

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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WE WANDER BACK TO HOME.

The world's wide path, a shining way
May open as we go,
With picture, scene, and colors gay,
From fickle fancy's flow;
But as from way, once grand and cheer,
There fades each brilliant chrome,
The eye, afar through filmy tear,
Will wander back to home.

When friendships wear—once leal and true—
And coldly glimmer where
The skies have lost their deepest blue
To bring chill shadows there;
One glinting gleam of sunshine, then,
Athwart the sullen gloom,
Will flash bright rays from childhood when
Hearts wander back to home.

Tho' all the world should kindly greet
Each footstep as we stray,
And strew, with garlands 'neath our feet,
The path 'long life's highway;
Yet will the moments brighter seem,
Where'er we ramble, roam,
When lost in memory's happy dream,
We wander back to home.

—Inter-Ocean.

Besieged By Mutineers.

I was at Sultanpore, in the presidency of Bengal, when the terrible Indian mutiny delivered its first blow. There were uprisings and mutinies at various other places before any one at Sultanpore became seriously alarmed. The faith which the British had in the native soldiery would have been sublime had it not been blind. The English were in India as invaders and despots. They had given the people cause to hate them and hunger for their lives. The natives were a hundred to one. Princes had been dethroned, social customs overturned, and every Englishman was regarded as standing between the natives and their heaven. The English knew all this, and yet they had that blind faith which entails destruction. Because no rebellion had taken place, because the natives were servile and cringing, all argued that the outbreaks were caused by a few malcontents and would amount to naught.

There were three Americans of us at Sultanpore. We had been hunting in the Oude territory, and had been in Sultanpore for about three weeks to rest and plan another trip. We occupied a bungalow together and had several native servants. Some of these were related to some of the native police and to members of the Thirteenth Bengal Cavalry, who garrisoned the place. There were not over fifty white persons altogether at the station, and three-fourths of these were women and children. On Sunday, the 7th of June of that memorable year, I was lying in my hammock in the shade of the bungalow. My head was toward and within two feet of a thick hedge running along the west side of the house. I had been resting for an hour, when three or four natives crept up on the other side of the hedge and entered into a conversation, every word of which I caught. It was announced that the rank and file were to mutiny within a day or two, and the programme was so carefully laid that certain men had been detailed to shoot certain officers, and certain plunder was to go to certain individuals.

The talk continued for a full hour, and when the conspirators withdrew no sane man could doubt what was to follow. The tax collector of the district was a civil officer named Strogan, and he occupied a bungalow not over twenty yards away. After waiting for a couple of hours I strolled over there, and when opportunity presented itself I told him what I had heard. He had a wife and two children, and he was as pale as death when I had finished my story. He went at once to see Colonel Fisher who was in command of the post, that individual not only treated his communication with contempt, but sent an insulting message to me. It was to the effect that he wanted no interference in military affairs by any Yankees. He intimated to Strogan that I was probably half drunk, and declared that he was ready to stake his life on the loyalty of his men. This did not quiet the collector, however. When he returned he began packing up his valuables, and that night he made an excuse to get his family nearer the barracks.

On Sunday evening our native servants were as servile as dogs. On Monday morning their bearing was full of impudence. All noticed it and all were satisfied that the mutiny was close at hand. We had canvassed the matter over to see what we should do. If the garrison rebelled the odds were fifty to one in their favor. If they elected to slaughter every white person nothing could prevent them. While they knew us to be Americans, we were "ferringhees," and that was enough. They would kill us even for the sake of plunder. We decided that we stood no show at the station, and

that we must take care of ourselves. Had we started off on the highway for Ayoda or Bela we should have been ambushed or followed. It was finally concluded that we should retreat to an old ruin about five miles away—a spot we had visited the week before—and there wait for the cloud to blow over or the worst to come. Early Monday morning, on pretence that we were going to make surveys and excavations for the benefit of history, we secured a cart, loaded it with provisions, arms and ammunition, and started off, each of us mounted on horseback. We closed up the bungalow and took our servants with us. They seemed very willing to go, but we soon discovered the cause. On Monday night all deserted, taking our three horses along. They wanted us out of the way when the mutiny opened, that the garrison might be weakened just so much. When through with those at the station, they would come and finish us. We had not unpacked the cart before they left, and they were, therefore, in ignorance of its contents.

