NO. 22.

In Honor of Washington.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age, Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page! Let all the blasts of Fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far; Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart.

'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart; A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won, Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington!

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1898.

NEBRASKA CATTLEMEN HUNTING FOR MEANS OF KILLING THEM.

PEST OF FIERCE WOLVES.

The Destruction of Cattle by the Gray Wolves a Serious Matter and Becoming Worse-Ferocity of the Beasts--Even Men Are Sometimes Attacked.

Owners of great herds on the ranges of northwestern Nebraska, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, have come to the conclusion that something must be done to prevent the killng of so much stock by the wolves. This subject has been attracting more and more attention every year among stockmen. Some startling figures have been gathered during the past year by ranch owners in this part of Nebraska. They show that the loss from wolves is increasing in spite of everything stockmen have done to ex-

terminate the pests. An estimate of the losses of cattle owned by members of the Northwest Nebraska Stockmen's association has just been completed by Secretary Church. It shows that 15 per cent. of the herds are lost from year to year, and 90 per cent. of the loss is attributed to the wolves. With the exception of severe and sudden storms, the wolves are about the only source of serious loss to the producers of range stock in this and adjacent states. The reports to the secretary agree that the damage is increasing at the rate of 5 per cent. a year, and various foremen say that wolves are becoming as great a menace to range stock producing as jack rabbits are to agriculture in Aus-

The reports estimate that about 10,-000 wolves are destroyed annually in the territory. Most of them are killed by poison administered by the emploves of various ranches, Some counties pay a bounty of \$5 a scalp. but the bounty is declared to be merely a source of profit to professional wolf hunters, who travel about in the mountains, slaying the animals where they are most plentiful, and ti...n shipping them to counties where the bounty is largest. The stockmen see no relief in this direction. In view of the fact that ranchmen have been trying poison without an material benefit, the reports agree that other measures are necessary at once, as the wolves are increasing in numbers. They are as tough as pine knots and as ferocious astigers. They will frequently fight men alone and in packs, and are dangerous to range riders, They are as large as a bloodhound, and have fangs and tusks that are as sharp as knives. Two can run down and

kill the strongest steer on the range.

They usually sneak up as close to the

bunches of cattle as possible, and then

rush down on the herd, scattering as

they approach. Frequently a steer is

killed for every wolf in a pack. They

are not content with plenty of flesh to

eat, but seem to kill for the satisfaction of the warm blood they find to drink, though when hungry the packs clean the bones. The common coyotes of the prairie, which abound in great numbers all over this part of the state, are not dangerous to healthy cattle. They are not large enough to drag down anything larger than a sheep, but if a stear gets down from any cause the covotes will gather in such numbers that he will be overpowered and eaten, hide and all. These fellows are not more than half as large as the gray or mountain wolves, and are killed by the score by the poison scattered by

the cowboys. The mountain wolves are more cunning and cannot be induced to touch a carcass handled by the cowboys. They appear to detect the presence of the human being, though days may have clapsed since the bait was touched by human hands. Ordinarily the cowboys put in the best part of the winter poisoning the pests. They take the carcass of an old cow, cut it in half, and fill the pieces with strychnine. Then the poisoned meat is dragged to some isolated point on the range. The meat is greedily devoured by the coyotes and every one that partakes of it dies. But this simple method will not work with the mountain wolves. These ferocious animals approach a carcass carefully. If it has not been touched by human hands for days their keen scent warns them, and they have to be hungry indeed to touch it. So the cowboys have to wear heavy gloves in handling the carcass. If the cow man does not touch the carcass with his hands, but inserts the strychnine with gloved hands, he may catch a few gray wolves, but these strong beasts find it nearly as easy to spring into a bunch of steers and kill several fine animals as to tear a dead carcass to pieces. They love the warm blood so much that it affords an additional reason why they pass the poisoned carcass when the live herds are browsing in the immediate vicinity. When spring approaches the packs of mountain wolves retire to the fastnesses of the mountains where

Foreman Henderson Clark of Three Bar ranch, in the extreme northwestern part of Nebraska, says in his report on the damages | from the wolf

"As an evidence of the strength and

daring of mountain wolves I recite the following experience I had with two gray wolves of great size late last spring. I was searching for a small bunch of my cattle that had wandered into an isolated section near the South Dakota line. I had seen a number of big, gaunt wolves in the foothills which slunk away snapping their ugly jaws as I rode by. I had a six shooter with me, but did not anticipate trouble.

