

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

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LOSS AND GAIN.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.
I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
And lo! the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I mourned at her absence, lo!
'Twas summer.
I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.
Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer.
And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For heaven.
—Good Works.

THE BURIED TREASURE.

Before the occupation of India by the British it was the richest country in gold, precious stones, rare jewels, fine cloth and cutlery of any on earth. While the poor were miserably poor, the rich were immensely rich. This was so even up to the breaking out of the great mutiny. When the British troops were fairly in line to strike at the rebellion, the watchword was "Revenge and loot!" It was understood all through the service that whatever a soldier could lay hands on should become his plunder. They didn't fight any the worse for that, but they struck a double blow at the Indians. They crippled them financially as well as in a military sense, and the people have never recovered, and never can. The amount of loot taken out of India during the rebellion and directly afterward has been estimated at \$200,000,000. As much more was contributed to the rebel cause by those who could give. Twice or three times as much was lost by fire and sword. England reasoned that an impoverished people could not rebel, and loot was a part of her war policy. Ten years after the mutiny I was talking with a Maharajah in the Punjab about the financial change in the condition of the people, and he said:
"As the outbreak of the war our people buried or hid away at least a hundred million dollars. I do not believe that the tenth part of this great sum has yet been recovered. Those who secreted it were dead before the close of the war, and this vast treasure is lost to us."
I did not tell him that I had put in a year in India, and spent upward of \$2000 looking for some of that treasure. Such was the fact, however. A couple of Englishmen and myself, forming an acquaintance in Bombay and having a spirit of adventure, pooled our cash and followed up several pointers looking for buried treasure. We had thus far failed to make any discoveries, and our partnership had been dissolved and the men had returned to Bombay. I was in the Punjab on business connected with an American house, and had given up the treasure business in disgust. The words of the Maharajah recalled all my enthusiasm, however, and within an hour after I left him I was determined to have one more pull for fortune, and to get it alone. This determination was hastened and solidified by another incident. I was talking with a captain of a native infantry regiment regarding some ruins I had encountered, and he said:
"You may have left a dozen fortunes behind you. At the outbreak of the war these people concealed a great deal of their wealth in caves and temples, and a big share of it is there yet. When you stumble on a pile of ruins again give the place a good looking over for loot."
"But the natives have done that a hundred times over, I should say."
"You are wrong. Where they knew of treasure they may have unearthed it, but they fight shy of rambolling about haphazard. They believe all ruins to be haunted, and even if they are not, you will be certain to find hyenas and serpents about."
"Have you ever heard of any treasure being recovered?" I asked.
"Half a dozen instances, sir. The former Captain of this company went home with 250,000 after doing two hours' work in the ruins of a temple near Ferozpur."
The next day I started for Delhi, and there a bit of good fortune waited me. I fell in with a German naturalist who was making a collection for a national museum, and when he learned that I had had considerable experience in that line he engaged me as assistant. He had two young men with him, thus making a party of four, and when we struck to the southwest of Delhi, intending to take in the plains and jungles between that city

