

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. IV—NO. 29.

SABBATH.

Bright days, we need you in a world like this!
Brighter still—ye cannot be too bright.
The world's six days of vanity and toil
Would but for you oppress us with their night.
Bright days, in you heaven cometh nearer
earth.
And earth more fully breathes the balm of heaven;
The stillness of your air infuses calm,
Fairer and sweeter of the weekly weekend.
Your dews are fresher; greener spread your fields;
Your streams flow by you with a sweeter song;
Your flowers give out fragrance doubly soft,
And the unwearied hours the joy prolong.
Ye are like openings in the cloudy sky,
Through which we see the hidden blue beyond;
Ye are like palm trees in a wilderness,
Where all is barrenness and death around.
Bright days, abide with us; we need you still!
To ease the ever-gushing wells of time;
Ye are the open easements, where we hear
The distant notes of heaven's descending chimble.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"
"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"
"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
And I'll help you and you'll help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

KNOWINGNESS AND PROTECTION.

It seems we are to have another outbreak of knowingness, following the same lines as formerly. It is said the religious persecution designed, nor was there formerly; but all such movements degenerate as they proceed, until there is a revolt in the public mind, and the agitators and agitators are summarily suppressed.
What is knowingness? It is the perfect flower of protection. The knowingness would make our whole system of legislation accord with the avowed purposes of protection.
The tariff, we are told, is imposed in order to protect American labor against the competition of pauper foreign labor. As a matter of fact, the tariff, even as it exists to-day, does nothing of the kind.
Labor is on the free list. A manufacturer cannot import his machinery without paying a tax of 50 per cent. his imported machinery is taxed; his raw materials are taxed; but labor comes in free of all duty. Half a million immigrants—all laborers, except the very youngest children, and they are ready for work in a few years—half a million immigrants flood the labor market every year, and make successful strikes almost impossible.
Here is the wrong and injustice of the tariff; here is an object lesson showing it to be a system of fraud and false pretense.
Everything a laborer needs, every household utensil, every article of wearing apparel, every tool he uses is higher because of the tariff, but competition in the only article he has to sell is absolutely unrestricted. Instead of being protected against the pauper labor of Europe, the laborer in America finds that the tariff itself, by holding out false promises, actually works as an incentive to immigration.
It is a consciousness of the real situation which misguided men hope to remedy that leads to the organization of a new knowingness party. The evils of which our complainants are real, they are working year by year they are working to bring about an equalization of wages between England and America.
But the remedy proposed is a part of the same vicious system. It is an attempt to cure the bite with the hair of the dog. One evil never cured another. Protection does not help the laboring men; it helps and hinders them; this remedy is "more protection." They see the mining and manufacturing companies accumulating vast stores of wealth, and they are told this "prosperity" is due to an import tax on what these corporations sell; naturally they wish to try the same experiment. If an import tax on wool and woollens restricts their importations and so benefits the American consumer, a law which restricts immigration will be a grand thing for him. Logically he is right; he has been deceived; he has been the victim of a gigantic confidence game, and he now insists on "fair play." It is entitled to it.
It is a poor rule, indeed, which will not work both ways; but this is just the theory of protection—it was never intended to work both ways. It does not help the farmer; it does not help the laborer; it was designed only to help men with capital to invest, and to augment their profits at the expense of everyone else.
No help will come to the workmen by an attempt to complete the circle of knowingness and outrage. It is not more protection they need, that we all need. Knowingness is contrary to the whole spirit and purpose of our institutions. It will never control our government. It would furnish no adequate relief.
To-day, as in 1854, the democratic party will antagonize it and overthrow it. The true friend of the workingmen of America

DEMAND FOR MERCY.

The Anarchists' Friends Both Threaten and Plead.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—The committee having in charge the circulation of the petition begging mercy for the condemned Anarchists have concluded that the mild form of prayer, originally adopted, will not meet the voices of those who have advanced ideas on the subject, and consider the convicted seven not as criminals but as martyrs. To obtain the signatures of such the following has been adopted and will be circulated, in addition to the first petition:

To His Excellency, Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois.

