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THE FAMILY STORY

...JOE BAKER'S GAL...

THAT was the way she was referred to in a general way—"Joe Baker's gal"—and there were plenty of soldiers, teamsters and others who did not know that her name was Mary. Joe Baker was a hunter, Indian fighter, scout, prospector and miner, and he had a cabin and a home up in the Three Buttes of Idaho, to the west of Fort Hall. Father and daughter were all alone—he a man of 50 and she a girl under 20. We at the fort knew him well, and we saw the girl quite often, but no one knew Joe Baker well enough to question him about the past. For reasons of his own he had taken up his abode beyond civilization, and though the life was wild and lonely and full of danger, the daughter seemed to prefer it.

A girl of about 18 when I knew her, slight, blue eyes, short, curly hair, a strong face, dressed for climbing, riding and walking, and one who commanded both admiration and respect the moment you laid eyes on her—she had a handshake for officer and private alike, and to us and all others who came that way she was a border queen. We said to each other that it was a strange thing for Joe Baker to make his home among the dangers of the mountains, miles and miles from the nearest settler, and to expose his daughter to the hardships, privations and perils of a frontier life, but no one questioned him or her, nor did either volunteer any explanations.

The cabin was in a bit of valley way up the East Butte, and was built mostly of stone and contained three rooms. There were days at a time, when Baker was prospecting or scouting, in which the girl must have been left entirely alone, but she rode, hunted and fished, and now and then was the guest of the colonel's wife at the fort for two or three days at a time. The woman may have found out more about the girl than I have told you, but if so the information did not cross the parade ground to the barracks.

For weeks the Indians of Idaho had been sulky and sullen and threatening. The force at Fort Hall had been increased by fifty men, all wagon trains were doubly guarded, and every soldier or citizen who understood Indian character felt that an outbreak was at hand.

One day, when Joe Baker was at the fort consulting with the colonel the latter advised him to abandon his home and take refuge among us. The old man realized the situation, but said he would wait and see. He hated contact with the world—even that infinitesimal portion represented by a hundred people at a frontier post—and the daughter knew no fear. We saw him two or three times a week, as he was then scouting among the Indians and bringing in reports, but we had not seen the girl for a month, when a sergeant's guard was dispatched to East Butte to cut and haul telegraph poles for the line which was to connect the fort with the outside world. There was danger that we might be cut off if an outbreak occurred, but there was also need of haste in completing the line.

That was our first glimpse of the cabin, as we went to our work on the mountain-side, and Mary stood at the door to shake hands all around and inquire after those who were absent. She anticipated an outbreak on the part of the Indians, but expressed no fear. Only the day before she had received a visit from three sullen warriors, who demanded food and seemed on the point of committing violence, but she ordered them away at the muzzle of her rifle, and had no thought of leaving the place until her father returned and advised the step.

Two miles east of the cabin we made our camp and began work, but the Indians were ready sooner than we had planned for. On the second night of our stay we were fired into at midnight and routed out of camp with the loss of two men killed. We were falling back in the direction of Baker's cabin when we were joined by Mary. In a rocky pass, crouched down behind boulders and being fired upon every moment by thirty Indians in our front, the girl told her story and assumed the command in place of the poor sergeant lying dead.

Indians to the number of a dozen had made a sudden rush upon the cabin just at sundown, but fortunately she caught sight of them in time to close the door. Then began a fight which lasted for an hour, during which she had killed two, and wounded another of their number. The redskins had at length drawn off, and the brave girl's first thought was of the soldiers on the mountain side. She hoped we had heard the firing and would come down

to investigate, and as midnight came without us she left her shelter and headed for our camp, knowing at any step she might run into a prowling Indian, but yet determined to warn and save us.

We were soldiers and by no means novices in Indian warfare, and yet none of us grumbled when she assumed the leadership and passed the word to slowly fall back on the cabin. The Indians pressed us every foot of the way, and but for the darkness of the night and the girl's familiarity with the lay of the ground, not one of us would have escaped. We were no sooner sheltered by the cabin than it was clear that we must stand a siege before the door could be opened again.

