

# The Bee

WILL. F. SANDFORD, Editor.

Labor Omnia Vincit.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

Nil Desperandum.

\$2.00 in Advance.

VOL. VI. NO. 14.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

ATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 274.

## The Khan's Devil.

BY J. G. WHITMAN.  
The Khan came from Bokhara town  
To Hamza, santon of renown.  
"My head is sick, my hands are weak;  
Thy help, oh holy man, I seek!"  
In silence marking for a space  
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,  
Thick voice, and look, moon-tain tread,  
"Thou hast a devil!" Hamza said.  
"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Khan,  
"Didst thou of him at noon, oh man?"  
"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine  
Can slay that cursed thing of thine."  
"Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink  
Water of healing on the brink."  
"Where clear and cold from mountain snows  
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows."  
"Six moons remain, then come to me;  
May Allah's pity go with thee!"  
Awestruck, from feast and wine, the Khan  
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.  
Boots were his food, the desert dust  
His bed; and the water quenched his thirst.  
And when the sixth moon's omen  
Curved sharp above the evening star,  
He sought again the santon's door—  
Not weak and trembling as before.  
Ere string of limb and clear of brain,  
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain."  
"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved and  
drowned,  
The curse one lies in death-like swoon."  
"But evil breaks the strongest gyres,  
And djins like him have charmed lives."  
"One beaker of the juicy grape  
May call him up in living shape."  
"When the red wine of Badakshan  
Sparkles for thee, beware, oh Khan!"  
With water quench the fire within,  
And down each day thy devilkin!"  
"Insooth the great Khan shunned the cup  
Of his own, though offered up  
Laughing eyes and jeweled hands,  
And maid's and barmaid's  
And lofty vestibule  
Dress of Kanah Kodul,  
And of the holy law  
Plattered tablet saw,  
By a cup of wine  
Which Allah's name, to him who hath  
A devil, Khan el Hamed said:  
"Wise our prophet curst the vine,  
The fiend that loves the breath of wine  
No prayer can slay, no marabout  
Nor Meccan dervise can drive out."  
"I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm  
That robs him of his power to harm."  
"Drown him, oh Islam's child! the spell  
To save thee lies in tank and well."  
—Youth's Companion.

## ROSE CLAVERING; Or, A Leap for Life.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLACK HILLS.  
"And where does this fair lily of the  
Black Hills reside, Dick?"  
"About an hour's gallop from our  
camp here, leftinint. She is with her  
father—a queer old stick by the name of  
Clavering. He keeps by himself, and I  
am afeared he will yet come to harm.  
The cursed Sioux are about, and Rose  
would be a fine prize for some daring  
brave. It is said that the old man has  
dug piles of gold. He may have made  
his pile, or may not, but his darter—  
she's purtier than a prairie flower bend-  
ing afore the mornin' breeze when  
sparklin' with dew."  
"Bravo, my old scout! You have  
poetry and the love of the beautiful in  
your soul if you have never seen the in-  
side of a schoolhouse!"  
"It's little-book larin' I have picked  
up, leftinint. But the works of nature  
and the handiwork of God I love," and  
the old man removed his slouch hat for  
a moment, exposing his gray locks, as  
he allowed the light breeze to fan his  
broad brow.  
"Dick, what do you say if we gallop  
over to see this purty spot of your friend's  
You have excused my curiosity regarding  
this mysterious beauty. I will sell the  
sergeant to look out during my absence,  
and he is fully competent to manage  
fifty men. We have been stationed here  
in the hills for over six weeks. I am  
tired, and must have a little recrea-  
tion."  
"You may get more than you bargain  
for. There's Injun signs about it, and  
there's no tellin' what moment you may  
run into a Sioux camp among these in-  
fernal hills."  
"Well, we'll take our chances. We  
are both well armed."  
A sharp gallop of an hour brought  
the army officer and his companion to  
the banks of a small stream, and riding  
to a group of stately trees, the scout  
reined up with a sharp cry of astonish-  
ment and alarm.  
"The solitary miner had dis-  
appeared. Night remained but smok-  
ing ruins, and the unmistakable evi-  
dences of a struggle having  
taken place."  
Dismounting, the scout carefully went  
over the ground, while the officer watch-  
ed him with a face expressive of stern-  
ness and a desire for vengeance.  
"There's only nine of 'em. But  
there was a groan. If it should  
be Rose?" and rushing toward a clump  
of grass, the scout beheld the tall, gaunt  
form of a miner, from whose gaping  
wounds the life blood was rapidly ooz-

