

The People's Press.

Vol. XVII.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 13, 1869.

No. 43.

The People's Press.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY L. F. BLUM.

TERMS.—Cash in Advance.
One copy, 1 year . . . \$2 00
" 6 months . . . 1 00
" 3 months . . . 75

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
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Items.

Chinamen are slaughtered by the wholesale over on the Central Pacific, if the following, from the *Elko Independent* of the 21st, is true: Sheriff Pritch received a telegram last night, advising him that eighteen persons had been arrested at Tonado and would be down on the night train in charge of Deputy Sheriff Shelton. These parties are those who killed and scalped six or seven Chinamen at that place a few days since.

Edward Halpin, an elderly man from Black Rock, fell over an embankment at Niagara Falls, near the Table Rock, a distance of 180 feet, Friday evening. He was instantly killed, his body being mangled in a dreadful manner.

The Pacific mail steamers take \$1,000,000 worth of silver per month direct from California to China where it is made up into ornaments.

Fifteen hundred buildings are in course of erection in Chicago, at a cost of \$10,000,000, and it is proposed to build a magnificent Stock Exchange, to cost \$800,000.

A farmer near Griffin, Ga. has just harvested fifty-eight bushels of wheat out of his wheat crop.

A 20 inch gun, weighing 57 tons, to throw a 1,100 pound shot, has been sent to Fort Monroe from the Pittsburg, Pa. foundry.

Florida has an immense amount of land adapted to the culture of coffee.

L. J. Thompson, near Hillsdale, Michigan, has sheared 1000 pounds of wool from 100 sheep. From five rams he sheared 884 pounds.

STAGGERS AMONG HOGS.—Take one teaspoonful of sweet oil (or any good oil) and half the quantity of spirits of turpentine. Mix and shake the oil and turpentine well together; then lay the hog down with the effected ear up and pour this mixture into his ear holding him in that situation a moment or two, until it gets well into the head. No further attention is necessary.

A devil fish has been caught at New Orleans. His chief characteristics are a length of twelve feet and a breadth of fourteen feet, and a mouth two feet wide.

Two gentlemen left Selma, Alabama, a few days since for San Francisco for a shipment of Chinese. They had orders for 500 laborers.

A young lady studying French and finding that "belle" meant "fine," told some one in a letter, that we had a great deal of "belle-weather" lately.

The mail carrier and escort of three soldiers were killed by Indians between La Pas and Prescott, Arizona, on the 17th. The Arizona papers appeal for more troops.

To lay off a square acre of land—measure 208 feet, 8 1/2 inches for each side of your square, and it will contain just an acre.

A German shoemaker who had undertaken to make a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, replied, when asked for the article: "Der boots is not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

A little girl named Katie Pitt has received a premium in Platte county, Mo., for committing to memory thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-seven verses of the Bible.

Chicago gambling houses clear three millions annually on faro alone. There are forty establishments.

Sacramento has doubled in population since 1865; it now contains 22,000 people. A system of levees has been completed, protecting it against future damage by floods; their aggregate length is twelve miles, and they cost over \$1,000,000.

Pine apples are being cultivated in the Peninsula of Florida with great success. They are larger than those grown in the West Indies, and fully equal to them in sweetness and flavor.

POETRY.

The Dutchman's Hen.