Baker's cabin, as I have told you, was a pretty substantial affair, its walls being of rock and its roof of dirt. Here and there were loopholes and the door was heavy enough to stop a bullet. In leaving the fort we had been provided with 100 pounds of ammunition per man. In our retreat from camp the four of us had brought off our carbines and cartridges. The girl was armed with a rifle, for which she had a bountiful supply of ammunition, and when we came to take stock we knew that we could hold out for a week, so far as having the means of defense. It was the question of food and water which made everyone look serious. There wasn't food enough to feed the five of us a square meal and not a drop of water inside the walls. The spring from which it was obtained, as wanted, was 200 feet away, and it would be running the gantlet of death to attempt to reach it.

"Well," said "Joe Baker's gal," when we had canvassed our situation and its chances, "we must put up with things as they are and do our best. The Indians have encircled the cabin and will be on the watch the rest of the night, but they will make no move until daylight comes. Let us sleep if we can."

She went to her room and the four of us lay down on the floor and napped until daylight came. The Indians counted on us as a sure prize and only needed to be vigilant, while night lasted, to see that we did not escape. There was but little firing during the last of the night, and none at all during the first hour of daylight. From the loopholes we saw the Indians moving about, however, and it was clear that they were all around us and in strong force.

In the larder there were about five pounds of flour and two or three pounds of bacon—nothing else. The outbreak might or might not be known at the fort. Even if it was, the colonel would hesitate before weakening his slender garrison to send a column to our relief. He would rather expect us to fight our way through or dodge about and come in singly as fugitives. There was no telling how long we should be cooped up to live on these scant rations, and by common consent we went without breakfast.

The Indians cooked their morning meal in a leisurely manner, and it was some time after sunrise before they made their first move. It was a band with "Chief Charlie" in command, and he knew Baker and the girl even better than we did. Baker had hunted with him and on one occasion had saved his life, and he called at the cabin on various occasions and had been hospitably received. He was, therefore, probably in earnest when he advanced alone and unarmed to within a few feet of the cabin and said to Mary:

"We are on the warpath against the whites and we mean to kill, kill, kill until all are dead or driven away. Your father saved my life, and an Indian never forgets. I do not want harm to come to you, and you shall take your horse and ride away to the fort in safety."

"But what about the soldiers?" she asked from one of the loopholes.

"They cannot go," he replied. "The soldiers are here to make war on us—to shoot us down—to make us obey orders we do not like. We have only hatred for them. I know how many there are in there—four. They have their guns and will fight, but we shall kill every one. Come out, and we will send you safely away."

"I shall remain here and help the soldiers to fight you!" answered the girl.

"Then you will be killed with them." The chief turned away and went back to his warriors and ten minutes later there was a circle of fire all about the cabin. The loopholes were the objects aimed at, and as every redskin was sheltered from our return fire by plugging the loopholes up and did not fire a shot in answer. It was noon be-

fore their fusillade ceased, and it was almost the last bullet which penetrated a loophole and struck one of the soldiers in the groin. In half an hour he was dead. From the minute he was hit until the death rattle came the girl sat beside him, holding his hand, but helpless to do anything.

We had scarcely removed the body when the Indians made a rush. There were now 100 of them. Some of them carried a log to batter in the door, some climbed upon the roof, some fought with us for possession of the loopholes. We fired up through the brush and dirt and through the loopholes, and at the end of ten minutes had beaten them off, but we had lost another man. A bullet had struck him in the heart and he had fallen without a groan. In return we could count five dead Indians outside and see three or four wounded crawling away.

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy, but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbine, to the nineteenth century, now closing. It will take only four more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is "The Dying Century." I discuss it at an hour when our national legislature is about to assemble, some of the members now here present and others soon to arrive from the North, South, East and West. All the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men, so that when on Dec. 7, at high noon, the gavel of Senate and House of Representatives shall lift and fall the destinies of this nation, and through it the destinies of all nations struggling to be free, will be put on solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable century and address it in the words of my text, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

We blazed away as fast as we could through the loopholes, but I am sure the cabin would have been carried but for a lucky shot which killed the chief. His fall created a panic, and just when the situation was most critical the attack was ceased. I did not know when they drew off.

