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Poetry.

The following poem, written by one of the most gifted of New York editors, first appeared in the *Christian Intelligencer*. It was suggested by one of Dr. Robert S. Moran's sermons.—*Star*.

DEATH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

From the tall purple mountains of peace,
Footstools at the heavenly throne,
Death descends on white wings to release
The soul from its sorrowful zone.

His white sandals are gemmed with the dew
Of flowers in the gardens of God,
Blossoms unfading of heavenly hues,
That bloom where the angels have trod.

Lol he comes from the beautiful skies
To escort us to mansions above—
If we trust in the father all-wise,
His mission is mercy and love.

See, the sweet little child, unafraid,
Clings close to his sheltering wings,
See, the young and the old, undismayed,
Are crowned with the wreath that he brings.

He's a messenger bright from above
With radiant light on his face;
To the heart that flows over with love
He brings the benedictions of grace.

He's no monster with dragon-like wings,
A repulsive and skeleton form
Full-armed with darts, arrows and stings
Who caters alone for the worm.

Since we cannot live always, then why
Should this visitor ill us dread?
For faith, hope and love honor high,
The convoy of souls from the dead.

From the life that is mortal he bears
To the life that is immortally given.
He dismisses our sorrows and cares,
And leads us to loved ones in heaven.

A HEROIC DEFENSE.

In the month of January, 1878, Mr. Maxwell, his wife, daughter May, and four men, started from Miles City, with the intention of settling on the Lower Missouri, near where the old Stanley tract crossed the stream.

They had thirteen pairs of oxen dragging the wagons, and their progress as a matter of course was very slow. However there was no occasion for haste, and they jogged along steadily for several days, until they were near the O'Fallon Hills, when Mrs. Maxwell called attention to a couple of objects ahead, which she believed to be antelopes; but when her husband brought his field glasses to bear upon them he pronounced them Indians.

This was alarming, for whatever aborigines are encountered in that portion of the Northwest may be set down as the most deadly kind of enemies.

Maxwell immediately halted the teams and devoted an hour or two to ascertain the precise state of affairs.

The result was the startling discovery that he was in the neighborhood of a hostile village of forty lodges. There was but one thing to do, and the wagons were instantly turned about, and the party retreated towards the O'Fallon Creek.

The Indians followed at a respectful distance, but did not attack and having reached the timber and water, Maxwell went into camp.

The site selected was an admirable one for defense, the ground being high while a ravine ran around three sides, so that it was comparatively easy to guard against an attack from any direction.

The sun had set and it was growing dark when the whites went into camp; but, confident that an assault would be made the entire night was spent in making preparations for it. The bluffs did not run close to the water or timber, and the position was about two hundred yards from both. A goodly supply of water and wood was laid in, and the party waited anxiously the attack which they were sure was to come.

The morning dawned without bringing any signs of the Indians; but when the forenoon was half gone, the works were finished. The wagons formed one side and logs and sacks filled with earth and sand the others. Caves were dug for the mother and daughter, and strong rifle pits were dug on three sides of the camp.

The Indians were discovered approaching, and the siege began on the day succeeding the arrival of the party at the point.

The cattle was kept in hand until night when it was necessary to water them, as it was out of the question to keep enough of the precious fluid for so many capacious stomachs.

Accordingly they were driven down to the creek, but had scarcely lowered their mouths, when the Indians made a dash and captured them all.

There was no way of preventing the catastrophe, nor of repairing it, and Mr. Maxwell took it philosophically.

The works were completed, and when the night set in the howling of the cat, the filled the air. The Indians were driving them through the woods and round

the camp in the hope that the whites would venture out to recapture them; but Maxwell and his friends were too wise to attempt any such foolish exploit.

The leader of the party, however, could not shut his eyes to the fact that the situation of himself and friends was perilous in the highest degree. The Indians far outnumbered them, and commanding the supply of water, could reduce the whites to terms, by simply holding them where they were, provided they should fall in the direct assault.

A long and anxious consultation was held and a characteristic stratagem was arranged. It was a bright moonlight night, but the savages seemed to have decided to do nothing except by daylight and all was still around the beleaguered settlers. Finally, one of the whites crept stealthily out from behind the intrenchments, and by great care and patience succeeded in reaching the woods undiscovered. Rising to his feet he immediately started to Fort Keogh for help.

Maxwell and his friends listened intently, and without the slightest unusual noise they drew a sigh of relief and hope, confident that the messenger had got safe through the lines.

This reduced the garrison to six persons—Mr. Maxwell, his wife, daughter, Mr. Benton, George Farland and Jester Pruden. Through the night the sentinels heard the Indians riding up the ravine on their horses, and in the bright moonlight they were distinctly seen while at a considerable distance.