A Funny Story with a Serious Moral

Once with an honest Dutchman walking,
About his troubles he was talking—
The most of which seemed to arise
From friends and wife's perversities.
When he took breath, his pipe to fill,
That life was full of self-denials,
And every man had his own trials.
"Is not this will," he quick replied,
"But it's the won't, which I'm tried."
When people will, I'm always glad;
'Tis only when they won't, I'm mad!
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
Who laid a dozen eggs, and then,
Instead of sitting down to hatch,
Runs off into mine garden patch!
I give an catnip to my little chick,
And back into her nest I fling her;
And then I snatches on the head,
And tell her, "Sit there you old jade!"
But she won't, for all I say,
She's up again and runs away.
Then I was mad, as mad as fire,
For on the nest she thought I'd try her;
So after her I soon makes chase,
And brings her back to the old place,
And then I snaps her a great deal,
And does my best to make her feel
That she must do as she was bid;
But not a bit of it she did;
She was the most contrary bird
Of which I ever saw or heard.
Before I'd turned my back again,
Was running off that plaguey hen;
Thinks I, I'm now a used up man,
I'll adopt some other plan.
I'll fix her now for if I don't,
My will is conquered by her won't!
So then I goes and gets some blocks,
And with them makes a little box;
And takes some straw the very best,
And makes the nicest kind of nest;
Then in the nest the eggs I place;
And feel a smile upon my face.
As I thinks now at last I've got her;
For when I takes my pipe and smokes,
Consider I must have a lid,
So that she couldn't get away;
But in it till she hatched must stay;
And then again once more I chased her,
And catches, and in the box I placed her;
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead.
And then when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I claps the lid on;
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last;
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't!
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And when I takes my pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good,
That would'n't yields at length to 'woud'.
And now so oft I'd snapped the hen,
I takes some schnapps myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old critter
Was getting on where I had set her;
And when I takes my pipe and smokes,
(Give me more schnapps—and fill the cup!)
There she was sitting—standing up!
—*Kuickerbocker Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

A HEROIC GIRL.

On the border of Green Lake, in Minnesota, there lived a sturdy, white-haired frontiersman, named Walter Brown. He was one of those adventurous spirits ever to be found in the van of advancing civilization, always courting the free, wild air of the prairie, and rejoicing in the profound depths of uninhabited forests.
But the country became more and more thickly settled, and Walter Brown became uneasy. His wife had borne him a daughter, the third or fourth year of their residence at the head waters of the St. Croix, whom he called Leonora. She was a good girl, and the idol of her father. He purchased a rifle for her, when she was but twelve years old, and took the utmost pains in teaching her the use of it. She was brave and steady of nerve, and soon acquired wonderful skill as a shot, and the number of prairie chickens, partridges, wild water fowls, and other small game she managed to shoot every day was really large. Occasionally she would shoot a deer, and one eventful morning by a lucky shot into the brain through the eye, she killed a bear.
When she came home with the news, her father could hardly credit her. But knowing her perfectly truthful nature, he danced about the room for joy, and seizing the sturdy little maid, he mounted her upon his shoulders, and insisted upon carrying her all the way to where the body of the dead brute lay.
Thicker and thicker flowed the tide of emigration into Minnesota and Wisconsin, following the navigable rivers as a matter of course, and more and more uneasy and "crowded" felt Walter Brown. At length his wife died. Leonora was then sixteen and engaged to be married to a handsome young trapper by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.
The death of her mother had made it necessary to postpone the wedding, and in the interim old Walter decided to move into north-western Minnesota. Neighbors were getting too near, and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved and pre-empted a quarter section of land near Taylor's Falls, and did not wish either to abandon or sell it just then, he bade her an affectionate good-bye. Brown lived in Minnesota for three or four years in peace and quiet, finding good trapping and hunting grounds, when all at once young Watson arrived with Leonora. The old man had about determined to move no more, and had accordingly located and pre-empted several thousand acres of land about him, and learning from Watson that he had money enough to do likewise, proposed that he should go down to

St. Paul and buy land warrants with his money, and take up all the land he could "swing." He might then marry Leonora, and they two would go to work, and after building plenty of stables, etc., would get a good stock of cattle and sheep, and try and lead a pastoral life for the rest of their days.

To this proposition the young man heartily assented, and after returning from St. Paul, went bravely to work in the woods, felling trees for building purposes. It was first agreed that they should build a new hewed log house for the united family, as Watson had got up a small single room cabin. Then the wedding was to take place, and the two men should again resume their work.