The demons were on the roof and battering at the door and firing in upon us from some of the loopholes, when things suddenly turned dark about me, and when I recovered consciousness I felt a horrible pain in my side. A bullet had broken a rib and passed out behind the shoulder. Stretched dead on the floor was my comrade and sitting upon the floor weeping was "Joe Baker's gal." She had fought the last of the fight alone, and with three dead and a wounded man in the cabin it was no wonder her nerves had given way.

There was no more firing that night. Consumed by thirst and racked with pain, I remembered nothing except that Mary spoke hopeful and sympathetic words now and then, and that she had the guns distributed around so as to cover as many loopholes as possible in case of an attack.

When morning came the Indians asked for a parley, and offered to send her to the fort. I did not know it, being out of my head with fever. She scorned the offer and for three hours the cabin was under fire. A rush would have followed the fusillade, but as they were gathering for it a half troop of cavalry from the fort, headed by Joe Baker, came galloping to the rescue, and the Indians were routed.

It was ten days before I knew all about it. A great Indian war was upon the land, the girl had been sent hundreds of miles away for safety, and when peace came again she did not return. It is like a dream to me—three dead men—one grievously wounded—a white-faced girl moving about and making ready to fire a last shot—the crack of rifles and the fierce war-whoops—but I know that it was all real, and a humble private soldier whistlers:

"God bless 'Joe Baker's gal' wherever she may be!"—Pittsburg Post.

Could Afford New Ones.

"I want to look at some of your best paintings," said Mrs. Crewe Doyle to the art dealer, according to the New York World.

"Yes, madam," replied he. "You prefer landscapes, do you, or marines, or shall I show you both?"

"I'd rather have a picture of country life, I think, with cows and trees and things like that, you know."

"Yes, madam. This way please. Now here is a very fine work by Rembrandt."

The customer surveyed the work critically and then said:

"This picture looks like a second-hand painting. Isn't it?"

"Well," said the dealer in a somewhat surprised tone, "I suppose it might be termed second-hand, but I don't think I ever heard a Rembrandt called that before."

"Who is Rembrandt? Where can I find his studio?" she asked.

"He's one of the old masters, madam."

"H'm! Well, I don't want you to try to sell second-hand pictures to me, for I can afford to buy new ones. You may just tell Mr. Rembrandt to paint a picture especially for me and have it made twice the size of this, please."

This order so astonished the dealer that he allowed Mrs. Crewe to stalk out without putting down her name and address and now he doesn't know where to send the painting when Mr. Rembrandt gets it done.

It must be nice to be built like the grand daddy long legs, and have such long arms that one can reach anywhere to scratch.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON "THE DYING CENTURY."

The Marvels of the Nineteenth Century—The Money Power—Labor and Capital—The Great Deliverer of Nations—Vision of St. John.

Our Washington Pulpit.

Considering the time and place of its delivery, this sermon of Dr. Talmage is of absorbing and startling interest. It is not only national but international in its significance. His subject was "The Dying Century," and the text II. Kings, xx, 1, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

No alarm bell do I ring in the utterance of this text, for in the healthy glow of your countenances I find cause only for cheerful prophecy, but I shall apply the text as spoken in the ear of Hezekiah, down with a bad carbine, to the nineteenth century, now closing. It will take only four more long breaths, each year a breath, and the century will expire. My theme is "The Dying Century." I discuss it at an hour when our national legislature is about to assemble, some of the members now here present and others soon to arrive from the North, South, East and West. All the public conveyances coming this way will bring important additions of public men, so that when on Dec. 7, at high noon, the gavel of Senate and House of Representatives shall lift and fall the destinies of this nation, and through it the destinies of all nations struggling to be free, will be put on solemn and tremendous trial. Amid such intensifying circumstances I stand by the venerable century and address it in the words of my text, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

A Big Subject.

