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## The Queen of the Sioux.

[From the New York World.]

On Saturday afternoon, the 22nd, when the clerks of the Patent Office swarmed out of that building after their day's duties, a lady of handsome face and carriage, neatly dressed in black, took her way to the office of the Indian Commissioner and asked to be informed of the precise time when the Sioux delegation should arrive. That evening, as the eastward-bound train rolled into the depot, she stood quietly among the crowd, and as the Indians appeared stepped forward and saluted one of them in a strangely outlandish tongue for one who seemed to represent so thoroughly the refined type of American civilization. An exclamation of surprise and pleasure, a deep, quick guttural note that called the whole band together, and Mrs. Fanny Kelly stood once more among the savages, who had once held her a prisoner, but now surrounded her with an enthusiasm of delight akin to reverence. Let me tell her story:

It was the evening of the 12th of July, 1864. Five men, a lady, and a little girl seven years of age—Mrs. Kelly's niece, committed to her by her dying sister—who camped on the prairie with a small emigrant train of wagons, near the Black Hills, on their way to Idaho from Kansas.

Behind them were other larger trains, and they were on the broad trail from Fort Laramie, over which many others had passed in advance; but they had outstripped the others and were alone on the vast plain. The Little Box Elder ran at their feet, its bluffs rising above them on the opposite side. There was no thought of fear, no sign of danger. The Indians were represented as friendly, and up to this time none had been seen. Quiet settled upon the little camp; the two colored men were busy in their culinary preparations, Mr. Kelly had ridden off to select a suitable place for crossing the stream, when the opposite bluffs were filled with painted faces, and some two hundred warriors rushed down upon the helpless emigrants. In a moment three of the men lay dead, one disappeared in the darkness and Mrs. Kelly and little Mary were left to realize the horrors of being captives among those savage men.

"O! it seems a grand sight," said this lady last Friday, when she witnessed the delegation in its interview with the President, "to look upon twenty-five Indians in such a place as this, surrounded by the paraphernalia of power of this Government, but it makes me shudder to think how I, alone and unprotected by any mortal power, have looked into those dusky faces when hundreds and thousands were gathered together, sometimes with the war-paint on in the fury of the war-dance; sometimes when defeated and retreating from my people and hurrying through arid wastes, over boulders and across precipitous ravines, they cast sullen scowling glances at their single white prisoner, and once—shall I never forget it?—when my doom was already sealed and the sentence had gone forth that I must die because I had been found attempting an escape."

The scenes that followed their capture were of such a terrible nature that they can be but poorly portrayed. They were compelled to mount a horse that was led by an Indian, and to leave their plundered teams and their dead behind them. As they proceeded Mrs. Kelly thought of a plan to save her little darling's life. She began dropping bits of letters that she had about her person, and, quietly directing the child's attention to them, whispered to her to slide down from behind her, as they were on the same horse, follow the trail guided by the paper till she came back to the main trail and there wait for the other wagons to arrive. This was done. Then the mental torture of thinking about the child alone on the prairie caused her to make a desperate venture to save herself also. As silently as possible she dropped from the horse, secreted herself a moment in the tall grass and

then began her backward flight for Mary and freedom. She was soon missed, the alarm given, a circle formed and gradually closed in, till the crouching prisoner was retaken. Little Mary, however, had made her way further. Indians were sent swiftly back for her, but Mrs. Kelly knew not with what success for months.

The brave little one had nearly reached the large trail, only a ravine intercepting her path to it. Here she waited and hid till morning, when, as she looked forth her glad eyes met the forms of two or three soldiers approaching. Springing up with joyful haste she ran towards them, but even then the Indians who had been sent in pursuit came riding after, pushing their ponies to the top of their speed. The soldiers hesitated at sight of the Indians. The Indians came within bow-shot. With a last appealing glance to heaven and her arms outstretched towards the soldiers, the child ran towards them. On the edge of the ravine three cruel arrows overtook her and drank her life-blood. A moment later, with a swoon and a yell, the savages rode headlong back, and one had a scalp of long, fair hair hanging at his girdle.

