LAMANCE (H

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1889.

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Suppose the came about.

A purty of citizens from Santa Fe had come out to Fort Bascom for a hunt along the Canadian river to the east. They were all well known men, and were outlitted in the finest style, having the best of firearms, and being accompanied by four hunters and guides of long experience. The Indiana were bitterly hostile at this time, and although scholar style having its shelter. This party numbered twenty, all told, and was strong enough to go anywhere, providing it was well handled. It left the post one Sunday morning, and was gone three weeks, and, up to two days before reaching the post, all went well. Then a Dr. Albertson, of Albuquerque, tarried behind one morning as the party broke camp, and three Comanches dashed in on their ponies and out him off. They mounted him on his own horse and had a start of

Comanches dashed in on their ponies and out him off. They mounted him on his own horse and had a start of half a mile before the mishap was discovered, and, although pursuit was made, it was useless. The doctor was a man of prominence, holding some position under the government, and having many friends, and the party no scooner reached the post than it was determined to make every effort to sehaving many friends, and the party no scener reached the post than it was determined to make every effort to secure his release. It was idle to think of sending out an armed force, and it was finally decided that I should go out as an emissary to treat for his ransom. It was agreed that I could promise the Indians as high as \$10,000 in cash for his release, and all were hopeful that this large sum would induce the redskins to give him up. I had been told time and again that the Comanches had never been known to give up a prisoner, and I was therefore in a state of doubt as I rode away on my errand. I had got to put myself in their hands in order to negotiate, and if they refused to give up the doctor it was probable that they would hang on to me.

tor it was probable that they would hang on to me.

It rods away to the east, knowing that the prisoner had been conveyed to some camp in the Wichita range. I left the post in the morning and rode hard all day without sighting an Indian. At dark I went into camp, and had no alarm during the night, and at sun rise was again holding for the mountains. At about 11 o'clock, while raing over broken ground, I caught sight of an Indian taking cover, and halting my horse I made the paner sight with my blanket. Ten minutes later I was surrounded by a losen warriors, who were evidently astonished at my foolhardiness. I could speak their lingo fairly well, and told them what I had come for, and asked to be taken to the nearest that the content of the present asked to be taken to the nearest autility comng on to me.

hours I found myself in the little village of Red Moon, chief of all the
Comanches. The village was scattered
along the river for a utile or more,
and numbered at least a thousand
whoops and yells and other tokens of
assissaction, and even when it was
become that I had voluntarily come
into camp on an errand of mercy it
was hard to restrain some of the

young bucks from doing me injury. I was taken directly to Red Moon's tent, and my reception there was anything but noble in speech and look. He was dirty, unkempt and out of sorts, and I had no sooner set eyes on him than I knew my mission would be a failure.

pay for the deeter, and tried to make him understand how many guns and blankets and other things the amount would purchase, but he grew more and more excited, and finally shouted:

"Does the white man regard the Comanches as squaws that their heads can be turned by soft talk! Only the dog Indian begs for meroy from a foe or takes presents from an enemy. Were you to offer all you had I would not give him up. He shall die. I have said it!"

Finding him so obstinate and determined, I mentioned that I had come alone and put myself in his power, trusting to his honor to be permitted to return in safety.

"Did I ask you to come?" he thundred. Are you not here to insult me! You shall see the other prisoner die, and then you shall suffer the same fate!"

and then you shall suffer the same fate!"

I began to protest, but was hurried away to a lodge, disarmed, searched and very roughly used. Before being left alone my hands and feet were tied, and the buck who did this gave me a good day in the shape of a slap in the face that made my teeth rattle. I was left alone until just at dark, when a boy brought me a gourd of water, and held it to my lips while I drank. I thanked him and inquired where the doctor was. He replied that he was confined in a lodge about two hundred feet away, and that he would be put to the torture the next day. All the tribs within call had been notified to be present. I asked him about my own fate, and he said it was understood that I was to die the day after. If there was any doubt about this it was soon dispelled. The boy had scarcely disappeared when old Red Moon appeared. He was now fully dressed as a chief, and had on all his dignity. I was lying on my back, and he stood over me for a moment, glowering down upon me with savage expression before he said.

he stood over me for a moment, glow-ering down upon me with savage ex-pression before he said:

"Does the white man think the Co-manche a dog that he can come into his village and insult him?"