ing. "Clavering, poor fellow! has it  
come to this? I was afeared of it, and  
my words have come true."  
"My time is short. I would speak of  
my daughter. The Sioux have captured  
her. The young chief of a war party  
tore her from my arms and dealt me my  
death blow. But who is that with you?  
—my eyes are growing dim?"  
"It is Lieutenant Paul Welch, of the  
cavalry."  
"Your hand, sir. Men of your profes-  
sion are gentlemen. I once occupied the  
position of one myself. I have a pack-  
age in my breast pocket that will  
explain all. If you recover my daughter  
give it to her, otherwise burn it as it is.  
It can interest no third party."  
He was rapidly growing weaker, the  
eye was fixed, and the hoarse voice  
faltered:  
"Chase the Sioux, recover poor Rose.  
She is a lady," he muttered, then with  
an effort he roused himself. "I have  
gold for her—look—great rock, cross,  
full moon, shadow—dig"—and with a  
rattle, a terrible gasp, and the stout  
heart ceased to beat.  
Possessing himself of the package, the  
officer briefly penciled the vague and  
unsatisfactory words of the dying man  
on the back. It might have been the  
wonderings of a mind unsettled by the  
near approach of death, but he was de-  
termined to investigate the matter when-  
ever an opportunity should occur.  
"Now for work, Dick. We'll bury  
poor Clavering, then follow on the trail  
of these red fiends, and Rose shall either  
be rescued or avenged."  
Mounting their horses the two sadly  
turned away, rallying forth upon the  
dark and silent prairie.  
Suddenly the scout halted, and his  
hand pressed the arm of his superior  
with a nervous clutch.  
"Look there, lieutenant. Do you  
know what that means?"  
Just under the horizon a faint glow  
of light was perceptible, above which hung  
a black threatening cloud, which rapidly  
spread over the heavens. Gradually  
the stars disappeared, while herds of  
wild mustangs, buffaloes and deer swept  
furiously by.  
Then it was the lieutenant realized  
the danger he was in. The Sioux had  
fired the dry grass from three different  
points, and with gigantic leaps the bil-  
low flames were rolling, hissing and  
roaring toward them.  
But old Dick had not been idle. He  
was too old and experienced an Indian  
fighter to be outdone in the peculiar

into his horse's sides, while in his  
followed half a dozen half-naked  
riors, yelling like so many fiends, who have  
It would have been madness to  
turned back and galloped on to the  
burnt prairie, where no cover was to be  
found, but by penetrating deeper into  
the hills a chance was barely possible  
of escaping the painted fiends.  
The animal which Paul Welch had  
strode had the reputation of both speed  
and endurance, qualities that were  
likely to stand him in good need.  
Turt was soft and springy, the neck  
gentle, and having every fiber in  
well-ripped animal. Paul allowed  
howling scowls to gain upon him, but  
had emerged on to a small but level  
plateau that enabled him to take a sur-  
vey of the surrounding country. This of  
sprung here and there with scowls in  
shrubs and trees.  
Centering leisurely toward him, three  
opposite directions, were two bodiless  
Sioux, and with the band clattering his  
Sioux, but one pathway remained  
open to the officer, who began to  
decidedly uncomfortable as he found  
chances rapidly narrowing down.  
Dashing the spurs into his steed  
for the first time urged him to his  
Bounding over a broad and level  
of ground, which led to a small  
lined on either side by rough  
rocks, the gallant animal struck  
of fire as his hoofs spurned the  
gravelly bottom of the gulch. He fol-  
A shout of triumph, a fierce  
of joy burst from the throats of  
riors as they somewhat leisurely  
lowed the broad trail.  
Paul Welch did not understand  
meaning of that hoarse indistinct  
satisfaction which was wafted to his  
by the light, cool breath of the morning.  
He thought it strange that no at-  
tempt was made to pick him off with  
their rifles, with which the Indians were  
all armed, and turning the matter over  
in his mind as he plunged deeper and  
deeper into a country to which he was  
an utter stranger, he asked himself the  
question how it was all to end.  
The path grew steeper with every  
bound of his panting steed; the aspect  
of the country had undergone a de-  
cided change, and in place of verdure  
and shrubbery, rocks, gravel and over-  
hanging boulders had taken their  
places.  
The rush and sullen muttering of a  
deep mountain stream fell suddenly  
upon his ear, mingling with the yells of  
triumph which now burst incessantly

