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PETER AND THE WOLVES.

About thirty years ago, a Norwegian, named Jan Jansen, came to this country, and settled in the back woods of what was then old Virginia, clearing a farm in the mountain wilderness near the Cheat river.

These mountain fastnesses were then, as, indeed, they are still, tenanted by the bear, the great gray wolf (not the comparatively harmless coyote of the West), and even the panther.

The Jansens were genial, kind-hearted folks, and counted everybody a neighbor and a friend, who lived within a circuit of thirty miles.

If Jan or his wife were needed in time of sickness or other emergency, they took Peter and Greta and set out, leaving the cabin locked, and the key hung outside, according to the custom of the country.

"Some Christian soul," they said, "might need shelter or a meal, and the beasts could not unlock the door."

Fear of the wild beasts prevented their leaving the children at home, though, in fact, neither bear nor panther were ever known to approach a house, and the wolves only in case of extreme hunger.

After living in the mountains for a few years, the Jansens became convinced that there was no danger, and grew more careless. They frequently were absent in the field all day, leaving Peter and Greta alone in the house. But they took care never to let the night fall before their return.

The summer of 1850 was a hard one in that desolate region for man and beast. Crops of all kinds, even mast, failed.

As the fall passed and winter approached, the deer actually came near the cabin in mid-day, driven by hunger. Rumors came from the far-off farms that the wolves, gaunt and hunger bitten, had attacked the cattle in the barns.

In early December, Jan was sent to John Supplee, a farmer living about ten miles down the range.—Supplee had fallen and broken his leg, and Jan, who had a good deal of medical skill, was the only person who could bandage it properly.

"You will come with me, Maria," he said to his wife, "so that, in case I cannot come back before night, you can bring the cart and ox home."

Jan kissed the children good-bye. "I will be back before sundown," she said. "You can have supper ready, Greta, and Peter may milk the cow."

The children spent the day quietly at work in building a house for their hens. The sun was going down before they thought it was noon. Peter ran to milk the cow, and Greta put the bacon to fry, and the corn-cake in the covered skillet among the hot ashes.

"Quiet, quiet, good Spry!" cried Peter, putting the white spot in her forehead. "Mother is coming, and I have not done my work."

Spry stood still. The milk was strained and put away in the brown crocks. The cake was baked, and waited, smoking by the fire, but mother had not come.

"What is that, Peter?" Greta grew white as she caught his arm. It was a rushing, roaring, hissing noise, which filled the whole air; then followed by a deafening, prolonged crash, like thunder. Then there was a silence.

The sky was blue, the setting sun was warm. The birds were twittering their last good-nights before the darkness fell. The two children stood trembling in the doorway.

"It is an evil spirit," said Peter, promptly. For the Jansens had brought all their native superstitions with them. "We have made him angry in some way. Come in and shut the door."

The crash had brought more trouble to the children than could any angry spirit. It was a tornado which had crossed the mountains five miles to the south, tearing up great oaks by the roots, heaping the

ravines with rocks and fallen trees. It crossed the road on which their mother on the cart was slowly driving the ox.

Peter was fifteen, and a stout boy of his age. He sat now shivering and whimpering in the corner like a scared baby.

"Mother is dead! He has killed her!" he cried. "Who would kill mother? I'll go and find her. Come! Do something, Peter!" said the plucky little Greta, tugging at the latch with her shaking fingers.

"Do! What can anybody do when the spirits are out?" He crouched on the floor and hid his eyes—then started up. "I know what I'll do. They are hungry. In Norway we always set out a meal for them in winter nights.—May father never has done it here."

There was a haunch of venison hanging to the rafter, but half-dried. The boy laid it in front of the fire until it began to crackle and burn. Greta knelt on the hearth watching it. She knew that this was the way in which the angry spirits that filled the mountains of Norway were appeased; she thought they had left all those terrible creatures behind them.

Peter took up the smoking meat, carried it to the edge of the woods, threw it down and ran back, his teeth chattering with terror.

"Come away from the window!" he cried to Greta. "It is death if you look at them!"

He threw himself flat on the bed. But presently the little girl crept to the window. "Surely mother is coming. And they can't see me, anyhow, through this chink," she thought.

The moon had risen, and threw a spectral light over the open space and the dark woods beyond.

Little did the poor boy think that while appeasing the anger of imaginary spirits, he was whetting the appetites of creatures more formidable.

What were those black, shadowy shapes tearing at the meat? The child's blood grew cold in her veins. The spirits were indeed there? They left the meat. The crept stealthily to the house.

"Wolves! wolves!" she shrieked. "They are climbing in at the window."

"Wolves?" Peter, with one leap, reached the gun. He gave quick, convulsive shouts, as a boy is apt to do with great excitement. Wolves! He could kill a hundred wolves! A different thing from spirits!