The undersigned, having watched with great interest the progress of events in connection with and since the trial in Chicago of the so-called Anarchists, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Oscar Neebe, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Adolph Fisher, Louis Lingg and Geo. Engel, and believing the sentence against them was and is unwarranted by the evidence, extreme in its severity, and induced by a view of the law never hitherto sanctioned by any well-considered precedent, and that the accused were not shown to have been guilty of throwing or causing to be thrown the bomb at the Haymarket meeting; and being advised, in effect, by the statement of the prosecution in the said trial, that these men were selected and proceeded against simply because of their position as leaders in the general labor agitation, which seems to us as unwarranted as it is injurious, and calculated to embitter the wage-workers still further against the present social order; and believing that in a case of this kind humanity and the State better served by mercy than by the rigorous execution of a judgment, the justice of which is questioned by very many of our people, respectfully protest against the execution thereof, and bespeak, in the name of justice, mercy and humanity, the exercise by Your Excellency of executive clemency in the cases of these men.

PRESENTS FOR A LUCKY COUPLE.

A Scranton (Pa.) dispatch says: At the Lackawanna County Agricultural Society's Fair here this month there will be some novel attractions. On the afternoon of the second day the Rev. David Spencer, D. D., pastor of the Pennsylvania Avenue Baptist Church, will marry a couple on the judge's stand, right in sight of all the people on the grand stand. The happy couple—it is not yet announced who they are to be—will start out with a good supply of both useful and ornamental articles. One of the society's officers has bought a \$20 dress pattern for the bride, and the citizens will give them a rousing send-off in the shape of a \$85 baby carriage, two barrels of flour, a parlor carpet, two dozen cabinet photographs, five bushels of potatoes, a \$10 cradle, a \$25 case of wine, a \$7 silk umbrella, 1,000 feet of hemlock lumber, \$5 worth of sheet music, an \$8 mirror, two tons of coal, a \$12 plow, an \$18 range, shoes for both bride and groom, a 20-pound bar of soap, one-half dozen bottles of wine, a \$10 ring, a \$15 picture, a toilet set worth \$15, \$10 worth of wedding cards and a \$15 robe. All the daily newspapers in the city have volunteered to send the couple their journals for a year free; a dentist has promised to give them \$15 worth of dental work at any one time within five years, and a firm will lend over \$15 worth of cooking utensils after the knot is tied. Many other less valuable articles will be presented to the couple after the trying ordeal of so public a marriage.

TWO IMMENSE METEORS.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 16.—A celestial phenomenon which rivals anything in the way of a meteoric fall on record occurred last evening at 8 o'clock. People in this section who were out of doors were surprised to see the heavens by that time illuminated as if by lightning, save that the light was of a bluish tint. As it was starting many thought it the discharge of fireworks, and forgot all about it. This morning, however, after the arrival of trains from the east, reports were circulated that an immense meteor, larger than a railway freight car, had fallen on the land of the New Brunswick Railway, six miles from Yaneborough, the termination of the Maine Central, on the line between the Province and this State.

Conductor Robert Elms, who was at Yaneborough, reports that the stone is buried deeply in the ground and projects 104 feet into the air. It is of the color of burnt cork. When it fell it was very hot. So intense was the heat that the people who approached to within fifty feet were obliged to retreat. Trains from St. John, Calais and points along the New Brunswick railway also saw the illumination. McAdams Junction has a depot in which is a dining room. When the stone struck, the jar was plainly felt, dishes being shaken from the shelves. As the heat prevents a close examination of the meteor, parties have to be content with viewing it from a distance, or by means of a telescope. The extraordinary weight of this meteor makes the event one of unusual interest. The fact that it was seen in this city, 200 miles away, causing a brilliant illumination, attests its immense size.

THE CAPRICIOUS CANDLE.

Put a lighted candle behind a bottle, pickle jar, stove pipe or any other object having a polished surface; then station yourself about twelve inches from the object, and hold the flame of the candle from you, and blow with your breath. The candle will be very easily extinguished in consequence of the currents of air that you have created around the object meeting near the flame. With a board or a sheet of cardboard of the width of the bottle, extinction would be impossible.

This experiment has a counterpart that is not so dangerous. It is a candle, made up of Harmand, of Paris. Take two bottles, instead of one, and place them alongside of each other, so as to leave a space of half an inch between them. Place the candle opposite this space, and, preserving the same distance as before, between your mouth and the candle, blow strongly against the flame. Not only will the light be extinguished, but it will incline slightly toward you as if through the effect of suction. This phenomenon, which is analogous to the preceding, is due to the fact that as a portion of the air cannot pass between the bottles, it flows around their exterior and returns to the operator.

