

Fayetteville Observer.

DAILY NEWS SHEET AND ADVERTISER.

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FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1896.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery—the grand motive power.

—MACAULEY.

There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising.

—BLACKWOOD.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Holt Cotton Factory is now almost completed, and will be ready to receive the machinery, which will commence to arrive the latter part of May.

The good work done in Miss Mattie Sedberry's elocution class was very evident in the parts taken by them in the Carnival. Miss Sedberry also did efficient service in training others in their parts.

Weather Indications—Chief Moore, Washington, D. C., 11:30 o'clock—Generally fair to-night, and Thursday Thos. Gill city, 10:30 o'clock.

Municipal Convention.

The general convention to ratify Ward nominations and to nominate a Mayor and Board of Audit and Finance will meet at the Market House to-night at 8 o'clock.

A Noble Plan.

All the former pupils and friends of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., are requested to meet at Miss Mallett's on Rowan street Thursday afternoon at half past five o'clock, and talk over and approve the plan of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

Bad Loss.

News was received here this morning of the destruction by fire of the residence and its contents of Mr. T. L. Wallace, in Hoffman, Richmond county.

Mr. Wallace is well-known here, being a brother-in-law of Capt. Chas. Kennedy.

Winburn--Hollingsworth.

Last night at 8 o'clock at the residence of the bride on Winslow street, Mr. J. T. Winburn, the proprietor of the North Carolina Baptist, was united in marriage to Mrs. Lizzie Hollingsworth. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Thomas, was witnessed by a few friends and relatives only. We wish the newly wedded pair much future happiness.

Laid to Rest.

The remains of the late John D. Williams, Jr., were laid to rest yesterday afternoon in the beautiful old cemetery amid the sorrow of a host of relatives and old-time friends.

The pall bearers were: E. J. Lilly, Jno. C. Haigh, Chas. McLaughlin, Ran McMillan, H. R. Horne, Capt. A. Garrason, W. B. McMillan, N. B. Alexander.

Sudden Death.

Last night at 10 o'clock Mr. Allen S. Barden suddenly passed away with heart failure. Mr. Barden, who was in his 57th year, leaves a widow and eight children. He was a brave Confederate soldier and was wounded twice during the war, through the whole of which he served.

Born in Sampson county, he came to Fayetteville about ten years ago, and during that period has been an honored and respected citizen.

The funeral will take place from the Baptist church, of which he was a devout member, this evening at 5 o'clock.

Hotel Arrivals.

J. W. Read, Baltimore; H. F. Layton, Frisco; J. H. Linsey, Richmond; W. M. Smith and wife, Bennettsville; Edward Woolman, Philadelphia; A. D. Black, Wilmington; J. T. Ritch, Cincinnati; J. L. Leach, Richmond; Jno. H. Noek, Baltimore; E. C. Holt, Burlington; W. L. Butts, Cincinnati; H. L. Douglas, Baltimore; W. B. Parsons, N. Y.; W. M. S. Dunn, Va.

Expert Railroad Men.

A party of experts, representing the New York Bondholders of the C. F. & Y. V., are on a tour of inspection over the road.

The train was backed to Bennettsville yesterday so that they could better see the physical condition of the road. The following composed the party: Col. H. L. Douglas, Baltimore; Mr. W. B. Parsons, New York; Maj. W. M. S. Dunn, Virginia, and Messrs. J. W. and H. L. Fry.

Major Dunn was the popular Superintendent of the C. F. & Y. V. at one time, succeeding Col. Morrison and preceding General Manager Fry. Major Dunn was indisposed during his short stay here, and regrets that he was unable to see his old friends.

Drowned or Murdered?

Little Henry Bland, with his father and older brother Charlie, work in the Fayetteville Wooden Ware Factory. He has been missing since yesterday. Henry was one of a party, composed of the Bucket Factory hands, that went fishing yesterday up the Cape Fear to the R. R. bridge. While Charlie returned to town for a new hook Henry got separated from the others.

A search was made for the little fellow, but he could not be found. This morning thirty men marching through the streets created much excitement, and upon inquiry, it was learned that they were hands of the Bucket Factory, going in search of their lost friend and favorite. Dr. McNeill and Mr. C. L. Taylor, had ordered the Factory closed for to-day, so that proper search could be made.

Some think that he has met with foul play, while others are of the opinion that he fell in the river and was drowned.

The Evangelistic Acrobat.

The famous Evangelist Crumpler was in "our midst" this morning. He wore a white linen duster over his corpulent person and created much curiosity. He is on his way to Georgia, where he has been invited to hold numerous meetings. His fame has spread all over the country, and he receives hundreds of calls every day.

In an interview, he stated that the object of his presence here was to see about an auditorium for the meeting he proposes to hold here on his return from the South.

He said that the report that he jumped six feet in the air without moving a muscle was absurd, but that in his excitement he might clear three feet.