Months later Mrs. Kelly saw that hair and recognized it. Although then enjoying a fair share of consideration at the hands of her captors, she fell to the earth in a dead swoon, and recovered only to find herself, struggling in a delirious fever, out of which, after many days, she slowly drifted back to reason and life.

Imagine, then, the terrors of this first night of her captivity. Her husband's whereabouts she could not know, and where was the best loved darling left on the perilous trail? What would her savage captors do with her? "Never," said she, as these scenes all came back with the Indians the other day; "had I known the strong, innate love of life in the human breast till then. To contemplate the scene beforehand, one would think death were preferable at once; yet it was with me, as it is with the aged or the sick—life clings to life to the last."

Perhaps death or insanity would have come, but as a merciful although severe curative for inward torture, bodily sufferings intervened. A weary waste of desert lay in the track of the returning warriors. Unused to privations, the captive bore the agony of thirst but poorly in comparison with the Indians. Obligated to ride one horse and lead another, a vicious and stubborn brute, his sudden jerks backward frequently pulled her to the ground, when she was beaten for falling. Faint with thirst, she became bewildered in mind and seemed careless of the commands of her masters, and was treated with proportionately greater harshness. She was spared any further personal indignity than blows, yet she was compelled to witness the drunken orgies and hear the coarse and protane language of the Indians. In several notable instances she was made to stand face to face with death. During one of the rides through the wilderness, becoming utterly worn out with the trials she had had with the two horses, she threw away a long and favorite pipe of an old chief. She was bound to a tree, a fire kindled, and while they danced around it flourishing knives and blazing brands in the air, one of their number caught a wild horse, and the sentence was that she should be bound to the horse, shot to death with arrows and her body be left to be carried by the horse in his wild flight. Trembling and waiting for the fatal moment to come, she bethought herself of some money which she had carried concealed in her dress. Taking this out, a roll of bills, she offered it all to them if they would spare her life. Not knowing what it was, they gathered around her, asked her to explain the meaning of the figures and writing, and in their childish curiosity their vengeance was forgotten. At another time an arrow aimed by an enraged Indian at her heart was at the last moment thrust aside by another Indian who was friendly to her. And again, a squaw becoming angry with her, would have taken her life

with a knife but for the timely interference of others.

"How is it possible," she was asked, "for you to cherish any feelings but bitter ones for these men?"

"I meet them kindly because I feel kindly towards them. They treated me kindly towards the last. They grew to regard me with absolute affection, so that they shed tears when they at last had to give me up as their captive. And not only so," she added, with a twinkle of the eye, "but I had a genuine lover among them. Jumping Bear would have risked his life anytime to save mine, and even after I explained to him that with us one man must have one wife, and I was already married, and it would offend the Great Spirit and be a great crime for me to marry any one else, he acquiesced in an arrangement that he could not understand better than some married men in Washington do. Who think it no harm to carry on a flirtation with single ladies. Jumping Bear is a much better Christian and gentleman than they are. And then I learned to pity these untaught savages. They found out I could teach them, and they were docile. They found out I could sing, and I could soothe them. Many as the time we have spent the whole evening in this way. I would sing and they would listen without any weariness hour after hour. They found out I had a religion, the worship of the Great Spirit in my peculiar way, and they respected it. They expressed often the great sorrow that they had that they treated me so cruelly. Just the other day I received a letter from a friend at the Cheyenne Agency, in which he says the Indians there tell him over and over how their hearts hurt them that they treated me so badly, and they all wish I would come out there and teach them and govern them."

"All hail, most august Queen of all the Sioux?" said the *World* correspondent.

"You may laugh, but they really do wish me to go out there and be their big chief. Not twenty-four hours ago one of their head men wept because I would not promise him to go back with them, and another because I declined in a kind and respectful way to go to the theatre with him."

