

**RUSSIA'S LIMITLESS BOUNDS.**

People of Some Sections Still Ignorant of Great War.

A dispatch from Washington says: Beyond the northern limits of the scrub pine and shaggy, stunted fir, there is a Russian people (the Samoyeds) who, in all likelihood, have not yet learned that the Crimean war is ended, and who have no ideas of the difficulties that the Tsar, "the Little Father" who adopted them, is facing in a present world-war. So vast is the Muscovite realm that rumors of the greatest war in history cannot have penetrated to its outskirts, to the wastes fringing the Arctic, to the Mountain tangles just beyond Mongolia, or to the evergreen forests of Kamschatka. Russia harbors many strange peoples, and all of the languages of the northern hemisphere within her boundaries, and it will be long before the news of the present war, told in "friend pidgin," will arrest the attention of her subject tribes.

So begins a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society, which tells about the fragments of a race crowded into the bleak north by the Tartars, a race which lost its foothold in the more fruitful, generous South, and which now is paying the penalty of being pushed to the wall by forgetting most of its former civilization and by dying out. Under the protection of the Tsar, these people are assured of a peaceful oblivion behind the veil of the North. The bulletin continues:

"The Samoyeds are a Mongolian people, who live in the wide sweep of tundra country that reaches from the White Sea across Europe, in places a belt more than 500 miles in depth, from the Arctic Sea to the northern line where the forests vanish. They are reindeer herders, fishermen and hunters of seal. It is through their surpluses in these three things that they come into contact with the Russian trader, who visits them in their far northern centres, or whom they make long journeys to visit to the city of Archangel. Reindeer skins, seal skins, furs, fish and reindeer meat are sold by the Samoyeds to their Russian neighbors, for the Russian official and the Russian trader is established in widely scattered outposts here in the north country, isolated from the world, many hundreds of miles from railroads, telephones and telegraphs, and beyond the reach of the press.

"The Yurak Samoyeds, the branch which dwells in European Russia, it is estimated, counts in all only about 6,000. Of these, 5,000 live in the European tundra. In build they are short and stocky, with faces much more flattened than the Finns, with thick lips, black hair, flat noses and dark complexions. They are said to be a fearless and warlike people, though it is generations since they have given any evidence of aggressive temperament. In their dealing with the stranger, they are described as mild and scrupulously honest.

"Mighty rivers, like the Pechora, drain through their lands into the Arctic Sea. In the brief summer and spring times, these streams, thawing much sooner in their southern sources sweep in turbulent floods over the flat lands bordering their lower reaches. Of roads through the tundra there are almost none, and such as exist are passable only for the hardy reindeer and the all-enduring little horses of the north. Small villages and human habitations are hundreds of miles apart, and, then, often, are merely post-stages, which the Russian government has established for the transportation of mails and rare passengers beyond the confines of civilization to such far places as the village Aschino.

"The Samoyeds are a poor people, mostly, and very thrifty. They eke out a precarious existence in their inhospitable country, and have learned through necessity to eat anything which grows there. They eat even the wolves that menace the safety of their reindeer and of themselves upon their seal and fur-hunting trips. Besides meat and fish, the Samoyeds have a plain, hard, black bread as staple, and another bread, which is baked of putrid fish and rye meal."

**Noise.**

There is an ancient proverb, now, alas, almost meaningless, which says that "he who loves noise must buy a pig." Today the lover of noise must have only two ears, perhaps even one would be sufficient, in order to get a very full measure of the thing he desires. When the warm weather comes the windows go up and the roaring waves of sound flash in. Various kinds of clangs, cacklings, creaks, cries, clatters and cackles strive for mastery in a strident competition. Were a deaf person to be seen putting a trumpet to the ear we should feel tempted to say, as did a certain politician who saw that thing happen when listening to an extremely stupid speech: "Look at that fool throwing away his natural advantages."—Baltimore Sun.