"On the contrary the white man knows the Comanche to be brave," I replied, "and no chief is greater braver than Red Moon."

"But you come to buys us off." "The white man captured by your brave warriors is neither a soldier, brave warriors is neither a soldier, hunter nor scout. He is a man of peace, living far away. He has never narmed you. He is a great medicine man among his people. For these reasons his friends hoped the great chief would spare his tife. We wished to make you a present."

"White dog, you had shouted the chief. "You wish to get us in a trap!"

I argued and protested, and again appealed to his konor in my own case. It heard me through, and then gave me several hearty kicks in the side,

"You shall die! You were a fool to The kicks made me mad, and feeling that I had no hope of release I opened on Red Moon in the choicest Billingsgate of the west. I called him a coward, poltroon, squaw, buzzard, and everything else mean I could think of. I offered to fight him in any way he wanted, and boasted that I had on one occasion charged five of his bravest warriors and killed two and run the others into the woods gave it to him straight from the shoulder for ten minutes without a break, and he did not interrupt me by word or gesture. When I finally paused for want of breath he said:

"The white man is not a dog, as I thought for. He is a brave man. He will not cry and beg for his life when the fire is lighted at his feet. My young men shall let it be known at the fort that he died without being a woman."

the fort that he died without being a woman."

"And that's more than you can say for any of your warriors!" I flung back at him. "The Comanche whines like a dog when he is hurt. He cannot stand fire. When his feet get a little warm he becomes a child."

He pulled his knife from his belt, thinking to end my life then and there, but on second thought he replaced it and walked out. Directly he had gone two warriors came in with a

placed it and walked out. Directly he had gone two warriors came in with a liberal supply of food, and my arms were untied and I was given a chance to eat. They appeared good natured, and as the thongs were being replaced one of them said:

"The white man is very brave. He will hold out a long time."

At least two guards were placed outside my tent, and knowing that I had no show for escape, I made myself as comfortable as possible and soon fell asieep. It may be thought curious that a person could sleep soundly under such circumstances, but as a matter of fact I did not open my eyes until long after daylight. There was conin. Arms and legs were now united, and one of the three bucks who came into the tent informed me that preparations were being made to torture the doctor. It was an hour later before I was sent for. Then my arms were left free and my legs were hobbled just below the knees. While I could walk it was only with short teeps, and the idea of my teying to

but noble in speech and look. He was dirty, unkempt and out of sorts, and I had no sooner set eyes on him than I knew my mission would be a failure.

"Why does the dog of a white man come to my camp!" was his salutation.

"Four days ago some of your warriors captured a white hunter a sun's journey to the west," I replied.

"They did; and to-morrow he shall die!"

"I have come from his friends to buy his liberty. They will give Red Moon more silver than he ever had before."

"I spit upon the white man's money!" he replied. "The white man's money!" he replied. "The white man's has killed my young men, built his forts on my land, and would drive us saway if he was strong enough. I would not lake, foed from his hand if I were starving!"

I named the price which, we would pay for the dector, and tried to make him understand how many guns and blankets and other things the amount would purchase, but he grew more and more excited, and shally shoused:

"Does the white man regard the Comanches as squaws that their heads can be turned by soft talk! Only the dog ludian begs for mercy from a fee or takes presents from an enemy. Were you to offer all you had I would not give him up. He shall die, I have send it!"

As we talked I had been getting the

was ready.

