

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. VII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

NO. 51.

## 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 myriad leagues away!  
No servile vassal bends his knee  
In groveling reverence to me—  
Yet, at my word, all hearts beat high  
And there is fire in every eye.  
And love and gratitude they bring  
As tribute unto me, a king!

The folks that throng the busy street  
Know not it is 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 coarse applause—  
I am content to know the arts  
Wherewith to lord it o'er 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 at strife for tears  
And so down the laureled years  
I walk, the noblest lord on earth,  
Dispensing sympathy and mirth—  
Aha, it is a magic thing  
That makes me what I am—a king!

Let empires crumble as they may,  
Proudly I hold imperial sway!  
The sunshine and the rain of years  
Are human smiles and human tears  
That come or vanish at my call—  
I am the monarch of them all!  
Mindful alone of this am I:  
The songs I sing shall never die—  
Not even envious death can wring  
His glory from so 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 edicts flow in blood and tears  
That will outwash 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 despatches 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. Albertson, 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 prominence, 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 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 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 redskins 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 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 holding 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 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 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 warrior 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 Billings-gate 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 thoughts 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—leap upon some warrior as he ran down the lines, 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 lane 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 everyone 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 thumbs at a single sweep, and then lay 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 brigadocio 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 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 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 glutted 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 Snake Steals a Boat

Captain A. B. Caldwell had an interesting and unusual experience for this latitude with a snake at Wigton's Point the other day. He was fishing in the creek, and had occasion to go ashore, and, after tying his small string of perch to the stern of the boat, the Nellie C., he pulled her upon the beach. Half an hour later he returned, but just in time to see his prized boat moving slowly toward the center of the stream. Without a second thought he rushed into the water, through the wild rice, and leaped into the boat.

The mystery which had shrouded the affair was dissolved when he discovered that a monstrous snake had swallowed one of the perch and had towed the boat out. Caldwell got a little excited. He seized an unwieldy punt pole, and, with a well-directed aim, struck the snake across the back, which had the effect of breaking the stringer but enraged the snake. "It whirled and started for the occupants of the boat with an open mouth," said Caldwell, "that would take in a forty-five-cent watermelon."

The other occupant of the boat, his young daughter, became frightened, and thought of all the wonderful pictures seen in show bills where oxen are represented as being devoured by these enormous reptiles. Caldwell took to the oars; this gave the snake new courage, and he was soon alongside and forced an anchorage. Caldwell's good nature vanished, and with the strength of a Hercules he struck the snake upon the head, following up this advantage with well-aimed blows until he beheld his adversary slain before him. It measured seven and a half feet, and was of a swamp species; a dark, narrow streak down the back from head to tail, and yellow and red stripes around the body. This species is seldom seen in this climate.—*Toledo (Ohio) Commercial.*

The French Government, when it takes possession of the telephones in France, proposes furnishing the service to the public at cost.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Coal cutting machines are now run by electricity.

The average depth of all the oceans is from 2000 to 2500 fathoms.

At the next military manoeuvres in France a new application of telegraphy will be made, which innovation it is thought will be of the greatest utility in time of war.

Electric lighting is said to be one of the hardest kinds of work for a steam engine, the continuous running and the work being thrown on and off instantaneously, causing immense strain.

An Easton (Penn.) paper says Charles Zinc has an amorphophallus plant, the only one of the kind in that section. The odor of the flower is that of stale raw meat, but its color is beautiful.

Concerning the great British naval review—every armor plate in that fleet is fastened with the late Sir William Palliser's patent screw bolts, and the Government has never paid for one of them yet.

Discussions on the economic size of line wire brings out the fact that the diameter of the wire depends on the price of copper, cost of power and quantity of current, and is entirely independent of the length of the current.

Ten men with drills operated by electricity can take out as much ore and tunnel as far as 100 men with picks, shovels and blasting material, besides which the buildings can be lighted and a great saving on insurance and oil made thereby.

One papermill in England, in Settingham, manufactures enough paper every year to put a belt around the world some 100 inches in width. One of the constituents of this paper is esparto grass, which is brought in great bales from Algeria.

A test has been made in France to see whether the color of a horse had anything to do with his characteristics. It has been demonstrated that any such idea is all nonsense. Pedigree and early training have all to do with it, and color nothing whatever.

At the sham battle fought at Spandaut by the German troops for the amusement of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria one division used a new "smokeless" powder, the effect being that no smoke was visible at a distance of 300 yards, and no sound was heard beyond a slight tapping.

From a recent study of the bones of anthropoid apes it appears that the gorilla and chimpanzee approach nearest to man, but in different degrees, the orang-outang holding the third place. But great differences exist between the proportions of the human frame and those of all the apes.

Dr. Nansen estimates that the ice of Greenland's interior must be 6000 feet thick in places, even the tops of the mountains probably being covered with hundreds of feet of glaciers. He believes that the wind has much to do with maintaining the ice level, and that the quantity of snow does not vary much from year to year.

There are in Nevada several deposits of mineral soap, one of which has been worked for some years, the soap being formed by natural combinations of soda, borax and mineral oils, the process in some localities being assisted by hot springs; some of these natural soaps are cut up and sold as found, but they are oftener used in combination with other soaps.

The latest use of photography is to make a cannon ball take a picture of its own wabblings. An arrangement something like a camera is to be placed in the forward end of the projectile, and when it is fired directly at the sun the light traces lines upon the plate, from the direction of which it can be told whether the projectile has kept in one position or has wavered to and fro during its flight.

## 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.

## FUN.

Net weight—The mossbunker catch. After young Parkford, the grocer, had hugged his girl he called her strained honey.

The man who registers at a hotel at night, is soon on the "retired list."—*New York News.*

No wonder the spoon looks so hollow and long-faced. What in the world is oftener in the soup?

Mrs. A.—"Do you play the organ, Mr. Smith?" Smith—"Yes, if the handle is not broken."—*Epoch.*

Fashion item from the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch: Treasurers' accounts are being worn very short this season.

The first man who discovered the elixir of life died at the age of twenty-nine.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Wisdom does not always come in the yellow leaf, but you'll generally find it in the seer.—*Glens Falls Republican.*

At a concert in Wilkesbarre, Penn., while every one was applauding, a little child exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see all the big men pattycaeking."—*Chicago Herald.*

Do you think it is grammatical to say, "He summers in the country?" Low-tone—"Why not? You can say 'He falls in the mud' or 'He springs in the water.'"—*Chicago American.*

"I guess I'll take my vacation over again, if you have no objection," said a flashy young clerk to his employer. "Not the slightest, sir. You can make it permanent."—*Hartford Post.*

Miss Cutely—"May I marry Mr. Richey, mamma?" Mrs. Cutely (decidedly)—"Not on any account!" Miss Cutely (toying with her mother's hand)—"Not even on his bank account, mamma?"—*Lawrence American.*

Mr. Import (to applicant for position)—"You say you are able to distinguish a genuine diamond. What are its principal features?" Arthur Smart—"A grand stand, a home plate and whitewash lines between the bases."—*Jewellers Weekly.*

## 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 steamboat 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.*

## 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.*