

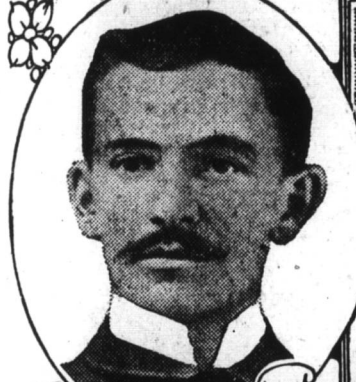
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He Conquered the Sheepeaters



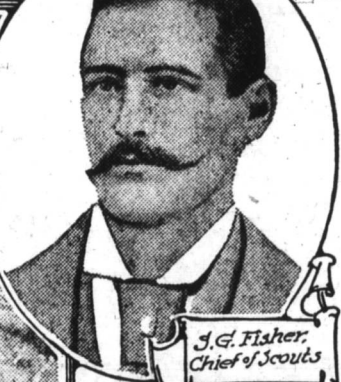
Lieut. Edward S. Farrow



Chief Buffalo Horn



The Sheepeaters at Bay



J. G. Fisher, Chief of Scouts



Jack Redington, The Original Boy Scout

THE other day newspapers carried a brief Associated Press dispatch from New York—"A man believed to be Edward Farrow, seventy-one years old, a real estate operator of Pinewald, N. J., died of apoplexy today in Columbus avenue."—Just one of those brief chronicles of sudden death in the day's gist of news, and it was not until the "local follow-up" from a New Jersey city was added that it became more than that. For the follow-up recorded the fact that he was a West Point classmate of General Pershing, the founder of "Pinewald" which he had hoped to establish as a home for retired army officers and which has been the subject of endless litigation with developers, the inventor of toxic gases and the gas grenade and author of many books on military subjects, including "Farrow's Military Encyclopedia," a standard authority.

There was also a brief mention of his part in the Indian wars, but it was enough to recall to old-time army men stirring events in the Pacific Northwest, in the days of Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés, of Buffalo Horn and the Bannocks, of Gen. O. O. Howard and Gen. Nelson A. Miles, but more particularly the story of young Lieut. Edward S. Farrow and his conquest of the Sheepeater Indians, one of the most brilliant exploits in the history of the United States army.

Lieutenant Farrow was a native of Maryland and was appointed from that state to West Point, from which he was graduated as a second lieutenant June 14, 1876. He was immediately assigned to the Twenty-first Infantry and detailed to Fort Vancouver, Wash. At the outbreak of the Nez Percés war his company became a part of the army with which Gen. O. O. Howard set out in pursuit of the hostiles. The young lieutenant took part in the heart-breaking march of Howard's command over the rough Lo-Lo trail, in the sharp little battle of the Clear Water on July 11 and 12, 1877, where his conspicuous bravery and good conduct won for him special mention in dispatches by General Howard, and in the pursuit to the end of the campaign when Chief Joseph surrendered to Generals Howard and Miles in the Bear Paw mountains in Montana.

At the opening of the Nez Percés campaign Capt. S. G. Fisher, a frontiersman, was ordered by Gen. Howard to enlist a company of 50 Bannock Indian scouts on the Fort Hall reservation in Idaho. Associated with Fisher was another frontiersman named Gird and Jack Redington, a seventeen-year-old boy, who had left his home in Massachusetts to seek adventure in the Far West. Redington was called "the original Boy Scout" by General Howard in later years, and he and the young lieutenant were destined to see some stirring service together a year or so later. One of

the Bannock scouts was a young chief named Buffalo Horn, who had also served as a scout for General Miles in the Sioux war of 1876 and of whom a fellow-scout, the famous "Yellowstone Kelly" (Capt. Luther S. Kelly), once described as "one of the bravest Indians I have ever known." After the close of the Nez Percés war young Redington became a newspaper reporter in San Francisco, and one of the stories which he wrote for his paper was a prophecy of a new Indian war.