"But if they really had you back in their power would they not again lord it over you and treat you harshly at times?"

"I do not have any idea they would.

I really think the Indians have been in many instances treated unjustly and cruelly by the whites, and one reason you cannot believe an Indian is because the Indian has learned that he cannot believe a white man."

"During your captivity did the females treat you kindly?"

"The males are like the males, suspicious, impassive, skilled in the art of deceiving. Some of the women became very kind to me, sooner than the men. They are all disgustingly dirty in their habits; they are vain; they are human nature in a savage state; but they saved my life and treated me kindly when they could have killed me, and I shall always remember them gratefully for it."

During all this time of captivity Mr. Kelly, as may be supposed, was not idle. He organized private rescuing parties, and obtained assistance from the army in pursuing Indians. He paid hundred of dollars to Indians, who promised to return with Mrs. Kelly, but never returned. Not even were his messages or any news of him brought to her, or of her to him. At last he despaired and was forced to the conclusion that she had been killed. On the plain, with arms outstretched to heaven, little Mary's body was found, and with grief added to grief he thought this, too must have been the fate of his wife. From the first hour of her captivity to the last she never let an opportunity to escape pass without a trial. Three several times she was out of the camp, but her flight was discovered too soon and her recapture at once effected.

So many reward had been offered for Mrs. Kelly, and such persistent efforts were constantly made for her recapture or the recapture of some white woman who was said to be held by the Indians, that the Indians began to fear they would have to give her up. A council was called, and an old chief, by name Ottawa, he who led the warriors when Mrs. Kelly was captured, made a characteristic speech to the assembled bands. Mrs. Kelly

represents it as a more than ordinarily effective and rhetorical one. He spoke of the power of the white man through his big guns that shoot so far, of his deceit and treachery to the Indian, and exhorted them to meet deceit with deceit and treachery with treachery.

"Meet them with equal cunning. Let us have two tongues as they have. Our knives are sharp and long; our bows are sharp and the fatal arrow flies far. It licks the blood of the pale face; it sticks in his heart. Our arrows are strong with death, and many, like the birds that rise up in clouds; they are stronger than the guns of the pale face, for they are without number. They have stolen our lands; let the lands bury them. They are wise and long headed; let their scalps grace our lodges. We will come home bravely from battle. Our songs shall sound among the hills. The earth that drinks in the blood of the pale face shall tremble beneath our war dance."

It was then determined to gather together as many hostile Indians as it was possible to do, to send overtures to the commandant at Fort Sully for the restoration of a white squaw, to appear on a certain day before the fort in full force, escort Mrs. Kelly inside the stockade, and on a preconcerted signal rush upon the garrison and massacre them.

In pursuance of this plan Mrs. Kelly was sent to the Blackfoot Indians, so that they could unite with the Sioux in dealing this blow. Meantime, while she was there, Man-afraid-of-His-Horses, one of the delegation at present in Washington, rode into the camp of the Blackfeet splendidly mounted. He pretended to take great interest in the captive, shook hands with her, saying that she looked sad, and after receiving much honor from the Blackfeet took his departure. She afterwards learned that the horse and equipments had been furnished by Mr. Kelly as a reward for finding out whether the white captive he had heard of was his wife, and the deceitful Indian had returned and reported that he had not been able to find any white captive among the Ogalallas. This was literally true, but he had found her among the Blackfeet. He is one of the few Indians for whom the lady has little sympathy.

"He was always very much afraid of his own horses lest they should be stolen," said she.