"Suddenly as I was riding through a small draw where the grass was unusually rank and underbrush thick, my horse gave a snort and a bound, and two enormous gray wolves sprang from the cover at me. One actually grasped my horse by the leg, while the other fastened his fangs in the thick leggings I wore. The horse neighed with fright and pain and attempted to escape. I beat one of the wolves over the head with my whip, forgetting my pistol for a moment. He released the grip on my leg and again sprang at me, this time getting a better hold with his teeth in my horse's shoulder. By this time I regained my presence of mind, drew my six-shooter, and shot the brute hanging on to the horse's shoulder. At the report of the pistol the other wolf, which had been very industriously gnawing my horse's hind leg, ran away. The dead wolf, I should say, weighed fully 150 pounds. He was six feet long from nose to tip of tail, and looked as dangerous as a panther. My horse was so badly lacerated that he could not carry me home, and I was later forced to shoot him. This damage was accomplished in less than three minutes.

"This year the big gray fellows are so numerous and dangerous that all the range riders in my territory carry their Winchesters on all trips of any distance. I believe if something is not done to solve this problem the range of the great Northwest, including Nebraska, will have to be wholly abandoned by stockmen, and the cattle industry will have to be confined to narrow limits where each bunch of steers can be carefully watched by riders."

DISLIKE RESTRAINT.

Metal-Cutting Beetles and How They

Work - A Yucatan Production, F. W. Devoe presented an interesting subject for the consideration of the New York Microscopical society. As a result of long study of beetle habits he brought before the society specimens of the metal-cutting beetles and of their wonderful work.

The first metal-cutting beetle which Mr. Devoe became possessed of was one sent to him from Yucatan. He inclosed the specimen in a cardboard box. The next morning the beetle was found enjoying his ease about the room, and a hole in the side of the box showed the manner of his exit. He was then placed in a glass jar with a black walnut cover. That he cut through the next night. He was replaced in the jar, and a metal cover, perforated with a few airholes, was placed over it. The bettle did not begin work on this cover for about a week, but at the end of that time, within the space of forty-eight hours, he had cut an opening between two of the holes large enough to get part of his body through. With more time he would have enlarged the opening sufficiently to admit of his escape.

Mr. Devoe has had several specimens of the metal-cutting beetle since. They measure in length from four and a half to five centimeters, and in breadth from one and a half to two centimeters. Their backs are covered with little knobs, in lines, and their sides with yellowish scales. Their antennie have from nine to eleven joints. They are very slow, deliberate walkers, and are chiefly active in the darkness.

Mr. Devoe had several specimens on exhibition, with samples of their cutting powers. He also exhibited plates representing in magnified form the beetle's dissected head and jaws and the jar covers which had been ent. - New York Tribune,

The Household Treasure. How widely opinions differ concerning the value and qualifications of its mother's joy, is proved by the following definitions of a baby: A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood. The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican househeld. The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler. The only precious possession that never excites envy. The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy. A native of all countries who speaks the language of none. About twenty-two inches of coo and wriggle, writhe and scream, filled wi h suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply. A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love. A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it. A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections. That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, days shorter, nights longer, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter .-Waverly Magazine.

The annual boultry product of Missouri is estimated to be worth \$15,000,-

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SEAL Valuable Relie Owned by a Chicago Man.

A Chicago house painter owns the identical seal with which George Washington signed Major Andre's death warrant. The fortunate possessor of this valuable relic is Bushrod D. Washington, a direct descendant from Augustine Washington, third



WASHINGTON'S SEAL.

child of Augustine Washington, father of the President, who inherited the seal from his father, Bushrod Washington, great-grand-nephew of the General. History says that this seal was used when George Washington sent peremptory command to General Lee to make the trip across the Delaware. Not being able to lay his hands at once upon the seal of the office, General Washington tore his private seal from his watch chain, dipped it in molten tallow and made the impression on the order.