When they reached the creek, they dismounted, tied their ponies and began crawling towards the fort.

The rifles of the whites were breech-loaders, and they were confident of making a rattling defense.

When the Indians were within about fifty yards, Maxwell gave the word fire, and the fight opened. The bullets went down the slope with such dreadful rapidity that the savages immediately broke and fled; but two of their number were seen to fall, and a third dropped close to the works where he lay in plain sight.

"Hold on!" he called out in broken English. "Don't shoot, I'm hit—I'm good injun."

It would have been the easiest matter in the world to have finished him, but the whites could not have refused his prayer for mercy, and they refrained, making no reply to him however.

The warrior lay still awhile and then said:
"Come help me, I'm wounded."
"Crawl in here, and we'll look out for you," replied Maxwell.

"No, no! Injun come carry me off."
None of his brethren however, ventured to his assistance, and after awhile, he arose to his feet with great difficulty and staggered down the hill some distance, when two Indians ran up to meet him and helped him out of sight.

The reception of the savages had been of a hotter nature than they had counted upon, and they began pecking up their things and made a great show as though they intended leaving, but the whites were naturally suspicious.

Pretty soon they started, and shortly after the cattle were heard lowing again, the purpose of the redskins being to persuade the whites that some of the animals had gotten loose and were wandering about the woods. But our friends could not be tempted by any such transparent artifice.

Finding that all efforts to deceive the emigrants had failed, the Indians were filled with desperation, and charged boldly up the slope, yelling and firing their guns as they came.

They dashed at each side of the fort, but the defenders remained cool and fired deliberately and effectually, while the shots of the red men did no damage to those who were so securely sheltered behind their breastworks.

This desultory warfare was kept up all night during which more than one of the assailants were forced to bite the dust while the emigrants relieved not so much as a scratch.

When daylight came the Indians drew off again, and going in among the hills, built a number of fires. It was not long before several thin columns of smoke were discerned in the distance.

"These are signal fires," said Mr. Maxwell.

"What do they mean?" asked one of the men.

"They are calls for help, and those replies announce that it will be sent. We shall soon have the hottest kind of work; so rest while you can."

Maxwell was correct in his conclusion, for at the end of a couple of hours reinforcements began arriving from the south, and joining those in the hills.

Not long after, a number approached the fort, and called out:
"How! how! Come out! Give up?"
"We will give up, never!" shouted back Maxwell. "We like this kind of fighting! If you like it, give us some more."

The Indians accepted the invitation, and began crawling through the grass, sheltering themselves behind every little mound or clump of earth that came in their way.

"Observe that rascal," said Maxwell. "He has flattened himself out like a window pane; but I can fetch him for all that!"

And thereupon he proceeded to 'fetch him.'

The firing became rapid at this juncture and continued with scarcely any intermission for two hours. It was eminently wise in Maxwell to take such care and pains in the throwing up of his intrenchments, for he and his party would have been overwhelmed, despite their brave defense but for the very effectiveness of the means of resistance.

As it was, at the end of a couple of hours the savages were within an ace of getting inside the fort. They steadily pushed their way forward, and for a few minutes it seemed as if they were certain to succeed; but the breech-loaders in the hands of the four brave men were terribly effective, and, at the critical juncture, the redskins suddenly broke and rushed down the hill again.

They now gathered in the woods for consultation. It is hard to guess what their conclusion was, but they divided into five parties, went on the hills again, built large fires, and encamped.

A half dozen warriors, at intervals, sauntered down towards the fort, and showed great solicitude for a talk, but Maxwell warned them to keep away, or he would fire upon them.

"Their object is to find out how many of us are here," he said, to his men, "so keep close so as to prevent them. It will be to our advantage if we can quadruple our number in their eyes."

One of the warriors was determined to interview the whites, and refused to take warning. When he got too close, Maxwell winged him, and he went limping off howling with pain.

Mrs. Maxwell and her daughter were fully as brave as their defenders. They cooked food, and carried it to each man, who took it in one hand while he held his rifle in the other.

The situation remained thus for the rest of the day and through the entire night. The Indians sat around their respective camp fires, and now and then made an ineffectual effort to open conversation with the white men in the intrenchments.

The next day had scarcely opened, when the savages once more renewed the attack. This time they surrounded the fort, and the charge was most bitter and determined.

It continued for half an hour, during which the bravery and coolness of the little band were developed in a still more astonishing manner, and the result was the assailants made as tumultuous a retreat as before.