and Jounpur, we had six native servants to carry the baggage. Our progress was slow and easy, as it was his intention to make a very full collection. The country over which we passed had no lines of railway then, and was unknown to white men except as they had hunted through it. There were tigers and other wild game in plenty, and it seemed to be the nursery of all India for serpents. There were days when we could not march except as the ground was beaten by the natives in our front. There was a thin population, with the villages far apart, but as an offset the natives were glad to render any aid, especially as soon as they learned that we did not belong to the ruling race. The hate they felt for the English was something terrible. This district had been almost depopulated and quite impoverished by the war. Petty rulers had been deposed, taxes levied with heavy hand, and the natives worked themselves up to the highest pitch of indignation as they talked about it.
My one object was buried treasure. While doing my duty by the Professor, I had opportunity for extensive rambles off the line of march, and I never failed to make inquiries of natives. This, as I afterward learned, was the worst policy I could have adopted. Every ruin was sacred to them, and every white man was a defiler. One might as well have asked them to forgive caste as to have expected them to locate the ruins of a religious temple for a white man. We had been out about twenty days, and at this time were in a permanent camp in a grove of mango trees on the bank of a creek, when a ryot, or common laborer, passed through our camp on his way to his village, about five miles away. The ruins were in a heavy jungle, but he told me how to strike a path which led near them. But for his excitement he would not have betrayed the location. In about three hours he returned to tell me that he had been mistaken in the location, which was to the south instead of the west, and if he had said ruins he meant rocks. I was not deceived with his second statement. He wanted to keep me away from the ruins, and of course I was determined to visit them.
If I went, I must go alone. Neither the Professor nor his young men had ever fired at anything more ferocious than a jackal, and they had no idea of risking themselves with a tiger. I had killed two of these during my jaunts about the country, and was quite certain of my nerve in case of another meeting. The native had described this tiger as an old man-eater, who had carried off many villagers, and as I must visit the ruins by day, he would certainly be at home. Bright and early next morning I was ready to start. My excuse to the Professor was that I intended to look for a certain bird which he had been very anxious to secure, and he never noticed that I took my heavy rifle instead of a shotgun. I also had a revolver and knife, and it was not more than an hour after sunrise when I set out. I followed the creek down to where it branched, and there I struck to the path which the native had described. As near as I could determine it had been made by wild animals coming and going between the jungle and the creek, and at the first soft spot I found the imprints of the tiger's paws. They were fresh, too, and there was no doubt of his being at home. As I proceeded, the path wound about in the most eccentric manner, while the jungle grew thicker. One could not see five feet in any direction, and the air was shut off.
The first hint that I had reached the ruins came in the shape of a block of dressed stone lying right across my path. As I stepped upon it a great cobra wriggled slowly away from my feet, and I saw half a dozen columns and lengths of wall arising among the bushes. Fifteen years before here had been a clearing of perhaps a hundred acres, with a village of several thousand people, and a temple covering half an acre of ground. A man-eating tiger now held sole possession, while the clearing had grown up to jungle, and fire or explosion had laid the great temple in ruins. Ten feet ahead of me was a second block. I passed to that, and then the path turned to the right and ran over a fallen wall. As I reached this latter place and looked around, the tiger was stretched out on the earth before me in a little open space. His legs were drawn up and he was gasping, and though I was greatly startled for a moment, I soon realized that he was dying. Indeed, he did not live above two minutes after I set eyes on him. As I afterward learned, the natives had poisoned the body of a man he had killed and only half devoured, and in finishing his repast he had met his fate. He had doubtless just returned from satisfying his thirst at the creek. It was well for me that I did not come a few minutes earlier. I examined the body closely, and found the tiger to be

old and mangy, with many of his teeth decayed. These were sure evidences that he was a "solitary," and had no mate. I need, therefore, have no fear that any other animal more savage than a hyena was concealed in the near vicinity.
The temple seemed to have been blown up with gunpowder. The walls were torn and rent and knocked down in every direction, and column and block and carved work lay heaped together in strange confusion. I was bewildered to see the vegetation growing up through the ruins so profusely, and it stood me in hand to move carefully in such a snake-infested spot. I picked my way carefully to the center of the ruins, and here I got a pretty fair idea of what the building had been. Here were the remains of a shrine or altar, which had once been the cleanest of marble. It was now stained and moss-grown and covered with creepers. To look for buried treasure in such a jumble was like looking for a needle in a haystack; but I had come for that purpose, and felt that I must make a beginning. Flinging several stones into the bushes to frighten any lurking serpents away, I put down my gun and began at the creepers. In a little while I uncovered what I said was an altar or shrine. It may not have been. From the stone floor there was a solid wall, about six feet high, enclosing a space about six feet square. The stone which rested on these four walls was a foot thick, and carved around the edges. I could not tell whether the walls enclosed a space or the whole cube was solid as a support for a pillar, but after a close inspection I discovered a spot where the end of a lever might be inserted. I had brought a hatchet to help me through the jungle. With this I cut and trimmed a small tree, and after much effort I loosened the capstone until I could see that the walls enclosed a space. On the surface of this capstone I clearly made out where the foot of a pillar, which had probably helped to support the roof, had rested. It lay near by, but was broken by its fall.
It was not more than eight o'clock in the morning when I reached the ruins, but it was two o'clock in the afternoon before I had the heavy stone slewed around far enough to upset its equilibrium and force it to fall off. I was in a tremble of excitement from the first, and as I slewed the stone further and further around I felt more and more sanguine of a large cavity beneath. I would not look in, however, until the stone was clear off. When I did bend over the wall and look down it was to find a wooden chest occupying nearly all the space. I sounded it with a pole, and it gave back such a solid echo that I saw I must pull the wall down to get at it. This took me an hour or more, as the plaster was as hard as the stone, but at length I was at the chest. It was closed but not locked, and as I threw up the lid my eyes beheld such a sight as will seldom come to man. That chest held a good solid ton of loot, how many tens of thousands of dollars' worth I cannot say. There were all the gold coins of India. There were bracelets and rings, and earrings and charms and bars of gold. There were diamonds and pearls and rubies and other precious stones. Some were in leather bags, some in parcels, some tied together, and on the lid of the trunk was a list of articles with the names of owners.
I hung over the chest for perhaps half an hour, hardly daring to breathe for fear it would fly away. I was rich, rich beyond the wildest dream a poor man ever had. This was loot. It was all mine if I could keep the find from the Government officials. I could not remove it without help. I was a stout man, but I could not have lifted one end of the chest clear of the ground. I took a paper containing four diamonds, a package of gold coin which counted up about \$1250, and a couple of bars of the metal, and started back to camp on a run. I had been so taken up with my work that I had given no attention to anything else. I now discovered that the heavens were rapidly darkening, and I had only just reached camp when a terrible storm set in, and never let up for a moment until after midnight. The story of my discovery, told only to the white men of the party, created intense excitement, but the storm and the darkness prevented any more. As soon as daylight came, however, we were off, but a terrible disappointment was in store for us. The chest was there as I had left it, but everything in the shape of contents had been removed. Without a doubt, some native had been spying on me the day before as I worked, and he had given the alarm and brought a party to the spot during the night. I got \$25,000 out of it as it was, but it only served to annoy me. At five o'clock in the afternoon I had the wealth of two or three kings in my hands. At sunrise

