

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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POET AND KING.

Though I am king I have no throne
Save this rough wooden siege alone;
I have no empire, yet my sway
Extends a myriads leagues away!
No servile vassal bends his knee
In grovelling reverence to me—
Yet, at my word, all hearts beat high
And there is gladness in every eye.
And love and gratitude they bring
As tribute unto me, a king!

The folks that throng the busy street
Know not I am a king they meet,
And I am glad there is not seen
The monarch in my face and mien;
I should not choose to be the cause
Of fawning or of courtly applause—
I am content to know the arts
Wherewith to lord it over their hearts;
For, when unto their hearts I sing,
I am a king, I am a king!

My scepter—see, it is a pen!
Wherewith I rule these hearts of men;
Sometimes it pleases to beguile
Its monarch fancy with a smile—
Sometimes it is a staff for tears
And no downy laurels years
Disown my scepter and my crown—
Alas, it is a magic thing
That makes me what I am—a king!

Let empire vanish as they may,
Frontrally I hold imperial sway!
The sunshine and the rain of years
Are human smiles and human tears
That come or vanish at my will—
I am the monarch of them all!
Mindful of those that are to die—
The songs I sing shall never die—
Not even envious death can wring
His glory from me, great a king!

Come, brother, be a king with me
And rule mankind eternally;
Lift up the weak and cheer the strong,
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!
You'll find no scepter like the pen
To hold and sway the hearts of men;
Its shafts flow in blood and tears
That will outlast the flood of years—
So, brother, sing the songs, oh, sing,
And be with me a king—a king!

Captured by Comanches.

I had been scouting from Fort Bascom, on the Canadian River, and carrying dispatches between that point and Fort Stanton, on the Rio Pecos, for six months, before the Comanches called the turn on me. It is agreed that an Apache is a fiend incarnate, but in the old days there wasn't much choice between the tribes. All were bloodthirsty and relentless, and it mattered little into whose hands a prisoner might fall. Every torture which ingenuity could suggest was certain to be applied, and no ransom, however great, could effect the release of a prisoner. It was while engaged in such an effort that my first capture came about.

A party of citizens from Santa Fe had come out Fort Bascom for a hunt along the Canadian River to the east. They were all well-known men, and were outfitted in the finest style, having the best of firearms, and being accompanied by four hunters and guides of long experience. The Indians were bitterly hostile at this time, and although seldom seen near the fort, they were ever on the watch for any one leaving 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. Albrecht, of Albuquerque, tarried behind one morning as the party broke camp, and three Comanches dashed in and cut 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 pronounced holding some position under the Government, and having many friends, and the party no sooner reached

the post than it was determined to make every effort to secure his release. It was held to be of sending out an armed force, and it was finally decided that I should go on as an emissary to treat for his ransom. It was agreed that I should promise the Indians as high as \$10,000 in cash for his release, and all were hopeful that this large sum would induce the raskins to give him up. I had been told time and again that the Comanches had never been known to give 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.

I rode 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 sunrise was again hold-

ing for the mountains. At about 11 o'clock, while riding over broken ground, I caught sight of an Indian taking cover, and halting my horse I made the peace signs with my blanket. Ten minutes later I was surrounded by a dozen warriors, who were evidently astonished at my foolhardiness, I could speak their lingo fairly well, and I told them what I had come for, and asked to be taken to the nearest village. This request was sulkily complied with, and at the end of two hours I found myself in the village of Red Moon, Chief of all the Comanches. The village was scattered along the river for a mile or more, and numbered at least a thousand souls. My advent was hailed with whoops and yells and other tokens of satisfaction, and even when it was known 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 cordial. He 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.

"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 out 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 retorted. "The white man has killed my young men, built his forts on my land, and would drive us away if he were strong enough. I would not take food from his hand if I was starving!"

I named the price which we would pay for the Doctor, 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 mercy 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 placed myself in his power, trusting to his honor to be permitted to return in safety.

"Did I ask you to come?" he thundered. "Are you not here to insult me? You shall see the other prisoner die, 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 which made my teeth rattle. I was left alone until just at dark, when a boy brought me a gourd of water, and helped 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 next day. All the tribe 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:

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

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

"But you come to buy us off."

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

"White dog, you lie!" shouted the Chief. "You wish to get us in a trap!" I argued and protested, and again appealed to his honor in my own case. He heard me through, and then gave me several hearty kicks in the side, and exclaimed:

"You shall die! You were a fool to come!"

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 cowardly paltrone, 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. I 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 scout 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."