While thus busily engaged the Sioux war broke out. It was the habit of Leonora to take her rifle out every morning and shoot prairie chickens for the table while her father and lover were hard at work on the new house. Watson had brought her as a present from St. Paul, a light and handsome revolving rifle of which she was immensely fond, and with which she became so expert that she could shoot a duck or prairie chicken on the wing with almost absolute certainty.

One morning as she was strolling around the lake, rifle in hand, she noticed three canoes full of Indians paddling carefully along the opposite side of the water, steadily and stealthily approaching the spot where her father and lover were at work. She did not immediately apprehend any tragedy, but in some unaccountable way she felt impelled to remain and watch their motions. She therefore concealed herself behind the top of a fallen tree, and observed their movements, which grew more and more suspicious.

There were two Indians in each canoe, and after pulling steadily to a point where a thick over hanging birch tree afforded concealment for their canoes, they disembarked, and crept carefully and noiselessly along until they were within a few feet of where the unsuspecting men were chopping. Suddenly, with a yell that made the forest ring, and which echoed and re-echoed along the broad still lake, they sprung upon their victims and bore them to the earth.

Leonora trembled with excitement and apprehension, expecting nothing less than to witness the horrible butchery of her father and lover at once. But this did not seem to be the purpose of the Indians, for, tying the arms of their captives behind them, they took to the canoes, where taking the young man into one and the old man into another, they shoved boldly out into the lake and paddled rapidly down to where the house stood. Leonora, divining their intent instantly.

"Ha!" she said to herself, "they design capturing me too. They deem that an easy job, perhaps," and her eyes flashed and her cheek flushed with anger. "See, there is a fourth canoe, which they no doubt suppose will carry me. This villainous work has been well calculated, but, ha! you had savages, you have mistaken your girl this time. Leonora Brown has been taught more things than to cook venison steak. Oh, dear, dear father, your Leonora will soon show you how bravely she can succor you, and how your instructing her the use of this rifle has saved you this day. And you too, darling Henry Watson, have won longer lease of your precious life by presenting me with this splendid revolving rifle. Six bullets for six ruffians! Miss one of them I ah! I should—there is my knife. No, Leonora, you must not miss one of them."

The girl now crept steadily through the underbrush up the bank to the prairie above. She knew that to reach the house the Indians would have to cross a broad flat field, where there was no shelter for their persons. She did not think they would hesitate to do this, because having taken the two men they would hardly expect any resistance from a single girl.

About thirty rods to the right stood a cattle yard erected by her father, and in the corner of the fence stood an immense elm tree. Inside of this yard climbed Leonora, and behind the big elm tree she concealed herself.

A few minutes more proved she was right in her conjecture. The Indians, after having tied stout raw hide thongs around the feet of their prisoners, laid them down in the bottom of their canoes, and strode gaily and laughingly along towards the house, without any attempt at concealment.

Leonora's heart grew hard as stone, and her nerves, which fluttered a little before, now grew as firm as steel. She had put fresh water-proof caps upon each nipple of her rifle, and putting the barrel on the rail of the fence, drew a sharp bead upon the foremost Indian; but as her finger curved to press the trigger, she heard what actually seemed to be a voice, whisper—

"Not yet, Leonora!"

She paused, and then, as if by inspiration, the thought flashed through her mind—

"Wait until they get nearer the house, and then shoot the hindmost one first."
She obeyed the impression and let them come on a few rods farther. Suddenly she thought came again—

"Now's your time."

Clipping her face to the rifle breech, she trained the death dealing tube steadily at the rear-most Indian for an instant and fired.

number dropped dead.

But they saw the smoke of the last shot and got a glimpse of the shooter. At once they comprehended their peril. They could not hide, and their only show was in running to the tree and tomahawking their presumptuous foe on the spot. Instantly sounding the war-whoop, they bounded forward, but with the notes half uttered another of their number leaped into the air and fell back to rise no more. Leonora had fired again.

The remaining three rushed on, but again the brave girl's rifle rang like the knell of doom, and a fourth savage fell to the ground.