Lieutenant Farrow and Scout Redington served together in the short Bannock and Plute war of 1878, and again the young lieutenant distinguished himself. Buffalo Horn was killed by a Plute scout in the service of the soldiers in June, 1878, and the war virtually came to an end when Howard's troops captured the greater part of the two hostile tribes in August. A part of them, however, succeeded in eluding the soldiers and retreated to the fastnesses of the Seven Devils peaks. There they were joined by renegades from other tribes, and during the following months, these Sheepeaters, as they became known because they subsisted principally upon the mountain sheep which were abundant in that region, instituted a reign of terror in parts of Idaho which were just beginning to open up to settlement.

Early in 1879 General Howard ordered Lieutenant Farrow to enlist a company of Indian scouts, to form a detachment of picked men, selected for endurance and skill in marksmanship, and to proceed against these Sheepeaters and any other hostile Indians that still remained in that part of the country. Farrow enlisted his scouts among the Umatilla and other friendly tribes, took a few of the best marksmen from the different branches of the service in the department of the Columbia and these with several civilian volunteers, including young Redington, composed the force with

which he set out over some of the roughest territory on the North American continent to hunt down the enemy.

In the meantime two other forces, commanded by Captains Bernard and Catley, were operating in that part of the country. On July 29 Catley was defeated by the Indians who captured his pack train and all of his supplies and forced him to retreat. Upon learning of this Farrow cached his supplies and equipment and, living off the country, set out to Catley's relief. After five days of terrific forced marches, he came up with Catley, left a few of his foot-sore men and horses and pushed on into the Salmon River mountains.

He was soon hot on the trail of the Indians. Captain Forse, who was sent out to reinforce Captain Catley, soon afterwards joined forces with Captain Bernard, and late in August Bernard reported to General Howard that "Farrow (80 miles ahead of him) was pursuing the hostile Indians down the Middle Salmon Canon and had caused them to abandon all their luggage." A little later Bernard reported: "The country is so rough that animals cannot be got through it at all. All our stock except a few of Captain Forse's horses and the animals captured by Farrow are exhausted. Most of our horses and mules have given out and have been shot."

"It seemed so impossible to capture these flying Indians who ran from peak to peak faster than the troops could follow," writes General Howard in his account of the campaign, "and realizing the intense sufferings of the troops engaged, I at last sent orders for Bernard, if in his judgment it was impossible to do more than he had done, to leave the fearful country and distribute his forces to the posts where they belonged. Bernard acted promptly on this order, and with his own command proceeded southward to Boise."

So upon Farrow descended the responsibility for the success of the campaign. The indefatigable young lieutenant abandoned most of his baggage and, when all of his horses finally gave out, pressed on on foot. Finally he cornered the Sheepeaters in their stronghold on the Middle Fork of the Salmon, and although realizing that defeat meant annihilation he boldly attacked. The result was the capture of the place and a precipitate retreat by the hostiles.

In this stronghold Farrow's men found tons and tons of food which the Sheepeaters had gathered for winter use and which the soldiers burned. Driven from what they had believed to be an impregnable position and facing a hungry winter, all that remained for the Indians to do was to surrender. Then after a march of 82 days through deep snow over rugged mountains, Lieutenant Farrow reached the Columbia river with his captives and delivered them to General Howard at Vancouver barracks as prisoners of war.

WHEN THEIR LIPS MET

By EFFIE SPOFFORTH

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

THE boy, once back in his hall bedroom, threw himself down on the narrow bed and remained there motionless, his eyes closed. Sometimes, when he came home from the warehouse he was physically inert like this. He was only twenty-one, and the contrast between the hopes with which he had gone to the great city and actuality was harder than the physical fatigue.

He worked at twelve dollars a week, packing books for Vincent & Co., publishers. With a high school education and literary aspirations, he ought to be able to do something better than that.

"We'll give you a chance in the basement," Vincent had told him. "If you make good there an opportunity may arise upstairs."