Eternity is too big a subject for us to understand. Some one has said it is a great clock that says "Tick" in one century and "Tack" in another. But we can better understand old time, who has many children—and they are the centuries—and many grandchildren—and they are the years. With the dying nineteenth century we shall this morning have a plain talk, telling him some of the good things he has done, and then telling him some of the things he ought to adjust before he quits this sphere and passes out to join the eternities. We generally wait until people are dead before we say much in praise of them. Funeral eulogium is generally very pathetic and eloquent with things that ought to have been said years before. We put on cold tombstones what we ought to have put in the warm cars of the living. We curse Charles Sumner while he is living and eulogize him into spiritual meagritude and wait until, in the year, he puts his hand on his heart and cries, "Oh!" and is gone, and then we make long processions in his honor. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain of the American Senate, accompanying; stopping long enough to allow the dead Senator to lie in State in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and halting at Boston State House, where not long before damatory resolutions had been passed in regard to him, and then move on, amid the tolling bells and the boom of minute guns, until we bury him at Mount Auburn and cover him with flowers five feet deep. What a pity he could not have been awake at his own funeral to hear the gratitude of the nation! What a pity that one green leaf could not have been taken from each one of the mortuary garlands and put upon his table while he was yet alive at the Arlington! What a pity that out of the great choirs who chanted at his obsequies one little girl dressed in white might not have sung to his living ear a complimentary solo! The post mortem expression contradicted the ante mortem. The nation could not have spoken the truth both times about Charles Sumner. Was it before or after his decease it lied?

No such injustice shall be inflicted upon this venerable nineteenth century. Before he goes we recite in his hearing some of the good things he has accomplished. What an addition to the world's intelligence he has made! Look at the old school house, with the snow sitting through the roof and the filthy tin cup hanging over the water pail in the corner, and the little victims on the long benches without backs, and the illiterate schoolmaster with his hickory gad, and then look at our modern palaces of free schools under men and women cultured and refined to the highest excellence, so that whereas in our childhood we had to be whipped to go to school, children now cry when they cannot go. Thank you, venerable century, while at the same time we thank God! What an addition to the world's inventions—within our century the cotton gin, the agricultural machines for planting, reaping and thrashing; the telegraph; the phonograph, capable of preserving a human voice from generation to generation; the typewriter, that rescues the world from worse and worse penmanship, and stenography, capturing from the lips of the swiftest speaker more than 200 words a minute! Never was I so amazed at the facilities of our time as when a few days ago I telegraphed from Washington to New York a long and elaborate manuscript, and a few minutes later, to show its accuracy, it was read to me through the long distance telephone, and it was exact down to the last semicolon and comma.

A Marvelous Age.

What hath God wrought! Oh, I am so glad I was not born sooner. For the tall candle the electric light. For the writhings of the surgeon's table God-given anaesthetics, and the whole physical organism explored by sharpest instrument, and giving not so much pain as the taking of a splinter from under a child's finger nail. For the lumbering stage coach the limited express train. And there is the spectroscope of Fraunhofer,

by which our modern scientist feels the pulse of other worlds throbbing with light. Jenner's arrest by inoculation of one of the world's worst plagues. Dr. Keeley's emancipation for inebriety. Intimation that the virus of maddened canine and cancer and consumption are yet to be balked by magnificent medical treatment. The eyesight of the doctor sharpened till he can look through thick flesh and find the hiding place of the bullet. What advancement in geology, or the catechism of the mountains; chemistry, or the catechism of the elements; astronomy, or the catechism of the stars; electrology, or the catechism of the lightnings. What advancement in music. At the beginning of this century, confining itself, so far as the great masses of the people were concerned, to a few airs drawn out on accordion or massaged on church bass viol, now enchantingly dropping from thousands of fingers in Handel's "Concerto in B Flat," or Gullmair's "Sonata in D Minor." Thanks to you, O century, before you die, for the asylums of mercy that you have founded—the blind seeing with their fingers, the deaf hearing by the motion of your lips, the born imbecile by skillful object lesson lifted to tolerable intelligence. Thanks to this century for the improved condition of most nations such a successful sweep across Europe at the beginning of the century was that most of the thrones of Europe were occupied either by imbeciles or profligates. But most of the thrones of Europe are to-day occupied by kings and queens competent. France a republic, Switzerland a republic, and about fifty free constitutions, I am told, in Europe. Twenty million serfs of Russia manumitted. On this Western continent I can call the roll of many republics—Mexico, Guatemala, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Honduras, New Granada, Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine Republic, Brazil. The once straggling village of Washington to which the United States Government moved, its entire baggage and equipment packed up in seven boxes, which got lost in the woods near this place, now the architectural glory of the continent and admiration of the world.