"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 the second thought he replaced 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 last 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 asleep. 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 considerable bustle in the camp, and in a few minutes my breakfast was brought in. Arms and legs were now untied, 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 steps, and the idea of my trying to escape from such a crowd was too absurd to be entertained. I found the inhabitants of the village drawn up in two long lines extending out on the plains. Even children five or six years old, were in line, each one armed with stick or switch. I was led to the head of the line between two warriors, and in four or five minutes the Doctor was brought out. Red Moon had arranged this as a mental torture to both of us. He signified to us that we might speak, and I at once informed the Doctor of my errand and its failure. He expressed his pleasure that his friends thought so well of him, and his sorrow that I had brought misfortune upon myself, and he seemed to have made up his mind to die like a man. I knew the Indians thoroughly, and I told him what the programme would be. After running the gauntlet, he would be tied to a post and submitted to the powder torture, which consists in shooting charges of powder into the flesh, with the muzzle of the gun only a foot or two away. After that would come cutting and mutilating, and he would not be tied to the fire stake until pretty thoroughly exhausted. I advised him to do as I intended to do—lean upon some warrior as he ran down the line, grab his knife or tomahawk, if possible, and then fight until they would have to kill him then and there. He calmly replied that he should adopt the plan, shook me by the hand, and all was ready.

As we talked I had been getting the lay of the village. It was only a quarter of a 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 tell him that he was to run straight down the line and back, and that if 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 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 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 bragadoecio 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 anyone on foot, and as I at 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 fifty 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 shelter of the scrub pine. At that moment twenty riders 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 ground all the time, and then drew off to return to the Doctor. It was five days before I got back to the fort, my clothes 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 gallant fight when he got possession of the tomahawk, killing a warrior and a boy and wounding another warrior and an old man, but he was overpowered and disarmed, and then the devils gluffed their vengeance. Some idea of his sufferings can be imagined from the fact that he was under some sort of torture for three days and nights, and and there was still life 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 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 carelessness on that occasion the chief stripped him of all his worldly possessions and gave the goods to the widow of the warrior I had slain.—New York Sun.

A Horse Swam Eight Miles.

A horse belonging to a ferryman was on the boat recently at Irvine and was in the act of drinking, when he plunged forward from some cause and fell into the water up to his nose. With remarkable instinct he turned round and swam to the boat, and made several efforts to crawl back into it, but it only served to push it further away. By this time he had drifted below the ferry, and he then made efforts to get out upon either bank. In this he also failed, as the bank was too steep.

He then turned aside and swam down the middle of the river. The ferryman, Mr. White, made vain efforts to rescue his horse, and, watching him until he was out of sight, gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. Next morning the passengers on the Irvine stage were amused at the manner in which the ferryman was fondly caressing a horse which had just arrived, and later learned that the steambot from Ford had picked up the swimming animal eight miles below. When dragged upon the boat he sank down, too completely exhausted to stand. When this became known the sympathizing passengers joined with Mr. White in his exuberance over the recovery of his noble steed.—Richmond (Ky.) Register.

A Pneumatic Carver.

A pneumatic carver has been invented by a Rhode Islander which cuts a swath half an inch deep and wide through the hardest granite in an incredibly short time. An air cylinder, run by steam, discharges into a receiver keeping up a constant pressure of from forty to fifty pounds on the square inch. By a number of flexible tubes the air is fed into the carving room of the "pneumatic carver." The tool consists of a cylinder in which is a piston with a transverse angular valve in it. The valve regulates the pressure and from 15,000 to 16,000 strokes a minute can be made by the little machine, the tool cutting the stone with great rapidity.

The Theory of Dew.

It is now held by the best physicians that, instead of falling from above, the dew arises from the earth. The generally received opinion that the dew is formed of vapor existing at the time in the atmosphere must be given up for the established fact that the vapor which arises from the heated earth, is trapped by the cold surface earth. Besides, when we imagine that on a cool evening after a sultry day in summer, our feet are being wet by the dew on the grass, we make a grave mistake. For that moisture on the grass is not dew at all, it is false dew—in reality the transpired humor of the plants. The drops at the tips which glisten diamond-like, are not dew; close examination shows that crystalline spheres are all situated at the points where the veins of the leaves cut the outer edges. These drops only give evidence of the vitality of the plant.

The difference between the true dew on the grass and the exuded drops through the veins from within the grass can be easily distinguished, for the former is distributed all over the blade in a moist film, whereas the latter are of some size, and are situated near the tips of the blade. Altered then is the meaning of the line: "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew;" for those brilliant globules on the petal, shaking to the same sweet air, and often "gliding at once all fragrant into one," are no dewdrops, but are exudations of the healthy plants. They give evidence of the elixir vite of vegetation; whereas, the true dew is the pearly lustre, varnished in filmy humidity over the blades by that wondrous alchemy which transforms the water vapor rising from the ground into the plant-refreshing dew.—Good Words.

Gum in Felt Hats.

Of late some complaint has been heard as to the wearing quality of these hats. It is stated that they are over stiffened and over finished, and that the gum soon appears upon the surface and the structure is easily broken. This is a fault which in years past dogged the steps of the American hatter and wearied the retailer. A hat when sold would seem to be perfect, with no trace of gum on the surface. In a few days it would be brought back looking as if a glue pot had been upset upon the brim. Sometimes even the crown would be disfigured. It was difficult to convince some customers that the retailer was not aware beforehand that such a condition would ensue.