He had just time to close the heavy shutter as the fierce beast reached the window. The door was already shut. Greta drew the great bar across it. The kitchen was full of the smoke of the roasting meat, and the smell maddened the famished beasts, who each had tasted but a morsel of the flesh.

There was a window in the wash-house, for which there was no shelter. "They will not find it," whispered Greta. "The bushes cover it."

The children crept noiselessly into the shed, carrying the guns with them, their eyes fixed on the square hole, for which they had no defence. The barking and yelping of the wolves were at the other end of the house.

But suddenly a crash was heard among the bushes, and one, two, a dozen heads appeared at the open window.

Peter fired. There was a yelp from two that were hit, and the pack retreated for a moment. The next moment, the whole pack, discovering the opening, rushed to that side of the house. The window was full of gleaming eyes, and fierce, open jaws. Again and again the boy fired, his sister loading the guns for him. But they were two slow. One great gaunt wolf leaped through the opening. The others tore at each other in their fury to pass.—Without was a dark howling mass.

"To the left! To the left!" shrieked Peter, retreating, still firing, towards the ladder. But Greta, gone mad with terror, as he thought, rushed past the wolf, seizing a box, in which she kept her wax doll, her Sunday ribbons, all her most sacred treasures. It was a heavy box, but she lifted it and carried it to the ladder. The wolf sprang at the boy, but Peter had the strength of two men that night. He dealt him a stunning blow on the skull with the butt end of his gun, and reached the ladder before he recovered.

By the time the children gained the loft, the kitchen was filled with a furious, snarling pack. "If I cut away the ladder! If I had a hatchet or a knife!" cried Peter. "There is no way to keep them down!" He stood in the trap door, dealing blow after blow with his gun. They had left the powder and shot below. The boy's strength was going; the open-mouthed beasts were endeavoring, by means of the ladder, to leap into the loft. He looked at Greta, who was kneeling before her box, taking out her gilt-clasped Bible.

No wonder the child had gone mad. She sprang to her feet at last.—Peter, seeing what she held in her hand, gave a wild yell. The fireworks—the precious crackers, and candles, and torpedoes, which their father had bought from the pedler, to fire off on Christmas day!

"A match! Ach, mein Gott, if we have no match!" But there was one in the depths of Peter's pocket, and the next minute a small red mass was lowered into the midst of the pack. They stopped to sniff at it. Then was an explosion. The big torpedoes went off like cannon. The crackers hissed and sputtered. A dazzling glare of red and blue lights filled the room. Pop! Bang! Bang! Yelps of terror from the wolves, shrieks of triumph from Peter. In less than a minute, the burned and frightened pack had cleared the window and halted in the yard. Peter ran down the ladder, and flung another box of blazing crackers among them, and followed it up by more bullets.

The children at last found means to barricade the window, and did not dare to open it until the sun was up.

Their father and mother returned soon after dawn. Maria, finding the road blocked by the fallen trees, had been forced to go back to Supplee's. Jan and she had walked home across the hills in the night, full of anxious forebodings about the children.

Peter Jansen is now a middle-aged man, who went through all the battles in Virginia; but he is never tired of telling of the night when he and Greta fought the evil spirit with fire-crackers.

Specie Resumption. After seventeen years of suspension the Government resumed specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879. The Resumption Act passed Jan. 1875, provides in brief:

1. On and after January 1, 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem in coin the United States legal tender notes then outstanding.

2. This redemption shall take place on the presentation of such legal tenders in sums of not less than \$50.

3. The place of redemption is at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in the city of New York.

4. The redemption will be either in gold or silver, as the holder of the legal tenders desire, subject to the option of the Government to pay in either metal.

5. The amount of these legal tenders is now \$345,681,016.

6. The legal tender shall not be destroyed, retired or cancelled, but shall be kept in circulation.

7. The Act does not apply to the circulation of the National Banks. Their notes are still redeemed in United States notes at the counters of the Banks issuing them.

The Devil's Diary. MORE THAN ELEVEN HUNDRED PERSONS MURDERED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1878.

[Cincinnati Commercial.] In this happy land 1,182 people were killed by their fellow-men in 1878. We briefly summarize the killings as follows:

- Persons poisoned.....25
Women killed by abortion.....12
Persons killed by thieves.....57
Killed in political quarrels.....14
Fathers kill sons.....18
Insane murderers.....13
Prostitutes killed.....17
Mothers kill their children.....37
Bagnio fatal quarrels.....10
Men killed in common quarrels, 258
Bar-room and drunken quarrels, 74
Wives killed.....68
Child murders.....9
Accidental killings.....69
Justifiable.....28
Killings on account of dogs.....4
Killings on account of wives.....64
Card and gambling quarrels.....15
Feuds.....56
Parricides.....8
Fatal quarrels about property.....55
Mobs kill.....29
Wives kill husbands.....11
Officers kill persons.....58
Prostitutes kill men.....2
Fraternal fatal quarrels.....14
Seduced women kill seducers.....6
Thieves shot.....27
Negroes killed.....112
Negroes kill.....102
Raped and killed.....10
Persons killed on account of language or opprobrious epithets used.....13

A Break for the Prairie. FORT ROBINSON, NEB., January 10.—The hostile Cheyennes imprisoned here since October, having been, informed by the commanding officer that they were to be taken back to their agency in Indian Territory, became very sullen and expressed a determination to die before consenting to such a movement.