A Glorious Century.

The money power, so much denounced and often justly criticised, has covered this continent with universities and free libraries and asylums of mercy. The newspaper press, which at the beginning of the century was an ink roller, by hand moved over one sheet of paper at a time, has become the miraculous manufacturer of four or five or six hundred thousand sheets for one daily newspaper's issue. Within your memory, O dying century, has been the genesis of nearly all the great institutions evangelistic. At London tavern, March 7, 1802, British and Foreign Bible society was born. In 1816 American Bible Society was born. In 1824 American Sunday School Union was born. In 1810 American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has put its saving hand on every nation of the round earth, was born at a haystack in Massachusetts. The National Temperance Society, the Woman's Temperance Society and all the other temperance movements were born in this century. Africa, hidden to other centuries, by exploration in this century has been put at the feet of civilization to be occupied by commerce and Christianity. The Chinese wall, once an impassable barrier, now is a useless pile of stone and brick. Our American nation at the opening of this century only a slice of land along the Atlantic coast, now the whole continent in possession of our schools and churches and missionary stations. Sermons and religious intelligence which in other times, if noticed at all by the newspapers press, were allowed only a paragraph of three or four lines, now find the columns of the Arlington. In all the cities throughout the open, and every week for twenty-six years, without the omission of a single week, I have been permitted to preach one entire gospel sermon through the newspaper press. I thank God for this great opportunity. Glorious old century! You shall not be entombed until we have, face to face, extolled you. You were rocked in a rough cradle, and the inheritance you received was for the most part poverty and struggle and hardship, and poorly covered graves of heroes and heroines of whom the world had not been worthy, and atheism and military despotism, and the wreck of the French revolution. You inherited the influences that resulted in Aaron Ferris' treason, and another war with England, and battle of Lake Erie, and Indian savagery, and Lewis' Lane, and Dartmouth massacre, and disunion, bitter and wild beyond measurement, and African slavery, which was yet to cost a national hemorrhage of four awful years and a million precious lives.

Yes, dear old century, you had an awful start, and you have done more than well, considering your parentage and your early environment. It is a wonder you did not turn out to be the vagabond century of all time. You had a bad mother and a bad grandmother. Some of the preceding centuries were not fit to live in—their morals were so bad, their fashions were so outrageous, their ignorance was so dense, their inhumanity so terrific. Oh, dying nineteenth century, before you go we take this opportunity of telling you that you are the best and the mightiest of all the centuries of the Christian era except the first, which gave us the Christ, and you rival that century in the fact that you more than all the other centuries put together are giving the Christ to all the world.

Labor and Capital.

But my text suggests that there are some things that this century ought to do before he leaves us. "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." We ought not to let this century go before two or three things are set in order. For one thing this quarrel between labor and capital. The nineteenth century inherited it from the eighteenth century, but do not let this nineteenth century bequeath it to the twentieth. "What we want," says labor, "is not so much right is more strikes and more