It would seem that they ought to have been satisfied with what they had done—or rather had attempted to do—but they showed no honest intentions of giving over the fight, even though they must have come to believe the number of the garrison was much greater than was the case.

The Indians now resorted to the artifice of firing arrows into the camp—a practice which was a great deal more dangerous than the reader would be apt to suspect.

The red men have a fashion of shooting these missiles in the air, so they will descend almost perpendicularly striking very close to the spot intended.

That it was exceedingly dangerous will appear from the fact that, while none of the whites had been wounded up to this time, it was not many minutes before one of them was badly hurt by one of the arrows, they having no protection against such an attack.

They improvised such armor as they could, however, and no more damage was inflicted though the curious method of assault was kept up for a considerable time.

About noon a curious thing occurred. An Indian who had been smoking, started at a deliberate walk toward the fort. The whites were in no mood for trifling, and, as the warrior knew the risk he ran, they opened upon him. Nevertheless, he continued steadily forward until within nearly a hundred feet when he dropped dead.

Maxwell suspected he was a medicine man, who wished to show his brother warriors that no bullets could injure him, though it was not at all improbable that it may have been an aboriginal method of suicide.

It looked as if but one recourse remained to the Indians, and that was to hold the pioneers where they were until hunger and thirst should accomplish that which the warriors themselves were unable to do.

They made no more charges of the desperate character described, but, lying down in the grass, kept up an unremitt-

ing watch for a shot at the brava defenders. The appearance of a head or hand was sure to bring a dozen bullets whistling around the intrenchments, and it certainly is wonderful that none of the whites were killed.

But the emigrants were equally vigilant and they did not tarry. One savage became somewhat careless of his posture and Maxwell himself, bored, him clean through with a bullet. Another, upon a pony was fired at, but the animal was killed and fell so suddenly that it was all his rider could do to clamber out of danger.

The great peril of the party was from the want of water. They could not get along without this, and a passage was dug under the breastworks, and one of the men succeeded in crawling out, with the assistance of a cover, got a supply from the creek, and returned without detection. Another gathered a lot of wood, both exploits, of course, being done by night.

In the morning the besieged built a fire, and a tent was put up, proceedings which must have astonished the Indians not a little.

At any rate, they were so infuriated that they opened a spiteful fusillade against the fire which was kept up for half an hour, but did no damage whatever.

They continued circling about the fort, firing into it, rather at it, but in such a desultory manner that Maxwell was sure their ammunition was giving out.

At noon, on the third day, they drew off, one of their number calling:
"Good-by! We go now!"
"Who are you?" shouted Maxwell.
"Sioux and Nez Perces," was the answer.

There was reason to believe that the savages were actually departing, but the whites dared not venture out. It would certainly be incurring a great risk, which was unnecessary.

On the fourth day, Colonel Baker, of the Second Cavalry, with a strong force, was seen approaching the fort, under the guidance of the runner who had stolen out on the first night from the fort.

The Indians did not molest them, and the colonel conducted the little party back to Tongue River, where they stayed until fully recovered from the excitement of one of the most heroic defenses known in the history of the frontier.

A DARE-DEVIL JEAN.

HOW HE SHOOK UP A PARTY OF GRUMBLING ENGLISH TOURISTS.

Buffalo Bill tells a good story about a party of Englishmen traveling on the plains before the Pacific Railroad was finished. They came rambling into Laramie, abusing the driver and the coach and the 'blasted country' generally, because they averred, 'there was no coaching outside of England.' Their contempt of all things American was shown in the most offensive manner to all the people standing around as they alighted. It happened that Bob Scott, the finest driver and the most reckless dare-devil on the plains was to take the coach to the next station, eight miles westward from Laramie, and as that day he heard the remarks of the Britishers he boldly made up his mind to give them a specimen of purely American coaching. The stable boys led out six colts that looked as if they had never heard of a stage before, they reared kicked and snorted and plunged, until the noble Britons were quite delighted with the anticipation of a fine drive.

"Now, driver, you know, just give 'em their heads and let 'em go, don't you be afraid."

"Yes," says another encouragingly, "my dear fellow just go ahead."

Bob mounted the box slowly while a man held each horse; he gathered the reins and said quickly: "Let 'em go!" And they did, and the colts plunged and reared, but Bob's iron grasp held them in. With the aid of the California brakes, he held them down to a walk for three miles, while the passengers blasphemed at him, for a 'cad and a sneak.' At the end of that three miles they got to the top of a hill, and one Briton poked his head out of the window and began to say something, but as he did, a wild unbartered yell waked that vicinity, and at the same time Bob threw down all six lines. The coach seemed to lift from the ground and those six colts started at the very best speed they could make. Another yell from Bob, and they seemed to increase it; then, to help matters, he drew his revolver and began firing over the horses' heads.