To save the garrison at Fort Sully was now Mrs. Kelly's one thought. Female ingenuity can find no surer way to accomplish a purpose than by using the devotion of a man that loves. Jumping Bear was her resource in this extreme hour, and she summoned this faithful man to her presence. She asked him if he would do her a favor, and his reply was of course in the affirmative. She told him that she had become very fond of Indians, and believed she could be sure always of some noble protection; then, without waiting to hear all that Jumping Bear had to say, told him frankly that she wished to have one last message conveyed to her white friends. She wished to tell them that she had chosen to stay among the Indians had in fact learned to love them, and wished to tell them that the Indians were friendly to the whites, and they must not believe to the contrary. In short, she wished him to take a letter to the commandant of Fort Sully. But Jumping Bear thought there would be danger in this. She replied that he could easily go to the fort and back before the braves returned; that the squaw wished her to stay among them to teach them and they desired him to go and would not speak of his being absent; that her white husband would have done as little a thing as that for her with no hesitation, and now probably he was dead and she never should find one as devoted to her again. This decided Jumping Bear. As the faithful Indian disappeared in the shadows, departing on his mission, the faithless woman went with a heart trembling between hope and fear to her sleepless couch.

The end came with joy and soon. The letter was delivered and put the commandant on his guard. Before Jumping Bear could bring back an answer 2,000 Indians, with war in their hearts but peace on their lips appeared before Fort Sully. The garrison, 200 in number, stood behind shotted guns, and the commander requested twelve or fifteen Indians to approach first with their captive

They entered the walls of the fort. Straightway the gates were closed, the guns were run out, the garrison stood to arms and the Indians saw they were foiled.

The captive was free! After a few weeks the husband came and they were reunited in a home; happier than ever.

A few years later Mr. Kelly died, and Mrs. Kelly removing to Washington was in some measure rewarded for her services to the government and her sufferings during captivity by a handsome sum—\$5,000—voted to her unanimously by Congress. Subsequently she received an appointment in the Patent office, which she holds at the present time.

But the Indians still insist that she ought to return, and as their part of the compensation they will give her horses, honors and lands, and make her "Queen of the Sioux." A. W.

## WANTED TO GET ON THE JURY.

Presently the stillness of the courtroom was interrupted by the entrance of a man who came in with a shuffling, uneasy step, and with his hat in his hand. He halted, leaning a gainst the railing. Nobody took the slightest notice of him however. At last he took courage and spoke:

"Is the Judge in?"

The clerk immediately awoke his Honor.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm looking for a job, your Honor."

"I've been looking for a job over a month."

"There's nothing for you here."

I thought you occasionally gave jury men a job. I don't read newspapers any, and ain't a stranger in town, I haven't got any prejudices agin anybody. A pard of mine wrote down to me at Reno last week, and said that the jury business up here was brisk, an' it would pay to come up. As I'm a stranger to you, and a little hard up, I'll start in and serve for a case or two for half price, and you kin see what I kin do."

"What are your main qualifications?"

"My strong suit is making a jury agree. No jury ever gets hung if I'm on 'em. I just lay low till they take the first ballot, then join the majority and argue the rest into it. I can discount any lawyer talking. I can show 'em points they never tumbled to before. Sometimes I have to use force, but seldom. Once down at Truckee, in a murder case, there was a couple of fellers standin' out agin' hangin' and after arguing with 'em as smooth and gentlemanly as I could for over a quarter of an hour, I went for 'em with chairs, and by the time I'd busted half a dozen pieces of furniture over 'em they was glad to come in with a verdict of "Murder in the first degree," and the feller was hung not long afterward. In these justices courts I can get on a jury, and if you'd give me a wink as to how you want the case to go, I'll guarantee to fetch in the verdict you want, or not take a cent."

The man was told to drop around again in a day or so, and they would try to make a vacancy for him. In order to do it however, some regular jury men will probably have to be discharged.

Said a Nevada Police: "I came out here from the happy home of my childhood to get elected United States Senator, and here I am a simple Justice of the Peace, throwing the pearls of rhetoric and good advice before an inebriated galoot that can't appreciate the favor shown him."

Russian to Turk, who receives a bayonet thrust: "But, my poor Turk, you don't seem to object." Turk: "It is the first time in eight days that anything has gone into my stomach."

While the women are so busy catching everything they can get their fingers on, why don't they put up some of this weather for winter use?—Easton Free Press.