"I'll take it," the boy had answered. At half-past seven the following morning the boy went to work. He had worked there for four months. He did not know that Vincent was trying him out, that there really would be a chance for him, first at clerical work and then if he proved efficient in a minor role among the literary staff of the publishing company. Vincent had had his eye on him all the while, as was his way. He had asked the foreman of the department two or three times if the boy was still there. Next month, perhaps, he would give himself the sincere pleasure of inviting the boy to accept twenty dollars and assist Mr. Jones, the advertising manager, in a clerical capacity.

Of all that the boy knew nothing. He only saw himself hammering nails into packing cases, among a crowd of ignorant, and not high-minded associates.

And often he had thought of giving up and going back to the farm, to face the sneers of the neighbors, the silent reproaches of his father, and, worst of all, his mother's pity.

Then temptation had come to him. There was a man named Dutton among the employees. Dutton had shown him friendliness, had won his confidence.

"You're a fool, boy, to look forward to a life of this sort of work," he said. "There's easy money to be picked up in this city. Now listen to me—"

In the lunch hour he had outlined a plan by which money was to be "picked up" as he phrased it. It involved plain robbery. But, though the boy shrank away, horrified at the suggestion, the plausibility of the man worked on his mind and the temptation proved a real one in spite of his scruples.

Dutton had learned a secret about the safe. Every house has its secrets, its weak points in its defensive system. On Saturday nights there was often a sum of two or three thousand dollars in the safe. The night watchman was an old man. The safe was not a new one. The boy's part would be simply to engage the old fellow in conversation until the confederates got their opportunity to hit him on the head and take the keys. For that five hundred dollars was to be his.

And, so strangely is the human mind fashioned, that the boy had felt that, to tell Vincent, would be a betrayal of confidence. The atmosphere of the packing room was not a good one. The boy had gone home and flung himself down on his bed, and his mind was in a turmoil.

In the next room the girl had come home and flung herself into the ancient armchair with which the landlady had supplied her when it became too shabby for use in the parlor. She felt utterly unwrought after her day at the department store.

She had worked there at twelve dollars a week for nearly half a year. When she left the little country town, equipped with a good education, she had confidently expected to take the city by storm. In fact, she was an artist of rare ability.

But what is the use of ability unless some one has brains to recognize it? So day by day she had besieged the offices with her drawings. Once she had sold one and she had lived on that lingering hope until the remainder of her money was gone. Then, at her wits' end, she had accepted the position which the landlady told her could be obtained at Darrow's.

She had lost all faith in herself. She had worked like an automaton for four months and had done nothing. Her best drawing, one which she had thought could not pass the observant eye, had never been returned to her from the magazine to which she had submitted it, and she had lacked the courage to call and inquire about it.

At Darrow's she had tolled behind the counter of the hosiery department, at the beck and call of vulgar, frock-coated floorwalkers, a cipher among ciphers. She felt crushed by this at-

mosphere that surrounded her. She felt utterly out of place among the young women, of a different type, and education, with whom she came into touch; and they, sensing the difference, were not slow to let her perceive their resentment.

Then temptation had come to her, too.

It had been in less loathsome guise than with the boy. It was not one of the floorwalkers, but the son of the owner, young Darrow, fresh from college and taking his fling before settling down in the world. He had come into the store with his mother, who was making some purchase there.

With worldly wisdom he had not approached her while the other clerks were present. But he had found the means to see her two or three times. And he had asked her to dine with him the following evening.

She was not ignorant of the world. She saw from his demeanor that it did not occur to him that she was anything but one of the underbred, underpaid drudges in his father's store. She had known what significance would attach itself to her acceptance. But she was desperately lonely, and the thought of an evening in a restaurant, and at a theater afterward, the sight of other faces, the touch with life was overwhelming.

"I'll have to accept or go home," she thought wearily.

If she could have known at that moment a letter, signed by the editor of the magazine, inclosing a check for seventy-five dollars for her drawing, and asking for more, lay in the wire basket beside the desk of the editor's stenographer, ready to be posted on the morrow—if she could have known!