**SKETCH OF LAURENS YOUMANS.**

Played a Man's Part in the Redemption of the State in '76.

Mrs. M. P. C. Youmans, of Fairfax chapter, U. D. C., has written the following biographical sketch of the late Laurens W. Youmans, of Fairfax, who played an important part in the redemption of his State from carpet-bag rule and later succeeded in placing his adopted county on a sound financial basis:

Laurens W. Youmans was born at Stony Run plantation, old Beaufort district, near Gillisonville, on the 13th of October, 1844. On his father's side he was of English descent, the family having migrated from England to Barbadoes and thence to South Carolina in early colonial days. On his mother's side his family was Scotch-Irish. He was educated in Miss Sweat's school, then in Gillisonville academy, and there were quite a number of children to be educated, his father moved to Columbia, and Laurens was entered at the boys' academy. At the age of 17 he entered the South Carolina college where he remained only three months, as the State seceded and was calling for volunteers.

He enlisted as a private in Company F, Third regiment, South Carolina cavalry, April 12, 1862. He was stationed on the coast and came near being captured at Newport, Ga. The camp was surprised in the night and he was awakened by the noise of shooting and the bark from the rafters falling in his face. He ran to the door and saw Yankee soldiers. Calling his brother, Edward, to follow he ran off in his night clothes till he reached the protection of the woods where he had his horse. His brother Edward was captured and died on Morris Island.

After this he was transferred to Company H, First regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, in which he served until the close of the war, surrendering at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865. At the breaking of the breastworks at Petersburg he was wounded in the thigh but continued with the war till the surrender. After being paroled he started to Lynchburg to seek his brother, Albert, who was in the hospital there. The flat boat in which he was attempting to cross the Appomattox was overturned by a pair of mules and a loaded wagon. He was thrown into the river but succeeded in swimming ashore.

Having found his brother, whose arm was broken, they started on their weary march from Lynchburg to the Trowell place near Fairfax, where his family was encamped. Having to refugee from their home to escape Sherman's army, their plantation being destroyed, his father had rented this place.

The whole economic system of the South having been destroyed, Laurens Youmans began life as a farmer at Black Creek, Hampton county, determined by necessity to this occupation. From there he moved to Duck Branch plantation and was active in the redemption of the State in 1876. He was a lieutenant in H. W. Richardson's company of Red Shirts, which was instrumental in preserving order in the county and securing Democratic returns at the election.

He was a member of the Wallace house and an active participant in the events which secured to the people of South Carolina the liberty of controlling their own governmental affairs. After the inauguration of Wade Hampton as governor, he was commissioned major on his staff. He served in the house two terms and in the senate one term and continued to exercise a lively interest in the politics of the State, particularly as they affected the farmer and cotton planter. His last public service was as county commissioner of Barnwell county, which position he filled gratis, to enable the county to get out of debt.

Having been called to many places, he so well filled them all that those who knew him could say, "He was a man." On the 20th of February, 1908, he was called to his Father, and was buried among his people in the Lawtonville cemetery in Hampton county.

**GETS THREE WEEKS' PAROLE.**

M. M. Foster, of Darlington, Has Served Seven Months.

Columbia, September 24.—There was filed in the office of the secretary of State late this afternoon a three weeks' parole for M. M. Foster, a white man of Darlington, who is in jail under a one-year sentence for malicious mischief. He is paroled by the governor from September 28 to October 19, inclusive, at the end of which time he is to report to the supervisor and sheriff of Darlington for the purpose of serving out the remainder of his sentence. Foster was convicted before Judge Shipp in February, 1915, and sentenced to one year on the public works of the county.

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**Backache**

Miss Myrtle Cothrum, of Russellville, Ala., says: "For nearly a year, I suffered with terrible backache, pains in my limbs, and my head ached nearly all the time. Our family doctor treated me, but only gave me temporary relief. I was certainly in bad health. My school teacher advised me to

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