As we talked I had been getting the lay of the village. It was only a quarter of a mile back to the broken ground, and not over a half mile to the foothills. I had made up my mind to make a break for liberty, and I had my plans all laid before the doctor started. Red Moon commanded me to down the lane and back, and that if he made a good run he would not be he made a good run he would not be much hurt. I gave him the information, and advised him to make his break about two-thirds of the way down, as he came to the last of the warriors. When I stepped back my elbows touched a guard on either side and I saw that they were deeply interested in the scene before them. When I dropped my left hand down it was close to the hilt of the warrior's knife, and then I was as ready as I could be. The doctor was a powerful big fellow and was entirely naked. He was to start at the report of a rifle fired in the air, and when the signal He was to start at the report of a rifle fired in the air, and when the signal came he bounded away like a deer. The lines closed up and every one tried to strike at him, but the climax came when he made his bolt. With a leap to one side he seized a tomahawk, and at that moment I got hold of the knife without being detected. A great cry arose and one of my guards started forward. I bent down and cut my though at a single sweep, and my thongs at a single sweep, and then, by a back hand blow, drove the knife so far into the body of the other guard, who had given me no attention, that it was wrenched from my grasp as he fell. Then I bounded away down the river, and I believe I had a start of twenty rods before pursuit began.

It is not braggadocio to assert that in those days I had the speed and bottom of a thoroughbred. I hadn't the least fear of being overtaken after I got that start by any one on foot, and as I at once made for the broken ground their nonies had no advantage I had so once made for the broken ground their ponies had no advantage. I looked back only once, and that was as I got clear of the village. At least lifty indians were pursuing me on foot, and a few minutes later a score of others had mounted. The pursuers were so strung out that no one dared shoot, and when I got settled down to the pace I ran for my life. In five or six minutes I was in the foothills, and in ten I had gained the sheeter of the ten I had gained the shelter of the scrub pine. At that moment twenty rifles turned loose on me, but none of rifles turned loose on me, but none of the bullets came near enough to make me dodge, and I contrived to put in my best licks. They followed me for about four miles, losing groundall the time, and then drew off to return to the doctor. It was five days before I got back to the fort, my elothes in tatters, and my strength almost gone, and it was two years before I learned the particulars of the doctor's fate. He made a gullant light when he got possession of the tomahawk, killing a warrior and a boy and wounding anwarrior and a boy and wounding an-other warrior and an old man, but he was overpowered and disarmed, and then the devils glutted their vengeance. Some idea of his sufferings can be im-agined from the fact that he was under some sort of torture for three days and nights, and there was life still left in him when he was given up to the fangs of the village dogs. The Comanche who gave me the particulars was then "a ward of the government," drawing his rations, ammunition and blankets from the very men whose scalps he had hungered for, and he could not be punished. He identified himself as the warrior who was guarding me on the right when I made my break, and for his earelessness on that occasion the chief stripped him of all his wordly possessions and gave the goods to the widow of the warrior I had slain.—New York Sun. some sort of torture for three days and

Petroleum, which has been used for some time in connection with raising steam, is now rapidly coming into vogue for heating, melting and the working of metals. For these purposes some other medium besides steam must be resorted to for breaking up the oil, and after devices without number have been Iried, the use of air under more or less pressure remains the most satisfactory. By this means wagon tires one-half to one and a half inches are wekled in one minute, and car axles, which with coal required one hour and a quarter to heat, are heated in thirty-five minutes. At one furnace alone the saving by the use of oil is said to be \$10.40 per day, and another company puts its saving in

"To look at this horse coming here," said Maj. Gardner, pointing to an ordinary, everyday looking bay horse that a man was driving toward the Fairchild house, "you wouldn't think he had any points out of the usual run of horses, but if you happened to be driving him and should come to a hill in the road, especially a steep hill, that horse would undoubtedly surprise you. He is one of a breed of horses that is known nowhere except along Keuka lake. The origin of the breed was queer. Down the lake about twelve miles is Bluff Point. It rises 800 feet high on the west shore, and is as steep as the roof of a house. There are farms on its summit and vineyards on its slopes. A man that owns a farm on top of the Point had a mare pasturing there years ago. She fed along the brow of the hill, and when she got to the very highest and steepest point she commenced to altde, and she kept on sliding, and she never stopped till she had slid feet first clear to the bottom of the hill and brought up on the edge of the lake.