A strong guard was placed over the prison room last night. When nearly every one was in bed the savages jumped from the windows of the room and made for the prairie, which is coated with frozen snow, firing on the guard with revolvers which they had concealed since their capture, wounding four, one of whom died, and another of whom will not survive the day.

The main guard rushed out, opened fire, and shot and killed over forty. A hundred and sixty cavalry, mounted and dismounted, are pursuing the fleeing savages.

The number of cows in the United States is over 13,000,000, which is six times the number in Great Britain, over twice the number in France, two and a half times more than in Prussia, and more than in the countries of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Finland, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland combined; although these countries together contain four times the population of the United States.

The proportion of cows to the inhabitants here is twenty-three to each one hundred persons.

The South Carolina Legislature passed a law providing that any person convicted of carrying concealed weapons or arms on the streets or highways shall be punishable by a fine of not less than \$200 nor more than \$1,000, and imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than one year.

A similar law, rigidly enforced, in this State, is one of our gravest needs. Our Legislature could in no other way do their constituents so important a service.

There were over fifty women, representing almost every class of society, at the Jefferson Market police Court on the 3d inst., charged with drunkenness or disorderly conduct. The apology, in every case was "ladies' day; we are making calls."

Cannibalism—Habits of the Mar- Baters of the Marquesas Islands. [From the San Francisco Chronicle.] Among the passengers by the Greyhound, arrived at this port from Tahiti, was an American named Lewis Chase, who for more than a quarter of a century has never seen a civilized country and has seldom looked upon the face of a white man.

San Francisco is the first glimpse of civilization he has had since he left his native home in Danbury, Connecticut, twenty-seven years ago. For twenty-five years and six months precisely, he has lived on a group of islands inhabited by vicious cannibals, and, fortunately for himself, has come out hale and hearty, without ever having as much as a slice of human steak taken from his anatomy.

A reporter has obtained from Mr. Chase the following story: "The group of islands on which he has passed his quarter of a century is the Marquesas, where before his own eyes he has seen cannibalism practiced both as a fine art and as a fierce display of human ferocity. This horrible practice is indulged in principally to gratify a deadly spirit of revenge which one tribe of natives holds against another.

In the many brutal and bloody civil wars which they have waged against one another the slain and captured victims are eaten with a vengeance. In their religious rites, also, they offer up human sacrifices captured in battle. When a victim is selected for a cannibal feast his body is washed clean, and the hair of his head is burned off. If the feast is not of a religious character, the victim is simply beaten to death with war clubs, and when dead his body again washed and placed in a large oven dug into the earth. The hole forming the oven has fire beneath, and over this is a pile of round stones. On the top of the stones mats made of a strong material are placed, in which the body is wrapped over. These mats are then covered over with a great pile of leaves, and all is again covered with another layer of mats.

The fire beneath absorbs every air to keep it burning steadily, and soon a volume of steam is generated. This escapes slowly through the mats and leaves, and gradually the body becomes cooked through this simple but certain steaming process. The cooks are of superior skill in their profession, and can tell to the instant when the body is sufficiently "done" to suit the tastes of the guests. When ready to take it out of the oven, all the material covering is carefully removed, and when it comes to the last layers surrounding the victim the mats are taken off with a sensitive touch, lest any of the skin on the body should be torn away. When all is bare, and the body looks brown and beautifully cooked, a shout of demonic laughter rends the air, and the cooks are complimented in the highest terms by the hosts of cannibals thirsting to enjoy the dreadful luxury. The cannibals seem to indulge in their horrid practice from a pure love of revenge. They are certainly not driven to it for want of food, as there is an abundance on the island. No doubt immemorial custom has much to do with keeping the beastly indulgence still in vogue. Children are apt to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, and generation gives to generation laws and customs. The religious sacrifice of human bodies, and the habit of offering them up as food is now more common than any other kind of cannibalism. The priests know that if they relinquish such rites they would be shorn of so much authority, and hence they cling tenaciously to their sacrificial altars. The priestly class continue to hold the power of life or death over the natives, while many of the chiefs have but nominal influence over them. Almost all the powerful chiefs have died without leaving heirs to inherit their unbounded sway. The remaining chiefs in union with the priests, manage however, to wield a despotic power, and are the principal defenders of cannibalism."