his head was on a level with the edge  
of the bank.  
Cautiously he reconnoitered before  
drawing himself over the brink, but  
he saw nothing that gave evidence of  
an enemy, and once more he found him-  
self in an unknown region of the Black  
Hills, minus his horse, with only his  
saber and one revolver upon which to  
rely.  
The high ground where Paul found  
himself gradually sloped toward the  
west and rolling prairie, forming a  
series of ridges skirting the steep  
sides of a hill. A confused hum, a low  
hoarse cry reached his ears, and with  
scowls sharpened by the danger  
through which he had passed, the ser-  
geant reconnoitered the depths below,  
which he had an unobstructed view  
of an Indian encampment with a num-  
ber of warriors departing upon some  
expedition was revealed to his impatient  
eye, and as they disappeared, brand-  
ishing their long lances in the air, Paul  
determined to have a nearer look at  
the lodges.  
Bringing into requisition his some-  
what limited knowledge of woodcraft,  
Paul cautiously wormed his way through  
the tall grass until he reached a spring  
on the outskirts of the camp. It was  
surrounded by a thick growth of bushes,  
from the midst of which he could ob-  
serve everything that transpired before  
him.  
A number of warriors left to guard the  
camp lounged carelessly about, and  
Paul was on the point of withdrawing  
to the heights above, when he perceived  
a figure, evidently that of a woman, ap-  
proaching in his direction.  
She carried a calabash in her hand,  
walking slowly and deliberately, the  
heart of the army officer beating with  
increased rapidity and excitement as he  
perceived that her costume was not that  
of a Sioux squaw.  
Looking over her shoulder, the woman  
quickened her movements as she per-  
ceived that a number of warriors were  
watching her. A shout, a yell of rage,  
and the braves started in pursuit.  
The fugitive, for such she undoubtedly  
was, immediately dropped the cala-  
bash, and sprang away with the swift-  
ness of an antelope.  
Paul noted the pale golden hair, beau-  
tiful features and rounded form of the  
fugitive, who he made up his mind  
could be no less than Rose, the far-  
famed daughter of the slaughtered  
miner.