The Rev. Mr. Crumpler is full of enthusiasm which, when transmitted to his hearer, takes on the form of hypnotism as shown in the marvelous manner in which he puts his converts into trances, and the wonderful nature of the visions beheld by them. His doctrine, Sanctification, simply means sinlessness after conversion.

Quick Work.

Last night at 11 o'clock Deputy Collector Troy was at the Opera House attending the Carnival when he received a message that a moonshine still was in full operation not far from China Grove church in Harnett county. Collecting a posse, all well mounted, he left for the scene, surprised the blockaders, destroyed about one thousand gallons of beer and the stilling outfit and was back home at day light.

No blood was shed, the moonshiners disappearing as if swallowed up by the earth.

A Magnificent Success.

The great carnival is over, but the memory survives of the sea of frantically applauding people in the auditorium, the army of pretty little girls, handsome young women and manly boys, some in superb costumes, others fantastically arrayed, as they marched upon the stage, and in turn without a falter, delivered themselves of their parts.

The splendid staging of the several tableaux, the brilliant colored lights and the melody of the sweet songs, accompanied by the unparalleled music of the Big Six Orchestra will long linger in the minds of the five hundred people present.

There were 75 different acts, and we would do an injustice to the whole by mentioning only a few.

To the noble women who were instrumental in the success of the Entertainment, and the youthful actors, all of whom displayed much talent, the thanks of all lovers of the memory of our Confederate Dead, are due.

We venture to say that there is no other town in the South, big or little, that could put an army of young folks on the stage with so much credit to herself.

The net proceeds to be turned over to the Confederate Monument Fund will be \$182 70.

To Mrs. E. L. Rensburg, Mrs. E. J. Lilly, Mrs. B. R. Huske, Miss McGilvary, assisted by Misses Matthews, Sedberry and Maggie Pemberton the main credit is due for its complete success.

People and their Movements.

Sheriff McArtan and son, of Harnett, are in the city.

Mrs. Stedman Black, of St. Paul's, was here shopping this morning.

Capt. J. L. Autry and daughter, Miss Ida, of Autryville, are in the city.

Mr. Alex. McGeachy, who has been studying pharmacy in Baltimore, is at home.

Mr. M. L. Marley, of Shannon, and Mr. A. L. Shaw, of St. Paul's, were in the city this morning.

Fresh Ripe Tomatoes.
Crackers, Cakes, &c.

Should you wish CRATES in any way, Car Load Lots or less, call on or write to

A. S. HUSKE.

THE GIRAFFE BICYCLE

Is worth seeing, as it has been all over the world, just from San Francisco.

BUILT LIKE A WATCH.

—DONT FORGET—

THE STERLING!
10,000 Miles and Fractions

Have you seen this Cyclometer? $\frac{1}{2}$ inch round, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. The Lightest and Best made.

WIRE VENTILATION
Bicycle Caps---ALL AROUND IS THE PROPER THING.

COME TRY ONE.

HOW ABOUT AN ELECTRIC LIGHT
THAT ONLY COSTS 3c. EVERY 10 HOURS

(Cheaper than Oil) and won't blow or jar out?
The cost for Lamp is no more than the 20th Century.

BELLS.

We have them, from 20c. up—any kind or style.

HOLLINGSWORTH & HOLLAND.

Get one of the Catalogues.

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A Simple Tale Speeds the Best!

It needs no specious reasoning to prove that we carry the

Newest and Nobbyest Goods in the Market

Goods received to-day are too numerous to mention. A few must suffice:

Ladies' Turned Down Collars.
A beautiful line of Oxford Ties.
Black and Blue Organdies.
New line India Linens.

New Goods EVERY day.

CAPE FEAR DRY GOODS CO.

For Benefit of the Public!

Master Abram Holden's speech delivered last night at the Merchants' Carnival advertising our famous CRIMSON RIM BICYCLE

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE.

I am just from Copenhagen, a making of my round, I was yesterday in London, a skeeting through Hyde Park;

I leaped St. Gothard Tunnel and the Adige at a bound,

And was bowling up the Alps with the singing of a lark.

Rah! Rah! Rah! In the swim;
Bless me, this is riding on the "Crimson Rim."

I passed Miss Nellie Bly in the Desert of Sahara,
A rushing in her bloomers—Lordy, ain't she slow?

I stopped to take my lunch in the town of Demarara
And they telegraphed to stop me—but they couldn't,
don't you know.

Rah! Rah! Rah! In the swim,
Bless me, this is riding on the "Crimson Rim."

Puck talked about a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

Jules Verne, for the trip wanted eighty days, 'tis said.

Old fogies, don't yoñ mind 'em, they simply are not "in it."

I could make the trip, since supper, and be in time for bed.

Rah! Rah! Rah! In the swim;
Bless me, this is riding on the "Crimson Rim,"

Just "Keep your eye on the "Crimson Rim,"
Git it "sot" and keep it "thar"—

Ladies gay and gallants trim,
All other "bikes are just no whar."

H. H. H. in the swim;
Huske Hardware House and the "Crimson Rim."