Our first move on Tuesday morning was to select a place for defence. The ruins were those of a large temple and outbuildings, covering about four acres of ground. About the centre of this space was a thicket, with a fine spring of water. From this thicket was open ground in every direction for half musket shot. Most of the blocks of stone were of a uniform size, and the three of us could handle them. By noon we had enclosed a circular space three feet across and five feet high, and had placed all our stuff within it. The afternoon we spent in filling the interstices in the wall to make it bullet proof, and in covering in a portion of it. Before night we had a fort which we believed we could defend against a hundred natives. There was no doorway to it, and we should have only the top of the wall to guard.

Once or twice during the afternoon we heard the reports of carbines on the highway, half a mile to our left, and had no doubt that the mutiny had occurred as planned. We did not, however, deem it prudent to leave our work to investigate, and it was well we did not. The outbreak occurred early in the forenoon, just as planned, and the Colonel was the first victim. He was shot down by some of the native officers of the cavalry, and he had no sooner fallen than they turned upon their English Captain. Strogan was the third man killed. He was shot in front of his own bungalow, as was also another civil officer who was with him. The anxiety of the mutineers to secure plunder permitted the women and children to find a place of safety, and all eventually escaped to Bela, and from thence to Cawnpore. It was toward evening of Tuesday before a squad set out in search of us. Our servants were anxious to see us murdered, for the sake of the "loot" to be divided. About dark, while we were wondering if one of us had not better go out after information, we heard a voice calling us, and recognized it as that of my syce or groom. We climbed out of our fort and went to the edge of the thicket and answered him, and he soon appeared. Matters had changed. The slave had exchanged places with the master. The fellow was as cool and impudent as you pleased. When we asked what had become of the horses, he promptly acknowledged having stolen mine, and further informed me that I ought to be very thankful that he had not taken my life as well. He informed us of all that had occurred at the barracks, and stated that a party had come out to make terms with us. Being that we were Americans, and had had nothing to do with their oppression, they did not thirst for our blood. If we would surrender everything we had we could go where we pleased. If not they would kill us and take what they wanted.

We very soon sent the fellow away with an answer. If we escaped from this gang it would be to fall into the hands of another. We should be defenceless and penniless, and what could we do? We told him we had decided to fight it out, and as soon as he disappeared we returned to the fort. The two other members of the party were Henry Wilds and George Fisher. We had then been in India together for a year, and had stood back to back in many tight places. Wilds was a typical Yankee, good-natured but courageous, and his long arms had the strength of a horse's leg. The thicket was so dense that our fort could not be seen unless one penetrated it a few yards. The natives simply supposed that we were lying close in the centre of the jungle, and half an

hour after the groom left us about thirty muskets began blazing away at our position. Some of the balls whistled over us, others entered the earth, and now and then one struck the heavy blocks of stone with a dull ring. We took turns as sentinels, while the other two slept, and soon after midnight all was quiet.

It was 10 o'clock next morning before we were troubled again. Then the members of the old gang seemed to have been added to, and fifty or more muskets kept up a pretty steady fire until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By this time we ought to have been all shot to pieces, as the bullets had cut through every foot of the jungle. The natives believed it was time to advance and see. We could locate them by their loud talk and constant dissensions, and when we found that all had gathered on the eastern edge of the thicket and were about to advance, we climbed out, crept forward, and lay down behind a big block of stone to receive them. They entered the thicket as a mob would have done, and the first three men sighted were dropped in their tracks. This caused a panic, and they withdrew, and aside from a few stray shots fired to let us know that we were still besieged, we were not annoyed until next morning.