UNPLEASANT RESULT OF PORCINE GLUTTONY AND MALE ENERGY.

Henry Simpson of this city has been in the habit of using dynamite for the purpose of blowing old trees stumps out of the ground. The other day he carelessly left the dangerous compound lying by the side of a stump. The dynamite was mixed with sawdust and gave an exceedingly pleasant odor, which attracted the attention of two of Simpson's hogs. They finished their inspection of the stuff by eating it, and then one of them, probably to aid and accelerate digestion, began rubbing its side against a post at the entrance of a pile of manure.

The man remained passive for only a few moments, and then, as mules will do, gave the hog a tremendous kick in the side. A terrific explosion followed, and when the smoke and dust cleared away the hog was only found in detachments, while an enormous hole marked the spot where he had stood. The male, of course, survived, or it wouldn't have been a male, but it was the most surprised male you ever saw. The other hog escaped, and is now at large, greatly to the discomfort of those in the habit of straying off at night.

It is said Hog never lost his patience. This warrants the inference that he never undertook to explain a baseball game to a woman.

Fish should be weighed in their own scales. The catch weight, that fixed by the man who catches the fish, is never correct.

A STORY OF A TORNADO.

How a Western Rancher Lost His Sheep in One of the Blows.

"Stepping upon a Boston Shawmut avenue horse one day a few days since," says a writer in the *Tenth's Companion*, "I was surprised to recognize an old acquaintance in the conductor, who, as I supposed, was herding sheep in Dakota. 'Why Brown, you here!' I exclaimed. 'How's this? Where are your sheep?' 'My sheep left me,' said he, with a jerk at the fare indicator. 'Stuck out?' inquired. 'No, got jumped. Jumped! what jumped you?' I asked. 'Well, you see, it was about like this,' replied my friend; and he gave me the following account of his western experience: 'In June last I had twenty-four hundred ewes, with their lambs. I looked after them carefully every day to keep off the coyotes, and built up a good corral for them at night, down in the edge of the timber. One afternoon about the 20th of the month I was sitting on some rocks watching them. Sheep, when they are feeding, as you know, generally keep together, and I should think that at this time, mine were, most of them, on a spot of not more than an acre of ground. The sky was clear, though just a trifle hazy, but by and by I noticed a bit of a cloud in the northwest that seemed to me to be behaving in a singular way. It appeared to move in sort of a spasmodic motion. I noticed, too, that it was rapidly growing longer, and that it seemed to shift from a dark to a light green hue. There was a sort of sneer or fanned shape trunk hanging down from it toward the ground. The view to northward from where I sat was a good one, and I could see the cloud coming a number of miles off. With every stroke of the structure I could see a brown cloud of dust, grass, brush and timber rise in the air and go whirling into the sky. It was a tornado and no mistake. There was quite a deep chink or hole down between two of the rocks where I was sitting. I shut my big umbrella, dropped down into this chink, stretched out full length, and laid the umbrella over the opening rocks into which I placed myself. I had hardly more than placed myself there when it grew dark as night, and the whirling, roaring noise became loud as thunder. I dug my nails into the crevices of the stone and held on—and then, whist! the tornado went over me with a roaring shriek, a rattle, a shower of stones and dirt, and I felt as if the whole ground about me was lifted into the air. This did not last more than half a minute. I got out of the crevice and looked around for my bunch of sheep. I saw two of them three or four hundred yards off to the left, running as if a panther was after them; another one lay kicking a little nearer. These were all that I could see. I ran down to the corral, and there found two of the sheep, one with a broken leg. They must have been driven into it over the eight-foot fence. I had turned them all out in the morning. I had not gone far when I found a sheep up twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground in the top of a pine tree—lodged there! A little further on I came upon one lying with a broken leg, back on the ground, and shortly after I saw another lodged high up in the crotch of a big cottonwood. Before noon I found fifteen, nine of them dead on the ground and six up in tree tops—some of these latter kicking to get free. The next day I salted down three barrels of mutton and came east to get a job and earn some more money."

A DAKOTA BRIDE.