"Great 'Evings!" cried the Britons, "we have gotten into the hands of a blasted lunatic."

"Stop! stop!" they shouted; but the mad team and crazy driver tore on faster and faster, while the stage went bouncing over the rocky road in a way that threatened to pound the passengers to pieces. Bob craned his neck over and yelled in at the window:

"Gents, I'm just getting 'em started; they'll do better after awhile!" And he took out the lamps and hurled them at the leaders with a wild Comanche war whoop.

The frightened passengers presently saw the station in full view; the question was how the team was to be stopped. They gave themselves up for gone, and hung on despairingly to the seats. It seems that the horses were accustomed to go right into the stables, coach and all, and up they came to the open door at full speed. There was a yell from the assembled stable attendants and 'tavern

loafers, then a rush to the crash of the whole top of the coach went flying, leaving three Britons out and breaking two arms and a leg, besides other slight accidents. Bob came out of the stable smiling, picked up an Englishman and says: "Never mind, sir; we'll have a real nice drive to the next station; we were obliged to take them by force, but in the other team in a new coach and give me a couple of cocktails. It's dull driving so dog-gone slow and the horses are dry. Those Englishmen would have left for a doctor, but they'd not put down any thing in their note book about American driving."

Humorous.

A fashion journal says that "shirred ruffles" are worn. We might add that ruffled shirts are worn. This is not a fashion journal.

An Illinois youth, looking corn in a field near the rail road, saw a new locomotive with a red smoke stack. He became frightened, and ran to the house crying: "That ore engine is coming, but sure; it's red hot clean up to the top of the stovepipe!"

Professor—(Can anyone tell us the origin of the expression "Go to?" Embury Minister—"Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it, as a cause it didn't stand well."

An old angler says a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. "It's the thought of how his weight would be lifted about that causes him anguish."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Thee your honor," replied Pat, "I was a blundering fool I speak to a general officer."

Lillie had the toothache and cried. Her mother wished to pacify her by saying: "I am ashamed of you, I would not be such a baby before every body."

"Oh, yes; it's all very well for you." "Why?" "Because if your teeth ache, you can take them out."

Patrick saw a bull pausing at a fence, thought how amusing it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he laughed to think of it, the more he thought of it the funnier he seemed and he determined to do it. He was quickly tossed him over the fence. Somewhat bruised Patrick leisurely studied himself up, with the very consolatory reflection: "Well it is a mighty fine thing I had my laugh foot."

Gleanings.

The English call our "cleverest" words "Overland lines."

Under a turkey hen in Derby, Georgia, a lady found three turkeys; three eggs had been.

Says Tallidge: "When a man that has angels are doing about six days, and I'll permit four people to do all the singing for my congregation."

There are in Fall River thirty-three incorporated companies for the manufacture of button goods, while combined incorporated capital is \$1,000,000 and \$1,000,000.

It has been found possible to concentrate rays of electric light, and to focus by a distance of seven miles; while the French, having the same apparatus have sent the electric light at a station 161 miles distant.

"Kind words can never do harm. How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kind words he ever used in his life, as if from his published letters in a branch of promise snuff."

The Bodie Free Press is not in favor of divorce, but says when a wife enters a saloon and pulls her husband out by the ear when he has only one point to go in a six hundred game, the legal proceedings may be commended.

In a trial at Macon, a lawyer wanted to employ a lawyer by hire and that the one who was best at the lowest money. He said he would rather have his money to buy tobacco in the afternoon than pay it out to a lawyer and a legal bill was assured. He was found guilty.

The mother heartless enough to deliberately starve her infant to death, while pretending to feed it, lives in Stenonville, Ohio. Her excuse was that she could not be bothered by a child.

The Emperor of Japan is a slender man, of medium height, with an olive complexion, small hands and feet, and dark eyes of piercing brilliancy. He is the representative of the party of progress and civilization, and is a person of strong and determined character.

It seems difficult to understand how so small a creature as a bird makes tones as loud, in singing, as an animal one thousand times its size. But it has been discovered that in birds the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air-bags, or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downward, and into which the air passes and is repressed, so that it will be expelled.

Very few insects, such as bees, wasps, can live under the application of hot steam water. It will destroy red and black ants, cock-roaches, spiders, etc. It takes two pounds of alum and water to fill three or four quarts of water. Let the water in the fire until the steam is all expended; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in closets, pantry shelves, etc. If it is white-washing, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.