of others, and the sad finale has already  
been told.  
Dick then related how he had been  
separated from the lieutenant, and  
knowing the danger he incurred by  
scouting over the prairie alone, he re-  
joined the soldiers, starting on the trail  
of his superior.  
Everything was plain up to the very  
verge of the precipice, when it was evi-  
dent Paul had made the desperate leap.  
Then Dick was in doubt whether his  
superior was alive or not. But follow-  
ing the course of the river as a forlorn  
hope, they had fortunately reached the  
ambush in time to save both Rose and  
Paul's life.  
Nothing now remained but to find the  
treasure which Clavering had obtained  
at such a sacrifice, and many an hour of  
anxious thought had Paul expended on  
the subject. There was but little to  
guide him—a vague hint that might  
mean nothing—still, for the sake of the  
orphan, he persevered. "Great rock—  
cross—full moon—shadow—dig."  
Rose was consulted, but she knew  
nothing of the haunts of her father, and  
absolutely nothing of a great rock or  
cross.  
Accompanied by the entire force of  
cavalrymen, under the direction of Dick,  
a thorough search was instituted in the  
vicinity of the old miner's last resting-  
place.  
In a small gully running into the side  
of a precipitous hill, a huge rock was  
finally found surmounted by a huge  
representation of a cross.  
At the full of the moon Paul and Dick  
secretly repaired to the spot prepared  
to unearth the buried gold; and noting  
the extremity of the shadow cast by the  
rough cross, the two men commenced  
their labors.  
They were crowned with success, and  
four large canvas bags of gold dust and  
nuggets were dragged forth.  
It was the fortune of Rose Clavering;  
and Paul, with his escort, conveyed her  
to the nearest military post, where she  
was to remain until he could obtain  
leave of absence, and travel with her to  
the East in hopes of finding some of her  
relatives.  
Months elapsed before he was en-  
abled to carry out his plans; but when  
he reached Chicago no trace of the name  
of Clavering remained. The machinery  
of the police and law was put in motion,  
but with no satisfactory result.  
Every moment of his leave was ex-  
pended in the search, and when he  
sought Rose at her hotel, his heart  
heavy and his eyes dim with weeping,

Long and Short Sleepers.  
Seamen and soldiers, from habit, can  
sleep when they will and wake when  
they will. Captain Barclay, when per-  
forming his wonderful feat of walking  
1,000 miles in as many consecutive  
hours, obtained such a mastery over  
himself that he fell asleep the minute  
he lay down. The faculty of remaining  
awake for a great length of time is pos-  
sessed by some individuals. Such was  
the case with Quin, the celebrated  
player, who would slumber for twenty-  
four hours successively; with Elizabeth  
Orvin, who slept three-fourths of her  
life; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept  
for a week or a fortnight at a time; with  
Mary Lyell, who did the same for suc-  
cessive weeks; and with many others,  
more or less remarkable.  
A phenomenon of an opposite char-  
acter is sometimes observed, for there  
are other individuals who can subsist on  
a surprisingly small portion of sleep.  
The celebrated General Elliott was an  
instance of this kind; he never slept  
more than four hours out of the twenty-  
four. In all other respects he was  
strikingly abstemious, his food consisting  
wholly of bread, water and vegetables.  
In a letter communicated to Sir John  
Sinclair by John Gordon, Esq., of Swine,  
mention is made of a person named John  
Mackay, of Skerry, who died in Strath-  
nave, in the year 1797, aged ninety one;  
he only slept on an average of four hours  
in the twenty-four, and was remark-  
ably robust and healthy man. Frederick  
the Great, of Prussia, and the illustrious  
surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five  
hours during the same period. The  
celebrated French general, Pichegru,  
informed Sir Gilbert Blaine that during  
a whole year's campaign he had not  
allowed himself above one hour's sleep  
in the twenty-four.  
To HEAL SCRATCHES, ETC.—Borax  
water will instantly remove all sores and  
stains from the hands and heal all  
scratches and chafes. To make it, put  
some crude borax into a large bottle,  
and fill in water. When the borax is  
dissolved add more to the water, until  
at last the water can absorb no more,  
and a residuum remains at the bottom  
of the bottle. To the water in which  
the hands are to be washed after garden-  
ing pour from this bottle enough to  
make it very soft. It is very cleansing  
and very healthy. By its use the hands  
will be kept in excellent condition,  
smooth, soft and white.