Then we heard a great hurrah, and after a little were given the information that they had brought down the two pieces of artillery from the station to shell us out. They were very slow in getting to work, and when they began firing it was plain enough that they knew nothing about artillery. On the first four shells fired, all went too high and burst far beyond us. The fifth one burst short and threw the dirt over our walls. Then we decided to cool their ardor a bit. We climbed over the walls, got out of the line of fire, and crept to the edge of the thicket. There we saw a mob of over a hundred natives with the two guns planted within pistol shot. One of them had become disabled by ramming the ball down before the cartridge, and the other was about to be fired. We selected three of the gunners, fired together, and they fell dead on the grass. Before the gang could get out of range we killed two more and wounded a third. Then Wilds ran forward under cover of our rifles and spiked both pieces by driving some nails, which he happened to have in his pocket, into the vents. Seeing a move to flank us we returned to our shelter, and all the rest of that day and all night were left in peace. On the third day there were but twenty natives in the besieging force, and they fired into the thicket only at long intervals. On the fourth day this force was reduced to ten. At noon Wilds made a scout and found them eating dinner, and we crept up and killed one and wounded two, and consequently raised the flag. We could have gone away now had we had any place to go to, but we had decided to remain.

On the fifth day, about 9 o'clock in the morning, a rabble of about 600 natives, most of them soldiers, who were on their way to Cawnpore, were turned aside to attack us. Each one had a gun and plenty of ammunition, and for three hours they kept up a creditable fire. They could see nothing to shoot at, but fired into the thicket, and at least five hundred bullets hit the walls of our fortress. We did not fire in reply, as it would only have betrayed our position. At noon, when their fire began to slacken, we made ready for a charge. There were two spare guns, and all well loaded. Then, while waiting, Wilds piled up a couple of hundred stones about the size of his fist from the plentiful supply once used in the rubble work of the buildings. The thicket was surrounded two lines deep, and at a signal a general advance was made. Had we been without cover we should have been killed or captured. When they saw our fort the orders were to storm it. The walls were so low that one could "boost" another up, and before we opened fire there was a living fringe all around us. In one minute only the dead were in sight. Wilds fired once and then resorted to the rocks, and I honestly believe he disabled a dozen men. Four of the killed fell into the enclosure, and the bodies of two more were pushed outside.

This ended the fighting. The rabble went off, and for the next ten days not a native came near us. At the end of that time we got word that the British had the upper hand again at Sultanpore, and we left our fort and returned there. Not one of us was the worse off, and yet we had done considerable toward reducing

the number of mutineers. One of the natives wounded in the last fight told me that the "General" who ordered the charge against the fort told his men that it was no use to longer bother us, as all Americans were in league with Satan, and that his Majesty would prevent their bullets or swords from harming us.—*New York Sun.*

FUN.

It is a wise fool who knows enough to keep it to himself.

If riches have wings, we wish they would occasionally fly our way.—*Epoch.*

Even the most poverty-stricken hotel proprietor is inn-dependent.—*Lawrence American.*

The rooster is one of the most tidy of all the members of the animal kingdom. He always carries a comb with him.—*Merchant Traveller.*

A fireproof pocketbook is one of the latest inventions. It is probably intended to prevent money from burning holes in the pockets of the owners.

Servant—"Boy wants to see you, mum." Mistress—"Has he got a bill in his hand?" "No, mum." "Well, then, he has got one in his pocket. Send him away."—*Yenon's News.*

He—"Why should you be so angry at me for stealing just one little kiss?" She—"Any self-respecting woman would be angry at a man who kissed her just once."—*Dramatic Critic.*

Don't kick too hard against book agents. They have their uses. Perhaps but for them your front door wouldn't be open once a month, nor your best parlor get a breath of fresh air once a quarter.—*Danville Breeze.*

"Before I go," he said, in broken tones, "I have one last request to make of you." "Yes, Mr. Sampson?" said she. "When you return my presents please prepay the express charges. I cannot afford to pay any more on your account."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Protecting the Plate Glass.

Passing along Dearborn street, yesterday, says a writer in the *Chicago Journal*, I saw a crowd watching closely the placing in position of some enormous panes of glass in a handsome new building. The glass was the best French plate, and the workmen handled it as carefully as if it were worth something more than a week's wages. The task of putting it in place was no sooner completed than one of the workmen grabbed a pot of whitening and with a big brush daubed a lot of meaningless marks on it. I thought it about as silly a thing as a man could do, and with the usual reportorial curiosity asked the foreman why he allowed it. The answer was a crusher. "Why," said he, "we have to mark them that way or they'd be smashed in no time." My look of amazement doubtless prompted him to further explanation, for he said: "You see, the workmen around a new building get in the custom of shoring lumber, etc., through the open sash before the glass is put in. They would continue to do it even after the glass is in if we didn't do something to attract their attention. That's the reason you always see new windows daubed with glaring white marks. Even if a careless workman does start to shove a stick of timber through a costly plate of glass he will stop short when his eye catches the danger sign. That white mark is just a signal which says: 'Look out; you'll break me if you are not careful.'"

