. The fair is held on the left bank, in a system of booths and warehouses, of both wood and stone, constructed especially for the purpose.

Ordinarily the population does not exceed sixty thousand, but during the fair there are sometimes three hundred thousand people about the town, from every part of Scutheastern Europe and Asia. Hither resort Armenians, Persians, and the sleek, fat merchants of Bokhara and Tashkend. with traders from distant China and India.

There are three thousand booths, or small stores, for rental, each constructed as a show room for goods, with quarters for the proprietor in the rear, Goods valued at not less than three hundred millions of rubles are brought here for sale or traffic-silks, cottons, teas, furs, hides, knives, swords, daggers and weapons of all kinds, sacred images, costly robes, musical instruments, and a thousand trinkets and utensils peculiar to mid-Asian countries, as well as great quantities of grain, oil and salt.

But the strangest, most remarkable feature of the fair is the people themselves, in the odd dress of so many different countries and tribes - Tartars, Kirghiz, Buriats, Georgians, besides Russians and Cossacks, Turks and Syrians. It is said that fifty different languages and dialects may be heard spoken here.

The Volga, "the Mother of Waters," is to the Nizhni Fair what Lake Michigan was to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Its broad expanse rests the eye, its great majestic curve beautifies the whole Eastern landscape.

My aunt, Miss Ella Magruder, and I were at the fair here from August 12 to August 27, fifteen days, and on the afternoon of the 17th my aunt and I accompanied an excursion of Bokharan merchants up the river on a steamboat which they had chartered for the occasion. The Bokharans are very corpulent people, apparently much addicted to the pleasures of the tablethey appeared to be eating all the time we were on the water, even when the steamer ran aground on a mud-bar and was in some little danger. Aunt Ella, who had learned many words of their language, made sure that their entire

conversation was of food and drink. In consequence of the delay aground our excursion boat did not get back to Nizhni until long after dark. The wharves and streets are badiy lighted at night. But what made trouble for Aunt Ella and myself that evening was that the steamer did not land at the same wharf from which we had

Understanding so little of the language we did not learn the change. but supposed that we were back at the wharf we had left. From that we had dragged, struggling, along the floor our bearings well in mind-first up the Othnoi street, past the cathedral or shouts and imprecations. Sobor, then down the Prevedjski to the little Hotel Ivan-Veliki, where we

had taken lodgings. All unaware that we were a long distance farther up the Volga, my aunt and I went ashore with confidence, and set off through the now darkened streets. We passed a large structure, a door which, although silent and un- conjecture fearfully. Presently we and as we made our way out to the imports from \$13,081,000 to \$19,400,000, out of the depot for Cincinnati, little of the city.-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

cloom within it.

I hoped that it might lead out to the public street. But we merely emerged into another courtyard, full of carts and boxes, and here three or four other dogs began barking noisily, rushing up close to us. In vain I chirruped and said, "Good dogs!" the curs barked the more zealously. They would hearken to none of our English blandishments, and I was in much apprehension lest they should set upon

On the opposite side of this court there appeared to be three doorways, and now, in the desperate hope to attract human attention and secure guidance out of the place we knocked and then called out repeatedly. But if there was any response those dogs were making such an uproar that we heard nothing.

The doors had large iron hand grasps. I tried all three in turn and pushed hard at them. They seemed to be locked, but the last one yielded a little, and by a harder push I forced it back. Thereupon the dogs became quite uproarious. Two of them laid hold of our dress skirts, and to avoid them we entered hastily and closed the door.

The place was pitch dark, evidently a storeroom of some sort. It was close and stuffy, smelling of attar of roses, and with my first attempt to move about I stumbled upon great bales of what appeared to be woolen goods. Similar goods also hung along the walls and on lines stretched across the

My aunt had sunk wearly to a seat on one of the bales. "At least we are safe here for the moment," she said, "if only we can keep the door fast!"

I could but feel very apprehensive, however, for those dogs were clamoring just outside the door, and where there are goods there must be proprietors. But nothing further happened for a long time. We arranged as comfortable seats as possible by pulling the soft bales about, and we now determined to stay there for the night, and trust to good fortune in the morning to extricate ourselves from the coil in which we were involved.

Aunt Ella has always declared that she did not close her eyes during the night, but I am afraid that this is selfdelusion on her part. We were both very tired from the long trip on the river and this more recent excitement of losing our hotel. Strange and alarming as was our situation, I am quite sure that I fell asleep myself after the dogs grew more quiet. I have a remembrance, too, of hearing my aunt breathing with great regularity. The odor of attar was very soporific.