"Folks that saw the mare shooting"

*Folks that saw the mare shooting "Folks that saw the mare shooting down that great escarpment like a falling star thought, of course, that when she stopped, if she ever did, she would be of no further service except as meat for eats or ready bait for bullheads. But when her owner had worked his way down by an easier route and rowed up along the lake to the spot where he expected to shovel up the remains of the tobogganing mare, his surprise was greater than his joy, for he had tried to sell her for twenty shiftings alive, and coulduit, and had hoped to get twice that for her dead, and there she was, after n't, and had hoped to get twice that for her dead, and there she was, after her 800 foot slide, browsing on the overhanging bushes along the lake with appetite unimpaired and skin unbroken. The only thing her owner could do decently was to take her around the bottom of the hill and lead her back to her parties.

her back to her pasture.
"A few months after that the mare's owner found a colt at her side one morning, and a nice and lively one it was. The colt grew to be a horse that its owner was proud of, but the first time he drove him after breaking him to harness he noticed an extraordinary thing about him. The first hill he thing about him. The first hill be came to, which was a very steep one, the horse stuck his fore feet out and just slid to the bottom like a streak, and then went on like any ordinary horse. He repeated this at every hill. It was simply a hereditary slide, a prenatal impression from his mother's remarkable performance on Bluff Point. That slide was just the thing for the short, almost perpendicular hills that are a peculiar feature of the roads that run along Keuka lake. Teamsters dreaded to go down those hills with loads, for few horses were sure footed loads, for few horses were sure footed enough to do it safely. The slide that this horse developed made the descent not only safe, but quick, if it could reproduced in a strain of stock. It was, and the slider stock of horses had the call every time along Keuka lake for years, and advanced the interest of the region almost as much as a double track railroad.

the region almost as much as a double track railroad.

"But an event happened a few years ago that ruined the strain. Bricout, the champagne man, up here in Hammondsport Glen, had an old one eyed mare that wasn't used much except for breeding purposes. She had the run of the Bricout place, and one day wandered to the top of one side of the glen, and the first thing she knew she fell and went rolling over and over glen, and the first thing she knew she fell and went rolling over and over down the face of the glen, and kept on rolling until she came to a shelving rock 200 feet below where she started, and half way to the bottom of the glen. They got the old mare down from her perch by ropes and things, and there wasn't a spot on her that needed any salve or cointment. She had a colt after a time, and from the way he looked folks thought he would be a credit to the slider stock, for his dam and his sire were way back sliders from the old hoss. But the first time he was driven he disappointed the community. When he came to his first hill—and it was a dandy—instead of doing a slick and thoroughto his first hill—and it was a dandy—instead of doing a slick and thorough-bred slide, he simply tumbled over in the road and went rolling down the hill like a log on a rollway. Rolling horses were worse than useless, of course, and in spite of everything the slider stock got corrupted with the roller, and today you can't find a thoroughred slider, except now and then an old one like the bay yonder. The stock is played out. But 200 feet down the face of a glen! That was a wonderful roll for a one eyed mare, even if it did break up a good strain of blood, wasn't it?

"It was," said I. "I suppose if the mare had had two eyes she'd have rolled 400 feet."

rolled 400 feet."
"Sure!" said the major.—Hammondsport (N. Y.) Cor. New York

Degeneration in the Black Republic.