Female Dress in Ancient Times. In the wardrobe of a Hebrew lady the most splendid article of clothing was the turban, for those who could afford it. The other people had to be satisfied with winding a piece of cloth round their head, and fixing it as well as they could. Turbans are of various colors, and wound in different ways, some of them being like a high tower. Shoes and stockings were fastened with two latches.—The ladies who carried luxury into every department and who are supposed, even to the present time, to be far indifferent to a nice, neat boot, or to elegant slippers, had their shoes, or rather their sandals, and their latches made of colored leather, dark blue, violet and purple were favorite colors. The ankles were decorated with bracelets of gold, or dainty silver chains and rings, with tiny silver bells. Hair-nets and head bands were in great request.—The latter were made of gold or silver, and worn under the net, extending from one ear to another. Ear-rings were much thought of. We are told of some that weighed a thousand, seven hundred shekels of gold, and were so large that a man could easily put his hand through them.—Some of the women wore several rings with little bells attached to them. They were generally made of horn or silver. But the most popular ring was the nose-ring. The left nostril was pierced for the purpose, and a ring made of ivory or metal put through it. Bracelets were favorite ornaments, and were generally worn on the right arm. Some of them were exceedingly large, so that they reached up to the elbow. Rings on the fingers were worn, chains of fine gold, or strings of pearl, with little silver balls, or small tinkling bells, were worn round the neck.

The Bottom of the Sea. Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls in chambers of pearl, or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening in coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us. The report of the exhibition sent out from London in Her Majesty's ship Challenger has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the centre running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer unfathomable depths. The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Rees, are fifteen miles, which is deep enough for drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless water of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to upper currents. There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep sea soundings throw a curious light.—Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate, in the fest of the Izcalii, the frightfully cataclysm which destroyed this land with its stately cities. DeBourbourg and other archaeologists assert that the lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the Challenger corresponds with this theory. What if some keen Yankee should yet dredge out this unthought-of slime, the lost Atlantis?

COLD WEATHER SOUTH.—Jan. 7.—People were skating in Atlanta, Ga., for the first time in 20 years.—Thousands of pounds of ice have been cut and packed, the first time such a thing was ever known. There was great suffering among the poor. The city is relieving the suffering.

Something of a Village. London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and the world. It covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. Has a birth every five minutes. Has a death in it every eight minutes. Has seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets. Has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened and 9,000 new houses built in it every year. Has 128 persons every day and 45,000 added to its population; has 1,000 ships and 3,000 sailors in its port every day; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 30,000 per annum; has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it; has as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has as many papers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton; has upwards of a million habitual negroes of public worship; has 60 miles of open shops every Lord's day; has a need of 800 new churches and 200 additional city missions; has an influenza with all parts of the world represented by the yearly delivery in it of 238,000,000 of letters.

Home Repairs. A lady gives some hints for repairs that can be made by any house-keeper. The fire-brick of our cook-stove 'gave out,' and not one was to be had nearer than Philadelphia. A friend gave us a receipt, which we find works well, though we had little faith in it at first. We mixed a cup of salt with two of coal ashes, wetting it up with water.—This was applied to the inside of the stove in place of the fire-brick. It hardened in a few hours, and answers as well as the brick. Cracks in stoves may be mended in the same way. A pall used for taking up ashes had become too full of holes for use, but was so light and handy we did not like to give it up. So we pasted stout cloth over the bottom, outside and in, and then covered the cloth with a thin cement of salt and ashes. It is a first-rate ash-pail still, and hot ashes do not burn out the cloth. Mending tin with cloth may be a new fashion to some, but it works very well. I know of a coal-scuttle that has done good service for five years since it was propositioned worn out, simply by having a piece of cloth patched on with thick flour-paste.—It needs renewing about twice a year. A lady told me that she mended a big dish-pan by covering the bottom with white paint, and then putting on a piece of white cloth, which she also covered with paint. She had used it five years then, and it is eleven years ago, so I presume she is using it still, as she was not a woman much given to change.

The natural wonder known as the "Walled Lake" is the greatest curiosity in Iowa, and Iowans go so far as to contend that no State in the Union has anything to approach it in novelty. It is situated in Wright county, 12 miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, 150 miles West of Dubuque City. The Lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is 10 feet high, 15 feet wide at the bottom and 5 feet on top. The stones used in its construction vary in weight from three tons to 100 pounds. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it.—The lake occupies ground surface of 2,500 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cold; soft sandy and brassy. No one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, but it is always clear and fresh.

Col. Robert P. Crockett, the only surviving son of Davy Crockett, is reported to be living in Hood County, Texas, old, infirm, and poor.—Some of the papers of the State are urging that he be given a pension.