Where Martha Washington Died.

The room in Mount Vernon where Washington died is the chief point of interest in the old mansion to all visitors. It is a fair-sized apartment on the second floor, with two wide windows, thinly draped, between which stands the bed. The four rather slender bedposts reach almost to the ceiling, supporting the frame of a canopy, not now in place. The bed, the table, the hair-covered trunk, the surveyor's tripod, cloak and chair in this room are all originals, and have suffered badly from the surreptitious knives of relic hunters.

By the way, not even Washington's biographer and namesake escapes this Washington Irving's gravestone in the little Sleepy Hollow graveyard of Tarrytown was so chipped and broken by vandal hands that a few years ago it had to be replaced by a new stone, a fac-simile of the old one.

Martha Washington did not die in the same room as her husband, but in a room in the garret, under whose sloping roof the heat was insufferable in summer and the cold not slight in winter, lighted only by a dormer win-

The lower corner of the door of this attic room is cut off. This was done for the convenience of the cat which was Mrs. Washington's sole companion in her lonely vigil of eighteen months after the General's death, a companion which the old General himself had often petted.

It was the custom of the family to shut up for two years a room in which a death had occurred, and this was the reason why Martha and her cat moved to the shabby and stuffy little

The Original Hackman. "Why don't you branch out?" asked little George of the cherry tree.

"I wood leave this place," answered the cherry tree," if I had some way to move my trunk

"If that's all that detains you," said the embryo father of his country, "I'll see that you get a hack." And he went over to the woodshed in search of his little hatchet.-Chicago

Naturally,

"George Washington's opinion always carried great weight," remarked the philosopher. No one making any reply to this, he

went on as follows: "That is not strange, however, seeing that a single syllable of his name was a whole ton."



THE "NECATIVE" EAR.

Strange Inability of Some People to Understand Human Language.

Mrs. Lounsbury of Chicago, who for ten years has been training pupils of a deaf-mute asylum, has decided to devote herself to the education of the "negative" ear. While at the asylum she d'so vered that one of her pupils could hear, but could not appreciate the different shades of tone. She studied and experimented, with the result that she found children classed as deaf-mutes who were afflicted only with a sort of "color blindness of the ear," that prevented them from distinguishing the different tones of the sounds they heard. She called the affliction "the negative ear." Says the Chicago Tribune:

In a California institution for deafmutes Mrs. Lounsbury discovered nine children possessed of the "negative" ear. They could hear as well as any one, hear even a whisper, but they were utterly unable to discern shades of tone, and so could not understand language.

In an eastern school she once found a young woman who had spent almost her whole life in the institution, had learned the sign language and lipreading, and yet could hear perfectly.

Had this fact been discovered early in life, six months' or a year's training would have fitted her to enter the public schools and obtain an education with other children; but she had never made a sound, and her parents thought her deaf and mute.

Among the pupils afflicted in this way now receiving instruction in speech there are two particularly interesting cases. One is that of a small boy of twelve years, whose parents thought him an idiot, and whose language is so twisted and filled with substitutions of incorrect sounds that no one who has not made a study of his attempts can understand what he

Yet he is bright, active and talkative, and thinks he can talk-a common delusion among persons so troubled. He has been studying now only two weeks, but already his speech is becoming better, and one or two words spoken in every sentence are clearly spoken.

The other case is that of a young man, who had grown to manhood speaking a lauguage wholly unintelligible to others, but without finding out what was the matter with him. In a month he has learned to talk fairly well, and in a few months more will be in a position to enter upon active

The method of curing the "negative" ear is no less strange than the trouble itself. It is, of course, impossible to teach the child through words spoken by others, or it would have learned in the natural manner. Instead, the process is reversed. The child is taught to speak correctly by instructing it in the positions of the mouth and tongue, and the words spoken are made to teach the ear. The child's own tongue cultivates its ear. No other tongue can do it.

The Postal Savings Bank.