The situation of Hayti gives fresh point to the old saying that no people fit for freedom can be enslaved. In every material and in every moral respect it must now be freely admitted that Hayti is worse off than it was a hundred years ago, when the ancestors of the wretched negroes who now do nothing or worse were kept at work producing something of more value to mankind than they produce when left to themselves. Their enfranchisement was effected mainly by the spread of the ideas of the French revolution. Liberty, equality and fraternity were held to be the rights of the human species, without distinction of character or culture. The effect of applying these principles to Hayti has been the expussion, except from the trading ports, where they are as much aliens as Europeans in Hong Kong—not only of all the men who could constrain the negroes to improve, but of all who could teach them to improve—and the degeneration has been rapid and complete, and ill, as we see, Hayti has little more vestiges of civilization left than if it were an unexplored part of equatorial Africa,—New York Times.

temporary. Them are great merchants as there are great statesmen, and there are small merchants as there are small politicians, and the difference between the great and the small men is very much the same in both professions. The small politician works by the day, and sees only the one small opportunity before him; the small merchant does the same thing—he is looking for the bext dollar. The statesman, on the other hand, is master of the situation secause he understands the general principles which country events; this knowledge enables him to deal with large questions and to shape the future.

The great merchant does the same thing. The tiuslaces is not a mere malter of barter, but a science and an art. He studies the general hims of trade, watches the general hims of the country, investigates present needs, foresees future wants, and adapts his business to the broad conditions of his time and place. He puts as much brains into his work as does the statesman, and he ends by being, not a money getter, but a large minded and capable man.

An eminently successful man of

money getter, but a large minded and capable man.

An eminently successful man of the statesmanlike quality said the other that the more he understood of life, the more clearly he saw that it was all done on business principles. By which he meant, not only that the universe stands for the dollar, but that the universe is governed by unvarying laws; that promptness, exact ness, thoroughness and honesty are wrought into its very fiber. It ought to be the ambition of every young man to treat his business from the point of view of the statesman, and not from that of the politician.—Cloak not from that of the politician. - Cloak and Suit Review.

Jack, the Photographer.

There is an amateur photographic crank here in Boston who has developed a morbid passion for a most unusual pastine. If his identity were ascertained—up to date it is a mystery—he would be apt to suffer from various kicks and other unpleasant things, inflicted by persons who have undergone annoyance at his hands.

The Charles river at this season of the year is a favorite trysting place

The Charles river at this season of the year is a favorite trysting place for aquatically disposed lovers, who travel about on the calm water after sundown, and spoon and spoon until the fishes come up to the surface and gasp for breath. Naturally the dark of the moon is considered the most appropriate time for these amatory pursuits, and it is at such lunar obscuration that the above photo-

amatory pursuits, and it is at such lunar obscuration that the above photographer comes to the front.

Armed with a camera, he paddles a light canoe about over the still surface, until he finds himself unperceived in the neighborhood of some small craft, the suspicious immobility of which betrays Cupid at the helm. Then, without making the slightest noise, he trains his instrument upon the precursions victims aprings a literature.

Then, without making the slightest noise, he trains his instrument upon the unconscions victims, springs a little magnesium dash light, and jerks simultaneously a string that exposes dry plate for a fraction of a second. This at any rate is supposed to be his method, though the astonishing swiftness with which he skips away down stream after performing in operation of that sort has thus far precluded all possibility of investigation.

The outrage has been perpetrated so many times that the owner of the cance must now have quite a gallery of lovers affoat, all ready for exhibition at so much a head to the thousands of curious people who would undoubtedly be willing to pay liberally for a view of the collection. And meanwhile it appears that engaged or "courting" couples who go out in boats to spoon upon the Charles are rapidly becoming fower, owing to the fear of being "took" unawares by this scamp with the magnesium light.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Hago's Unsuccessful Play.

"Amy Robsart" is, an imitation, or rather an adaptation, of Walter Scott, which served as the writer's debut on the stage. He never printed this piece, and the manuscript was supposed to be lost. When anybody spoke to him about it, he used to say, evidently in good faith, "I fancy I burned it." It was found at Guernsey under a pile of other old papers.

