

**PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.**

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**THE JOURNAL.**

NEW BERN, N. C., JULY 11, 1885.

It is said that JUDGE FORAKER, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, will not be able to command the colored vote of that State.

It is now evident that the General Assembly assumed too big a job when it undertook to pension the disabled Confederate soldiers and the widows of those who lost their lives in the service.

Another mistake. The President can do wrong. President CLEVELAND has done wrong, or the Democrats in this country were guilty of a most outrageous slander when they charged that the votes of the States of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana were fraudulently cast for R. B. HAYS in 1876.

It should have been sufficient for President CLEVELAND to have known that E. F. NOYES was a Republican, when his name was presented for an appointment to any position under a Democratic administration.

Mr. NOYES has declined the position tendered him by the Democratic President, but the fact that it was offered him must be humiliating to the Democrats who so strongly condemned the great crime which robbed SAMUEL J. TILDEN

of the office to which the people had elected him, and placed R. B. HAYES in the White House.

Is there any excuse for such a blunder?—it cannot be termed less than a blunder. Perhaps there is. At the time NOYES was engaged in manipulating the electoral vote of Florida, GROVER CLEVELAND was hardly known outside of the city of Buffalo.

**FOR OUR LIVES.**

With few exceptions, the guides and scouts of Arizona are brave and upright, though rough; men whom you could not more hire, or persuade, to do a mean or cowardly act, than you could induce them to sell their favorite horse or ride.

During my sojourn in the Territory, a few years ago, I had occasion to employ one of these scouts, Dave White by name, on several occasions, and found him an invaluable companion.

One beautiful autumn morning, in the fall of 1874, Dave and myself started to ride from the rancho at Apache Pass to the overland mail station, on the San Cimon, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

Threading our way slowly down the vast canon of the Pass through the mountains, where huge rocks, hundreds of feet high, towered above us on either hand, their jutting, moss-grown sides filling the gorge with a strange, sombre gloom.

"Now look ahead, doctor," he said; "if yer afeared, we'll turn back; if not, we'll reach the San Cimon, unless old Skiro and Adelante fail me!"

After two or three miles of riding, we left the rocky fastnesses of the pass, and thence proceeded for six or eight miles further across the plain, where scarcely a mound or a bush breaks the dead level as far as the eye can see.

I saw Dave look anxiously at my horse. It was a large, powerful animal, possessed of endurance, but not much speed.

self well in yer saddle, doctor, lean a little forward, follow the motion of yer horse, and give him the spur!" Give him the spur I did; for I felt that our only safety depended upon the speed I could get out of the animal.

The wretches had uncommonly fine horses—the choicest of all those stolen and captured by them both in Arizona and northern Mexico.

On, on we rode. Dave's face was a study, as with compressed lips and flashing eyes, he watched every motion of my horse, as though his life, not mine, depended upon his exertions.

Before I realized what he was doing, Dave wheeled, and bringing Adelante up with a force that almost threw the animal upon its haunches, faced the Indians.

Not a word was spoken; the ring of our horses' hoofs on the gravelly plain and their quick, inborn breathing were the only sounds audible.

"How, will ye?" Dave exclaimed. He turned; and again I heard the report of the rifle; then once more Adelante was beside me.

"Hit the bone!" he ejaculated, with a groan of pain. The next moment another shaft buried itself deep in my horse's breast.

"We pulled up," wheeled, and, drawing our revolvers, fired—once, twice!

Wondering what it meant, we looked round just as the three station guards, with a ringing "huzza!" went past us at a gallop, in pursuit of the Apaches.

the bodies of their fallen comrades behind them.

We walked to the station, where Dave's arm was dressed and Adelante's hurts cared for.

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