For many years efforts have been made to establish postal savings banks, but the project has always been violently opposed by the people who did not wish banking business diverted from its present channels. There is just now a possibility that the postal savings bank may materialize. will be of great benefit to small depositors and those who have no confidence in the ordinary bank. A bill which is to be introduced early in the next session of Congress, provides that the amount deposited shall not exceed three hundred dollars. There are many localities where banks are not convenient, and a very large contingent of the public have no real faith in banks as a means of safety for their hard-earned dollars. No matter how reliable these institutions may be, they have heard so many stories about "rnns" and bank failures that they have grown suspicious. If they can put their treasures direct into the hands of Uncle Sam they will feel much more confident as to their safety, and very much more money will be saved by this means. As an encourager to thrift and prudence the postal savings bank will be one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the community,

German Army's Colored Bandmaster. Sabac el Cher is the only colored

bandmaster in the German army. He is at the head of the music corps of the Royal Prussian regiment of grenadiers, King Frederick III (No.1 East Prussian), which garrisons Koenigsberg, Prussia. Sabac el Cher is said to be remarkably handsome. His father was born in lower Egypt. Prince Albrecht of Prussia found him at the court of the kedive and brought him to Berlin. He married a German woman. Sabac el Cher played the violin when he was eight years old and received an excellent musical education. The band is in great demand, -Chicago Chroniele,

Queer Way of Making a Living.

A curious character in Paris is a man who makes his living by strolling along the boulevards and making wagers at the cafes that he can answer correctly any question that relates to the history of France. He always wins the bet.

WASHINGTON'S KINDLY WAY. &

General Greene's Daughter and the Great O President.

Martha Littlefield Phillips, who was the granddaughter of General Nathaniel Greene's youngest daughter, contributes to the Century "Recollections of Washington and His friends,' taken down from the lips of her grandmother. She quotes the following account of her grandmother's first meeting with Washington:

"The second great event of my early life," said she, "was my first in-terview" with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism was the personal regard we held for

friend and immediate commander. "My mother had deeply imbued me with the honor in store, and had drilled my behavior to meet all the probable requirements of the occasion. was, for examble, to rise from my seat for presentation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions; but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

"The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stuttering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which I dropped on my knees at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. All the resources of dramatic art could hardly have devised a more effective coup. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handkerchief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as he might a young prisoner. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation, and bro set one back to composure. m my mother's outith him while

me placed

le, and

-Eliza Cook. fidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives with tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her

granddaughter." "How about Mrs. Washington. grandmother? How did she impress

you?" I asked. "The fact is," she replied, "I was so absorbed on that occasional with General Washington, I paid very little attention to his wife. She took small note of children, and the only recollection that comes to me of her in that first interview is that she was handsome, of dignified carriage, and was dressed in a rich figured silk, with an embroidered her waist, and a dainty kerchief folded

about her neck and shoulders.'

Washington's Ancestral Home. Washington Hall, in Durham County, England, which was lately sold under the hammer, with the adjoining grounds, for \$2025 was the early home of the ancestors of George Washington as our father's intimate Washington. The building dates



HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

century, and it was erected by William

James, Bishop of Durham, It is of stone, having mullioned windows and boldly projecting projecting porches. A large outstanding chimney is at one end of the house. The building is now fast falling into ruin. The Washington family occupied the

old manor for five centuries before the hall was built. William D. Wessington's name appears as a witness to the charters of the Bishop of Durham between 1260 and 1274, and Washington Irving has traced to the Wessingtons, of Durham, George Washington's an-

Washington's Hand. George Washington's hand was described as that of a giant. On the last occasion of General Lafayette's visit to this country he remarked to Mr. Custis when referring to a former visit.

of the good general's remarkable hand -the greatest feat you could perform at that time.' Washington was the champion jumper

of his day. In one match he covered

twenty-one feet three inches, easily

"You were holding to a single finger

beating all competitors. Au Example of Virtuous Power. To George Washington nearly alone in modern times had it been given to ecomplish a wonderful revolution and | forage is plentiful, only to return to the ranges as soon as cold weather sets et to remain to all future time the eme of a people's gratitude and an nple of virtuous and beneficent -Lord John Russell.

> Washington. test on history's page, clime or age, ftain, man and sage, Washington!