The terror of the remaining two was now fearful to behold; they stopped short in their onward career, and uttering the most fearful screams, discharged their rifles at the tree in the wildest and most unavailing manner. But again the relentless rifle blazed, and one of the remaining two sank to the ground as the bullet went crashing through his brain.

Immediately the one left threw down his rifle and cried out—

"No shoot me! No shoot me! Me give up."

Leonora had drawn a bead on him, but now he seemed so perfectly in her power, that she lowered her rifle, and stepping from behind the tree, climbed the fence briskly and commenced approaching the savage.

The surprise and indignation of the Indian at the sight of the girl was intense, and forgetting his supplicating cry, he put his hand behind him and drew forth his tomahawk to throw at her.

Leonora's eye was as sharp as an eagle's. She saw the treacherous move, and just as the bright blade of the hatchet gleamed for the throw, she raised her rifle and shot the faithless scoundrel dead in his tracks.

With the speed of a deer she now bounded forward to the lake.

Henry Watson shouted—

"Glory hallelujah! I knew it was Leonora."

And the father cried for joy, as her little form appeared on the bluff, rifle in hand.

Quickly she descended to the canoes, and unbound the two men, who embraced her and cried over her in the most extravagant manner.

But they felt they had no time to lose, and hastily gearing up their teams, and loading up their valuables, they set out for Minneapolis, where they arrived safely, and where Leonora and Henry were immediately married.

Old Walter Brown and Henry Watson both did good service in the Indian battles which followed; and when the Indians were finally exterminated, they all went back to their old home on Green Lake, where they now live. They have one of the largest stock farms in the State and Leonora, though a happy wife and mother, clings to her beautiful revolving rifle, and uses occasionally uses it to keep herself in practice.

Power of Imagination.
A REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

My grandfather, a revolutionary soldier, was accustomed to relate the following among the incidents of his experience during the war:

It was during the famous Jersey campaign of 1777. Attached to the company to which he belonged was a private soldier, an inveterate fault-finder, sour, crabbed, perpetually disgruntled about something, but who, nevertheless, was never suspected of leaning toward the enemy, and had always done his duty as a good soldier of the Continental army.

On one occasion, a Lieutenant and a part of his company, including the subject of our story, were sent out on a scouting excursion, to watch the movements of a body of the enemy who were prowling in the vicinity. It was a very warm day, and the party, after a three hours' tramp, came in sight of the foe, who, being in greater numbers than was anticipated, compelled the Lieutenant and his men to use "the better part of valor" and prepare for a retreat.

On this "old Gouty," as he was called, lowered his musket, broke forth into a tirade against military duty in general and scouting parties in particular, and finished by declaring that he had done enough for one day, and was determined to remain where he was for the remainder of it. To the representation of his comrades that he would be captured by the enemy, he replied that such an event would be preferable to any further exertion, and stay he would and abide the result.

After exhausting argument and entreaty, the Lieutenant informed him that rather than suffer him to be taken by the British and give them the information they would seek concerning our forces, if he persisted in his determination to remain, he must shoot him in order to secure the general safety. The reply was: "Shoot and be hanged; I shall stay where I am."

On this hurried consultation was held by the officer with his men and it was resolved to experiment with him, and avoid, if possible, the sacrifice of his life. He was told to take a seat upon a log in the woods where they then were, and to avoid alarming the enemy by a general volley, a single soldier from behind was to send a bullet through his heart.

The announcement was received with a doleful resignation and an unaltered purpose. All being ready, the soldier detailed an executioner, at the word of command, fired a blank cartridge while by pre-arrangement a second simultaneously threw a small pebble smartly at the spot intended to be hit: "The man fell and groaned; and the Lieutenant approached, expressed his opinion that the wound was mortal, and his sorrow that his duty com-

elled him to the measure, bade him adieu, and then led his party to the rear, where they concealed themselves to watch the result.