I waked after a time, and when recollection had come pondered our situation earnestly, and decided on a course of action at daylight.

In reality day had already dawned. Soon I heard the low voices of men without.

"Don't you think, aunt, that it will be as well for us to speak out and discover ourselves to them?" I whispered. "It would be very awkward to be found hiding here."

Aunt Ella was fearful as to the result, but while we argued the matter in tremulous whispers the door was suddenly pushed open. It was already light, and two tall men, whom we knew to be Armenians by their dress, entered, but stopped short in astonishment when they saw us rise, blinking, from our improvised couches on the soft bales.

What those two merchants thought may never be known. They seemed astounded. Nor did my hurried efforts to explain in French the nature and cause of our intrusion do much to make the situation clearer to them. They stared, and soon one of them snapped his fingers impatiently, saying something to the other, which I have little doubt might have been translated as, "Beyond doubt these are thieves.

We must call the police." The dogs, too, were barking noisily again, and for the moment I was quite

at a loss. But now Aunt Ella rose to the emergency. Pointing to ourselves, she called out the name of our little hotel, the Ivan-Veliki, and of our landlady,

Daria Knavra. The two Armenians looked unfeignedly puzzled; nor was their suspicion very surprising, for now that the light of morning streamed in, I saw that the storeroom contained great quantities of beautiful cashmere shawls, some in not understand how we had come into bales and some hanging ten deep on

> lines. Meanwhile, acting on my aunt's inspiration, I had contrived to ask the Armenians, in Russian, to send for Daria Knavra at the Hotel Ivan-Velikl, and this they at last did.

A rather unpleasant half hour followed, during which we were evidently under surveillance. Then our good Cossack widow and landlady made her appearance, and gathered us both to her broad bosom at once. The kind soul had been sending over all the town | word for the harmless necessary puss. for us, and had been much concerned for our safety.

Her effusive identification and explanations proved quite sufficient. The two merchants, much amused, escorted us from their courtyard with the politest of bows and many expressions of

came to an archway, and stole into the street we learned something of the cause of our many alarms during the long hours of the night.

The ramshackle old square which we had passed through before reaching the Armenians' storerooms was used during the fair as the temporary quarters of a menagerie.and circus.-Youth's Companion.



A new satellite has been discovered for Jupiter. This planet appears to be rich in moons; this makes the sixth.

It has been found that hydrogen peroxide acts on a photographic plate in a way similar to light. Pictures may be taken by its use.

On account of the jarring and shaking of the electric accumulators in motor vehicles, the use of acid liquids in them occasions some annoyance. A French investigator has devised a solution for this purpose which, after standing a few hours, sets to a firm

By means of glass bottomed boats it has been discovered, according to the Indianapolis News, that the bottom of Monterey Bay, California, is a beautiful submarine forest of sea oranges, green ribbons, horses tail, sea pompoms, etc. Some of the plants are thirty feet in height.

A Swedish inventor has patented a process for improving the flavor of raw coffee. Coffee is usually stored for several years before roasting, the standing causing slight chemical changes, which improve the flavor. This maturing process may be shortened to a few hours by exposing the raw coffee to the action of a powerful magnetic field.

An English physician declares that it is better to keep scarlet fever patients at home, where the germs die out gradually in the fresh air, than to send them to a hospital, where they are in the midst of dozens of other cases in all stages of the disease. On their return to school, the germs are called into activity by the foul air in the room, and the disease is spread to others by coughing, etc.

The earlier wooden and iron bridges were built much in the same manaccordance with empirical rules, by practical men who had no accurate knowledge of the strains produced on the various members of a structure by the exterior forces, but who were men of unusual constructive ability and sound judgment, who had to depend upon their own resources and natural instinct, experimenting with models and profiting by previous failures.

Studies of the Vernacular. This is the conversation between the girl with the fifty-cent earrings and the girl with the gold-plated bracelet

on her wrist: "Sayliz! Hajjer vacation yet?" "Nope. Gettit week afnex. Haj-

"Bet! Haddagoodun, too."

"Where jugo?" "Allaroun. Crosslake. Downtindin-

napolis. Gonnaweek. Mettalotavold friends naddasplendtime. Sumpindoin' everyday. Sayliz, did jevvergo tindinnapolis?" .'Nope."