She got up from her chair. The boy was going out of his room at the same moment. They knew each other by sight; sometimes they sat near each other in the cheap little restaurant where they got their meals whenever they could afford the luxury.

They were both too shy to speak to each other, and desperately alone; but now, starting into each other's faces in the deserted hall on the top story of the rooming house, they drew toward each other like abandoned barks drawn by some current into a vortex.

"Are you going to dinner?" asked the boy timorously.

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with shy approval.

"Let's go together," he said, greatly daring.

They descended the stairs together. At the street door she took his arm, and they proceeded toward the restaurant, without a word being spoken.

That was the most wonderful meal either of them had ever had. Their conversation was monosyllabic, but there was little heed of words in the happiness of this strange sympathy. And afterward they strolled together up and down the lit streets. They paused at the theater door. Women in costly furs, accompanied by men in evening clothes, were going in.

"I'm glad I'm not among that crowd," thought the girl, and wondered how many young Darrowes there were among them.

And the boy, utterly abashed at the thought of the temptation that had come to him, and feeling himself wholly unworthy of the girl whose arm was still linked in his, was planning to see Mr. Vincent on the next morning at nine and tell him of the conspiracy.

"It's great, isn't it!" said the boy. "Just living, I mean."

"Yes, it's great," the girl answered, and she knew then that she would have strength to refuse young Darrow and to remain at her post. It was only a humble post in the outskirts of civilization, but suddenly she felt like a soldier.

"I thought once of going home and giving up—all this," said the boy vaguely, as they strolled homeward. "But now I'm going to stay."

"And I'm going to stay, too," the girl answered.

They reached the door and went up the stairs together in silence. At her door the girl turned.

"I have enjoyed it so much," she said. "I have spent such a happy evening." She blushed at her own audacity. "It has meant such a lot to me—you don't know how much," she continued, feeling absurdly conscious of the moisture in her eyes.

"You don't know how much to me also," he answered. And he never knew how it came about, but the next minute they were in each other's arms, and her lips met his in that first kiss which everybody knows to be the sweetest.

"We'll fight it out together," said the boy.

In Andalusia



Harvesting Almonds in Andalusia.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

A THREATENED revolution in Spain has thrust that usually somnolent country into the foreground. It is a large country of diverse features and peoples, each of which is imbued with a highly localized patriotism which has made for dissension on more than one occasion. To the traveler who has wandered about the peninsula the name "Spain" is most likely, perhaps, to bring up thoughts of Andalusia, the warm, sunny southern province, paradise of the Moors for centuries.

The Moors made all of Andalusia the center of a wonderful civilization. In this they were aided, of course, by the enormous natural wealth of the soil and by a matchless lavishness of sky, sun and moon. These latter elements contribute in no small degree to the far-famed brightness of the Andalusian character of today.

No matter which way one may be traveling in southern Spain, the little station of Bobadilla will soon be encountered. And thereafter it will surely bob up again with considerable persistence, because at Bobadilla, which would otherwise have no fame of any description, the main lines cross—the railway from north to south and that from east to west. Therefore, be it from Gibraltar to Granada, from Malaga to Seville, from Cordova to Cadiz, everyone halts and nearly everyone must change trains at this little station.

Furthermore, since Andalusian trains, as a rule, are in no untimely rush to arrive at their destination, the stop at Bobadilla is usually long enough to enable the traveler to partake of a satisfying meal in the station restaurant.

Bobadilla itself is high on a plateau surrounded by gray mountains of a barren and forbidding appearance; but the train to the south soon enters the valley of the Guadalquivir, a little stream which has succeeded in cutting a deep chasm through the mountain range, seeking its way to the sea.

Through the Orange Country. Judging from the results, the railway engineers had almost as much difficulty as the river itself in finding a way through. The train plunges into a short tunnel to emerge with a roar onto a bridge strung high over a terrifying deep ravine. One catches a glimpse of huge boulders clinging to the sides of the seemingly bottomless cut, and, looking high above, sees the blue sky of Andalusia. The cut itself is as deep as a skyscraper is high and no wider than a narrow street.