next morning all had vanished—all but the trifle I had carried away to prove the fact of my discovery. It was my first and last find in India, and I never think of it without being inconsistent enough to hope that every dollar of the spoil caused the death of a native.
First American Newspaper.
The first attempt to publish a newspaper in North America was made in Boston in 1689 and only one number of the paper was issued, a copy of which is in the State Paper Office in London. We find the following account of it in a new book written by Samuel Merrill of the Boston *Daily Globe* entitled, "Newspaper Libel, a Hand Book for the Press," published by Ticknor & Co., Boston: "The first newspaper published in America was called *Publick Occurrences*, and it bore the date September 25, 1689. Its editor was Benjamin Harris, whose office was at the London Coffee House, Boston. Fifty-one years earlier the pioneer printing-press was brought into the Colony from England, but the government so restricted the practice of printing that it is only strange that even at the expiration of a half-century any colonist should dare to employ the crude machinery of one of the early presses in the field of journalism. In 1662 the General Court of Massachusetts Bay had appointed two persons 'licensors of the press,' and that their office was no sinecure is shown by the fact that in 1668 having allowed Thomas a Kempis's 'De Imitatione Christi' to be printed, they were cautioned to make a more careful revision, and, meantime, the press was ordered stopped. Even the laws for a long time were not allowed to be printed, and the burning of offending books by the common hangman was a frequent occurrence.
This first American newspaper was a little sheet of three printed pages, each page containing two columns. Mr. Harris, the sole publisher, editor and reporter, thus announced his intentions in his prospectus:
It is designed that the Country shall be furnished once a month (or if any Glut of Occurrences happen oftener) with an Account of such considerable things as have arrived upon our notice.
In order hereunto, the Publisher will take what pains he can to obtain a Faithful Relation of all such things; and will particularly make himself beholden to such Persons in Boston whom he knows to have been for their own use the diligent Observers of such matters.
In spite of the editor's declared intentions, *Publick Occurrences* did not continue to appear "once a month." Its publication was declared contrary to law by the legislature, and the attention of the licensers of the press was called to it. The issue for September 25th was marked "Numb. 1," but "Numb. 2" never appeared, and thus was the infant newspaper strangled in its cradle. It was nearly fourteen years before the next newspaper was started in America.
The first newspaper of recognized standing was published in Boston the 21st of April, 1764, by John Campbell, a Scotchman, who was a bookseller and postmaster of the town. It was entitled the *Boston News Letter*.
Seeking a Model Cavalry Horse.
Although the Arab horse is celebrated for his feats of endurance and courage, the impression prevails in army circles in this country that the Arab blood so common in American horses must be modified by a reinfusion of the strain of steeds. It is becoming difficult in this country, where horses are so plentiful, to mount our 10,000 cavalry, as the desideratum of an animal which unites great speed with weight, carrying power and endurance, is hard to pick out from the animals brought before the purchasing army. The formation of a government stud, modeled on those of France, Germany and Austria, has been suggested by cavalry officers, who find plenty of heavy horses, and plenty of speedy horses, but few that are both heavy and speedy. The same trouble is experienced in England, where it is said that the horses offered to the purchasing officers are altogether too "fine" for the service. Austria seems to have some nearness to solving the problem of producing the model cavalry horse in Hungary. Proud as Turkey is of its possession of the Arab stock, it buys largely in Austria when it can raise the money to procure cavalry remounts. — *Boston Transcript*.
An Aboriginal Superstition.
One of the peculiarities of the Indians was that animals had spirits, and they addressed them as if they were human. It is related that an Indian once shot a large bear, which fell and lay groaning. The Indian reproached it, saying: "You are a coward, and no warrior. Your tribe and mine are at war, and yours beat me. If you had wounded me, I would not have uttered a sound; you cry and disgrace your tribe."