"Sallright few gottalotta friends there. Punk few hain't. Gotcher place picked out chet?"

"Y'bet! Imagoin' twaukshaw. Guessile gofun there t' the country." "Wawfor?"

"Ojuscause. Gottabuncha kidslong-Libbenjinnentom. Mawzez theyvall gottago."

"Stoobad! Sayliz, howja like Guspeter's noomus tash?"

"Punk. Fize him I'd shave." Sodi. Aningotno use frim anyway.

"Neithervi. Well, slong." "Slong."-Chicago Tribune.

Tales of the Telephone.

There is a little town in America where the public telephone is available for all kinds of domestic uses. For instance, the exchange gets this notice from a hard-worked housewife: "I am very tired, and just going to take a nap. Wake me at 4 o'clock." Or this: "I have put a packet of hairpins in the baby's cot, and may forget that I put them there. Just remind me." These demands are punctiliously obeyed., It is said in Paris that the Shah is very fond of the telephone. He rang up a French Mayor and asked: "What sort of weather are you having?" The indignant Mayor denounced the frivolity of ringing him up for such a purpose. "Oh, yes," rejoined the Eastern potentate, mildly, "but I'm the Shah of Persia." As Shah sounds like the French the Mayor retorted: "Even if you are a Persian cat that is no excuse for mewing at me and wasting my time!" -London Chronicle.

Japan occupied Formosa in 1896. By 1903 the island's exports rose from \$7,- ful career is pathetic in the extreme. markable as compared with that of last Sobor, and making two turns, came to round the yard signified we could only commiseration for our misadventure, 500,000 in 1897 to \$10,250,000, and the This morning as No. 19 was pulling year, but is the biggest in the history



THE OAK.

Live thy life, Young and old, Like you oak. Bright in spring Living gold;

Summer-rich Then; and then Autumn-changed, Soberer-hued Gold again.

All his leaves Fallen at length, Look, he stands, runk and boas.
Naked strength.
—Tennyson. Trunk and bough,

THE BOY HERO.

Till time shall be no more there can be no grander deed done by mortal soldier, let alone by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, who vet was an officer in the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, now the "Highland Light Infantry."

Everybody knows the story of "The Loss of the Birkenhead"-how the troopship struck upon a rock, how the soldiers were formed in ranks to die, while the women and children were being saved; how the whole force-officers and men-stood at the salute, while

"Still, inch by inch, the doomed ship sank Yet under steadfast men."

Russell was ordered into one of the boats carrying the women and the children, for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some way off the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades and fellows standing upright there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it the hundred of brave hearts. Then, when all for him was safe, when to him was given (with honor) life, ambition and glory, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat, and a hand strive to grasp the side. There was not room in the craft for a single person more without great risk of upsetting the boat.

But, as the sailor's face rose clear at the boat-side, a woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Save him! Save him! He is my husband!" No room in that boat for one more! But Russell looked at the woman, then at her children, then at the sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching them, then at the dreaded sharks.

Alexander Cumine Russell rose in stern of the boat. With a bold plunge he jumped clear of it, and helped that sailor into what had once been his own place-and safety. Then, amid a chorus of "God bless you!" from every soul in the boat, the young officer-a lad of seventeen, mind!-turned round to meet his death. And those in the boat shut their eyes and prayed. When they opened them again, Alexander Cumine Russell was nowhere to be seen .- Windsor Magazine.

THE STORY OF "BOY."

The following from Our Dumb Animals gives an instance of remarkable intelligence: Boy is dead. Boy was a big shep-

herd dog, who saved the lives of many children. He was struck and killed this morning while pushing little Lovise Brown from in front of a Chesapeake and Ohlo passenger train.

The history of Boy is the story of a dog almost human in his ways. Eight years ago he was taken into the home of Frank Barber, a little curlyhaired, frolicsome puppy. He grew to be a nuisance about the house and was given to a farmer living many miles back in Ohlo. The first night in his new home he was chained to a small kennel in the yard, but when morning came the dog, chain and kennel were missing. Boy swam across the Ohio River, kennel and all, and turned up at his old home with the little kennel tied fast to him, but supreme in his confidence of being taken back again. How he repaid the family for their care is an interesting story.