When it was produced at the Odeon, Victor Hugo borrowed for the occasion the name of his brother-in-law, Paul Foucher, the future playwright, then a schoolboy, I imagine, who sat on the same bench with Alfred de Musset. The first evening the piece was hissed, and the name, then unknown, of Paul Foucher excited opposition. On the morrow Victor Hugo Hugo's Unsuccessful Play.

known, of Paul Feucher excited opposition. On the morrow Victor Hugo
wrote to The Débats à very manily letter, in which he said; "In face of the
reception accorded to Amy Robsart I
feel it incumbent on me to declare
that all the passages hissed yesterday
are of my writing," This is exactly
the answer he made Harel, the manager, on the first night. "But, M. Victor Hugo, the audience are hissing,"
"Well, be it so; that proves the piece
to be mine." This was frank and decided.

cided.

I doubt if any manager will think nowadays of mounting this imitation of Walter Scott even if it be Hugo's as the author declared. Still, the place is interesting, and the volume smould be read. It is a bit of literature appearing in the heyday of an industrial and scientific exhibition. It is well

mais put together. That may not grammar, but it's facts."-New You

I don't pretend to say that clusions warrant, the asser we of the worldly class do our way to make the world reason of our presence, but scientifically prepared to say contributions to the needy vilenge favorable comparison. Who have breasted the wave day life, who are deep wishadow today and smiling in shine to-morrow, fail to cheart rich in all the impulsionant sympathy and benevoles it is with no intention to careflections upon a pretentic

reflections upon a pretenti by relating a recent incident. A comparatively young good family and liaving the to a company of three or for with the result that they chip effough to send him to his old and they did not ask any note amount advanced, with usurio

amount advanced, who terest, either.

I received a check for the amount few days ago, and it may not be inspropriate to state that his father i discontinued all, business relativith the man to whom his son appropriate to the means the for assistance, which means the of several thousands a year.—St. I did Globe-Democrat.

the horse at your own price," said Mr. Connerton. "He is gentle and will do most anything."

trick animal, trained by John Conner ton.
Lobenstein took the horse, score

Lobenstein took the horse, scorned to pay less than \$10 for him, and started out peddling. His cheeks were aglow with business success, and he had a large barrel of cream in his wagon. Connerton fellowed him around at a convenient distance, and waited until the young man got opposite. Connerton's residence, on A street, on the lower side of which place there is an embankment of about fifty feet. Then John gave a peculiar whistle from B street opposite. The horse pricked up his cars, kicked off the dashboard, and started down the embankment, with driver, wagon and all. bankment, with driver, wagon and all rolling after him. The cream was all spilled and the opposition swept from the face of the town. A crowd of children licked up the cream from the

Later in the day Lobenstein, leading his horse, was hunting for Connerton, to whom he disposed of the animal for \$5.—Virginia City Enterprise.

Fifty-even Galuens for a Pack of Cards.

Fifty-even guiness is not a bad price for a pack of ends, and it was given by a dealer at a sale held in Birmingham. The pack is stated to be the only one of its kind in the world. Every card is specially engraved, and the pack comprises an exhaustive pictorial history of the principal events in the reign of Queen Anne down to 1706. They include the victories of Marlborough, the sea lights of Admiral Benbow, all the various che connected with the parliamer connected with the parliamentary proceedings of the day, and the conclusion of the treaties between England and France and Spain. The queen of hearts is a very well drawn picture of Queen Anne herself, and the king of hearts represents Prince George of Denmark, her husband. The queen of diamonds is Annie Sophia, queen of Lumark; the queen of clubs is the painens royal of Prusia, and the queen of spades is the Princes Anne of Russia. The knaves were represented by leading politicians of the day. This curious pack was the occasion of much spirited bidding between the gentlemen who held commissions for the purchase. Had they gone to these the local art gallery would have eventually received them. As it is, their destantions is thropshire.—Pall Mall Gazette. -Pall Mall Garatta

look as if the day wh