"Old Man of the Mountain."

Another "old man of the mountain" has been discovered in the White Mountain region by J. M. Jerow, an artist of Portland, Me., who has been taking photographic views of the picturesque scenes near Sawyer's River. The most curious circumstance of the discovery is the fact that the artist who took the view of the gigantic crag from which the huge stone profile of a man stands out in well defined lines did not discover the statuesque head until it was pointed out to him by George Payne, who happened to take up the photograph. The likeness to a gigantic human face which the picture displayed to the eyes of the astonished artist as soon as his attention was directed to it by Mr. Payne was so strikingly accurate that an excursion was at once made to the spot whence the picture was taken and then for the first time the stern features of the "Hermit of the Gulch" were revealed. It is such a palpably semblance of the human face that the dullest eye cannot fail to discern every feature of a well defined profile.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The scintillometer, the invention of a Belgian scientist, which is used for measuring the scintillation of the stars, is now utilized by meteorologists as an aid to the prediction of the weather.

Soap bubbles blown with newly generated hydrogen gas have been found to act as electrical condensers, the liquid of which, when broken, exhibited a negative charge. It is suggested that this fact explains the so-called fireballs sometimes seen during thunderstorms.

The statistics gathered by the United States Sanitary Commission, concerning the height and other proportions of nearly a quarter of million of soldiers, appear to indicate that young men are not, on the average, physically adult until they attain the age of twenty-eight years.

A Scottish mechanic has invented a new lamp for ships, being a cross between a candle and a paraffine lamp, but possessing all the advantages and none of the defects of either, there being no liability of explosion or of flooding the place with oil, in case of breakage, and there is no waste.

As a general rule, it is said to be a very difficult matter to gauge the speed of fishes. The fast fishes are trim and pointed in shape, with their fins close to their bodies. The dolphin and bonito are thought to be the fastest, and, although their speed is not known, they are fully capable of twenty miles an hour.

The use of luminous paint is rapidly growing in this country. England has heretofore had the monopoly of a luminous paint, which it has sold at \$3 per pound. Other countries, however, have entered into the competition, and Austria is now producing a paint which is placed on the market at fifty cents per pound. It is said to be made from roasted oyster shells and sulphur.

Late researches have shown that the duration of a lightning flash is not infinitesimal, as has been generally supposed, but that the flash lasts a measurable time. For instance: if a camera is set in rapid vibration and the plate in it is exposed so as to receive the impression of the flash, it is found that the impressions appear widened out on the negative, showing that the negative has moved during the time the flash was in existence.

A simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat has been contrived by Professor Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. When this device is placed outside a building, where the sun can shine directly into it, the rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, raising it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air thus heated is conveyed into the room.

In the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania experiments are being conducted in regard to the processes of the mind. Three of the principal kinds of experiments now being made are those to measure the memory of sensations of sight, sound and feeling, those to measure the time taken to express a sensation, and those to measure the time taken to receive an impression through the eye, etc. The means used to make these investigations are weighted wheels, glibet-shaped machines, pieces of iron arranged to fall upon touching a lever, pivoted hammers, etc.

The Nut-Chewers of Brazil.

Much of the country of Northern Brazil is covered with forests of valuable trees, and the savage tribes of Indians called Botacudas from their hideous wooden ornaments stuck through a huge gash in the lower lip, rove about freely, a terror to the scattered Brazilian "mutatos," or peasantry.

They shoot with bows and arrows, and live by hunting and fishing, and on the nuts of two or three kinds of palm trees. These nuts, being hard, are usually chewed by the women, to prepare them for the food of their husbands and children. The whole number of these Indians in the Rio Doce valley is reckoned at 7000, the wildest tribe is that of the Incuteracks, who have destroyed the missionary station of Fray Bento.—*New York Journal.*

The San Salvador (Central America) revolution received its death blow at Cuscatlan, where the Government forces gained a complete victory over the insurgents. General Rivas, the leader, and the rebellious town of Cojutepeque was taken.

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