Whipping and Whipping Afghans.  
A London Standard letter from the  
penetration in fished upon some patri-  
cians hundreds of natives could be seen  
squatting patiently for the proceedings  
to commence, and it was curious to no-  
tice here and there Afghans with their  
long black hair, sitting quietly among  
the crowd of Hindoos. A party of low-  
caste Hindoos were busy digging a large,  
square hole close to the gallows. Every-  
body understood its use. To the right  
the men of the Hussars were quietly ex-  
ercising their horses, and the field  
above them were dotted with soldiers  
belonging to the Ninety-seventh High-  
landers, who were quite content to see  
the execution from a distance. At  
eleven o'clock a company of the Twen-  
ty-first marched down to the gallows  
with six prisoners in their midst.  
Two were to be lashed and four to be  
hanged. The four condemned men  
were singled out and led to the front.  
Their dress consisted only of a long,  
blue cotton shirt and loose pygamas  
tied in at the ankles. In two of the in-  
stances the shirts were a mass of rags  
frayed into ribbons at the edges, and  
holding wonderfully together. None of  
them wore sandals or head dresses.  
There they stood staring curiously  
around them with their jet hair hang-  
ing over their faces and their hands  
strapped behind their backs, and all  
looking thoroughly desperate ruffians.  
The provost-marshal, a stout-built ser-  
geant of the Tenth Hussars, showed  
each man his plank and made him walk  
across it. This all the men did without  
much compulsion. They did not appear  
to realize what was about to happen to  
them, and kept looking over their  
shoulders to see what was going on.  
Their legs were strapped together.  
What appeared to be their old blue pug-  
gares or turbans were tied over their  
faces, and the noses were fixed round  
their necks. Then they appeared to  
realize what was coming, and all com-  
menced crying out prayers to Allah.  
While they were doing this one of the  
prisoners who was standing behind wait-  
ing for his flogging shouted out to those  
that were never to mind; he would be  
left alive and he would avenge their  
deaths. All eyes were turned toward  
him, but only for a second, as the same  
being enacted in front was more ab-  
sorbing interest. Four European  
soldiers caught up ropes attached  
to the plank, a signal was given,  
and the plank was raised and the  
prisoners into the air. But it was only  
for a second that the condemned men  
hung. The cross beam creaked and  
broke with a startling crash, and the  
four men fell to the ground hanging,  
half resting their feet upon the earth.  
Scarcely had any person time to feel  
horrified at this unfortunate accident,  
before the provost-marshal drew his re-  
volver and sent a bullet through each  
man's brain. One of the Afghans was  
then stripped naked and tied up to one  
of the poles of the gallows. A stalwart  
hussar gave him a dozen and a half  
lashes as warmly as his arm could lay  
on, then another hussar completed the  
three dozen. The fellow grinned con-  
siderably, but bore the flogging marvel-  
ously. He never uttered a groan the  
whole time he was receiving his punish-  
ment. One of the hussars threw his  
clothes at him and told him roughly to  
slip them. This the man did not under-  
stand. It was a grim joke at the best.  
He quietly put on his clothes—they  
were but rags—and coolly asked if he  
might go. He was told that the next  
time he was caught with a loaded rifle  
near a British camp he would not get  
off so easily, and then he was marched  
across the river by two armed Sikhs,  
who gave him a parting push with right  
good will. The other man who was to  
have been flogged was marched back to  
camp in custody.  
A Poer for the "Hawkeye" Man.  
A young man, who evidently repre-  
sents some St. Louis house, asks me  
where I am from. I tell him. His eye  
brightens. He says:  
"Do you know Gust. Hirsch, there?"  
No, I tell him, I do not.  
"Know Marx Oppenheimer?"  
I don't know Marx Oppenheimer.  
"Do you know Joe Heininghausen?"  
I fail to remember Mr. H.  
"Then do you know Chas. Erling-  
schaffliker?"  
I don't believe I do.  
"But you must know Ernest Gund-  
lachentreibehdudirkohsenliebensten-  
minghaus?"  
I think possibly that I may have  
known some of him, and possibly a  
great deal of him, at different times,  
but I am quite positive that I never  
knew him all at once.  
The young man from the St. Louis  
house looks amazed.  
"Well," he says at last, "you ain't  
got much acquaintance in Burlington."  
And I sadly remarked that my ac-  
quaintance there is rather limited, and  
he goes away. Presently he returns.  
"Oh," he says, "them fellows I said  
you about lives in Dewport, for I had  
begun to think that I didn't know any-  
body in Burlington.—R. J. Burdette.