The reasons why the gum showed itself first upon the brim was that the brim was more heavily stiffened than the crown and was handled more in use. The discovery and the application of the wire edge for brims enabled hatters to dispense with much of the stiffening, and crowns as well as brims were gummed lighter, and thus the whole hat became flexible. Freedom from the gum nuisance and ease of adjustment to the head were both secured by this improvement.—Men's Out-fitter.

Uses of Mineral Wax.

The uses to which ozokerite, or mineral wax, can be put are almost innumerable. It makes an excellent insulation for electric wires for underground and line purposes; and finds extensive use in electrotyping and stereotyping, as well as in etching on steel plates. It is used for imparting lustre to shoeblackening, and in the making of sealing wax. It is recommended as a base for a cheap composite paving material and for indurating piles and posts to prevent decay. It is a lubricant for rapid running machinery, and it is used for all kinds of waterproofing, paper treated with it being preferred to oil paper. It is largely in demand for wrapping soaps, metals, books and all articles which require protection from moisture. It is used as an adulterant of beeswax and is applicable to much the same uses as the beeswax itself. It is used to protect boxes, tubs, barrels and kegs, and such when lined with it become tight, as the wax permeates the pores of the wood instead of giving it a mere surface coating, and it imparts no odor to the contents, even if they are the most delicate mineral waters. A recent interesting application is in coating the paper cylinder on which the graphophone stylus traces its record. Its use for the manufacture of candles is growing so rapidly that it is believed, when a refinery is built in the Utah district, much of this trade will be lost to eastern candle makers. Its other uses are as a vehicle in the making of liniments, salves and plasters, in making wax matches, costing life preservers and as varnishes, shoemaker's wax, wax figures, doll heads and similar articles.

Hems of Interest About Writers.

The novelist, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of pens.

Bartley Campbell scribbled off his famous play, "My Partner," on common wrapping paper, with a blunt lead pencil.

Both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic chirography.

Lew Wallace writes his first draft upon a slate and finishes upon large sheets of white unruled paper, in a most faultless chirography.

Ouida covers large sheets of blue paper with an almost undecipherable chirography, written in an excessively bold and masculine hand.

Wilkie Collins writes on very large sheets of paper, and his copy is said to abound in alterations, excisions and scraps of pasted manuscript.

Miss Braddon is stated to have peened some of her most thrilling passages on torn envelopes or any other bit of paper that came to hand.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell was accustomed to write her editorials for the *Woman's Journal* on the backs of circulars and similar scraps of waste paper.

Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," is reported to have violated all the canons of the printing office by sending in the copy for that once popular novel written on both sides of paper of various sizes.

A Moorish Gentleman.

A Moorish officer we took to Jeddah from Tangier had his wife with him. She was his only wife, and though only eighteen years of age, had been married to him five years and had three children, one of whom was dead and the other two alive, and left behind at their home in Fez, whence they came. He had twice before performed the Hadj, and each time had been accompanied by his young wife. This time they were taking her mother with them, and indeed the thoughtful and considerate way in which he treated them occasioned me a good deal of surprise. This bigoted Mussulman—looked upon by his European brethren as a jealous tyrant of women, as one utterly incapable of appreciating their higher qualities, could certainly have shamed many of them in this matter. The ship was lying in the bay about a mile from the city of Tangier; the sea was running pretty high, and long before they came alongside, both ladies were very sick. Gently he lifted them on board and laid them down in a quiet corner, while he rushed about to seek the best place on the deck whereon to fix his tent. Then he tore open his packages, and drew out from them carpets and pillows and curtains, and in a short while a well-fitted tent was ready, and into it he carried the two women and laid them down and made them comfortable. There they lay till the next day, as much like two bundles of clothes as anything else, for even their faces and hands were invisible, and I really believe they did not move once, although in a few hours, as soon as we had got through the Straits and entered the Mediterranean, the sea became perfectly calm, and a great deal of their indisposition must have been of that inexplicable nature which would have tried the patience of many a Christian husband considerably. But he busied himself about and lit a fire and presently turned out a nice little dinner and didn't lose his temper a bit because they would have none of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tea, and then some coffee, and left nothing untried in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or anon starting up to get them some water or any other thing they might want.—Cornhill Magazine.

Oriental Vigor.

There has just died at Mian Mir an old Mussulman woman named Bhuorie, who, says the Lahore paper, is credited with having reached the advanced age of 150 years. She was brought from near Montgomery lately by road to the house of her grandson at Mian Mir, and this person is an old man of some eighty years, with married grown-up children and grandchildren.

Padang, says the *Straits Times*, can boast something out of the way in the shape of a Nias woman, who, by two husbands, has had no less than thirty-two children, all girls. The number of her grandchildren is so great that she cannot tell how many they muster. She is still active, strong and in good health.