The martyr to stubbornness lay for some time, uttering an occasional groan varied with maledictions upon the service, his fate, the red-coats and his comrades. His wrath toward the latter seemed to be kindled by the bungling manner in which they had performed their duty, leaving him to a lingering death instead of dispatching him at once.

At length with a dolorous exertion, he raised himself on his elbow and looked over and beneath his shoulder, as though to determine the nearness of his exit by the quantity of blood that had issued from his wounds. Apparently astonished at finding none, he next, with slow but seemingly less painful movements, commenced feeling behind his back for traces of the bullet hole. Unhappily with this, he raised himself to a sitting posture, and with much exertion took off his coat, and finding no perforation, the truth of the trick flashed upon him at once, when, seeing some stragglers of the enemy in the distance, he started up, seized his musket, and ran, as none had ever seen him do before, toward the American lines. He arrived long in advance of the Lieutenant and his party, who had never occasion thereafter to censure his baffled subordinate.

Kate Stuart.

A Miss Lewis, of Massachusetts, we believe, has recently achieved great and merited distinction by rescuing some unfortunate person from a watery grave; and the papers have generally paid their homage to her heroic action. Nor is this all. Our Northern brethren, being of practical turn of mind, have made her the recipient of many substantial tokens of appreciation in the shape of greenbacks, and jewels of gold and jewels of silver, so that her heroic action has been rewarded by praise and presents.

This was all very well. She deserved both, and we give her our applause very heartily; but at the same time there is a maiden in North Carolina who disputes the palm with her. Who is she? You never heard her name. Of course not, for she happened to be born on the wrong side of the Potomac. We answer our own question, and say that the heroine of whom we speak, is Miss Kate Stuart, of Smithville.

The other day she rescued the daughter of Captain Hunter, of the steamer Fairbanks, from drowning, by plunging in boldly and bringing her to land at the peril of her own life, and we put the case on record that her self-sacrifice may not go altogether unremembered.

That she is thoroughly deserving our praise is shown by such facts as these, that when the yellow fever and small pox prevailed in epidemic form at Smithville, she devoted herself like a second Florence Nightingale to the work of nursing the sick, while, after the disaster at Fisher, she devoted every moment to the consolation of our dying and the care of our wounded soldiers. To show, in short, how entirely unselfish this heroic woman was, we quote the Raleigh *Standard* as our authority for the statement that when our prisoners were removed to the North she gave them the "last dollar she had in the world."

To such a woman the words of praise are nothing. She has a still, small voice in her own bosom which speaks to her in tones of approval which are sweeter than all the fine phrases which Humane Societies could utter, and she feels in her heart she has laid up treasure in heaven by her modest and unobtrusive imitation of that Master whose life she has taken as her guide. Let the name of Kate Stuart be numbered among those who have been ornaments to their sex and country!

Rattlesnakes.

In an article on reptiles by a writer who claims to have much experience on the subject in the West, he says, speaking of the rattlesnake: "I have lived at different times upon the prairies both east and west of the Mississippi, upon the wild and barren region which skirts near the 'staked plains,' and the more fertile though equally desolate looking expanse which is covered with sage brush up to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. In all these places rattlesnakes were to be found, and sometimes in alarming numbers. On little smalt knolls or rounded boulders, as many as twenty, or even more, might be seen in the space of a few square feet, coiled up asleep, basking in the sun, but each with his tail-rattle left out, free to move at the first alarm, and warn the intruder of his danger. The rattlesnake is not a vicious snake; that is to say will not bite wantonly, like the cobra or the copperhead. It is pre-eminently a sluggish reptile—almost as sluggish as the puff adder or the most beautiful but terrible coral snake. When disturbed it does not move off, but simply rattles its tail to warn those coming near; and if the intrusion is persisted in, as it often is, will simply crawl slowly away, rattling all the time as a kind of menace that it must not be followed. This in some prairies where the grass is less luxuriant, always leads to its destruction. Without the aid of its rattle its soft, beautiful markings of black and yellow can always instantly be seen, and the reptile can be killed by a child with a switch. It cannot, however, be treated with the same indifference by the prairie hunter during the dark night, and where the grass is thick. Then, when the dry rattle is heard ahead—a sound which I can compare to nothing better than the rattle of peas in a tin box—an instant halt is called, and every one throws bits of stick, earth or stones in the direction of the sound, till the vermin is driven off and