Three nights after he had returned the family were aroused just before dawn by Boy barking and leaping against the kitchen door. The house was found in flames and two of the children were in danger of death. Herole action only saved the babies and the house. After that there was forever a home for Boy in the Barber

The Barbers live close to the tracks of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and a crossing on Eighth avenue. which many children traverse daily on their way to and from the public schools. For more than six years Boy has watched that crossing in the morn ing, at noon and at night, and on four different occasions he has pulled wee tots from the tracks just in time to save them from being run over by a train. It was for this that employes of the company gave him a handsome silver-mounted collar, bearing the inscription: "To Boy, with the gratitude of the C, and O, and many loving parents." Boy wore that collar when he died.

The incident that closed the beauti-

Louise Brown, daughter of B. F. Brown, of Eighth avenue, who had risen with her father at an unusually early hour, was out playing in the snow by herself, ran upon the track intent on rolling a big globe of snow, and failed to apprehend her danger. She would have been instantly killed had not Boy, from a point of vantage on the Barber front porch, seen her in time, and rushing swiftly across the intervening space, struck the child with his head, sending her tumbling head over heels off the track into the snow-but safe. The jar of striking the child so forcibly threw Boy backward directly in front of the engine, and the cruel wheels crushed out his

This afternoon Boy was buried with every honor that could be given him. and the children for blocks around, all of whom had played day after day with Boy, were at the funeral, the four little girls whose lives he had saved acting as pallbearers.

IMITATING ANIMAL SOUNDS.

The art of decoying wild animals by imitation of their cries is a very primitive one, practised by savages in all countries as a means of procuring food. Many white men excel in "calling" animals and birds, notably the moose among the larger animals, but if inquiry could be carried far enough it would probably be found, writes Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard in Forest and Stream, that the most skillful owe their aptitude in this respect to the tenchings of untutored savages, whose lives depend upon the exercise of this gift.

An exception to this origin of the art of calling may, perhaps, be found in the art of using the "hare pipe," which imitated the voice of the hare. This was employed largely in England in mediaeval times and was made a penal offence in somewhat more modern days when utilized by poachers in the pursuit of their nefarious occupation.

A young lad in the wilds of northern Manitoba was one of the most remarkable imitators of animals whom I ever met. My young friend had been instructed from his earliest youth by a Swampy Indian in the art, with the result that, at the age of fifteen, he could call any tame or wild animal about the backwoods settlement where he lived. His father, he and I used to drive together out in the prairie, to some rushy lagoons in search of ducks and geese, which abounded. The animals harnessed to the buckboard were mares, each of which had a foal, and these foals used, as a rule, to follow, the buckboard, cantering alone behind

Never shall I forget my astonishment one evening when, after having driven a few hundred yards from the Hudson Bay post, his father suddenly stopped the mares, saying: "Rae, the foals have stopped behind, call them." Instantly the lad commenced whinnying exactly like a mare. He repeated the cry several times, ending up on each occasion with two or three natural snorts. The imitation was soexact that not only were the foals deceived, and came galloping to join us, but it was almost impossible to believe that it was not one of the mares that had called them.

One evening when out shooting prairie chicken, night fell upon us before we got back to the wagon, to the wheels of which we had failed to attach the mares properly. One of them we found close by, the other had escaped, and as it was a wet, misty night not a sign of her was to be seen anywhere. Then it was that the boy's accomplishment proved most useful, for while his father and I remained by the buckboard the youth sallied forth into the foggy darkness making a sound to imitate the voice of a foal. He was absent for half an hour, but returned in triumph with the missing The way that boy could also imitate

ducks and geese was simply marvelous. Well do I remember a trick he played one evening in the reeds. He had joined me, unknown to his father. who was standing about fifty yards away in the tall rushes, waiting for the wild fowl which did not come. Crouching down by my side, so that he could watch his parent, the mischlevous youth several times imitated the cry of wild geese, at first only the sound of geese at a distance, then he made them seem nearer, until apparently overhead. The old sportsman was instantly on the alert, craning his neck and peering in all directions for the fowl. At last, frantic at not being able to see them, the old man shouted out to me, wildly: "Where are the geese? Where are they?"

"Here, father," answered the boy, rising from the reeds and bursting into a roar of laughter.

St. Louis Seeks a Million.

That St. Louis is getting ready for the coming million population is shown by the official report of the Building Commissioner for the month of July. Such a showing, calling for the erec-

tion of buildings that would make a fair-sized town, is striking evidence of the fact that St. Louis lost nothing, but gained tremendously in prestige and in industrial and financial strength by the Louisiann Purchase Exposition. The month's building record is not only re-