LADIES' COLUMN.
Parisian Shades.
Here are some of the shades adopted by a syndicate of Paris manufacturers for the goods they will make for the winter trade:
Emeraude—A deep, rich emerald green.
Scarabee—A dark yellow green.
Cuoroucou—A shade lighter than scarabee.
Peupliere—A shade lighter still.
Nil—A light watery green.
Coquelicot—A rich blood red.
Boulangier—A brighter shade of red.
Bouton d'Or—A golden yellow.
Mais—Straw color.
Volcan—A reddish terra-cotta.
Alezan—A dark reddish brown.
Pactole—A light golden brown.
Oxide—A dark slate.
Lionceau—A dark fawn.
Heron—A grayish drab.
Luciole—A gendarme blue.
Gloves.
Evening gloves for winter wear are entirely unlike those worn with morning suits in their intention. The latter are meant to imitate those worn by men, are heavily wrought on the back, often with silk differing in color from itself, and have buttons matching the embroidery. The latter have very fine lines of work on the back, and are embroidered on the long wrists, and are intensely feminine and delicate in appearance. Their color is tan, or some of its varieties, almond, or a golden brown, which barely escapes being yellow, but the morning gloves are sometimes a genuine red, ranging from the hue of copper fresh from the mine to Japanese red; sometimes of the blended red and yellow of the blood orange, and sometimes green, from the dark color called Royal oak to the pale shade of the moss which grows on beach and birch trees. — *Boston Beacon*.
Esoused a Prince.
"At the studio of a young portrait painter," says a London correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*, "I saw a picture which was very curious in its subject. It contained two upright figures—one that of a swarthy Indian rajah covered with jewels and wearing the star of India upon his breast, the other a tall and lovely English girl of about eighteen, in a pink dress, her hair gathered behind her by a ribbon and falling loose again. The rajah is smiling the smile of proud possessorship and the young girl is looking with a somewhat bewildered air at her future lord. They are two real people. She is the daughter of an English chemist, and her parents have consented to her marriage with the rajah, who, after the ceremony, will take her out to his dominions. One instance of such marriage between Christian maid and pagan man is very well known and has turned out a decided success. A Miss King, the daughter of a Governor of an English jail, married about thirteen years ago 'the shereef of Oran,' who is the spiritual head of the empire of Morocco. The shereef, who is a descendant of the prophet, on marrying Miss King, renounced all his other wives, whom he lodged in an asylum at Tanger, which it is a part of his duty to keep up for the refugees from the secular power, and he moreover gave to his son by his Christian wife the sacred stick, the possession of which at the time of the shereef's death determines the succession among his children to his sacred office and great possessions."
Fashion Notes.
Fashionable dinner toilets are made of moire silk.
Many new weaves are seen among fall dress fabrics.
Evening dresses are made of black lace and figured tulle.
There is a marked preference for gold trimmings, which are much used on morning caps and neglige jackets.
The redingote style of dress is by far the most fashionable for all dressy occasions. Dine-toire redingotes hold the preference.
Prominent among the new trimmings are finger-length fringes of half-inch black moire ribbon run through a slender ladder of cut jet.
Cream-white Flemish lace is much used for yokes, blouse-vests, cuffs, and antique collars upon dressy costumes of moire or faille Francaise.
The ivory white of several seasons since now appears again in all fabrics. Cream is still favored, however, in silk, wool and crepe-line textures.
A rather pretty-winner toilet is made of dove colored faille, with a panel of gray passementerie and bead fringe on one side and the corsage filled in with a stomacher of fine plaited tulle.
There is great variety in sashes both as to color and stuff, but the favorites are the wide half-belts which come down under the arms, the soft, loosely