Old Bud Jackson, one of the terrors of Montana, lost his fourth wife, and came over into Dakota for a fifth victim. He met and married the widow Baggs, a frail, gentle-looking little woman, who had just been left a widow for the third time, and seemed crushed to earth by her losses. Mr. Baggs, however, as he called the way to Bud's Montana home, and as the gushing bridegroom led his bride into his lovingly got of one room, and introduced her to his favorite dogs, he said tenderly: "You want to remember, Mrs. Jackson, that I'm the boss here. Don't you never forget that. The four dear companions that I've had away mightily soon found that out. All I ever had to do was to crook my finger and they come a runnin' to know what I wanted. There wa'n't no hangin' back nor askin' questions. You see that ox gad-up there? Well, that's the little arbuter that useter settle any slight differences I ever had with the four dear companions that are gone. They generally subkilled after about six liks, an' I hope you'll be equally obedient."

"Now, s'posen you take my boots an' clean 'em up an' grease 'em. They've got mighty muddy while we was on our tour. Clean 'em up good, I'm mighty particular 'bout my boots; an' I hate to take that air gad down that first day you was in your new home. Come an' pull off the boots."

The frail, sad-eyed little bride did not move. Her pretty lips began to tremble, and her gentle bosom heaved.

"You comin'?" roared Jackson. "Oh, I've got to smelt down that air gad! 'Hav' you comin', eh?"

She came. She snatched down the gad on her way, and with set teeth and eyes she turned, merely, she landed within two feet of Bud. He had fierce wild oats and hyenas, but never anything like this. A conflict ensued; it was short, fierce and decisive. It ended in Bud's crawling under the bed, and as his bride prodded him with a hoe handle, she gaily shouted: "Ye pore innocent thing, ye! Hain't no noose here to raise me under. Lizzy an' Bagee Jackson, lie; that never did never will take a cent of a dollar from any man livin'! Ye'd better crawl under there! Ye'd better erawl clean through the wall. Oh, ye'll holler 'nuff, hey! Well, you go and cut the month's supply of stove wood 'fore you show yer face in this cabin agin'. I'll learn yer who's boss here!"

WHO THE DOOMED MEN ARE.

August Spies came here from Germany six years ago and settled in Chicago. In 1878 he became managing editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* and used it as a vehicle for his anarchistic views. His brother, William, having been killed by a policeman for resisting arrest, he vowed vengeance and began to teach his disciples how to manufacture dynamite. He is gentlemanly in appearance, thirty-three years of age, of an exceedingly nervous temperament and grows faint at the sight of blood. Michael Schwab is by trade a book binder, and was for some time associate editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He is a follower of Most and joined Spies in 1883. He is of a fierce appearance and is not cleanly in his habits. He has often said that he would like to be hanged for his devotion to anarchy. He knows how to handle a musket and build a barricade.

Samuel Fielden is American by birth and a mere tyro in the doctrines of anarchy. His practice has been to repeat in English what Spies and Schwab have said in German. He is forty-six years of age and a carpenter by trade.

A. B. Parsons is a native of Massachusetts and was at forty-five years of age. He edited the *Alarm* two winters ago and taught in it how to throw bombs and manufacture dynamite. For some time he was a scout in Texas, and was reputed to be a dead shot. He has seldom done hard work of any kind. His wife is a staunch anarchist as he is.

Louis Lingg is twenty-three years of age, exceptionally well educated and one of the most trusted agents of the anarchists. He is intensely devoted to the cause and has frequently expressed his willingness to die for it.

M. Fischer is fairly well educated and has been an anarchist for many years. He is married and has children, but is charged with sedition having done nothing to provide for them. It was generally suspected that he threw the bomb at the Haymarket meeting.

M. Engel is a German and a well known anarchist. He has never, however, attained as much prominence as Spies and his other colleagues.

THE KINDLING WOOD INDUSTRY, NEW YORK.

At the corner of Eighteenth Street and Avenue B is located one of the largest kindling wood factories in the world. The factory can turn out seventy cords of wood per day, sawed, split, and ready for the burning. Oak, pine, and hemlock are fed to singing buzz saws and shapable chopping knives. The hickory is brought from the northern part of this State and from Connecticut and Pennsylvania. It is most-ly burned in open fires, and is cut in pieces from eight to forty-eight inches in length. Hickory is worth \$18 per cord piled in the cellar. Five vessels, with a combined capacity of 1,275 tons, are constantly employed in bringing pine from Virginia to the factory. These vessels make twenty trips each during the year.