vigorous work with torch and dynamite." "What we want," says capital, "is a tighter grip on the working classes and compulsion to take what wages we choose to pay, without reference to their needs." Both wrong as sin. Both defiant. Until the day of judgment no settlement of the quarrel if you leave it to British, Russian or American politics. The religion of Jesus Christ ought to come in within the next four years and take the hand of capital and employe and say: "You have tried everything else and failed. Now try the gospel of kindness." No more oppression and no more strikes. The gospel of Jesus Christ will sweeten this acerbity, or it will go on to the end of time, and the fires that burn the world will spill crackle in the ears of wrathful prosperity and indignant toil while their hands are still clutching at each other's throats. Before this century sighs its last breath I would that swarthy labor and easy opulence would come up and let the Carpenter of Nazareth join their hands in pledge of everlasting kindness and peace. When men and women are dying they are apt to divide among their children mementos, and one is given a watch, and another a vase, and another a picture, and another a robe. Let this veteran century before it dies hand over to the human race, with an impressiveness that shall last forever, that old family keepsake, the golden keepsake which nearly nineteen hundred years ago was handed down from the black rock of the mount of beatitudes. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you even so do to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

A Dying Century.

Tell us, O nineteenth century, before you lie in a score of sentences some of the things you have heard and seen. The veteran turns upon us and says: "I saw Thomas Jefferson riding in unattended from Monticello, only a few steps from where you stand, dismount from his horse and hitch the bridle to a post and on yonder hill take the oath of the presidential office. I saw yonder capitol ablaze with war's incendiarism. I saw the puff of the first steam engine in America. I heard the thunders of Waterloo, of Sevastopol and Sedan and Gettysburg. I was present at all the coronations of the kings and queens and emperors and empresses now in the world's palaces. I have seen two billows roll across this continent and from ocean to ocean—a billow of revival joy in 1857 and a billow of blood in 1864. I have seen four generations of the human race march across this world and disappear. I saw their cradles rocked and their graves dug. I have heard the wedding bells and the death knells of near a hundred years. I have clapped my hands for millions of joys and wrung them in millions of agonies. I saw Macready and Edwin Forrest act and Edward Payson pray. I heard the first chime of Longfellow's rhythms, and before any one else saw them I read the first line of Bancroft's history and the first verse of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and the first word of Victor Hugo's almost supernatural romance. I heard the music of all the grand marches and the lament of all the requiems that for high ten decades made the cathedral windows shake. I have seen more moral and spiritual victories than all of my predecessors put together. For all you who hear or read this valedictory I have kindled all the domestic firesides by which you ever sat and roused all the pictured sunsets and starry banners of the midnight heavens that you have ever gazed at. But ere I go take this admonition and benediction of a dying century. The longest life, like mine, must close. Opportunities gone never come back, as I could prove from a high a hundred years of observation. The eternity that will soon take me will soon take you. The wicked live not out half their days, as I have seen in 10,000 instances.

The only influence for making the world happy is an influence that I, the nineteenth century, inherited from the first century of the Christian era—the Christ of all the centuries. Be not deceived by the fact that I have lived so long, for a century is a large wheel that turns 100 smaller wheels, which are the years, and each one of those years turns 365 smaller wheels, which are the days, and each of those 365 days turns 24 smaller wheels, which are the hours, and each one of those 24 hours turns 60 smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and those 60 minutes turn still smaller wheels, which are the seconds. And all of this vast machinery is in perpetual motion and pushes us on, and on toward the great eternity whose doors will, at 12 o'clock of the winter night between the year 1900 and the year 1901 open before me, the dying century. I quote from the three inscriptions over the three doors of the cathedral of Milan. Over one door, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, I read, "All that which pleases us is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, I read, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." But over the central door I read, "That only is important which is eternal." O eternity, eternity, eternity!

My hearers, as the nineteenth century was born while the face of this nation was yet wet with tears because the fatal horseback ride that Washington took over here at Mount Vernon through a December snowstorm, I wish the next century might be born at a time when the face of this nation shall be wet with the tears of the literal or spiritual arrival of the Great Deliverer of Nations, of whom St. John wrote with apocalyptic pen, "And I saw, and behold a white horse! And he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

Calcutta, India, is a great educational center, one of the greatest in the world. It has twenty colleges, with three thousand students, and forty high schools, with two thousand students. In the city there are altogether about fifty-five thousand English-speaking and non-Christian natives.