knotted Turkish sash, and the fine diaphanous sash of the tint and texture of the rainbow.
Dresses of black and white foulard are in favor with young ladies. When set off with white or cream embroidered muslin they have a fresh and youthful appearance, and the whole outfit necessary to the making of one is comparatively inexpensive.
FUN.
It's all up—With the balloonist.
A candid man—The confectioner.
A lay figure—A plaster cast of a hen.
A ghost of a show—A spiritualistic seance.
Banks of deposit—The margins of the Nile.
To remove paint—Sit down on it before it is dry.
Thieves are bound to their profession by hooks of steal.
When a metre is out of order it is probably troubled with the gas-trick fever.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.
Pulling weeds is not so unpleasant work, particularly when they grow on a pretty little widow's bonnet.
Boss (to new dry goods clerk): "Your name sir! I forget." Clerk: "Mr Wurms." Boss: "Ah, go in the tape department." — *Detroit Free Press*.
In penal times the Roman Catholics in Ireland used to have mass celebrated on the hillsides and in the lonely cot. The latter place was their mass-cot. — *Siftings*.
The dude whose tailor pledged himself to make him a pair of pants for Sunday last and failed, now refers to the trousers as breeches of promise. — *Siftings*.
Small boy (reading the paper): "What is a weather report, pa?" Pa: "There are several kinds, sonny. The thunder might come under the head of weather report."
Young Wife: "Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence." Young husband: "I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl papers in mine."
"Bridget," said the mistress to the new hired girl, "you can go now and put the mackerel in soak." "Sure, ma'am, air ye reduced to that," asked Bridget, sympathetically.
Foreman of a Missouri Paper: "What shall I do if that red-haired Joe Smith comes into the office howling for your gore again?" Editor: (quietly) "Double lead him." — *Burlington Free Press*.
Subscriber (to editor): "What's the matter with the gentleman at the desk near the window? He certainly has a fit." Editor: "He's all right; he is writing some campaign poetry." — *Epoch*.
"Is it not singular," said he as he gazed at the mighty cataract of Niagara "that the seemingly insignificant quantity of moisture that arises from that vast volume of water should be mist?" — *Siftings*.
Between the man who wants his name in his paper, the man who does not want it in, and the man whose name should be published for the good of the community, the publisher is sometimes in a quandary. — *Clarion (Penn.) Republican*.
"Is the editor-in-chief in?" asked a stranger, as he sauntered into the city reporter's room at eight o'clock in the morning. "No, sir," replied the janitor, kindly, "he does not come down so early. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Perhaps so. Are you connected with the poetical department of the paper?" "I am, sir." "Oh, what do you do?" "I empty the waste baskets, sir." — *Milwaukee Sentinel*.
A Chinese Parable.
Joaquin Miller has been translating for the New York *Independent* some quaint stories from an old Chinese history in his possession. Here is one of them: "In the Chinese dynasty lived a boy named Wu Ming, who at eight years of age furnished a wonderful example of filial piety.
"His parents were poor; indeed, such was their poverty that they were unable to provide themselves with mosquito netting, and so found themselves exposed to the cruel assaults of those ferocious little animals. The filial heart of the son would not allow him to look with complacency upon the restless, sleepless condition of his revered parents, and so every summer's night he retired early, long before his father and mother, and allowed the mosquitoes to take a full meal of his tender flesh and pure blood. Although they were very many, he would not drive them away lest, their hunger being unsatisfied, they go from him to disturb the rest of those he loved better than he loved himself.
"Truly he exceeded all others in filial piety and the love he cherished for his parents."