The oak is grown in this State and Connecticut, and the hemlock comes from the lumber districts of New York State. Hemlock is brought to this city in strips about four feet long and one-half inches square. These strips are put into a machine run by steam, which, at one revolution runs in length. These pieces are then dumped into a big wooden hopper around the edges of which are ranged benches. Into these benches are set saws of sixteen saws, which, at one revolution cut the strips into pieces two inches in length. These pieces are then dumped into a big wooden hopper around the edges of which are ranged benches. Into these benches are set saws of sixteen saws, which, at one revolution cut the strips into pieces two inches in length.

TEMPERANCE AND CREDIT.

Horace B. Clafin, one of the most prominent and wealthy dry goods merchants of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon when a pale, careworn young man timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Clafin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to do, and I would like \$1,000. I came to you because you have been a friend to my father, to my mother, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Clafin, "come in and take a glass of wine."

"No, I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the merchant, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Clafin. "You don't drink?"

"No, sir."

"No smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir!"

"Well," said Mr. Clafin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once and asked me the same question. No thanks—I owed it to you, for your father's sake."

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"Mr. Clafin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to do, and I would like \$1,000. I came to you because you have been a friend to my father, to my mother, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Clafin, "come in and take a glass of wine."

"No, I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the merchant, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Clafin. "You don't drink?"

"No, sir."

"No smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir!"

"Well," said Mr. Clafin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once and asked me the same question. No thanks—I owed it to you, for your father's sake."

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Wake Up!

P. T. BARNUM

Says our people like to be humbugged, and such seems to be the case.

Where is the reason in paying 5 cents for a Spool of Thread when it can be bought at the Racket Store for

2 Cents?

Where is the reason in paying \$1.00 or \$1.25 for Miller's Shirt when you can buy at the Racket Store, for

65 7/8 Cents,

the CELEBRATED New York Mills Shirt, warranted the best on the market!

What's the use in paying 50 cents for Half-Hose when they can be had at the Racket Store at any price from

5 Cents

up, and the Very Best for 25 Cents!

Our Needles are THE BEST, and only

2 Cents

a paper.

We are selling Ladies' Silk Jersey Gloves this week at

28 Cents.

Plenty of other grades for 5 cents up.

Our BEST BRASS PIN is ONLY

4 Cents.

But our great bargains this week are in Ladies' Jerseys, ranging from

47c. to \$1.55,

for an elegant all-wool, sateen front and braided.

Our stock of Stationery is complete, and our prices are 100 per cent. less than any other house.

The bargains in

Tinware

eclipse them all. A large stock on hand, and our prices are low. Anything in this line can be found at the Racket.

Our stock of Gents' Neckwear is the most complete and the styles are the very noblest to be had. In this department you will find Suspenders at all prices. Also, a lot of men's and boys' 3-ply and 4-ply Linen Collars at

5 Cents

Each.

We have an A No. 1 Line of Shoes, and they were bought for cash direct from the factory, saving you

15 per cent.

on every pair you buy. Come and see them.

In Hardware you will find some solid best-steel Chisels—1 inch—for only

19 Cents.

We will receive this week a No. 1 line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and the figures we shall place upon them will open your eyes. Look out for them.

When you have read these facts, ask your self, Why buy from a credit system, with high bills, when you have a live cash system close at hand that saves you 25 to 50 per cent on the dollar?

Wake Up!

Bank Notes Can Be Redeemed at Washington if Reduced to Ashes.

Unless the money's identity is entirely gone it is redeemable. In fact, money in the shape of ashes can be restored, and after the great fire at Chicago ashes were redeemed. It came about in this way: It is customary in banks to do money up in packages, \$10,000 each, and in the big fire, of course, hundreds and hundreds of these packages were reduced to ashes. But the shape of the packages remained, and wherever the package could be sent to Washington without crumbling the ashes, the money was sure to be replaced. It was done by nimble-fingered women in the treasury department, whose trained sight and touch is wonderfully acute. It is well-known that the ashes of a newspaper if dampened, will show traces of the printing. So it was with bills. These women would moisten the packages of apparently useless ashes, and to their experienced eye number and character of the bill would at once appear. So thousands and thousands of dollars were redeemed by these patient women.

A country merchant, afraid of loss, placed a sum of money in bills in a stone jar on a shelf in his store, where