After the line passes through the last tunnel it comes suddenly out upon the vega, a veritable garden of soft, green luxuriance. On every hand are oranges, palm trees, bright afternoon sunshine, and the ever deep-blue cloudless sky of the Mediterranean countries.

Then there is a stop at Churrana, another settlement of summer homes, nestled on a hillside in this vast green garden. The hill completely hides Churrana from the sea, and it is said that many people moved there in 1808, when it was rumored that Yankee gunboats were to bombard the city of Malaga.

Suddenly a bend is rounded; broad blue waters of the Mediterranean spring into the picture. Another ten minutes and one is in Malaga, the capital of the province, the sea of a bishop, and the fifth city of Spain.

Nuts, Fruits and Wines. The quays are crowded with huge piles of cargo. In one may be counted 12,000 boxes—200 tons—of almonds for one New York-bound steamer, all shelled and awaiting only the blanching and salting for your table. Of those sweet Jordans some are so large that 12 will weigh an ounce.

Another mountain of boxes contains muscatel raisins as big as quarter dollars and so delicate that no machine has ever been invented that will seed them. If the skin is only slightly pricked, the raisin soon becomes a mass of sugar.

Little half-barrels are full of the finest Malaga grapes, packed in cork shavings, for our Christmas dinner; and there are thousands and thousands of crates of oranges, lemons, and tangerines; also boxes and barrels of rich olive oil, some of which is used by our Pacific coast salmon packers in preparing their product; and little boxes and baskets of pressed figs, crates of pomegranates, melons, custard apples, and sweet potatoes.

Barrels of that deliciously sweet muscatel wine are marked London, Havana, and Buenos Aires, but some for New York. There are bags of sweet-smelling aniseed, and even extract of thyme, lavender, and rosemary, for milady's toilet.

And while all this is happening on the quays at the railway station, in November and early December, crates of fresh beans and tomatoes are being carefully packed in express cars to be rushed to Paris epicures, to be followed by strawberries in March and April.

From Malaga to Granada there are two ways to go by motor car, both routes over the mountains. The shorter road leads directly above the city, zigzagging and winding ever up and along frightening precipices until, in 45 minutes, one has ascended 3,000 feet and may see Malaga far below and, across the broad blue Mediterranean, the shores of Africa.

Granada is Flourishing. Twenty-five years ago Granada was a dirty and run-down, but it has taken a new lease on life. There are now a dozen or more sugar-factories in the province of Granada employing the sugar beet as raw material, whereas next door, in Malaga province, there are several sugar factories where sugar-cane is used. Yet, with all this, Spain imports sugar.

The vast fertile plateau from Antequera to Granada is picturesque in the extreme—rolling hills, with here and there an abrupt precipice, a deep cut, or a towering mass of bald gray rock to add to its rugged appearance. The hills are really small mountains, as they form the lower reaches of the Sierra Nevada.

This whole country seems to be an immense olive orchard. Thousands and thousands of the silver-green trees are planted in straight rows, running up toward the tops of the slopes.

Granada's thoroughfares are paved and clean and there is a prosperous appearance about everything. Streets are crowded and there are many automobiles, most of American manufacture, and some fine new buildings, modern shops, all lending a Madrid-like atmosphere unfamiliar in most Andalusian towns.

Although the main avenues are wide and modern, it is like entering another world to turn down one of the narrow streets and peep through doorways into lovely patios full of flowers, palms and orange trees, all guarded by beautiful wrought-iron doors.

The traces of the Moors is so strong that one instinctively looks for long white robes and turbaned heads. Here and there, in shops out on the sidewalks, are girls making the justly famed Granada lace. They stretch silk tulle on large frames and weave into it pretty designs, for small handkerchiefs, and much more elaborate motifs for tablecloths and curtains.