goes rattling away, when, of course the party gives his locality a wide berth, and decamp from it. The great danger of rattlesnakes is, in fact, their sluggishness.—They sleep so sound and are so inert, that they will remain till actually trodden upon without any warning rattle, and then as a matter of course, they bite instantly, for even the best tempered snake does not like the heel of a heavy prairie settler on his tail."

Why Pork Shrinks in the Pot.

An "Old Farmer" gives in *The Homestead*, the various notions on this question, and closes with his own views on the subject, which we condense below for our readers.

Store hogs kept low in flesh in summer and autumn, and thin fully fed when shut up for fattening, will gain fast, appear to be doing well, and look well when dressed, but will weigh light, and *boiling* will prove the flesh to be *puffy*; the little cells of which the meat seems to be composed, are filled with gelatinous matter, which has not had time to become hard and firm—it is really soluble in boiling water, hence pork shrinks in the pot. The same kind of pork results from feeding hogs on mostly animal food, as at slaughter houses, and from irregular feeding, or from killing sows when in heat.

To produce pork that will not shrink in the pot, the writer says he first has a good breed; they are never allowed to fall off in condition from the start they get with their mother's milk; and never know stint nor want while alive. Early in autumn he takes them up in high order, and begins to fatten them, increasing their rations of grain till they are fat and ready to kill.—Then he feeds them one week more, and makes due preparations for butchering, which is done early in the day by good hands. When thoroughly cooked, cut up and salts down, (not allowing his pork to freeze,) using plenty of the best salt, and filling up the barrels with brine, and not with water, as some do. This method secures pork, white, firm, compact and almost as solid as marble, which when well cooked will be tender, juicy, melting and delicious, never shrinking in the pot.

Hymen in a Corn-Field.

A friend in Berke writes us that old Parson F. A. Dorsey, who lives near Gill-ber Church in that county, and who attends to pretty nearly all the church work of that parish, such as splicing the single, baptizing the babies, and burying the dead, was ploughing in his corn-field on the 19th ult., when he was stopped in one of the corn-rows by the approach of a couple who seemed to be in a great hurry about something. The pair turned out to be Mr. Jonathan M. Hines, aged thirty-nine years, and Miss Elizabeth Crawley, aged twenty, who intimated their desire to be married just as quick as our bacchic parson could do the delicate job.

"All right," said the parson, "I'll tie Dobbin to the fence, and then we'll go up to the house, and I'll do it up decently for you."

"No, no," replied the anxious avain, "we've no time to go to the house. You can say all you've got to say right here."

Accordingly the accommodating preacher called up a couple of lads, who were hoeing corn near by, to witness the hygienic scene, and proceeded to turn the horny twain into one, with all the solemnity of a bishop, concluding the ceremony with the remark: "That's all! now go back to your hoes, boys,—come round here, Dobbin, and get up!—Good bye, folks."

We have heard of marriages being solemnized in many strange places, but this is the first time we ever heard of one in a corn-field.—*Asheville (N. C.) News.*

An Awkward Mistake.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm and place it in his stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day that a man with a grinding organ and dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time the organ man entered the farm-house and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man a lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable all night, which he did. Now, the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it before morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the out-buildings.

Both got up, and taking a lantern entered the stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case and briefly mentioned the circumstances to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his theft, called out to the bear: "Hug him Tommy," which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the while.—After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

To Prevent Lamp Glasses BREAKING. To prevent lamp-glasses breaking by sudden contact with heat, the best way is to cut or scratch the base of the glass with a glazier's diamond. Another method is to put the glasses into a sauceman of water and boil them. This seasons them.